

2020

# Voices

A Student Literary and  
Art Publication



Roseville  
Area Schools



## Dear Friends of Roseville Area Schools,

We are thrilled to bring back *Voices*, Roseville's student publication of writing and art. The theme of "change" is a very fitting one for 2020's publication. We have all experienced great change and challenge in our lives this year. Students' writing and art reflect the idea of change in a variety of ways. We are sure you will marvel at the talent of these amazing writers and artists. To all of the student writers and artists who contributed to this *Voices* issue, we are proud of you.

Stay tuned for next summer's *Voices* publication, in which students will turn their creative minds to the idea of "power" in our world. We hope that *Voices* is a way to share our stories and creations, to let all voices be heard and celebrated. Please enjoy this compilation of voices from our Roseville Area Schools community.

Superintendent  
Roseville Area Schools



Jalen, Kindergarten

## Butterfly Help

By Lily, Grade 6

A closed gate. We can't get in. Stuck here. No place else to go.  
Hair is rustling in this wind falling through the trees.  
Heaven better let us in, you all know we tried.  
Just the sad girl entering through the brush.  
Not the good girl you always thought us to be.  
Clawing at this endless ruin  
The molded gate is shut beyond our use.  
It's only the hardest gate to enter  
No one makes it in  
I don't know why we're trying this hard.  
But any way the gate  
Is closed

But then a butterfly comes  
It flits around  
I watch and watch this magic thing  
It changes every once in a while  
The butterfly flits around and goes behind me  
So, I follow,  
It leads me to an open door  
I chose to change  
I chose to follow  
This butterfly  
Who changes every once in a while

Disclaimer: Selected pieces were chosen from work submitted by teachers and students in spring 2020. 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.

# A Change in Seasons

*By Naima, Grade 8*

Autumn is here,  
crisp, colorful leaves descend to the ground,  
Where kids jump in the leaves, their laughter making a cheerful sound

Winter comes next,  
where shiny frozen icicles solidify everywhere  
Hot cocoa by the fire, with warm sweaters cozy on the chair

Spring has arrived,  
the birth of flowers awaiting since winter,  
Roses, daffodils, and thorns that could give you splinters

Summer is last,  
children not worrying about school and playing all day long  
Popsicles cooling us down, as we all happily sing a song

Each season is different in its own way,  
I like the change of four seasons, and I think I would like it to stay!



*Lauren, Grade 5*



*Reece, Kindergarten*

## Happily Ever After

*By Victoria, Grade 7*

When I was younger I used to be obsessed with fairy tales. They would inspire me to be able to walk barefoot on the grass and scream out to the world. But as I... we get older, we start to stop wondering about magic. We start to overthink. And whenever I look back I wonder what happened to that barefoot little kid.

Change is what happened. But change is not just a dreary challenge everyone faces. It is also the beginning of fairy tale journeys to happily ever after.

A fairy tale always starts with a change in someone's life. For Cinderella it was her dad remarrying and for Snow White it was when she found out she was being hunted by the evil queen. Along with change there are always choices to be made, from deciding to bite into a poison apple to deciding if you want to get married to a stranger. Our choices will create experiences throughout our journeys. Though these moments could not be made without the people we hate or cherish most. After everything we have been through, our journeys lead to happily ever after.

Happily Ever After is supposed to be the best feeling in the universe. Happily ever after is about taking time to look back at the change you've been through as a person, like from being a little kid who screams out to the world to someone who's bright and confident in who they are. Change is not just a challenge everyone overcomes! Change is magic. Magic is still all around us, and happily ever after could be around anyone's corner.

# Assumptions About Me

*Katrina, grade 8*

I am Asian, specifically Hmong and Chinese  
I have the typical Asian eyes, yellow skin and short height  
Some assumptions you have are  
\* That I'm really smart  
I would say so but that doesn't mean you can ask me to do your homework  
\* My parents get on me if I have bad grades  
Yes but I also do it for myself  
\* I eat cats and dogs  
No, but did you know in China you could get arrested for that  
Here's some other ones I have been hearing a lot lately  
\* "You eat bats"  
\* "Thanks for giving us Corona"  
First of all I would like to say that I was born and raised in the US and I  
have never been out of the country, so no, I have never eaten a bat  
You see, when you makes those assumptions about me  
I feel like your own little guinea pig  
You make me feel like I have to live up to your specific standards  
You say "smart" I say hardworking  
You say "you eat cats and dogs" I say I eat cows and pigs (just like most of  
you)  
You say "thanks for giving us Corona" I say stay home before you get  
Corona  
These assumptions are not okay because I hear them almost every day  
These assumptions hurt me and my pride  
But you know what? I will be okay!  
But if you don't have anything nice to say, DON'T SAY IT AT ALL.



*Arturo, Grade 6*

## The Power of Change

*By Jackson, Grade 5*

Change can come  
in many forms  
like from a caterpillar  
to a butterfly or  
cake batter to a cake  
whatever it is  
it is a powerful thing  
it can be good  
or bad but it shapes  
the world around us



*Paul, Grade 5*

## Change

*By Tiyobesta, Grade 4,*

How does change connect to seasons and this difficult time? Change can be applied to any concept, including this pandemic. Let us see some more.

Change is related to seasons and this time in many ways. For example, winter is difficult because the cold makes you stay at home and children and old people can't go outside that often which makes it similar to the conditions of the pandemic. Spring is the hope of summer since the number of people who have the virus will likely decrease. Also it lets us know that we will get together once more in the future. Summer is our happiness because the virus will be gone due to the heat and everyone will be happy together. Plus, once the virus is gone, vacations will begin being planned and fun will spread everywhere.

These are ways how change can be connected to seasons and this pandemic. I know that we will get through this tough time together. Stay strong and wait for your summer.

# Our Spider Plant, Spider Plant Babies and the Hope they Represent

By Miles (grade 6), Lilly (grade 12) and Colette (Mama)

We have three children who have been in the Roseville schools. A graduating senior, a sophomore and one who is about to enter RAMS this fall. There is a ritual at Falcon Heights where graduating high school seniors return to their elementary school, greet former teachers, staff and administrators and the best part is the high five line where grade twelve graduates in their cap and gown greet the grade six graduates. We had been looking forward to this end of year ritual and are sad this will not happen this year. This and the expectations many of us had for rituals around the end of year are disrupted and we must change expectations and make or find new meanings and rituals this year.

With more time at home, our family has taken up gardening. We have experimented with multiple things including growing seeds and taking seedlings and replanting them. We noticed that our baby spider plant that was given to us by Miles's Kindergarten teacher had some spider babies and so we decided to cultivate those seedlings.



At the end of kindergarten, Mrs. Schlossmacher gave Miles and all the other students a baby spider plant from the big plant that was in the classroom to take home at the end of the year. *Colette (Mama)*

It was kind of cool to take home a tiny plant. I gave it to my mom. A couple weeks ago when we had taken off some of the baby spider plants and put them in water, I

asked my mom about the plant in our living room. Is that the plant from kindergarten? I asked. She said, yes. *Miles (Grade Six, Falcon Heights Elementary)*

I am trying to find the good in this, but it has been hard. I am a senior at RAHS and never dreamed that this is what the last few months of my senior year would look like. I am taking the baby spider plants and plan to give them to my friends who are other seniors at RAHS. These baby plants represent us taking a little of something from school with us to the next chapter in our lives. It feels like passing on something living, hope to others and see what grows. Thank you, Roseville Area Schools, for being part of my educational journey. *Lilly Stuart (RAHS senior)*



*Ryan, Preschool*

## We're in this Together

By Ikhra, Grade 4

We know we're stuck inside  
but we can  
Lift each other's Spirits and Fly,

I've been  
Thinking of you all  
and hope you do the same for me.  
I know  
We miss our friends  
Oh so much  
And, I do too.  
But we must all do our part,  
to stay healthy and strong.

We can't let Covid - 19 overcome us  
We can do this TOGETHER!



## Haikus about Life during COVID-19

By 7th Graders

Masks everywhere Sunny days  
turned to snowstorms  
No cars on the road  
by Taty

Locked inside of houses  
Scared and worried families  
No toilet paper  
by Gorlhia

Lots of family time  
Going on many long walks  
FaceTiming with friends  
by Enna

Corona Virus  
Stay at home, shelter in place  
Distance learning.  
by Aidan

Can't go out today  
Stores closed, parks the lone escape  
Will this routine end?  
by Kairavi

Wake up whenever  
To do online school from home  
I miss school and friends.  
by Teagan

I sit in my house  
I want to be outside now  
This is getting old  
by Henry



Paul, Grade 5



Audrey, Grade 5

## Hiding in a Book (my poem but not my story)

By Vevila, Grade 8

People always say that the people that seem most happy are the  
people that are the most sad  
No one really cares about it until proven right  
Walking around with a smile at school  
Greeting friends with joy on my face  
The lies I told were my greatest tool  
Entering a body of walls and windows  
My family's here  
I cannot show how much I'm freezing from the cold  
Sitting on my bed as the walls come closer  
Pushing all the thoughts to my head  
I write a million things in my journal  
A book of fear and secrets  
A physical copy of my mind  
"It's okay to fake a smile  
Make it worth your while  
Create yourself a title"  
The book spoke to me  
Reading off the words I wrote  
A trillion feelings to feel  
The ink from my pen runs out  
My eyes the clouds of a drought  
Unable to cry anymore I sleep  
And when I wake up  
The day repeats



## Left Behind

*By Summer, Grade 5*

The sandpipers are leaving me. All summer long I looked after them. I fed them bread crumbs, helped them collect driftwood for nests that would house chicks. And when they hatched, there was Stella, Piper, and Trip, the triplets.

Names are important. Mine, Ella, means kind. And that's important because I helped those chicks, and now they're gathering on the shore of Lake Superior, like a black hole swallowing them away. Even if I was kind.

Amy means beloved, and that's the truth. I love Amy, my sister, but she's left for college. She left Lake Superior behind.

And the sandpipers are almost gone, my triplets, triplets I can't find in the black hole that's leaving.

They go every year, but it's worse now, because I'm not enough for Amy and the sandpipers, not enough to keep them here.

"WHEET-WHEET-WHEET!"

Piper! I run to find her, Piper the triplet who stayed, and find. . . a girl. She's pretty, with chocolate-colored skin like mine. I realize she made the call.

"Was that you?" I ask.

She blushes. "Sorry, I was looking for a friend."

"A friend who's a bird?"

"Yeah. I call her Sydney because she's like the opera singers there."

"Wait, you've been to Sydney, Australia?" I ask.

She grins and then tells me about visiting Australia. I tell her about how 'Sydney' is Piper, and feeding her breadcrumbs. She tells me she did too, and Sydney's been getting extra!

We only talked for minutes, but it felt like we'd known each other forever. I realized I hadn't thought about Amy the entire time we were talking.

As I got ready to go, I remembered something. I didn't even know her name!

So I shouted: "I'm Ella!"

She hollered back, "I'm Stella!" and I smiled. Because maybe, the sandpipers weren't completely gone.



*Nya, Grade 6*

## I Miss School

*By Shahana, Grade 4*

As much as I used to dread,  
Getting out of bed.  
Hearing my mom's voice,  
Saying, "Wake up sleepy head!"

I used to dislike getting ready for school  
And feeling nowhere close to cool.  
I would have to eat very fast,  
Having absolutely no blast.

I would stand on the driveway waiting,  
Though I'd way rather be skating.  
On the bus, I would wish I could nap,  
Instead, I heard the geese going, "Quack, quack, quack."

Now I would do anything to get out of bed,  
I would do everything and won't show any dread.  
I want to hear my mom calling, "Wake up sleepy head!"

I will never dislike getting ready for school,  
As a matter of fact, I would feel that it was cool!  
I will eat very fast,  
And I would have a blast.

I'd stand on the driveway waiting,  
Still thinking I would also want to go skating.  
On the bus, I would be glad to be awake,  
And would never wish for another break.

# The Change Through Weather

By Abby, Grade 6

Dear World,

You know how everything is always changing, moving, growing? Nothing will ever be the same, time, thoughts, life, they never stop moving. The one I am talking about today is, weather.

Weather is very interesting here in Minnesota; it changes a lot. Our weather is very dramatic. From -60o F in February, to temperatures reaching 114o F during July, it is totally unpredictable. If you want to talk about snow, on record it has snowed every month except July. Fortunately we also have plenty of sunny, blue-skyed warm days.

Weather isn't all nice and pretty, it also has a dark side. There are tornados, tsunamis, hurricanes, hailstorms. Natural disasters like these can ruin lives and end them. They can wash away homes and separate families, leaving people with nothing.

There can be different forms of weather. In the following quote from the movie, *On the Basis of Sex*, which is about gender equality, they are referring to a courtroom. "It's not about the weather of the day, but the climate of the era." They aren't talking about rain or shine, what they are indicating is, it's not about what you do today, it's about what happens in the future. That reflects a really powerful message.

Weather is quite powerful both figuratively and physically. It can make you smile or destroy you. It depends on your surroundings and luck. Weather changes with seasons, time changes with each second, thoughts change with your surroundings and life changes with all of them. One thing is the same in all of those things. Change.

Your forever changing inhabitant,  
Abby



Kaylee, Grade 6



Yazaria, Grade 4

## Legacy

By Grayson, Grade 7

Legacy. What is a legacy?  
Something you leave when you pass? Just hoping for it to last.

You do your best while you're alive, for you to not see how it ends.  
We all are scared to disappoint our family and their legacy, but they were also scared.

A legacy is a seed in the ground, you never get to see grow.  
A legacy is a time capsule that you never will see dug up.

So why try to even plant that seed, bury the time capsule?  
Do stuff you enjoy when you're alive.

# Mother Earth

*By Charlotte, Grade 8*

She carefully placed the leaves on the  
trees like ornaments  
They cut them down for paper  
She smoothly formed the ground with  
the warm mud  
They built pipes through it  
She weaved the sunlight through the clouds They used it  
to light up the earth  
She spread the sand through the  
deserts with her bare hands  
They used it to make roofs for their houses  
She poured water in the lakes before  
letting herself have any  
They placed their trash inside  
She painted a sunset in the sky  
As they filled the air with gas, the  
sunsets started fading  
She became tired  
Feeling sick to her stomach  
Disappointment filled her lungs until she couldn't breathe  
And she never lived to hear a thank you



*Naveena, Grade 8*

# Sunbathing

*By Sabrina, Grade 8*

Rays of golden sunlight pour over me  
The gleaming beams soak me in the shining light like a shower of gold  
Washing away all the stress  
The worry about how everyone feels about me  
Their possible opinions on how I act  
Dress  
Walk  
Talk  
I try not to care about how others perceive me  
But I'm constantly aware of how someone may see me  
What they may think when they take a glance  
Or what way they may see me, what's their stance?  
The warm glowing streams of sun try to eat away at the stress  
Ease at how much I care about others press  
How I may be seen through someone else's eyes  
But then the soft glow from the rays of sun show  
It should only matter that I'm content in me  
And anyway, everyone else is usually not peering in that close

# Change

*By Mirabel, Grade 7*

Protests  
Black Lives Matter  
Women's Rights  
Every person is a person  
If the winter feels long and hard  
Remember the ice will melt  
And it will be spring.  
The flower will bloom.

# What is change?

*By Eleni, Grade 8*

Continuing life as usual,  
Hustle gone, just casual,  
A beautiful summer, and its breeze,  
No strong winds, just ease,  
Getting along with the wind is what you please, but  
Enabled is change to make the leaves fall from their trees.

Is it really happening? Autumn is here,  
Small different colors all appear,

So long sweet breezes, hello firm winds,  
Oh, what would you do when all you knew changes,  
Maybe wait till summer comes back,  
Even try to adjust, or try a hack,  
To attempt to like Fall,  
However, you see what is around you,  
Interrogate with the mind inside of you,  
No more summer you say, put on a jacket,  
Go outside and enjoy the racket of the leaves,

then...

Down goes the temperature,  
Into the state of an unbearable torture,  
For it is the beginning of a new adventure,  
Freezing and the cold become winter's messenger,  
Embarking the change starting,

Rows and rows of green grass,  
Even pretty flowers, all those in that class,  
Never like other times, they get covered,  
To become white, snow-covered,

Fighting to get to know the cold,  
Remembering that man can't unfold,  
Omit the bad sides of what winter can hold,  
Manage to like hot chocolate at home withhold,

When you get used to wearing huge coats,  
Hats and warm stuff, are you taking notes?  
And then comes the time for going fishing with boats,  
The time called Spring, when your mind just floats,

Winter is gone Spring is here,  
Even better, skies are getting clear,

Already making way for the new summer sun,  
Reminding me of the long gone fun,  
Embracing me for one more run,

Until you realized you had gone through all these changes,  
Still intact, that's a fact, through all those ranges,  
Even remembered the challenge you had at first,  
Down with those now, you are done with the worst,

To you, what is change? Could you go through it?  
Or even have fun and make the best of it?

## The Trees

*By Abigail, Grade 4*

I went for a walk and I saw a tree  
I don't know why but it gave me tons of glee  
It was summer time  
And the leaves were a bright neon lime  
But one special cooler day  
I realized what happened by the bay  
It was a day in late autumn  
And all the leaves were falling to the bottom  
One day I woke up to a chill  
I don't know why but my dad had put away the grill  
When I looked out onto my friend's lawn  
She was frosted and cold and beginning to yawn  
And when the frost started to clear  
I jumped up and down and started to cheer  
Then when I looked up at the sky

I was so happy I could cry  
I knew the buds on the trees were going to bloom  
Because last night I talked to the moon  
Now we're back at the beginning  
And there is no more spinning  
The trees have changed a lot this year  
But everything changes so don't have fear



*Jeremiah, Kindergarten*

# Consequences—A Spoken Word

By Ruhiyyih, Grade 8

She is dying, our Mother Earth.  
Filling with plastics, as quickly and as smoothly as water from fountains and  
we sit here doing nothing.  
Just doing nothing.  
As the world burns from a tycoon's dream, as if money is all we need.

She is dying, our humble earth.  
Poison food kills creatures of no self-worth, and according to humans we  
hate our earth.

We are dying, the human race.  
And in our haste a chase scene of wasting we cannot escape the placing of  
plastic choking our cities.  
Choking *my* city

Oceans are dying, can't you see?  
And apparently it is up to me and my generation to stop this pollution that is  
stripping the seas of life and prosperity.  
Overfishin', killin', kissin' a brand new world of fake fish and a tainted wish

We are the white angels of this generation,  
And unless we get our heads out of a TV of wasting time,  
Out of a box of skskskrunchies and renegades,  
We won't save a soul.

We won't save a soul because Antarctica is heating and bleeding from a  
factory's beating, the smoke choking while we are still hoping,  
'Someday, the world will be a better place.  
But hoping doesn't do much good, no, when all we do is sit and hope and  
wait for a leader when there is no leader.  
We need to change.



Maddie, Grade 2

## My Quilt

By Maddie, Grade 2

My quilt keeps me warm  
My quilt keeps me feeling safe  
My quilt keeps me asleep  
My quilt keeps me comfy  
My quilt keeps me the right temperature  
My quilt helps me feel super duper loved.

## Seasonal Depression

By Lily, Grade 6

Key:  
Blue: Some random person  
Red: Some other person  
Purple: Both

Rain  
Water pours from the sky like cheers from a crowd.  
Tears  
They fall equally as fast for some uncontrollable reason.  
Seasonal depression  
Google tells me, but it feels so much worse.  
It feels as if  
The world is about to end.  
Or a loved one dies before your own eyes.  
Whine  
My mom tells me to calm down.  
How does one stop these feelings?  
Breathe  
Just breathe.  
I make a loud sniffing noise almost like a six-year-old.  
Calm



## The unexpected

By Sydney, Grade 4

Change can be around the area and we  
can't guess it. It is just like a secret floating  
in the air and just know you to accept how  
everything is and it can start something  
new. When you finally accept it, good  
things will happen someday.



*Asha, Grade 3*

## Tomorrow

*By Safiya, Grade 8*

Michelle Obama  
J.K. Rowling  
Malala  
Mother Theresa  
Oprah Winfrey  
My sisters  
My mother  
The woman across the street  
Ms. Dawolo Towns

All empowered women  
Knowing who they are and even if they don't knowing who they want to be  
They all made the choice to liberate and educate  
Inspire and innovate the minds and lives of their tomorrow  
They wanted to make a difference and so they do

Ms. Dawolo Towns  
Ms. Towns to her students  
She took on the task of middle school  
AGAIN  
She chose to try and impact the 26% of us that are under 15 with the ability to understand  
Understand literature and comprehend the subject matter that is put in front of us  
As Maui would've said, "I can explain every natural phenomenon."  
But now we can too  
Because she is one of the many educated women out there that gave us the resources to do so

But she's not the only one  
Considering Michelle Obama  
She also affects our futures  
She gave us the facts, "One in five American high schools doesn't have any school counselors.  
And that's appalling."  
That is a huge thing that she fought to change.

She started the ratio of counselors to students

Requiring there to be at least one counselor for every 471 students  
She's trying to prove to many of us that we're not the single lost sock in the hamper  
We can find our place because it's out there for us.

Speaking of places  
Place: It's something that you go to, can be around, can see right?  
Well I learned there's a whole different world we never knew existed  
J.K. Rowling made this entire universe that we can escape to  
It is accessible at any point in time  
But it's not right in front of our faces

It's made up of nouns, adjectives, adverbs, and conjunctions  
But most of all imagination  
J.K. Rowling is an author just like Ms. Towns is a teacher of literature  
J.K. Rowling is one of the people literature came from  
Reading a book and escaping into an entire different universe is like finding a key to a door that finally fit  
Finding that place when nothing else is going on except pure enjoyment

But joy is always there  
Other people are just the ones who open our eyes to it  
And many of the strong women are part of the reason why we know it's there  
Reminding us every day there's something to fight for

So thank you too  
Michelle Obama  
J.K. Rowling  
Malala  
Mother Theresa  
Oprah Winfrey  
My sisters  
My mother  
The woman across the street  
Ms. Dawolo Towns  
For being there to inspire our tomorrow

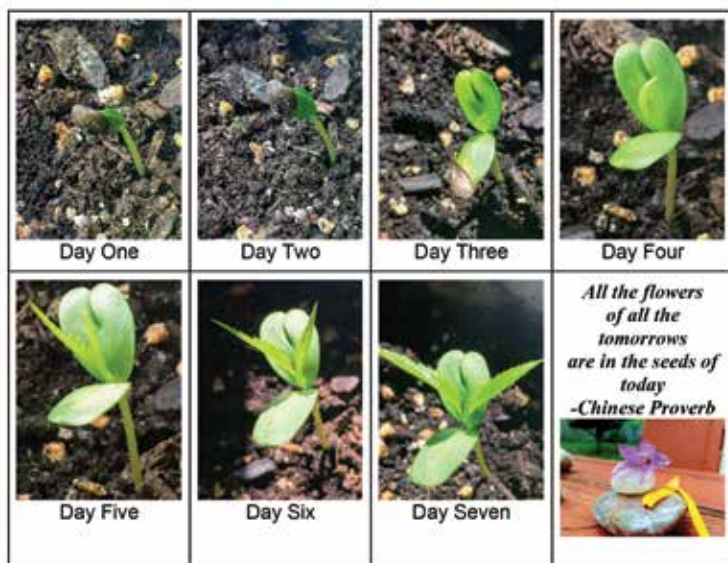
# Tertiary Colors

By Tess, Grade 8

What about the other colors?  
 There's red, yellow and blue,  
 Orange, purple, green  
 But how about being in between?  
 Simply because,  
 I don't fit,  
 As any of those things.  
 But you still try,  
 To shove me in a category,  
 That is not my own.  
 Why can't I be indigo?  
 Or teal as the sea,  
 Just as I am amber from a fiery flame.  
 Like Ken Jeong,  
 Why can't I be all three?  
 A detailed picture,  
 That is me.  
 You refuse to let it be,  
 Plain colors  
 Is your safety.  
 So go ahead,  
 Hate me.  
 As hues of every color,  
 Breathe through everything.  
 You refuse to see,  
 The different colors  
 Emitting from everybody.  
 So stick to your Primary  
 And seconds.  
 As I flow with Tertiary.



Briar, Grade 8



## The Growth of an Apple

By Amrutha, Grade 6

Purpose:  
 I decided to do this experiment, because it would provide a fresh and real insight on how a week of an apple's life looks. The week of the apple's life I chose was the first day I saw a green sprout and how it grew for a week.

## Think

*By Anja, Grade 8*

Don't think I don't notice  
your quick glances at me,  
calling me names.  
Silently.  
Not saying  
one word  
Of what you might think  
of me.  
But you don't think.  
If you did,  
you would be  
astounded,  
and see:  
That I notice  
all your silent comments.  
Or when you look at me  
and scoff.  
It all bounces off.  
I laugh  
at your feeble attempt  
to break a strong rubber skin  
that I have built up.  
Repelling anything toxic.  
Even the little things  
that could slowly seep  
through cracks.  
But it is rubber.  
Stretchy and durable.  
My mind:  
It Stays Strong.

## Trees

*By Nora, Grade 6*

Today is warm and the trees are still green  
I climb up into the branches trying not to be seen  
The leaves shade my eyes from the scorching sun  
But then I see an orange leaf, I think fall has begun

All the leaves are now dark red  
I twirl as they fall and hit my head  
I breathe in the cool fresh air  
Leaves are scattered everywhere  
But then what's that? A snowflake falls from the sky  
It's white and small and cold and to fall I say goodbye

It's very windy outside today  
My tree is bare and starts to sway  
I go outside to calm him down  
His bark is rough and dark dark brown  
Snow covers the ground not a spot of grass to be seen  
But then I spy it a small splotch of green

We finally get to be in spring  
I twirl around and start to sing  
It's pouring rain outside today  
I wish I could go out to play  
But April showers bring May flowers  
I hope it will get warm someday

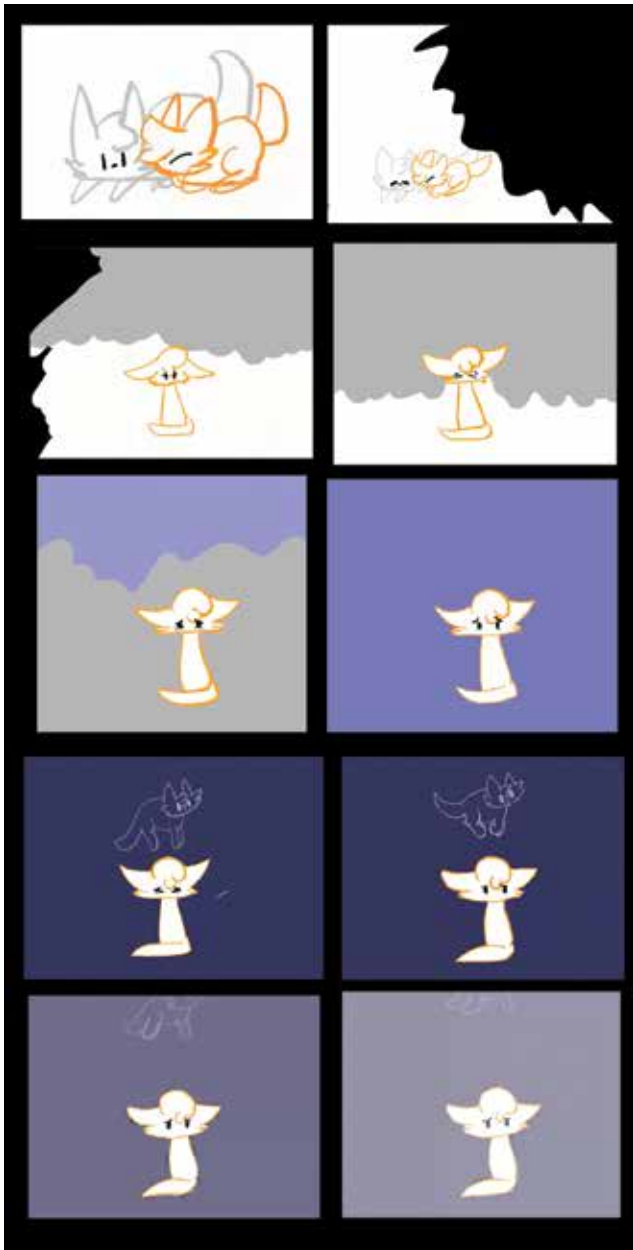
Today is sunny and warm and bright  
There is not one single cloud in sight  
I think summer is almost here  
It's warm outside and the skies are clear  
Every season brings something new  
A hope, a joy, just for you



## World of Water

*By Sophie, Grade 6*

Soothing, calm blue water  
transforms into raging,  
mysterious ocean.  
Whirling waves  
consume everything.  
Powerful, fearsome waves  
crash against the shore.  
Beautiful, endless water.



*Amelia, Grade 6*

## Changes

*By Koura, Grade 4*

Remind us that change can be delicate like a feather,  
strong like a tree,  
exciting like a celebration,  
or scary like a ghost.  
But all changes change you.  
You can be change.



## Charlotte's Charity

*By Suheyly, Grade 7*

Charlotte is a ten year old girl. And her family is extremely poor. Because of her family's financial situation Charlotte spends most of her day doing whatever she can to earn a little bit of money. She often mows lawns and volunteers at stores. She usually earns ten dollars a day and gives whatever she earns to her parents. After a while her dad gets a job and a stable income and her family is now doing well. Charlotte never forgot what it was like to live like that. So she started a charity dedicated to helping those in the same situation she used to be in. Now her hometown is an amazing place all because a little girl wanted change.

## Night Changes

*By Elise, Grade 6*

Dusk  
Cars rumble  
Voices quiet  
Sun down  
Moon up  
Mosquitos annoy  
And night falls on the city

Silence

Midnight  
Owls hoot  
Mice hide  
Racoons hunt  
Foxes creep  
Stars shine  
And brighten the darkness

Silence

Dawn  
Animals stir  
People awaken  
Wind rustles  
Night ends  
Sky changes  
Light approaches  
And color paints the sky



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



*Amina, Grade 1*

## Praise

*By Annika, Grade 8*

Praise this voice, for it can reach millions.  
Praise the millions who work hard for us.  
Praise us for being strong.  
Praise strength, for it is the only thing we have.  
Praise this mind, it lets me think and dream.  
Praise these dreams for allowing me to be free  
Praise freedom for breaking many from bondage.  
Praise the world and all of its beautiful life.  
Praise life for being fulfilling.  
Praise the people who don't deserve praise,  
let them open their hearts.  
Praise hearts for loving.  
Praise love for giving life.

## The Little Girl I Once Was

*By Emma, Grade 8*

I reminisce the little girl I once was  
she walked with a bounce in her step, brown hair swaying side to side  
the little girl who colored on her dolls and styled their hair  
she slept with all her stuffed animals so it was fair  
oh how I miss the little girl who thought the world was on her side  
I remember her bright joyful smile, eyes so full and alive  
The time went by fast, just the other day she was in her grandpa's arms  
watching Elmo every morning at nine  
now she's racing time for all her assignment deadlines  
I just hope she's proud of me because I remember her dreams  
and every day I strive for her to succeed

## Change

*By Savien, Grade 4*

Change is a different direction  
Change tastes bitter, sweet, sour, or salty  
Change is exciting like Christmas morning  
Change can be good or bad, happy or sad  
Change is movement  
Change is power  
Change is me