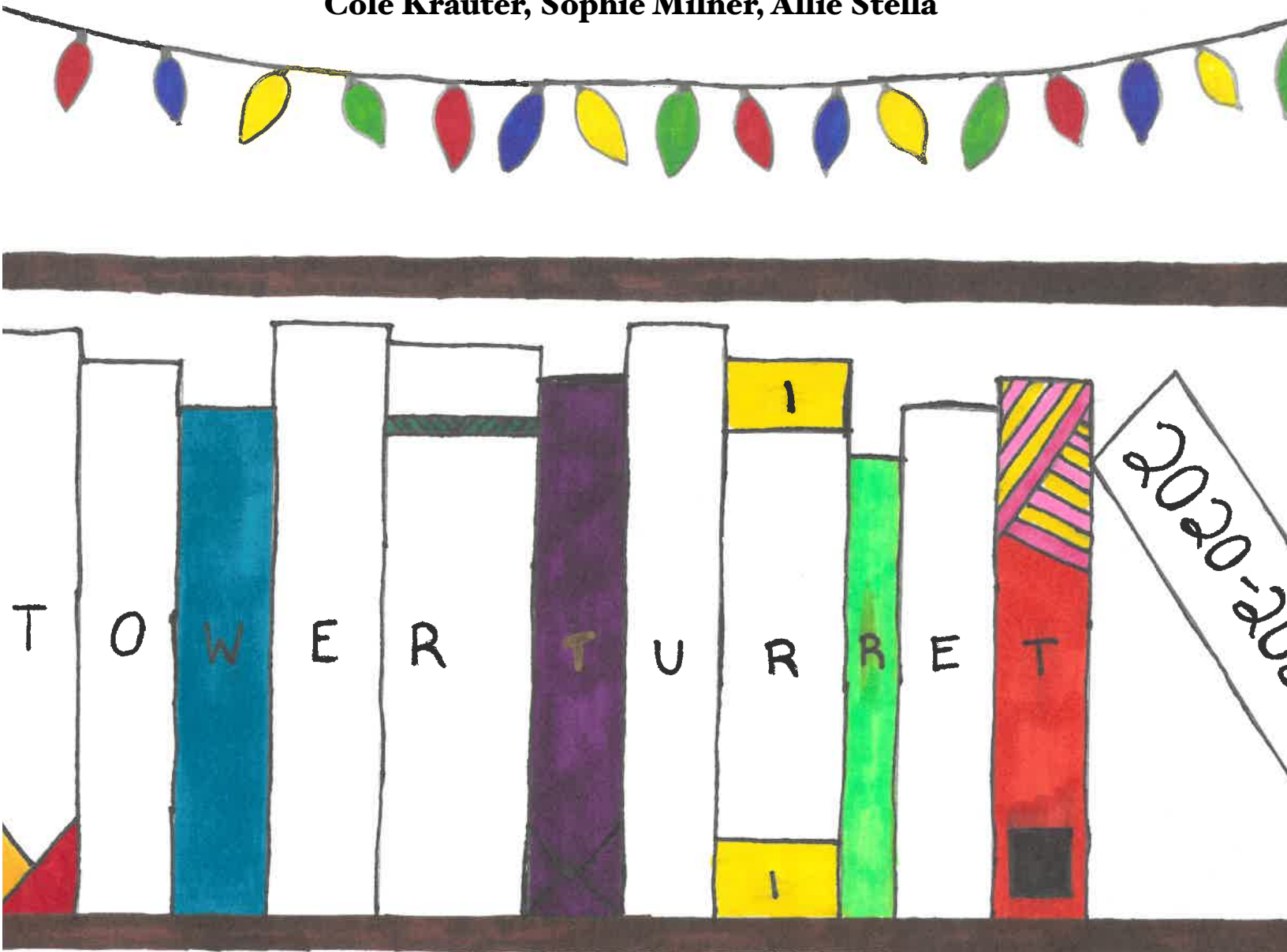




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**Editors: Lucy Cohen, Nedalye Dublin-Brown,  
Josh Holden, Ned Jeffries, Courtney Klocker,  
Cole Krauter, Sophie Milner, Allie Stella**

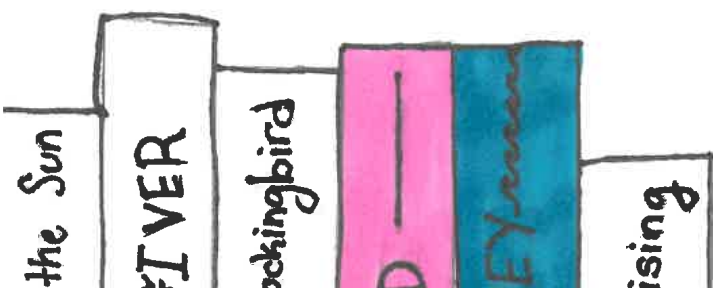


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**Inside Front: Sophie Milner**

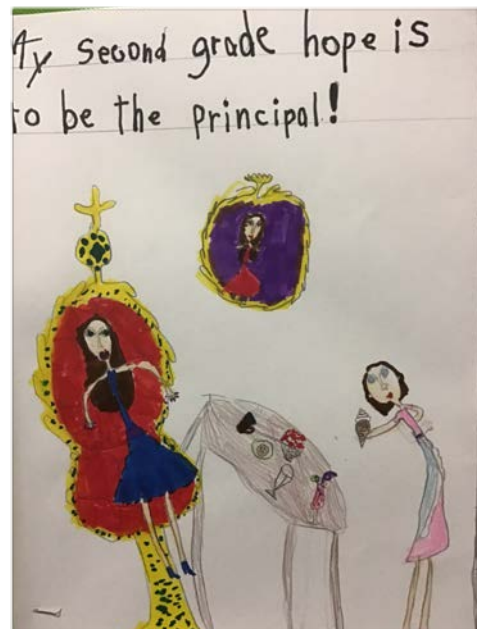
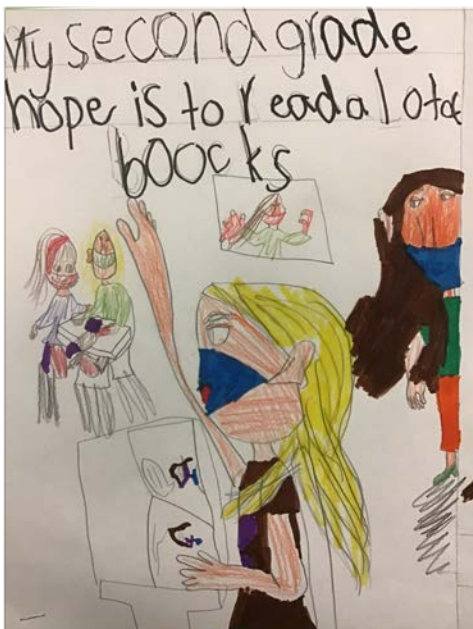
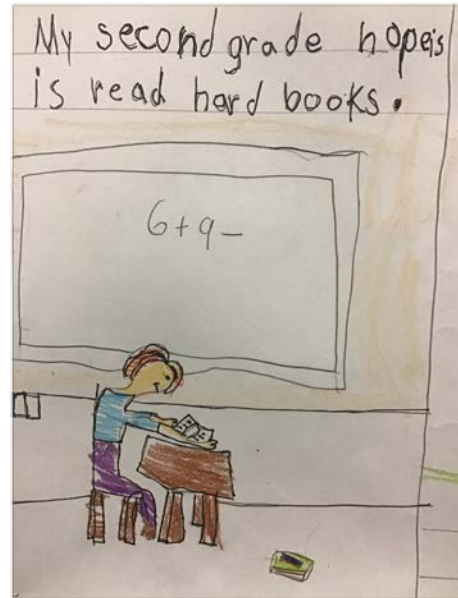
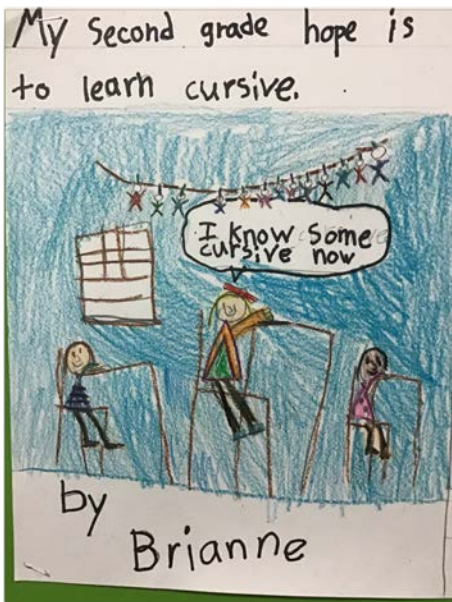
**Back Cover: Sophie Milner**

**Inside Back: Maty Bah**



**Faculty Advisor: Karen Van Adzin**







## CUPCAKES WITH VANILLA FROSTING

Cupcakes with vanilla frosting are soooo good. They have yummy, gooey frosting. I like it when they have big, blue sprinkles. They are good with cold milk. I like it when they smell like sweet cake. They have sugary toppings. Cupcakes make me happy.

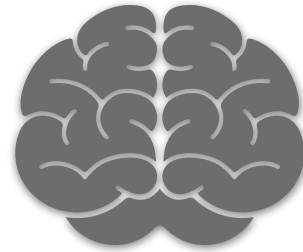
Valentina Jones  
Grade Two



Bella Ryan, Grade Six

## FAILURE

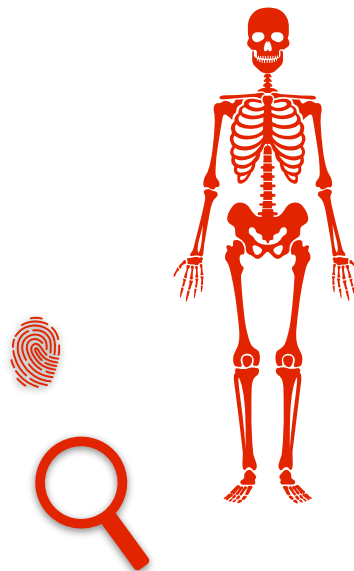
It comes from a lack of effort  
And a lack of interest.  
Failure is trying to be  
Better than you can  
Or thinking you're not good enough.  
Failure is an idea  
That comes from letting yourself get down.  
It is a mind game,  
A trick that can be avoided,  
Torture that you don't need.  
Failure is an idea,  
And that's all it is.



Julian Flacke, Grade Seven

## FORENSIC ANTHROPOLOGIST

Evidence;  
Complex patterns  
That speak of an unforgivable crime.  
A hair, torn skin in the victim's fingernails  
A kitchen knife, lying imbrued in crimson,  
Remnants of a listless rage.  
The height, the stance, the motive,  
All clues, left to be analyzed  
By the people who dedicate their lives to  
Stories only they can write the ending to.  
An anticipated plot twist  
And a resolution that will guarantee  
The end.



Ever Bauta, Grade Eight

## HECTOR'S LAST WORDS

Death is sometimes unpredictable, so if this is my fate, I have one wish before I die. Achilles, we have had a long history together. Our war started out as the Trojans against the Greeks, but now we have evolved from that. This isn't about fighting for our homes anymore. This is Achilles versus Hector. Just you against me. Achilles, this is your opportunity to rise above our past conflicts and show my people respect. My request to you is that you shall give my body back to my parents, Queen Hecuba and King Priam if you shall be victorious today. I have much respect for you and your people, and I desire that you return the same respect back to the Trojan people. It was never my intention to upset you by killing Patroclus, for he was dressed in your armor. I have no regret for killing him, but it was by mistake. As I lie here on the ground, for you are about to take your victory over me, all my people are about to watch my death and your revenge against me. Is having pride enough revenge for you? Would you do one last thing for me? Please acknowledge my request, for it would be much appreciated by my people. This may be the day I die at your hands, but the people of Troy will remember my bravery for years to come.

Holly Hintlian

Grade Six



## HOUSE OF PICTURES

Pictures come and go,  
Like the tides pulled by the moon.  
Housing memories from a distant past,  
Some that have faded,  
Friends and family frozen in time,  
Smiling in the moment.

The proud frame sits by my bedside,  
Tired from moving from house to house.  
Holding a history of my life,  
Like a book of my existence,  
Reminding me of memories,  
Memories that would be forsaken.

Courtney Klocker  
Grade Eight



Owen McCormick, Grade Three



## I LOVE BACON

I love bacon. It is super yummy! I like it a little burnt and salty. I like it crunchy but not greasy. It is crumbly in my mouth. I like it with strawberries, celery, and grapes on the side. Bacon is the best in the world.

Ben Shoreman  
Grade Two



## LUNCH LADY

Spiritless, bored,  
Grumpy as yesterday,  
Enduring the disrespect of ignorant youth,  
One scoop of food after another.

Mobile all day, hoisting pans of food,  
Exhausted and defeated,  
Trying to make my daughter proud,  
Living in a world where she sees me.

The bell rings as the cafeteria crowds.  
Her friends approach;  
She passes without a glance;  
Time seems to freeze,  
My smile not returned.

Leanna Robie  
Grade Eight

## LEAD MILLS

I have grown exponentially throughout the Lead Mills process. I have grown by realizing that change is an important part of life, and we should embrace change and be ready for it. I learned this by watching the *Where's My Cheese* video and experiencing change with challenges like the snow storm and extremely high tide at Lead Mills. I have grown by also realizing that focusing is important for achieving all of the data you need and learning new things. If you just use your Lead Mills time to goof off with your friends, then you will not learn anything new and not get accurate data.

My leadership experience expanded because I learned that when you are prepared, you are more efficient and more likely to get more data. If you brought boots on an extremely muddy day, then you would be more likely to go get more data and have more for the experiment. My leadership has expanded because I listened to everybody's ideas. A person that I was working with on counting birds on the rock had an idea so our counting would be more efficient and easier. The idea didn't work, but I was glad we tried because it segued into better ideas.

I learned many life skills throughout my time at Lead Mills. I learned to persevere through tough experiences because they can lead to new discoveries and better data. There were certain days when I did not want to go to Lead Mills because it was cold and rainy, but I persevered and received some good data for my experiment which led to a better understanding of Lead Mills. Another life skill I learned was expecting to be surprised. I was very surprised when I went to Lead Mills in the rain because it was freezing, and nobody wanted to go. I was caught off guard and wasted a bit of time trying to be warm and not recording data. If I had expected changes, I would have had more time to record data, and I would have been able to make the experiment more accurate and better. My time at Lead Mills provided me many things like growth, new leadership opportunities, and some life skills. Lead Mills made me a better person.

Teddy Bracken  
Grade Eight



## MANATEE

Big fat manatee  
Swims and eats chunky big ferns;  
Plump, graceful giants



James Brooks  
Grade Three

## MIRROR

I wait here,  
damp and alone.  
Hours go by,  
just for you to look right at me  
and not even see me.  
All you see are insecurities  
and flaws.  
I have no choice,  
no opportunity to run away.  
So I watch  
every tear  
and heartbreak.

Lucia Alvarado, Grade Seven

## SEVENTH-GRADE ART FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

### WOMEN THROUGH THE AGES



Lucia Alvarado, Myles Baker, Eloise Bertrand

### HOW POLLUTION AFFECTS OUR WORLD



Taylor Aikman, Mary Pollock



## MY FIRST LESSON (AN EXCERPT)

This was the day I was actually going to ride a horse, I remembered. I ran to Ryann's room and grabbed my brush and ran to the bathroom, brushing my knotty hair. *Ow! Ow!* After five minutes of pain, "Evie, we have to go!" Ryann yelled from her room.

"Coming!" I yelled from the bathroom mirror. We ran downstairs and grabbed our bags and hopped in the car to go to the camp.

"You ready, girls?" my mom asked.

"Yep!" Ryann answered. I struggled to buckle myself. *Click!* I looked at my bag and I looked at Ryann.

"Yep!" I replied. "Wow, Vermont is very pretty," I said.

"Not really. After you live here for a while, it gets boring," Ryann replied. *How? How does Vermont ever get boring?*

It didn't take long until we actually arrived at the camp. "Alrighty, girls," my mom said. We got out of the car.

"Bye, Mom," I replied, not hearing what she said. *Wow, this farm is huge!*

"Bye!" Ryann said. We ran to the barn called the Little Barn. "OK, Evie, put your stuff here," Ryann said. I put my bag down, and the person who ran the barn, named Tina, called a meeting. Everyone sat down on a chair, and we all discussed what horses we were riding. We got to ride a horse named Savannah, and we also got different groups. I was in group one. I rode first.

"OK, Evie, I will tack her up," said a girl named Rory who was one of the counselors. I watched her place the saddle on Savannah's back and put on her bridle. *I can't believe that I'm going to learn how to do that!* After waiting a while, Rory and I went into the riding arena with Savannah. Two other people were in there riding. They were good, well, better than I. This was it! I was scared, excited, and terrified. Rory brought over a box and told me to step up on the box and lunge myself over on the saddle. I did it--I was riding a horse! *So this is what a saddle feels like!*

She put a lead on the horse so she could lead me, since I did not know how to steer. The dust that was being kicked from Savannah's moving hooves went into my nose and made me sneeze. I was tall; I felt as if there was no worry in the world to ruin this moment.

Ryan watched me from outside the arena. "OK, Evie, we're going to trot," Rory announced to me. I was so nervous. "Just squeeze her belly with your heels and say 'Trot,' " Rory said. *What if I do something wrong? What's trot?*

"Trot!" I squeezed her big belly with my heels. Savannah went into a trot, and I shortened up my reins so I wouldn't fall off.

"There you go," she complimented me. It was so fun! I was bouncing up and down and laughing. Rory laughed with me. We trotted for a few minutes, as I did

not want to stop. “Now let’s go for a slow walk,” Rory said, “so sit back in the saddle and say, “ ‘Whoa,’ slowly, ” she added.

“Whoa,” I said slowly as I sat back in the saddle. Savannah started to walk. I rubbed my hand across her neck. “Good girl!” I said to Savannah.

“Now let’s dismount and put Savannah in her stall,” Rory said. I agreed. I dismounted, and Rory took Savannah to her stall. I saw Ryann and ran to her.

“Ryann, I did it!” I yelled to her.

“You were amazing, Evie!” she yelled back to me. *I know!*

Evie Becker

Grade Five



Dante Bassiri.

Charlie Ainlay

Harper Rosenman

Grade One

## NATURE WALK

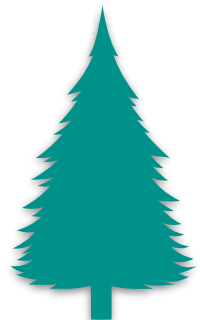
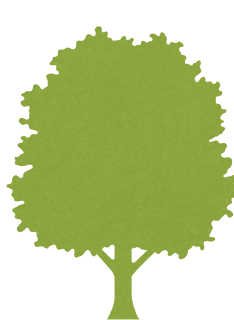
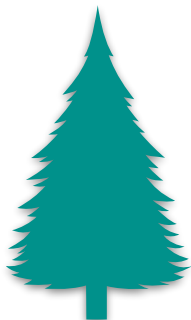
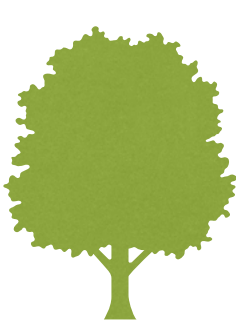
I can see the deep, deep forest,  
And I hear the bids chirping to their own little tune,  
I can feel the cold ocean,  
I can hear the trees rustling in the light breeze.

I feel cold air,  
I hear the sound of other kids around me,  
I smell the ocean blue,  
I see the dark, gray clouds about to cry.

I see cars zoom by: red, blue, gray, and white,  
I see so many colors: green, yellow, and brown,  
I can hear myself humming,  
I hear the fish go flip flop.

I see beautiful green grass and dead grass,  
I see friends all around me,  
I see trees going into their autumn state,  
I can hear the leaves falling off of the trees.

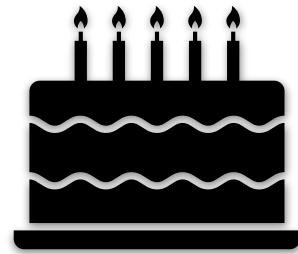
Campbell Pitt, Grade Four



## OREO CAKE

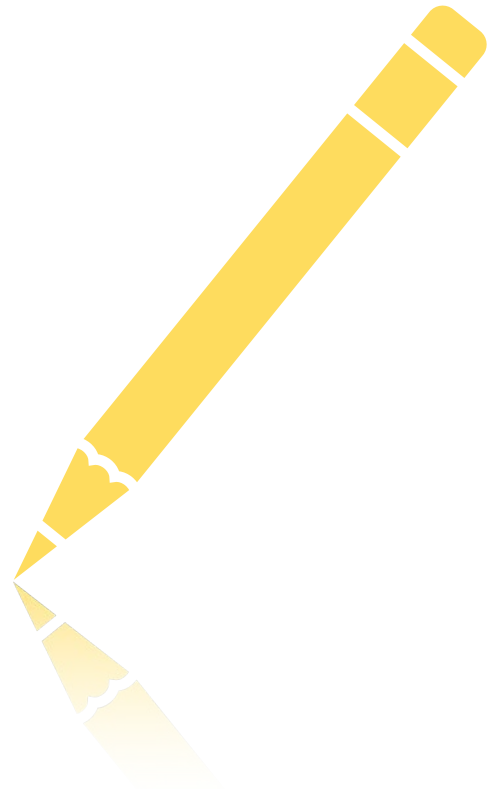
Oreo cake with vanilla frosting is so yummy. It is cold in the middle. Super sweet chunks of Oreos are everywhere. It is so soft when you bite it. You taste the smooth cream and the good Oreo cookies. It makes you have a brain freeze. It is the sweetest cake in the world.

Riyad Khemmich, Grade Two



## PENCIL

I sit in a drawer waiting,  
But I don't remember  
What I am waiting for.  
Suddenly, people come;  
They take me out of my resting place  
And press me to the paper.  
They start to draw,  
Pulling me across the page.  
Scraping,  
Scribbling,  
Suffering.  
I am blinded by the pain.  
The paper tears away at my head.  
Suddenly, everything is still.  
They lift me up,  
My head spinning, I look around,  
But at that moment,  
They place me in the sharpener...



Lucy Cohen, Grade Seven





HaileyTurkanis, Kindergarten



Parker Petrick, Kindergarten

## NATURE WORLD

I see the birds from the trees;  
 I see bikers biking down the path,  
 The squirrels in long grass,  
 The trees swaying in the wind.

I see walkers walking near us,  
 The mushrooms in the swaying grass,  
 The small river next to us,  
 The mini metal bridge.

I feel the mist within the air,  
 The cold/warm air around me,  
 The mask rubbing against my face,  
 The rocks in my shoes.

I hear the birds singing form their trees,  
 The crickets chirping from the grass,  
 My friends talking around me,  
 My shoes moving through the rocks.

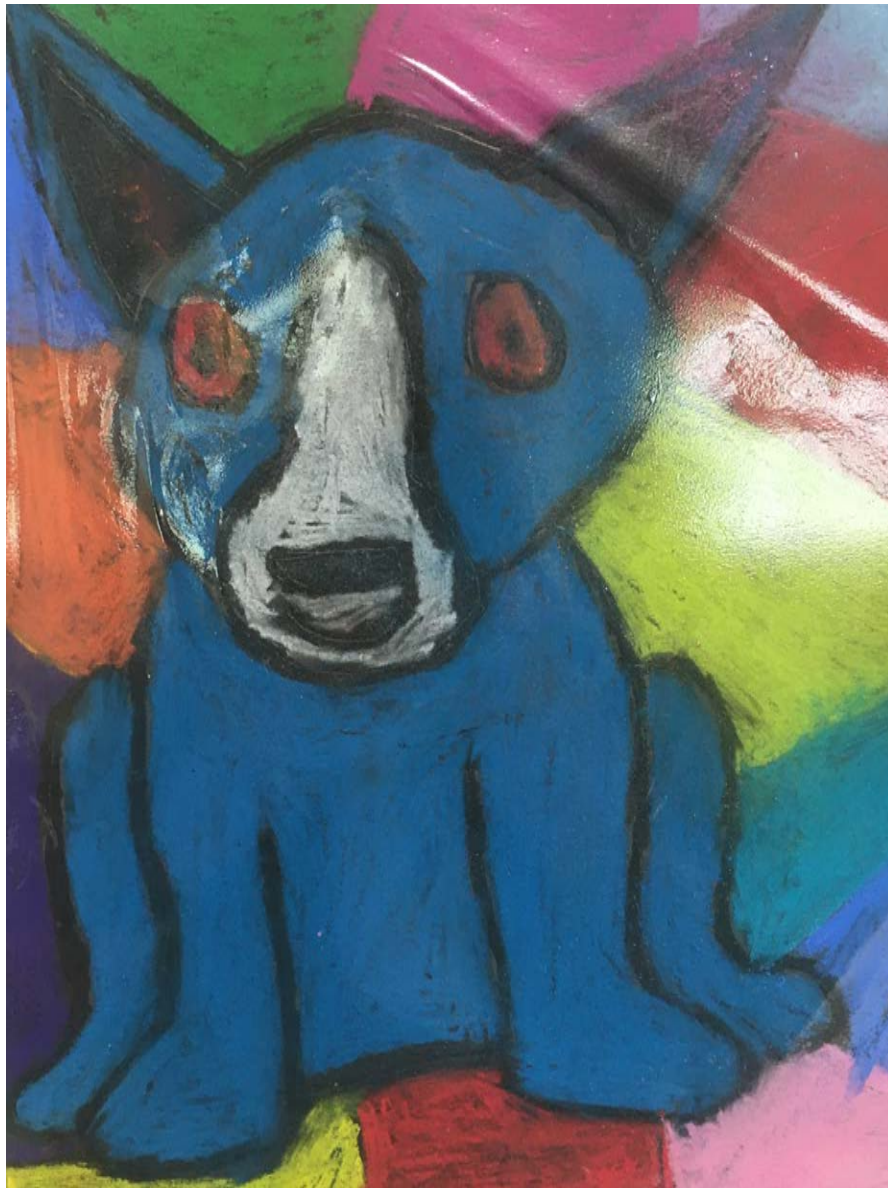
JD Urman, Grade Four

## POPCORN

My favorite food is popcorn. It is very salty. The crunch sound is so loud. It feels so soft in my mouth. The kernels are puffy. The melty butter drips on my hands. I like to eat it when I am watching a movie.

Harrison Demakes

Grade Two



Emilia Petrokas, Grade Three

## RESILIENT TROY

(A speech by King Priam to the Trojan soldiers who are fighting in the Trojan war. This is the ninth year of the Trojan war and the speech is given right before battle.)

I gazed out my window this fine, peaceful morning, and I saw two children sitting on a fountain, waiting for their father to return from battle. Those children were always sitting, waiting. However, their father never came home. There will always be sadness in our hearts for those who have never come home from battle.

I look out at you all today, and I see resilience. I see a group of soldiers who are willing to sacrifice their lives for Troy, soldiers who are willing to sacrifice their family's bliss for Troy.

I, your king, have been watching Trojan citizens become filled with misery and sorrow because of the loss of lives in Troy. I have felt sorrow many times. For when I was young, my family was killed, and I was sold as a slave. If a young slave can become your king, then you can win the war. Throughout the past nine years, I have been watching my country wither slowly and sadly, but that can't happen. We will fight until we have no men left, and when we have no men left, we will let our dogs fight for the women and children of Troy.

We have fought for so long, we can't give up now. Now is when we have to try our hardest and persevere. Troy has been your home for all your lives; you were raised here; your children were raised here. The government has stood by you all these years and helped you in your times of need. It's time to give back. Thank the gods; they have kept us strong for nine years. They must be looking down on us and helping us from above.

Troy has fought for you; now it is your turn to fight for Troy.

Chloe Mahoney  
Grade Six



## ROCK

Worn down by the ages,  
But you are as old as time.  
There when dinosaurs roamed the jungles,  
When an ape invented the grasp,  
When a man turned wood into crackling flame.  
You were much bigger then,  
And made of elements that no longer exist,  
But you were there.



You have fallen into seas,  
And resurfaced when the waters dried up.  
People will say you're unmovable, a constant guardian,  
Unchanged by the rise and fall of civilization,  
But you were changing long before man was saying anything about you.  
Empires toppled and wars cracked you to your core,  
Yet here you are.

From mountains to boulders to grains of sand,  
You will travel farther and see more than anyone else on the planet,  
Tumble down mountainsides and skip on ponds,  
Change again and again and split into a million pieces,  
But you will never be gone, not completely.  
And when man is a thing of the distant past,  
And the earth is a place no longer recognizable,  
You who have seen it all before,  
Will be there.

Pippa Boyd, Grade Eight



## SEALED WITH LOVE

They tell a story,  
A short story of moments that have passed;  
An "I love you" or a "See you soon,"  
A joke or a memory,  
A feeling of warmth, of love.  
Though they only take a minute to write,  
They can carry a heart;  
Not much to the other  
But much to me.  
Only a few write letters,  
But it's the letters I love.

Reese Pignato  
Grade Eight



Luke Fitzgerald, Grade Three



## SICKNESS AND HEALTH

A flimsy piece of paper,  
Now the line between sickness and health.  
Without one, feel exposed,  
With one, feel isolated.  
Leave the house with a revealed face;  
Face the consequences.  
This flimsy piece of paper,  
A common courtesy,  
Shields us from our peers.

Lottie Walker  
Grade Seven



## SPRING

I see baby bunnies eating carrots.  
I see caterpillars turning into butterflies.  
I see tadpoles with little legs,  
and ducks swimming in the water.  
I see roses growing in my garden;  
sometimes they make me sneeze!  
I hear robins chirping  
and trees waving in the wind.  
The peepers are peeping in the pond.  
Worms come out from underground  
to wiggle and dance in the rain.  
The turtle pokes his head out of his shell.  
I hear running water and lawn mowers mowing.  
I taste juicy peaches.  
Happy, excited, joyful  
creatures and people,  
Spring is here!

Ms. Mason's Kindergarten



**"THE SHIP WITH BUTTERFLY SAILS"**  
Salvador Dali and Bella Ryan

## THE AUTHOR

As ink touches paper,  
pent up emotion rushes out onto the page,  
taking the form of magnificent beasts,  
morally grey protagonists,  
deceivingly charming villains.

Sentences turn into chapters, chapters into books,  
an author's work is seemingly endless.  
Creating bridges between readers and story,  
transporting them to worlds never before imagined.

Masha Gilberg  
Grade Eight



John Rosenbaum, Grade Three



## THE BALLERINA AND THE PIANO PLAYER

After school, we would always:  
Ride two trains,  
Take one bus,  
Walk two blocks,  
And run up five stories.  
One of us always ran to the piano,  
The other to my bedroom  
Where we would take off  
The uniform vests and skirts.  
One played the piano and  
The other twirled and danced,  
Smiling at the audience.  
The faster the piano,  
The faster the dancing,  
Spinning and smiling  
In a shirt and leggings,  
Shouting, "Faster, faster,"  
To the piano player  
Until the ballerina fell from exhaustion,  
And we would laugh and laugh,  
Our English mixing with our French,  
Until the ballerina caught her breath  
And the piano player  
Rearranged the sheet music  
She was only pretending to play,  
And we bowed to the imaginary audience,  
And the game started all over again.

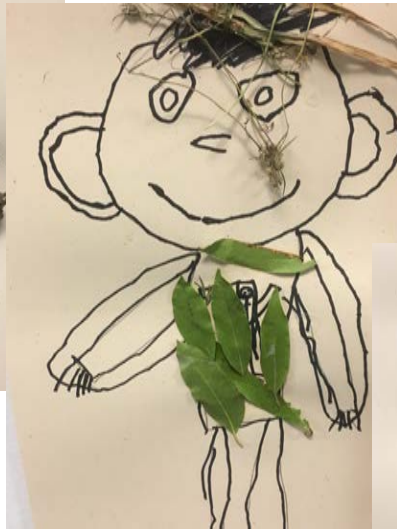


Rebecca Herve-Lorenzo  
Grade Seven

## THE BEAUTY IN NATURE

As I walk through the  
Beautiful green grass grove, I  
Look back and smile.

Lillian Panza  
Grade Three



Fisk Wells  
Aaron Lande  
Henrik Derr  
Penny Allen, Kindergarten



Lilly Panza, Grade Three

### THE CUTE CAT

The cute in your eyes  
Shows your gentle happy soul  
Until the wet bath

Ethan Lewis, Grade Three

## THE EXPLORER

Stomping along great plains of vast white,  
Fighting his way through deep, resilient snow,  
A man, barely out of school,  
crafting plans for his hopeful future.

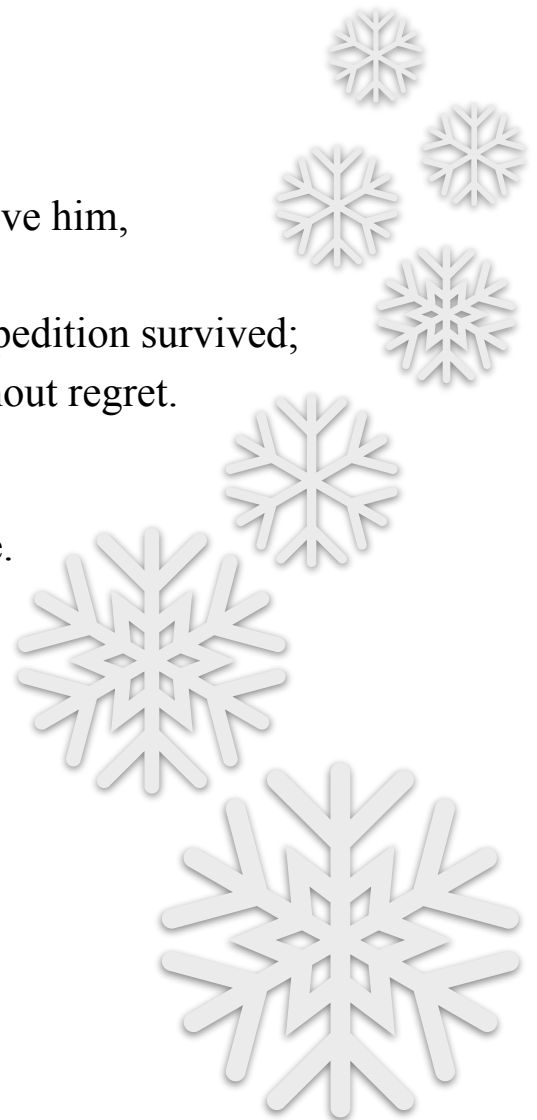
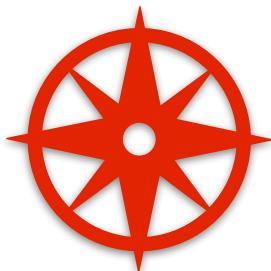


Watching snow flurry through the sky,  
Thinking of his family, his friends, his home.  
It has been way too long since he left,  
But he can't turn back now.

His journey looms ahead of him.  
A huge, unbreakable wall towering above him,  
An invisible weight atop his shoulders.  
His mission must be completed, the expedition survived;  
Only then will he be able to return without regret.

He breathes in, takes a last, long look,  
and vanishes into deep, unending white.

Max Dressel  
Grade Eight



## THE LIBRARIAN

Sitting behind the familiar wooden desk,  
Expertly scanning cards and books,  
Deftly flipping through pages,  
Eyes keen, like a hawk  
Inspecting the damage.

People of every age idly drift in and out  
Returning, searching, chatting.  
She shushes them when they are loud,  
The scent of books permeating her nose.

Reaching up to towering bookshelves,  
Reorganizing, replacing, repositioning,  
Pushing her cart through each section,  
Metal shelves groaning with the weight  
Of stories yet to be read.

Anna Ryan  
Grade Eight



Beatrice Derr, Grade Three



## THE THERMOPYLAE SPEECH

(A speech given by Leonidas I to the Spartan soldiers during the Battle of Thermopylae)

Spartan soldiers! The Persians have surrounded us, so today, instead of going home with our shields, we will all come home on them. You may only know me as your king, but I am much more than that. I am your commander, your brother, and a fellow soldier. So fight with glory and honor as I shall fight with you!

We have won many battles and lost many allies. Today, instead of us having the glory, we have given Nike to Athens. Still, we shall fight valiantly and make this day one Greece never forgets!

We have trained since we were seven years old for this moment. This battle is all for our wondrous city. If you are certain you are to die, take as many Persians with you as you can. The Persians may threaten us with a night of arrows, but we shall shower them in our glorious bronze spears. So we shall fight off the Persians as best we can. Dine well, for tonight we shall dine in the Kingdom of Hades!

Jarrood Wallace  
Grade Six



## THE WAITRESS

Retrieving my notebook  
From my pocket,  
Hoping for a big order,  
An awkward first date,  
Disgruntled athletes,  
An eager family,  
What will it be tonight?

Carefully navigating my way  
Across a spill on the floor,  
I find a pleasant family of three,  
Plopped right down in my section.  
Father, looking clean as a whistle,  
A compassionate mother,  
And a growing boy.

I get waved over;  
Father lists off his grand order,  
Writing quickly, my hand starts to cramp.  
The instructions are endless,  
Repeating the details of the order to his satisfaction,  
Escaping the table with a sigh of relief,  
Determined to get a good tip for my efforts.

Arielle Kahn  
Grade Eight



Faith Apostolopoulos, Grade Five



Summer Lim, Grade Three

## YELLOW

Color of the sun,  
Beautiful marigolds,  
Sour lemons on vivacious trees,  
Lady bugs on luscious passionfruit,  
Bees on sweet honey comb,  
Sulfur butterflies drifting in the sky,  
Tomatoes almost ripe,  
Ravishing corn, awaiting to be picked,  
Beech tree leaves in the warm August air.

Nedalye Dublin-Brown  
Grade Seven

YES, MAMA

“Brush and floss your teeth every day.”

I say, “Yes, Mama.”

“Drink your milk to have strong bones.”

I say, “Yes, Mama.”

“Eat your vegetables every night.”

I say, “Yes, Mama.”

“Chew up your vitamins every morning.”

I say, “Yes, Mama.”

“Do not eat candy. It rots your teeth.”

I say, “No, Mama!”

Ainsley Lochridge

Grade Four

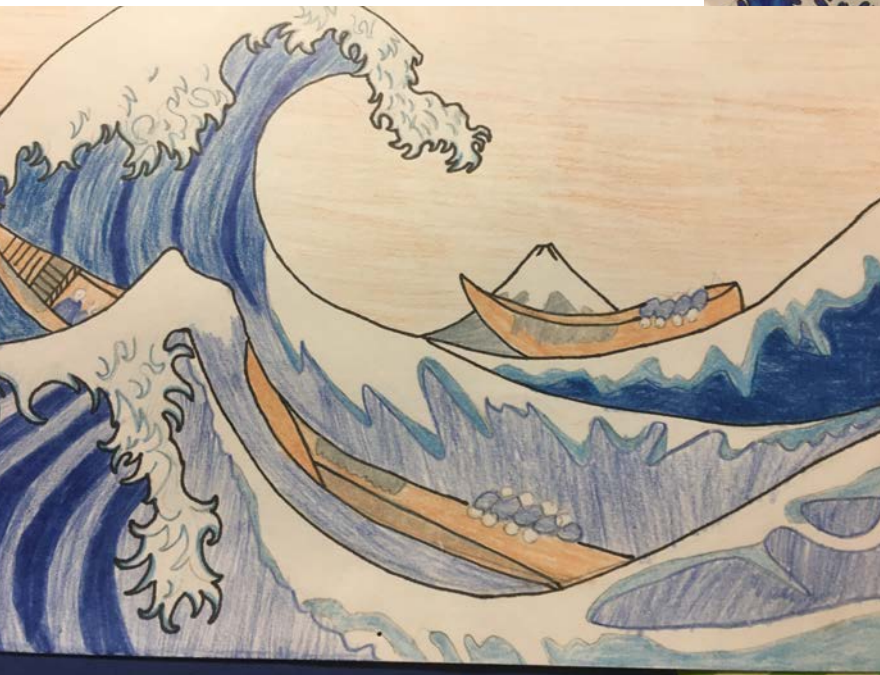


Gioia Bassiri, Grade Three



June 14, 2021

## SIXTH GRADERS MAKE WAVES!



Kay Wetmore

Lucy McCormick

Bella Ryan

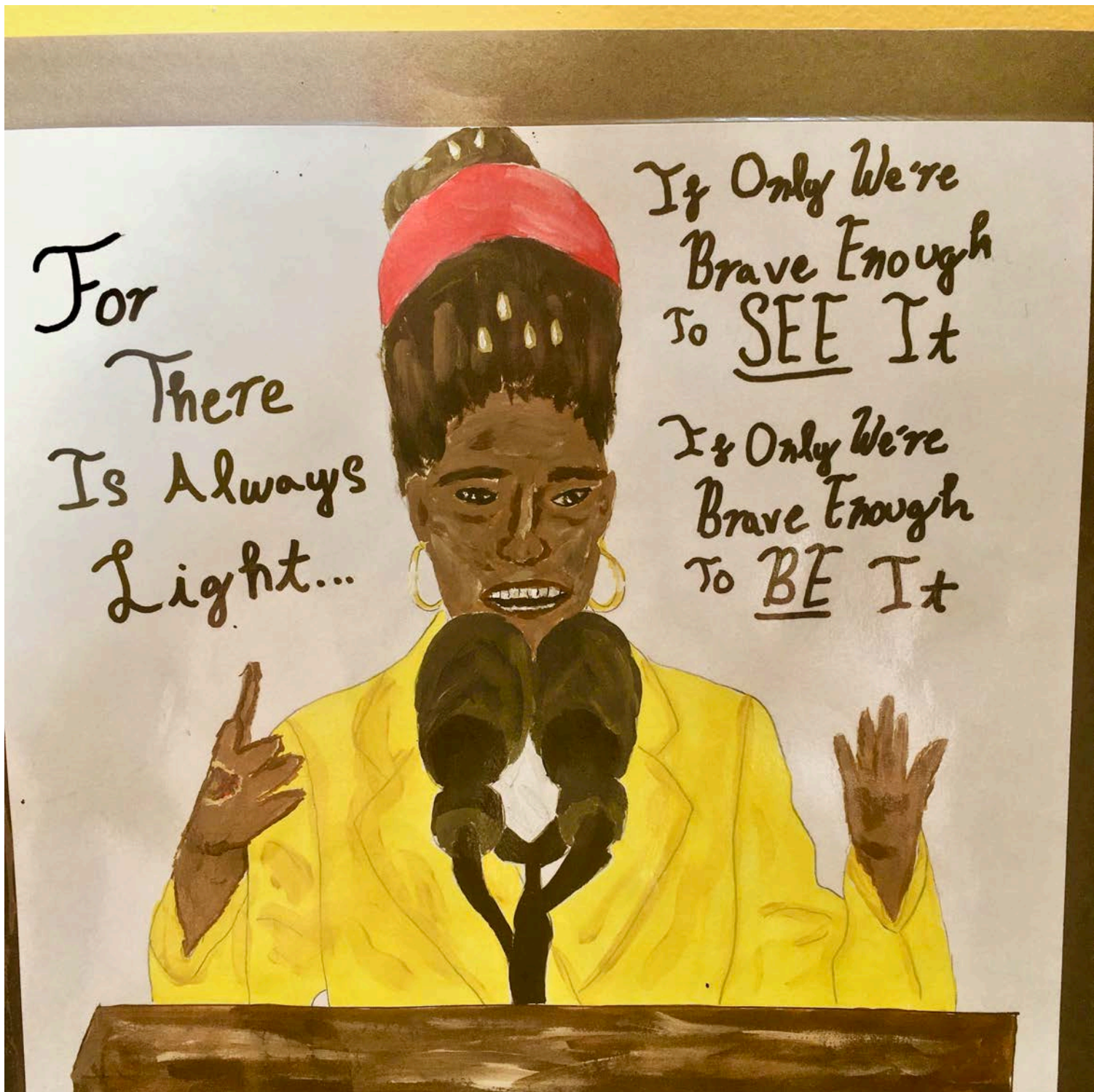


WE ARE ALMOST IN THE END ZONE, EVERYBODY!



Maggie Field, Grade Three

SOME INSPIRATION...



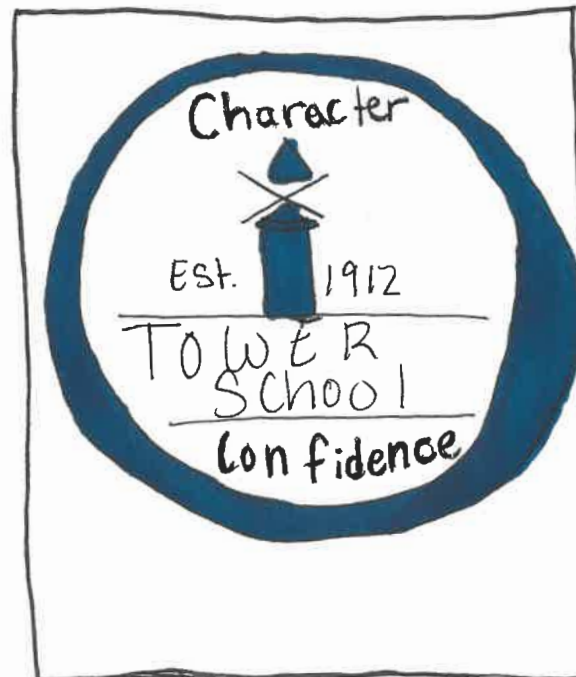
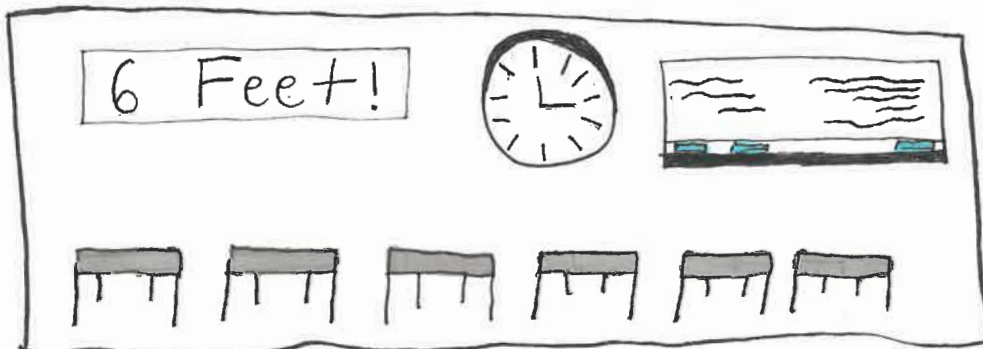
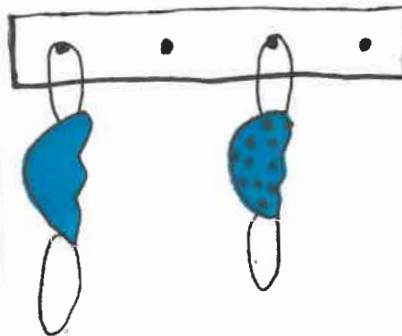
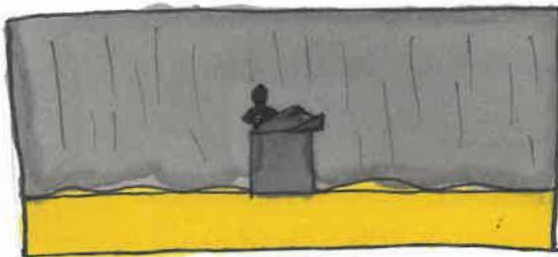
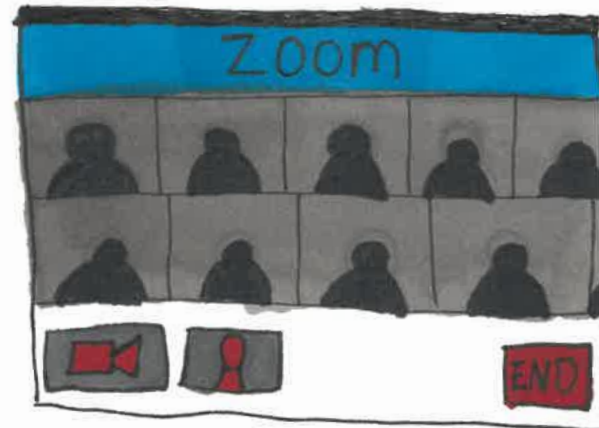
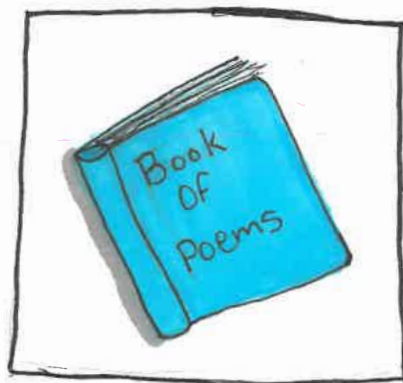
Alexa McCormick, Grade Eight



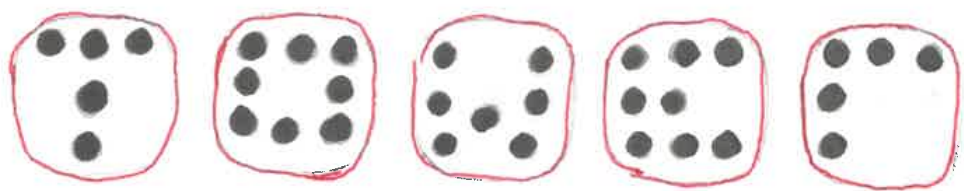




2020 -  
2021  
Tower School  
Turret







20-21

