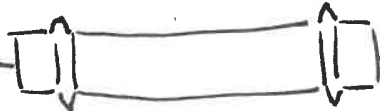


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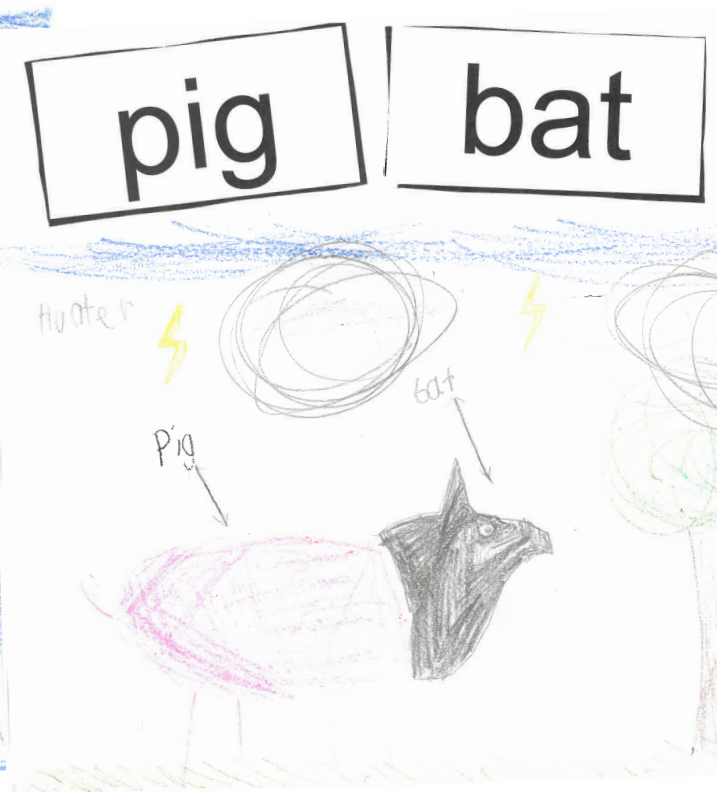




Editors-in-Chief: Sophie Milner, Lottie Walker

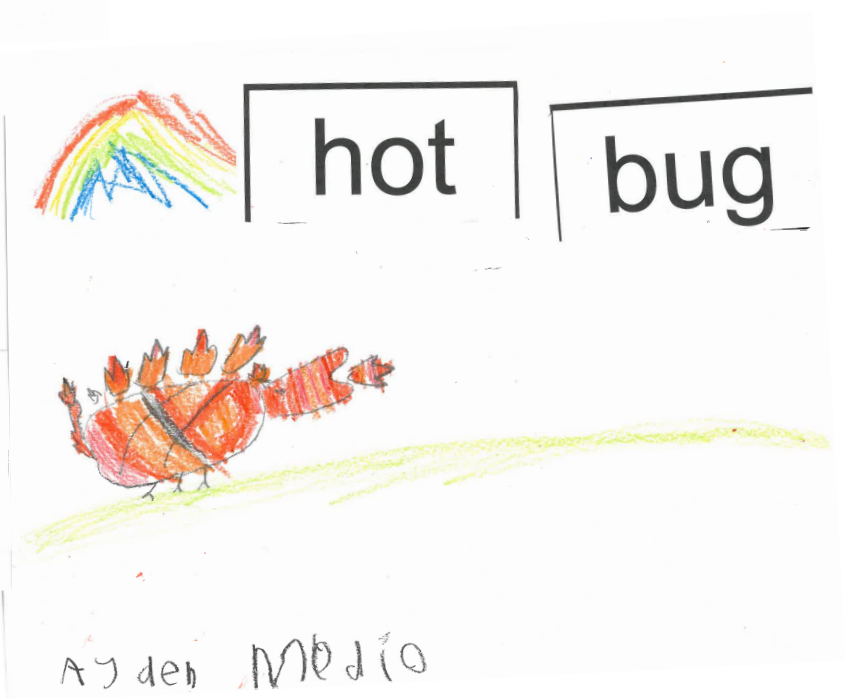
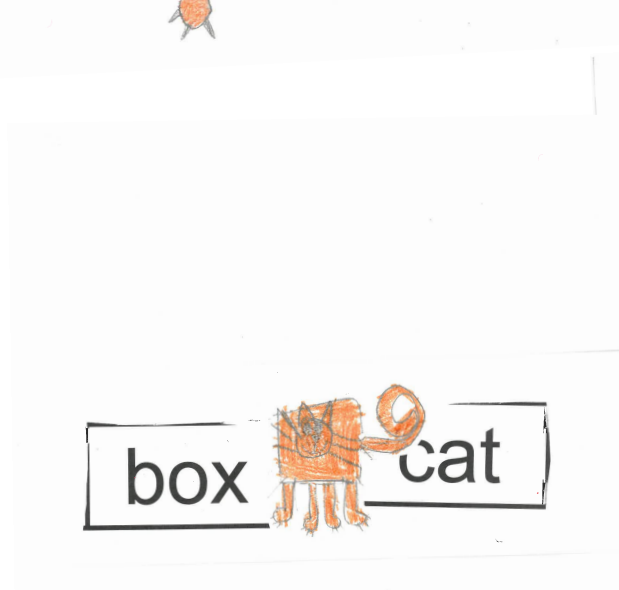
Editors: Eloise Bertrand, Audrey Byrne, Lucy Cohen,
Nedalye Dublin-Brown, Holly Hintlian, Tessa Kane, Lucy McCormick,
Bella Ryan, Adelaide Velluto

Faculty Advisor: Karen Van Adzin



Compound Words with Illustrations

First Grade



ACTRESS



Her daily life unseen,
concealed from the outside world.
Cameras flash;
paparazzi surround her,
She can't get by.
Unhappy life,
but she fakes a smile
for the cameras.
In reality, she is regretful,
sad, and miserable.
Every day is a routine:
Get up, go to work, come home.
She feels like a circus animal.
Her only purpose in life
is to entertain.
Everyone thinks
her life is perfect.



Action!
All her sorrow is
left off camera;
She is a different person now.
The life of anyone
she ever wanted to be,
all she has to do is act.
She has been acting
her whole life,
on and off camera;
it is all she knows.
She just wants
to be average.
No fame, cameras, recognition;
just an ordinary life.

Olivia Botta
Grade Eight



Jo Price, Faculty

BELLS AND BLUES

Shiny bells lie in their cases, waiting for the light of day. At last children, one by one, wake the bells from their long slumber. Now they are brought to life. Reverberation of bells flowing together in a perfect harmony creates a majestic song only bells could make. Vibrations fill the room and send a calming shiver down the spines of the children. Young students become expert musicians as their wrists gradually flick together in a flawless harmony. Pride appears in the eyes of the children as they hear their masterpiece come together. The last elegant note ends a beautiful performance, and the bells return to their slumber.

Cole Krauter
Grade Eight



AYIA

My name is Ayia Pellier. I am seven years old. I have purple glasses. My skin is tan. I have brown eyes. I have short hair. I have brown hair. I have eighties pants. I have a Tower t-shirt. I have a belly button. I have gray shoes.

I love my teacher, Mrs. Field. Farm animals are my favorite. Dogs are so fun to play with. Art is fun. It is probably my favorite period. Reading books is so fun. I love getting lost in a book. My iPad calms me down.

My mom is loving. She takes care of me. She gives me fresh food every day. I love tacos!

Ayia Pellier
Grade Two

BACON

Bacon is awesome for breakfast. I like it greasy and sizzly. It is crunchy and delicious. I could eat twenty pieces. I like it because it is red and my favorite color. I could eat it every breakfast. Bacon is better than any other food! I adore bacon. It is so good and delicious.

Timmy Rand, Grade Two

CALIFORNIA ROLL

California roll is so amazing. It has white rice around the edge and red crab and green cucumber inside. It is round and fat and medium temperature. It's sweet and yummy. It feels hard on the inside and soft on the outside. It's appetizing and delicious. It's well done, and I like the shape. I wish I could eat one every day.

Gwyneth Pisa, Grade Two

CHEESEBURGERS



I think that cheeseburgers are the best. They are crunchy when flipped. I love the cheesy melty on top. Every time you eat one you get the meaty texture when you bite into it. I love the burger, cheese, and bun. I wish that the whole world were cheeseburgers. I think sometimes it's juicy. I bet some other people think that, too. Cheeseburgers are very appetizing. If I even mention it, I get very excited. I think they're awesome.

Charlie Marshall, Grade Two

HOT DOGS



Hot dogs are good to eat. I like ketchup on my hot dogs. My dad makes them in the microwave. You can eat hot dogs at dinner and lunch. Hot dogs are meat. My brother likes mustard on his hot dogs. Hot dogs are so good they can be eaten every day.

Wylie Aamoth, Grade Two

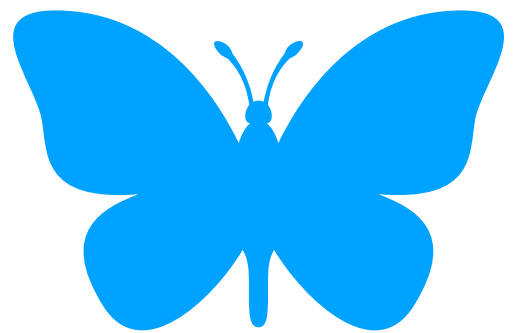
BUTTERFLY

Her gentle nature was that of a butterfly;
She fluttered at the softest sound,
Fleeing at the slightest fright,
Often tearing her delicate wings along the way.

If only she had taken off,
She would have found that her tiny scales
Were stronger than she thought.
She could have learned to dip and dive,
To weave among the trees,
To be free enough to soar,
With nothing holding her back.

But, instead, she sat,
Observing from afar,
Wasting away.
Alone

Lucy Cohen
Grade Eight



CRIMSON

Possessing a dual identity,
I am the savior of others,
and everyone's worst nightmare.



I live within the heat of the flames,
providing warmth to those who shiver,
as well as setting ablaze all standing in my path.

From inside the wailing siren atop emergency vehicles,
I signal, " Help is on the way,"
while warning, "Danger lies ahead."

No one ever knows my next move;
I may put a stop to all ruckus
or create a world of anger and chaos.



With a flip of a switch,
I can turn from good to evil.

Lucy McCormick
Grade Seven

CLEANING LADY'S FIRST DAY

"Good morni--"

The kitchen's to the right. Take your shoes off first.

"Fine." I start with the kitchen, using the vacuum first.

The thrumming apparatus butts itself in each corner.

And don't miss a spot.

The stomps up the stairs slowly fade.

The living room sits peacefully across from the kitchen.

I overlook the bouquets of lilies, drawn to the photos

of a young man graduating from college,

sitting in an office,

dancing with the woman upstairs

on their wedding day.

There's lots of dust in here,

collecting on my duster with its

tiny particles suspended in air, visible only

where the slanted light from the window falls.

I wipe, I spray, I scrub, and I wash as quietly as possible,

being sure not to give Mrs. *Don't Miss a Spot*

a reason to leave her room.

Only women's shoes by the door;

one toothbrush in the bathroom.

Finished, I leave a note, open the door, and take one last look

at the piano engulfed in sympathy cards.

Until next week.

Rebecca Herve-Lorenzo

Grade Eight



COLD

Cold is the feeling of loss,
A heart that couldn't care,
A face one dreads to see,
The firm grip of reality,
The eyes that will never re-open;
Love that dies over time.

Kay Wetmore, Grade Seven

DARKNESS

The absence of light.
It causes a variety of setbacks:
Oblivion,
Vulnerability,
Fear.
With the lack of light,
vision is scarce.
Incapable of viewing things ahead,
familiar spaces become foreign;
Surroundings morph to a vast plane of emptiness,
leaving one vulnerable to the void.
With vision tainted black, normal things turn sinister.
With the unreliable guide that is the eye,
objects become mysterious,
which may lead to fear.
The unknown can be scary,
especially when you're unaware
what potential it holds.

Kayden Barry-Eaton, Grade Seven

THE WONDERFUL WALK TO THE BEACH

I see a baby bunny eating grass,
A little baby frog in the middle of the path.
I see the two big dogs walking past;
I see a bug and I gasp!

Slimy snails at the beach,
Birds fly past me as I speak.
Tiny crabs splash and play
As I do my work today.
Boats zooming past - Yay!

Rivers rushing super fast;
Cars going right past;
Squishy mud under my feet;
Other people staring at me.

Big waves crashing up
As I look at a cute little pup.
I see shells in your hand;
Underneath my feet, I feel the
sand.

Camryn Corbino
Grade Four



Ernesto Perez, Grade Six

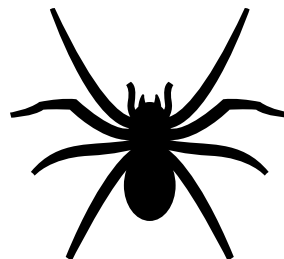
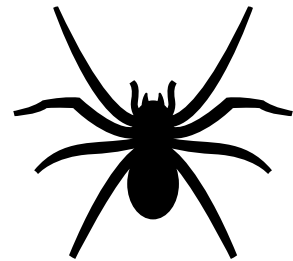
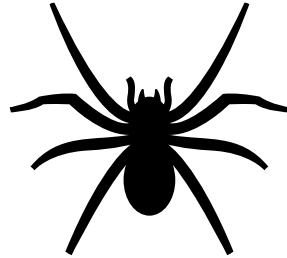
TO TAKE BACK WORDS UTTERED

Spot the floating words
lingering in the air,
anticipating destruction
of one's feelings.

Grab a net,
seize them swiftly.
Do not allow them to escape,
no matter how strongly they rebel.

Shove them in a pocket,
find a secret space
where they can be eaten back up,
subconsciously.

Tessa Kane
Grade Seven.



TOWER'S HALLOWEEN

The third graders had a spooktacular Halloween at Tower. In the morning we had our Halloween parade at the Cornell Loop. Our parents and the middle schoolers watched us walk around the grassy circle. After the parade we had assembly and watched the second graders sing "Witches Brew." My favorite part of the assembly was when the kindergarteners sang "Five Little Pumpkins." Finally, we had our party. We watched *Charlie Brown* and ate delicious food. I loved the smarties and the marshmallows. In conclusion, we had an awesome Halloween at Tower.

Sadie Osborne, Grade Three



Bella Ryan, Grade Seven

FANTASTIC BEASTS

Charcoal pencils slowly move across the blank, white canvas, sketching a bright red cardinal with a short, fierce-looking mohawk. The artist releases the charcoal to see how the graphite has stained his hands, leaving a dark gray smudge on where it was gripped, as if showing its impact on the project. Changing over to a red pencil with blocky sides, the artist fills the paper with bright red, layering on more colors: a smudge of dark maroon, a few lines of black, and snow-colored white. The drawing starts to become like the exotic cardinal in the image. Finishing the bird, hands pick up different hues of green and a background is drawn, made up of maple trees the color of ripe Granny Smith apples. Finally, putting down the pencil, the artist has turned the charcoal outline into a symphony of colors, orchestrating the majestic bird.

Jake Dubow
Grade Eight

THE SO-CALLED “SHIP OF DREAMS,” *TITANIC*, IS LEAVING FOR AMERICA

Captain Edward Smith said, “It is going to be quite a fascinating journey across the Atlantic, and I am so happy to be the captain of such a large vessel. I think all of the people aboard the boat are very ecstatic for the first journey for *Titanic* to go to America!”

A boat train just came in from Waterloo Station in London at 9:30 A.M. that was carrying second and third- class passengers of the *Titanic*. The train with first-class passengers was coming in at 11:30 A.M. It was a beautiful sunny day at the docks, on April 10, 1912, the day that the *R.M.S. Titanic* left for America. There were lots of people ready to watch the boat set sail. Many people cheered as 109 children, 2115 men and women, and 908 crew boarded the ship of dreams.

“The *Titanic* is the best thing that has ever happened to me. My family and I are traveling to America to start a new life, and the *Titanic* has given us a chance of happiness,” said third- class passenger, James Wilson.

“It’s very exciting, it really is. I am so happy to be part of the crew on the amazing *R.M.S. Titanic*,” said Beth Johnson, one of the stewardesses aboard the ship. People were yelling their farewells and waving. People in the second and third class were getting tested for lice, as the first class boarded first and were not checked. On the deck passengers waved goodbye as people rushed around bringing luggage aboard. Captain Smith greeted the first-class passengers one by one and was widely known as a gentleman on the Ship of Dreams.

The tugboats started up, and they pulled the 52,310 ton ship away. Then the unsinkable ship with its watertight compartments finally faded off into the distance.

Bay Bauta

Grade Five

CARPATHIA SAVES THE DAY!

What would’ve happened if the *Carpathia* didn’t come to rescue the *Titanic*? It was 12:25 in the morning when the radio operator of *R.M.S. Carpathia*, Harold Thomas Cottam, was finishing up duty. As he was doing so, there was a call: The *Titanic* had struck an iceberg! The *Titanic* needed immediate help.

The *Carpathia* made its way to the *Titanic*, passing six icebergs and going seventeen knots. Waves were crashing and wind was blowing intensely. The passengers were confused. Where were they going? Why did the boat just turn around? The passengers were soon informed that the *Titanic* had hit an iceberg and was starting to sink. Whispers and gasps spread across the ship. They had heard that the *Titanic* was unsinkable! It had sixteen airtight compartments at the bottom, so if a couple of them got filled with water, it would stay afloat. It had been all over the newspaper!

Everyone made sure to prepare for when the people from the *Titanic* came on the ship. It took about three and a half hours for the *Carpathia* to arrive at the scene. At about 4:00 in the morning is when *Carpathia* arrived at the scene of the sinking *Titanic*. Wind blowing and water splashing, people were confused and scared. The *Titanic* was unsinkable! What was happening?

The first lifeboat was brought aboard at 4:10. People were squished and cramped together. There were only twenty-six to thirty people in each lifeboat when they *could* hold sixty-five people. Seven hundred and six people were saved from the ocean.

Once all of the people on lifeboats got into the *Carpathia*, the crew and passengers were very welcoming and made sure to make room for everyone. There was hot chocolate, blankets, and doctors and nurses for everyone that got injured on the *Titanic* or in the ocean. People were devastated, shocked, and scared. They had lost parents, children, siblings, and pets.

The trauma all of these victims had was unimaginable, and, still, they managed to survive the sinking of the *Titanic*. After everyone got on the ship, they set sail to New York. About three days later, they arrived in the harbor of New York safely.

Izzy Cabral
Grade Five



Sebastian Rodrigues, Grade One

CORN ON THE COB

Corn on the cob is delicious. It is a very juicy vegetable. Corn on the cob is crunchy and bright yellow. Corn is sweet and it sounds crunchy. It is bumpy, and it does not have a smell. It is hot and appetizing. My mom and dad make the best corn on the cob. I wish I lived on a farm so I could always have some.

Sasha Scovil

Grade Two

THE DELRE HOUSE

The DelRe house looks white with a mudroom with red walls, shoes on a mat, and a closet for coats. The DelRe home smells like very chewy, chocolatey, gooey brownies. The DelRe dwelling tastes like smooth, slippery pasta, and other yummy food. The DelRe castle feels like super soft, fluffy pillows that are very warm. The DelRe abode sounds like people talking kind of loudly about interesting stuff like vacations or boring stuff like taxes and bills.

Isabella DelRe

Grade Two



JACOB

The name Jacob comes from a Hebrew name y'acov. The name in Hebrew means "supplanter." My big brother Lorenzo gave me my name because he wanted to name me John Cena, but he couldn't so he named me Jacob. I do not have any nicknames. I kind of like my name because, when I first meet people, they always say Jakob or Jacup, and then I have to tell them. I will not change my name because my whole family loves it, and I wouldn't want to make them upset by changing it.

Jacob Cabral

Grade Four

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

She forces a smile across her face
As makeup hides the
Rings under her eyes
And the tiredness on her face.

One trip after another,
She soars through the world,
The sky not her limit,
No place too far away.

She serves one after the other:
A hello, then a meal and another drink.
The days becoming blurs
Every day, the same as the last.

The thought of home
Always in her head;
But, for now, she must wait
As her endless trip continues.

Julian Flacke
Grade Eight



Sadie Osborne, Grade Three

FAIRY HOUSES

Made of stones, leaves, and acorns;
miniature villages for magical creatures.

Gardens and bedrooms;
spots to sleep and cook.

Beds made of flowers
carefully built with twigs.

Adding to the creations
again and again,
hoping that fairies will visit in the night
to admire their new homes.

Claire Irons
Grade Seven



Hannah Blyakhman, Grade Three

FALL WALK

I can feel the squishy mud
On my black and white shoes,
And the puddles
Splashing on my legs.

Different colored bushes
And strange-looking bugs beside me,
And my friends and classmates
Walking joyfully with me.

Trees way taller than me
All around with all different
Sized and shaped clouds
Moving with the wind above me.

Strange sounds and objects
Never heard or seen before.
Pretty flowers and plants
With a beautiful look and smell.

Tiny waves and a big
Boat in the distance.
Tons of colors, shapes,
And sizes of sea glass.

Tess Dombal
Grade Four



Douglas Conahan, Pre-K



Olivia Weisman, Pre-K

FIREFIGHTER

12 AM, woken up by a loud siren,
he sighs. When he does his job,
someone's day is ruined.
He runs to get his heavy coat and helmet,
jumps into boots
and boards the truck.

Siren wailing,
the only thing keeping him from sleep.
He opens his eyes to a fire
that wakes him up,
his radio telling him,
"There's someone in there."
All he can think about is his
family, his wife, his kids.

As he rushes into the fire,
sweat starts running down his face.
He can hear his breathing,
slow, loud, and scared.
Everything turns the color
of gray as the fire dies.

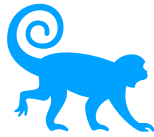
Addie Lydon
Grade Eight



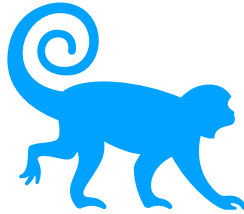
Millie Hyde, Grade Three

MONKEYS

Monkeys love to play
They like to swing fast on vines
They love bananas



Olie Lockwood Nguyen
Grade Three



FALL

Leaves fall to the ground
And they crunch beneath your feet
Wet and slippery



Calvin Bennett
Grade Three



WINTER

The wind blows quickly
It's winter and it's cold now
My brother is glad



Harrison Demakes
Grade Three

MY 2022 RESOLUTION

My 2022 resolution is to get better at basketball. In Indiana I played a lot of basketball, and I was really good at it, but I want to get better at it. I want to accomplish this goal because I really love basketball. Sometimes I'm not good at dribbling and shooting in the hoop, so this is what I will work on. I will go in my driveway and start training, and I will try and make baskets. The last thing I'm going to do is believe in myself. I'm glad this is my resolution.

Riyad Khemmich

Grade Three



MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

My New Year's resolution is to be a better football player. Every day I play football with my friends. Every time I get better and better and better. In the spring my mom signed me up for flag football. I will have football practice every weekend. In flag football my wish is to win the superbowl and, hopefully, that will make me a better football player in 2022.

Tyler Buckley

Grade Three



PIQUE TURNS

Dancer perching
onto a pique',
straight leg drilling
into the ground.
Bringing her leg
into a 90* retire',
pinkie toe glued
directly above the knee.
Rapidly choosing a spot,
pulling her arms in close,
whipping around.
Her supporting leg acts as a
mathematical compass.
She is parallel to the mirror,
rolling off the box of her pointe
shoe with ease,
once again placing her
straight leg in front of her,
preparing for another pique' turn.

Anna Klapman
Grade Eight



Rania Khemmich, Grade Three



SNAKE



A snake,
The best way to describe her.
She moves
In slithering motions,
Almost in a taunting way.
Her arcane green eyes seem alluring.
Double crosses you in cold blood.
She will lure you in
And infect you with her venom;
An innocent mouse
Now caught in her trap.

Despina Efthymiou
Grade Eight

SNOW GLOBE

On Monday the weirdest thing happened. I woke up at 5:40 and my goldfish was leaping like crazy. I wondered what the problem was. Just then, his eyes glowed green, and the snow globe on the shelf flew into the air. Suddenly I heard my goldfish say "Good luck." The next thing I knew I was inside my snowglobe! I panicked a lot. Then I looked around and saw a whole new world. Winter Wonderland.

I saw a cottage in the middle of the forest. I went inside. I saw a few bunk beds and some gravestones. Then I heard big footsteps coming towards me. It was a yeti! I screamed. He was scared and then he started to cry. Why is he crying? I looked back at the gravestones feeling empathetic. "Oh" I said, "Sorry that happened." Then the yeti ran towards me and gave me a hug. Just then, I flew into the air. Then I crash landed in my bed. "Ow," I yelled. I was back in my room. I was in my room like nothing ever happened. I saw my fish wink. I was home.

Nelly Fitzgerald, Grade Three

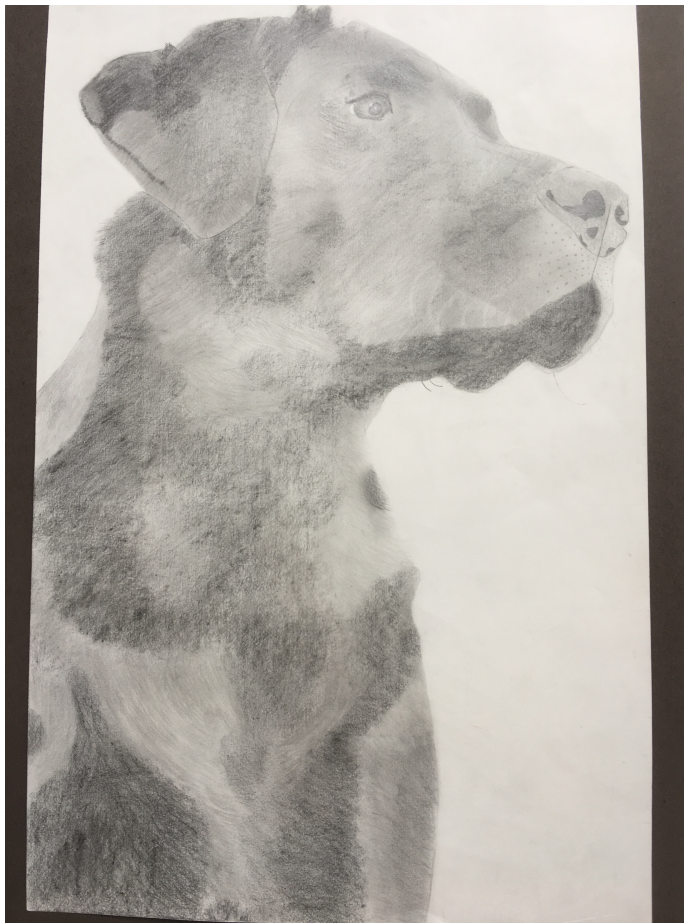


Jo Price, Faculty

MARIMBAS

Mallets strike wooden instruments as the sound vibrates across the room. Crimson rubber creates a high-pitched note as it bangs again, the room silent as the solo commences. The noise echoes off walls as mallets beat the wood. Faint aromas of wood scent the room like a low-hanging fog. The cold chair squeaks under the weight of a moving marimbist. Papers blow over and silver stands rattle as the music accelerates. Arms ache, mallets fly, and the melody slowly pieces together as the class comes to an end.

Sophie Milner
Grade Eight



Bella Rvan. Grade Seven

MY JOVIAL COMPANION

She was like a puppy,
Walking carefree through life,
Her head out the car window,
Wide smiles always on her face.
She was not considered clever,
Did not use fancy words,
And doing math hurt her brain.
But when you needed someone,
She was there.

Lottie Walker
Grade Eight



THE VICTORY ANNOUNCEMENT

A speech given by Pheidippides to the Athenians after the Battle of Marathon in the Persian Wars

My fellow Athenians, I am exceptionally exhausted, but I come with fantastic news.

You do not know me, even though I have lived in your city for 40 years as a citizen. I am Pheidippides, and, as a trained runner, I have run 25 very exhausting miles from the battlefields in Marathon to Athens to carry this message to you.

The Persians have invaded, and there was a recent battle on the Plains of Marathon near Attica. It was fought between our own Athenians, including me, and the Persians, intimidating Asian soldiers who have just invaded Greece. We had originally planned for the Spartans to help us. I ran 150 miles to Sparta to ask for help, but they were involved in a religious festival for Apollo, and they couldn't help. Nevertheless, we were still able to kill many soldiers.

Led by Miltiades, you will be thrilled to hear that we ended the lives of 6,400 Persians and lost only 192 of our own men through rushing at the enemy. We were worried by the thought of losing our lives to this new enemy, as they outnumbered us greatly. Our strategy was to run. After many days and nights, we rushed across the fields to the Persians and killed over 6,000 of them. Our phalanx battle formation caught many of them off guard, and we were able to immediately start fighting. We won the Battle of Marathon. Athenians, it is my pleasure to announce that victory is ours.

You've heard the beginning, but what comes next? We must keep fighting because the Persians are not going anywhere just yet. We beat them, but even so, they intimidated me and many others in this battle. I encourage any other men who are not already engaged to become hoplites and fight with the rest of our phalanx in battle.

I may not be around, yet I can assure you that all of these men will continuously fight with the spirit of our families and with the spirit of Athens and Greece, just like we did today.

We have started off very strong, my friends, and *Nike*, victory is ours!

Gabi Ramos

Grade Six

NIAMH KATHLEEN KELLY

My name is Niamh Kathleen Kelly. My parents named me Niamh because they wanted a traditional Irish name. My dad grew up in Ireland and loved Irish folklore stories. In Irish folklore there are characters named Niamh and Fionn. My name means “bright and radiant.” My parents made my middle name Kathleen because both of my grandmothers are named Kathleen.

My brother calls me Nim because a lot of people pronounce my name that way because of how it’s spelled. My parents call me Neevey. I like my name and wouldn’t change it. That’s the story of my name.

Niamh Kelly

Grade Four

SCHOOL

School

Fun, big

Typing, learning, writing

The best school ever

Working, playing, reading

Teaching, caring

Tower

Mrs. Howell’s Third Grade



Charlie Demakes, Grade Three

THE LOPEZ HOUSE

The Lopez house looks like a gray rock. The Lopez castle smells like plantains, mango, and strawberries. The Lopez place tastes like a lot of foods. The Lopez camper feels like paint and mostly feels like love. The Lopez home sounds like a knock on the door and cooking in the oven.

Soleil Lopez

Grade Two

SNOW GLOBE

Can you believe I actually got into a snow globe once? It was bring-your-child-to-work day, and my mom had brought me to her work (which is a laboratory) in Charlestown. My grandfather had tagged along, too. When we got there, my mom left us in her office and went to get something on the other side of the building. My grandfather and I talked for a minute, then a weird test tube started vibrating and then it fell! A green gas filled the room.

I coughed and closed my eyes. When I opened them, everything was huge! Then my mom came in and gasped when she saw us. She was so surprised that we were smaller that she took the day off and took us home. The next day when I woke up, I had an idea. My grandfather and I could live in my snow globe. It even had an Eiffel Tower inside! I shared my idea with my parents and my grandfather, and they basically said yes.

My dad made a hole in the top of the snow globe and set me and my grandfather in. We walked around and both said it was suitable. When we were ready to come out, my dad couldn't get us out!

We tried to climb the glass, but it was too hard. After that we knew we had to think of something. Eventually, I thought of something. We could use some of the parts from the mini Eiffel Tower to make a plane! My grandfather was a pilot so he could fly it! My dad dropped in a rubber band, and we set to work.

A few days later, it was completed. I spun the propeller, and the rubber band began to twist. I climbed into the co-pilot seat behind my grandfather, and we took off and out of the snow globe. Just then, my cat walked in, and we flew over her, but she saw us and jumped. She missed us by about a foot. Soon we came in and landed on the kitchen counter. A few days later, the chemicals wore off, and we were back to normal size. I still have a hard time convincing myself that I got into a snow globe once!

Calvin Bennett

Grade Three



Jack Gordon, Kindergarten



Emerson Wishart, Kindergarten

TENNY

Hi, my name is Tenny. I am seven years old. I have blondish-gold hair. I have hazel eyes. Also I have light skin. When I was in first grade, people thought I was in second grade. I love to wear dresses. I wear sandals. I have four grown up teeth. I have long arms. Also, I have long nails. I am quite tall. Sometimes my friends have to cheer me up.

Rice pilaf is one of my favorite foods. My family is so lovable. There is so much love in my classroom. When I'm outside, I feel a lot of love. Sometimes I play video games. School is really fun for me. Also, sometimes it is hard for me to breathe.

Tenny Clark
Grade Two



THE DENTIST

My tormentor appears innocent in his baggy, blue scrubs as
I am poked and prodded by instruments of torture.
My gums leak blood as his latex fingers attack my mouth,
the dentist chair vibrating up and down like an electric toothbrush.
“Good,”
“Fine,” and
“I’m not sure,”
I mutter.
Swishing, rinsing, gargling the minty mouthwash
then blinded by the hot lamp above,
I am handed a mirror to see my shiny, bright smile.
Relief descends and lasts for six months.



Mary Pollock
Grade Eight

THE PARENTEAU HOUSE

The Parenteau house looks like a medium-sized, white building with little black shutters. The Parenteau cabin smells like salty tortilla chips. The Parenteau lodge tastes like crunch pretzels. The Parenteau castle feels like cozy blankets. The Parenteau condo sounds like my family’s footsteps.

Elliot Parenteau
Grade Two

WHITE OUT

I cover mistakes,
allow you to be perfect.
Doubts fly away when I am here.
Would people judge your words?

Just cover them up;
it's better not to know.
But is it really?
Was it a mistake or just controversial?
Ideas or mistakes hold endless knowledge.

They can change the world.
I know the unknown,
words that would make all the difference;
secrets are hiding under my skin.

Thin white layers
spread over the paper
hiding the words
that were meant to be seen,
the bold black writing,
the skinny cursive words.

Hidden underneath my body
is every idea, mistake, and thought.
Thoughtful, careless, messy, or neat,
they all mean more than you think.

Bella Ryan
Grade Seven

Jacob



Jacob hopes to have
kindergarten homework.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Alder hopes to read
books.

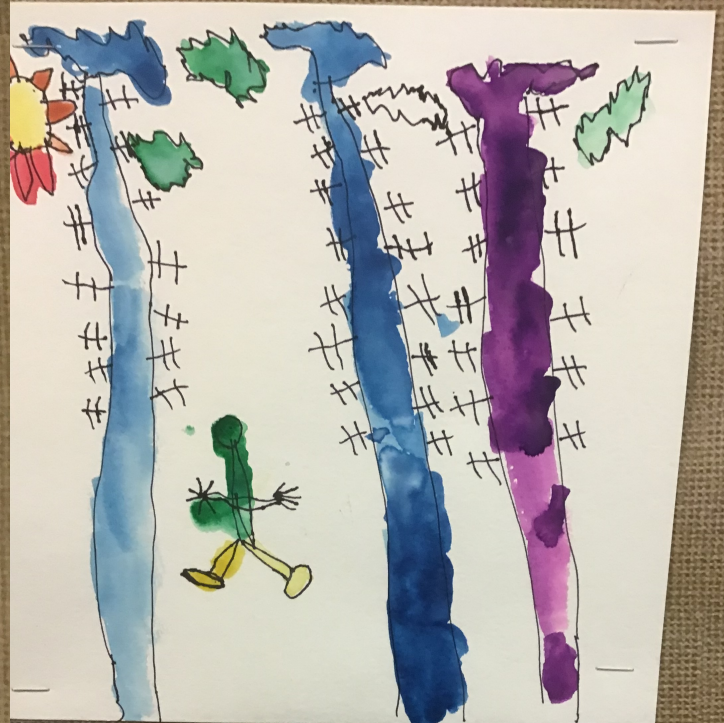
Kindergarten Hopes



Griffin hopes to be a better artist.



Hazel hopes to celebrate Halloween in school.



Wyatt hopes to play in the woods.

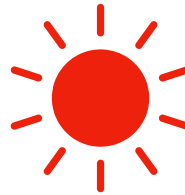
SOURCES OF LIGHT



Illuminating stars
glistening amidst immense dark shadow,
speckled throughout charcoal skies
twinkle with me.



The moon,
standing with silhouettes of stars,
glowing unique shapes each month,
shines with me
until dawn arrives,
then I come with sunrise,
gleaming through cracks in curtains.



Brilliant sun,
a lonely fire held in space
millions of miles away from where it shines,
blazing red, orange, and yellow,
radiates with me, throughout the day,
until night falls once more.

Then, again and again.
Finally, I arrive with the first flower of May,
offering happiness.
The everlasting cycle continues.

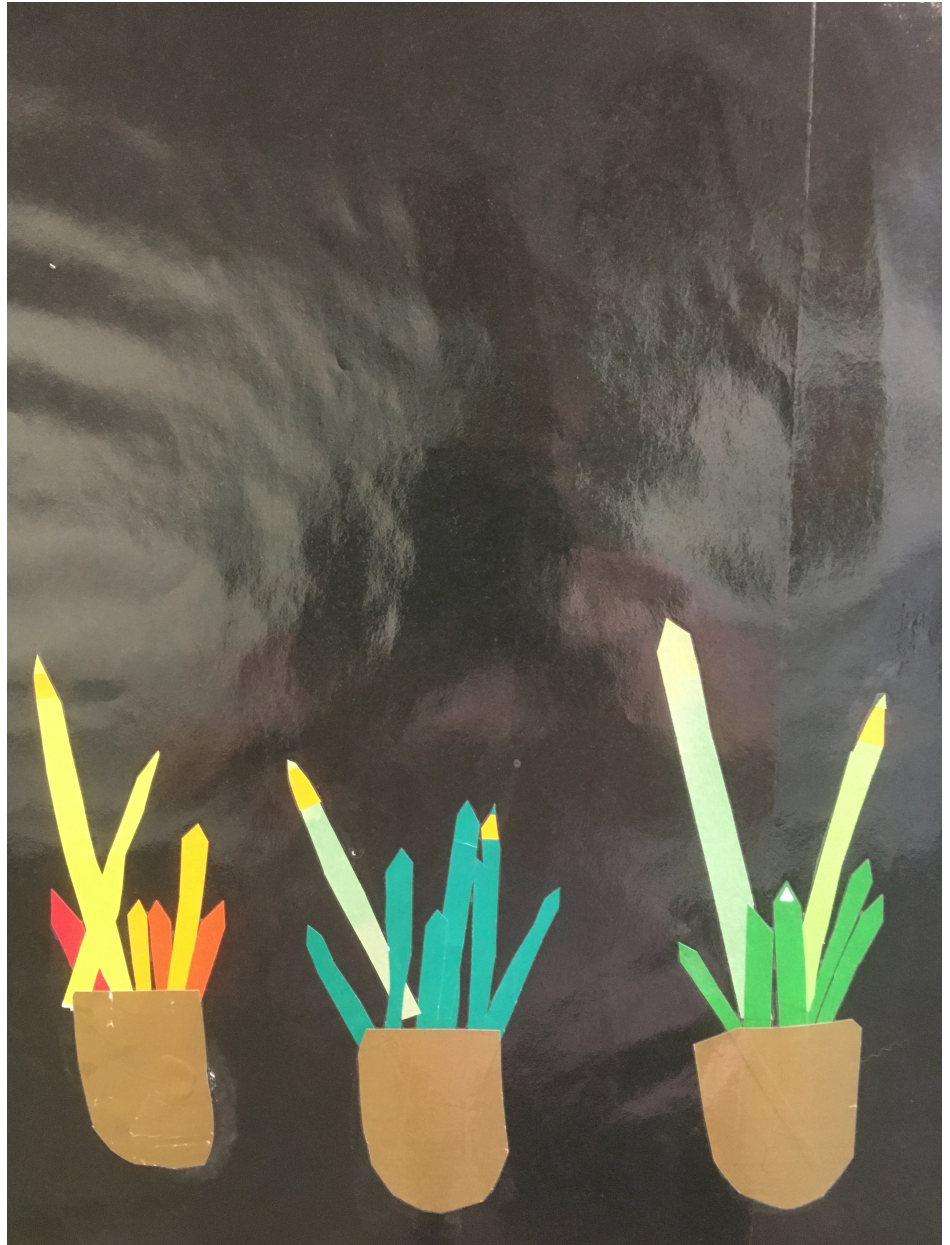
Chloe Mahoney
Grade Seven



THE RISE AND FALL

She was like a sunset,
Spending afternoons sitting with me
Before slipping into the night;
She spares no words to say goodbye;
I am left frantic in the darkness;
The world goes blank.

Phoebe Juves
Grade Eight



June Barnum, Grade Three



JR Wallace, Grade Seven

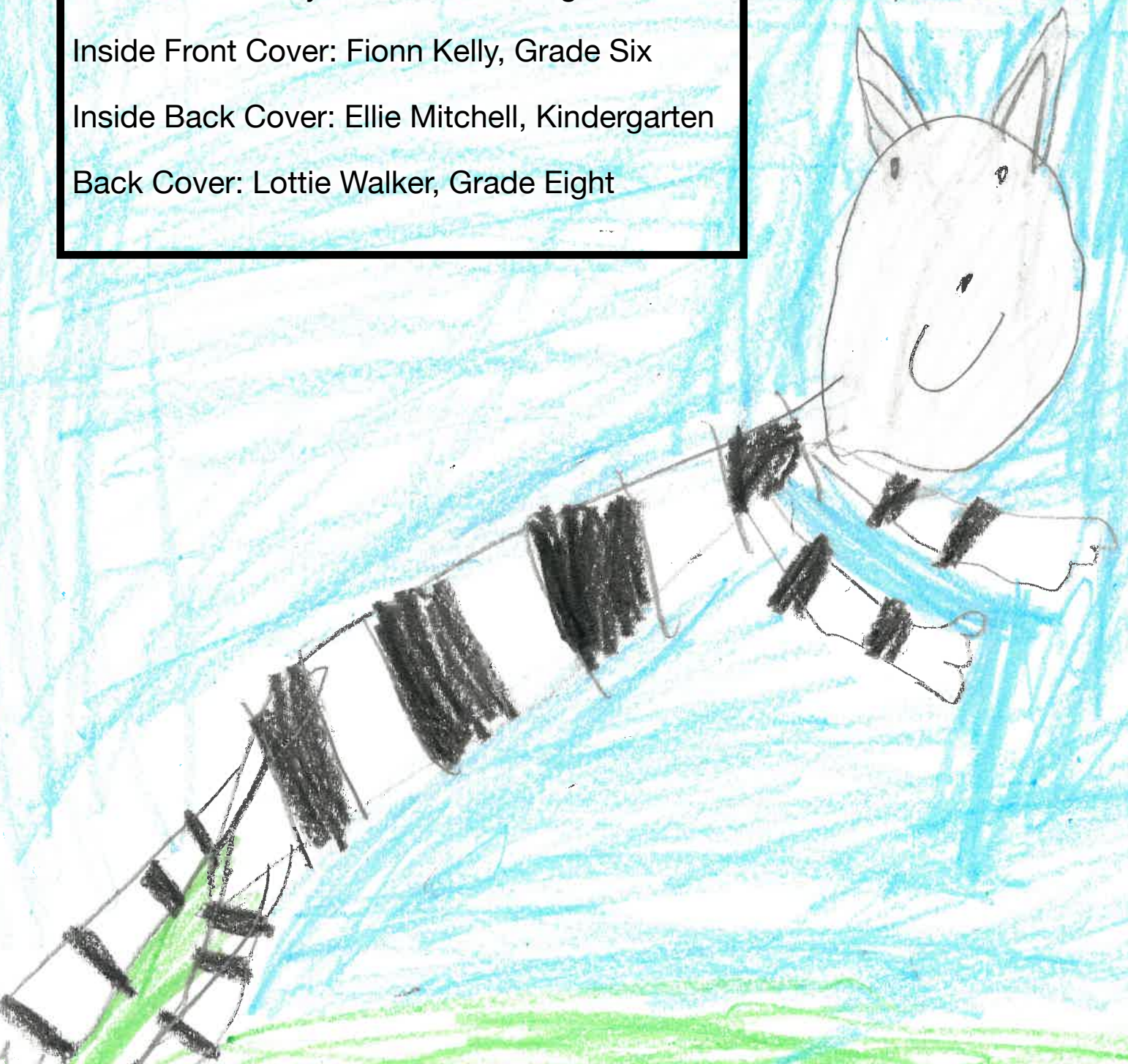
Tower Turret

Front Cover: Lucy Cohen, Grade Eight

Inside Front Cover: Fionn Kelly, Grade Six

Inside Back Cover: Ellie Mitchell, Kindergarten

Back Cover: Lottie Walker, Grade Eight



Tower

2021 - 2022

Turret

