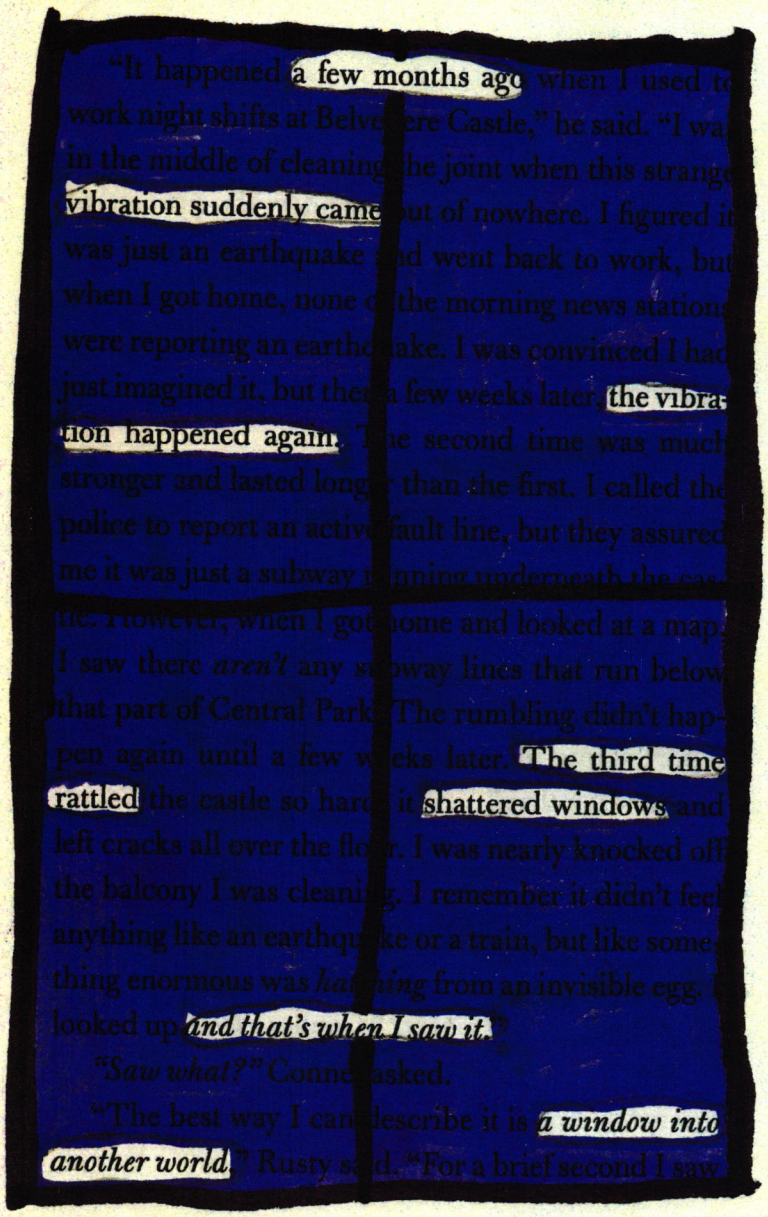
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Age Group: 6th-8th

Email:

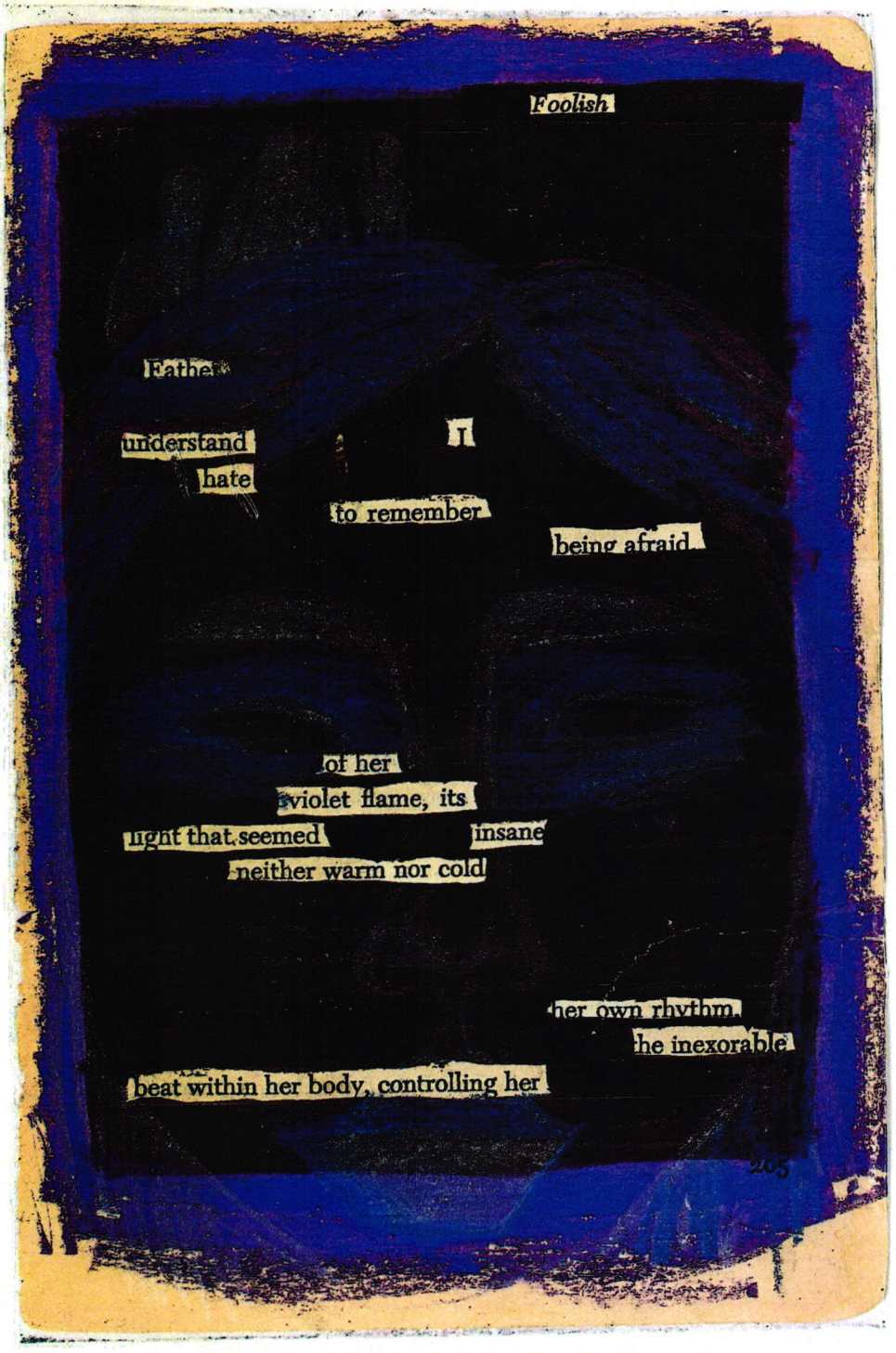


Submitted by:

Destiny T

6th-8th Age Group

1



Andrew H.

Grade 7

THE MEANING OF 'DEPRESSION'

The word 'depre[illegible]' 'depression' is used, of course, in two differe[illegible] emotional [illegible] by the unemployed, and the othe[illegible]

The la[illegible] illness of uncertain origin and cure. If we [illegible] victims [illegible] *this* kind of depression, it usually antedates our pe[illegible] unemployment, and is something we have wrestled with [illegible] for years. It may have a virulency like unto pneumonia, or be as low-grade as a cold. When it is as virulent as pneumonia, the emotional illness of depression is a burden that threatens to crush the soul, and many brave souls have endured this 'dark [illegible]ight of the soul' for years, with astounding courag[illegible] now medicines and treatments that [illegible]etely, or mostly, at bay. Anyone wh[illegible]g so depressed as to be suicidal, needs to g[illegible]herapist, or doctor, immediately, for help. *This is a medical emergency.*

Depression can be much [illegible] In that form it is like a series of 'blue Mondays,' or i[illegible]entle perpetual tinge of sadness that does not keep [illegible] feasts, but 'is just enough to appear as a death-hea[illegible] feasts.'[8]

In whatever form [illegible]ted by experts that some 10 million Ameri[illegible] depression sometime during the yea[illegible] unemployed are among them.

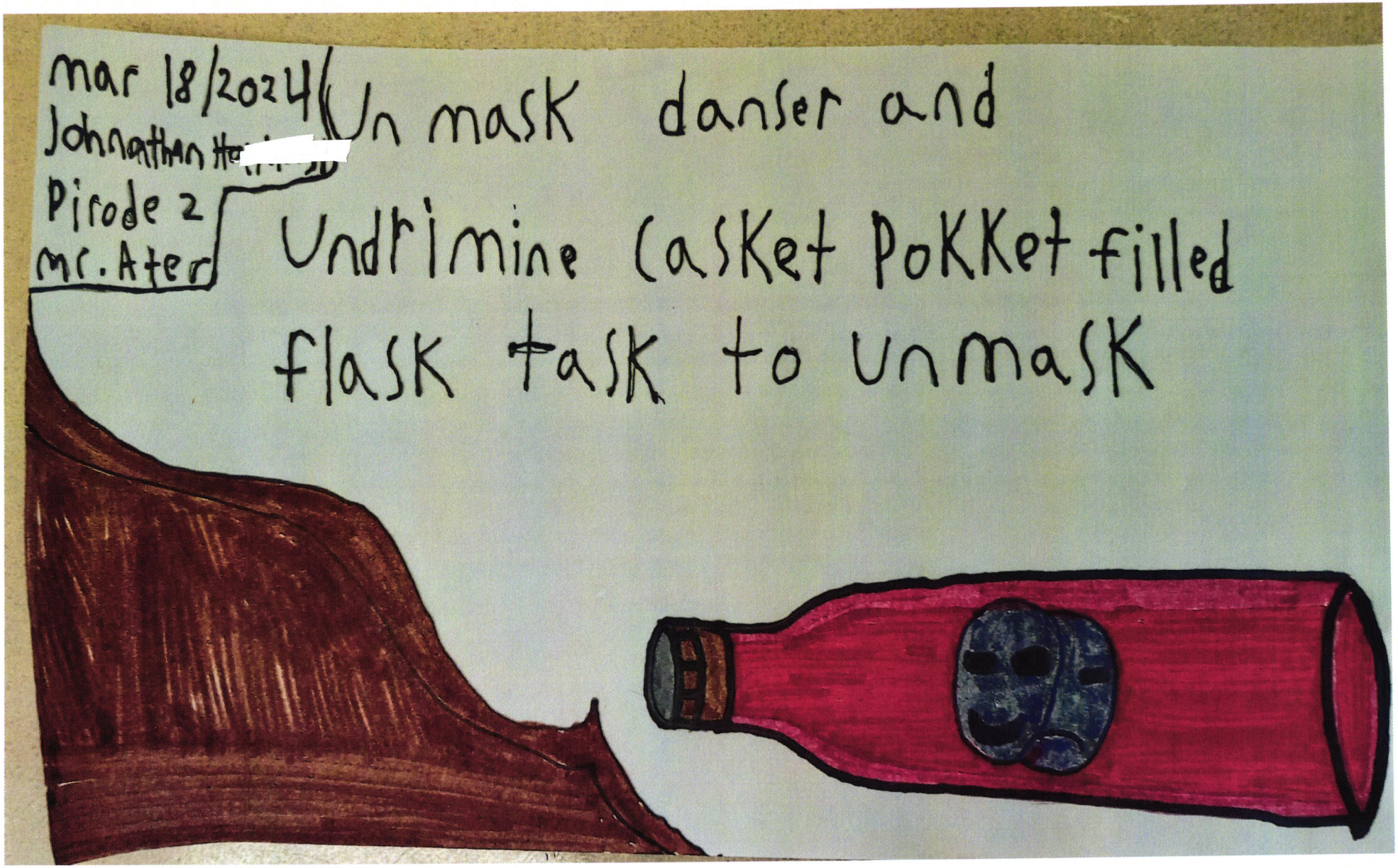
sledge they were using and swing it furiously against the post until the chain was smashed free. But the weight of a great responsibility laid a steadying hand upon him. To do violence to Uncle Nels would not further his journey in any way; it might even put an end to it before it had well begun. He stood, raging and wondering what he should do, while below him the work was carried on with difficulty and hard words. At last one of the laborers straightened up with a grunt and said:

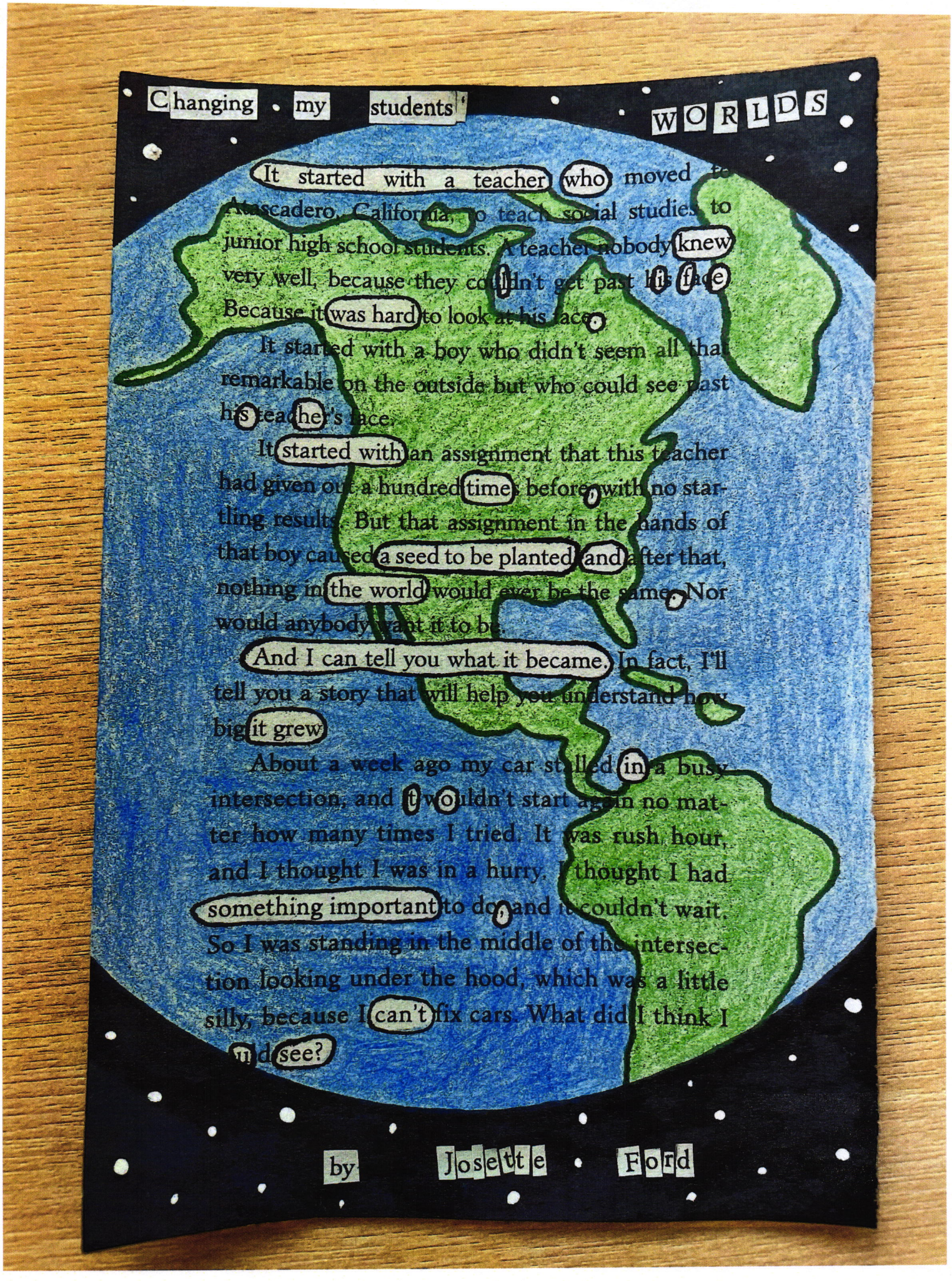
"There, sir, she's steady. I've done my best to do as you ordered. But I don't like it, Nels Anderson, we none of us like it."

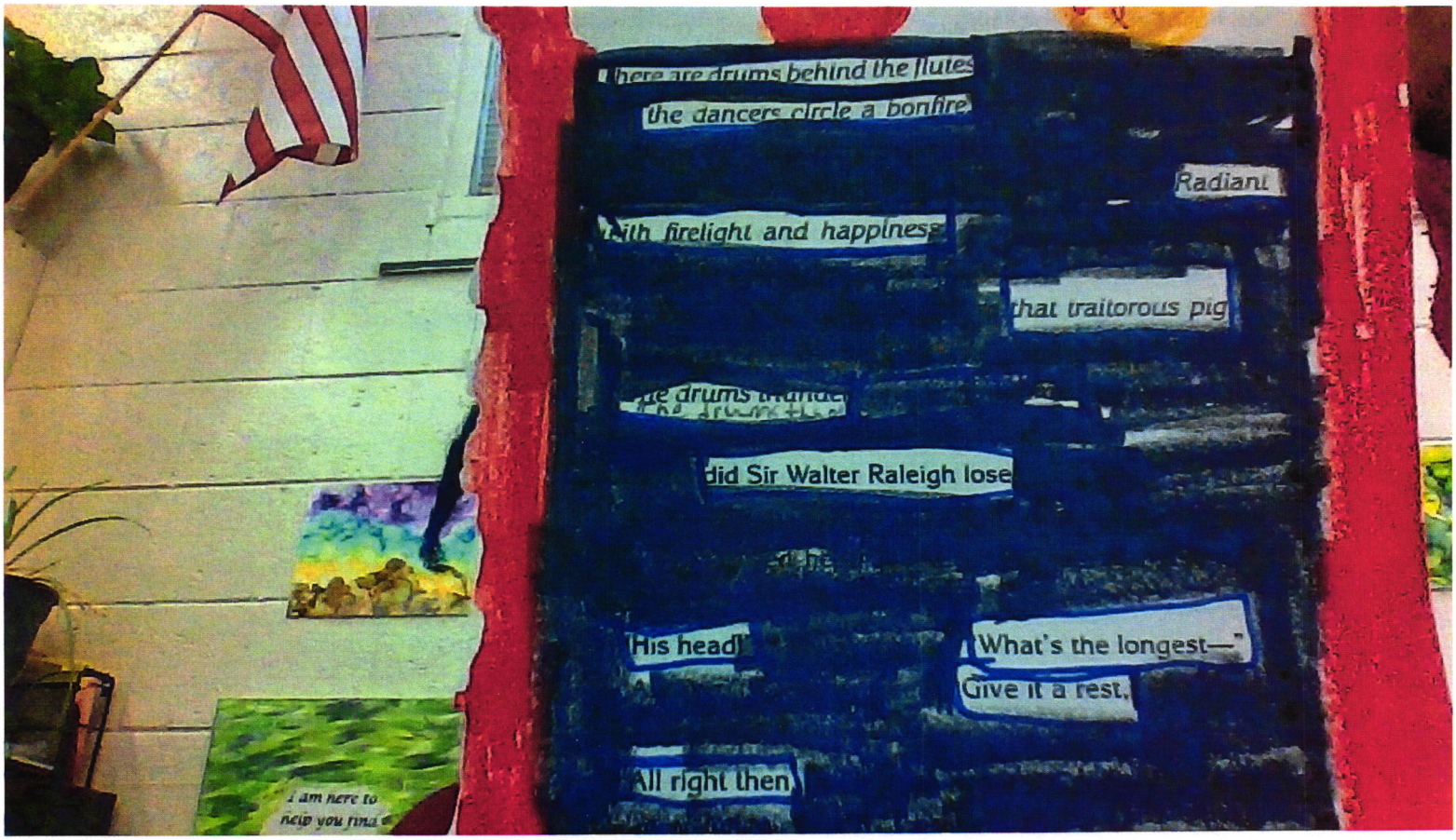
What answer Nels growled was not audible, for he picked up the heavy mallet and struck it against the post. "It's firm enough," he said more clearly. "Now drive the last staple home." The clanging of hammer on iron echoed loud through the night.

When Nels Anderson was finally satisfied, he buttoned up his heavy coat and said gruffly, "Now you two are to bide here and keep watch. You can build a fire if you must; but mind it is a small one and under cover of the bank where no one will see. We have taken so much trouble, that we must make certain now that our work will stand safe."

He strode away along the bank, which was low,

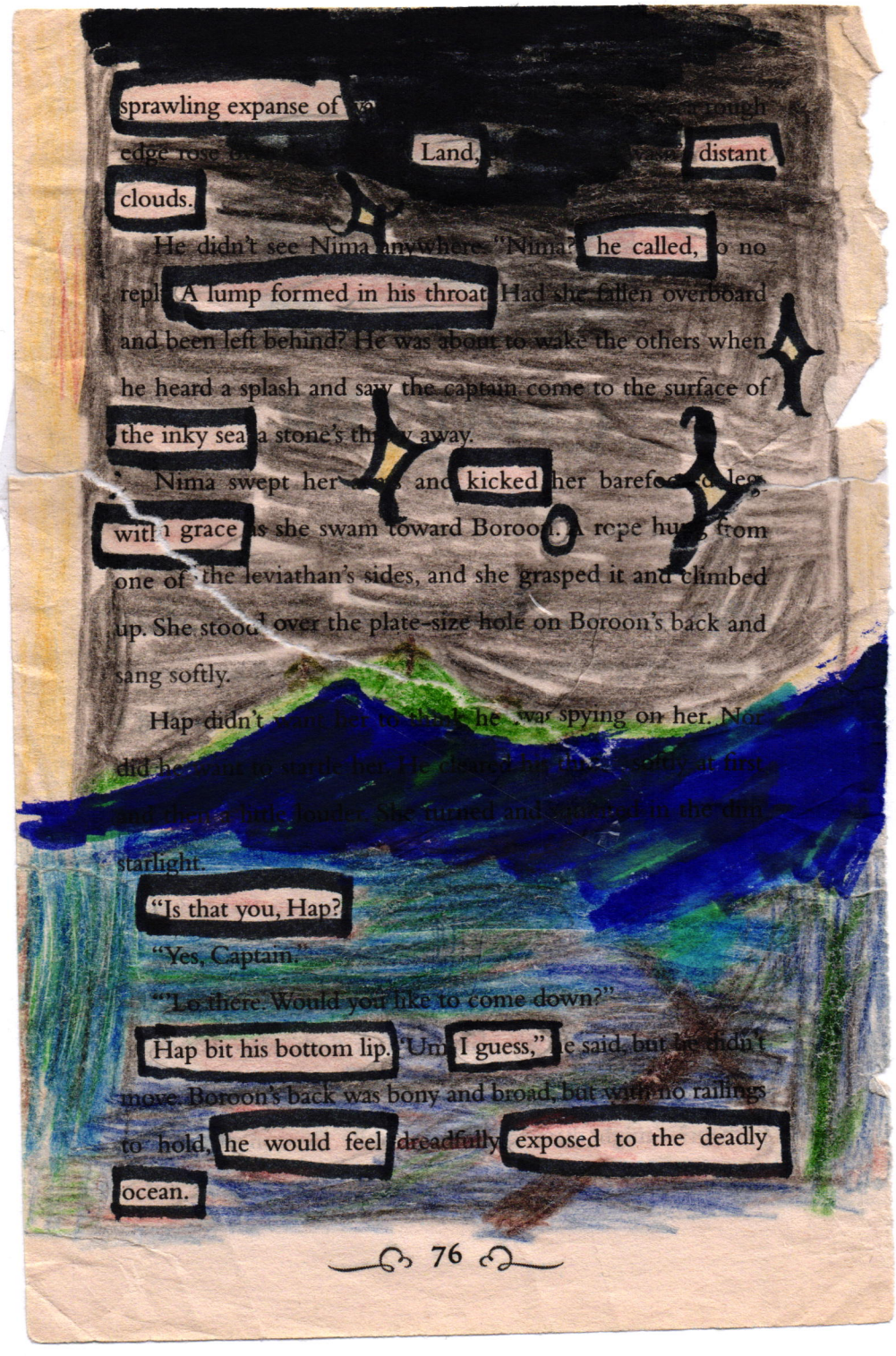

mar 18/2024
Johnathan He[redacted]
Pirode 2
mr. Ater
Un mask danser and
Undrimine casKet PoKKet filled
flask task to unmasK


Changing my students' WORLDS
It started with a teacher who moved to Atascadero, California, to teach social studies to junior high school students. A teacher nobody knew very well, because they couldn't get past his face. Because it was hard to look at his face.
It started with a boy who didn't seem all that remarkable on the outside but who could see past his teacher's face.
It started with an assignment that this teacher had given out a hundred times before with no startling results. But that assignment in the hands of that boy caused a seed to be planted, and after that, nothing in the world would ever be the same. Nor would anybody want it to be.
And I can tell you what it became. In fact, I'll tell you a story that will help you understand how big it grew.
About a week ago my car stalled in a busy intersection, and it wouldn't start again no matter how many times I tried. It was rush hour, and I thought I was in a hurry. I thought I had something important to do, and it couldn't wait. So I was standing in the middle of the intersection looking under the hood, which was a little silly, because I can't fix cars. What did I think I would see?
by Josette Ford



Sophia Jr
6th - 8th

Aliya H
Grade: 7



sprawling expanse of

edge rose

Land,

distant

clouds.

He didn't see Nima anywhere. "Nima?" he called, o no repl A lump formed in his throat. Had she fallen overboard and been left behind? He was about to wake the others when he heard a splash and saw the captain come to the surface of the inky sea a stone's th away.

Nima swept her and kicked her barefo legs with grace as she swam toward Boroon. A rope hu from one of the leviathan's sides, and she grasped it and climbed up. She stood over the plate-size hole on Boroon's back and sang softly.

Hap didn't want her to think he was spying on her. Nor did he want to startle her. He cleared his throat softly at first and then a little louder. She turned and squinted in the dim starlight.

"Is that you, Hap?

"Yes, Captain."

"Come here. Would you like to come down?"

Hap bit his bottom lip. "Um, I guess," he said, but he didn't move. Boroon's back was bony and broad, but with no railings to hold, he would feel dreadfully exposed to the deadly ocean.

Student: Elijah G

Age Group: 6th-8th

Email: _____



"We are on a quest for the Lost Art of Writing," she proclaimed, trying not to sound too impressed with herself. "So far we have learned many things, but we have not yet discovered the secrets of fiction—writing that comes from our hearts and imagination. If we do not succeed in our quest, the Muse Cafe in Paris will be washed away by a flood. The water was rising when we left."

Peeper nodded and scribbled a few more notes to herself. "It's a lucky thing I found you," she said solemnly. "I used to go to the Muse—that's what it used to be called—whenever I was in Paris. I'll do whatever I need to save it."

"You mean you can help us?" gasped Barnaby. He had not thought this redheaded pilot would be much of a writing fan.

"Sure," she said. "Tell you what: why don't you kids climb into the plane? You too, Beauregard. Let's slip these earthly bonds of earth. I think better in the air."

The travelers wasted no time scrambling aboard. Peeper adjusted her goggles and handed each of her passengers a pair. It took some fixing to get the goggles to stay on Beauregard without pulling his fur, but they managed. With the propeller spinning, it was only a few minutes they were soaring noisily toward the

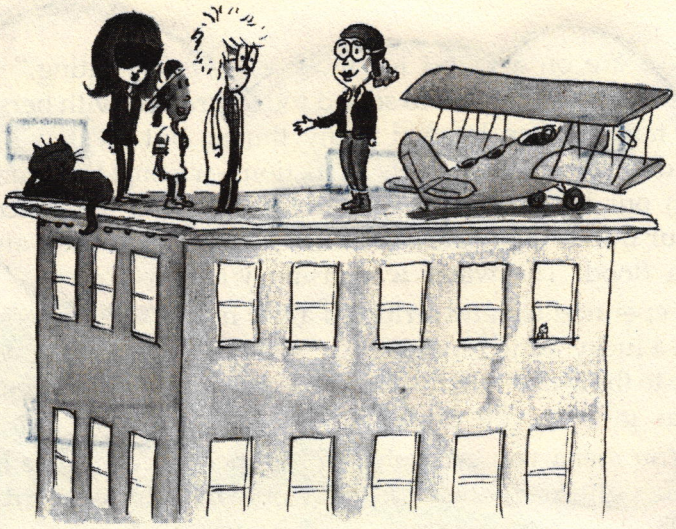
leveled off the airplane and began

my wings?" she asked. "They personal sign. Eyes are for s why they call me Peeper—peepers peeled."

giggled. Babette just blinked, n't know that "peepers" are eyes. t right on talking.

es things and thinks about them," tices not just with her eyes, but with d hands—with everything! Most people gh life not paying any attention to what's them. They don't notice that fresh mowed bitter and comforting at the same time. They at the first drop of rain in a summer shower





"There," she said. "That ought to do it. Thanks, kid."

She tossed the wrench back to Barnaby and wiped her hands on her snug tan pants.

"I'm Athena Airborne," she said, stretching out her hand to shake with Barnaby, "but you can call me Peeper. Most everybody does."

"Pleased to meet you, Peeper. My name's Barnaby, and these are my friends Babette, Bridget, and Beauregard," he replied politely.

Hands and paws were shaken all around. After that, there was an awkward pause in the conversation as Peeper looked them up and down, pulled a little notepad out of her pocket, and scribbled something down.

"So," she started, pen still in hand. "What are you all up to? I mean, what brings you to this roof?"

"We could ask you the same thing, Ms. uh, Peeper," snapped Bridget suspiciously. "Landing planes on a roof isn't what you'd call usual."

A corner of Peeper's mouth curled up into a smile. "No, I suppose not," she said. "But I was having trouble with my propeller. And you . . . ?"

Bridget clamped her mouth shut and folded her arms over her chest. She wasn't too fond of nosy people. Babette, on the other hand, saw no reason not to answer. Actually, she kind of liked explaining their mission to people.

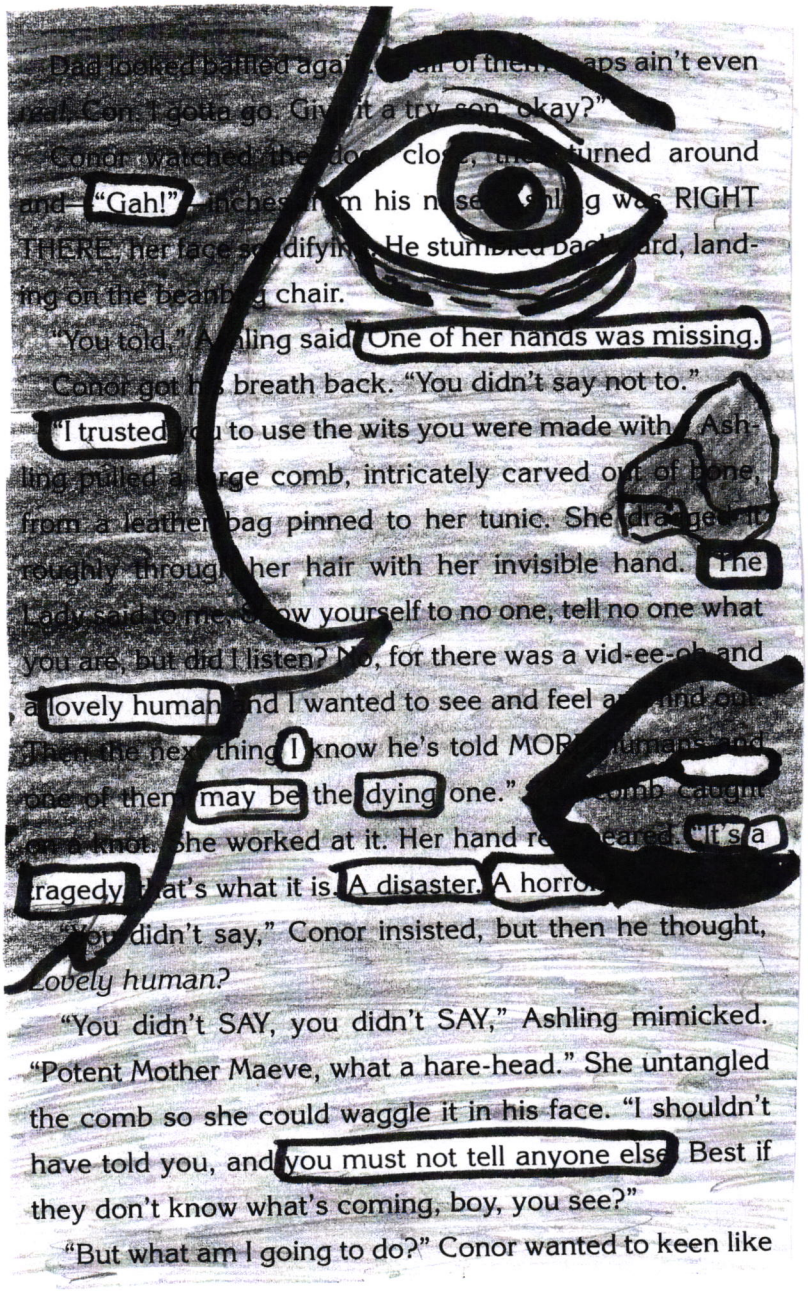
Sunshyne Ne
10th grade
719-



Student: Marle, .

Age Group: 6th-8th

Emai



Dad looked baffled aga ll of them. aps ain't even yeah. Con, I gotta go. Giv it a try, son, okay?"

Conor watched the do close, th turned around and— "Gah!" inches m his n se. ling w RIGHT THERE, her face s difyi He stumbled ba ard, landing on the beanb g chair.

"You told," A ling said. One of her hands was missing.

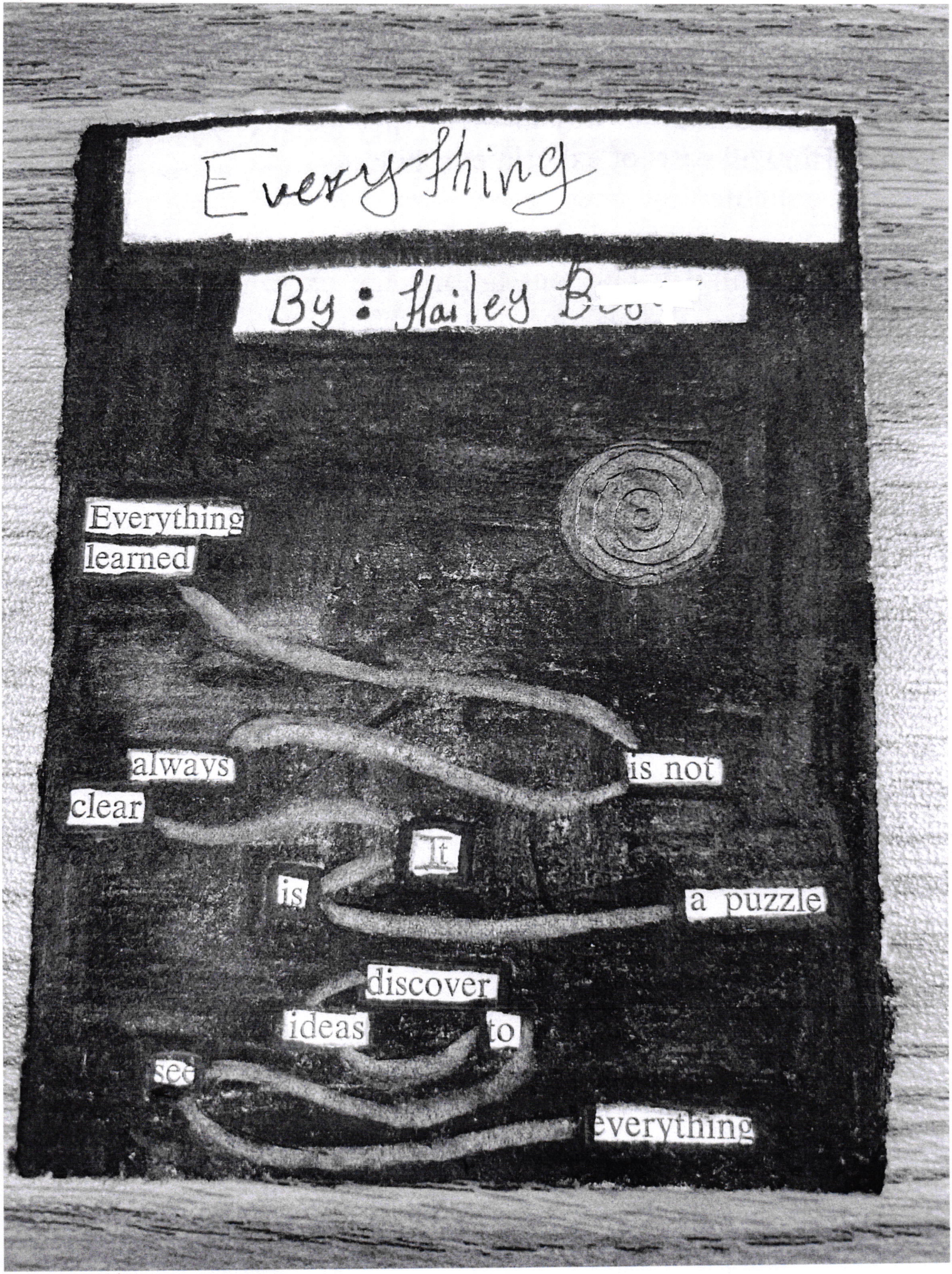
Conor got h breath back. "You didn't say not to."

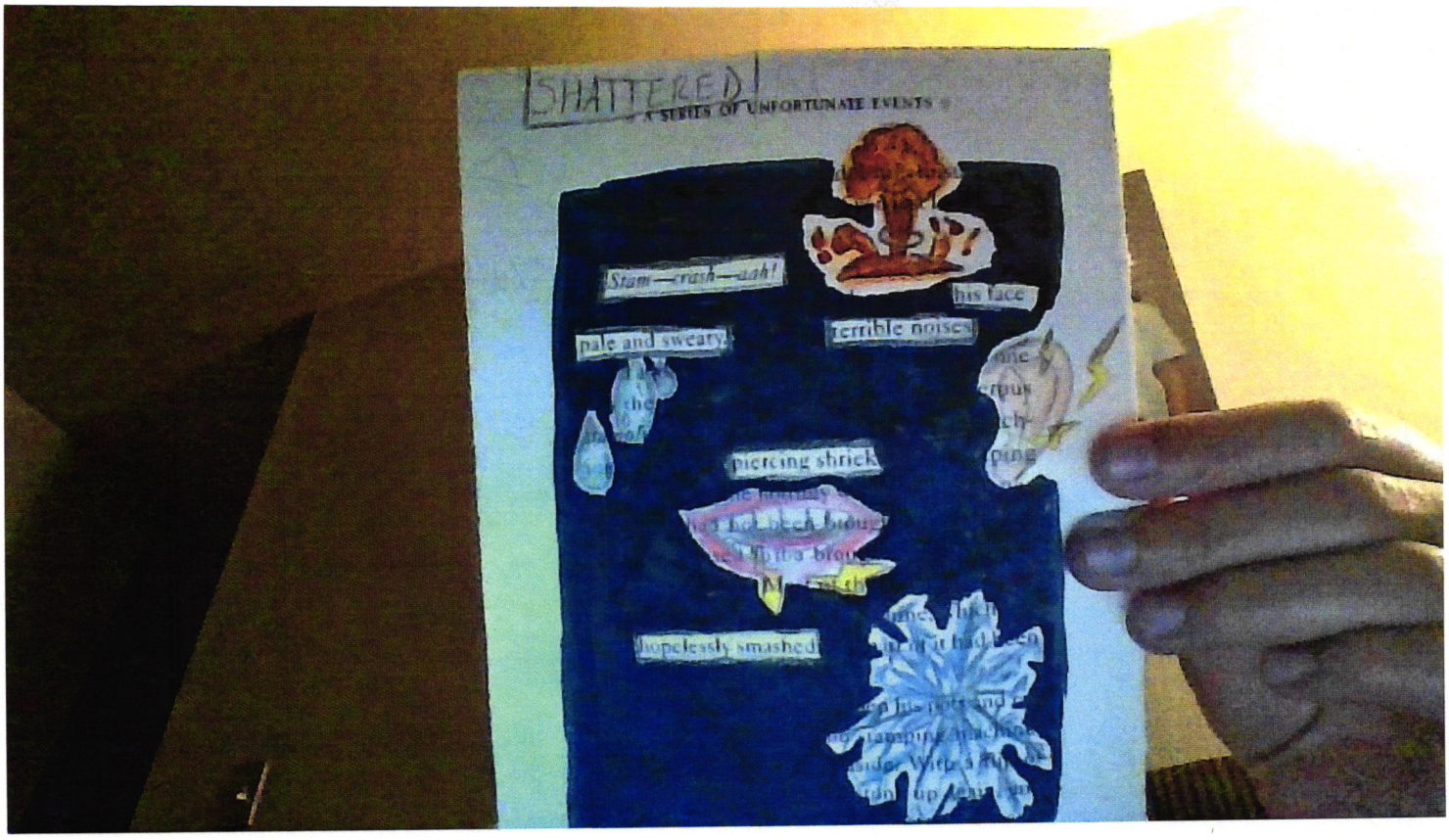
"I trusted u to use the wits you were made with." Ashling pulled a rge comb, intricately carved o of bone, from a leather bag pinned to her tunic. She dra ged it roughly throug her hair with her invisible hand. "The Lady said to me, ow yourself to no one, tell no one what you are, but did I listen? N , for there was a vid-ee-oh and a lovely human and I wanted to see and feel a find out. Then the nex thing I know he's told MOR humans and one of them may be the dying one." comb caught on a knot. She worked at it. Her hand re eared. "It's a tragedy, that's what it is. A disaster. A horro

"You didn't say," Conor insisted, but then he thought, *Lovely human?*

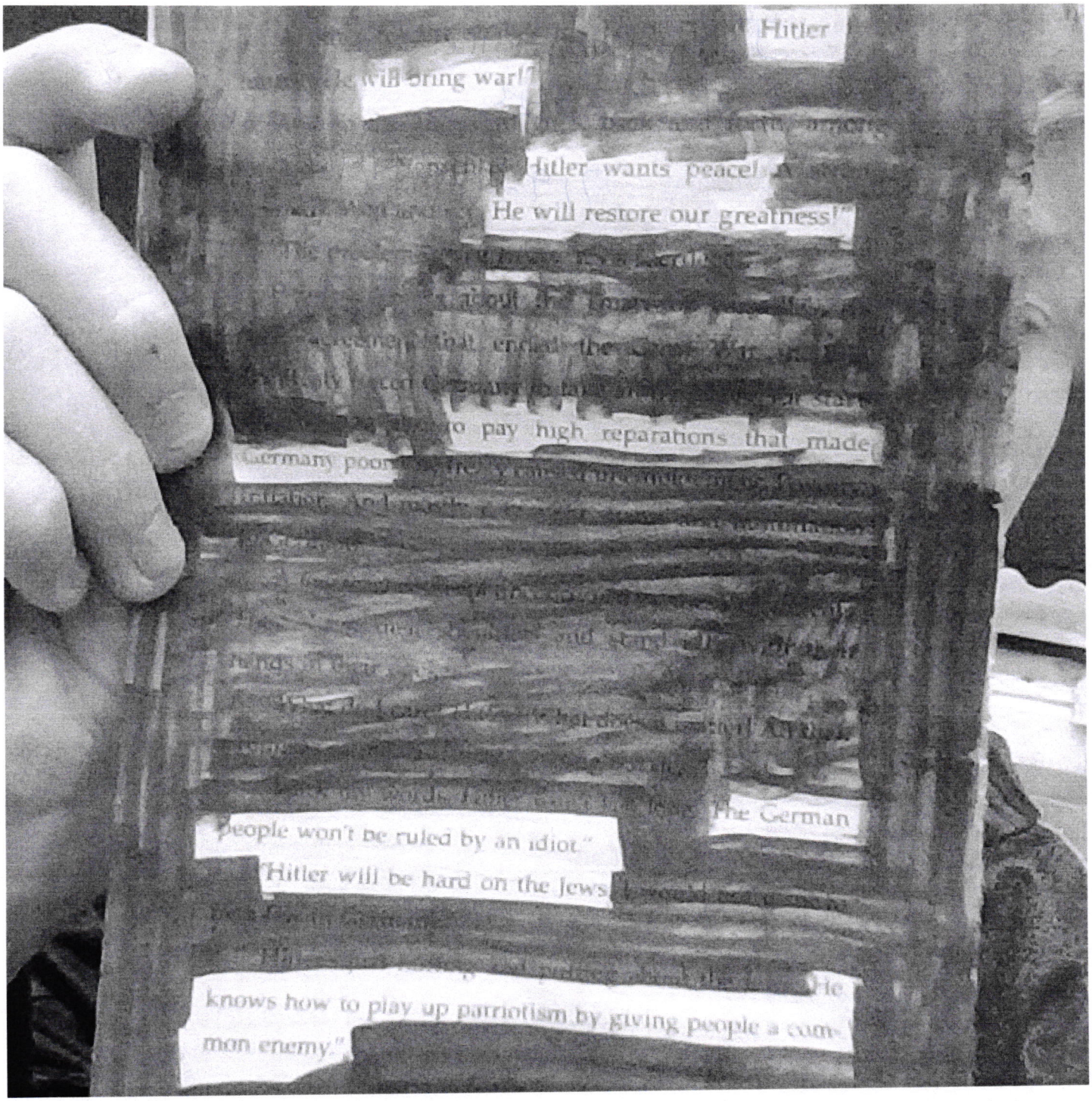
"You didn't SAY, you didn't SAY," Ashling mimicked. "Potent Mother Maeve, what a hare-head." She untangled the comb so she could waggle it in his face. "I shouldn't have told you, and you must not tell anyone else. Best if they don't know what's coming, boy, you see?"

"But what am I going to do?" Conor wanted to keen like


Everything
By : Hailey B
Everything
learned
always
is not
clear
It
is
a puzzle
discover
ideas
to
see
everything


SHATTERED!
A SERIES OF UNFORTUNATE EVENTS
Slam—crash—ah!
his face
pale and sweaty
terrible noises
piercing shriek
hopelessly smashed

Mikaela


Hitler
will bring war!
Hitler wants peace!
He will restore our greatness!"
pay high reparations that made
The German
people won't be ruled by an idiot."
"Hitler will be hard on the Jews
knows how to play up patriotism by giving people a com-
mon enemy."

John

At five o'clock [redacted] without any sleep [redacted] and headed to Willow Crest [redacted] They left the hospital [redacted] but knowing [redacted] Conner managed to grab a duffel bag [redacted]

When they arrived, Conner ran into the airport [redacted] They stood on the curb [redacted] their first sights [redacted] Hero [redacted]

Jack and Goldilocks nodded and looked around [redacted]

Andrew H.

Grade 7