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By Alyssa Chan

ALICORN

CALKINS ROAD MIDDLE SCHOOL CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE

2023-2024

Table of Contents

Gratitude Art & Poetry	4-11
Interviews	12-13
Comic Corner	14-20
Connect the Dots	21
Teacher & Staff Warning Labels	22-23
Days of the Week Personified	24-26
Trivia	27
Crossword Puzzle	30
Word Search	32
Picture Responses	33-34
Coloring Page	35
Six-Word Memoirs	36
8th Grade Portraits	37-38

A Tribute to Gratitude

By Juliet Berno

As uncertainty follows you everywhere you go

As cold wisps surround you wanting you to follow in its horrid footsteps

Just know Gratitude is always right in front of you

Gratitude is the tip of the world for everyone yearning for it to come to them next

Sometimes the simplest act, can make someone step away from the wisps and know who they are and want to become

As you give Gratitude, it will always come back just around the corner It will always stay with you .

Thank you

Thank you

We did it.

We made it.

Thank you,

World

Thank you for all you did

All you made

This school, our home

Thank you.

Thank you.

-Joshua Pelusio

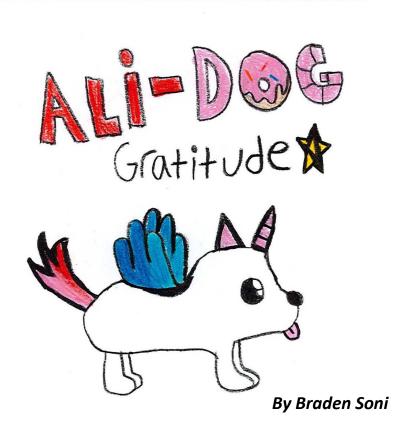
Gratitude

By Amy Lee

Share your gratitude

It is healthy for your mind

Be giving and kind



A Light in the Woods

By James Grace

Gratitude is not a feeling, but a light,

Leading you through the darkness.

Sometimes you don't see that light,

And you get lost in the woods of ungratefulness.

But when that happens,
try harder to see what you failed to see before,
and maybe, just maybe you'll find your way.

Gratitude

By Finley Dinolfo

You are my mother duck.

I am the duckling.

You help me into the right waters

whenever I feel stuck.

For that, I am grateful.

I go on many journeys.

I shoot, I miss, I score,

You are who I come home to,

You praise me when I soar.

In my brain, there is a light.

Whenever that light is out of sight,

You help my little light ignite.

For that, I am grateful.

All these little things,

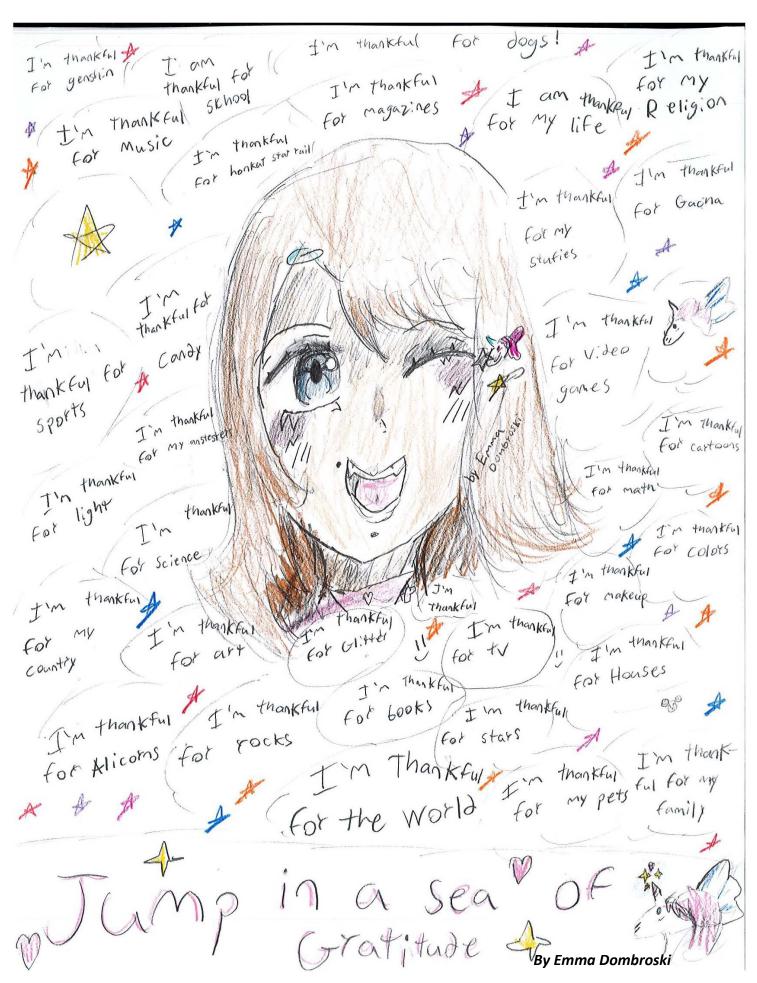
They crash, burn, and pass,

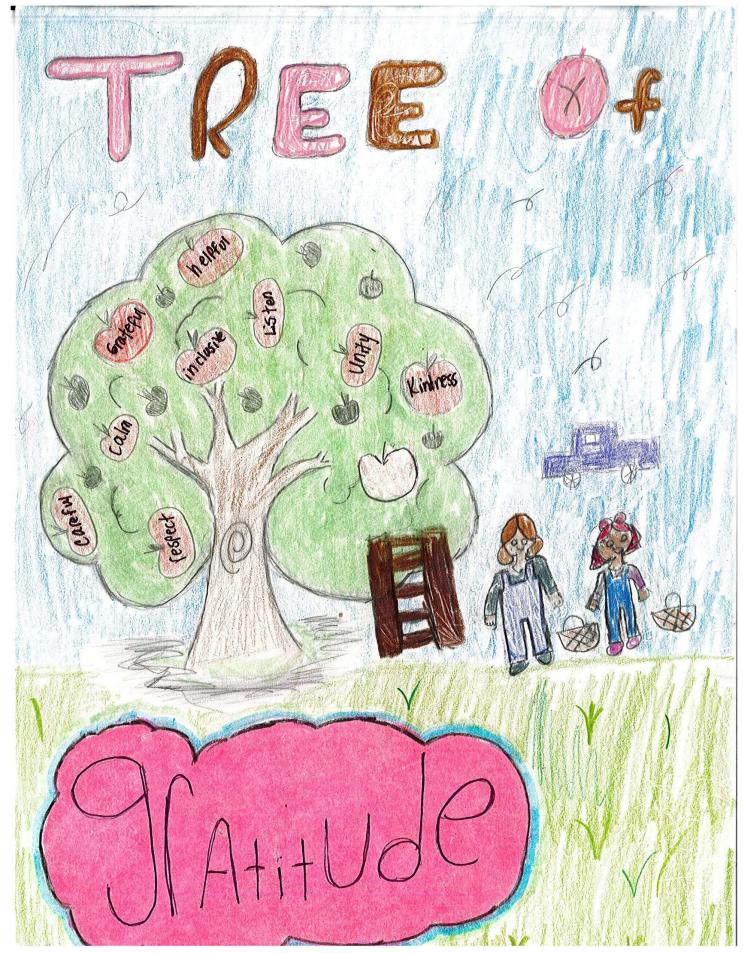
But the feeling of gratitude is like my mother.

It lasts and lasts.



By Louis Van Dyck





By Kailynn Joseph

Gratitude is more than being grateful it helps you see what there is instead of what there isn't.

Gratitude is the sweet shortcut to happiness

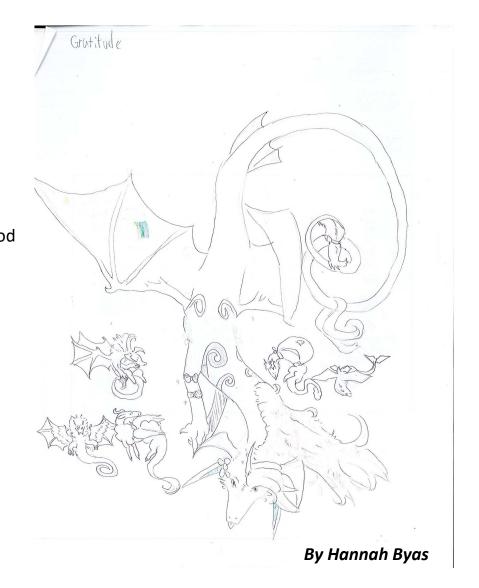
Gratitude is being thankful for what you have not perseverating for what you want

Gratitude is being thankful for everything in your life

By Liam Lipe-Smith

I am grateful
I am grateful for my family
I am grateful for my house
I am grateful for my neighborhood
I am grateful for Pittsford
I am grateful for New York
I am grateful for USA
I am grateful for North America
I am grateful for the Earth
I am grateful for life
I am grateful

By Andwele Blackshear



Gratitude is

Praise to the soul,

A beacon of light illuminating the dark sea in a moonless night

Gratitude is

a wonderful tool to erase doubt,

To save you from the fear of everyday life

Gratitude is

A glorious heart

Full of love and empty of spite



Gratitude belongs to

Everyone

And everyone belongs to gratitude

-By Sasha Huang





By Amaya Acevedo & Anna Rice



Alicorn Magazine Interviews..... CRMS Librarian: Mrs. Baller



Are you curious to learn about our very own CRMS librarian?

What led you to become a librarian?

"I used to be a middle school social studies teacher, and even though I loved social studies I thought becoming a librarian would be a great job for myself. I got my master's degree in library science's."

What is the best part of your day?

"The best part of my day is having conversations with students and helping them find a book they are interested in. My job is never boring, and I get to do many different things!"

What is one of your hobbies or activities you enjoy?

"I love to play tennis! I am also an official for college matches."

Who has been your biggest inspiration?

"My Father never went to college but is the smartest person I have ever known, he made me curious and always wanted to expose me to different things. I remember him saying to me; you're my greatest experiment."

Is there anything else you would you like to tell the students?

"Even if you're not a reader
I challenge you to come to the library, I'm
sure there is something here
you would enjoy; and I would love
to help you find it!"



Alicorn Magazine Interviews.....



CRMS Teacher: Mrs. Humphreys

What led you to become a teacher?:

"When I was in second grade I struggled with reading, My teacher was so helpful in igniting my abilities as a reader, he inspired me and made me think teaching was cool.[I]connect to the book; *Thank You Mr. Falker* by Patricia Palacco

Have you always taught 6th grade?:

"No, I've taught 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, and 11th grade within a 13 year span. I also taught at Mendon center for 13 years."

What is your favorite time of day?:

"The best part of my day is interacting with students; I love being with the students and getting to know them! Also, when I notice that a student picks up something and realizing they are good at something on their own."

What are some of your hobbies?:

"I am an iron man triathlete. I'm training my dog to be a therapy dog. I'm also a search and rescue volunteer for the Adirondack mountains and certified outdoor wilderness first aid responder.

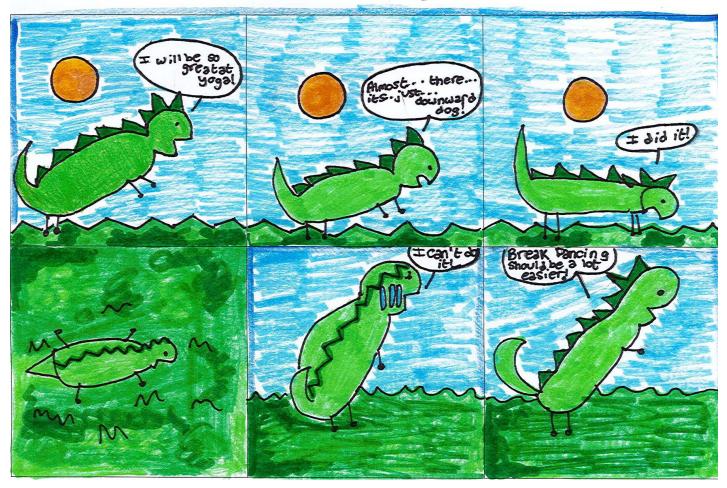
I Love to do anything outdoors!"

Last year of teaching:

"I am retiring at the end of the school year. My final year of teaching for 35 years...

Being a teacher helped me to grow, I learn so much from my students, I am just looking forward to continuing my journey of learning. It's just going to be outside of school. I am so grateful and lucky to have taught; as a teacher every day is different, and I love my job."

T. Rextries Yoga



By Finley Dinolfo & Ayleen Guo

Tiny arms

Really called Tyrannosaurus Rex

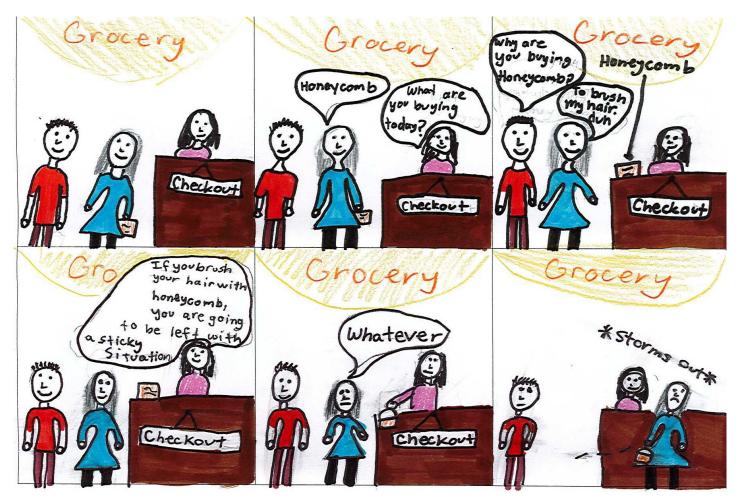
Excellent hunters

X-factor: Is bigger than most dinosaurs

By Madelynn Elliott

Words of Wisdom

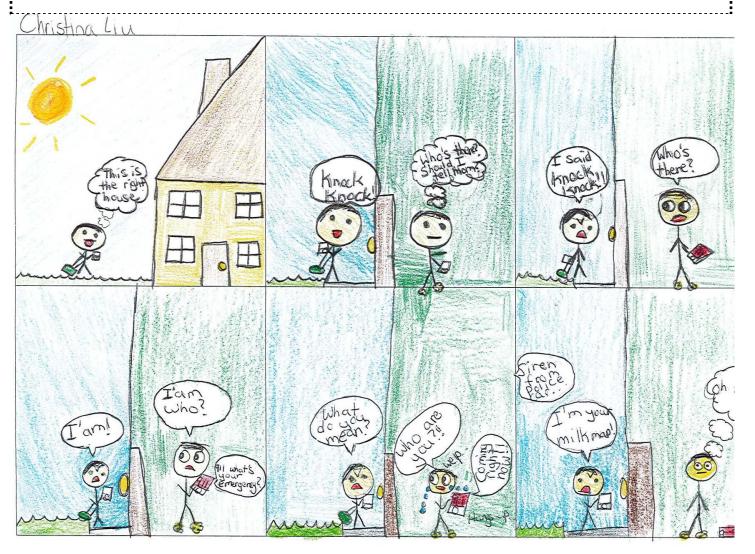
If you are ever sad, just think about a T-Rex trying to make a bed



By Arianna Raman

Interesting Facts by Tessa Borden

According to *Forbes*, Wegmans has over 100 stores along the east coast. It also boasts an impressive spot on the best customer service list at number 14 for grocery stores! People all over the Rochester area and beyond love Wegmans. Syracuse University has even made a partnership with Wegmans for March Madness showing that the grocery store line has a big impact on it's community.



By Christina Liu

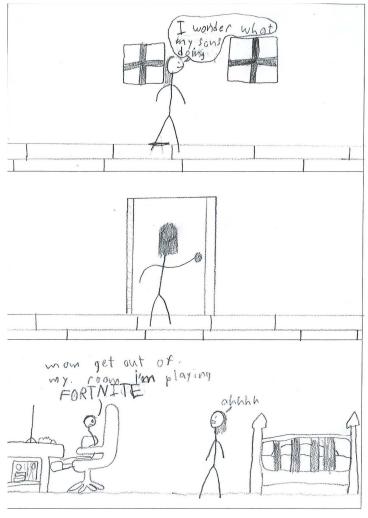
The doorbell rang and I could not breathe!

The slightest noise had startled me

Would it be a stranger not to trust

Or a man standing with a jug of milk for us?

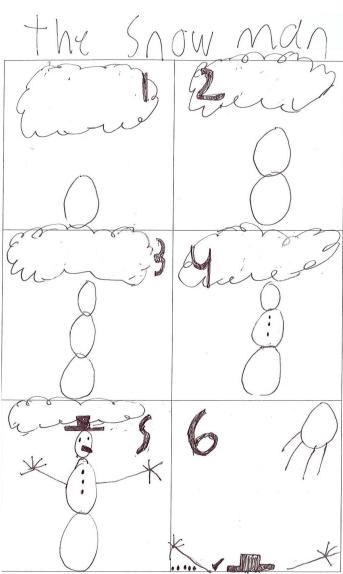
By Teagan Feldman



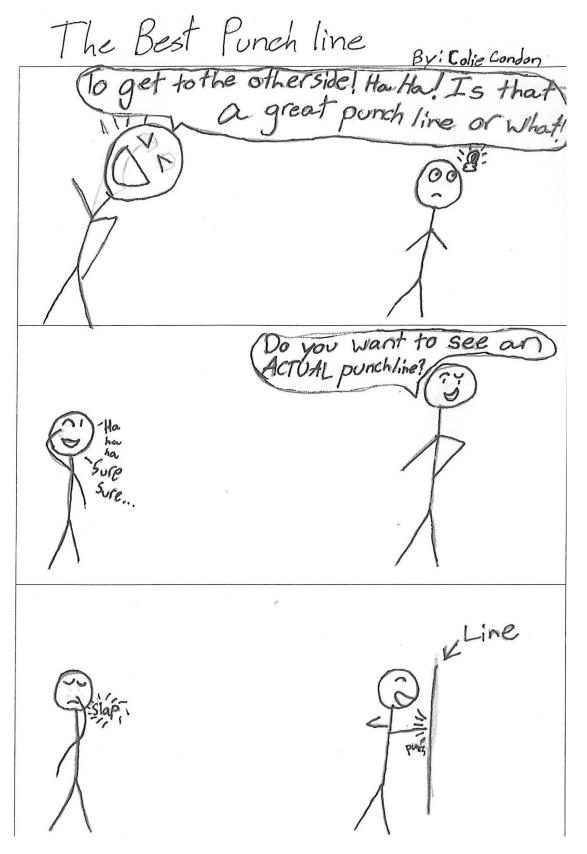
Fortnite by Trip Judson

The jory of writing

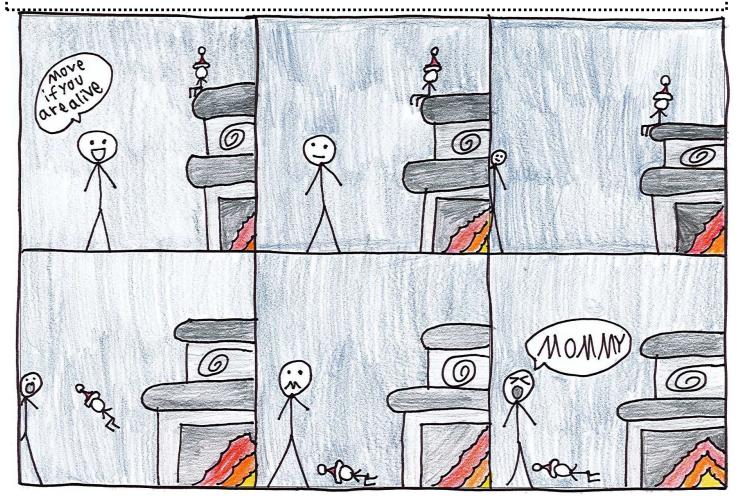
Creativity



The Snowman by Brayden Cristofaro



By Colie Condon



By Anna Rice

A Knock Knock joke by Teagan Feldman

Knock, Knock!

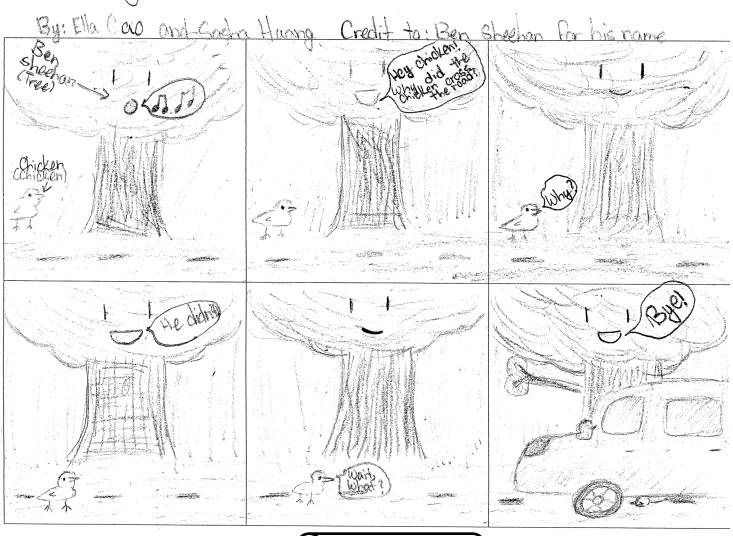
Who's there?

Ice cream.

Ice cream who?

Ice scream when I get scared, don't you?

A Day In The Life of Ben Sheehan: A tree



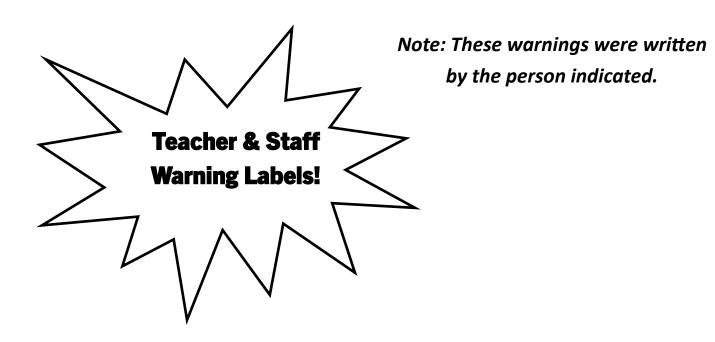
By Ella Cao and Sasha Huang

ALICORN
CONTEST
WINNER!

CONNECT THE

- vicki Preble

Created by Vicki Preble



Mr. Falzoi: Avoid on Monday if Bills lose.

Mrs. Bylund: Warning: introvert. Adverse to small talk.

Welcomes book talk.

Ms. Inzana: Warning: May spontaneously make math problems that involve M&Ms.

Mr, Walker: Caution: May contain broken parts.

Mrs. Fox: Don't poke the bear.

Mrs. Nesbitt: Must insert coffee to engage

Mrs. Baller: Danger: Stand back 10 feet. Stops suddenly for

books!

Sra. O'Connor: Wild when experiencing live music

Warning labels continued...

Mrs. Haefele: Warning! Bookworm. Do not disturb when reading. Gets emotionally invested in the lives of fictional characters and lost in fantasy worlds. May be over caffeinated and won't stop talking about books.

Mrs. Hurlburt-Keeler: Easily distracted by others...and food.

Mrs. Warchol: WARNING: gets overly excited when talking about dogs, art supplies, and travel. If you don't want to be stuck in a long conversation, AVOID these topics.

Mrs. Morchower-Palumbos: Warning, this human tends to act younger than actual age.

Mrs. Althouse: Warning: will argue that the correct color for a social studies folder is blue!

Mrs. Coughlin: Warning: I stop for dogs!

Ms. Wojcik: Warning: Facial expressions do not lie.

Days of the Week

By Maya Mohd Dani

"Beep! Beep!" Monday's alarm clock rang. "Ugh," he said. "I don't want to wake up."

"Well, you've gotta," Tuesday announced. "Mother Sunday made pancakes!"

"I don't like pancakes," Monday whined.

"But today is your day. You need to fuel up. Come on; it's almost 12:00!"

"Fine." Monday slithered out of bed, and he flew up to Weekend Peak, where Mother Sunday and her favorite and youngest child, Saturday, lived. Saturday was still learning her job, for she was only a kid.

"Monday! I 'm so proud of you for getting up today!" Mother Sunday exclaimed.

"Remember when Monday didn't wake up a few weeks ago? Mother Sunday had to do his job, and no one was grumpy like they normally are, because of *Monday*. Mother Sunday told *me* first," Saturday bragged.

"Yes, we remember." The days of the week groaned in sync. They all remembered the day Monday didn't wake up. Saturday brought it up all the time.

"Monday and I must be going now." Mother Sunday gestured. Monday got up and flew across the valleys and oceans, spreading gloom to all. Mother Sunday flew in front of him getting rid of Sunday and making Monday happen. A little girl in France lied in bed. "I don't want to go to school!" she cried out. At the same time a boy from India got out of bed and decided five more minutes was fine. Once Monday circled the whole Earth he came back to Weekend Peak. All of the others days of the week had flown back to their homes. Tuesday and Thursday flew back to the Weekday Valley. Friday went to Friday Fun Land and Wednesday went to Middle Week Resort. Monday makes Mondays gloomy and boring. Tuesday makes Tuesdays exciting and adventurous. Wednesday makes Wednesdays wacky and silly. Thursday makes Thursdays relaxing and chill. Friday makes Fridays full of fun. Saturday makes your Saturdays feel better than everyone else's. And Sunday makes Sundays the way they are. So, say thanks to the days of the weeks for such fun personalities.

Monday is busy. She's always in a rush, always with coffee in hand.

Tuesday is tired, curled in a ball of sleepiness which he can't brush away.

Wednesday is bursting with hope, poetry dances across her calendar square.

Thursday is strong, he is full of good spirits and perseverance.

Friday is free! She laughs at life and floats with happiness.

Saturday is quiet. Calm cocoons around her, simple joy fills her to the brim.

Sunday is adventurous. Dreams of the week circle his horizon, life begins anew.

Life goes on again.

By Tessa Borden

Monday Personified

"Mondays are mundane, like Tuesdays minus 24 hours." – Jared Kintz

Hey! I'm Monday. Never heard of me? Go grab your calendar. I'm pretty famous in the calendar. I appear fifty-two times! Whoever said that Mondays are bad, they should talk to Wednesday. Wednesdays are not that nice. But you didn't hear that from me. Anyways, I'm trying to be the best day of the week. Everyone dislikes the way I am the beginning of the work week. Along with that, Garfield doesn't help my image. If people would meet the other days of the week. They would see that I'm the bet day. Tuesday is nice, but he's a little annoying. I already told you about Wednesday. Thursday is always haggling other days. Friday is very cocky and Saturday and Sunday are quite lazy. I may not be popular, but that can change. Recommend me to your friends!

By Errol Stevenson

Miserable Monday

By Logshana Pratheepan

"Can I please go back to sleep now?" I asked Saturday, not letting go of my pillow. "

"Come on Monday. Let's have some fun!" Saturday was pulling me by my blanket that was wrapped to me. Saturday brought me to the living room. I was in my comfiest black and white PJS and my hair was all messy, even sticking up.

"We need to stay up past midnight!" Saturday and Friday exclaimed. They were watching a horror movie. Meanwhile, Sunday was in their own world listening to music and having nothing to do. I went over to Sunday's room for some advice. Saturday and Friday are too hyper for me.

"Why does everyone hate me?" I asked Sunday.

"Well, I am not everyone's favorite either because you are after me," Sunday said sighing.

"Wow THANKS, that helped a lot," I said with a fake smile. Soon after I was very tired and went back to bed, as usual.

Saturday Personified

Beach Freak By Emma Castleberry & Hannah Meyers

Hi, I spend all my days at the beach.

If you're not tan, don't talk to me.

Coconut water is the best water.

I love the ocean's blue water.

I love the breeze that cools me off.

I love the sun.

I love to tan.

I love summer.

Who am I?

I am Saturday.

Also known as your favorite day.

See you next week at the beach!

Woo! I'm pumped up! I'm doing so many fun things! In the morning, I'm going to my brother's soccer game. I don't want to go but my mom is forcing me. Then, right after that, I have my volleyball tournament, and a softball tournament. That all leads up to 3:00, when I finally get to go home and relax. But I only get to relax for 30 minutes until I go to my friend's birthday party at Altitude! All my friends are going to be there. After that, I'm having a sleepover with one of my other friends at my house.

If you could not tell...Hi! I'm Saturday!

By Alexa Moran

Saturday is worry-free. Saturday sleeps in. Saturday watches tv for hours. Saturday is chill and calm with a carefree disposition. Saturday knows that it has another day of weekend. Saturday is lazy. Saturday is a couch potato and knows that it has Sunday to lean on. No homework, no work, no nothing. And do you know the best part? In 7 days, Saturday comes back.

By Andwele Blackshear

Trivia Time

- 1. Who wrote *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*?
- A. J.K Rowling
- B. Douglas Adams C. Elisabeth Wheatley
- D. C.S. Lewis

- 2. Which book was by Malala Yousafzi?
- A. We Are Displaced
- B. The Light We Carry
- C. Daughter
- D. An Intimate War

Compiled by Tessa

Borden

- 3. Which book did Dr. Seuss not write?
- A. The Lorax
- B. Cinderella
- C. Horton Hears a Who









Racism: An Editorial

By Sasha Huang

Racism is real and unacceptable. I mean, think about it! Racism is judging people by the color of their skin or where they are from. It's ridiculous and dumb. It's decades after slavery and still some people are too thickheaded to realize that we are all human beings that live on the same planet, drink the same water, and play under the same sun.

I heard that there was a new Tik Tok video going around and since I don't have Tik Tok, my mom looked it up for me because I mentioned that a couple of people were singing a clip of a song when my Latin teacher was telling us about slavery in ancient Greece. That and another thing I heard were enough to raise my suspicions, and they were confirmed. That video was the worst thing I have ever heard or seen. It took a perfectly good song and turned it into a racist slur. I don't understand how people can be so cruel and cold hearted to hate others different from them.

Racism isn't a game or something to say to your friends so they will laugh. It is a real and true thing. We should be focused on saving the planet, not despising each other for something that can't be helped. Humans are all unique and special, but it is our instinct to lash out at the one who is different from the pack. However, we must override that instinct so that we can unite and create a world without hate and prejudice. A world where there is no war, where laughter echoes until the end of time. The world that we **will** create.



By Aaron Gordon

Archie Smith Boy Wonder

By Teagan Feldman

Lying in his bed Archie is rushed awake by gusting winds. His open window allowing a symphony of sounds to enter his bedroom over the darkness on the horizon.

Outside of his window a soft voice speaking is almost hidden by the loud sounds of nature. Archie thought he was hallucinating when he heard a voice. The soft and subtle voice spoke again, Archie heard,

"Is he the one?!"

Archie emerged from the safety and comfort of his bed and walked slowly to the open window. He reached his head out to see if he could hear anything. He looked around; feeling doubtful he realized that he must have been having a dream that he had woken up from.

Quickly after his realization, Archie was forcefully pushed back into his bed, and away from the window. The wind knocked out of him; he gasps desperately for air; as he is trying to understand what just happened.

A shadow of bright light moves into his room. Archie couldn't help but believe the shadow was the voice he had heard and the force that pushed him. Scared, he trembled; as the shadow grew larger to an intimidating size.

"We need your help." It spoke.

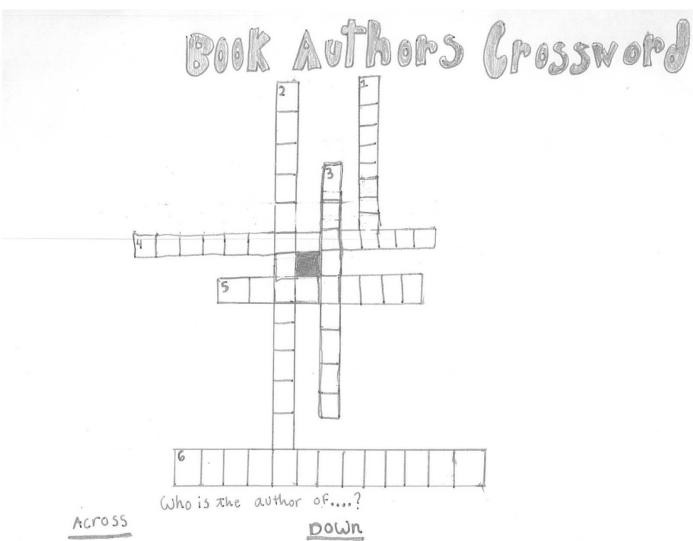
Archie stuttered, "With..with..what?"

They replied,

"That information can't be disclosed yet; however, you will soon see on your own."

Archie pinched himself as hard as he could; he was faced with the truth that this was not a dream. Through the darkness of his bedroom, he reached out his hand, offering it to the tall dark figure, the figure of which he knew nothing about, as well as a mysterious place he knew nothing about. The shadow figure quickly led young Archie out of his room and through the window.

No one knows where they went from there, the last anyone saw of Archie, was him sound asleep in his bed.



4. Catching fire

5. The giver

6. Out of my mind

1. Willy wonka and the chocolate factory

2. Twilight

3. Harry Potter

WORD BANK (authors)

Lois LOWRY

Sharon M. Draper Roald Dahl

Stephenie Meyer J.K. Rowling

Suzanne collins

THE WITCH'S CAT

By Vicki Preble

Coco, a witch's right-hand cat, was fast asleep. She had a spell put on her so she could talk. Coco quietly sat in a windowsill, sun pouring down on her.

Sarah, the witch that owned Coco, rushed into the room. They lived in a spindly tower with 5 floors. Sarah balanced 6 books above her head, the books relentlessly trying to fall down. Sarah slid across the floor slowly, then she made a yelp as all the books started to fall. Sarah was standing right in front of a bookshelf and when she made a sudden stop, the books all fell. There was a thud as loud as thunder as the books landed on the ground.

Coco jumped up, startled, and quickly turned away from the window and looked to where the noise came from. She saw Sarah, right in front of a bookshelf, with books all over the floor and Coco quickly put what happened together.

"Ah! I'm sorry! I didn't want to wake you up," Sarah said quickly, panicking

"Well, you did, so how about you just stop apologizing?" Coco snapped back

"I'll leave then. You know I should really clea--"

"Shut it. You probably will clean it later, knowing you. You woke me up from my nap anyways so just leave so you don't wake me again."

"I'll clean it quickly, I promise! You know I don't like messes."

"I don't care if you don't like messes. I just want to sleep," Coco snapped back.

"I'm sorry! I'm so, so sor--"

"Stop with the 'sorry' and leave. You've only done one good thing here anyways and that's letting me talk."

"Wait, what?! I'VE only done one good thing? You know that you've done nothing, right? Or are you so arrogant that you think you've done so much?" Sarah said, quickly getting angrier.

"I didn't mean that. I was just angry, I'm sorr-"

"Oh, you're sorry? So, you can say sorry, and I can't? Wow, such a role model, aren't you?"

"Look I didn't mean any of what I said!" Coco pleaded.

Sarah glared at him but still started to pick up the trouble-making books. Almost as soon as she started, she was done and was gliding away. Coco had moved back to the windowsill, and they went back to business, forgetting about the whole argument.

CRMS Word Search:)

8	Е	2	7	G	0	L	D	S	7	F	С	D	3	S	L
6	S	0	L	Α	R	Е	С	L	1	Р	S	Е	Е	4	F
Т	Е	Α	М	W	0	R	К	L	L	4	5	3	Ĺ	0	R
Е	Х	Н	V	L	7	Е	w	1	2	7	2	Α	8	2	1
R	Υ	L	L	Α	R	Р	Е	Р	Χ	G	Α	0	R	Н	Е
Е	С	V	S	F	R	N	L	6	Р	0	R	N	2	Р	N
S	W	4	L	Р	5	С	R	М	S	М	S	D	Υ	N	D
I	1	S	W	D	1	Е	М	1	Ν	D	F	U	L	М	S
L	L	Х	Υ	8	W	R	А	Р	5	6	9	K	S	S	н
1	L	Ν	٧	Q	S	М	ı	D	K	Ν	1	G	T	T	I
Е	Υ	5	Α	6	2	0	2	Т	2	0	3	5	8	Α	Р
N	W	Т	N	0	М	5	С	R	Е	Α	T	I	>	Е	R
Т	0	К	Q	2	3	J	7	5	1	D	Е	7	1	ı	8
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Word Bank

CRMS NAVY **SPIRITED** SOLAR ECLIPSE **CREATIVE JARWARS** WILLY WONKA **TEAMWORK FRIENDSHIP MIDKNIGHT** CHICKENBOWL 2024 GOLD MINDFUL **PEPRALLY RESILIENT**

Created by Madelynn Elliott

Picture Response



Image from pleatedjeans.com

One day Wendy was doing her normal job at McDonalds. As she was watching the rick roll a man rode up on a horse. The horse was Duckface von Squelch the 100000000002345678900000000^{th,} and when Wendy saw him, she called the manager. The man, Jerry van Smacker, was told that horses were not allowed, and that he had to leave.

"Okay," said the man, "I'll leave."

He jumped off his horse and left, leaving the horse behind. The manager never said to get rid of the horse. He only said for the man to leave.

P.S. The manager was Chungus Mungus.

By Kepler Piper

I've had a strange day. Yes, I know that a lot of people do. But this is different.

My day started normally; I headed off to work at McDonalds, but I wasn't in a great mood for two reasons. One, I had just received my monthly pay, and it was not good. Two, because of this money issue, I couldn't afford to buy my morning coffee. That said, I couldn't afford to buy a car or ride a bus. And my bike's chain broke yesterday on my way home. So, I was getting there on foot. It was a brisk morning, so I had to wear my thick coat. I also wasn't happy about that because there wasn't a whole lot of room in the locker at work. I started off, locked the door that also belongs to four of my college friends (yes, I as a 21-year-old woman, am so broke I can't afford to live on my own), walked down the apartment hallway, down like 50,000 flights of stairs, through the lobby, and out the door.

I grumpily walked in, headed to the back and put my stuff in my locker. I looked up at the order board, and jeez Louise there were already 20 orders! And it was only 9:30! Hurriedly I put my apron on and started on the first order. There were already other people working their shifts. Linsy, a fourteen-year-old that was obsessed with makeup and all trending things. Dina, a 23-year-old gymnast. I was surprised she was here since training took up most of her time. Fiona, my 17-year-old best friend. She has stunning sky-blue eyes, straight brunette hair, and just a slight British accent.

Continued on next page

"Sup bestie?" I asked and gave her a high five.

She shrugged. "Nothing much. You?"

"Just got my paycheck." I said, and, without making them, my shoulders slumped a little. She understood immediately.

"It's ok, it will get better. You just need a bit more experience. Sometime we can get together and I can show you a few tips and tricks."

I gave her a big hug. "Have I ever told you what a good friend you are?" She tried to respond, but I think I might have squeezed her a bit too tight. I released her and headed off to work. I was on drive thru duty. First order, one normal burger with milk and apple slices. Not too hard. I grabbed a burger from the freezer, turned on the stove, put it in a pan, and let it cook. I probably could have gotten the rest of the order together while I waited for it to cook, but the last time someone tried that, everyone was outside in the cold for 45 minutes while the fire department hosed down the kitchen.

It finished cooking, so I put it on a bun, added some cheese and tomato, and put it in the box along with the milk and apples. I looked up at the order board to double check that I got everything right, like a good employee should.

I walked up to the delivery window for the drive thru and said the usual greeting/goodbye. "Thank you and have a good day!" I said with as much enthusiasm as I could muster in my half-asleep state. I grabbed the meal and stuck it out the window, already turning away to read the next order, but then the customer spoke up.

"Um, Ma'am? I don't want to be rude, but can I have my meal?" I turned around, confused. I put it out the window like I do with every other customer. Why couldn't this one get it? And then I saw it. A massive, and I mean massive, 6-foot horse was outside the window. Its coat was chocolate brown, and its mane and tail were a deep brown. And it was starting to eat the box that I was holding!

"Sir," I said to the man on top of the horse. "This is a drive thru, as in car drive thru." He didn't look pleased with that.

"Well, some people actually like our environment, and don't want to come in the store either, so I used my resources." He said and stroked the horse's mane. I was going to try to convince this man to get his horse out of there but then I heard a weird noise behind me. Music?

"Never Gunna Give You Up, Never Gunna Let You Down, Never Gunna Turn Around and Desert You!" blasted from the order screen. I looked up and there was Rick Astley singing *Never Gunns Give You Up.* I just stared. But as he was heading into the second round of the chorus, I heard giggling behind me. I turned around, and as expected, there was Fiona trying to stifle her laugh.

I gave her a look that said, "Seriously? What is this about?" I had one question for her. "What's today's date?" It took her a second to calm her laughter so she could respond.

She exploded. "April 1st!"





Six Word Memoirs

Humans have single-handedly destroyed the Earth! - Madelynn Elliott

Like in driving, take the opportunity –Victoria Yao

Living is following your inner music.—Finley Dinolfo

Only you can change your life.—Maisy Bates

I am choosing to be happy.—Teagan Feldman

Like a star, I shine bright.—Teagan Feldman

Scars of strength, not of weakness.—Teagan Feldman

Alicorn Contest

Winner

Books

By Andwele Blackshear

They are pretty much begging you to look

They will never let you off the hook

When you open them, they are full of wonder

It could be a scary book full of lightning and thunder

It could be a science book

Full of science gobbledygook

But you never know unless you take a look.

8th Grade Portraits



By Ellie Prasad



By Lydia Plattos



By Elliott Cunniffee



By Millie George

8th Grade Portraits



By Manith Singidi



By Sterlyn Joseph



By Sive Lalor



By Natalie Leitgeb



Thank you to all who submitted to The Alicorn this year!



Back cover art created by Victoria Preble

