

RIPPLES

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A Magazine for Creative Expression

Publisher/Editor

Mary Harvey

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Kim Smith

Charles Cook

Karen Woodhouse

Susan Sawyer

Kim Prosser

Tara Daly

Beth North

Keith Roll

RIPPLE'S Magazine

In our vision of what a local literary magazine could offer young writers and artists, we continue to have three hopes:

- ♦ That **RIPPLES** might provide a voice for the thoughts and ideas of our youth. We envision that this might bring young people, as well as adults, a new means of understanding each other. (This magazine is intended for adult as well as child audiences.)
- ♦ By providing young people with this outlet, we hope to encourage new levels of self-understanding. In recognizing common ideas, thoughts and feelings, as well as acceptance of differences, we hope to encourage the expression of the unique parts of themselves.
- ♦ We want to offer a vehicle that will encourage young people to take their work beyond the classroom, delving into the process of getting their work published as a professional would.



Cover, Gabriel Lesko, Gr. 2



"Happy Dreamer", Audreanna Carley, Gr. 3

Happiness to be Found

What went wrong, everything was right.

Let it get a hold of me far too long.

It took me away from the kid I was,

I felt like I was left behind waiting to be found.

Everything I had left in me was gone.

Waiting to find happiness ,nowhere to be found.

Left alone for the rest of my life.

Then I found happiness.

It was like nothing I had felt before.

Someone made me happy, made me feel like something.

From the moment I met them I knew it was right.

Having someone to talk to, to laugh too, was great.

Knowing you have people that are willing to do things

for you is truly incredible.

Jordan Cooley, Gr. 6



"Sky Color", Abigail Alward, Gr. 5



“Forever Friends”, Lilliana Holmes and Ashlyn Keefe, Gr. 5

Color

*Color is all around
It wraps the universe
like a blanket
Color gives depth to the
Universe and makes
A beautiful picture
that we call life*

Jack Walton, Gr. 6

Ghost

*She flies by in the blink of an eye, my body
feels cold as she tries to say goodbye.*

Blackness

Not much is here, but it's everywhere

Grace Bellis, Gr.6

Press Start

It was a normal day until I found a game console on the ground. It was really old and I like old games, so I went home and tried to play it. It kept flashing "Press Start". I kept pressing start but it didn't work. I smashed the start button, but it still didn't work. Then I read its name I got transported inside of the game.

David was in the desktop chair and said it was a bunch of baloney. Above my head came the naming screen and I was about to call myself something ridiculous, but I didn't. Instead, I typed my name. Tyler showed up and also it said a bunch of stuff. I didn't really listen to either of them so I didn't know what to do.

We teleported outside. We fought a giant flower, which ended up turning into Zack. We then went on a quest to find some random lady's pigeons. We went to find the Cuckoo Store which was giving the people the evil devices. We ran into Lileigh who had an evil device attached to her phone which meant we had to fight her. I tried to give her a gift but I ended up hitting her in the face and won the battle. Everyone was so weirded out that nobody was excited that we won.

We went to the entrance of the Cuckoo Store. Once we entered, we couldn't go back out. We encountered this green van with some weird guy in it and he tried to tell us that the console was evil and we had to fight it but we overreacted and blew up his van. At this point, we thought it would be easy but we didn't have the console so we couldn't fight. We got attacked and lost 999 health points. We remembered that we had the phone and could summon our friends. Together we did 999 points of damage to the console monster and we beat the game, but I got 77 percent and I pressed start again to get 100 percent on the second save file. To be continued.....

Braden Manley, Gr. 5



“Clay Bird”, Gabriel Lesko, Gr. 2



"Dad Coil Pot", Aeryn Harris, Gr. 2

My Cupcakes Burst!

My cupcakes burst! “Oh, no!”, I cried. I ran to the oven, opened it and the cupcake batter was everywhere! “What am I going to do? If I don’t get cupcakes to the cupcake competition, I’m not going to win the ‘Best Baker’ award and the scholarship to the best college for bakers in Colorado!”

I threw the cupcakes in the trash. Then I took out the ingredients for new cupcakes from the cabinets. I started baking as fast as I could, following the recipe. I practically threw them into the oven, closed the door and sighed. There is only an hour until the competition and I just got cupcakes in the oven.

“Attention all bakers, please put your cupcakes on the voting table,” the loud speaker said. I looked down at my cupcakes. They had pink frosting and rainbow sprinkles. I brought them to the table, set them down, and put on a sticker with my name on it. I found a seat.

There were a lot of people my age and a few older. The loud speaker announced that we should talk to the people next to us about our cupcakes. I looked around. No one sat next to me. I felt alone. Luckily the speaker came back on pretty quickly saying where to stand on stage if our name was announced as the winner. I felt so nervous, my hands were shaking.

The announcer said “And the winner is... Julia Amarillo!” I won! I was so excited! I dreamed of this moment so many times. I was the ‘Best Baker’! I ran on the stage and I got my prize! I felt so proud that day.

Mia Tomkins, Gr. 6

Wave Man

Chapter One

One day there was a guy sitting on the beach enjoying the sun. A giant wave came in and soaked him. He started breathing in the water. A dolphin came up to him and asked Wave Man for help.

Wave Man started following the dolphin to a shipwreck.

Chapter Two

When they got to the shipwreck Wave Man saw another dolphin that was tied up in a net. Wave Man tried pulling the net but he couldn't get the dolphin out. The dolphin that showed Wave Man the shipwreck where the dolphin was in a net, left and came back with six other dolphins.

Chapter Three

The dolphins all pulled the net with Wave Man. The first pull was unsuccessful. They all pulled again but the net didn't come off. Then, on the third pull, the net came off. The dolphins and Wave Man all had dinner and Wave Man finally went home.

Riley Hickey, Gr. 5



"Christmas Truck", Amanda Brathen, Gr. 5



"Happy Dreamer", Dylan Goodwin, Gr. 1

Glass Half Empty

*When the glass is half empty,
you feel alone*

*When the glass is half empty,
the sadness becomes overgrown*

*When the glass is half empty,
there is fear*

*When the glass is half empty,
danger always seems to be near*

*But,
when you let the glass
be half full and look around,
you will see the truth
in this amazing world*

Brooke Hennen, Gr. 6



“Rainbow Drops”, Lilliana Holmes, Gr. 5

Quiet

*Quiet can be violent
But it is not quite silence
For you hear it all the time
For whatever is on your mind
Your actions contract
A place you can or cannot act*

Mikayla Morris, Gr. 6

Arctic Fox

*A Haiku
White as the snow cold
Turn brown in the Spring I do
Hunt in the north cold*

Christopher Boyle Gr. 5

Helicopter

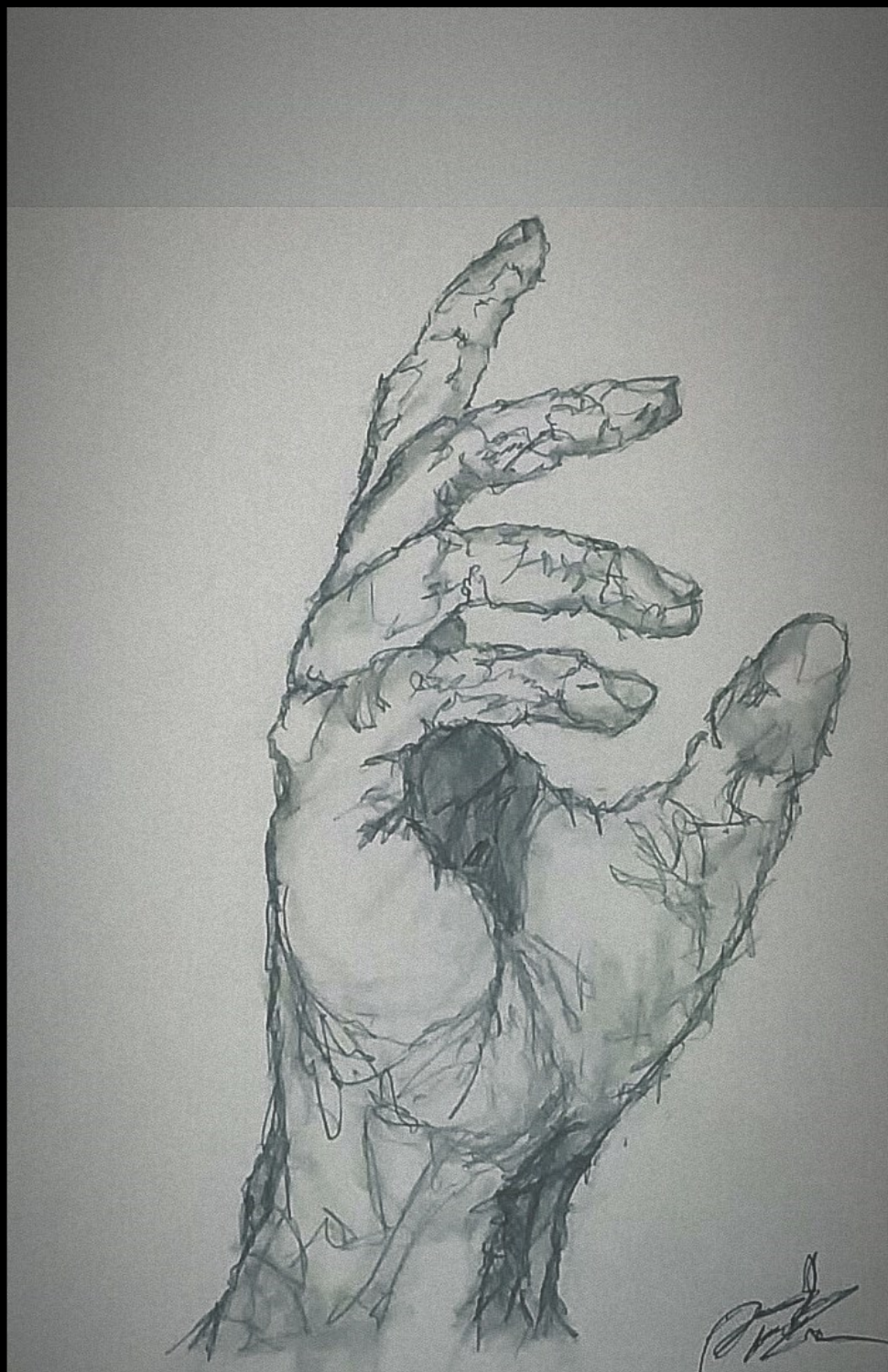
As the helicopter flew off in a cloud of dust I said a silent prayer. That boy down the street, no matter how annoying, deserved to live like everyone else deserved to live.

Although I said a prayer, I knew he was gone. I watched him take a tumble out of a 4th story window. Though I tried to be hopeful, my emotions fell flat. I imagined him 20 years from now, a lawyer, maybe a parent, but that future disappeared within a few seconds.

I just heard word from the hospital, he didn't make it. A full 8 years he did, though.

Appreciate everyday, because you don't know if it is you're last.

Jenna North, Gr. 6



"A Mess", Timothy Loungo, Gr. 11

School Drama

There is a lot of school drama like, boyfriend and girlfriend drama, people complaining our day is too long, friends fighting about stuff, people getting hurt, no homework, fights (word fights).

So I'm going to tell you about my school day and all the drama. First thing when I get to school I always put down my stuff. I then put my coat in my outside locker, comeback in and my friend gets crazy. We fight about getting a piece of slime (food).

Then it's time for reading. When people go to the writing station they only write about all the drama in life, so that's nice. Then social studies; social studies isn't too bad, unless we have to find partners.

After social studies, we go to specials. I'm just going to tell you that it's during specials when the most amount of drama happens; P.E., art, library.

Then it's lunch. Here comes the real drama; boyfriend and girlfriend drama, seating drama and let's not forget about the boy drama. The boys always annoy us at lunch.

After lunch it is time for ELA. ELA is okay if by okay you know I mean terrible. My group always gets in fights. Not much fun!

The day has been okay until math. The reason why I hate math is there is something called ZEARN. I don't like it but we do it on our computers then in our math notebooks.

Finally, the most favorite part of the day is recess. There is nothing really wrong with recess. After recess, it's time to go home. You may think now that school is over there is no more drama. Well, you are wrong! The bus!! Now here is the most dramatic drama. People saying their secrets, crushes, fights, etc.

When I get home I take a breath and say, "Bye, bye drama!"

Carlene Weeks, Gr. 5



“Fox Pinch Pot”, Bethanie Keefe, Gr. 4



“Annabelle and Cali’s Home”, Annabelle Arthur, Gr. 4

Anger Poem

*Wake up early in the morning, feel so tired.
Want a snow day, but of course, I don't get one.
Get ready, go to school and listen to other people's drama.*

Then I go to P.E. Everything is okay, if you call okay everyone yelling at each other over who gets the ball or when your partner can't catch or when you don't necessarily like your partner at all.

*After P.E. I go to lunch and that is when the real drama starts.
Like, when the girls try to invade the boy's table and the girls in the other class stare at Riley and me.*

After lunch I go to ELA and we do a bunch of work that everybody pretends to like but really they hate ELA. I like the teacher though she is pretty nice. Another thing about ELA is that the teacher thinks that we are going to use this in life. Like, seriously, I don't think we are going to use R.A.T.T. or context clues in life. Like, if we are reading a book, we are not going to look back in the story fifteen times to get one answer.

In math we are doing five steps to get one problem and I hate the teacher helper thing because the kids that are independent learners have no choice ; you have to go up to the teacher. The reason that I don't like it is because if you are behind on a lesson and you need to catch up it just slows you down even more.

After that I go home and that is when I am really happy. I can finally do what I want to do.

Anthony Murphy, Gr. 5



“Dreamer Dot”, Noah Gingeric, Gr. 5

Mahatma

*Move a nation, non-violence on his mind
His eyes and his soul so very kind
He's got a heart of gold while he was growing old
This man was India's savior
He was a strong man with a peaceful behavior
A non-violent protest that's like a toothless tiger
And the whole world watched like a bird on a wire
Mahatma Gandhi was his name and for his death,
You've got Nathuram Godse to blame
Independence was what he wanted
He wanted to be free from British rule
But he stood up and said, "We can fight but we don't need to be cruel"
He went on hunger strikes for the people
For a while stood tall like a steeple
When he got pushed down, he needed to stand,
When they said no he said, "Sure I can".
January 30th was the dark day you heard
BAM! BAM! BAM! , three shots in streets but with this man,
His country achieved many feats
He was laid to rest in a black marble grave
They hold ceremonies every Friday
To remember the love that he gave
An eight foot tall statue was made for him
Millions of people honor him and love his words
His life and message is one that must be heard*

Tucker Wiestner, Gr. 7

Where I'm From

I am from a sled tied to the back of a truck going down the dirt roads trying not to hit too many rocks.

I am from hot cocoa, fuzzy socks, Adam Sandler, Jim Carrey movies, Monopoly to playing Walle at 2 a.m. trying to beat the game.

I am from daisies and foxgloves flying peacefully through the sky down by the creek skipping rocks and splashing water at Nana, Vance and Devon. To finding crawdads and calling them Bob and Tom.

I am from homemade beds in the back of the trucks on 4th of July watching the fireworks while we catch fireflies, to playing tag and laughing.

I am from scary stories, to the boogie man going to get me if I don't behave, to the game nights, to the biggest, cheesiest lasagna that was made that took hours, to the brunches made for giants.

*I am from getting a call while playing basketball that Nana passed away
I am broken but will always think about the love, laughs and memories.*

I am from Cassie and William, Pat and Laura and Heberts and Glovolskys from Wisconsin, Colorado to New Hampshire to Virginia.

I am from laughter, sarcasm, dad jokes and big bright smiles.

I am from a Christian home but over the years I've lost faith.

I am from a big city filled with noise.

I am from the middle of nowhere listening to the crickets chirp watching the stars glimmer wishing on a shooting star.

I am from Vance falling off the ski lifts on the highest mountain, the roller coaster rides, Devon thinking he might die, even cry a little.

To the nights I was sick and mama would hold my hair and tell me things were going to be ok, making me hot yummy homemade chicken noodle soup and putting a wet rag on my head to make me feel better, to building forts out of boxes of imagination, blankets, pillows and chairs .

I am from a small family with not much money but the love and support is enough.

Evangeline Hebert, Gr. 11



"Boat Pinch Pot", Connor DeVinney, Gr. 3

Golden Dog

*On a windy summer day
A golden lab dog
Lies down on an old picnic table
She starts to sleep
But is awoken by her a name being called
As she cares very much about her family,
She jumps off the table and trots to her owner
Her chubbiness jiggles as she comes over*

Marissa Prosser, Gr. 5



“Christmas Truck”, Rosalie Clark, Gr. 1



Short Stories

The Quest of the Great Wizard

One day there was a terrible blizzard that turned everything in its' path to ice. The following day was a snow day. I came outside and spotted something buried beneath the snow and ice. When I dug up the object I was a little confused. I asked the village blacksmith, "Is it a sword made out of ice or is it some type of magical object?" The village blacksmith, whom was known as Zachary, told me that what I had found was a magical sword that was unbreakable. Zach also said that the sword would give me great strength.

"Zach, really, a magical sword? Where do you think it came from, the sky or something?"

"Actually," Zach said, "No, it did not come from the sky. It came from the mountain forged by the high wizards of the seven kingdoms. "Colton, you could not ask for a better weapon."

"So," I said, "you actually think it got swept up in the blizzard yesterday."

"No," said Zach, "there is actually an old legend that says if there is a boy or girl who finds the Great Sword, he or she will be the true leader of that kingdom and he or she will become the most kind, caring, and bravest of all kings or queens in Voldemort."

"So, I guess that I have to apparently go to the castle of the great wizard so I can get pronounced 'King of Voldemort! Zach, I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that I should start my quest immediately and you are also going to say don't say anything about the sword.", I exclaimed.

I prepared for my quest. I packed plenty of food and water for my friends and I. I also packed extra weapons for us in case our weapons broke. I set off on my quest with my friends, who also happened to be

sword keepers.

Let me tell you about my friends. There is Paige known as the Burning Flame. Her powers allow her to generate heat, start campfires and can also create wildfires but is sure to keep away from trees. Her weaknesses are water and melted ice which she may want to keep away from wind. I make a note to myself that I might want to keep Paige away from Braden.

Next there is Katie, the Silent Shard. Katie's powers call upon massive ice storms and making dungeons out of ice. Her weaknesses are fire which makes it important to keep Katie away when Paige gets angry.

Then there is Zach, the Stone Guard. Zach's powers allow him to generate walls made out of rocks and earth. Zach's weaknesses, well there are none.

Finally there is the 4th member of the Mighty Five; Braden, the Water Guardian. Braden's powers are to make terrible rainstorms and can generate massive tsunamis. His weaknesses, like Zach's are none. There's also me, Colton, of course. I don't have any powers yet but I will very soon.

We set off on our quest, not knowing if any dangers were lurking in the shadows. We rode on horseback to get to the base of the mountain where we set up camp for the night. Paige used her powers to start the fire and I cooked up a meal of roasted pig and goat. All of us liked it. I could tell this because every single one of us made comments about how good the food was. I put the fire out and told everybody we should get some sleep. I prepared my bed and also made sure that my case, that I had my sword in, was locked up tight.

The following morning I woke up and cooked everybody some nice bacon and eggs for breakfast. While they were eating I went back to my tent and made sure my sword was still where I had left it. It was.

We hiked up the mountain after breakfast. I noticed that there was a tent near us and I took out my sword. We found out that it belonged to my arch enemy, Tyler, The Keeper of the Sword of Shadows. We had fought when Braden

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found the water sword and Braden got Poseidon's Trident.

We fought again and the Mighty Five won only because Braden had one of the spare swords. We quickly built a cage that was made of stone which blocked Tyler's powers. We continued up the mountain and when we got to the top we went inside the palace and talked to the great wizard. We told him about everything that had happened.

Finally, all of the wizards showed up for a ceremony. There was the Wizard of Light, the Wizard of Shadows, and the last wizard, the Wizard of Blades. I was proclaimed King of Voldemort and also the Great Wizard gave me his powers. He also changed my friends back into humans but he also made it so they can still use their powers.

When Paige and I were talking in the village my brother saw us talking and asked, "Is that your girlfriend?"

"No!", I exclaimed.

Colton Sidman, Gr. 5



“Sky Color”, Sadie-Lyn Treasure, Gr. K



“Happy Dreamer”, Makinley Yates, Gr. 1



“The Fun House”, Gracie Brown, Gr. 4



“Rock Star Bonnie”, Spencer Greene, Gr. 7



“Paradise”, McKenzie Allen, Gr. 5

Tara Walker and the Mare in the Moon

If I could take everything back, I would. From the moment it began; from the moment the nightmares and daydreams started to come. I knew something had to change but I never really knew what. From then on, I spent my life surrounded by terror and the unknown.

The day was sunny. The waves were soft but my fear prickled at the same rate as her voice. "Remember how I said one day you're going to have to trust me?" Her soft breath curls around my ear. It was almost eerie, the ghostlike sound she made every time she spoke. Remember, the thing is, I did. Her silent poltergeist whisper still lingers in my ear from the last time she told me.

"Well, today's that day. It's time we see this thing at full capacity." A wicked grin crossed her face. I looked at her with unease, having only seen that expression once before. "Molly, are you sure we should be doing this," I asked, my ears burning with unwanted anticipation.

She rolled her eyes up at the sky as if she had told me this a thousand times. "Positive and remember, the course is left right left, forward, down two levels, right, then back up again, and DON'T crash into the pillar on the second turn. You got that?"

I stare at her, eyes wide as if she weren't sending me towards my doom and I gulp. "Got it," although I was pretty sure I didn't really get what the "it" was.

She strapped me into the harness. Molly has never really feared anything worth fearing and I've always admired that of her. It just sometimes worries me that I spend too much time fearing the worst of something that is not even worth the time fearing. Maybe it's because my mind stretches far out into the pages in which I stare at, waiting for the right words to come to mind. Meanwhile her brain is limited to the contents of the screen in front of her.

I gripped the handlebars so tightly my knuckles turned white. I'm never usually this scared of them or whatever "pleasant" intentions they have. Though it often comes out as them trying to discreetly kill me. I didn't have enough time to come up with an excuse when they asked if I would go zip lining today.

"Molly," I complained, dragging out the "ee" sound, but it came out as more of a whine. She sighs and with an exasperated look worn on her face, "Oh, relax, you're going to be fine," she says with an edge to her tone this time. I could tell she was getting agitated.

I raised an eyebrow and signaled to the dirty white gauze on my broken wrist. "Hey, that was an accident and besides you can't hold a little thing like that against me forever!" she protested. My eyebrow still raised, I pointed to the long, curved scar on my leg. She rolled her eyes, pretending she was not the cause of it. Biting her bottom lip, she sneered.

"It'll be fine," she spits out but this time she sounded as if she were assuring herself. I sighed, as a signal of defeat. Maybe I should just let the harness take me and pull me towards whatever disaster is bound to happen. I swear, the only thing my sister is intent on doing anymore is finding another miraculous way for me to get injured. Hey, maybe she just ran out of ideas and needs to paint me for her next meeting with the art club. Although, I'm pretty sure she can do that with my arms in location. As I was swinging back and forth, I felt my heart rise up into my throat. I didn't know how this was going to end. "One, two, three!...," I whimpered. Before I knew it, she launched me hurtling towards the ocean. Scared out of my mind, I was paralyzed and didn't know what to do.

Then something amazing happened. It was like everything around me had slowed down to the speed of a sleeping sloth with me zipping by like a peregrine, hunting it's lunch; like a ripple in time. It was like I was flying. I was flying as a matter of fact, or at least it seemed like it.

I passed the pillar that Molly was talking about. I made sure I was out of the way by the time it passed. For a second, I could see past the door into the aquariums and I could have sworn I'd seen an opening art gallery on the way. I bet Molly would have liked to attend that, given her relationship with her phone.

I will say, she is a very artistic person; one of the best I've seen, actually. Her room is covered in blue ribbons from past art shows. She tried to show me how to make

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“Dreamer Dot”, Hope Bockus, Gr. 5



“Taylor’s World”, Taylor Smith, Gr. 4

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a horse once, starting with the ears, heading all the way down to the tail. Let's just say, a horse is no longer her favorite animal.

After the third turn left, I plummeted down two levels, just as Molly said. It seems all gravity came back as it had caught up to me. I let out a short scream as I hit the bottom. The harness jerked against my chest and I felt the pain shoot through my body.

"Molly," I groaned, softly. I don't think I could have managed anything more than that. The right turn was coming, I knew that, but what I didn't know was how on earth a zip line was supposed to carry me up two levels worth of a cruise ship. I guess I was about to find out.

As the right turn passed, I was looking all over my harness anticipating some sort of button I was supposed to push to make me go up. I didn't know it then, but boy was I wrong. I gave up the search for the anticipated button but my body froze at the sight of my kid brother, Kace.

"Hold on!", he shouted, panting from the long run down the stairs. Just to clarify, how exactly was I supposed to, "hold on"?

As I slowed down and my momentum was running out, he attached two ropes to the zip line, one in his hand, the other longer, stretching all the way to where Molly should have been. He started towards the stairs.

Please, please tell me they're not doing what I think they're doing? They were. They were doing exactly what I thought they were doing. Kace ran up the stairs and my momentum was gaining once again. He stopped halfway up the stairs and flung me hurtling upwards.

When I reached the surface of the floor I started on, that's when things went wrong. The rope Kace had so foolishly let go of, had caught on something, sending me to an instant stop. It appears that in my search for the imaginary button, I accidentally loosened my harness. Thank God I was holding onto the handlebars or I might have flung into the ocean, but I didn't.

Not three feet away from me was a cart full of luggage. The impact on my

feet loosened my grip on the handlebars and I crashed into the patterned bags.

Suddenly I woke up, my eyes fluttering open. But something was wrong. The last thing I remember was flying off the zip line. Just then, the horrifying memory of it all came rushing back, too fast for me to process. The impact from the baggage cart must have knocked me out but shouldn't I be covered in bags and suitcases? All I could see was sunlight and the hard surface of the ground beneath me. Did they finally do it? Was this plan thought about enough to actually do it? No, I couldn't be dead.

There was a small pain in the back of my head growing bigger the more I awoke from my daze. Then I came to my senses. I looked around me and on my right, the fallen bags were still there; their brightly colored patterns blurred from my fuzzy vision. How long have I been out and why am I not under all those colorful bags? As I sat up, my head pounded like crazy. A soft scream escaped my mouth and I felt like my head was about to burst. I felt the tiny pinpricks of bruises all over my body.

Seething through my teeth, I heard the soft sound of footsteps. Someone must have heard me scream. I tried to get up, only to fall back down again. This time, someone caught me before I had the chance to hit the hard ground once more. It was the source of the footsteps I had heard only moments ago.

"What happened to you?" the voice asked. I forced a laughed, a very quiet one. Any harder and I might have screamed again. "Thank you," I said, relieved of some of the pressure I bared moments ago. Oddly enough, the person who saved me from yet another catnap was a younger boy about my age, maybe a couple of years older. He sat me down on a lounging chair close by and only when I sat down did I get a good look at him. He had scruffy dark brown hair and misty grey eyes that made me feel like I was back in Wisconsin. He was lean, much like me, but he was tall. I felt so uncomfortable sitting next to him because of how short I was and the height difference was astonishing. He is probably a little over five feet compared to me, just a bit above four feet. That wasn't the only thing I felt weird about.

In my five second study of him, I could already tell how well everything about him fits together, from his grey eyes and chestnut brown hair to his pale skin tone and

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calm appearance. The reason why I felt so weird was because of how out of the ordinary all my features always felt to me. My eyes were a deep, navy blue, contrasting with my solid red hair which is shoulder length and curved in at the bottom along with my olive skin tone. My appearance was less calm however, compared to his. Sometimes I'm afraid that I come off as a raving lunatic to some people. My sister Molly describes me as "striking", but I'm not sure that's supposed to mean anything.

After further study, I realized he was wearing a red sweatshirt that said, "Anderson" on the back. I tried to remember what I had put on that morning before breakfast. I slowly remembered the grey jacket and black and lilac fingerless gloves I decided to wear that morning.

"Well?", he asked expectantly. I was still dazed so I didn't quite hear him. "Come again?" I answered. He looked reluctant that I didn't answer but I don't think he could hold his tongue. "What happened? Why'd you crash, I mean?" My face dropped.

"Oh,"

He obviously saw the embarrassed look on my face so he changed the subject. "Do you live around here?" ,he asked bashfully.

I knew he felt as awkward as I do right now so I decided to answer and play along with his small talk. "No, I live in Wisconsin. Do you?" He looked as if even this question bothered him, just as his earlier question had bothered me, but instead of changing the subject as he did, I only prodded.

Hesitantly he said, "No, my dad has business out here for the next couple weeks." I tried to give him a sympathetic look. Even after I made him answer the question, I knew he didn't even care to answer.

For a moment we sat there in silence. All we could hear was the ocean waves crashing aside the boat and the chatter of the others around us. For a split second he looked at me, his misty gray eyes reminding me of a late night thunderstorm, relieving me of the pressure I felt seconds ago. Then he looked away and the storm was gone. After a while, I tried to get up but he stopped me

dead in my tracks.

"I wouldn't advise that," he warned, his stormy eyes filled with alarm.

"Why?" I asked, baffled by his warning.

"Why? You just took, let's see, maybe 30 pounds of bags on your head?" I looked at him strangely. It was like he had forgotten where he found me not five minutes ago.

"No, I didn't. I was next to the bags when I woke up." I protested. He looked as if he were about to admit to murder.

"That's because, I had moved you," he explained. That was not the answer I was expecting to hear.

"Oh. Thanks?" I was kind of confused about how I should feel about this. A complete stranger comes along and just happens to notice me under a bunch of frilly blue bags? Interesting.

"I had to." ,he insisted. "I couldn't just leave you there."

I breathed a long sigh, retaining and processing what he was telling me. There was something I wanted to ask him, but I didn't know how.

"What," I began, "what happened?"

"Um," he looked like he didn't want to explain it. "I was at the opening of the art gallery looking at a Gracelyn M. painting and I saw something fly past me." My cheeks flush.

"... but I couldn't see what it was so I went to see for myself. A couple of minutes later I heard a crash near the dock, and ... "

I nod. Seconds later, I sigh for no apparent reason, just to relieve tension from the past few minutes.

"Are you okay?" he asks, reacting to my exaggerated sigh.

I nod again, sensing words just don't feel right now.

"I'm fine," I answer anyway. But, I wasn't because something had been nagging at me the moment he explained my previous assault.

"What did you think when you saw me," I asked, no longer able to hold my tongue and he seemed to know the answer right away.

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“Flying”, Ashlyn Keefe, Gr. 5



“Piggle”, Madalyn Madigan and Leah Kaiser, Gr. 5



“Evan’s House”, Evan Jenks, Gr. 4

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"Well, I was terrified that you were dead. An impact like that can cause serious brain damage."

The thought of this terrified me, not realizing how much danger I'd been in. I didn't think they would actually kill me I thought!

"Uh," he started to say, "there's something else you might want to know."

"Alright," I said hesitantly.

"Right after the bags crashed, I heard someone scream. A girl, I think."

I soon became aware that Molly, my sister of all people, had abandoned me. He could see the anger building in my eyes.

"Someone you know, I assume?" he asked.

I nod. "I don't know why I trust her with anything involving my safety." I sigh.

He looked at the curvy scar embedded in my leg and I knew he was trying to ask if that had something to do with her as well.

"Yeah," I said, replying to his question, "Molly, thought it would be a fun idea to toss me off our roof." I say bitterly. "Apparently, a pile of leaves at the bottom was supposed to soften the landing. Unfortunately for her, someone forgot to remove the rake. So, you can see how that ended." I mutter, a sour taste between every word.

He looked at me with absolute terror, as if the storm in his eyes were about to strike and for a moment, I thought they might. Before he had time to finish his thought, my head spun towards Molly darting down the plaster columns.

"Oh my God!" I heard her scream, louder than the time I took her phone when I was eight years old.

"Oh my God are you okay?" she screamed again. Now he, the boy beside me, definitely heard it.

In a matter of seconds, she was examining the amount of damage done to me; picking me up by the arm, taking advantage of me having no control over my movements unless I would like another round of piercing pinpricks of pain shoot through me and I really wouldn't.

"What happened?" She let out an ear-splitting scream.

"I'm gonna kill you!", I said, ignoring the question and the ringing in my ears. I started to get up again but then remembered the boy's warning. When he looked at me he seemed pleased that I still remembered. Molly looked confused though.

"Come on, get up," she said. We have to go meet Mom and Dad and Kace." I started to explain but the boy said, "She can't, it'll put too much pressure on her head." Molly did her usual eye roll, assuming she didn't care about a word he was saying.

"Oh, please," she said, ignoring the warning. "I think by now she's perfect." She pulled me up by the arm and the room started spinning.

Reluctantly, Molly caught me but the look in the boy's eyes made it seem like I was still falling.

"Don't do that," he said again, exhaling.

Molly looked at him again, as if examining him like he too, was injured.

"Thank you so much, but I think I can take it from here," she said thankfully.

"Say's the person who almost killed me an hour ago." I hissed. The boy looked at me, almost terrified.

"Okay, be careful," he warned.

After that he left. Not willingly, but almost like Molly's intense stare was powering his legs to move him forward. Molly hauled me around the corner where I found my parents. The look of horror on their faces when they saw me was too hard to explain.

"What on earth happened to you!" my mother screamed, gently touching the bruises on my face as Molly handed me to my dad.

Angry, my dad recited these words once again, "Why is it that whenever you two come up with another life-threatening plan, Tara is always the one who ends up getting hurt.? Like me, my siblings and my parents, no one could answer that question, ever.

Shaking their heads, my parents took me to a bench nearby and soon enough, I

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was alone looking out over the boat and at the sea with my notebook in hand. As I wrote, I realized how relaxed I was, given my physical circumstances. I started to get up from the bench slowly and this time I didn't pass out. I looked down at the water below and tried to think of words for what I saw. Let's see, I have always been on the more shy side than most people, keeping to myself. I was a writer, I knew that for certain. I've been good at archery my whole life, (secret talent, I guess), and my favorite food will always and forever be lemon snickerdoodles. My favorite color was a lilac-purple color and I was on the way to becoming one of the youngest people ever to write and publish a book. Well, that about sums it up. I was me. I was Tara. Wasn't I?

Keegan Pagel, Gr. 6



“Dark Wood”, Marissa Prosser, Gr. 4



"Octopus Pinch Pot", Tyler Gonyeau, Gr. 4

Uncharted Connection, the Beginning

Introduction

Karle and Altha Knotten weren't exactly soulmates. Early in their marriage they expected to spend the rest of their lives together, forever at peace. However, it wasn't long before they started to fall apart. Karle gradually stopped dedicating his time to Altha. He would leave straight from work with his friends and return late. Altha didn't even know what he spent his evenings doing. Karle's own wife had faded into his background. Lonesome, Altha was left to fend for herself. She started to feel detached from her husband so she told him how she felt.

Karle was not pleased. In fact, he was infuriated. He wished that Altha would understand that he needed to be himself; free from rules and requirements. Altha couldn't put the puzzle together. None of this made any sense to her.

Eventually, conversations turned into flaming arguments. All Altha wanted was to have someone to hold her hand when the night grew dark. Karle wanted to spend his nights independent and away from her.

You'd think that when Altha got pregnant with twin girls, something would change. Karle would spend more time with his wife for the sake of his daughters. But, he never changed. No matter how many pebbles were tossed into his waters, there was no ripple. He wasn't even there when she gave birth.

When Eloise and Vivian were two weeks old, a storm raged between the couple. Low rumbles of thunder shook the house.

"You have no empathy!" Karle shouted. "Why can't you accept that I need at least a little bit of freedom in my life? I need to be myself and this is not like my only purpose in life to supply you with attention. It's not like I revolve around you!"

"You gave an oath! You made a vow!" Altha kept her head high and her arms crossed but her eyes were swimming with tears, which were the raindrops of the storm. "You're so unsupportive and you should realize that's how you're responding to the promise you made on our wedding day. If you don't want to keep it, if you love your dear freedom so much, why don't you just leave?" The thunder grew

louder and more powerful as she expressed herself.

"I've been waiting for this moment," Karle explained. "I've had a suitcase packed in the car for weeks because I knew that in a matter of time you'd get sick of me." He began to stroll away but he looked back at his daughters with remorse, then back at the car. He went back and forth until he finally decided to scoop up Vivian and take her with him.

"NO!" Altha screeched as he took her to the car. "That's my baby!"

"She's mine, too." , Karle replied.

"You were out doing only goodness knows what with your friends when she was born so she is not yours!" Altha protested, rivers of tears streaming down her cheeks.

Already in his car, Karle yelled, "That doesn't mean I don't love her!" Altha scoffed and started to talk but Karle was already gone.

As it turned out, he didn't even keep Vivian. She ended up going straight to an orphan's asylum. A lighting bolt had split the house in half.

One- Eloise

I've never been lonely, but I've always been alone. What I mean is that the people who love me have to show me love from a distance. My mom is always working as a hospital receptionist, which is a constant commitment. Someone could have a heart attack at two in the morning and she would have to be there to answer the phone. On her free nights she's always busy grocery shopping or cleaning, providing for me.

I've never met my father but I'm sure he loves me. I think I may be overconfident, because I'm not sure whether he knows I exist or not.

My best friend Dil moved away in fifth grade. There's no way his strict parents will let him have a phone before he's fourteen, so we have no way of communicating with each other. My other best friend, Lena has started spending time with a new group of friends. I don't have any siblings and all of my grandparents are either dead or live all the way across the country.

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The song I sing isn't melancholy or depressing, but it's dull. If I joined others we would harmonize beautifully, but I know that's impossible.

It doesn't need to be impossible, however. If my dad hadn't fled, my whole world would spin the opposite way. Mom wouldn't have to work constantly and she could spend more time with me. Dad wouldn't have to make such a big occupational commitment either because he and Mom would make a reasonable amount of money together. Maybe I'd have siblings! I've always dreamed of having a brother or sister; someone who would dedicate their time to me and stand by my side no matter what.

Momentarily, my best friend remains writing. My own ideas and stories are what give me the most support. Last year, my writing was published in a local kids' magazine. It wasn't much. The magazine was only available in schools in the area, but it was still one of my greatest accomplishments. I submitted a short story of a boy who was destined to save his whimsical, fantasy world. I thought it was rather intermediate but it got plenty of compliments. I was planning writing ideas when my mom's car pulled into the rocky driveway and I heard the door open and close when she came inside.

"El!" I heard a voice call from the bottom of the staircase. "I'm home!"

I dashed down the abnormally steep stairs to where my mother stood with four plastic bags full of groceries on each arm. She looked very sophisticated in her work attire. She wore an iris purple blouse with a short black pencil skirt and black flats. Wavy auburn hair flowed half way down her back and her horn-rimmed glasses, which were faultlessly balanced on her nose, made her azure eyes stand out.

My appearance is quite bland. My chin-length hair is the most common color in America; a basic milk chocolate brown. My dull hazel eyes lack luminosity and my nose looks like it belongs to a pig. Unlike my mother, I'm slightly undersized. I'm twelve years old and I'm often mistaken to be nine or ten.

My typical outfit is very casual and there's no reason to fuss if anything

is torn or stained. Today, I'm wearing a basic vermillion T-shirt that says, "4th Annual Constellation Night at the Kinion Observatory 1998" and a large pair of jean shorts, both hand-me-downs from my old neighbor. Putting my mother and I next to each other is like comparing an elegant swan to a scrawny newborn turkey.

"Hi, Mom!" I greeted. "How was work?"

Mom sighed. "Oh, same old. Nothing ever changes at reception." She handed me one arm's load of grocery bags. "Can you help me put these away?" she asked.

"No problem," I lied. The flight to deciding one of my character's interests to symbolize their personality has been delayed about ten minutes due to an unexpected grocery storm. Usually, I don't stop running until I reach the finish line but would regret not helping her.

"Are you doing summer camp this year?" Mom asked as we carried our bags to the kitchen. We dropped our bags on the floor with sighs of relief as if they weighed a hundred pounds.

I replied, "Sure," as I carried two boxes of cereal and a bag of barbecue chips to the pantry.

"Even if none of your friends are going?"

"I can make new ones."

"Alright," Mom said. "I'll sign you up later this evening."

With two people unloading groceries, it didn't take as long as I expected it to.

"Well, I have a few jobs to do," Mom announced. "I'm going to change and then, if you need me, I'll be organizing everything in the mudroom."

"Okay,"

I immediately went back to my room to brainstorm, despite knowing I didn't have any ideas left: like when you're so sure that you left something in a certain place even though you've scanned that area countless times. Regardless, my passion for writing was enough motivation to carry me forward. Another head full of positive ideas would carry me even farther.

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“Cat Island”, Laryssa Moore, Gr. 4



"The Dot", Parker Bukalew, Gr. 2



"Rainbow", Megan Perkins, Gr. 5

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One-Vivian

My eyes fluttered open like the delicate wings of a butterfly. A strong ray of sunlight entered my vision. I felt myself shaking and heard a young voice calling my name repeatedly.

"What?" I mumbled, suddenly conscious. Caton had given me my own personal earthquake.

"Hi!" He exclaimed. "Good morning!"

I'd consider myself to be a morning person. It's unclear to me why one would love sleep; you're so oblivious in your dreams that you think you're awake anyway!

"I drew a picture for you." Caton proclaimed. It was incomprehensible, just a scribbled mess of tiger orange as far as anyone was concerned, yet I adored it.

"Aww, thanks!" I smiled and showed him my gratitude with a hug. He giggled as I taped it up in the crowd of all of his previous drawings.

A person who has suffered is normally secretive and untrusting. They expect anyone who holds their heart to drop it so they keep to themselves. Caton, even after all he has been through, continues to be sweet.

I remember the day he arrived like it was yesterday. It was about two years after I was transferred to Cummins Home for Orphaned Children. An older man entered the room somberly with one-year-old Caton on his hip. He explained that his daughter and her husband had died in a car accident while he was babysitting their son. The man, clearly determined to stay with him as long as he possibly could, chatted with Mr. Berry for two hours. Mr. Berry told him that he used to live near a Caton Road and the man said that's where his daughter had lived. That's why they named their son Caton.

Once, I decided to find out the meanings of everyone's names, just out of curiosity. I learned that Caton means pure. Pure suits him so well and that his name was chosen because of a street and not the meaning seemed like an impossible coincidence.

Speaking of Mr. Berry, I wonder what happened to him. Ever since he disappeared, we've had to persevere through living with a new caretaker.

The sound of Miss Huxlen's voice pulled me back out of my memory and into the present.

"Hey, Earth to Vivian!" She snapped her fingers and looked at me, irritated. "It's already nine-thirty! You need to make breakfast for the little ones. I'm going on a date," I didn't question that Miss Huxlen was neglecting us and handing me all of her responsibilities with no sort of please or thank you. I also didn't question that she was heading to a date before ten o'clock in the morning. However, her constant absence gave me a opportunity to show leadership.

Maybe I'm being overly optimistic, but at least I'm not being a downer. I'm frequently compared to a sunflower. I am full, bright and golden yellow and I'm always facing the light. Being neglected by Miss Huxlen and her bad attitude are a constant solar eclipse that is trying to force me to wilt. Thankfully, a full eclipse doesn't usually last more than five minutes, which isn't enough time for a flower to die.

"Have fun," I said, even though I knew that as a grown adult, she was supposed to be reliable. She didn't deserve this time off if she got it by abandoning us.

"Have fun," She mocked. I heard her slender four inch heels click-clacking away; her long, black hair swaying from side to side like ocean waves. I sighed, but I kept my radiating smile on my face.

"Vivvy! Vivvy!" My head turned to the other doorway where Nory was leaping and clapping. She is three years old and jam-packed with enthusiasm, so she isn't very admirable in Miss Huxlen's eyes. Caton, who's two years older, can be dynamic but Miss Huxlen presses his off button by simply entering the room.

"I want ice cream ! " Nory squealed. Caton nodded in agreement. I thought about how I could possibly say no without angering the children. I would have to agree.

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"Here's a deal," I started, "after you eat a healthy breakfast, you can have a small bowl of ice cream and this is under one condition; you can't tell Miss Huxlen." I had no idea what would happen if she learned that I "activated Nory and Caton with pure sugar" as she would say, but I wasn't exactly excited to find out.

Nory's head tilted. "What's for breakfast?"

"Can I have yogurt?" Caton piped eagerly.

"That's really close to ice cream." I explained. "I wouldn't want yogurt if I were you."

"Pancakes?" Nory asked.

"No," I answered. Their idea of pancakes included food dye, sprinkles and chocolate chips. "I'll make toast," I proposed and started promptly.

"No!" The kids moaned.

"Toast is boring!" Caton stated.

"Well, if you want ice cream, you may need to eat something you don't really like." I explained. I'm almost through with making toast and the precious ice cream is on it's way.

All my life I've been waiting for a climax and all my life I've remained at the start. In fact, when Mr. Berry disappeared my all-time low somehow lowered. Was my life ever going to improve?

Caroline Burse, Gr. 6



“A Pega Wolf Named Moon”, Katelyn Erb, Gr. 5

Stories from Olympus, Part 1

-Eris-

Olympus Drive was an unusual street. That, everyone knew. Eris knew it too. Which was exactly why she was reluctant to go to the annual family reunion. It happened every millennium, or whenever aunt Hestia thought it was necessary.

But the same thing always happened. Uncles Hades and Poseidon would fight, mom would get fed up and make a scene. Ares would start a food fight. Artemis and Apollo (the only siblings Eris genuinely liked) always steal all the food. Athena would act like a know-it-all and brag about how she was dad's favorite. Hermes would tell stories about his travels that were surprisingly interesting. Aphrodite would go around pointing out the flaws of everyone's skin and meddle in their personal lives. Hephaestus would sit in the corner talking with Aunt Hestia. Her cousins usually never came.

Great-grandma Gaea would fall asleep. Gaea's second husband, Tartarus was never invited. Grandma Rhea came rarely but left early, the family stressed her out. Grandpa Chronos never came (because he hated every last one of them) and his brothers and sisters came once, but that was before the big family fight. Her distant Aunt Nyx would always fight with her daughter, Hemera. Hypnos and Thanatos would spend their time hogging the ping-pong table.

As she stood outside the family mansion, she hesitated to go in. The storm clouds were already brewing, so she had presumed Uncle Hades had arrived. Eris actually preferred to dwell in the Underworld with her uncle and cousins.

As she stood there collecting her courage, a voice pulled her from her thoughts. "Eris, dear sister, is that you?" She turned to the voice, only to find her half-brother, Apollo, standing at his car. The corners of her mouth turned up ever so slightly to give a genuine smile. "In the flesh," she said. She noticed a male figure standing beside Apollo, they're fingers intertwined. He must have noticed her staring. "Oh, this is Hyacinthus!"

Eris looked back and forth at the pair, her smile growing. She walked toward them. "Nice to meet you," she said. Hyacinthus looked worried. "You as well." he squeaked. Eris couldn't tell if the crack in his voice was just out of nervousness or if he was scared of her. Most mortals were. She was the goddess of chaos after all.

As they shook hands, the raven-haired girl noticed his hands were cold. Too cold for a mortal or god (unless you were Khione). A name like Hyacinthus, she had heard before, but that was millennia ago. It was rare and strange for a mortal in this century to have a name as old as his. She stowed the feeling of suspicion. She would ask when she and her brother were alone.

"Well, let's go inside, shall we?" she said, letting go of his hand to hug Apollo. It was a warm embrace.

The two gods and one mortal (maybe), made their way into the "house of horrors" as Hephaestus called it. Eris couldn't remember the last time she was in this house. She had never felt welcome, her mother was always known to be cruel to her children and step-children and anyone who annoyed her in general. Which was probably everyone in the family.

Before she could knock, the doors swung open to reveal "The Favorite." Athena's hair had grown since the last time they had seen each other. Her stormy eyes still held the same wisdom and determination they had when she was born. Her hair was wavy and pulled back and it reminded her of father's. "Brother, sister, Hyacinthus! Come in!" Athena knew almost everyone, so Eris wasn't surprised that Athena knew the mortal.

Behind her Eris could make out the shape of her cousins, Macaria and Melinoe. Respectively, the goddesses of blessed death and ghosts. Eris wished Athena would shut up so she could go say hello to someone she actually liked. But alas, she kept going on about how it had been so long since she had seen Eris and Apollo and how she wished they got to see each other more.

The raven-haired girl had zoned out by now, her eyes wandering everywhere except Athena's fake, lying face. Apollo nudged her and gave her the "do something!" face. He too had plastered a forced smile onto his face. Hyacinthus stayed back taking in the house. "Athena! Let them breathe!" Apollo let out a sigh of relief, as their brother Dionysus made his way toward the group. He sure knew how to break the ice.

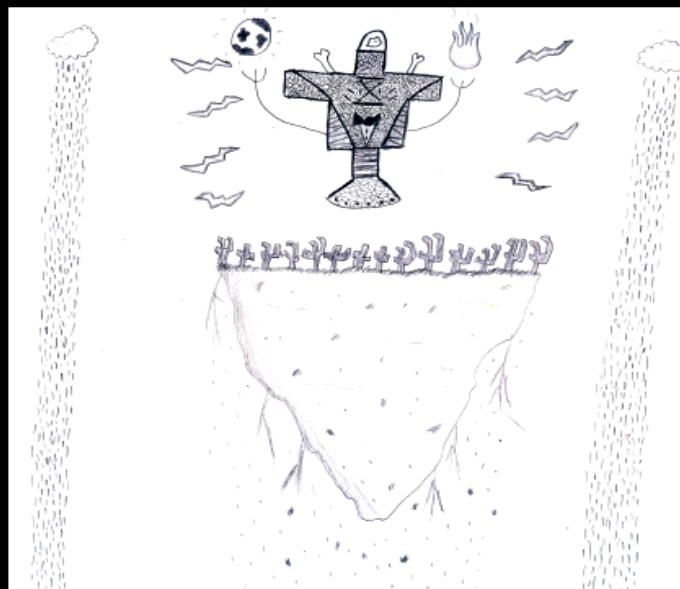
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“The Thissell Mansion”, Kamryn Thissell, Gr. 4



“Sunset”, Daniel Sanzotta Gr. 5



“The End”, Ryleigh Holliday, Gr. 5

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The god rode in on what appeared to be a live jaguar. He sported a brightly colored sombrero on top of his head and a loud tiger print button up and a tutu to top it all off. "Ah, my dear dysfunctional family, it's been too long!" Apollo snickered as Dionysus took a sip from a Capri-Sun. Hyacinthus looked between the group. "Is this normal?"

Athena sighed as the siblings embraced. "Yes," they said in unison. Then she turned serious again and turned toward their brother. "You know the rules about your pets Dionysus," Athena scolded. Dionysus made a sour face. "Forget you and your rules!" Eris smirked at her now pouting brother as he raged, "Forget Hera and her rules." Eris corrected. And with that, she sauntered off to look for the two ghostly goddesses she had spotted earlier.

They were found near the pool, outside. Uncle Poseidon was trying to do backflips into the water, the keyword, trying. "Melinoe, Macaria, how are you guys?"

She rolled her eyes. "Annoyed, irritated, bored."

Macaria shook her head. "Pretty good! Who knew Hermes could make a wicked good burger?!"

"Sorry Macaria, I have to say I feel the same as Mel," Eris said taking a seat on the lawn chair. The girls chuckled, "We missed you cousin." As they stalked forward for a hug, as if she weren't itching for one already.

The girls spent the rest of the day chatting. In the middle of one of their conversations, Hermes came zipping in on a pair of Heelys playing the trumpet with Apollo leading behind him screaming about his cows and Artemis in the back cursing at them in Greek with her hounds trailing at her feet.

Hours later into the evening, the devil herself decided to call everyone in. Eris's mother stood inside at the top of the stairs, her father at his wife's side. "Children, sisters, brothers, cousins, and whatever other relations the rest of you may have to me, welcome! I am joyous to see the big turn out, almost everyone's here!"

Uncle Hades snorted in the background, which caused Uncle Poseidon to

snicker, which caused Ares to chortle, which caused Eris to cackle, which caused laughter to break out here and there. "What's so funny, dear family members?" Hera asked, her voice rigid. "Oh-" Hephaestus began, collecting himself, "Oh, that's rich!" muttered the burly man, his voice gruff. Zeus urged Hera to continue. She elegantly took a deep breath and continued, "At this time, the nymphs and satyrs will be serving food, feel free to sit wherever." She turned curtly leaving Zeus to stand at the top of the stairs awkwardly.

Eris had taken a seat between Ares and Artemis with Dionysus in front of her. His outfit had changed. "Is that my gown?" Aphrodite questioned, her voice hollow. Her eyes were red and puffy which was unusual and the large jewel that she always proudly wore were not to be seen on her fingers. Eris felt pity for her sister. "Maybe," Dionysus replied not paying any attention to her. Hyacinthus sat next to Apollo. He looked more at ease now, making Eris glad. She still had to talk to her brother about the poor mortal.

Dinner had started quietly and awkward and then, her great-grandmother spoke up. Eris's breath caught in her throat as the sickly old woman parted her cracked lips. She saw Nyx shudder at the end of the table, allowing her black, feathered curls to cover her face.

"Zeus, my disappointment of a great-grandson, tell me, what have you done with the universe? What have you done with my Earth?" She was cut off by grandmother Rhea, "Mother please." she started, but was soon to be interrupted. "Bite your tongue, my child." Gaia's deep green eyes pierced into her father's soul. "What have you let these mortals do to my Earth? Demetre's Earth?" The goddess couldn't help to smirk. "Pan's Earth? Do you think that this Earth belongs to you and you only? If you do, your more of an imbecile than I thought! You've let these sickly mortals destroy my soul!"

Eris looked at her father. He was sweating. She hadn't seen this much fear in his eye since, well, ever. "G-grandmother, you can owe this destruction to-" He squeaked out eyes darting around, "My son, Ares." Her brother spit out his drink.

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"How dare you?!" He sat up so quickly, the chair flew back. "Oh dear", Aphrodite whispered tearing up again.

"How dare I? You have led these mortals into war time after time again! They've destroyed this world with bombs and bloodshed!" Eris stared up at her brother in shock.; the brother that she had stood beside when they stepped onto the battlefield. Her gaping mouth quickly closed into a smirk. This sensation that had erupted in the room. Chaos. Discord. It was her specialty, and she craved it.

"Well, maybe if you weren't the worst king in all the cosmos, you would actually do something to fix your universe!" Ares then did the most unexpected thing that made Eris let out a malicious cackle. A fist full of pasta went hurtling at the king of the gods.

"Ares! Stop this at once!" Athena cried. But he did not stop. Oh no, he sent a splash of nectar at prissy, perfect Athena. From that, a food fight broke out. Hera chucked a golden apple at Aphrodite. Dionysus was soaked in wine while the chicken's feet he had thrown had gotten tangled in Demeter's hair. Eros cowered under the table afraid to get his beautiful face and wings destroyed. Artemis unleashed her hounds who were picking up fried frog from off the floor and scarfing it down.

Gaea had left at this point, probably to retreat into another deep slumber. In the midst of all the chaos, Apollo and Hyacinthus could be spotted hiding behind the curtains, "Cowards!" Eris shouted at them still laughing.

Suddenly, the ruckus came to an abrupt end as the doors slammed open. Darkness shrouded the household as lights flickered. A chilly, dark feeling swept through the air that made Eris herself whimper as she grabbed the carving knife to arm herself. A dark, looming shadow came through the doorway to reveal none other than the evil entity that had resided in the inferno of the endless abyss from before Eris was even born.

Tartarus stepped into the dining room, his feet booming with every step. Eris's eyes darted throughout the room as lightning crackled at her father's fingertips. Weapons magically formed in Ares's hands and Athena brandished a spear from

out of nowhere. Gold and silver shined as Artemis and Apollo stood back to back, arrows ready to fly. Eris revealed a golden apple, which she would use as a weapon in addition to the knife in her other hand. She wasn't sure how she would use it in this situation but it always did come in handy.

"What are you doing in my house?" asked her father, his voice cold and steady.

The deep, dark, booming voice replied ignoring the god's question, "Oh and here I thought I was late for the family reunion." Fire blazed to life on the torches that helped light the room and magic swirled through the air as Hecate spoke up, "Be gone. You are not wanted here Tartarus. Go willingly, or we will make your banishment more painful than the last time." Her siblings nodded in agreement as they prepared themselves for a fight.

Seerat Kaur, Gr. 6



Kenna Hall, UPK

Stories From Olympus, Part. 2

The fight was hard, to say the least, Tartarus was a primordial deity and he had years and years to grow stronger. But alas, he was defeated with the help of nymphs, satyrs, centaurs. Apollo's Titan and Giant relatives had to be called in, those of them that had sided with the gods in the Titanomachy.

Apollo and his sister stood back to back for the most of the battle, as they always did. He had to protect his family, he had to protect Hyacinthus, that's all the Sun god could think of at the time. The house was broken, falling apart, but with godly magic, it was slowly being repaired. Everyone was bruised and battered, poor Ares most of all. He didn't seem too phased by it.

Apollo and Hyacinthus sat in his old room. The room had been much cleaner than it was when he had left. He didn't like it. He was filled with rage and anger after the tiresome fight. Arrows went scattering across the room as he threw his quiver. The blond tugged at the bedsheets, making them crumpled and undone, Hyacinthus ducked as a pillow went flying at his head.

"What's wrong?" The mortal asked patting a spot on the bed beside him. Apollo flopped onto the mattress.

"My family! That's what's wrong! My crappy, unloving, dysfunctional family! I mean-" He chuckled bitterly, "Artemis and Eris are the best no doubt, Hermes and Dionysus too even, but the rest of them, always making a scene! Tartarus is technically my step-great-grandfather in case you were wondering and he hates us. And stupid Ares always picking fights, he had no right to interrogate you like that. And don't pretend like you didn't see my step-mother throwing glares our way!"

The god sighed resting his head on Hyacinthus shoulder, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry about all of this." The loving mortal pulled him into a tight hug, "None of it was your fault, I understand. You've all been alive for so long, it's easy to get sick of each other," he chuckled trying to lighten the mood. Apollo took a deep breath and planted a kiss on the brunettes forehead. "Anyway, tell me more about your family, at least those who you like," Hyacinthus said, trying to calm Apollo.

"Oh, ok. Well, Artemis, you've met her, she's the kindest soul but will rip

you apart limb from limb if you hurt her family. I mean she's my twin. While I sprang from the womb singing and dancing she was already making plans about her group of hunters." He chuckled, "Then there's Eris. People think just because she's the goddess of chaos, she's evil. Totally not the case. She's a lot like Artemis, except more," he paused searching for the right word, "vicious." He smiled as if it was completely normal, "But don't worry, once you get to know her she's super nice." Hyacinthus nodded slowly, just as they heard a knock on the door. "Come in," Apollo said.

In walked Eris. "We were just talking about you!" The god exclaimed. "All good things I bet." She smirked walking in, "Hyacinthus, I'm going to need to talk to my brother in private." That was the thing about Eris sometimes. She didn't ask, she demanded and if she wasn't given what she wanted, she took. Apollo frowned to see Hyacinths scramble to leave.

As he sat on the bed, he was confused and slightly scared as Eris stood towering over him, her arms crossed. If you looked closely, you could see that her eyes were yellow, not green as most people presumed. To most mortals, she would have looked terrifying. Eris's hair was a rats nest and her face was battered and bruised, just like everyone else's. But Eris's features just made her ten times scarier.

"Sister!" He smiled, hoping to lighten the mood. "Brother. Tell me why Hyacinthus is still alive, because from what I remember he died before Christ," She spoke quick and was to the point, a tactic Apollo learned that was used to create chaos but that was usually how Eris talked in general.

He didn't know she knew, he didn't know anyone knew except, Melinoe. "I made a deal.", he frowned. Eris scoffed, "A stupid, idiotic deal. If he was dead, you should have let him rest in peace. It's not fair." Apollo stood up enraged, "Not fair? Not fair?! I'll tell you what's not fair. My boyfriend being decapitated in front of my eyes, and me not being able to do anything to stop it!" By now he was up in Eris's face, but she didn't flinch a bit, "How? Uncle Hades would never have let you." Apollo sighed in frustration, rubbing his face. "Not, not with him. Persephone." Eris nodded, telling him to continue.

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"Persephone, she's not allowed to leave the Underworld, as you know. She's stuck there for six months in winter and six months in," he paused, "well you know the story. Anyway, I made a deal with her. If she got Hyacinthus out, I would hide her for an extra month so she could stay with her mother."

At this point, hot tears were coming down his face, stinging the cuts littered across his face. "I only did it because I love him!" His voice cracked as he threw his arms around Eris, pulling her in for a hug he needed and a hug she did not want.

Apollo's sister awkwardly patted his back, leaning her head as far away from him as she could. "I," she started, "if Hades finds out," she warned,

"I know, I know! Please just let me have this happiness!", Apollo exclaimed.

But Eris, of course, couldn't stand to see her brother in pain. "Ok, ok, you can keep your boyfriend." She pushed him away, wiping his tears. Apollo knew that even though she held a disgusted look on her face, deep down she cared. "Get a hold of yourself." She said before marching toward the door to open it.

Just as it opened, Hyacinthus and Aphrodite came tumbling in. Apollo snickered, "Tell me you were not listening through the door!" The blonde beauty stood up and dusted herself off, "That was beautiful brother. If only my own husband could be romantic like that." She sighed walking out the door, heels clicking down the hallway.

"Aw, you love me," Hyacinthus said, erupting in giggles. Eris simply rolled her eyes, sauntered out to leave the weird couple to their foolishness.

Seerat Kaur, Gr. 6



“Victoria’s Mansion”, Anna Madison, Gr. 4

Stories From Olympus, Part 3

-Melinoe-

A good week had passed since the ordeal with Tartarus and for some reason, bodies were piling up in the mortal world. The more bodies, the more souls, and the more souls, the more ghosts. Putting even more on the goddess's workload. All these ghosts to keep track of and on top of that, her duty with nightmares wasn't easy. Crafting them, delivering them, the whole thing could get out of hand.

She had been working twenty-four seven lately but couldn't be bothered to ask for help, even though she desperately needed it. The only person who seemed to care was Macaria, goddess of blessed death. Her job was much easier and happier, seeing that she worked down at the Isle of the Blessed or Elysium.

"Mel, I think you need a vacation," said Macaria, one night as she peeked into her sister's room, "It would be really good for you!" Melinoe sighed putting aside a stack of paperwork. "I really don't," she said pulling out yet another stack of unfinished paperwork. She narrowed her eyes. "Oh please, don't think I haven't seen you sobbing down at the office while you fill out mountains of paperwork and don't get me started on how much nectar you drink to stay awake and at this point, you're practically living off ambrosia!"

Melinoe rolled her eyes, signing a form to be on jury duty for the next round of souls coming in. Whether they would go to Elysium, Asphodel Meadows, or the Fields of Punishment, would be taken to court.

"I heard Artemis and Hecate are going on a two-week cruise to Greece! You should go and before you ask, I'll be filling in for you while you're gone. I'm sure one of the Fury's can fill in on nightmare duty." She smiled optimistically. Melinoe rolled her eyes, "That's nice and all, but do you even know how-" Macaria cut her off. "Of course I know how to do the job little sister. Who do you think had the job before you?" Melinoe chuckled, "I'm guessing you already talked to dad?" Macaria nodded, a wild grin on her face. The sisters laughed together, "Ok, ok, if you insist."

Two days later, Melinoe was standing on the docks, Hecate at her side and Artemis is in the gift shop while Poseidon and his crew get everything secure, "So I sup-

pose this is some sort of girls trip?" Artemis asked jogging up to them.

Melinoe snorted, "If that's what you want to call it." Hecate signaled for the girls to follow as centaurs took their luggage on board. The cruise ship wasn't bad. It was much better than the gondola Charon used to ferry souls and ghosts across the river Styx. The ship was huge and shiny white with gold accents.

"Alright ladies, this little guy here is Triton and he'll be your captain for these two weeks," Poseidon said giving his son a pat on the back.

"Dad," Triton groaned. Melinoe couldn't help herself as she blurted out, "Don't you usually have a tail?" Hecate and Artemis snickered. "That's just how the mortals see him. Um, question, do you really have a daughter named Arial?" Hecate asked giggling. Triton sneered slightly, ready to spew out a harsh remark but his father gave him a harsh glare. Melinoe laughed as he huffed.

After Poseidon left Triton threatened, "Get on the boat or I'm leaving you here with the Hippocampai." Melinoe rolled her eyes at her cousin and started for the cruise ship.

By the time the docks were a blur on the horizon, the group was well out on the water. Melinoe recognized many other minor deity's. Eros, playing a card game with Phobos. Urania was picking out karaoke songs with her eight other sisters, the Nine Muses. Nike was arguing with Enyo about who won the ping-pong match. Melinoe didn't know anybody well enough to strike up a conversation so she went to the spa where Hecate said she would be.

"How nice of you to join me, come on in. It's so relaxing.", the magical deity crooned. Soon Melinoe herself was sitting in a spa chair with nymphs at her sides working on giving her a manicure and naiads who were slathering on a face mask. If her sister were here, she would laugh at the sight of Melinoe in a white robe, with a green face mask and cucumber slices on her eyes. "You were right, this is relaxing. I might just demand dad to put one of these massage chairs in my office," she laughed.

"So, how is the office of ghosts and nightmares?" Hecate asks wiping off her face mask. Melinoe sighed, "Well, dad has me working overtime with the paperwork.

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I mean, I craft these nightmares. I'm the only one who can for the Olympians sakes. Why should I fill out a form confirming that I made them ? I mean, sure the spirits deliver them but," she blew a raspberry, "and don't even get me started on how he has me on jury next month. He claims that Sisyphus got sick. How does a dead ghost get sick?!"

Hecate groaned in sympathy, "You know, these witches are getting out of control. I mean, they are my followers and I suppose I love them, but Circe?! Don't get me started, she really needs to get some counseling for her anger management. She's turned all the males from at least six all boys schools into pigs!" She couldn't help but cackle, which ended up catching the whole spa's attention. Her and Hecate shared a glance and erupted into giggles.

After three hours at the spa, Melinoe decided to go find Artemis, who was at the archery range. She appeared to be helping Urania set up her arrow while Urania geeked out about astrology. "Ok, now pull back and when you're ready, let it fly," Artemis said stepping back and letting Urania knock her arrow. It went flying toward the target, hitting just below the bullseye.

"Awesome job!", Artemis exclaimed. Artemis, Urania, and Melinoe spent the rest of the time doing complex yoga and playing down at the gym.

The cruise was relaxing but it had its strange moments. Like the time Eros came screaming toward the pool with his wings on fire and maracas on his hands. Then there was the time Nike, Phobos, and Artemis were all thrown overboard by Hecate and her magic. Oh boy, Melinoe sure had a lot to tell Macaria once she got back to the Underworld.

Seerat, Kaur, Gr. 6



“Happy Dreamer”, Sylvia Perez-Mullen, Gr. 3

Super Spy Team

vs.

An Ice Dragon, An Evil Army of Robots and Dr. Brains

One day, Tyler and Zack and their team were relaxing when the Avengers and Spiderman came on the screen asking for their help to fight an Ice Dragon, an evil Army of Robots and Dr. Brains. So, we hopped in our vehicles and went to help them. It didn't go so well. We beat everyone except for two of them, the Ice Dragon, and Dr. Brains.

Chapter I

Dr. Brains

One day, Tyler, David, and Izzy were just about to get a mission when Dr. Brains comes on the screen to request something of them. The request was for \$1,000,000. At first it didn't seem so bad. However, Dr. Brains then said, "If you don't get me the money before Friday I will turn everyone in the world into Legos.."

Tyler said, "But won't you turn yourself into a Lego too?"

Dr. Brains said, "Oh no, I won't because I will be on the moon."

Tyler, a little shocked, stated, "Ok, we will get you the money."

David said, "What are you doing?" Tyler leaned in and whispered to David, "I've got a plan."

Dr. Brains said, "Yay! But aren't you wondering what I am going to do with all the money?" Tyler answered, "Well yes."

Dr. Brains stated, "Oh goody! Well I am going to buy parts for a super ray to make me unstoppable." Then he disappeared from the screen.

When Tyler felt safe he said that his plan is to get a bunch of fake money that looked real enough so when Dr. Brains goes to get the parts, he won't be able to because of the fake money. So, they decided to do that, but they only had a few days before Friday. They had to work quickly.

Finally, they got enough fake money to give to Dr. Brains before Friday.

After Tyler, David, Izzy and the rest of the Super Spies gave the fake money to

Dr. Brains, Dr Brains said, "Thank you. HaHaHaHaHaHaHa! I can finally buy the parts to my super ray and take over the world!"

After Dr. Brains left, Tyler called the police and said, "Get ready for Dr. Brains at the local parts department store. Disguise two of your police officers as cashiers so when he goes to buy the parts for the super ray you can catch him with the fake money and take him to the most secure prison there is."

The police did as Tyler suggested and it worked. Dr. Brains got put in prison and everybody lived happily ever after. The world is now safe from bad guys. However, it wasn't so happy after all because after Dr. Brains was put in prison, a new villain arrived.

Chapter 2

The Ice Dragon and Army of Evil Robots

The Super Spies found a giant footprint trail that led to the ice mountain. When they got there they noticed an ice cave in the side of the mountain. They started to climb and when they got to the cave Tyler said, "Does anyone have a flashlight or torch?" David pulls flashlights and headlamps from his backpack and gives one of each to everyone. Tyler says, "Let's head in."

The Super Spies headed into the cave. After walking they came to a fork in the cave. Tyler said, "Everyone grab a radio and then split up into groups. Head down each tunnel. If there is any trouble, radio me and we will come as fast as we can."

The Super Spies headed into the tunnels and after a little bit Izzy radioed Tyler and said, "I think we found the snowman but he is not moving or breathing."

Tyler said over the radio, "What could have killed it?"

Izzy said, "I don't know. Let's just keep adventuring into the cave." Tyler said, "Ok."

After a little while Tyler yelled, "I found another cave!" The rest of the team hurried over. Tyler looked in the cave and saw an ice dragon and an army of evil robots. He also saw someone he did not want to see, Dr. Brains.

Tyler exclaimed, "Dr. Brains must have escaped prison and made an evil ar-

my of robots and tamed an ice dragon.

David said, "Then let's go fight!"

That's exactly what they did and the Super Spies won!

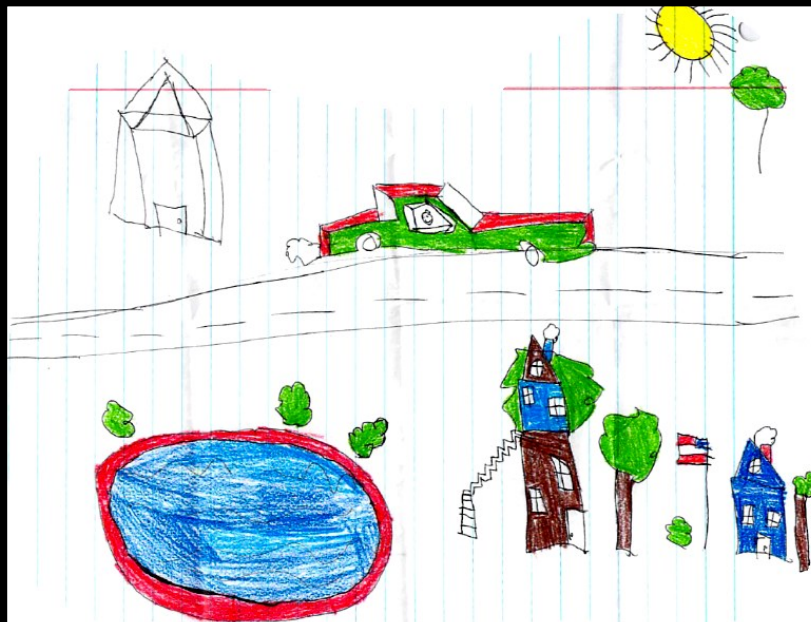
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