

2018

Voices

A Student Literary Publication



Roseville Area Schools
Independent School District 623
1251 County Road B2 West
Roseville, MN 55113-3299





Ari, Grade 11, RAHS

My Mom's American Journey

By Brianna, Grade 4, Emmet D. Williams Elementary

One day in September 2003 my mom left Durango, Mexico. She left with the hope of helping her parents with money and to have a better life for her daughter (my sister Yaya). In Mexico my mom was exceptional in school and got lots of A's. She worked and didn't earn much money. That's why she came to live in the U.S. She came here looking for a good life for her mom and dad and with sadness in her heart because she had to leave her family faraway. It took three days of walking to get to the border. She was with her friend and made it, but got sent back and returned again. She attempted to immigrate many times, but was sent back again and again and again. Finally, she got out of Durango, Mexico and my mom and her friend made it to the U.S. [in a car]. My mom's life is so much better now. There's more opportunities, more help and more jobs to earn money. She is able to send more and more money to her mom, dad, sisters, and brothers. My mom loves her life here in America and we all hope we earn enough money to get passports so we can visit our family in Mexico.

Gratitude

By Aleya, Grade 7, Roseville Area Middle School

Who is the person you are thankful for? Who is the person you most adore? Is it mom with her wonderful food you eat? Is it dad sneaking you a yummy treat? The thing we always say after, is thank you Because of how thankful we are with the things we do The person doesn't have to be your father or your mother It could be your sister or your brother The ones who help you to stand up for yourself The ones who make you better yourself It could also be your teacher who helps you with your work It might be your friend who helps you when you're hurt Maybe it's someone who held the door for you You might not know them but you still say thank you By saying thank you, you could make someone's day By making them feel happy that they helped you out in some way Saying thank you shows how happy you are with what people do So make sure to always be willing to show gratitude

Disclaimer: Selected pieces were chosen from work submitted by teachers and students in spring 2018. Due to space limitations, not all submitted pieces can be included. Also, in a few cases pieces have been lightly edited from their original form.

The Person I Admire

By Jessica, Grade 4, Emmet D. Williams

My mom, Laura, is the person I admire most. She will listen to you even if she DOES NOT want to. Something I really like about her is that she's almost always in a good mood. She's always making my family and I laugh. Oh! And that reminds me she is very funny. Some of the funniest moments are all the mess up ordering experiences. She once ordered a kids cheeseburger MENU! Anyway back to the topic. My mom inspires me to be myself no matter what other people think. Even if they are very judgy. When I was sick she got everything I wanted or needed. Even though I'd asked for about a thousand things. She even CARRIED me into the hospital. So if that's not kind I don't know what is. And even though she can't fix everything she is still a good listener and comforts me. This is why she is the person I admire most!



Pa Ta Wa, Grade 12, RAHS



G, Grade 6, Brimhall Elementary

Thankful for Roseville

By Mina, Grade 6, Parkview Center

Roseville is the home of many; some people have lived here all their lives. What do you think of when you hear Roseville, a city in Minnesota? Well to many, we think of home. Roseville is very diverse, it has awesome schools, and all ages can feel safe here. Roseville is an amazing place to live.

Roseville is rich in different cultures, and not one is wrong or right. You can practice your religion, and you won't feel like you stand out. You can raise a family and be happy and safe. Here everyone is equal, and you aren't judged. You can do anything you want and do it proud. Roseville is very diverse and you can feel safe no matter what.

Schools, you think education, but in Roseville, it's that and more. In Roseville, the teachers are better than most. The schools may be somewhat old, but they are well kept. The playgrounds, on the other hand, are new. Roseville schools are all for education, sports and the arts. The city of Roseville has excellent schools with phenomenal teachers.

There are elders, children and all ages in between. You can raise a family with kids, and grandparents and don't have to worry about their safety. The grands are cared for; they have loads of community homes and still get to interact with kids. The kids have parks to go to and a big mall, the streets are safe, and there are many places to go. You can be young or old but still love it here.

The city of Roseville has many cultures, has schools that are safe, and all ages live here. Roseville is the home of many, and is growing each year. To the locals, they know it's that and more. Roseville shares the State Fairgrounds with St. Paul, so if you go to that, you've been to Roseville. It is a city with loads of things to love, and I think you'll love it too.

My Poem

By Caroline, Grade 6, Harambee Elementary

Let's start with something simple
Let's start with a piece of my life

There was a girl who could breathe
She found poetry hidden in the internet
It brought many gifts to her

Sadness, anger, joy, and the most important
The gift of inspiration

Now she wasn't a funny girl or a girl that loved happy endings
She was a girl that loved to swim in sadness
Her mind relaxed in that emotion
She told her mom and glad she did so she wouldn't have to hide no more
This breathing girl drowned when writing poems; drowned in all the words
and emotion
When writing she couldn't breathe or think, she wrote whatever her fingers
wanted even if it seemed weird

This breathing girl breathed because she could hide her emotions
And pain in a bottle and she could forget
She could only be confronted by poetry and by telling her mom
Telling her mom tells her to admit what she's feeling
All the tears that she didn't know was alive, shed

But this breathing girl keeps putting a foot forward so she can breathe more
steadier than before
So she can dive in instead of drown

I hope one day she spreads her wings and fly
Fly to a place only she can reach



Grace, Grade 8, RAMS



Joe, Grade 3, Harambee Elementary

The Roseville Library

By Halima, Grade 4,
Emmet D. Williams Elementary

My favorite place in the universe is the library. As I sink into a comfy chair I feel happy. I can see children my age and children younger than me. I also see miles and miles of books. I touch the scratchy book shelves as I reach for a book. I can hear the quiet laughter of children. I can taste the yumminess as I put a jellybean in my mouth "mmm" delicious. Truly, I love to read and what place can compete with the library? Woah, I see games. I'll go play. A girl and I are playing goldfish right now. She's beating me. Wow, she's good at goldfish. She won! I go to the information desk to check some books out. Now, we have to leave. I wish I could stay longer but it will always be special even though it's far away.

Random Acts of Kindness

By Camryn, Grade 6, Parkview Center

Random acts of kindness
Small but life changing
Every time you get a chance
Make someone's day

Random acts of kindness
Just a smile or hello
Nothing too big
Just do what you can

Random acts of kindness
Help someone out
Believe me it works
You'll feel better too

Random acts of kindness
Small but life changing
Every time you get a chance
Make someone's day



Sha'Allah, FAHS

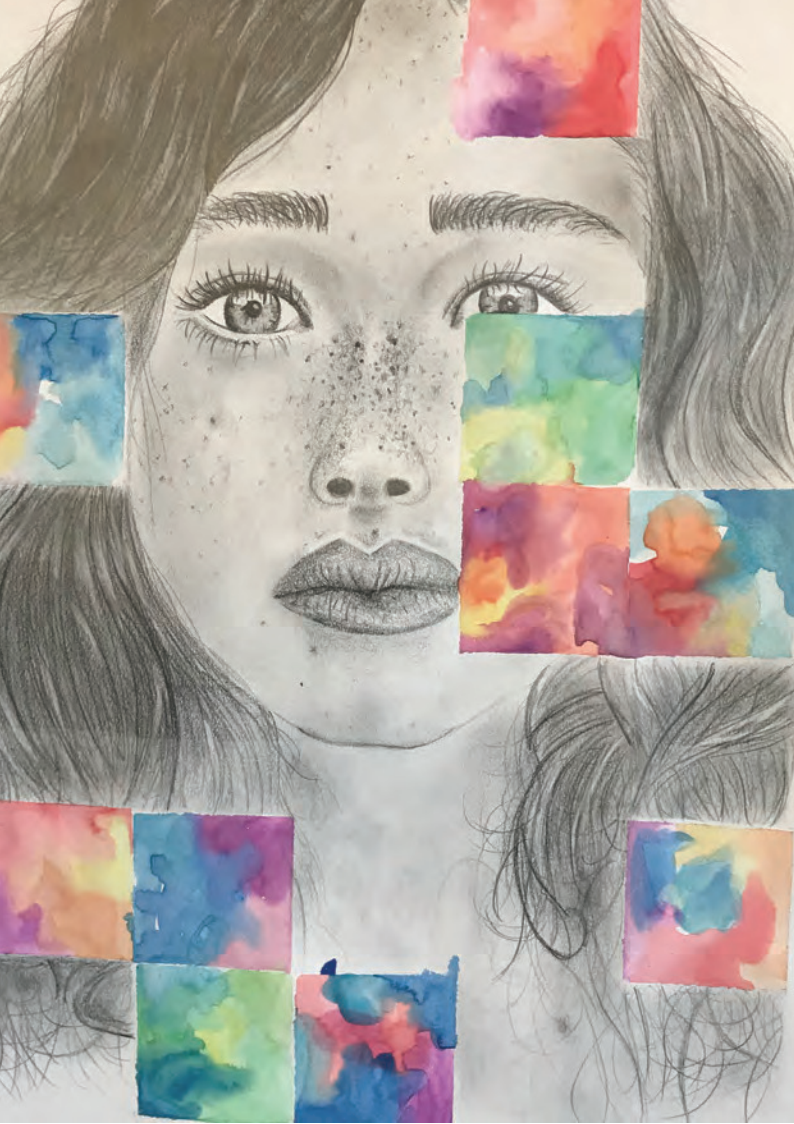


Jean, FAHS

Lake Superior

By Rebeca, Grade 4, Emmet D. William Elementary

Some people ask me, "What is your favorite place in the world?" My answer is easy: Lake Superior. It is the one (well maybe not the only one) place I will never forget. I still remember standing still like a lamppost, listening with the wind whistling and the windchimes making a symphony in my ears. The beautiful songs of nature mix wonderfully (like cookies and milk!) with the mist coming off the lake brushing against my face and touching my tongue. The sweet and strong smell of pine and birch trees mix with the symphony and the smooth rocks blend with the scattered driftwood and pine branches poking my bare feet. As the setting sun sizzles down into the lake a new instrument joins the music, crickets. That feeling inside of you that, that's happiness, that's calmness, that is Lake Superior.



Maddie, RAHS

The Healing Power of Hands

By Lucy, Grade 6, Falcon Heights Elementary

Everyone has one-
that shirt that feels
like you're encased in clouds,
those shoes that scream Hop In!
that hat that frames your face
and flatters your freckles,
each meticulous inch is
a corporation of threads
working toward one
common
goal.

But what miracle crafts these works of art? What instrument
of finesse makes a clump of fabric
whole?

It's really quite a mystery, an awe-striking feat, but what
continues to confuzzle
is that it's made by people like you and me.

People with
old hands, gnarled hands, hands that have seen it all,
small hands, spry hands, hands that haven't heard age's call.
long hands, spindly hands, hands with scalpel-like precision,
soft hands, knowing hands, hands that are familiar with
decision.

We all take for granted
just what these hands can do
and how their creations show us a fragment of better.
So, whenever you wear your
hat, shoes, shirt,
spend a second giving gratitude to the hands that bestowed
them upon you.

Duluth

By Evan, Grade 4, Emmet D. Williams Elementary

I'll never forget our family trip to Duluth. The one sight I will never forget is what I will tell you first. The sight is the colossal metal lift bridge from the shore of the city by Lake Superior and the interesting hum of the lift bridge. Another thing I will always remember is the loud splashing and beautiful and elegant fish speedily swimming at Great Lakes Aquarium. The taste of the mouth-watering, delectable Sammy's pizza (which is one of my top cravings right now) is a taste I will never forget. The most luscious, amazing chocolate I had was at Rocky Mountain Chocolate Shop. By the way, I got milk chocolate wrapped in caramel. All around I could smell the chlorine from the pool and the bubbling of the hot tub and well-made breakfast buffet plus the nice concierges and nice rooms made our money's worth to stay at Park Point Marina Inn. I will never forget Duluth.



Leasia, Grade 4, Central Park Elementary

Moving On

By Mina, Grade 6,
Harambee Elementary

I wish
I was perfect
Don't we all?
But I'm not
And I never will be
I want to be
As strong
As people think I am
But inside
I am breaking down
I am crying
I am hurting
More
Than anyone will ever know
I hide
All my feelings from others
Why am I even here
Why
Do I even exist
I exist
Because I have a purpose
I may not know
What that purpose is
But one day
I will know
And one day
I will be happy

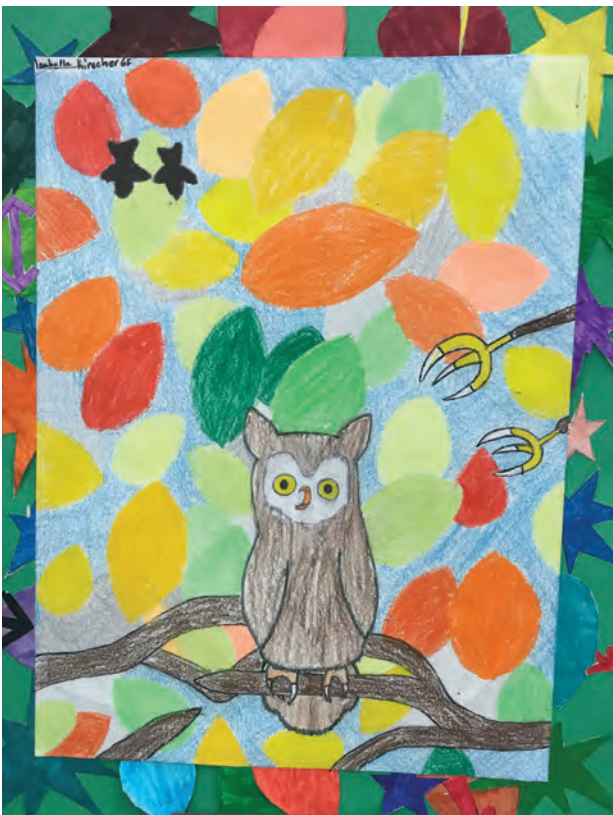


Trine, Grade 6, Falcon Heights Elementary

Grandma's House

By London, Grade 4, Emmet D. Williams Elementary

My grandma's house is beautiful inside and out ...[this where it gets dark]...a lot of people die, there's some gangs, and everywhere I go there is someone getting arrested or there's somebody homeless, but as long as I know my grandma's house is there, I feel safe. I love the breeze when I open my grandma's window. I feel the sun come shining through. I love taking an apple off my grandma's apple tree, going into the house, washing it, and taking a big bite out of it. I can feel all the apple juice swashing around my mouth. I can always smell my grandma's chocolate chip cookies from the back yard. I can hear my parents talking from a mile away! I would always see the white roses in my grandma's front yard. I would go up to them and grab the rose bud bring it up to my nose and get a big whiff of it. I love the sweet aroma of the roses. I love my grandma's wonderful laugh that fills the air with cheer and makes me laugh. She evens feeds the kittens that live behind her house leftovers from lunch [isn't she so nice]. I feel so happy at my grandma's house and my heart feels so much joy around her. That's why my grandma's house has a special place in my heart.



Isabella, Grade 6, Falcon Heights Elementary



Lulu, Grade 3, Falcon Heights Elementary

Learning Thankfulness

By Rane, Grade 5, Brimhall Elementary

One Sunday morning on a hot summer day, Mrs. Dunlap was walking to church when she noticed a boy named Johnny was crying in his yard. Mrs. Dunlap asked Johnny why he was crying and Johnny said, "I fell off my scooter." "Poor thing," said Mrs. Dunlap. "Here, I think I have a Band-Aid in my purse." When Mrs. Dunlap took out the Band-Aid, Johnny said, "Thank you for showing kindness to me. I appreciate it very much." And he rode away on his scooter.

When Mrs. Dunlap got to church, a girl named Anna asked if she could help her find her missing stuffed bear. Mrs. Dunlap agreed and started to look around. "Where did you last see it Anna?" "Well," said Anna, "I was in the music room and ...". "Then," said Mrs. Dunlap, "we shall look in the music room." When they got to the music room, the stuffed bear was sitting on a chair. "Thank you, Mrs. Dunlap, for finding my bear," said Anna, and she skipped off to Sunday school.

Mrs. Dunlap went to Sunday school too and said, "Today's lesson is thankfulness." Immediately, a boy named Timmy asked, "What does thankfulness mean?" "Well," said Mrs. Dunlap, "it means to appreciate something." "Like when Mrs. Dunlap found my bear," said Anna. "And when Mrs. Dunlap fixed my boo-boo," said Johnny. "That's right, guys," said Mrs. Dunlap, "It's important to show thankfulness in all things."



Lexi, RAMS



Summer, Grade 6, Brimhall Elementary

I am grateful for the birds

*By Summer, Grade 3,
Falcon Heights Elementary*

Pieces
of another world
they have no job
Never
thought about the girl
who was grateful
Loving
those birds who don't care
because they don't
Freedom
is why she's grateful
they have freedom
Meaning
of their flying high
fly to freedom!
Scatter
in waves of the sky
make me grateful



Paige, Grade 6, Central Park Elementary

The Farm

By Connor, Grade 4, Emmet D. Williams Elementary

The Farm. The Farm is a beautiful and calm place to be. When I walk the trails it feels like they go on for miles. As I'm walking the trails I can hear the birds chirping their wonderful songs, and the frogs croaking their low-pitched voices while the stream is calmly flowing. As I'm roaming the enormous farm I see the luscious green and brown trees along with the tiny minnows swimming in the small stream, then I follow their adventure from the pond into the stream to the humongous lake. I go back to trails to walk further, and it brings me to the gorgeous yellow fields. I can walk further down the trail, which leads me to the large woods, which leads me back around the trail endlessly. At the farm I can feel the rough bark of trees and the hard earth below me. I can taste the delicious black raspberries, after the adventure I go inside to get some scrumptious lunch from my grandma, then I go back out to explore more. As I'm walking I can smell the nice lake, pond, and stream. When I'm at the farm I feel very calm and happy. I love spending the night at my grandma's amazing farm.

Without My Grandfather

By Tsw Fame, Grade 6, Harambee Elementary

Today was the day my grandfather died.
I was sitting there when it happened,
sitting on a chair.
Somewhere near.
Watching.
Waiting.
Then,
It happened.
He was smiling,
Standing to get something.
He suddenly clutched his chest,
Like it was going to explode.
Now,
he collapsed on the floor.
Silence.
10 seconds.
20 seconds.
Even a minute.
That was when I realized,
he was gone,
somewhere far away,
in the stars,
where no one
could hurt him,
in a sanctuary
of peace.
He laid,
Still smiling.
I was overwhelmed by grief.
I ran away
from the place
I knew
and called
home.
The place,
Where I was raised.
The place,
where I had happy moments, even sad ones.
I was afraid
I might see the same thing
happen to another,
someone I loved.



Jacky, FAHS

Untitled

By Naima, Grade 6, Parkview Center

I would like to be a hero, someday,
Smiling, thanking people and making their day.
The kind of hero that helps and gives gratitude.
You won't see me with an attitude.
By the end of the day, I'll have everyone's frowns away.



Sam, Grade 1, Brimhall Elementary