

"What We Keep Keeps Us" by Xandria B

When I met my owner I grew an attachment to her and felt comfortable when I was around her. Even though she doesn't let me do everything I want to, I know she cares. Anytime I get scared or get hurt she's right there helping me. She does get really paranoid when she has to leave the house because she wants to make sure I'm safe and well taken care of. I love it when she reads to me because it calms me down and it's just nice to hear her voice. She likes telling me her problems and I like to listen because I know it helps her, I know even when she does something wrong she is sorry and tries to make it right.

She's been starting to have friends over every once in a while which makes me happy because I love seeing other people and I love to socialize. When ever she goes away for a while I get sad and miss her and it can cause problems because I don't want to do stuff. Once she comes back from whatever she's doing I get happy and she tells me everything about what happened which makes me feel good because I want to make sure everything went well. She is kinda weird sometimes because she likes watching horror movies and stuff but it's still fun watching her reaction when she does get scared.

I love playing with her because she makes it fun and sometimes i like to try grabbing random things and crawl on the floor and try biting the carpet at the same time which makes her laugh. I can tell whenever she's upset or stressed so I try to help her and she can figure out the same thing which is cool and she helps me just like I do with her. There are a lot of memories I have with her and most of them are good ones. She is funny sometimes but sometimes she doesn't make sense.

“What We Keep Keeps Us” by Rylee G

Everyone thinks a photo is just a piece of paper with a scene inside. Or others see it as a memory, but no one knows better than I. For I am a camera, to be precise I am Rylee's camera. She views photos as a story, not just a piece of paper that you might lose or break, she believes that it tells a story about a person's life...a memory, a feeling. It could be good, or bad. I think she's right. When she preps my lens she always takes her time to clean it before hand, and then when she finally decides on what she's going to capture, she finds the right light setting in my options and then the right angle. But sometimes I feel jealous when I see her use her phone camera instead of me, like come on I'm a real camera and her phone only can do half of what I can. I swear I can see that phone smirk at me when she uses it. I keep my lens glued to the floor hoping the feeling of envy passes. Although her work on her phone is very interesting. I notice she uses it to mostly take pictures of her family and the nature she comes across, I respect it. Nature really is stunning. Since she uses her phone so much, I miss when she cleans my lenses and when she looks at her photos with a genuine smile across her face. I am really fond of her and the work she can create, hopefully others will see what I see.

“What We Keep Keeps Us” by Jenna S

I was made in the 1980s, and sold to a young woman. She used me to play old country tunes for forty years, until she gave me away to her granddaughter. When I was given to her granddaughter, I hadn't been used in years. I had been kept upstairs along with the records I used to play. I was dusty and old. Her granddaughter wiped me down and gave me a brand new home in her bedroom. She went shopping for records soon after I was given to her. She spent hours trying to organize them before eventually letting them find their own arrangement. The first record she ever played on me was a record I was familiar with, however it was brand new. There were no scratches, and it sounded silky as opposed to the records I remember playing. There hasn't been a day since she got me that I haven't been used. Most of the records she plays are brand new, and were made in the past couple of years despite some of the music on them. One day she came home with a box of records. At first I thought she had been shopping again, however as they moved closer I realized I knew them. I had played them years before she was born. My original owner had given her her old records. When she played them, I felt a sense of familiarity. They were scratchy and a few of them skipped. It was strange, remembering that they were once new. My new owner keeps the old records separate from the new records. She hasn't played them much since she first got them, but it's nice having them close by. I think she doesn't want to mess them up. My new records are not as fragile as my old ones.

"What We Keep Keeps Us" by Kaden W

A blank store self, waiting to sell
That was where I once sat
Now I sit alone on a cluttered giant's desk
Once full of mints
Now full of memories
A tin of metaphorical chains
Linking one to one
Wrapping around his heart

I was once meant for the garbage
Now a symbol held dear
By the aching man behind a screen
A symbol of which happiness means
For now I'm not just myself
Now I am reminder of joy for the giant
Symbolizing those of his far off friends

A tin of mints
A tin of chains
One end to him
One end to the friendship that remains
For I have seen him come and go

And sleep and weep and grow and sew
I have seen friends come and go
Sinking away with no chains to hold
Some sink fast
Some sink slow
Though without the chains they all will go

Though I know in my heart
That with my chains he'll never part
Into the sea so inky dark
The sea that swallows every spark

He'll travel close and thrash about
But he is always able to get out
A tug on my chain and help is here
And back he will be safe and near
Back to those he holds dear

So quickly before we part
Remember when traveling far
Always have a chain around your heart

“To My Community” by Milan D

I believe that a community is only what you make out of it.

For example, if you throw trash on the ground and don't help keep it clean of course you would hate it.

But if you do what you can to respect it and the people living in it then it will be a better experience.

I've lived here for 4 years, and I have learned to love you and get used to you. Your parks and flowers and library and shops and friendly people. That is just a few reasons why I love you. Even though someday we might part because I will move on. But it will be very hard to forget you, I will miss you dearly. Every day I think about what will happen when I leave, you might even perish ,and if so then you will never be forgotten. I will miss going to get some ice cream downtown, and then going store to store looking for books to read.

"To My Community" by Sage S

I love you very much even though sometimes i am disappointed in what you do and the choices you make. You have very nice stores and you also have tons of good qualities for example i love how we are getting a starbucks and i love the property i live on we have a big pond which i love. I also love how many old cars are in my neighborhood because i notice that i always see many old cars where i live and all of the blooming flowers on my street. Although sometimes there are disadvantages here one of them, you keep building houses everywhere which i don't like because all of the houses look the same so it makes the community more boring and less unique. But with all this i still think you are a very beautiful community and you are my home. Even though we are miles away,

“My Brother” by Ismael B

I see you everyday,
From the picture you keep close.
It makes me feel,
Like you are here with me.

You are my cousin,
But it feels like you are my brother.
I look forward to that time of day,
When I could see you play
And spend our time together.

We always make the most of our time.
Where we can be ourselves
Silly, crazy, and funny together.
You are a great friend
Always make me laugh.

I can see that
You are honest and brave
You are trustworthy
A great listener

You are always there for me.

You are smart and creative
You are one of a kind
An amazing human being
You are kind hearted

I get excited to see you come up with
the best game strategies
And always know how to have fun.
You are the person I look up to

I like to see how responsible
And respectful you are.

I get bored and sad,
When I don't see you much.

You are
My cousin
My best friend
My brother forever and ever

"Chains" by Zane G

I am Zane's chain. I have been here for almost 4 years. I have lots of memories.

I was a gift from his mom when she went into labor. I have been here when Zane saw his twin siblings for the first time. I have seen them grow, I have seen every haircut, every birthday, and every single day.

Recently I have am Zane's chain. I have been here for almost 4 years. I have lots of memories.

I was a gift from his mom when she went into labor. I have been here when Zane saw his twin siblings for the first time. I have seen them grow, I have seen every haircut, every birthday, and every single day.

Recently I have been in a box with other jewelry. It is very dark here but he still takes me out from time to time. I like to imagine that one day I'll be on Zane's child's neck.

I was there when his grandma started to come over every Friday. I know his schedule, I even know when he gets up and goes to school. I was there on his first and last day of school, I was there when he made all his friends, I was there when he came and went to different schools. I have heard and seen everything he has done. I was there for almost all of his achievements: from getting his first 100 dollars to getting a whole new room. Even though I have been Lost, Broken, and even replaced. I know I have held a special place in his heart.

Writing by Omar C

I am Omar's little brother, Osmar. I am 5 right now and I have autism. I think my brother is very patient and a good brother, even though I can't talk he always understands me, when I cry he always finds a way to calm me down, even if it takes an hour to do so. sometimes I make big messes like throwing flour all around the kitchen or when I feel like a chef I mix random things together and after I feel like im done I just throw it on the floor and he is always the one to clean it up no matter how big the mess, he just cleans it up without being mad because he knows I don't do it because i'm evil its because im just in my own little world only I know what my messes are in my world. when i'm asleep and it's night time he always checks in to see if i'm ok and to make sure i have a blanket on, I know even if i am old that he will always take care of me. I love my brother I don't say it but I show it and i know he loves me too.

“FitBit” by Dev G

Dev’s life.

By his Fitbit

I promise you, Dev works really hard. In fact, somedays, he works all day! Dev gets really excited about learning new things and restudying the lessons. Dev is extremely concerned about his grades. He wants to please others. It makes him happy to see others happy.

Dev is the best person. Sometimes he forgets about me while rushing to school but less. If he even gets a 99, he is still concerned. He is a hard working person and also so excited to learn new lessons in class. His favorite part is when his teacher, Ms Osborne comes to the grammar and vocabulary part in ELA.

His other favorite part is when his teacher makes him do a test/unit test and quizzes. He always checks the week at a glance everyday to get him updated. He also sees the weekly updates his principal, Ms Feezor sends him every monday. He likes 100s in class. He participates in the spelling bee every year as his brother did.

This year, he was the second time school spelling bee champion. He really works hard. He even forgot about me today.