

TIGER TALES



Lebanon Middle School's
Art & Literature Review 2017-2018

People Are Naturally Good

Analytical Essay by Abi McKibben

During January 30, 1933 – May 8, 1945, Europe experienced the Holocaust. It was a time where Jewish people were not allowed to exist in Europe. While the Holocaust was going on, a girl named Anne Frank kept record of her life in a diary, The Diary of Anne Frank. The Diary of Anne Frank is about two families, the Franks and Van Daans, who had to live together in hiding to survive. Each family had kids. The Franks had two daughters, Margot and Anne; and the Van Daans had a son, Peter. Anne and Peter had two different beliefs about people in the world. Anne believed that people are naturally good, and Peter believed that people are naturally bad. I agree with Anne that people are naturally good.

In The Diary of Anne Frank, it states multiple times that Anne believed people were good at heart. Anne herself was a wonderful person. Although at times she annoyed the other family members in the house, Anne was still a marvelous person at heart. Even though the families were in hiding, Anne still got everyone a present for Hanukah. She tried to make it as much like a normal Hanukah as she could. After an unexpected house guest came along, Anne shared her already tiny room with him. Although the living situation wasn't as pleasant as they were used to, Anne tried to make it as much like home as possible by playing games and singing. This proves that people are naturally good.

There are so many valuable things that happen in the world, but the news, society, and people only focus on the poor choices that are made. The marvelous things get undermined and forgotten about. I have seen some things that people have done for others, and it leaves me in awe. My dad is one of those people. One day we were driving around Lebanon, and we saw this dog in the middle of the street. I noticed it, and then looked around for its owner. There was this lady that was laying on the sidewalk. I yelled at my dad to turn around, and he did. Once we got back to the scene, we found the lady and helped her get back up. She had been hurt, so we took her and her dog back to her house. My dad did not know her, but he saw someone in need and helped out.

Another example happened when I was five. I was pushing my grandma in her wheelchair down the road. We hit a bump, and the wheelchair tipped over. She lived near a McDonalds, so luckily there were people that saw the accident and came running over. To this day, I still remember those people's faces and how nice they were. They didn't have to help us, but they saw that someone needed help, and they took charge. With this evidence, it proves that people are naturally good.

In The Diary of Anne Frank, Peter only saw the worst in people. Although there is a lot of admirable in the world, I also understand that people make lousy decisions. However, I do not think that they were made that way. It was experiences in their life,

influences, that made them do dreadful things. We think that people are bad because that's all that people talk about. Many people are talking about the school shooting in Florida that happened on February 14th, and it was horrible what happened to some unquestionably honorable people: seventeen victims, two teachers and fifteen students. Even knowing this, I still believe that although people do bad things, they are naturally good.

I think that people can do dreadful things, but not be bad themselves. Yes, there are awful people in this world, but there is so much excellence that needs to be seen. Within every sad, soul-crushing thing that happens, there are always marvelous actions that go unnoticed. For example, I've seen videos about the people, the students and teachers, that put their own life above others. Aaron Feis, an assistant football coach, used his body as a shield to protect students from bullets. In light of the horrible decision that a young man decided to make, it has brought many people do some extraordinary things. Kids are starting to stand up for their civil rights in school, the right to be safe. Parents are fighting for the safety of their children and so much more. I still believe that people are good, but excellent people can do bad things and still be exceptional. For example when someone in line doesn't have enough money for food. Day after day, I see the lunch ladies use their own money to pay for kids' food. Clearly, all of this proves that people are naturally good.

In The Diary of Anne Frank, Anne was an extraordinary person herself, and she saw the good in people no matter the circumstances. I have seen people, my dad, my mom, my grandma, complete strangers, and my classmates do wonderful things. Although there are people like Peter who only see the bad, I believe that is because the world we live in only focuses on the horrible decisions that humans make. There is enough good in this world that if we focus on the good, everyone would be able to see it. Clearly, Anne's quote about 'people being naturally good' is true.

Beach Days

Seasonal Poem by Summer Richardson

There is a sea of sand,
And the ocean view is grand.
"Splash" kids jump into the water
as the weather gets hotter.
Swimming in the sea
Soothes my stinging sunburn.
As curfews come, to home kids return.
The bird's tweets are like songs,
And the butterflies flutter along.
The sun's warmth spreads like a grin,
And school is soon to start again.



Charcoal Still Life by Rachel Crostreet

Fire on a Rainy Season

Seasonal Poem by Alexander Barnard

Crackle, pop goes the fire on a crisp damp spring night
when most are asleep, the campfire goes on.
When the sun goes down on this
long camping trip,
the fire
wakes up, and it goes crackle, pop; it feels like the fire
is as hot as the sun, but some would say
that the fire is the sun.
Yet even when
the fire
comes to an end, the fire flickers fiercely, but the
fire still danced all over the wood burning
holes all around, and
heat all about the
fire comes to
an end.



Oil Pastel by Alric Martin



Op Art by Camilla Acevedo

Spring Life

Seasonal Poem by Chloe Wilson

I love the sunshine on my face
That's why spring is my favorite time and place
Buzz, Buzz
The bees fly by so loudly
I'm trying not to cry, so badly
As the spring grass waves all day
Going right, left, this, and that way
Rain is like a shower given from the sky
As the birds fly so, so high
The birds are a school choir singing beautifully
Singing all day, it is so lovely
Flowers bloom beautifully
Bringing buzzing bees behind me

Basketball

Figurative Language Poem by Maddy Stone

I go to the court
With my head held high
I feel like I'm
As tall as the sky

Nope, No way
You should have known
I was kidding
I nervously stare
At the net I will be missing

The coach makes a big mistake
Puts me in the game
So if we lose
It's not me who is to blame

It's the person on my team
Who throws the ball to me
My team wants me to score
But I'm so nervous, I can't see

I suddenly get a spark of confidence
I feel like I might have some luck
I dribble and I jump up
And aim for a slam dunk

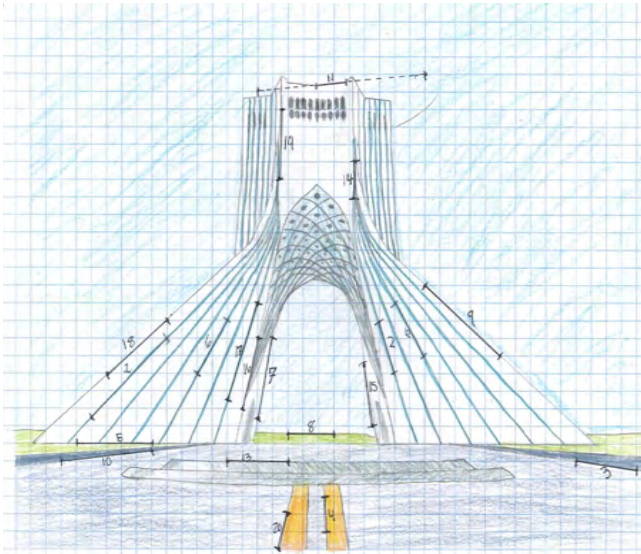
The ball bounces back
Hits me in the face
And that is why
I'm in the hospital room with
Flowers brought to me in a vase!



Owl Block Print by Cassie Proffitt



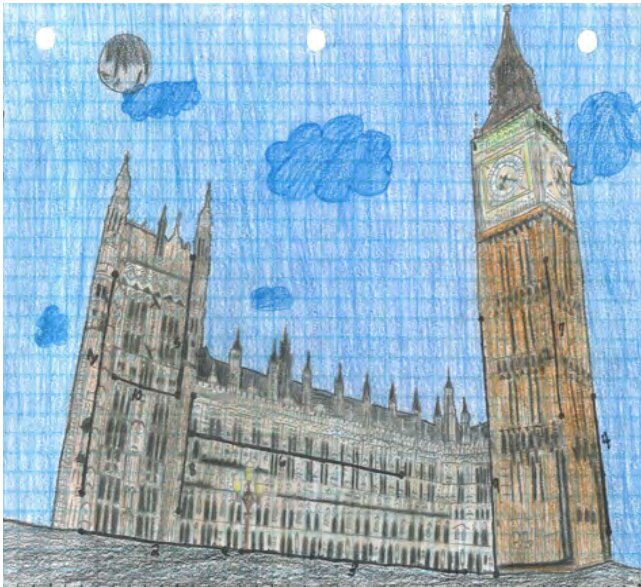
Complementary Notan by Ella Smith



The Azadi Tower

Graph Art by Ella Johnson

1. $y = -9/10x + 3 \frac{1}{10}$
2. $y = -3x + 89$
3. $y = -1/8x + 10 \frac{3}{4}$
4. $x = 21.5$
5. $y = 7$
6. $y = 3/2x - 19/2$
7. $y = 4.5x - 68$
8. $y = 7.5$
9. $y = -4/5x - 6 \frac{2}{5}$
10. $y = 1/12x + 5 \frac{2}{3}$



Big Ben

Graph Art by Abby LaMay

1. $y = 11/2x - 28$
2. $y = -1/11x + 7/2$
3. $y = -1/14x + 8/3$
4. $y = -7x + 275$
5. $y = 7x - 74$
6. $y = -2/13x + 10$
7. $y = -8x + 295$
8. $y = 6x - 69$
9. $y = -14x + 440$
10. $y = -1/4x + 13$

Winter Sadness

Seasonal Poem by Mariah Rose

When I go outside
I need a moment to take
What a beautiful sight
The world has made

It makes me glad
Going out to play
No one is sad
On this wonderful day

The birds chirp
The sky is bright
Nothing is disturbed
From day to night

Lying in the grass
Thinking away
As time passes
On this amazing day

People riding bikes
Some taking walks
Everyone doing what they like
No one looking at their clock

But when it gets cold
When winter comes
The weather unfolds
People leave and run

Before you know it
The ground is covered in snow
People go inside and sit
And wait for the time to blow

Then Christmas comes
Everyone is happy again
People dream of sugar plums
Until the holiday ends

January, February
Cabin fever for days
People are no longer merry
Everything is cold and gray

When March comes around
Their cabin fever dies
Everyone jumps from their couch
And run outside

It becomes warm again
And the animals come back
Their happiness regains
That is a true fact.



Watercolor & Oil Pastel by JD Hawks

Summer

Seasonal Poem by Sam Palmer

Hurray! Shout the children ready for summer break
as they jump into the cool lake.

In summer crickets sing as I drift off to sleep,
and the ants try to steal my food when I try to eat.

Summer is as hot as a fire,
and man, that marshmallow has me in desire.

The sun is like a shining sphere,
and sometimes it feels like it is near.

Summer is a blast.
I wish it didn't go by so fast.

Spring Slowly Sprung

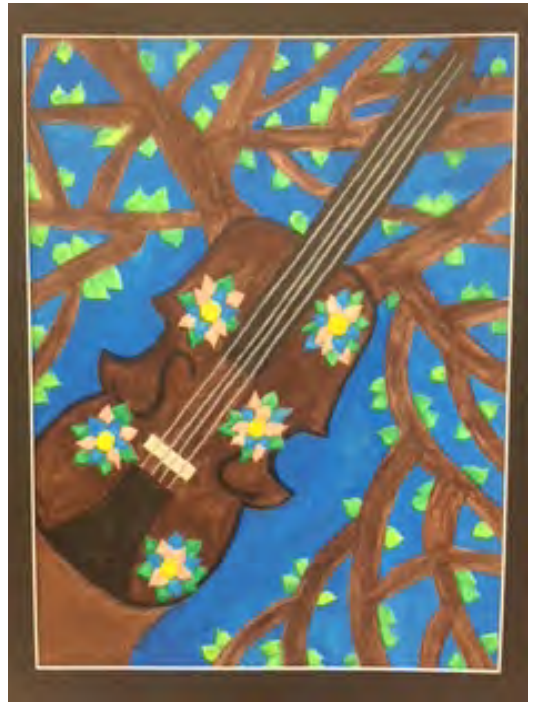
Seasonal Poem by Oliver Zheng

My favorite season is spring,
And here are the reasons why.
The flowers spring open like a jack-in-a-box.
Woosh, the flowers frolic and dance in the fields.
It's not too hot, It's not too cold.
The birds come back from the south.
They lay their eggs and let them sprout.
Spring is a rainbow.
Spring has sprung
I'm so glad it has begun.

Sights and Sounds of Spring

Seasonal Poem by Emily Sperry

Buzz, Buzz go the bees looking for honey
As the days become more sunny
The deer are dancing, jumping, and prancing
Excited for warmer days to come.
Bears are coming out of hibernation
Like Grampa coming out of a deep slumber.
Leaves are growing back on trees
Ready for a new spring breeze.
Flowers are ballerinas, graceful and delicate
Goodbye winter, hello spring!



Violin Art by Keionna Williams



Violin Art by Cora Dugan

Oh Spring! Oh Spring!

Seasonal Poem by Anna Hale

Oh spring, oh spring
 What a wonderful thing!
 The birds tweet! tweet!
 While breakfast your family eats.
 The trees they dance.
 While the children all prance.
 The sun is like a roaring fire,
 And you know that's your one true desire.
 On the other side of town,
 Big beautiful blue violets
 Being put in a bountiful bouquet.
 Spring break is a billion bucks.
 That is the season of spring.
 Oh me! Oh my! What a wonderful thing.

Music

Figurative Language Poem by Maddy Stone

Music is strong and never weak
 For it's the one language that everyone speaks
 It can be happy or sad
 Excited or mad
 Music has felt every feeling you have had

Music has been around
 Since we've been around
 It has meaning, creativity,
 And obviously sound

Music is great and music is strong
 If you think music isn't important
 Than you are wrong!



Violin Art by Miranda Lambert



Prismacolor Pencil by Nevaeh Phillips

Summer Breeze

Seasonal Poem by David Garcia

Whoosh! The cool wind goes.
 The sun smiles down at me when I go outside.
 Sometimes summer should last forever.
 Relaxing outside is like a hot spring.
 Summer has glowing moments.
 The house is busy with works and taking care of pups.
 Getting up to the sun's calling for me to go outside.
 I get on my bike and ride.
 Kids splashing and pools and laughing.
 Waking up on my birthday is a joy.
 Getting presents that I enjoy.
 This is why I love summer.

Goodbye Summer

Seasonal Poem by Aleaha Short

Chirp, Chirp, the birds say hello.
 While the trees' limbs hang down low,
 Low enough to climb and play,
 Low enough to hang all day.
 The sky so beautiful and blue,
 I sometimes forget the sun is hanging up there too.
 Grilling out is much fun too,
 It is like eating out at The Old Cancoon.
 Swimming outside cools you down,
 But it turns in to Antarctica when I'm around.
 Before the day ends I play outside,
 I look up at the sky, at the clouds, as a guide.
 The whistling wind whooshes the warmth away,
 Goodbye summer, see you another day.



Watercolor by Dominic Cortez

Beautiful Spring

Seasonal Poem by Akasha Putman

Drip, drop, drip the rain falls
It is a very rainy season
The rain falls like paint from a can
You should watch the pretty flowers grow
The perfect, purple pansies are wonderful to pick!
The flowers dance in the crisp, cool wind
You can see that you are the most vibrant flower!
Now, go outside in the warmth of the sun
Play in the sandbox or go to the park
But now spring is fading
So I must go.
Just enjoy the warm summer's glow!

Autumn

Seasonal Poem by Julia Williams

Autumn leaves so golden brown
Crunch and crack as my feet hit the ground
The sky dims so early in the day
Wind nips at my fingers as I step out of my warm barricade
I lie in my bed, blankets piled mile high
I look out my window at the crisp autumn sky
The fire lighted like the orange sun
My autumn day has just begun
Slipping and sliding on the fresh fallen snow
Autumn's my best friend, no longer my foe.

Thankful

Seasonal Poem by Audrey Patterson

I'm thankful for the perfectly, plump poultry cooking in the oven
I'm thankful for the fire dancing in the fireplace
I'm thankful for the beautiful singers in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade
I'm thankful for every munch and crunch of my family eating
I'm thankful for the gravy my mom makes like a swimming pool I want to dive into
I'm thankful for my blanket, a big warm fluffy dome, surrounding me as I sleep.



Animal Patch Collage by Kealie Grause

Summer

Seasonal Poem by Craig Reynolds

The sun is as hot as lava
going in to drink some guava.
Summer is a time of golden.
After school, I'm unfolded.
Splash! Splash! In the pool
finding a way to stay cool.
Soft, Sunny, Sizzling, Sand
is an idea that's not bland.
The sun smiles down on me.
The trees dance with glee.

Summer on the Beach

Seasonal Poem by Jessie Stevens

Summer on the beach,
It's fun for each!
The sunset like a water color painting,
Sitting there, just a waiting.
The waves are its hands,
Beckoning us back in.
Splat, the sounds of jumping over waves,
It's the thing everybody craves!
Shimmering, swirling sea, sweeping shells to the shore,
It's so easy to adore!
The palm trees smelling the salty air,
Just as us, with the wind in our hair.
Summer oh summer,
Just spend it on the beach.

Adventures in the Sun

Seasonal Poem by Martita Sheets

The sun's rays melt my ice cream
like a candle melting its wax away.
The pool is ice
as I jump in with a splash, Hurray!
But the summer sun slowly warms me
as I wrap my towel around me.
But, sadly, as summer ends,
to meet new friends
the flowers wave goodbye.
Goodbye, summer time.



Watercolor by Kennedi Jones

Walking on Halloween Night

Seasonal Poem by Kate Williams

On Halloween night, I was walking house to house.
Crunch, Crunch, Crunch
went the red and orange leaves that look like a sunset.
While I was walking,
the jack-o-lanterns were laughing at me
with their big smiling grins.
In the corn field across the street stood
sad searching scarecrows looking for their lost sisters.
My jacket was a heater
protecting me from the wind as
I keep walking.

Camping

Seasonal Poem by Gabby Deakins

Spring is the best time of year.
I love to go camping with lots of cheer.
I love the sound of crickets singing me to sleep.
Crack, crack is the sound
of sticks breaking on a hiking trail.
You can see deer run like a race car
while you watch the deer run by.
The sun's smiling face shines bright in the sky.
My family turns into little melting candles.
Feeling really tired like slow, sluggish, sloths.

Hot Summer Days

Seasonal Poem by Nadia Jones

I think the sun is a flower,
That blooms for just one hour.
In the morning sitting on the swing,
Summer smells surround me.
The pool is open; kids wait in line for hours.
As the doors open, kids push their way in.
"Splash," the kids cannon ball into the ice-cold pool.
The day ends, and all the kids go home to their friend's house.
The moms realize that their kid's skin was as burnt as a tomato.
It soon starts to get late, and the stars appear.
The moon starts to grin; the kids go home before curfew.

Peter's View

Analytical Essay by Josh Casteel

The Diary of Anne Frank is about Anne's life and how she struggles to survive during the Holocaust in the attic above the offices in a building her father owns. The book also covers how the Van Daans and the Franks survive together, in spite of their differences and many obstacles. Additionally, Anne and Peter's relationship develops during the book although the two view life quite differently. I agree with Peter's view of the world.

Peter's point of view causes him to see the world as a terrible place where most people, if not everyone, is hateful or prejudiced. In the book, Peter describes himself as a "lone-wolf", which means he doesn't care for friends. He did not know Anne even though they went to the same school. He had few friends and was the subject of some bullying. Peter is primarily a pessimist, who expects the worst to happen and looks for the worst in other people.

His viewpoint is supported by the fact that the Nazis arrive in Amsterdam and make life unbearable for Jews. They must sew the Star of David onto their clothing, they cannot attend regular schools or their temples, and they cannot socialize with anyone who is not Jewish. All of these things prove Peter's point that people are basically hateful to other people. Peter is also impatient and easily angered. He does not think the outcome for his family and others in the attic annex will be a good one. In his relatively young life, he has not seen much kindness from his parents, who argue quite a bit, or from other people.

I share Peter's point of view about the world. In seventh grade, I saw someone bullied to the point where he had to go to the bathroom, crying. Although I stepped in to help, I have not forgotten how easy it was for one person to be cruel to another.

When I was only eight, my aunt died from a stroke. Her children were left with no mother. Only a few years later, when their father was driving a semi, he was killed in an explosion, leaving the children orphans. Although they live with family and have a decent life, this was one of the things that made me understand that life is not fair.

The world also has hate crimes based on race and religion. Old grudges are the only excuse some people need to show hate toward others. Riots happen over basically nothing. Social media can be changed to make things appear different than they actually are. People work extremely hard to make someone else's life worse, and then benefit from others' unhappiness.

When I was in Arizona, I saw prejudice toward Hispanics. In some ways, it reminds me of the kind of cruelty shown to Jewish people before the actual Holocaust began. On social media, we see disrespect for our president. Even if you do not like the president or agree with his policies, you should show respect because he is the elected leader of our country. This reminds me of how intolerant people can be. People will be critical about the way you dress, the way you look, your personality, what you may not be able to afford, or even the people you socialize with. There is no limit to what

people can find to make you feel bad. All of these reasons make me share Peter's point of view.

Anne is an optimist. She always sees the good in people. She gives people like Peter and her mother second chances when they mess up. She looks out the window and sees leaves, and sun, and beauty, even though there is not much beauty in the annex, and the people who hide there are in great danger. She believes everyone will survive their time in hiding, and the world will eventually be at peace again. She and Margot even make plans for their new life, their return to school and their friends.

The book shows us how sadly wrong Anne was. She, unfortunately, does not survive the Holocaust. Her mother and sister do not survive it. Only her father survives to resume his life without his family. Otto Frank knows from experience that the world is evil and capable of taking from him everything he loved.

I have to admit that I share Peter's view of the world. It is not always such an outstanding place because of the flaws of the people who inhabit it. The cruelty Peter witnessed caused his pessimism. The unkind behavior I have witnessed is the reason I share his viewpoint. Anne had a positive view of the world, but look where it got her. It is not always possible to hide bad with good. You have to face reality. For me, reality includes the evil and hate we encounter in the world.



Animal Patch Collage by Keionna Williams



Op Art by Bre Browning

Haiku

by Brody Place

creek in the forest
birds chirping, wind moving leaves
calm, happy, softly



Animal Patch Collage by Riley Newman

Haiku

by Miranda Busenbarrick

looking for sunshine
bees buzzing in the hot sun
sand flies in the sky



Violin Art by Maggie Lamerson

Haiku

by Noah Vanaman

in football season
they used a duck as football
they scored a touchdown

Haiku

by Eric Flynn

waves crashing on rocks
horses walking the cool beach
watching the sunrise

Snowball Fight

A Conjunction Story by Sarah Brown

Although all the kids were off from school, their overprotective parents still had to head off to work. After tons of fluffy, white powder landed on the ground, the kids from Brookside Drive put on their snug mittens. As the 'Brooksiders' were putting on their last articles of clothing, the 'Morningsiders' were putting on their homely hats. When all the kids were in complete uniform, they gathered along their own curbs. Brooksiders made a colossal defensive wall while Morningsiders made stiff and mighty snowballs. The cold war would commence unless the parents came home for their earned lunch breaks. Brooksiders made their slushy snowballs until Morningsiders shot the first snowball of the icy war. Because Morningsiders started the fight, Brooksiders had to come back a million times harder. Before Brookside could launch another ball, a ginormous snowball went up into the gray sky. A soldier from Brookside could end up in the hospital if the Morningsiders' ginormous snowball hit him or her. Since the snowball hit a Brooksider square in the face, the war would have to cease.

The Brooksiders wanted the taste of sweet revenge, for the Morningsiders had turned Nathaniel's face inside out. The Brooksiders planned their incredible sneak attack, and they knew the Morningsiders would be off their guard. The Morningsiders didn't know what would happen, nor were they ready for the Morningsiders' sweet revenge. The Brooksiders made a gruesome attack, but the Morningsiders were alert and ready for them. The Brooksiders had to keep fighting, or they'd be the laughingstock at school on the first day back. The Morningsiders had a wonderful and powerful defense, yet the Brooksiders were winning by a pinch. The Brooksiders won the war they had started, so they went to see Nathaniel and told him the amazing news.

Fall

Seasonal Poem by Aydan Hamblen

Crunch, crunch go the leaves under my feet.
The breeze is as cool as a fan.
I just love the weather in fall.
The wind is a breath blowing on my skin.
The kids scream at some scary sights.
The trees dance with the wind.
I like the Halloween frights.
I also like the caramel apples.
When it's night, I sit and watch movies.
Thank you fall for making me happy.



Watercolor & Oil Pastel by McKenna Klooze

Anne's Views and Beliefs

Analytical Essay by Arianna Scott

The Diary of Anne Frank is a play written about a girl named Anne. Anne and her family lived in the time that the Holocaust took place. They had to leave their home and go into hiding so that the Nazis wouldn't find them and take them to a concentration camp. They hid in the upstairs of a building with the door bolted shut, having somebody bring them food and water every once in a while. They were up there with the family of the Van Daans. The families both had opposing views; they didn't get along very much. I feel like the two most different people though were Anne Frank and Peter Van Daan. They both had totally different views on life. In my opinion, I would follow Anne's beliefs.

For Anne's point of view, she's been through so much, yet she just wants to see the great things in the world. She likes to stay positive and tries and stay cheerful. While staying happy doesn't always work, she still tries to be a positive and upbeat person in general. For example, in one of the last scenes of the play, she was telling Peter that when she starts feeling down about being in hiding, she just thinks of what life would be like outside. It was like a little world inside of her own head. She never likes to focus on the negatives in life for too long, which is why she doesn't acknowledge when anybody is talking negatively about her or 'hating on' her.

I agree with Anne's beliefs because I like to stay positive like her, and I think that even when things are getting hard in life, you have to work to stay as happy and positive as you can. Focusing on the negatives isn't going to get you anywhere in life, so why focus on the negatives and go nowhere in life when you can be positive and actually do something positive with your life?

Many times in my life things were going terrible, and negative things just wouldn't stop happening. I got to a state of mind where I didn't want to go on anymore. I didn't see the point of life if terrible things are just going to keep happening. Since then, I've learned that there are so many more positive things in this world; and if you focus on the negatives, you won't be able to see the positives. For example, about two years ago I was in a negative state of mind. I didn't want to go on anymore, and the only reason I forced myself to stay here was my family and friends. I didn't think anything would get better, but I hung on to anything that would keep me going. Now, two years later, I have a ten-month-old niece, I make music, I have friends who support me through anything, and I'm just a happier person in general. If I didn't focus on the positive things in life, I don't think I would be here today.

On the other hand, Peter's state of mind focuses on the negatives in life. He has the state of mind that everybody and everything is against him in some way. He seems to have the mind-set that if he keeps himself guarded from happiness, he won't get hurt. For example, in one of the last scenes of the play when Anne was trying to tell him how she stays happy when she gets into thinking too much, he just seemed to not want to listen. He says that he's going crazy because they've been in hiding for two years. Sure, he has times when he seems to be happy, but other than that, he gives off the feeling of

negativity. He also doesn't seem to have very much confidence in himself. For example, he says that when they get out of hiding, he's going to work somewhere that doesn't require much brains because he knows he's not smart.

Peters' point of view, the negative point of view, is literally just having the state of mind that the world is constantly against you. It's also a state of mind that every person is lousy. Peter's point of view could be persuading because with some people, so many terrible things have happened to them that they can't help but think the world is against them. There have been so many times where I've been in that state of mind, but that won't get you anywhere in life. To be able to do things that could potentially make you happy with life, or bring great things into your life. You have to have a positive state of mind. Peter's state of mind is actually just the opposite of that. I've learned that having a negative outlook on life won't bring you positive results; it'll just get worse for you. I understand not liking some things that happen to you and being upset at that, but hating almost everything in the world isn't going to do you any good.

With all of that being said, I totally agree with Anne's beliefs and views on life. I agree with Anne because I believe that to get anywhere in life, you have to have a positive outlook on life. Having a negative outlook on life won't get you anywhere good in life. Throughout the whole story Anne tried her best to stay positive and see the light in any situation. I've went through many situations that left me feeling absolutely terrible, yet I still believed that to make anything better, I had to find anything positive and just focus on that. All of this is why I prefer Anne's beliefs over Peter's.



Self-Portrait by Grace-Ann Flanagan



Animal Block Print by Miranda Lambert

TULSA TIMES

Juvenile Delinquents Turn Heroes

by Megan Hemmerle

Yesterday in the quiet town of Windrixville a fire broke out in an abandoned church.

Trapped in the fire were 5 small children. Three young men ran into the church and saved the kids. The boys named are Ponyboy Curtis, Johnny Cade, and Dallas Winston. All are wanted by the Tulsa police. Johnny Cade is wanted for manslaughter, Ponyboy Curtis for running away and Dallas for multiple charges.

We interviewed eye witness Jerry Wood who said, "I swear those three are the bravest kids I've seen." And "It was like they were sent from heaven." We also interviewed Mrs. O'Brain who stated, "The kids would have burned to death if they hadn't done something."

They were there for a picnic while the children ran and played. According to a witness, they saw the fire and heard screaming coming from inside the church. Then the two boys jumped in through a window and carefully brought the children out. Although, while escaping, the building collapsed on the young heroes. Reportedly, gun fire was heard while the church burned.

The children are safe at home with their families; Ponyboy Curtis is awake and responding, Dallas Winston is in stable condition, and Johnny Cade is in critical condition with a broken back because of a fallen piece of timber.



Murder Update: Suspects Found

by Elizabeth Welch

Murder suspects Johnny Cade and Ponyboy Curtis were found at Jay Mountain yesterday.

Cade was found in critical condition with major burns on his back and a broken back. Suspects were found at the scene of a church fire and they had gone to rescue children.

Their trial is set for Saturday. If Cade survives his injuries, he could be charged with manslaughter and running away. Curtis will also be charged with running away.

"Bob Sheldon and his friends were drunk. He had said he was going to fix them because they tried to give me a ride home. Johnny was scared they were cornering him," said Sherri "Cherry" Valance, a close friend of the victim.

Continued on next page

Home of Church Heroes

by John Riley

The local church fire hero, Ponyboy Curtis, is out of the hospital and home with his brothers Darrell, and Sodapop Curtis. They recently lost their parents in a tragic accident.

Darrell "Darry" Curtis has an outstanding school record, and he works two jobs to support the family.

Sodapop Curtis dropped out of high school to work at the DX gas station so the brothers could stay together.

We asked his brothers what it was like without Ponyboy. Darrell replied, "It was very stressful, but we got through it. We thought we lost him, like we lost our parents." Sodapop didn't answer many questions, but instead took my camera and started to play around with it.

We tried to get Ponyboy for a brief interview, but he was not feeling well and was resting. Then Darrell stepped in front of him and reminded us, "He isn't in the shape to be yelled at!"

Back home, the Curtis brothers are a part of a gang, and they say that they have a cross-city rivalry against one other gang. Gang members Dallas Winston and Johnny Cade are still in the hospital after the church fire.

We interviewed gang member, Keith, (prefers the name Two-Bit) Matthews, and asked what it was like without the Curtis brother, Ponyboy. "He is like a little brother to me," he replied. We next interviewed Steve Randle, Sodapop's best friend and he said this, "I personally didn't know the kid too well, but I could tell that his brothers thought highly of him."

Ponyboy Curtis, is supposed to appear in juvenile court, charged for running away. The trial is scheduled for next week.



Murder Update: Suspects Found con't.

"It was self-defense. We were attacking them, and we were drunk. He also was being cornered," Randy Adderson, a witness and friend of Sheldon.

"Bob, he, was a good guy. Shame. He just, oh I don't know he was good lookin'. Ummm I guess," Adderson added.

Our attempts to get in touch with Sheldon's parents were unsuccessful.



The 'Tree-cano'

A Conjunction Story by Andy Ward

Although Christmas trees seem harmless, they are the most dangerous tree of them all. After the year 1951 arrived, Christmas trees were declared dangerous and banned from America. As this ban was being made, the 'tree-cano' erupted Christmas trees everywhere. While the tree-cano erupts, the trees shower joy bombs that rain all over America. Unless this tree-cano is stopped, no one is safe. The only thing we can hope for now is a Christmas miracle because Santa is the only one who can stop this now. I remember a time before this all happened, and I lived a happy life. If you are watching this, Santa please save us now. Since I am Dave the anchor man, I have to tell everyone watching to not have a Christmas tree.

(12/24/17 11:00 pm) I, Dave the anchor man, have made it into the belly of the beast, for there is one reason only. I am here to save Christmas, and I will do that by ending this tree-cano.

(12/25/17 01:00 am) I will not allow this never-ending nightmare, nor would Santa Claus allow it because this tree-cano is stealing Christmas from the world now.

(12/25/17 02:00 am) I have reached the source, but I found out Santa Claus is behind this whole thing. I have to blow up the volcano, or I have to execute the big man himself.

(12/25/17 03:00 am) I have decided to blow up the tree-cano, yet it doesn't feel like I am doing the right thing.

(12/25/17 07:00 am) I have placed all of the fireworks in there, so the tree-cano went KA-BOOM!



Impressionist Still-Life by Cora Jacobs



Eiffel Tower by Hudson Jones

Tim's Travels for the Truth

A Conjunction Story by Savannah Adams

Although people say The North Pole isn't real, it might just be real. After Tim C. Roberts went to a bar, he was dared to go to the North Pole to prove some points. As Tim traveled to the North Pole, he didn't expect it to be so windy, snowy, and gloomy. When he was there, he was convinced that all of the Christmas "myths" were made-up. While Tim stood in the foggy snow, he saw a little figure. Unless he followed it, he wouldn't know who (or what) it was. Until the snow and fog disappeared, he wouldn't be able to see the figure clearly. Because the idea of traveling was good, he discovered something magical, an elf. Before Tim screamed, the elf knocked him out. If that was really was an elf, what would Tim do? Since the elf knocked Tim out, he wouldn't know whether he was actually an elf or not.

Finally, Tim woke up from little bells ringing, for he had pain from the injury the elf gave him. Tim looked around, and he saw ten more elves looking up at him. Tim couldn't pull words out of his mouth, nor did he know what to do. More bells rang as the elves stared, but he looked around some more and saw a man with a scruffy beard. It was Santa, or he was being set up as a joke. The confusion was so unreal, yet he thought he might ask someone where he was. Tim heard the bells ring only to realize that it was an alarm, so he woke up in his bed thinking his quest was only a dream.

Books

Poem by Murphy Adams

The characters are like friends,
helpful and fun.

The setting is like an escape,
detailed and farfetched.

The plot is like a looming test,
unknown and frightening.

The words are like a bird,
soft and elegant.

The ending like a failed relationship,
bittersweet and gone.



Oil Pastel by Destiny Cornwall

Best Gift Ever

Historical Fiction Story by Hallie Prater

One day there was a boy named Lukas and his sister, Makenna, going to get their mother, Stacy, a gift for her birthday. Lukas knew that his mom wanted clothes for her birthday, so he told his sister that they should go to Prater's clothing store to pick out the gift. They grabbed their bikes and headed to town.

After a few minutes of looking through the store, they wanted to ask someone about the size of something. Before they could even ask, both Lukas and Makenna turned around and the retailer started screaming at them. Lukas and Makenna both just stared at the retailer in shock. The rest of the workers came over to hear the yelling. Everyone began to chant loudly at the kids. "1,2,3,4, we don't want you in our store! 5,6,7,8 we don't want to integrate." Both Lukas and Makenna turned the other direction very confused and ran out of the store. They were scared and didn't understand why those people were so mean to them.

The entire walk home they wondered why the store workers were chanting at them. Once they got home, their mom asked where they had been. Lukas tried to lie at first, but Makenna interrupted him and began to tell the real story. She knew they would get in trouble anyway. Their mom explained to them why the retailer had yelled at them and helped them to understand where they are allowed to go and not go. Their mom told them it was very generous of them to give her a gift.

In the end, Lukas and Makenna didn't get to give their mom a gift, but they made her a card. Their mom thought the card was better than any gift they could ever buy her because it was made with love.



Zentangle by Maggie Lamerson

Mr. Chicken and Mr. Cow's Snow Battle

Mr. Chicken was playing outside in the snow although it was only 13 degrees out. After he went inside his barn, he called his best friend, Mr. Cow, and asked him to come over. As Mr. Chicken waited for Mr. Cow to arrive at the barn, Mr. Chicken stocked up on snowballs. When Mr. Cow got to the barn, Mr. Chicken chucked snowballs at him. While Mr. Chicken made a fort that looked like Echo base, Mr. Cow made a small, but durable, fortress. They both knew that it wouldn't be a snow day unless they had a snowball fight. Because of the attack on Mr. Cow, a battle between the two started. Mr. Chicken was winning before Mr. Cow chucked several snowballs at him at once, knocking Mr. Chicken on the ground. Mr. Chicken could only come back from this if he snuck around and attacked Mr. Cow in his own fort. Since Mr. Cow was able to see from several different angles, it would be hard for Mr. Chicken to enter his base unnoticed.

Mr. Chicken started to sprint, for it was a long way to Mr. Cow's base. Mr. Chicken snuck around and took out two snow turrets, and one of the snowmen guarding the fortress went down as well. Mr. Chicken couldn't get through the main entrance, nor could he get around the back of Mr. Cow's base. However, Mr. Chicken could go through the side entrance, but he would have to take out three snow turrets and five snowmen. He thought he could either risk assaulting them head on, or he could plant some snow explosives to take them out. He decided to use one of his 'snow-nades', which worked, yet the battle wasn't over. He went up to the top of the fortress and captured Mr. Cow, so he won the battle.



Animal Patch Collage by Maggie Lamerson



Violin Art by Jaleigha Howard

Wrong for Right

Historical Fiction Story by Jessie Stevens

Doing what is considered wrong for what is right-that is what went through my head all September 9, 1954, the year after they decided to integrate schools in New Orleans. There were going to be three new girls at my school. Mom said they were bad people, and I believed her.

I woke up that morning. The light coming from the windows was blinding me. I got up and walked down the stairs. Mom was on the floor painting on cardboard. I saw Dad, shockingly, in the kitchen making eggs. My younger sister, Amelia, was sitting at her desk. She had her baby doll in a box; she spread it in coal ash from the fire place. She looked at me; her eyes wet with tears. "What is wrong?" I asked. She replied, "This is my favorite doll!" I looked closer. It was her favorite, Abigail.

"Oh good!" Mom said, "Anastasia is up! She put her paint brush down and wiped her hands on her apron. "Go get dressed! Breakfast should be ready when you're done," she said. I hurried upstairs. I put my nice clothes on and brushed my hair. "What are we doing?" I wondered.

By the time I got downstairs, Dad had breakfast ready. "Eat quickly, Anastasia! We cannot be late!" Dad commented. Breakfast wasn't as good as usual. It was all halfway cooked from Dad trying to hurry. But, I ate all of it anyway.

"Okay, Anastasia, hold this sign." Mom said as she handed me a sign that said, "Thank God for Legislators!" I had no idea what it meant. "And you, Amelia, hold your doll in the box." Amelia took the box and gently put her doll in it. "Dad and I will drive to school with you. Listen to us the whole time. Amelia, hold Dad's hand, and don't let go!"

We walked outside to the car. When we got to school, many people were holding signs. They read, "Go Away Black Girls," and they chanted. It was crazy! Dad parked in the road and crammed us through the crowd. The more signs I saw, the more I began to realize that all this was happening because of the three girls.

I stood in my spot, frozen. I had no idea what to do. "Dad!" I yelled. "What Anastasia?" he answered. "This is wrong!" I yelled over the crowd. "No it isn't!" he said. I stood there; my eyes felt very dry from the dust on Amelia's doll getting flown around. I, without thinking, grabbed her doll and wiped off the dust. Amelia must have felt the same way. She crushed the box, and stomped on my sign.

Then I saw a car pull up. Three girls walked out. They looked frightened. They looked devastated and shocked. Dad must have noticed. Dad gave me a hug and said, "I love you so much!" He looked at Mom. She smiled. "We are going home," he said.

We loaded back in the car. "You were so right, Anastasia," Dad said over and over again. "It was all my fault." I laughed. "Oh Amelia," Dad said. "Yes?" Amelia answered. "When we get home, we will give Abigail a bath!" Dad added. We all laughed. She hugged the doll ever so tightly.

That day I did what was considered wrong for what was right. Not everyone had the courage to, but I did, and I used it!



Landscape & Embossed Frame by Cora Dugan



Pen & Ink Mixed Medium by Rachel Kersey

Leroy and the Returned Frisbee

Historical Fiction Story by Kate Williams

Leroy Jones was a 13 year-old boy. He lived with his mother and father in a house in Atlanta, Georgia. Leroy enjoyed hanging out with his friends. He loved playing Frisbee in the park with his friends. The park they could play in was designated as a park for only black people. A brick wall separated the park from the white park. Leroy and his friends were not allowed to play in the white park.

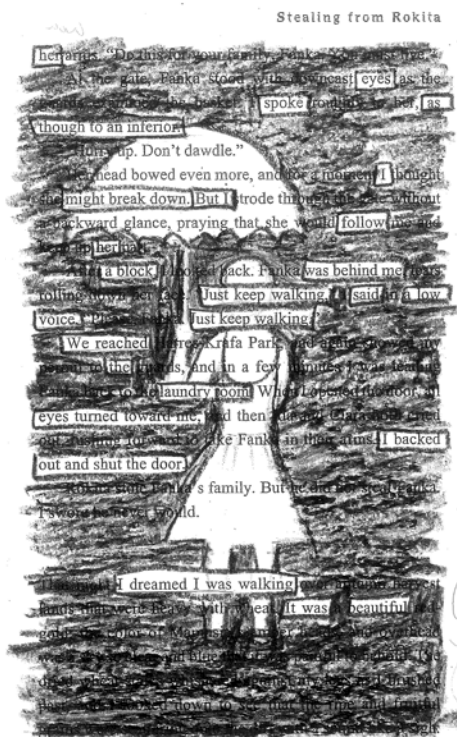
One day Leroy and his friend, Tyrone, went to the park to play Frisbee. They were having a lot of fun, laughing together, and seeing how hard they could throw the Frisbee when their Frisbee accidentally went over the wall to the white park. They knew they were never going to get their Frisbee back because black people could never go over to the white park. They also knew the white people were not likely going to return the Frisbee.

As Leroy and Tyrone were about ready to leave the park, their Frisbee came flying back over the wall to the black side of the park. Leroy and Tyrone looked at each other and were curious as to why their Frisbee came back to their side of the park. They were very happy to have the Frisbee returned, but they both wondered who threw it.

As Leroy and Tyrone were talking about the Frisbee being returned, they saw a white girl standing at the front of park looking their direction. The boys wanted to go over there and thank her, but they saw police walking around, so they didn't. They knew they were not allowed to be on that side of the park due to their skin color. If they did, they would be arrested for trespassing. When they all looked at each other, the girl waved good-bye and walked away. Leroy and Tyrone were very confused because they wondered why she gave it back. Many white people support segregation, but the girl's action showed that boys that she didn't support segregation.



Color Wheel by Sarah Keith



Blackout Poetry by Abby LaMay

Silence

A Prequel to Bradbury's "There Will Come Soft Rains"
by Kaylee Moore

A warm breeze blew against the silent, barren-looking house. Crickets chirped and clicked, and fireflies blinked as if happy to be seeing the black canvas, spattered with white paint, known as the night sky. White lilies and purple lilacs danced with the wind, creating a colorful salsa with silent music.

A warm, fiery glow spread across the bright, never-sleeping city. Cars honked, angrily huffing when stuck in traffic. A yellow, glowing sphere of light rose slowly, as if still tired from its slumber as the moon slowly rolled down. It was at that moment that the house awoke.

Mechanical whirring filled the house, along with monotonous voices chanting. Soft, tired groaning filled the now lively house. Small patters of tiny feet sounded now as well. Small childish giggling joined the noisy house.

"Ben, lets help mom and dad wake up!" A small girl mischievously whispered.

"Sure, Sally!" The boy, now known as Ben, giggled as well.

Feet noisily slapped against the hardwood floor, speeding around and turning into a bedroom. A door quietly creaked open, a groan sounding from the hinges.

The pattering sounded again, and the two children jumped atop the bed, yelling playfully. "*Wake up!*" Ben and Sally yelled, laughing as they did so. Laughs and tired groans sounded from the parents, amusement tied with their voices.

"Kids, don't you know what happens when you wake up the beast?" The father, Jeff, chuckled.

"*You get gobbled up!*" The father laughed while tickling them. The child laughing, begging Jeff to stop, yelling 'Uncle! Uncle!'

The mother, Natalie, laughed as well. "Jeff, we should really get ready and go eat soon. Kids, you too.

Time passed quickly and normally, the children going to school and the parents going to work. Bugs danced and buzzed, hovering over flowers, and small squirrels searched for nuts, digging into the ground and climbing trees. Cars honked and factories shuddered, skyscrapers touching the sky.

The husband was mowing the lawn, watching his children carefully as they played with a ball, tossing it back and forth. The mother, Natalie, watched them carefully as well with a small, fond smile adorning her face. They were all happy, despite the war going on. The war didn't matter to them, not right now it certainly didn't.

A small whistle suddenly sounded into the air. The sound of an airplane motor roaring, soaring past the city as a small, black dot dropped from the back.

Everything went quiet, as if nature itself held her breath. The city noises stopped almost instantly, as if shocked to have seen something so strange. It was as if time had stopped completely, leaving the family to stare in stilled shock.

Then, suddenly, everything exploded. Debris flew everywhere, glass shattering as the shockwave from the bomb blew everything and everyone to pieces.

The trees created a wave, some breaking from the ground and flying away to somewhere unknown. The white sphere of blinding light finally reached the house, and passed it, leaving everything destroyed and bleak in its place.

Not an ounce of life was left. No birds twittering, no squirrels scampering about. No sun to bring a lively look to the barren land.

There was no sound, not a single squeak. There was just...

Silence.

Stealing from Rokita

"Hurry up. Don't delay. You must live."

Her head bowed even more, and she thought she might break down. But I stride through it, and with a backward glance, praying that she would stay and keep her part.

After a block, I looked back. Fanka was behind me, tears rolling down her face. "Just keep walking," I said in a low voice. "Please, Fanka. Just keep walking."

We reached Harries-Krafa Park, and again she wanted to go to the guards, and in a few minutes I was leading her back to the laundry room. When I opened the door, all eyes turned toward me, and then Ida and Clara both cried out in joy, and I took Fanka in their arms. I backed out and shut the door.

But he did not steal Fanka. He did not steal Fanka.

After that I dreamed I was walking over autumn harvest fields that were heavy with wheat. It was a beautiful dream, the color of Mamusia's amber beads, and one hand was sticky with it, and I felt that it was painful to hold the dream. I heard whispers of autumn winds, and Fanka's past, and I looked down to see that the time and the place were scattering onto the dirt with a sound like a sigh.

Blackout Poetry by Maggie Lamerson



Color Wheel by Joseph Penumaka

Heart of Romania

A World's Fair Poem by Megan Hemmerle

The Romanian woman with stone grey hair stood
suspended,
while the flowers danced on her torn dress.
The diamonds as green as limestone,
and her sleeves white like ivory.

The walls screamed out, begging for repair.
Gates slammed, birds warbled,
and the wind gave a quiet murmur.

The faint smell food from nearby markets
was creeping through the streets.
When she was finished she had made a savory spread.
She shuffled from door to door,
quietly tapping the doors awake.

Life in Ethiopia

A World's Fair Poem by Joscelyn Spears

I am standing in the dry downcast dull air
of Ethiopia. I am as hungry
as a roaring, raging bull with no food.

All we had to sleep in was a dark hut,
which was made of brown twigs and orange cloth.
The hut stands frozen behind me.

Spanish Fencer

A World's Fair Poem by Treyton Achor

In Spain, in the arena, feeling so lively,
Except for the fact I am in a prison.
As he attacks, I jump back as a quick dodge.
Hearing our swords hit making a shriek of pain,
As he misses, I bounce back into a counter-attack.
My opponent is flexible and blocks my attack.
I need to play smarter and anticipate his attacks.
All the sweat is hiding my nervousness,
Yet I must focus to win.
His stamina, agility, and anger is higher than mine.
I can't get touched by his flaming sword

The sky is a grey elephant,
Hovering over me and it fills me with despair.

The Danger of Prejudice

Holocaust Reflections by Anneliese Wolfgang

Hedwig and Emil Rueb (pictured right) were born in Guntersblum, Germany. Their father was a successful man who was a real estate agent, owned vineyards, and sold agricultural products. After the anti-Jewish boycott their family's business was ruined. Emil began studying photography. While he was studying, he fell in love with Elisabeth Bickel, who was Lutheran. They had to keep their involvement a secret, for Emil was Jewish. One day, Elisabeth's father received a letter threatening to send Elisabeth to a concentration camp, unless her and Emil stopped seeing each other. Elisabeth had to then leave the country, so she moved to England. Emil left Germany a year later. He moved to New Hampshire, USA, where he found a job in a photography store. Emil was not able to be joined by Elisabeth until 8 years later. They then got married in March of 1946. Hedwig Rueb and her parents did not survive the war. On Kristallnacht, Mr. and Mrs. Rueb's home was destroyed, so they had to move in with Hedwig in Frankfurt. All of them were deported to Minsk, where they died. This photo is similar to the photo of my brother and me for clear reasons. Both pictures show a young brother and a sister with the girl on the left and the boy on the right, and the brother is laying his head on his sister's shoulder. One major difference, obviously, is that the Rueb's were Jews during the holocaust, and my brother and I are not.



I have learned a lot from studying the holocaust. One major thing that I have learned is the danger of prejudice. Hedwig and Emil Rueb had no control over what religion they were born into or who their parents were, but just because people had a prejudice against Jews Hedwig Rueb lost her life. The sad thing is, Hedwig and her parents were not the only people who lost their lives due to prejudice. Nearly 6 million Jews died during the Holocaust because one man was unable to look past his prejudices, and see that it's okay for people to be different. It did not matter to the Nazis that the people they were killing were women and children because they didn't think that Jews were people at all. They were too blinded by their prejudice to realize that there was a life behind the label "Jew."



What's Going on in this Picture

A Short Story by Benjamin Wilck

A man took a trip to Iceland to finish his studies on arctic animals. he found himself lost with his partner they and decided to lay down in the dark, where they could not see anything. When the sun rose, the snow overcame the man while he was still sleeping. He finds himself near lambs that were trying to find a comfortable spot in the cold dark nights of Iceland. He had not seen them in the moonlight, so he did not second guess sleeping in that location. His partner was trying, and struggling, to get himself out of the heap of snow that developed last night. As the man awoke from his slumber, he saw white, and only white. He felt numb, as if someone was doing an operation on him. He was strangely amused, but worried. Worried that he was passing and he did not say goodbye. Amused that he got himself this situation. He realized that he was fine and could breathe, and began to laugh at himself because of his mistakes. He and his partner released themselves out of the cold Iceland snow, and continued their journey to seek research about this strange place called Iceland.



Striding Down the Aisle

A World's Fair Poem by Alyssa Parker

Chiming of the bells came to announce my wedding,
covered in flowers that danced in the wind.

With a dress, red like roses,
my delighted heart is jumping with joy.

I got a tattoo, the colors are those of a ladybug,
with flowers looking like they just got picked.

My breathtaking tattoo helps enhance my beauty,
lacing my hands with gorgeous details.

Putting on my white coat isn't traditional in Djibouti,
my headdress is as dazzling as a sunset on the ocean.

The murmuring of people got picked up by the wind
admiring my dress as I strolled down the aisle.

Watercolor, Pen & Ink by Faith Clair

22 Years and Counting

A Narrative Essay by Elizabeth Welch

Dads are usually their daughter's hero. Sure, maybe mine doesn't wear a cape or have extreme superhuman powers, but what he does have is his uniform. I remember the very first time I saw him in his navy-blue dress uniform. I was about seven or eight years old and we were all dressed up to go to a "Daddy Daughter Dance" at the Zionsville Boys and Girls Club. My hair was done, and I remember walking into the dance clutching my dad's hands. There were a bunch of people there. My dad and I tried to dance together, but it was kind of awkward with him being super tall and me being pretty small. It is a night I will always remember.

First of all, my dad is Major Travis R. Welch. He was born in Greenfield, Indiana, as the oldest of three boys. His father, Donald W. Welch, was in the U.S Army. My dad knew he wanted to be in the army when he was a kid, so he worked to make it happen. During his senior year, he tested out of high school half a year early, and he signed up for the US army as a medic. After four years of serving, he decided to finish school to progress his career. He went to Butler University and joined their physician assistant program and earned his degree. He then later re-joined the army and went on two tours: Iraq and Afghanistan. He now works part time for the military and works full time at Ortho-Indy as a Physician Assistant. He has been a part of the Army for 22 years so far.

Second of all, he is my hero because he is always doing the next right thing. Whether he is fixing a bone or removing a bullet, you always know you will be okay. His superpower is one that many don't possess – strength. He is strong, physically and mentally. Another power he has is his ability to fix anything: bones, necklaces, and even a Barbie's leg. His heroic quality is his love for his family and how he would do anything for his family. He is a true family man.

Lastly, my dad is my inspiration. He makes me want to change the world and to be the change that could change the world for the better. He has taught me to go through life with a smile on my face and spring in my step. I always know that if I hit a hole in the road, he will pull me out and set me on the right path. He is the reason I want to be in our armed forces. He is my inspiration.

Now you see that my dad is truly better than any Marvel or DC hero anyone can think up. My dad doesn't need a fancy cape or laser vision. He is himself; he doesn't want to be anybody else. In my opinion, he is the hero of today and tomorrow. I am proud to call him dad.



Kiyo Wakatsuki's Journal

Farewell to Manzanar Character Journal by Erica Brock

November 3, 1942

Tonight has been the worst night since we first got to this place. As I'm sitting here under my blankets, I hear all the fighting going on in the world out from where I sit. All I can hear is my own mama and papa fighting. It isn't really fighting though. There's only yelling from papa, and mama is just going along with it. She doesn't seem to care as papa stands above her with his cane, threatening to take her life. Mama cried, "Go ahead. Here's my head. Here's my chest." Does mama really not care? Shouldn't she be fighting back, trying to save the last bit of happiness she has left in her? Why would she want to die and tell papa where to hit her? Whatever the answers to these questions may be, this isn't right.

Finally, I threw back my covers, hopped out of my bed, and yelled, "Stop it, Papa! Stop it!" He turned from his waist to look at me. With one arm up, I sprang across the room to papa and punched him right in the face. I didn't know what was going to happen. He was looking at me with admiration and shock and frustration all at the same time. Blood from his nose was dripping all over him and mama's clothes. Jeanne must've thought the same thing. I could tell by the way she was looking at me. Not knowing what to do, I ran. I ran right out of our barrack and went to my sister's barrack. I don't know how long I'll be gone.

November 17, 1942

Well, it's been two weeks and I decided to finally go back, wondering if papa would accept my apology. I really missed mama and the rest of the family. As I walked in, I saw papa. I apologized, saying I was in the wrong and pleaded for forgiveness. I wasn't sorry. I wasn't in the wrong. He was threatening mama, so I had to. He forgave me, but I know things would never be the same. Mama and Jeanne looked like they noticed that too, everyone in our barrack did. Even little old granny. She always hated when we fought.

December 5th, 1942

There is a brand-new issue going on in Manzanar. For the past few days, there has been a shortage of meat and sugar. Someone was beaten for stealing it and apparently selling it on The Black Market. Some guys told mama that infants had even died because of what they were using to substitute the sugar in the formulas. She thinks this is a rumor though.

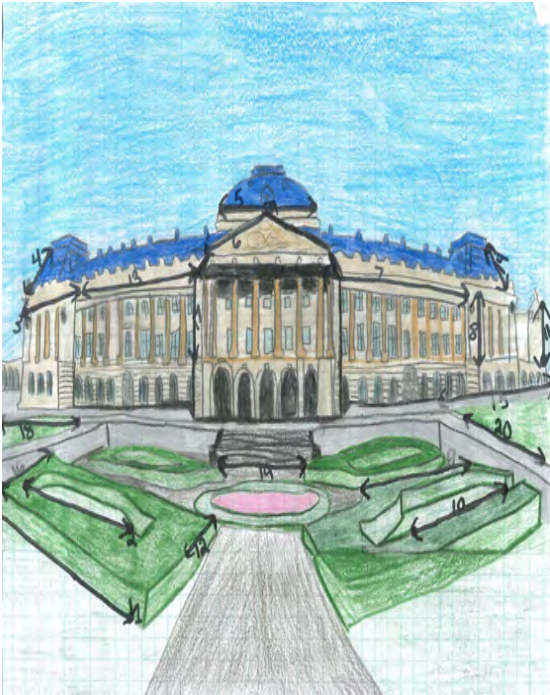
Mama and papa thought that it might be the one-year anniversary of Pearl Harbor that caused a lot of this bitterness and rage lately. There were beatings, yelling matches, and even death threats. Fred Tayama was a popular case. He is the leader in the JAACL (Japanese American Citizens League) and was a friend of the administration. He had been beaten by a group of six men and sent to the camp hospital for treatment.

February 9th, 1943

Today the older men and women, seventeen years or older, received a Loyalty Oath. It was asking them if they swore to serve in the Armed Forces of the United States wherever they were ordered to serve. It also asked them if they swore total allegiance to the United States and to defend the United States from any and all attacks to them. It also asked for them to cut off any ties or allegiance or obedience to Japan. For both of these questions there were two options, a "no" option and a "yes" option.

Papa and Woody argued over this. From the beginning, papa told everyone that he knew for sure he was going with "Yes" for both of the questions. Woody wanted to too, but papa said he wasn't allowing him to and risk a son for the United States after they put them in Fort Lincoln and Manzanar. But as always, Woody sat there with a smile and didn't ever raise his voice to papa. It amazes me that he always talks to papa with such respect.

A few days later, there was a meeting over the answers that everyone was choosing on the Loyalty Oath. Papa knew that a lot of them were answering, "NO, NO," but he still had to have his opinion heard. Woody wanted to go too, but papa didn't let him, saying it was for "heads of households only." I don't see what the big deal with all this is, but we all know not to disagree with papa.



The Royal Palace of Brussels

Graph Art by Grace Medici

1. $y = -5/11x + 8 \frac{6}{11}$
2. $y = -1/4x + 10 \frac{1}{4}$
3. $y = 1/4x + 17 \frac{3}{4}$
4. $y = 1x + 17$
5. $y = 23$
6. $y = 2/5x + 14 \frac{3}{5}$
7. $y = -1/11x + 22 \frac{3}{11}$
8. $x = 37$
9. $y = 1/8x + 6 \frac{3}{4}$
10. $y = 22/31x + 30 \frac{22}{31}$
11. $x = 42$
12. $y = 2/3x - 2 \frac{2}{3}$
13. $y = 1/8x + 18 \frac{1}{8}$



A Gateway to a Different World

Art Analysis Character Narrative by Aiden Frost

What some people see as a lonesome rooftop, I see a stage with plenty of attention. What some people see as the pale moonlight, I see a spotlight shining down upon me. Some people see a neighborhood, I see a crowd of awestruck people who are admiring my talents. What some people see as a piece of wood with strings, I see a gateway to a new world.

I was born to be a musician. For as long as I could remember, I have loved the sound of fingers plucking strings. My father was a great musician and so was his father before him. I began learning as soon as I was physically able to lift the instrument. People don't understand. Most boys spend their time playing ball or pranking others. I am different. Every second of free time I get, I spend it practicing. When I play, I feel the music transporting me to a different world. People say I will never have the fame. They say I'm no better than the average person. I don't believe them. They don't understand. Ever since my mother died, my music has become my life. It is my way to leave this world behind and go to a place where she is. A place where I feel happy. I truly believe that God gave me this gift, in order to become something great. On the hard days, I sit on the rooftop, imagining myself playing in front of the world, on a stage in the spotlight. There in the crowd, I will always see my mother.

I hope that someday my dreams come true. People say that dreaming is for the weak. They claim that dreams will never come true. I don't listen. I still dream and imagine, despite what they say. Nothing they say can stop me from playing. Like I said, they don't see what I do. They see an object with no meaning, and I see something with life, or with a purpose. Of course, they will never understand. They aren't musicians. That isn't what they are meant to be. That is the difference between them and me.



Eiffel Tower by Sam Palmer



The Holocaust, A Lesson for the World

Holocaust Reflections by Irene Ransom

Ruchl Itzhak (pictured in the upper left corner) was born on March 10, 1941. Ruchl had four other siblings named Levi, Chaja, Jakub, Molt, and Etel. Ruchl was the youngest of the bunch. Her parents' names were Zelig and Faigal. Zelig was the president of the local Zionist organization, and Faigal was extremely religious house wife. They lived in a two-story home in Kozenice. They all worked at the family's construction business. Her family stood out in town, due to the fact that they owned one of the only two telephones. One week later after Germany launched an invasion of Poland, on September 1, 1939, the Germans occupied Kozenice. Everything started to go down-hill when this started. Zelig, Etel, and Molt fled to join the Soviet Union. This left

Lewek, Chaja, Ruchl, Faigal, and Jakub in Kozenice. The Germans soon established a ghetto in Kozenice. All Jews were required to move into it, unless told otherwise. Lewek was allowed to leave, since he had a job at a beer brewery. He would smuggle in wood to sell so he could have extra money for his family. Chaja has been convincing Ruchl and Lewek to escape from the ghetto with her. Unfortunately, they were caught and taken to Wolanow labor camp. Lewek was taken from his sisters and moved to a factory. Ruchl and Chaja were forced on a death march, due to the Soviet Union approaching. Ruchl survived the march. At the end of the war, Ruchl reunited with Jakub and Lewek. She learned that Chaja, Etel, Lewek, and Zelig had perished. Also, she found out Molt had fled to Poland. Nothing was heard about the location of her mother or Levi. Like Ruchl, I'm the youngest sibling and my family owns a business. Our pictures are similar, due to the fact that we are both posing behind a tree. I have a lot in common with Ruchl, except I did not experience the holocaust.

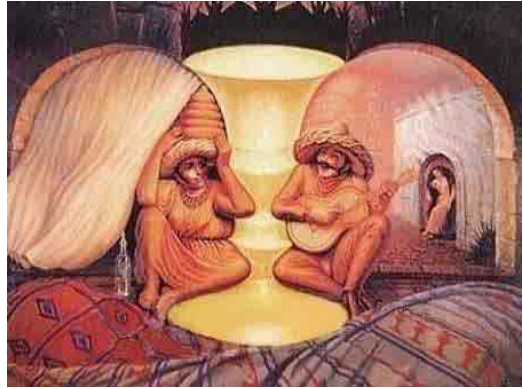
I never realized how ignorant I was about how the Holocaust. Everyone involved has their own unique story. Take Irene Gut for example. She was able to hide 12 Jews in the cellar of a German Major's house. Ruchl Itzhak was able to escape from a ghetto with two other people. Irene Gut and Ruchl Itzhak were not bystanders. They made moves, risking their life, and the life of others. The Holocaust taught the world to never discriminate against each other. About six million Jews lost their life. If people could see each other as equal, instead of discriminating each one another, this massacre could've been prevented.



Definition of Love

Illusion Writing by Olivia Malerich

Love exists, for both the young and old
For weak and strong
For bold and fearful
For cold and warm
And it lasts if it is true
It lasts to the end of time
Till we wither away
Till we are practically alone
But there is always one source of love
The memories can be love you hold on to
Your memories of love make love in the present stronger
And remind you of your purpose and history
And your impact on the world
Love knows no boundaries
A physical barrier cannot stop it
It will persevere; it will grow
It will take root the moment it can
It will announce its arrival
Love is powerful
Love is persistent
Love is captivating
Love is strong
Love can control all people do
If it isn't shared by both people,
it can break the one who does love
It can tear someone apart
It can destroy who they are
It can change their behavior
But it can also be beneficial
It can hide darkness
It can bring to light the positive things in life
It can decrease the severity of the negative things
It is more than a simple motion
It is a spell
Magical and divine
But also, imprisoning and dark



It is impossible to escape
Once it is cast, you cannot break it
It is the one thing that is practically impossible
to hide and doesn't die
You may think it does, but truly it doesn't
It is persistent
It sticks like glue
It fights like a lion
It brings to the surface characteristics like a boat
It destroys people like a bulldozer
It stores memories like a photo album
Love is the most powerful weapon
And the most powerful healer
It is purely unforgettable
And unavoidable
It is the hardest human characteristic to describe
Yet the most common
Most people would simply call it an emotion
But is it truly?
Can one emotion change someone so much/
Can one emotion start a fire of change,
hope, and bravery?
No, one emotion cannot
Many emotions collectively cannot either
It is part of our very souls, and shapes our lives

Polston

Poem by Samuel Green

Polston is like a book
Full of wisdom yet boring at the beginning.
He is like a lighthouse
Lighting the way, shiny and clear the top.

Polston is like the Earth
Full of life at 4 billion years old.
He is like a hospital,
Testing you over things you don't know about.

Two People on a Rooftop

Illusion Writing by Sam Cadle

In this essay, I'll be telling you about an illusion. I'll be describing what I think the illusion means, what people I think are in the puzzle and what people aren't, and why the two people are on the roof top. That is what my essay will be about.

First, I'll be describing what I think the illusion means. I think the illusion means that you can never escape the world you are living in. I think this because the two people on the roof are trying to get towards the openings in the puzzles. I think that the hole in the puzzles represent an opening to the real world. That's what I think the illusion is about.

Second, I'll be describing what people are in the puzzle and who aren't. I think the boy in the blue shirt and the girl in the red shirt with the green skirt are not in the puzzle. I think this because the boy's body is almost out of the puzzle. I also say this because if you look very carefully at the girls left heel you can see that the puzzle curves and puzzles don't curve so she is outside the puzzle. That is who I think is in the puzzle and who I think is outside the puzzle.

Third, I'll be describing why I think there are two people are on the roof top. I think they are on the roof top because they are trying to escape from there world to the real world. They might be trying to escape from there world to ours because they might be going through a rough time in life and they need to find an escape from there reality. I think the other people in the puzzle might be trying to fill up the hole so he can't escape. That is why I thought there were two people on the roof top.

In that essay, I described an illusion. I described what I thought the illusion meant, what people I think are in the illusion and what people aren't, and why I thought there were people on the roof tops. That was my essay, I hope you enjoyed it.

The Great Fight

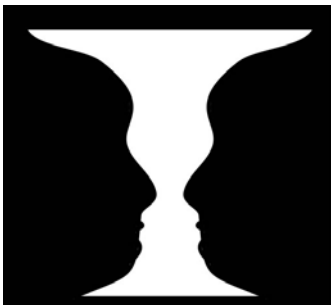
Illusion Writing by Kaden Burress

It happened so long ago, but I remember it like it was yesterday. I was one of the most respected knights at king Arthur's square table. Everybody that saw me on the battlefield, fled, damsels fainted at the sound of my name.

The name of course is, sir Tazerface. You shivered right there, didn't you? Anyways, at the square table we were having a jolly good time, and then out of nowhere at all, the great mage Chewbacca proclaimed that there was a great threat. He proclaimed that our great enemy, the Dark knight had acquired a weapon so powerful that it could kill you instantly, a poison so potent it would burn to your heart instantly, we called it, root beer. Now instead of being scared that the Dark night had a great weapon all that we were concerned about was getting that weapon for our own purposes. So naturally the king, knowing that I was the best choice for the job of getting the precious root beer back, asked me to go retrieve it for him. I left the castle feeling like the chosen one, and I was determined to come back a hero.

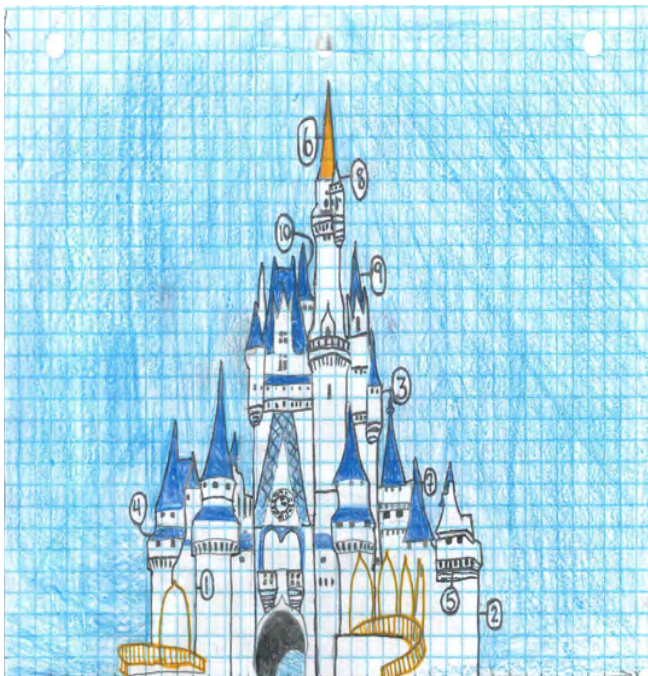
The terrain to get to the soul tower is a very rough and horrible terrain. You must wander through the forest of doom, and travel across the Baltic sea. Only then can you climb the soul tower. I was a pro at this, and I knew a shortcut. I knew a shortcut. I figured out that the whole course that you had to take was just a big circle. I found out that you could just walk backwards and find the soul tower. I don't know how people haven't noticed this though, it's literally a 200-foot-tall tower. Well, I walked to the tower and started climbing. On the way up, I was wondering what I would say to the dark knight when I found him. While I was thinking, I stabbed my hand on a spike on the tower; that was supposed to prevent people from climbing it. I kept climbing though and eventually made it to the top with a very bloody hand. At the top, I found the dark night in his pajamas. He was carrying a goblet that I was sure had to contain the root beer in it. Immediately he lunged at me and tried to splash the root beer at me. I barely grabbed the goblet before the liquid splashed on me. I wrestled it out of his hands and then threw him off the tower. From there I climbed down the tower with one hand.

I walked back to the castle with the goblet in my hand. Even from miles away I could hear the chant, Tazerface, Tazerface. I made it to the castle and saw my king outside to greet me. I walked up to him, but as soon as I got close I tripped on a tree branch and spilt the root beer on my king. He evaporated instantly. As soon as this happened I ran. I kept on running until I came upon the soul tower. I climbed back up, even with my broken hand. I made it to the top, and this is where I have lived ever since.



Today I think that I am going to jump off the tower. I don't have a life anymore, or at least not one worth living. I am stuck up in this tower having to live off of food that will only last me another year or so. And to think that all of this happened just because we wanted the root beer for ourselves. I realize now that with greed, nobody wins.

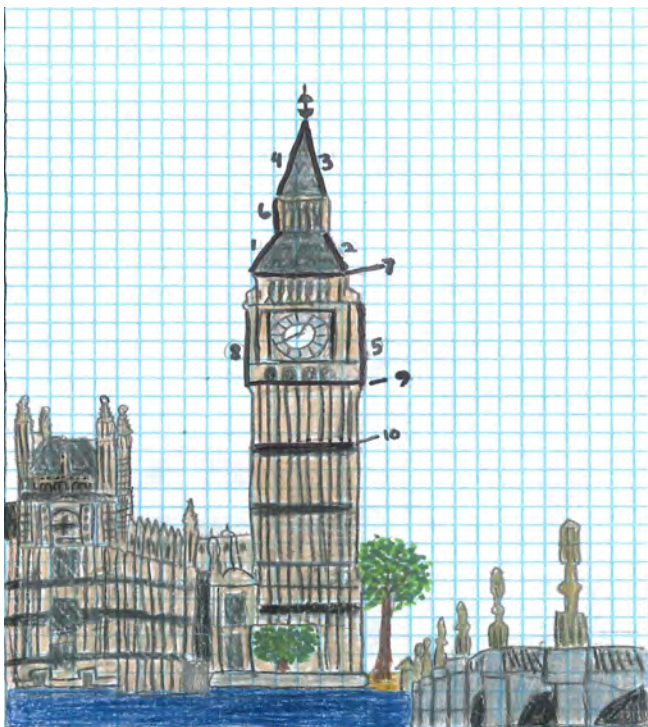
Goodbye forever,
Tazerface



Cinderella's Castle

Graph Art by Anneliese Wolfgang

1. $x = 12$
2. $x = 30$
3. $x = 24$
4. $y = 7$
5. $y = 5$
6. $y = 7x - 117$
7. $y = -13/3x + 122 \frac{2}{3}$
8. $y = -8/3x + 79 \frac{2}{3}$
9. $y = -5 \frac{1}{3}x + 139 \frac{1}{3}$
10. $y = -4x + 96$



Big Ben

Graph Art by Ella Taylor

1. $y = 2x + 4$
2. $y = -2x + 55$
3. $y = -5x + 100$
4. $y = 3x - 8$
5. $x = 15$
6. $x = 12$
7. $y = 24.5$
8. $x = 10.5$
9. $y = 18.8$
10. $y = 15.5$

Reflections of My Name

Narrative Essay by Madyson Malone

How does your name show your traits? My name has a lot of meanings but I'm just going to share three of my traits though. Do you know the traits of your name? My name is Madyson Malone, my parents liked the name a lot so they decided to give it to their first born which is me. I really like my name because it is easy to turn into a lot of nicknames, like Malone, watermalone, mads, etc.

I wonder if I get my creativeness from my grandmother on my mom's side of the family. One way that I am creative is that I draw a lot, the second reason I am creative is that I love to impress people of my creativity. I'm creative of how I dress, do my makeup, and my art. Let's start off on how I dress, I always have to wear something that matches or that has a lot of colors.

If you look in my wardrobe, you can see that I have a rainbow of clothes. Next is my makeup, I mostly do something simple like mascara, and eyeliner nothing else. But since that I am creative, I try different eye shadow techniques, I don't do that often though I do primary colors like, yellow, blue, or green. Now you know about all my creativity.

My next trait is me being shy. Most people don't have this but I do. I get most of my shyness from my mother. The first thing that a lot of people can or can't do is, speak in front of a big crowd. I can't, When I am though I always have that shaky voice that people get when they're scared, and ALWAYS have shaky and sweaty hands...gross. My next shy trait is making new friends.

I moved a lot when I was little, I moved to about...5 states mostly North Carolina and Indiana. That's why I've never made a lot of friends over a couple years. Now that I have gotten that taken care of, you'll learn one last name trait about me.

The final trait you will know about me is that I'm athletic. Even though I don't look like the person that does athletic things like, volleyball, basketball, or football. I get my athletics from my father he's been in track, football, and tennis as well. I've always and forever will love soccer. This year in 7th grade I will be doing tennis just like my father did. My second favorite athletic thing to do is called, Girls on The Run, it's where you have to practice your running and you speed, but you have to run 3.1 miles for a disease that girls and boys have. When you finish that you get a medal and you have to have pictures taken to let all the boys and girls know that there are people who care about them.

Those are some of the ways my name reflects me. One day I'm going to find a name so meaningful and beautiful for my child. I hope it fits their character as much as it does to mine. A while ago I didn't really like my name because I know a lot of other kids had the same name as me and I thought I wasn't special anymore. I used to wonder why can't I be special like the other kids. Then I realized that your name doesn't make your personality or clothes; it just gives us human beings a name to call us if we didn't have names we would just be named numbers probably and I think that would get old fast. Now I appreciate being named Madyson because it suits me so well.



Animal Patch Collage by Zach Perrine



Complementary Notan by Drew Reeves

We are thirteen.

A Poem by Josie Strawmyer

We are thirteen,
We should be writing love letters,
Not suicide notes.

We are thirteen,
We should be drawing with pencils,
Not razor blades and knives.

We are thirteen,
Our canvas should be made up of wood and linen,
Not made out of flesh and skin.

We are thirteen,
Our paint should be made out of pigments and resin,
But it's made of blood.

We are thirteen,
We should be able to feel okay with our imperfections,
Not wake hours before school just to
Paint on a mask to make sure we're "pretty".

We are thirteen,
We should be able to wake up and think
Today is going to be a good day,
Not dreading this place we call school.

We are thirteen,
We should be wanting to explore the world,
Not wanting to die.

We are thirteen,
We aren't your average sad kids,
We are much deeper than that.

We are thirteen,
But we constantly think about
Self-harm and death.

We are thirteen,
Right?



*Japanese Windsock
by Cora Dial*

Fish On!

A Narrative Essay by Nick Stewart

My hero is my Grandad. When I was 7, I went to Kentucky Lake to go boating with my grandad and the rest of my family. When we got there, I was so excited to go boating and to learn how to fish. Later that night my Grandad took me to learn how to fish, and as soon as I stepped on the boat, I smelled fish and could hear the waves hitting the shore. When we were heading out on to the lake, I felt the chilly breeze from cold fall night. As we were heading to our fishing spot, he told me stories about when he was in the Air Force. I am always glad to hear his stories.

When we arrived at our fishing spot, he showed me how to cast the pole. Once it was out in the water, he said that the pole will jerk, and once it does, you jerk back. I said, "Yes, sir." I wanted to mess with him, so I yelled, "FISH ON!" He rushed over to help me and said, "Yank and reel!" I yanked it so hard my line flew out of the water. He explained, "Son, you yanked it too hard." I laughed, "Yeah, I know. There wasn't anything on my hook. I just wanted to mess with you."

After I was done laughing, I had him re-bait my hook and I casted it back into the water. I was still giggling at what I did, and then my line got really tight. It yanked, and I yanked right back. I yelled, "FISH ON!" My grandad said, "No, there isn't. You're just gonna trick me again, and if there is a fish and you get it in yourself, I'll give you \$20!" I giggled and reeled and reeled, and I finally got the fish in all by myself. I said, "Looky, looky," and held up my fish proudly. He said, "Wow, you did that all by yourself!" He gave me a big hug for catching the fish and I got 20 bucks out of it. When we were headed home, I thought that I will have the biggest fish tomorrow.

My Grandad is my hero because he taught me how to fish, he is there when I need him, and he always has time for me. He always shows respect and chooses to do the right thing. He will always be my loving and caring grandfather, my hero.

First of all, my hero is strong, encouraging, and basically everything a super hero should be. He's been in the Air Force, and he always sets a great example for me. He loves to teach me how to do things that will help me in my everyday life. He has taken me places that I've wanted to go to like Minnesota lake, Kentucky lake, Alabama, and Tennessee. Also, he has taken his spare time to join us on our family trips. Honestly, words cannot express what a great person he is. He always tells Lexi and I that "It's so easy to be nice." My family and I love to live by this motto.

Second of all, my hero still inspires me because he always has time for whoever needs help. He is always wanting to spend time with me. He is always wanting to help our community and have our streets cleaned so our community can be as clean as possible. He still has the same respect and is the same person that he's always been. He has a very kind heart and is there when someone needs to talk. For instance, he goes to the nursing home spend time with the people there. This is my generous, kind, loving and thoughtful grandad. He is a great role model.

Lastly, he is always working in the garage or in the yard, and he loves to call me and ask me for help. I am glad he asks for my help, and he almost always buys me a treat after we finish our work. I always try and go over to his house to mow the lawn and to help him out as much as I can. I want to always be there for him and to treat him as well as he treats me. He inspires me because he chooses to make everyone happy, and he is always willing to help others.

My grandad is my hero because he has raised me well, and he has had such a huge impact on my life. I could never lose him; he is one of a kind to me. I admire his great working skills, his willingness to help everyone around him, and his motto, "It's so easy to be nice."



*Japanese Windsock
by Rachel Crostreet*



*Watercolor, Pen & Ink
by Cora Jacobs*

How My Name Reflects Me

Narrative Essay by Cora Jacobs

Names reflect who we are. My name, Cora Elizabeth Belle Jacobs, reflects me in many ways. My name is longer than the average name. I feel that it's bold and intricate much like me. My first name, Cora, is a family name passed down from my father's side of the family for three generations.

My name is Cora Elizabeth Belle Jacobs. The name Cora is Greek for maiden. My first middle name is Elizabeth, which means Oath of God in Hebrew. My second middle name, Belle, is French for beauty. Originally, my name was just going to be 'Cora Elizabeth Jacobs', but my dad decided to add 'Belle' into my name.

My name makes me strong. Without a name, we would be nobody. My name represents past generations. My great grandmother and my third great grandmother from my father's side of the family were both named 'Cora Elizabeth', making me a third generation. However, the name 'Elizabeth' is coincidentally my grandmother's middle name from my mother's side of the family.

My name reflects me in many ways. My name makes me who I am. I have a unique, drawn-out name, passed down. People say my name fits me flawlessly because they say I am intelligent and dependable. They also say that I am thoughtful and generous. Plus, my name is easy to remember.

My name represents who I am. Without a name, we are a nobody. A stranger. An outsider to the world. With our names, we connect with the world around us and others in it. We leave a trace of our existence in the memories of others. One of my favorite quotes is: "I am who I am, I am who I was, and I am who I always will be." I adore this quote because it talks about our names, a part of us that doesn't change. When we interact with others, we leave a piece of our selves. A piece of us, though it may be just a fragment, will live on after we have passed. Our name will live on.

A Tribute to Valor

A Veteran's Day Essay by Lilly Mrozinski

There aren't too many places in the world where men and women will fight for people they've never even met. There aren't too many of those places where those exact same men and women won't ask for single thing in return. These actions of pure kindness and awe-inspiring dignity have placed a proud feeling in their fellow Americans' hearts all throughout the nation.

Imagine you've been brought to a location that is hundreds or possibly thousands of miles away from your home. You don't quite know when you'll be back, but you envision the kind faces of your family who patiently await your return. For some, this imagination was a reality. There's no institution in this world that commands such unwavering respect as the United States military. The men and women who have taken such time and made such sacrifices to fight for their own country never cease to amaze us. They truly do deserve endless thanks and gratitude.

Veterans Day is a holiday perceived with such a great pride and inestimable meaning. What exactly do we celebrate on this day? We celebrate and sustain our honor towards all heroic men and women, living and deceased who have fought in America's battles throughout the past and present. Their service makes the world a better place, keeps our nation a strong beacon of hope in freedom and democracy, and those around them inspired and forever in awe

of all that they did and continue to do. The true meaning of a veteran does not only incorporate valor, for when you see a veteran, you see a person who has patriotism, love of country, and willingness to serve for the common good.

A significant French philosopher by the name of Michel de Montaigne once said, "Valor is stability, not of legs and arms, but have courage and the soul." This rightly does fit the meaning of Veterans Day. This quote represents the veterans and how each and every one of them defend the nation's ideals as a true hero. They've inspired us to strive to protect the legacy of freedom and democracy that has been bequeathed to us. It is because of selfless acts like these in our freedom is still burning.

Our veterans are special because they alone understand the true cost of freedom, and were willing to pay that price so that our country might enjoy the benefits of that freedom. Even with the constant threats including terrorists, death, another opposing countries these strong men and women have endured and sacrificed more than we could ever know. They are the sole foundation that holds us together, and they were here time and time again to preserve our freedom. For this, we offer great thanks and appreciation to all the kind souls who have ever served in the United States Military.

Peter's Opinion

Analytical Essay by Sydnie Stevenson

The Holocaust was a tragic event for many people. The Diary of Anne Frank explains some of the things people had to go through just to live during that time. The main characters in this story were Jewish kids named Peter and Anne. They have different point of views on people in the world. I agree with Peter and his thoughts that people are extremely lousy and cruel to other people in this world.

There's evidence to prove that there are wicked people in this world. In the play, the Holocaust is going on. This play wouldn't have been made if the families didn't have to hide to protect their lives. People would've taken the families if they didn't hide. That's something only people who were evil would even think about doing. They would've killed the families if they were caught outside the house or even inside the house. Anyone who found them would turn them in just for hiding. They felt that no one would help them to stay in hiding. They only cared about themselves. The evidence in the play is just the historical evidence that I have.

I also support Peter's point because of my own experiences. My dad is a sheriff. He faces people who do shocking stuff every day. People steal, break in places, bully, kidnap, shoot people, kill people, and so much more. An apology wouldn't help the victims that the "bad guy" hurt or killed. The "bad guy" did something evil, and the victim's family has to live with it for the rest of their lives. In school, there's

always some person out of all the students who is getting bullied by someone, whether it's over the phone or in person.

It's negative to think about all the horrible people in the world, but that's how life is now. People used to be able to leave their houses with the front door unlocked or opened without having to worry about someone coming in and taking things. Now, people can't leave the house without checking every door to make sure they're locked. All of this evidence proves that from my own experiences, cruel people exist in this world.

Anne, on the other hand, has a different point of view. Her thoughts are that everyone has a nice side. She believes that even if someone does something evil, they still have a respectable side to them. Peter doesn't think that if you do something wrong, you should be forgiven. Anne wants everyone to be forgiven no matter what. Even the people who are killing people during this tragic event should be forgiven in Anne's point of view. She could get taken for being in hiding, and she would still forgive whoever took her. All this evidence proves that Anne's point of view is extremely different than Peter's.

I believe that Anne thoughts are wrong because she's trying to make the best out of everything, especially the move. She's also trying to become Peter's friend. She might only like him so that she can turn him into a decent guy who

thinks everyone is a nice person. Anne can't see the cruelty in people because she hasn't matured enough to realize that people do stupid things. She doesn't want to believe anyone does anything horrible. However, she needs to realize when it's the right time to forgive someone and when it's not the right idea. All of this evidence proves that Anne still has some growing up to do.

In conclusion, Peter's point of view was that everyone has an evil side to them and that not everyone deserves forgiveness. Anne's point was that everyone is respectable and everyone deserves forgiveness. Holocaust families would've been killed if they didn't hide. My dad faces horrible people every day who should not be forgiven. Both have strong but different views on this world; however, in my opinion, Anne's point of view is incorrect, and Peter's view was correct.



Impressionist Still-Life by Cora Dial



Charcoal Still-Life by Kaylee Moore

Shanghai

A World's Fair Poem by Molly Barber

Shanghai is a bustling city.
Boats float on the water like clouds.
The dark sky is a masterpiece, painted by only the best artist.
I can smell the sweet scent of food in restaurants.
The shivering breeze slithers down my spine, leaving me with goosebumps.
Tall towers stand like giants, looking over the tiny people.
I'm claustrophobic in the sea of people lining the streets.
The sound of children laughing fills the air and engulfs me with joy.
Music blasts from the stores lining the streets, making me want to dance.
Shanghai's people are so friendly.
Even though I was alone, it felt like I had a million friends right by my side.
The closer I got to my home, the more the wind tugged on my arm to stay.
I just moved to China and it's the best I've ever felt.
Shanghai is a lovely city filled with life.

How I Love You Stonehenge

A World's Fair Poem by Mathias Baldwin

How I cherish you Stonehenge
Beautiful site in England.
You are always amazing.
I can't taste or see you,
But savor and watch.
Who made you, I don't know;
Who will ever tell.
I watch and listen for you.
You are like a gift;
We all received you greatly.

Clouds reach out for you.
The green ground beneath you shakes.
I can not touch you or hear you,
But I feel and listen.
You are towering.
The sun trembles above you.
The stars gaze down on you.
I can feel your history.
You are true power.
How I love you Stonehenge!



Animal Block Art by Korbyn Sloggett



Oh, How Wonderful

A World's Fair Poem by Faith Clair

Mountains frosted with snow
As the mild breeze begins to blow.
Rocks, like icebergs, break away from each other
Scattering away with the wind from one another.

The pale blue horizon stretches for miles.
Firewood is stacked in the distance in neat piles.
I lean back and hold my breath
Until, in my lungs, there's nothing left.

I let it all out with a long sigh
As I focus my vision on the bright cerulean sky.
A miniscule bird soars overhead and lets out a wail.
Like the bird, I imagine, that I too can bail.

Oh, how wonderful it would be
To be able to fly away, to be free.
Free to gaze down onto Lebanon and savor this nature
Land that I could see for acres.

Ridges, plateaus, lakes, interesting land forms,
Refreshing rain on my wings, incoming thunderstorms,
But that's all just daydreams.
Onto my sister and I, the sunlight streams.

Self-Portrait by Zach Perrine

A Tribute to Valor

A Veteran's Day Essay by Maren Devlin

Many of us today know of World War I and World War II strictly from books, yet our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were the soldiers who served during our country's greatest conflicts. A tribute to valor is paying respect to those who do the right thing even if it is the hard thing to do. Veterans Day is both an opportunity to acknowledge the commitments that our veterans made, honor their sacrifices, and be thankful that our way of life has been preserved through their actions.

Can one ever know the unimaginable commitment it took to charge through flying bullets, or put oneself in harm's way for another, or for taking action protect to protect one's belief? The United States military is fortunate to have been populated with the bravest man and women our country had to offer. Regardless of why they joined, they stood prepared to protect and defend our country at any moment. The training they had received couldn't possibly prepare them for the horrors of World War II and other wars to come, yet they protected our country because it was their duty. While many of our veterans put themselves in harm's way because of their commitments, it came with more sacrifice than life and limb.

One who has not been in the military may not appreciate the kinds of sacrifice our soldiers had to make. They agreed to serve, our veterans had to sacrifice their way of life for a period of time and subject themselves to the rigors of the United States military. Many would consider this a loss of free will as soldiers are expected to follow orders whether they like them or not. Aside from the inability to not make choices on their own, our veterans, especially those who serve during war, sacrifice time they could have spent with their families, missing events, holidays, and the togetherness of their communities.

Veterans Day isn't only did appreciate those who went to war, for it was everyone in the entire military that helped get our country where it is today. On Veterans Day, we are grateful for the men and women who have protected our country, preserved our freedom and guaranteed our liberty. It is difficult to fathom the amount of hard work that is needed to keep our country thriving. It is through the bravery and valor of our audacious men and women in the military that our nation is the super power that it is today. Acknowledgment on Veterans Day should be because of such actions

We live in the land of the free because of the brave. On Veterans Day we thank our soldiers for their commitment and sacrifice. We knowledge the fact that nothing could be possible without the men and women who have served in our military.

The Fight of the Spanish Bull

A World's Fair Poem by Quintin Isenhower

The ding of the bell has rung, and
The fierce red eyed bull comes out full of rage.

I'm filled with nervousness while
I wave the blood red flag around as it dances in the

Open like a cry for help.
With my skillset on fleek and the bull irritated and furious,

he bolts out like Usain Bolt.
The end of the sharp, dark red, soaked

Blade takes a blow. BAM!
The sword flies like a bird, flying from an eager dog.

With a daring move, I move like a cheetah chasing its prey.
Now, feet from the sword, my life, my chance to survive.

I dive like a baseball player needing to sprint to the base.
With the sword dangling in hand,

I feel the true power,
And the crowd is amazed.

Turkish Dust Storm

A World's Fair Poem by Cameron Wilson

I am man in a dust storm
covering my eyes and my mouth
so dust won't get in. I am
trying to get to safety without being able to see.

I hear other people in the dust storm,
Their cries for help, suffering.
I have to help myself first
Before trying to help them. I am
Feeling around for protection.
I feel pieces of wood slapping me.
I am like a scared, wondering tomcat.
I really just want out of this dust storm.

The Emerald Isle

A World's Fair Poem by Kaylee Moore

The wind howled along the shoreline,
the frigid water splashing up against the rocks,
foam biting at the rigid and damp ore.

The grass moved as a wave, creating a song
of rustling, emerald life that the
sheep grazed on, bleating and calling.

The wind howled and whined along
the mountain peaks, crying out like
a mourning Banshee wailing for a lost loved one.

Trees swayed, creating a symphony
of silent music as the leaves rustled,
the branches slapping against each other.

The sky was a mournful grey, thick
clouds blanketing and shielding the
Prussian blue sky that once was.



Op Art by Tyler Poulton



Violin Art by Riley Newman

The Mountain

A World's Fair Poem by Johnny Trepcos

I see the people down there, so small like ants.
The houses look like toys a small child would

play with. The clouds are always blowing
in front of me like a blindfold. When it

snows, I am covered with a blanket.
I tower above the village like a guardian.

Night is lonely, and it feels like the people
sleep forever. It also hurts when people

throw their trash on me like
I am a garbage can. It feels like they poke

me forever and never stop. In the end, I am a
mighty, mega, magnificent, mystical, Mexican mountain!

Running

A World's Fair Poem by Ella Johnson

Running, running, running to save your life
Helping everyone, no matter age, race or religion.
These attacks are attracted to our cities like a magnet.
Another day, another life unfairly taken by violence and anger.

Smoke filling the air, burning your nose like fire
Sirens everywhere, deafening sirens all around.
The taste of blood in your mouth as you stumble down a second time
Never-ending chaos and running.

Trying and always failing to run, run, run away
To a safer place, to take cover from the gray meteors that fall from the sky.
Running from our precious Egypt, the one we lived in for thousands of years
Crushed, torn apart by the hands of gunfire and crime.

Boom. We see another innocent life gone.
All we want is peace and freedom from this never-ending bloodbath.
Men, women, children laying down to rest in a rough, rocky grave of rubble
Jumping, scrambling, falling, dying, running.

A Snowy Day In Russia

A World's Fair Poem by Kadie Hite

One snowy day in Russia,
A herd of reindeer came out to play.

A mysterious man holding a stick
was riding on one of the reindeers' backs.
The man resembles a ghost riding a horse
with antlers in the shadows.

Steady trees in the background
were sturdy as metal poles.
Calm rustling of their tall branches.
Loud rumbling of the speedy reindeer galloping.

Reindeer crunching the freezing, white, snow.
Down the steep hill reindeer come gliding down
with snow dancing behind them.



Oil Pastel by Reid Nelson

That Street

A World's Fair Poem by Alexandria Barr

Loud roaring cars
driving down the busy street.
Mountainous view;
the Andes Mountains.
Hotels looking in the distance-
into the mountains.
Trees fighting
against the blasting wind.
A threat to tear them down.
Colombian signs
lining hustling streets;
clouds spying
over the whole town.
Whoosh, Whoosh!
There go the trees and bushes
that WERE lining the streets.
Smell of flowers-
in the distant mountains-
as if they were right next to you.
Wind was
100 tons of weight against my shoulders!
This is the most outrageous street in Colombia!

The Fallen World

A World's Fair Poem by Jonathon Klooz

Black clouds surround this city
Peninsula of pain and sorrows corrupted
Liberia is no longer a place to call home
Monrovia stands on whittled bones
Using the cane of the rubber industry
The cloud surrounds this land
A beast that attack the unaware
It strikes in the chill of the night
Leaving bodies in the street
streets of black broken bricks
shadows sneaks around as the people sleep
diseases stalk the living in this world
ocean colored suits look like aliens
then take the bodies and give away food
the animals still hunt in the alleys and the
passages
rust rallies round rested



Watercolor Still-Life by Cassie Proffitt

Love In My Eyes

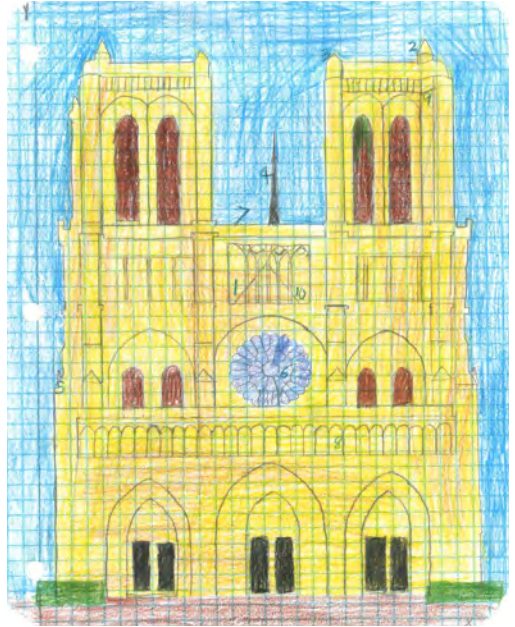
A World's Fair Poem by Trinity Pruitt

Passion in my eyes
I darted up the street like a cheetah
School is out and it's time to go home
BOOM, I run into an old lady on the street
Passion in her eyes.

I apologize, weeping a river of tears
South Korean street food burns my eyes
She was a walking fire, I shivered in her presence
She grabs my hands making me smile
I use my hands to talk to her
Not a breath leaving my body
The sun smiling and waving at me,
Light hitting my eyes
I give her a hug
Passion in my eyes.

My mother screams for me,
I do not hear her
We lock eyes suddenly
Her eyes like fire piercing at me
I look past it and I see the love
Passion in her eyes.

As we part ways,
A single tear falls down my face
The soft wind pulling me
Then I remember her eyes
Her sweet white eyes
Though she could not see, she could feel
I cannot hear, she cannot see,
But without love we could not be
I think about this as walk away
Passion in my eyes.



Notre Dame Cathedral

Graph Art by Neil Acton

1. $y = 9/7x + 5 \frac{1}{3}$
2. $y = 9/5x - 4 \frac{4}{5}$
3. $y = 5/4x + 14 \frac{1}{2}$
4. $y = 20x - 265$
5. $y = 11/7x + 13 \frac{1}{2}$
6. $y = 6/19x + 22$
7. $y = 26$
8. $x = 19$
9. $y = 3/8x + 25$
10. $y = -9/7x + 43$

Ding!

A World's Fair Poem by Cora Dial

Ding!
The smell,
Of fresh food,
Travels through air,
Like a butterfly.
The room is a zoo pen,
Full of a family of five.
One man glues eyes on the TV,
While the other is a painting,
That is frozen and in shock of the meal.
The dresses dance as the family gets prepared,
For the Saudi Arabian party is soon!
Ding! The doorbell is like an angel's voice to your ears.
Everyone in Saudi Arabia comes together,
The feeling of happiness and love is spread from another.
The food tastes like a party celebrating through-out your mouth,
For the celebration of Ramadan is a moment to cherish.
Ding!

The War

A World's Fair Poem by Connor Smith

I can smell cigarette smoke emanating in air.
I can feel icy metal gun stock pressed against my shoulder.
I can see smoke from a nearby village.
I can taste chemicals from my cigarette.
Smoke in distance is a warning.
Meat is as tasteful as a healthy vegetable.
Boom! I hear crackling of gunfire from a distance.
Later my friends were looking like lost hungry animals.
Crash I hear wood fall from a burning house.
War is a curse we are trapped in.
I am permanently stuck in a feeling of terror.
This war will leave me with scars .

A Tribute to Valor

A Veteran's Day Essay by Anneliese Wolfgang

We honor soldiers who are killed in battle, but we also have to remember those who lived and came home. They are our veterans. As people, we grieve for those we lost, but we must not forget those who lived through the battle. We have memorials for those who have died in war, but what about those who didn't?

We can never forget veterans who consistently put themselves at risk to save others. They are the men and women who gave everything to defend the ideas of our country. On Veterans Day, we honor our veterans who hung up their uniforms long ago. Some veterans made a choice to serve and some were chosen, but all deserve to be honored for everything they sacrificed.

Veterans – young, old, men, women – had to be extraordinarily brave to do what they did. Bravery is taking risks to improve the life of others. Bravery is leaving your family and saying goodbye, not knowing if you were ever see them again. Bravery is going a separate way from your best friend; not knowing if you would see each other again. Bravery is putting a picture of your loved ones in your uniform cap because that is the only way you can

keep them close. Bravery is willing to come home to a child that barely knows you because you've been away so long. It takes someone brave to be a veteran, someone who is willing to do all of these things to improve the lives of everyone in the nation and around the world.

Our veterans, who are braver than anyone could imagine, should be thanks for all that they did for our country. We should thank veterans for their sacrifice, their service, and their loss of innocence so that we can keep our way of life. Veterans gave up themselves so we can be ourselves. Veterans fought against injustice so we can live without fear. Each veterans sacrifice was led to freedom for others.

Sometimes, it is hard to imagine what it would be like to be such a brave individual, but our veterans understand it because they lived it each day of their time in the military. We should thank veterans every day for what they gave our country. Yet, Veteran's Day is the day that we take a special pause to honor these men and women for their sacrifice and valor. It just doesn't seem like enough.

THANK YOU,
VETERANS



Dear Parents, Staff, and Students,

Lebanon Middle School is excited to present another unique collection of student writing and artwork in this year's Tiger Tales: Art & Literature Review for the 2017-2018 school year.

Congratulations to the students published in this year's review! We are proud to showcase your talents in Tiger Tales for our school and community to enjoy.

Additionally, special thanks to the following teachers for guiding students through the writing process and submitting stellar student writing for this year's review: Lorrie Faust, Charlie Fisher, Debbie Green, Dee Hood, Don Polston, Wendy O'Rourke, Tammy Stuart, and Sean Watson.

Lastly, we appreciate Ronda Villines for submitting another beautiful collection of authentic student artwork.

To view this year's review and past reviews, please visit the student publications section on the LMS website:
<https://www.leb.k12.in.us/domain/188>

Proudly created and published by,

Kristine Cross
7th Grade Language Arts Teacher
Lebanon Middle School

Cover Art by Maggie Lamerson

*Regional Winner of the 2018 Juried Exhibition of Student Art
of the International Violin Competition of Indianapolis.*