

TIGER TALES



**LEBANON MIDDLE SCHOOL'S
ART & LITERATURE REVIEW 2016-2017**

Forward They Fall

A World's Fair Poem by Grace Medici

Into the fiery flaming February sky
the girl falls down,
falls to the ground.
I'm in the crowd,
smoke filling my lungs,
I can't breathe.

Slow motion is what this is.
We raise our hands,
try to catch her,
save her
life.

We hear the night sky full of fire,
melting what we once knew.
She falls like a baby bird,
unable to fly once born.
The wind whooshes through her hair,
as we catch her.

We all take her hand, and run from our fears,
run from the flaming sky we once knew,
run from our memories,
run from the orange sky;
but now a destination:

We run to our freedom,
we run to happiness,
we run to our future,
we run to a new land,
we run to rose scented valleys
with birds chirping amongst in the trees
away from the heatwave,
that swept us away.
We found our destination,
a brand new,
life.

Georgian Soldier

A World's Fair Poem by Joshua Zamora

A man stares ahead with dead eyes.
The man thinks and thinks and thinks.
This man stares thinking, traumatized
by what he's seen, what he feels.

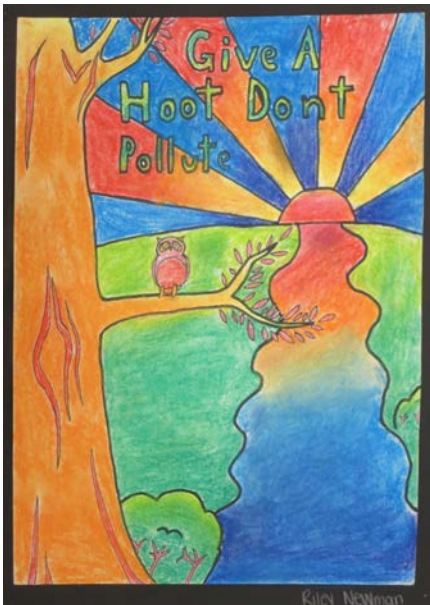
Dressed in full fatigues, still as a statue,
sitting without the slightest waver.
Little hair holds on his head, a few strands.
His head, a melting mountain top.

The room sits silent, nothing to look at,
but beige walls that'd put any man to sleep,
blank with only two dressers and a chair.
The only interest... a little metal radio.

The room smells musty like an attic.
Everything sitting still without movement.
The middle-aged man is still, the air still,
the only noise, his breath in and out.



Layna Ballard



Riley Newman

The Winning Shot

A World's Fair Poem by Allison Wright

The Cote D'Ivoire crowd roars in the stands.
He can feel the burn of the sun's glare on him,
as his rambunctious teammates stampede to him.

The soccer players draped in sweaty orange shirts,
wearing white, tight shorts and white, tight socks.
The professional cameras run at him excitedly.

The cameras click, click, click with loud people,
excited people, and more people huddling around.
Fresh green grass mixing with concession smells.



Riley Newman



Scout Langley

Alphabet Alliteration

A Poem by William Basey

Amy angrily arranges apples.
 Betty brings brown bananas.
 Creepy cats can crawl.
 Dogs dig dirt daily.
 Eat eggs every day.
 Frank finds farmers fascinating.
 Green geckos glide gracefully.
 Hide Harry's helicopter, hurry!
 Internet is infinitely interesting.
 Jolly John juggles jugs.
 Karen kisses kangaroos.
 Lizards like licking leaves.
 Mary makes mushy macaroni.
 Nancy needs nine nickels.
 Only online ordering of ovens.
 Please pick partners promptly.
 Queen quietly quits quilting.
 Rain readily reveals rainbows.
 Slimy snakes sometimes slither slow.
 Trustworthy Tom tells truthful tales.
 Unique Uncle Ulysses understands.
 Violet vomits violently.
 Worship with warmhearted wonder.
 X-ray xylophones.
 Yvonne's yellow yacht.
 Zebra zig-zags.

Flip-Flops

Creative writing by Erica Rex

I like the squishy Nike flip-flops. They are very comfy and cozy. I always love wearing them to the beach on a hot and sunny day, and sometimes I can feel the hot burning sand in my toes. I can feel the hot breeze blowing onto my face as the waves are moving from the ocean water. As you can see, these are the reasons why I like to wear flip-flops to the beach in the summer.

A 'Scarring' Role

Habits of Mind Essay by Anneliese Wolfgang

Habits of Mind are “routine, smoothly-triggered, intellectual behaviors that lead to productive actions”. To achieve goals, you have to use Habits of Mind. I have a goal of doing a wonderful job at playing Scar in the Little Black Box Theatre’s production of The Lion King. To be an outstanding Scar, I must memorize all of my lines, stage directions, and songs. To achieve my goals, I must use self-control, persistence, and teamwork.

First off, I have to use self-control for a few reasons. One reason why I need to use self-control is because there are many younger kids in The Lion King. Young kids can be disobedient, and if they don’t listen, I have to control myself and not yell at them. Young kids also don’t remember things as well; so even if they get something right then forget it the next week, I can’t get mad. Practices for the show can go quite late into the night. When I come home from practices, I still have to do homework; so I have to control myself when I come home in order to not break down and to get all my work done.

Next, to be an extraordinary Scar, I also must use persistence. I can’t expect to magically have everything memorized. I have to stick to it and remain on task until it’s memorized. It takes more than one run through to get all lines, songs, and stage directions memorized. There might be a time when I’m feeling like I can’t get anything done, but I can’t let that stop me from achieving my goal. If I don’t use persistence, show time will come, and I will still have to read out of my book for lines. That would mean I didn’t reach my goal of becoming a wonderful Scar, and that’s not happening.

Also, I need to use teamwork to get through my show. The Lion King isn’t a one man show, you need a whole group of people to make a show like that happen. If I don’t use teamwork on stage, I won’t have any emotional connection with the people that I am saying my lines with. Also, I can’t expect everyone to know their line or for me to know my lines right away. I have to work with them and help them with their lines, and they can help me with my lines as well.

In conclusion, I need to use several Habits of Mind skills to become a marvelous Scar. Habits of Mind are important in order to achieve any goal. I have to apply my Habits of Mind skills for not only my goal of becoming an outstanding Scar, but for any goal that I may have in life. For this particular goal, I need to use my Habits of Mind skills of self-control, persistence, and teamwork.

Breath of Nature

A Poem by Sarah Brown

When I let my four-legged buddy outside,
a breath of coldness brushed over my face.
The smell of nature filled inside of me.

I saw magnificent stars shining down
and making various patterns.
The glowing moon looked down on us.

I saw my breath in the light,
but when I stared upwards.
All I saw was a peaceful sky.

The only thing my ears could hear
was the pulsing of the electricity
running through the lamps outside.

The coldness slowly crept over my body
as I stared into the unknown
and called for my wooly buddy.



Jazlyn Gramlin



Aiden Frost

Ode to Poetry

A Poem by Megan Isham

Gentle rhythms dance throughout my soul.
At least I think that was their goal.
Each word is a gentle symphony
drowning deep in its own brilliancy.
Oh, the joy I find in poetry.

The various styles float everywhere;
not one stanza can nearly compare.
Artists use their tactic skillfully
to connect others to their ability.
Oh, the sheer joy I find in poetry.

This ode 'tis done and so am I,
but surely this is not goodbye.
Don't worry where I will go next;
possibly I am in this text.
Woe to me, never give please.
Rather remember the sweet joy I found in poetry.

Côte D'Ivoire Crowd

A World's Fair Poem by Abby LaMay

The bright, bright afternoon light seems to blanket the loved Abidjan,
slowly pouring into the illustrious Lycée de Garçons de Bingerville.

The ceiling, a rotting fruit, displaying a murky, muddy, brown color,
and the also rotted support beams seem to deteriorate under pressure.

Around the crumbling construction, the gorgeous grass, freshly cut,
smells like the magical morning dew of an almost subtle springtime.

The patterned possessions, almost as scattered as the poised people,
all dressed in floral, fancy, festive French fabrics, as exotic as a macaw.

Intense sound of applause gives off an overwhelming sensation of joy
while the crowd gathers together like the many pebbles on a tide.

Crusader Castle

A World's Fair Poem by Brooke Reeves

The abandoned castle lies silently, observing
out upon the ocean sighting the crashing waves
washing up on the island's shore; the wind is swirling,
generating a storm of waves crashing to shore.
The waves, once a herd of cattle, sprinting from predators,
are now gliding ashore graciously.

The breeze sliding through the castle window
brings cool air on scorching days.
The ocean is full of life and exhilaration,
but the sky is hollow and calm.
The castle realizes the fish are soaring into the air,
collapsing back in the water with a splash.
The castle's damaged bricks are slowly crumbling to the ground
as the castle glances out into the world like it has been for years.

The Kelpies

A World's Fair Poem by Grace-Ann Flanagan

Crowds appear and produce photos of posed horses.
They murmur and stare at the stunning art.
These animals are as fascinating as a mountain-top view.
The horses are the jewel of Glasgow.

Children gawk at the massive statues
gazing down on them.
The night grows late, the crowds begin to thin,
but tomorrow they will return.



Riley Newman

Panamanian Pelican

A World's Fair Poem by Kaelie Grause

On the dock nearby, a pelican sits
as quiet as the fish under the water
while he is waiting, waiting for his lunch.

Near the rickety dock, a boat sits
where people go on educational tours,
to see the wildlife in their happy homes.

'Whoosh, Whoosh' the wind whispers through
the trees and says hello to people passing
on their way to their day's destination.

In the water the fishy families are joyful,
swimming peacefully in the water until...
Gulp! The pelican finally gets his fishy feast.



Ian Chester

Gentle Austrian City

A World's Fair Poem by Lilly Mrozinski

The gentle whoosh of water flows back and forth,
weeping with wonder of what's to come.
The water's subtle scent not far from the dock.

Houses camp, permanently placed on a hill.
Snow slightly rests on their rugged roofs.
Fresh crisp snow lightly lands on human lips.

The rustling, rustling, rustling of tree leaves,
the crunch of crystal white under your feet,
mountains shimmer like a distant mirage.



Natalie Dafoe

Ghost Friend

A Civil Rights Movement Historical Fiction Story by Martina Osorio-Bustos

History can be fun, only if you can travel back in time. That's exactly what my friend, Jacob, and I did. My name is Martina, and we took history to another level.

We have to do a history report about the Civil Rights Movement. Jacob meets me at lunch. "We need to go to Mrs. Morisonly," he says. I grab my lunch bag and get up. We go in the hallway and I say, "I've been working on our report. I actually have to get books from the library." "No," Jacob says. "I have another idea."

Mrs. Morisonly notices us and stands up. "Why are you guys not in lunch?" she asks us. "I don't actually..." Jacob cuts me off and says, "May we please use the time machine?" Mrs. Morisonly looks confused. "Why?" she asks. "Our research paper," Jacob says. "Sure," the teacher says.

We finally get out of the time machine, and that's when I hear loud yells. "It is 1960 and today is Ruby Bridges' first day of an integrated school," Jacob says. Suddenly, a bat and a few tomatoes hit the time machine! "I'm going to poison you; I'll find a way," says a protesting woman.

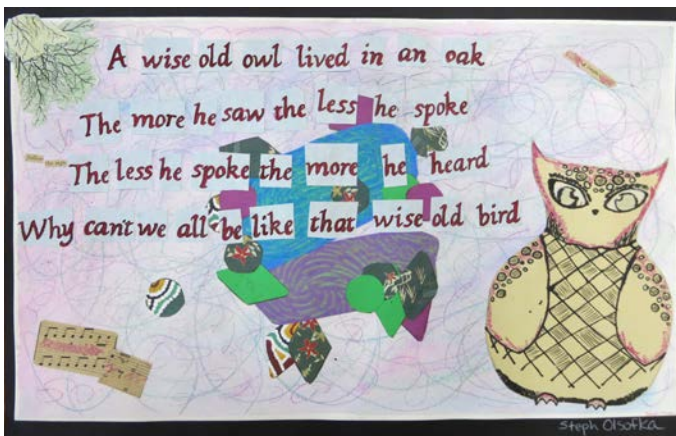
"Wow, can people see us?" I ask. "No," Jacob says, "we're ghosts." We see Ruby and run up to her. We run up to her class. She is all alone with her teacher, Mrs. Henry. "It's weird that instead of pants, girls seem to love dresses," Jacob says. "No, actually it isn't appropriate to wear pants now. I'm glad I'm a ghost," I say.

Ruby seems to be very interested in math and art. Jacob and I love art. As she eats lunch she whispers, "Hi! Who are you guys?" "Um... how can she see us?" I think. "Um... hi Ruby," I whisper. "I'm Martina. How is life?" I ask. "Fine, I just don't like the negativity outside," Ruby says. "Will you be my friends?" she asks us. "Of course!" Jacob and I say.

We go to her house, and she goes to her room. "It gets lonely," she says. "We have to

get home. We're from the future," Jacob says. "I'll ask my dad to fix your time machine," Ruby exclaims. She asks her dad, and he fixes it. "I promise I will come back," I say. I hug her and give her a drawing I drew. "Remember us," Jacob says. We go in the time machine and wave goodbye.

We return home, and a week later we get our grade. A+! "Yes!"



Stephanie Olsofka



Lilly Mrozinski



Maggie Lamerson



Addison Cupka

Alphabet Alteration

A Poem by Jasmine Stewart

An aardvark achieved an artistic accomplishment.
Beside beautiful barking beagles, babies balance basketballs.
Could cars count consecutive cowboys?
Dark daughters dance dizzily.
Every evening elephants escape elevators.
Fast fish fight furiously.
Gorillas growl gently grabbing gross grapes.
Howling horses handle hopping harvest happily.
Increasing iguanas injure infants.
Jumping jackhammers joyfully jump.
Kicking kangaroos kill kids.
Later luxurious land laughed.
Many magazines maintain major machines.
No narrow necks need names.
Open opportunities offer oxygen.
People paint panicked packages.
Quivering questions qualify.
Rivers rush rapidly, roaring.
Still, slithering snakes sneak sadly.
Tall technical teachers thank the transmitters.
Ugly uncles undo unemployment.
Velvet vegetables view violence.
When wizards wait, woodcutting wildebeest work with woodpiles.
Xyresic, xeric x-rays xenagogy.
Yellow yelping youngsters yield.
Zinc zippers zigzag.

Tomato Tia and the Meanie Mustards

A Short Story by Aiden Frost

It was the year 414,139 BC, and ketchup had just been discovered. Before then mustard had been the only choice for hotdogs, but now there was ketchup. Still, mustards didn't give ketchups equal rights and choices. For example, there was segregation in schools, or separate schools for each. However, the schools weren't equal. This is a story about how one girl's courage and commitment changed that. That girl was Tomato Tia.

Now, Tomato Tia came from a family of sharecroppers in Ketchup Kingdom. Her mother, Tomato Taylor, and father, Tomato Tim, were very loving ketchups who opened their arms to anyone and everyone. However, when some mustard marshals showed up outside their little hut, Tim and Taylor became very protective.

"Excuse me," Tim called, "what can we do for you?"

"We come in the name of Prime Minister Marley Mustard," they called back.

It turns out the marshals had come because Mr. Mustard wanted to end the segregation of schools. Tia had been given the opportunity to integrate an all mustard school! Tim and Taylor said yes because they heard that at the new school teaching was as good as a ketchup college!

On Tia's first day, there were many protestors outside the school. It took Tia a little while to get through the crowd of saucism which is like racism. When she got in the school, she saw the principal waiting for her. This principal was nothing like Mr. Dunshee. She was a prejudice mustard who opposed integration. The principal grabbed Tia's arm and walked her down to her room.

"Keep an eye on this one," she told Tia's teacher. "You can't trust a ketchup."

"Yes, Ma'am," replied the teacher.

Tia thought that the teacher was just like the principal, but as soon as the principal walked away, the teacher put on a smile and gave Tia a hug. The teacher's name was Lilly Loving, and Mrs. Loving thought that it was wrong to discriminate. She sympathized with Tia and protected her from mean spirited people.

After the first few weeks with Mrs. Loving, Tia became comfortable at school. In fact, she loved school. She would go home from school each day with something new in her brain. Before she knew it, school was out, and Tia couldn't wait to go back.

Tia ended up graduating from high school and going to college. She graduated with a "mustards degree", and now she goes around the world talking to people about how the minority is just as important as the majority, and about how important the saucy rights were. (The saucy rights were much like the civil rights.) Tia died knowing justice had been done, and we salute her.

How a Girl's World Turns Upside Down

A Civil Rights Movement Historical Fiction Story by Emma Waskom

How can people be so cruel to other people? My name is Faith. I was only six years old when my whole world came crashing down as I went into a restaurant. I lived in New Orleans when it happened.

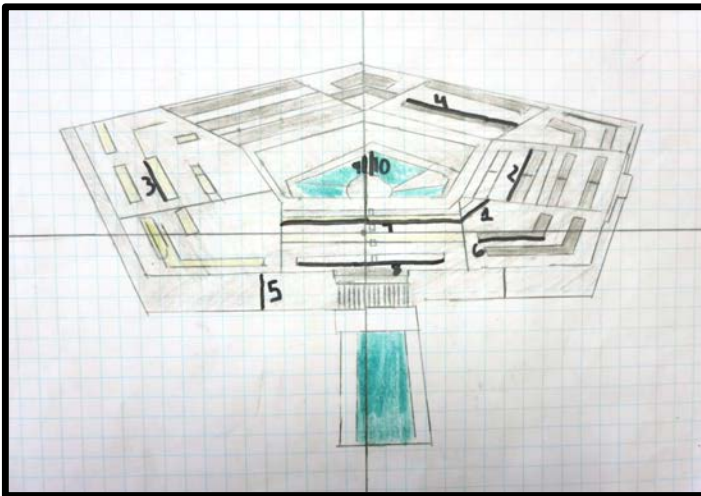
I was walking with my parents one day, in 1955, one year after the Supreme Court ruled that separate was not equal. I still didn't see a change in things. It was like it didn't even happen. Whites still disliked blacks. As for me I still didn't know what was going on. That was until I got lost from my parents, and I went into a restaurant to ask for help.

The door I went into had a sign on it, but at the time, I didn't know how to read. Now I know it said, "Whites Only!" When I walked through, everyone just stared at me. It was like time stopped. Then when I least expected it, they started yelling words I had not yet understood, and though some yelled, others threw food at me. I ran out of the restaurant screaming for my parents.

When I finally found my parents, I realized why they were so protective of me. I now knew why the whites got nicer things than us, and why they were always pointing and laughing at us. That night I cried and vowed that I would not go into a restaurant again, and I would stay close to my parents until everyone was equal.

The Pentagon Building Project

Graph Artwork and Mathematical Equations by Garrett Harker



1. $y = 125x + 2.5$
2. $y = 2x - 12.5$
3. $y = -1/20x - 15.5$
4. $y = -0.25x + 7$
5. $x = -5$
6. $y = -0.5$
7. $x = 0.5$
8. $y = -2.5$
9. $x = 0$
10. $x = 0.2$

The Giant Leprechaun

A Short Story by Kadie Hite

In a country called Ireland, there was a leprechaun named Og. He had a problem that he could not figure out. He kept on growing, and he was already Ireland's tallest leprechaun. All the other leprechauns were small like a regular leprechaun. Every day Og had some trouble walking around all of the small leprechauns' houses. One day Og was taking a walk, and one of the small leprechauns threw a Frisbee; Og tried to run to get it, and he caught it, but he bumped into one of the pillars in the village. The pillar tipped over, and it started to knock down all of the small leprechauns' houses in the village.

When it finally stopped, Og's father, George, came out to see what happened. Og's father was one of the small leprechauns, but they lived in a huge house outside of the village on top of a hill. One of the small leprechauns stomped to Og's father and yelled, "This is the last straw, George! You keep that giant freak away from our village!" Og frowned and ran home. When Og's father came back home he sat next to Og and talked to him. Og said to his father, "Why am I bigger than the other leprechauns? I am supposed to be small like everyone else." Og's father replied, "Son I have to tell you something. The reason why you are big is because I found you in the street, so I took you home and raised you. You were an orphan when I found you." Og was shocked, "So is there a way to make me small?" Og asked.

Og's father replied, "There is one way to make you small, but it is a long journey. Can you handle it on your own?" Og replied, "Sure I can. At this size, I can do almost anything. Just tell me where to go, and I will go there." Og's father sighed and said, "First, you have to go out of Ireland. Next, you have to walk through the woods. Finally, you have to go to a castle, and inside there is a magical woman that will use her wand to make you small." Og felt brave and said, "Don't worry father; I will go on my quest and find that castle. I won't let you down." So Og packed some food and walked out of the house, Og's father waved and said, "Good luck my boy, and be safe. I will miss you." Og waved back and replied, "I will be back before you know it. Goodbye!" Og began his quest.

Og got out of Ireland, and started to walk through the woods. He saw out in the distance a castle. Og thought to himself, "That must be the castle father was talking about." Og finally got to the castle door, and he started to knock. A little servant answered and said in a tiny voice, "May I help you, sir?" Og replied, "I have come to see a magical woman to make me small." The servant politely said, "Right this way, please come in. I am sure she will be delighted to see you." Once they finally got to her room, the servant said, "Your majesty, you have a visitor." She said, "Send him in; I love guests." Og slowly came in the room. Og politely said, "Hello, my name is Og, and I was wondering if you can make me small like the other leprechauns so they will like me." The woman said, "I will be delighted to make you small; now hold still because it might tickle." So Og stayed still.

The woman waved her magic wand and said a spell, and then Og began to shrink just enough to be the size of the other leprechauns. Og happily said, "Thank you your majesty, you are so kind." The woman proudly waved goodbye and replied, "You're welcome, Og, I am happy to help."

When Og came home his father was so proud of him and said, "You did it son; you are finally small!" When they went to the village, it was finally fixed. The other small leprechauns looked at Og and said, "How are you small? How did you do it?" Og replied, "I took a journey to a magical woman, and she made me small." Now every day, everyone in the village said, "Hey, Og, how are you?" Now everyone likes him.

If I Were in Charge of the World

A Poem by Tyra Flores

If I were in charge of the world
I'd cancel school,
Sunday nights,
loneliness and sadness.

If I were in charge of the world,
there'd be no such thing as too much junk food,
there'd be ice cream for breakfast, and
Starbucks whenever.

If I were in charge of the world,
you wouldn't have to clean,
you wouldn't have doctor appointments,
you wouldn't have any type of shots,
or "Don't take drinks out of the kitchen."
You wouldn't even have people tell you what to do.

If I were in charge of the world,
a triple fudge sundae would be a vegetable,
all amusement parks would be free,
and a person who sometimes makes bad choices
and sometimes acts dumb
would still be allowed to be
in charge of the world.



Maggie Lamerson



Jasmine Stewart

Never

A Poem by Brittany Larkin

Never say I love you if you really don't care.
Never talk about feelings if they aren't really there.
Never hold my hand if you're going to break my heart.
Never say what you're going to do if you don't plan to start.
Never look into my eyes if all you do is lie.
Never say hi if you really mean goodbye.
If you really mean forever, then say that you will try.
Never say forever because forever makes me cry.

The Summer of Weird Harold by Eric Walker Williams

A Book Review by Ryan Shepherd



The Summer of Weird Harold by Eric Walker Williams, a 7th grade Social Studies teacher at Lebanon Middle School. Williams has a weekly column in *The Lebanon Reporter*. He claims that he is a pretty good American. Williams has a wife and is a father of three.

The Summer of Weird Harold is about two siblings, Kayla and Kyle, trying to save Bass Lake, the lake they own a cabin on. Kayla is in search of a rare bird, the golden ibis. Kayla is also being targeted by Art, also known as “The big A”. Art is your typical rich guy trying to buy off all the property, attempting to build an amusement park. Meanwhile, Weird Harold is basically a stalker that follows the twins around.

When Kayla’s grandfather died, their family went to the lake where they used to go with their grandfather. Kayla claims that when Art’s family comes to Bass Lake, Art is trying to kill them. This is because Kayla is nearly run over by Art’s plane, the branch of their tire swing breaks all of a sudden, their beds suddenly fall apart, and many other strange things happen to the twins. Kyle on the other hand, loves that the Big A owns a biplane and says it reminds him of the one in *Indiana Jones: Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Kayla is also being pestered by a woman that she calls “the Trash Queen” because she is always cleaning the trash in the swamp. She doesn’t think anybody cares about the swamp even though Kayla is finishing what her grandpa started.

My favorite part of The Summer of Weird Harold is when Kayla falls off of the tree swing after the big A comes from his family biplane. She then says, “Kyle, stop obsessing over his plane and help me up. I could have died!” I like this part because I imagine Kyle is in love with the plane, and Kayla is on her back basically acting like she is paralyzed. She later has to apologize to Art when her parents find out thought Art was trying to kill them after this incident.

Kayla starts to change from thinking that Art is evil and wants to kill her, and she starts to like him for who he is until she finds out he has plans to make a golf course and amusement park out of the swamp she so appreciates. Weird Harold changes from being a shy person to a hero and helpful friend. The theme of The Summer of Weird Harold is to appreciate what you have before it’s gone. Kayla and Harold are the only ones who really appreciate the swamp until the end of the book.

The Summer of Weird Harold is very intense when Kayla and Kyle do some spying and they get in a lot of trouble. Kayla then gets into even more trouble when she snoops around Harold’s house after she realizes that Art’s family is not a threat and that she was crazy. She then finds out that termites have caused her to nearly die multiple times. Overall, I really enjoyed Eric Williams’s The Summer of Weird Harold. I would recommend this book to middle schoolers who are looking for an exciting mystery with tons of sarcasm and puns. I give it 5 out of 5 stars because this book is an amazing summer read.

Spring

A Seasonal Poem by Payton Mullens

Spring is an awesome season,
And this is for many reasons.
Spring is like a big flower
With a lot of power.
Spring is a bee buzzing in the air,
And bees do not show a lot of care.
Birds are waving with their wings,
Boom, bang, clash, cling!
There goes my bobbling brother Bob with his bike.
This is my favorite season
And these are all of the reasons!

Beautiful Springtime

A Seasonal Poem by Alyssa Parker

Buzz! Buzz! Went the bees
As they collect pollen
The flowers smell as good as freshly baked cookies
The beautiful rainbows in the sky after a storm
Make your day bright
The trees dancing in the wind
Green grass grows quickly
So get your mowers ready
The sun is a giant oven
Burning my skin

Signs of Spring

A Seasonal Poem by Natasha Standeford

I wake up in the morning to hear birds begin to tweet and sing
As my alarm clock starts to ring, ring, ring
It's 8 o'clock and mom yells "Time to clean!"
And I'm bright as I commence to sing
Spring cleaning, although I do not enjoy
It's quite frankly something that gets me annoyed
I have to clean my room and wash dishes
I'm more bored than a genie without any wishes
But when I'm done, I'm filled with cheer
Because I know that spring is near
The sun's as bright as a light bulb that someone just bought
It lights up everything without any thought
The beautiful day has bees buzzing by
I love spring and that's not a lie
By the day ends for soon to lay my head

Spring, I Love You

A Seasonal Poem by Joscelyn Spears

Boom! The thunder growled like a giant brown grizzly bear
The storm is a raging bull and it hit us just by a hair
Nobody could believe how loud it was
Spring is cool, not too hot, or not too cold
The flowers are screaming with colors so bold
Spring, I love you
But why do you always make my cows moo?
My friends and family love the 70° weather
I love the colors of the birds' feathers
Oh, how I hate to see spring go!



Shane Deetz

Spring Arrives

A Seasonal Poem by Logan Cox

Spring, as peaceful as a hummingbird.
The bright sunshine is a warm blanket.
The new leaves on the trees wave at me.
Ducks in the pond go splish-splash,
Splish-splash, and with sunshine, Spring arrives!
The newly-bloomed flower dances in the sunshine.
Spring is a warm rain, and
The sun smiles at me when I look at it.
The snow says goodbye as it melts away.
Spring is as beautiful as a new garden.

Spring Arrives Again

A Seasonal Poem by Lindzie Murphy

Chirp, chirp the birds are here again,
I've waited all winter to hear my little friends.
The grass smells as sweet as a freshly baked pie,
For a random reason I can't explain why.
I love how the sun touches my face,
For spring is a good memory no one can erase.
I like how the flowers represent art,
That is a subject very close to my heart.
It's so suddenly sad when spring has to end,
It shoves away the cold so summer can begin.



Maggie Lamerson

Beautiful Summer

A Seasonal Poem by Keeley Wilhoite

Summer, summer my favorite season
Mainly for many, many reasons
Every summer we go to the cabin and have a blast,
Hoping that it will always last
Splash, splash as we all jump in the water
While the bonfire gets hotter and hotter
When we're on the boat above the lake
It feels like a dream we'll never awake
When you're at the cabin you can sing,
swim, ski, and many, many more
But I know for a fact you won't be bored.
Buzz, buzz says the queen bee
Luckily she never stings me
Sometimes the lake is as smooth as glass
Or the lake is choppy and likes to harass
The cabin is the best place in the world to go
I really want you to know.

Summer Sun

A Seasonal Poem by Emma Bailey

Oh how I will miss the summer sun
All the buzz, buzz, buzzing of the bees
All of the flowers dancing through the wind
The mosquitoes as feisty as vampires
Swimmers swimming, splishing and splashing
The sun a blazing torch in the sky
Rays blinding me as I play outside
A light breeze blows by
Summer is air conditioning for those outside
I wish summer would never say good-bye.

A Great Summer Day

A Seasonal Poem by Kaitlyn Smith

The smiling sun shines on me,
As I look to see
My friend waving at me
We are like cheetahs
Running and running until we meet
To get under the nice shady tree
We play and play for millions of hours
As we see all these big flowers
Hearing the bees
Buzzing and buzzing
Soon it is time to go
Our faces as red as tomatoes
As I walk home
I see busy, buzzing bees
When all of the sudden
One stung me
I cried and cried
I was a baby
when I got home
I wasn't alone
I was with my great family

Fun Summer

A Seasonal Poem by Simone Acheson

Walking outside in the summer heat
A little bird goes "tweet"
Taking a walk down the road
My neighbor and I say hello
I walk to the park
Little kids scream like banshees
While the swings squeak and squeal in pain
I walk over to the pool
The pool is a blue crystal awaiting me
SPLASH! I jump in
Then, Beth and Brit belly flop in too
Ahh, summer is fun!

Summer Sights and Sounds

A Seasonal Poem by Reid Princell

Summer is never a bummer!

DING! DING!

I hear the ice cream truck

Summer is frogs and bugs

It's grass for rugs.

Snow cones and ice pops keep me cool,

Even though I love the pool!

Swimming, swinging, sipping sodas, days nice and long,

Make me want to sing a song.

It's sun and shade

It's water to wade.

Flowers as colorful as a rainbow,

Flowers dancing through the rain flow.

Summer speeding by so fast,

Oh how I wish these days would last.

For when it ends I must abandon my pool,

I really dread going back to school.

Summer Fun

A Seasonal Poem by Michael Strode

My favorite season is summer.

When it rains, that is a bummer.

The grass is as green as money.

The bees buzz around making honey.

The moon is so bright, it smiles at night.

Playing outside and swimming in the pool

Once I get hot, I have to get cool.

Playing with friends and family get-togethers are fun.

Sizzling summer and sunburnt skin-super fun in the sun.

Time for Summer

A Seasonal Poem by Wyatt Perdue

Almost everyone everywhere enjoys summer

It came in slowly, like a bear straight out of slumber

The wind whistling a tune as we play ball

No leaves falling, unlike fall

Boom, crackle, pop no thunder involved

Not even snow....the problem is solved

The heat was a fireball but we were fine

I could have a friend over at anytime

In my opinion, summer is very cool

It's the time you get out of school!

What a Wonderful Time of Year

A Seasonal Poem by Alyssa Kubik

Splish, splash summer

What a wonderful time of year!

It can sometimes be as dry as bones

Or as wet as water.

Chillin' by the pool side,

Water slapping me as I swim.

Everyone licking lemony lollipops

And drinking icy cold lemonade.

We were tomatoes after spending time in the sun!

Summer is the best time of year!

The Seasons Are Graying

A Seasonal Poem by Daniel Talbott

The seasons are graying
The birds not staying
Like they bought a home far away
The wild, winter waiting
While the tweet of birds swaying,
Disappeared as cold starts to show
The fall is like a sweet sorrow
The wind is a bull whip hitting my face
With harsh gales that leave freezing pain
Soon this cold will come to pass
And spring and summer will be back at last
And with the tweet of the birds, it will be a blast.



Kyle Schick

Autumn Leaves

A Seasonal Poem by Jade Barton

Autumn breeze, hibernating trees
Red, yellow, and golden leaves
They flutter to the ground
As they dance around
The leaves twirl and whirl to the ground
like a ballerina dancing around
They don't make a sound as they fall, down, down, down
Crisp, crunch, crackling beneath your feet
Quilting the ground with silver leaves for miles and miles around.

Fall

A Seasonal Poem by Ronaldo Bernal-Santos

I love all the seasons!
But fall is the best!
The leaves turn as golden as gold
The ground is a board waiting for new color
My mom bakes perfect pumpkin pie
Beep, beep, beep, the pie is done
Get out of the oven! Quick!
The plate laughed with joy
When the pie was served.
Fall is the best!



Riley Jump

Fun Fall is for Me

A Seasonal Poem by Enolla Morman

Crunch, crunch go the leaves
They're like cereal popping under me
Animals barely begin burrowing below
In prep for winter and the cold, cold snow
Flowers go to bed like a tired child
While the weather is still warmish mild
Leaves turn orange, red, and gold
Then fall off becoming brown and old
The sky is a red apple orchard
So brilliantly colored as the pink clouds move forward
How I love fall, so beautifully bold
And full of color that never gets old.



Maggie Lamerson

Winter

A Seasonal Poem by Cora Dial

Ring-ding, the bells are ringing.
As you walk down the street, the carolers are singing.
The wind whistles through the night.
The Christmas decorations shine as bright as sunlight.
The snow is a blanket that covers the ground.
And on Christmas Eve night, no one makes a sound.
The children wait, dreaming in their bed.
They dream of little, laughing, and loving elves dancing in their heads.
Pretty soon they close their eyes,
And wish the year, coming to an end, a goodbye.



Stephanie Olsofka

Winning Winter

A Seasonal Poem by Ella Johnson

Here's why winter wins
There's snow on the roofs like powdered sugar
Snow angels lay on the ground
Snow people stand as still as statues
And carolers stroll around town
On Christmas my house is a buzzing beehive
Then the new year comes in with a crash and a bang!
The feast on the table is taunting me
But too soon comes spring with its rain.
That's why winter wins!



Madison McClaine

The Transformation

A Seasonal Poem by Madisyn Faulkner

As autumn leaves and winter arrives,
Snow covers the grass like a thick blanket.
The cold winter breeze marches in
The fresh green grass has now been replaced
A white, winter wonderland now takes its place.
Swoosh, swoosh the winter breeze is a wave across the fields
An endless sheet of ice covers the roads
Leafy trees are sprinkled with icy snowflakes
Wild birds feel the rush of the new coming weather
Cautiously but quickly they flee for the season.



Joseph Fisher



Holocaust Photo Reflection

A Reflective Narrative by Jessica Lehmkuhler

In January 28, 1939, a beautiful baby girl was born to Paul Hendrix and Berthe Hendrix-Vles. Marianne Hendrix grew up with two older brothers, Robert and Hans. After the Germans invaded the Netherlands, Paul Hendrix served on the finance committee of the Jewish Council, hoping that this would protect his family from the Nazis. On September 23, 1943, the whole family was sent to the Dutch transit camp of Westerbork. Marianne was a very sick 5 year old at the time, and her father knew she would never survive the harsh conditions at the camp. When Mr. Hendrix was sent back to Amsterdam on behalf of the Council, he devised a plan to keep his daughter alive. The Hendrix's claimed that their daughter was the child of an affair with a non-Jewish man. The dangerous lie saved Marianne's life. In 1944, she was sent to live with her aunt Dora and her non-

Jewish husband. Her family sadly died after being deported to Auschwitz. She continued to live with her aunt and uncle until her death in 2004. Though we were both born in different time periods, we are alike. We were both kids living our lives without worry or concern. We both loved our families and enjoyed playing with our siblings and friends. The only difference between us is that she was a Jew in the Holocaust and I live in present day. She lived in great fear during the Holocaust, and I live a stress free life protected by the freedom of the United States.

Marianne's story is an example of a prominent lesson throughout the Holocaust. Humility is of great importance in this situation. When you care about others you have a sense of purpose and pride for someone else's life. Marianne's father endured humiliation when he went out of his way to lie about his daughter's religion. He put his daughter's life above his own pride. Today, people seem to be more selfish and care less about taking an interest in others. If we were more humble, like Paul Hendrix, we would have a bigger impact on others and would make the world and better place around us.



Mama's Journal

Farewell to Manzanar Journal Assignment by Maren Devlin

September 24, 1942

Early this morning I woke to empty bottles in our cubicle with dust all on my face. I noticed Ko was asleep cold in his bunk. I don't understand how they treated him because it is hard living with a slob who acts the opposite of what he did before he got arrested. I had to hurry to the mess hall for I knew if Ko didn't have food on time, he would be in the most bitter mood. He never talks about his time in Fort Lincoln; it makes me wonder if they ever fed him. The mess hall was filled with early morning people. I managed to get enough rice for Ko, but my volunteer hours were going to begin soon, so I had to hurry. I worry about Woody, May, Kiyo, Jeanne and the rest of my family's health living with Ko. I can't concentrate at work, I crave the fried fish with soy and horseradish that I use to cook before Ko was arrested. I haven't spent as much time with Jeanne and May because I can see Ko when I look at them. In their eyes, I see the sparkle like Ko had when we first met. I love my family, but I can't trust this 'new Ko' being around them. Although I miss my past with Ko, I don't want to leave work and return to our barracks of sad and cold darkness with him.

November 13, 1942

I woke to the crying of the baby on the other side of the cubicle wall. I don't know how much longer I could live with Ko. Shattered bottles covered our floor. I still wonder if Fort Lincoln made him this way. I was going to be late to the mess hall because I had to pick up the glass pieces surrounding our floor. It was about 9:30 in the morning, and only one cup of rice remained. I hoped that Ko would be satisfied with more cabbage than rice. I entered our barracks only to see the vomit on our floor, and Ko screaming cuss words in front of our children. He cursed for me disturbing him and not bringing enough food. He walked towards me, his face looked infuriated. My back coiled with the pipes on his bunk. My heart started beating as he threatened to kill me. I didn't want mercy. It is impossible for me to keep living this way. In the corner of my eye I could see Jeanne and Kiyo, their eyes wide open, huddled under our cots. I could not imagine what was going through their heads. Ko lifted his cane towards my head. Too many times in our conversation did I think it would be my last moment until Kiyo stood and ran towards Ko. Kiyo lifted his first and pounded his Papa right in the nose. I was so proud of Kiyo, but the only emotion I could demonstrate was astonishment. My body ached with stress; my dress stained with blood. I never thought I would be proud of my child for punching his father.

November 17, 1942

I watched our ceiling this morning. I had no desire to get out of my cot for my body ached with sadness. I thought about what our lives would have been like if Ko didn't get arrested or if Pearl Harbor had never been attacked. I wondered what life would have been like if Germany had never attacked Poland. All of my thoughts concluded with a house and happy family where we could live joyfully and not experience sadness. That night after the fight with Ko, all I could think about was Kiyo punching him. I had dreams about what happened. Kiyo is only 11. I have no idea how Ko will react to his behavior. I hope Kiyo is safe wherever he is.

C.I.M.
3-8-1993

Rucksack Reflection

A Personal Narrative by Camille Sanchez

Ice-skating Medal: I earned this at the California Ice-skating Championships in 2012 when I was ten. I ice-skated for five years from when I was five to when I was ten. This medal is special because I worked to follow one of my dreams.

Family Photo: My parents are divorced, and I have two sisters. My older sister Brittany (far left), my mom (second from left), my little sister Ariana (middle), my dad (second from right), and me (far right). It is special because it shows my family before it split up.

Gymnastics Trophy: I earned this at Gold Coast gymnastics when I was twelve years old. I have been doing gymnastics for five years as well. It is special because gymnastics is my passion and favorite sport.

Earrings: Since I was born in November, I have earrings with my birth gem. Topaz. It's special because my grandmother gave them to me before she died of cancer. They're so special that I might never wear them.

Panda Bear: When I was four months old, we went to a zoo and I found my favorite animal: the panda. My mom & dad bought me a panda bear that I still have. When my parents divorced, they bought another one so there would be one in each house. It is special because it is my favorite bear. And I have two. I think they're adorable.



Rucksack Reflection

A Personal Narrative by Summer Stogsdill



This is a blanket that I've had ever since I was a baby. It is very special to me. Given to me by my Grandma.

These are scrapbooks my om makes that have lots of precious memories and pictures. They are filled with family and friends.

This is a book filled with pictures, brochures, and pamphlets that I obtained during my trip to Africa. I will cherish them because they are rare to me and it has great memories in it.

This is a stone that my sister and I are engraved in. We got it in China and it's lots of dots that come together as our faces.

Holocaust Photo Reflection

A Reflective Narrative by Macy Hill

Hannelore Mansbacher, who is pictured on the right-hand side of the right photo, looks like a little girl from an old picture with no interesting backstory. But she is quite the opposite. As a young Jewish girl from Berlin, she grew up a normal life until November 9, 1938. Kristallnacht wrecked her parent's small grocery store and their home was looted. This changed their lives forever. The family had to find a way out of this mania. They tried again and again and then finally got passports before things got too bad. They soon fled to Shanghai in April of 1939 and were sent to one of the refugee camps. Living conditions were awful, but they did get regular meals. If you could call the small rations a meal. Then it came, the Japanese defeat. The family was forced to stay in Shanghai for two more years. Then, liberation. The family moved to America and settled in San Diego. Even though the girl on the right of this photo had an extremely different backstory than I did, these photos do have some similarities. Obviously, there are 3 girls who are friends in this photo. Also, you can see in the background of both photos there is a wooden fence that is slightly broken down. The girls in both photos are all smiling and happy. Of course, there is one principle difference with the photos. Hannelore was a Jew and had an extremely difficult life and I am a privileged 21st Century kid. Even with the close resemblance of the photos, it's amazing how different these people can be.

An undoubtedly important life lesson I learned whilst reading about the Holocaust is the severe impact doing the right thing has on everyone's life. I learned that being a bystander will do more harm than good. "The world will not be destroyed by those who do evil, but by those who watch them without doing anything" spoken by Albert Einstein is a very relevant quote to the topic. He is saying that it is not the bad people who will ruin things, it is the people who don't stand up for the thing being ruined. Hannelore Mansbacher



was just a young Jewish girl who had not done anything wrong, but still, her life was ruined because no one had the guts to stand up to the evil people who were trying to destroy her. One day, the person who just watched everything happen is going to get ruined as well, because all that will be left is people like them. All the good-doers and Samaritans of the world will be gone and they will have no one left to save them from the evil they've hid from. The next time you are in a situation where you have the opportunity to help, do not just sit idly by and watch it happen. Being a bystander is worse than doing the evil. Spoken best in Martin Luther King Jr.'s words, "In the end we will remember not the words of our enemies but the silence of our friends."





Holocaust Photo Reflection

A Reflective Narrative by Katie Branham

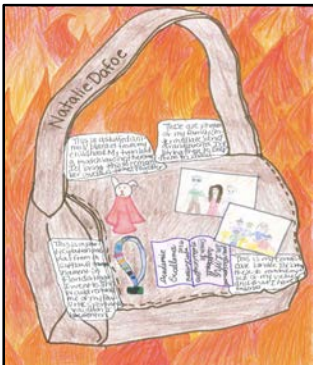
Lida Kleinman was born in 1930 and grew up in Lacko, Poland. Her father, shown in this photo, was a doctor. When Germany invaded Poland in 1939, Lida's father had to serve in the Polish army. He was taken prisoner by the Soviets. Her mother took the family to Pinsk to stay with her parents. Lida's father managed to escape and find his family, as well as work in a local hospital. But soon they learned the Jews would be deported. Lida hid in the hospital with the help of Sister Jadwiga until she was smuggled out. She learned Catholic prayers and she was hidden in a Catholic orphanage under the name of Marysia Borowska. She was later relocated to part of the ghetto in Warsaw. She survived the war and was reunited with her father, however her mother did not survive. Her grandmother and cousin also survived by hiding. She immigrated with her husband to Israel in 1957.

People are the same. No one is really different. We are unique in our own way, but we should not be treated differently because of our beliefs or how we look or any differences we have. I feel that I would have been brave enough to stand up to those who were killing Jews. I think I would have been one of the people who helped hide them. This tells me that I am strong enough to stand up for other people. I can say, "What you are doing is wrong." This can apply to bullying, racial prejudice, religious prejudice, discrimination, and unkindness. I am a quiet person, so the task might be hard, but I think, and hope, I will be up for the task.



Rucksack Reflection

A Personal Narrative by Natalie Dafoe



This is a stuffed animal blanket from my childhood. My twin had a matching one; therefore, I'd bring this to remember our fun times together.

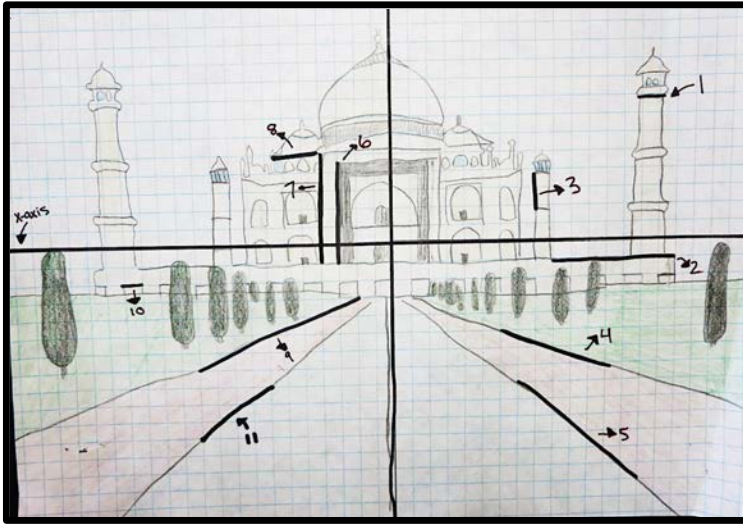
These are photos of my family and grandparents. I'd bring these to keep them in mind.

This is a participation medal from a softball tournament in Florida that I went to. This would remind me of my favorite sport and vacation I have went on.

This is my certificate binder. I'd bring these to remind myself of my values and that I have talents.

The Taj Mahal Building Project

Graph Artwork and Mathematical Equations by Jessica Lehmkuhler



1. $y = 8$
2. $y = -1$
3. $x = 8$
4. $y = 1/3x - 3$
5. $y = -6/7x - 14$
6. $y = 3$
7. $y = 4$
8. $x = 5$
9. $y = 4/9x - 19/9$
10. $x = -2$
11. $y = 3/4x + 11/4$

Dancing in Ecuador

A World's Fair Poem by Sofia Argotte

You can hear drums banging together,
multiple children look beyond bored,
but nothing can stop dancing in Ecuador.

While you're listening to the music,
you feel the wind brush against you,
your hair flying around like a flower.

The crowd smells fresh beach air,
feels soft sandy ground beneath its feet.
Thick trees whoosh in the crisp breeze.

Drummers constantly boom, booming!
One wears a furry fuzzy feather necklace
while another acts sincerely serious.

A woman dances as quick as a bee,
a hissing snake dancing around her wrist
with exotic lyrics flying from her lips.

Norwegian Expedition

A World's Fair Poem by Max Williams

Scientists discover new lifeforms
in the freezing Norwegian Sea
while wearing black bulky boots,
massive yellow and black overcoats.

While chatting and taking notes
to giant generators and lights hum,
the pumping of freezing, icy water
makes slushy liquid all around.

The blue sky is like a blind night.
Ice cracks as they carefully cross.
Unbearable sea winds whip across
rugged, ragged ice, capturing the ship.

Excerpt from “The Memoir of the Jolly Roger Voyage” by Captain Abby Thomas

February 10, 1717

If we have any chance o’ turnin’ ‘tis voyage around, we had to get to th’ treasure before th’ other crew. Me crew played wit’ a teetotum ‘n had a cordial atmosphere. However, they felt they were startin’ a descent into dereliction because I hadn’t done me job, but they didn’t be knowin’ ‘bout th’ plan I be formin’ or that I have a map to th’ treasure. Once I was ready to be tellin’ them everythin’, I quieted them down ‘n got their attention. However, they immediately rebuffed me authority. I just stood there ‘n then told them who’s in charge.

“I be ye cap’n, ‘n ye gonna listen to me. Now ye can either wait here fer ye unavoidable demise, or ye can pay attention ‘n become richer than ye ever dreamed.”

I then told them me plan ‘n showed them th’ map. They groveled at me feet fer forgiveness ‘o their rude behavior. We then began th’ preparation fer th’ next day. Thar may have been a few bumps ‘n th’ road, but we were goin’ to get what we came fer ‘n leave victorious.

February 15, 1717

That nightfall I went to slumber tremulous, nervous fer tomorrow’s plans. Every detail could mean life or death ‘n I didn’t be knowin’ if we could pull it off. Th’ next mornin’ I awoke even more nervous than th’ nightfall before. It didn’t matter what I felt though. I had to act confident fer me crew. I gave a speech wit’ vehemence to rouse me crew! We ate a hearty breakfast ‘n put on our accouterments fer battle. However, some still had doubts as to whether or not we could do it, ‘n I didn’t blame them. I gave them some words ‘o jeers.

“Bin told ye over ‘n over that we can do ‘tis, but it doesn’t matter what ye think. I refuse to leave empty handed, ‘n I be knowin’ many ‘o ye feel th’ same. I be goin’ to give it me all, ‘n if all ye pirates does that, I reckon we can leave ‘tis island th’ richest band ‘o pirate the seven seas has ever seen.”

I saw some o’ them perk up ‘n sent an emissary, whose volubility precedes him as a distraction to the other crew. One guarded th’ ship’n th’ rest ‘o us went ‘n search ‘o the treasure.



McKenna Klooz



Shelby McMahan



Scout Langelly

Alphabet Alliteration

A Poem by Callie Quick

An abused and abandon akita accepted an apple.
 Billy battled baboons before battling baby bats.
 Carry Callie's cat.
 Dad delivered delicious dumplings.
 Editor edited easygoing essays.
 First, frisky female flounders fondle fascinating forbidden fabrics fashionably.
 Ghosts gracefully gasping gothic girly goons.
 Happy hippos holding hats.
 Infant imaginative Irish immigrants.
 Japanese junior jocks juggling jam jars.
 Kuwait's killer kangaroos kicked kind koalas.
 Little lazy lizards licked lions.
 My mama made me mash my M&M's.
 Nagging Nelson nuked Neptune.
 Omar ordered overdone orange omelets.
 Pointy prickly peas pouting pleasantly.
 Quit qualifying quarter quick quarrels.
 Rambling Romans retired racist rhinos.
 Stinky Slovakian snakes slither sneakily.
 Tiny Tokyo tic-tac's taste terrible.
 Ukrainian ulcers urinate under umbrellas.
 Vietnamese vulture veil villages.
 Wonderful windy winter watermelon weapons witness working women.
 Xiang xylophone XL x-ray.
 Yo, yesterday your yapping yellow yaks yawned.
 Zimbabwe's zeppelin zipping zucchini zaps zebras.

Ode to Grant Braner

A Poem by Sriram Srinivasan

To me, Grant is a brother.
 His soccer skills are like no other.
 When he plays basketball, it's without compare.
 He can put professional players into wheelchairs.

When he walks in the room, all the girls fall.
 When he leaves, they begin to bawl.
 They scream, "Grant! Why are you so unattainable!?"
 "Your looks are completely unexplainable!"

Grant is defined by his positive attitude.
 Even with the pressure on, he can't be subdued.
 No matter the problem, Grant will never fail.
 In my book, I know that he'll always prevail.

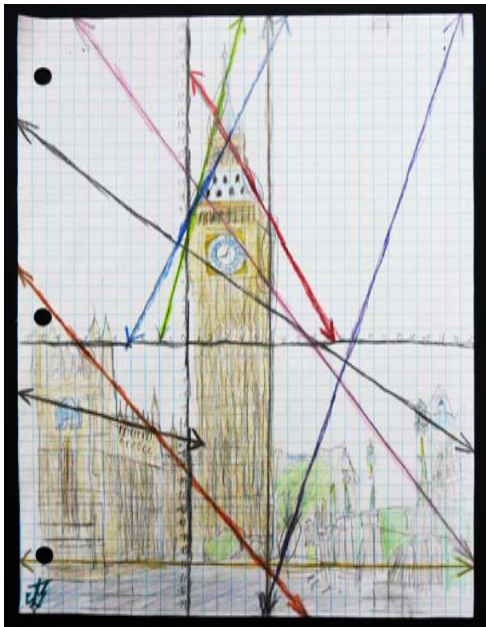


Grace-Ann Flanagan

Big Ben Building Project

Graph Art and Mathematical Equations

by TJ Cottrell



1. $y = 7/3x + 19$
2. $y = 9/4x + 9$
3. $y = -3/10x - 7$
4. $y = 7/2x + 7$
5. $y = -15 \frac{3}{4}$
6. $y = 3x - 35$
7. $y = -6/5x - 9 \frac{1}{4}$
8. $x = 3 \frac{3}{4}$
9. $y = -48/35x + 12$
10. $y = 13/18x + 6 \frac{1}{2}$

Excerpt from “The Memoir of a First Mate’s Voyage” by First Mate Cora Dugan

February 8, 1717

I followed the pair until I saw our ship in the distance. I slipped back until all of the men cleared out, and then I slowly made my way up to the ship. I climbed up onto the deck and examined the galley and stern. What I found was odious to say the least. I climbed down the companion stairs to search for Scott but couldn’t find her. My heart sank. They had not only taken just about everything; they had captured Scott too. Familiar voices told me that at least some of the crew had come back, so I climbed back up and met them beneath the luffing sail. I slowly approached them to present the news.

“Scott be taken.”

The mood turned solemn.

February 11, 1717

It was late in the night when Thornton came bounding out of the trees.

“I fig’rd it out!” she shouted.

I jumped down and met her on the sand.

“Fig’rd what out?” I questioned.

“Where the treasure be!”

We both ran to Captain Tomas, and Thornton told her the news. The captain—a normally very placid person—was brimming with excitement.

“We set out first thing t’morrow,” she said.

The next day we followed Thornton through the forest and came to a small cave opening, which was just large enough to fit the coxswain, Lamerson. We all slipped into the cave and lit a glim. The walls of the cave towered over us and split off in different directions. We traveled through the damp cave following the markings etched into the surprisingly smooth stone that almost looked burnished. Thornton inspected the wall by the tunnels and led us into the abyss.

Excerpt from “The Memoir of the S.S. Executor” by Captain Ella Taylor

February 8, 1717

At sundown Steven, Adams and meself went to the crew of the Black Timmy’s camp and left a note in the ‘brains’ tent. The whole camp was eatin’ at the bonfire, so we snuck over to the big boulders where Big’s team waited to kidnap ‘Brains’ at 3:00 a.m. Soon the time came, and we saw ‘em approaching the rocks.

“Hello?” he whispered, “Capt’n Deakins, are you here?”

“No!” laughed Big, “Just us.”

Me crew grabbed ‘em and carried ‘em back to the fort. His name was Aaron. He eventually agreed to join our crew peacefully and to help us advance our camp. For a whole week there be no fightin’ between crews, and we remembered why we came to the island in the first place... to find treasure! I spent the rest of the day looking over the map. I was stuck. The map only led to a tree. We searched the tree up and down and found nothing. I was about to give up as I was walking through the slough about a half mile from camp. I reached for the dirk in me girdle to cut through some vines, then cross guard ‘o th’ dagger knocked me map into a puddle. I thought it be ruined, but then, it appeared. I sprinted back to tell me mates. They all gathered ‘round, and I was trying to catch me breath.

I said, “The map! When I dropped it in the water... it, it transformed! The pathway... it grew! But, but it went away when the map dried!”

The crew was ecstatic! Adams soaked the map, and we saw the whole path, but it wouldn’t stay for long periods of time. Then Aaron had the idea to carry a pannikin and an ankecher to rewet the map when it started to dry. We went back to the tree, and Ping climbed it. He said he could see the next landmark. It was a big star-shaped boulder. There we followed a line of purple flowers that led to a small pond. We jumped across on rocks and found an arrow pointin’ right carved in the last rock. The map said to take 35 steps forward and dig under an old oak.

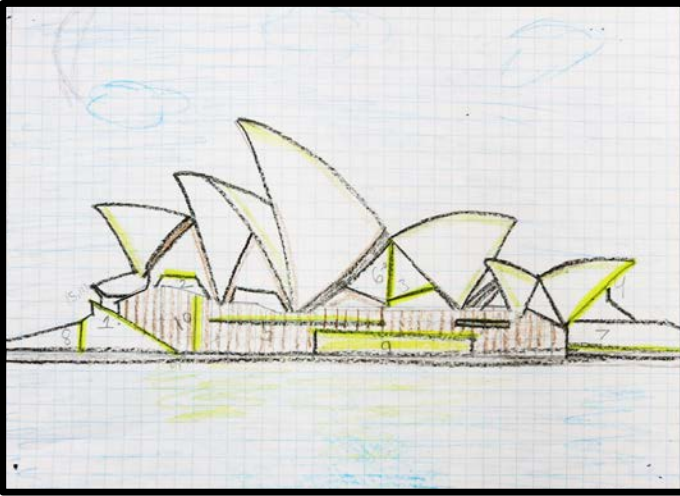
As we be diggin’, the crew of the Black Timmy ran up with their shovels. I was on! We both be armed with everythin’ from cutlasses to sabres. They were diabolical, but we be ready!



Alyssa Smith

The Sydney Opera House Building Project

Graph Artwork and Mathematical Equations by Sarah Huse



1. $y = 3/5x + 15$
2. $y = 2x - 8.5$
3. $y = 1x - 12$
4. $y = -26/9x + 59/5$
5. $y = x + 11$
6. $x = 22.5$
7. $y = x + 9.5$
8. $x = 4.5$
9. $y = x + 10.5$
10. $x = 11$

Sydney Symphony

A World's Fair Poem by Aryen Kinzer

The sky was illuminating from the light of the opera house. The fish were rejoicing as they listened to the chorus's melody. The rooftop of the opera house seemed just like the sail boats that harbored the sea.

Once the chorus ended, excitement roared from the crowd. People would hurry down the roads of the city, honking horns and hollering at people to get in the other lane.

Three cars were racing on the bridge, or at least that's what it seemed like from the boat. Six red lights were zooming down the bridge until full-sized lights came on behind them. It was the police as they chased after the racers. As the night grew freezing and the sun transferred morning to the other countries, the people of Australia fell soundly asleep.



Asher Klooze

Ode to Starbucks

A Poem by Wyatt Cline

Starbucks, it gets people up.
Some may even have more than one cup,
but if you do drink too much,
you get a rush and you never hush.

Frappes, cappuccinos, and more.
You can buy it all at the Starbucks store.
Starbucks is a place for people to meet.
Some people can be really neat.

As the seasons change,
so does their menu.
Pumpkin, mint and toffee!
It's all at Starbucks.

When I go into Starbucks,
ladies look at me.
I go awe, shucks
as I'm sipping my big 'o Starbucks.



Sam Cadle

If I Were in Charge of the World

A Poem by Gracie Shockley

If I were in charge of the world
I wouldn't let bad things happen
like murder, drugs, and robbery.

If I were in charge of the world,
there'd be no whining,
like brothers and sisters,
and dogs and birds.

If I were in charge of the world,
you wouldn't have everything you wanted,
you wouldn't have terrible things,
you wouldn't have gross food, and
you wouldn't even have to wake up early.

If I were in charge of the world,
chicken strips would be a vegetable,
and a person who sometimes is mean and grumpy
could still be in charge of the world.



Cora Dial

S.E. Hinton's Life Lessons in The Outsiders

An Analytical Essay by Kinsey Bruder

Throughout The Outsiders, three prevailing themes come to mind: there is some good in the world, violence is not the answer, and being an outsider is sometimes a good thing. S.E. Hinton wrote The Outsiders because she wanted to write about real teen problems, and she includes many things in the book that actually happened to her in real life.

One of the main themes is that there is some good in the world. Johnny finds that out when he's in the hospital. He includes this theme in his letter to Ponyboy. Also, the Curtis home is another way to show there is some good in the world. In the story Darry, Soda, and Pony have a very strong relationship. They all care deeply about each other. The brothers also share their home with others like Johnny who is abused at home. They care about their friends very deeply as well. These are the reasons there is some good in the world.

The second theme in the story is violence is never the answer. In The Outsiders, the main conflict is the fighting between the greasers and Socs. Some of the characters state this theme in the story. When Pony and Dally visit Johnny while he's dying, they tell Johnny they beat the Socs in the rumble. Johnny just tells them that it's useless and that fighting is no good. Cherry also says that she is troubled with all the violence. Ponyboy also comes to the conclusion that the Socs and greasers don't really fight for a good reason. In the book, Hinton shows violence is not the answer because it hurts people mentally and physically.

Lastly, a third theme S.E. Hinton shows readers is that sometimes being an outsider can be a good thing. Hinton shows that the only trouble and violence through the town is between the greasers and the Socs, so the people that weren't in those two categories were the ones that were not getting into trouble. Ponyboy constantly wishes he wasn't a greaser. He says he doesn't want to be in a certain group and defined by how he looks. The Outsiders shows you can be whatever you want to be. You don't have to be labeled by how you look, act, or dress. S.E. includes this theme many times throughout the book.

As you can see, The Outsiders has many important life lessons. One theme is there is some good in the world. The second is violence is never the answer. The last is being an outsider is sometimes a good thing. I enjoyed this book and it has taught me amazing life lessons.



Alyssa Parker



Carson Toole



Kierston Dallas

The Definition of Bullying

A Poem by Treyson Duvall

People ask all the time, what is bullying?
 Bullying is the reason why anxiety exists.
 Not just here. Or here.
 Bullying is everywhere.
 Bullying is why I wake up every morning
 to the same imperfect life.
 Bullying is why I am socially humiliated.
 Bullying is the feeling of anxiety eating your fears,
 losing all dignity, feeling empty inside, and
 slowly deteriorating the soul.
 We are like human punching bags.
 The soul is hurt, and nothing can stop the pain.
 We are just tiny grains of sand on the Earth.
 We are nothing. Our souls mean nothing to others.
 When you see me in the hallways
 or standing in the rain all by myself,
 you just see me as any other kid.
 I am not your ordinary sad kid.
 I am empty. I am useless.
 I am the reason why sorrow turns to hatred.
 I am imperfect.
 Nobody is perfect.
 Remember you are just as imperfect as I am.
 That is bullying.

Life Sermon #101

The Gospel According to Larry

Sermon by Destiny Day

The thing about life is that people are to be loved and things are to be used, but in reality things are loved and people are used.

People don't usually wake up in the morning and think, "I'm going to fall in love today." That's just not how it happens. You might meet someone and get to know them and fall in love, but the real question is, "Is love a real thing?" People see something they want and take advantage of it. Just like when you're at a buffet; you can take whatever you want and how much of it you want. People are like buffets in a way. They take so much of a person until there's nothing left. As long as the so called "consumer" gets everything they want, they are satisfied. This world is full of consumers. For example, you go to the store and you buy a bag of chips and a soda. You are the consumer in the situation. You buy the chips and soda, and then you consume them. A person meets another person, and let's say they fall in love. One is going to consume the love of the other person.

Most of this world is just about money. You have to work for money just so you can lose it again, wasting it on things you don't need. Just like love. Not everyone wants or needs love, but someone will eventually come and make them fall in love. There is true love and there are people who use you for your love. People don't care who they hurt. They are selfish, greedy, and all about themselves. If you give them love, they will take advantage of it.

Now I'm not saying don't fall in love. I'm just saying watch before you fall. The word love is used much too often. I mean, people say love because they feel the need to love every second, of every minute of the day, but the thing is, you don't have to.

You can live life with or without love.

Sermon # 12

The Gospel According to Larry Sermon by Hunter Daniels

It really makes me mad how mean people can be to other people. Aren't we all human beings, just trying to get through our lives? After all, nobody knows what is going on in my life, and I don't know what is going on in their lives. For the most part, life is hard. Sometimes life is harder because of them, the people who are mean.

Why would anyone make fun of someone's eyes or hair? Does that make them feel better about their eyes and hair? How would the world be if everyone just tried to be kind? I kind of feed off other people's emotions. When something bad happens at home with my brothers or step-sisters, it can really change my day, not for the better. The last thing I need is someone at school being mean.

When someone, like my friends, is kind to me, it makes me happy. I try to be kind to everyone until they are mean to me. But the next day, I am back to talking to them. I don't hold grudges. I don't believe in war. I believe in peace. Fighting does not solve anything.

I wish the whole world felt like I feel about bullying and being mean. A lot of people would not be sad if there was less bullying. Bullying doesn't solve anything! Kindness solves a lot. People, try to get along with the person you are being mean to. Find something nice to say, instead of being mean. My brother tries to stand up for me on the bus, but other people should also stand up for me and for anyone who is being bullied.

Are you big enough to be kind instead of mean? Are you brave enough to be nicer? Can you be the person on the bus setting a good example? It is easy for me to be nice, because I am almost always happy. My friends cheer me up.

Yes, it makes me mad when people are mean to other people. What can I do about it? All I can do is remain happy. I am responsible for myself and my little brother. Mean people could be happier, but I think it is their parents' fault that they are mean. If parents show kids how to be nice to others, the kids will be nicer. Let's make bullying stop in the world, not just in school. Fights don't solve anything, but peace does, and love does.



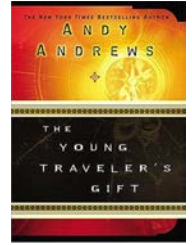
Nicolas Nunnally



Abrianna Murphy

The Young Traveler's Gift by Andy Andrews

A Book Review by Mallory Prater



Andy Andrews wrote The Young Traveler's Gift to attract the minds of teens and tweens. Andy Andrews is a famous author that has sold millions of copies worldwide, and he is a corporate entertainer. This realistic fiction book has been responsible for determining personal success for people all over the country.

Michael, a high school senior, hits rock bottom after he wrecks his car from underage drinking and is suspended from his high school track team. He loses an opportunity to get a scholarship to college and he finds out his dad is diagnosed with lung cancer all at the same time. Michael is so overwhelmed that he considers suicide while driving and loses control of the wheel. In an instant the book takes Michael back in time. He visits seven different historical figures in different time frames so that he can understand seven simple decisions that can change your life. President Harry Truman taught the responsible decision known as 'the buck stops here'. Next, Michael meets King Solomon, the wisest man in history, who teaches him the second decision 'I will seek wisdom'. Then Michael meets a military Colonel named Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain who teaches him the third decision, 'I am a person of action'. After that, he meets Christopher Columbus, the man who discovers America, who teaches the fourth decision 'I have a decided heart'. Next, he meets Anne Frank, a Holocaust survivor, who teaches him his fifth decision 'Today I will choose to be happy'. Then he meets President Abraham Lincoln who teaches Michael the sixth decision 'I will greet this day with a forgiving spirit'. Finally, Michael meets an archangel named Gabriel that teaches him the seventh decision 'I will persist without exception'. Each of these meetings from successful people from the past gave him credibility because they have been successful in life. Michael views life in a new way.

Michael changed throughout the book in numerous ways. He meets each of the characters right in the middle of a time when they were making big decisions in history. These book characters carry credibility with him because they have accomplished incredible things in their lives. Their words matter to him. In chapter 7, Michael meets Anne Frank, a survivor of the Holocaust. She teaches him the 5th decision, which is 'I Choose to Be Happy.' Although she was in the worst situation anyone could imagine, she still chose happiness. "Yes, an ungrateful person might see a place that is too small for eight people, a diet that is limited and portions that are too meager, or only three dresses for two girls to share. But gratefulness is also a choice." It definitely made Michael think of his own life and how he can choose happiness no matter his circumstances, and with each new character meeting, Michael grows as a young man. The theme of The Young Traveler's Gift is that decision-making can determine personal success.

The Young Traveler's Gift is both inspiring and creative. It is inspiring because successful people from the past are teaching readers what they have experienced. It is creative because it takes both the main character and the reader back in time to meet incredible people. This book encouraged me to read more, and it has taught me to that my thinking determines my world.

I highly recommend The Young Traveler's Gift because it teaches the reader how to become a successful leader. Every teen and tween can learn and grow from reading this story. I would give this book a five out of five stars because it has been my favorite book that I've read so far. Also, it has helped me greatly to learn how to become a successful leader.

Camera Crowds

A World's Fair Poem by Lily Palmer

A monument is crumbling and becoming
the eldest of this worn-down town.
Many passersby would stare into the tower
like a movie with only one scene.
Clicking cameras clashed with curious crowds
creeping on the concrete just to capture the picture.

Squeak! Honk! Beep! The brave cars sprinted home
with insanity over crowded streets with reckless drivers.
Fleeting by trees, like broccoli; towering with
fluffy green tip tops. Tsshh, the trees ruffled in the wind,
Tsshh the wind danced in the sherbet sky,
Tsshh, the evening air breathed simple songs.

As the moonlight night got older, I realized
that the attraction had carved families and tribes
on its rusting skin. The monument was existing
in duplicating, doubling, dozing, downy days
exactly like the one before, however, honored
to have a mysterious and inspired tale of its history.

Beauty

A World's Fair Poem by Jacklynn Irwin

Butterflies are beauty.
Butterflies gather like leaves in a casual fall breeze.

Butterflies are as vivid as the glistening sun,
and their wings are like silk.

Butterflies are free souls in the sky,
and they flutter their wings like a flap in the wind on a cheerful spring day.

Butterflies are like origami the way their wings move in the wind,
traveling through the sky, through the wind.



Jasmine Stewart

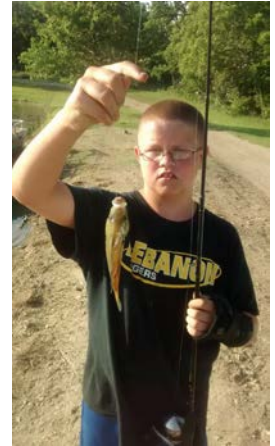


Dina Malagon

My Hero

A Personal Narrative Essay by Steele Skaggs

Back in 2010, when I was a tiny kid of 8 years old, on a hot, humid summer day, my dad and I were heading to my grandpa's lake to go fishing. When we got there, we got out the camping and fishing gear. We got out the poles and put bait on the hook and went fishing. We were getting fish like crazy. When we ran out of bait, my dad went to the store and got some more. When he got back, we were tired, but we had to save some of the worms. In the morning, we packed up all the camping gear and we had so many fish in the buckets. We took them home and we took showers. My hero is my dad because he has done so much for me. I love my dad.



My hero is really worthy. He gets mad sometimes, but my Dad usually has the best intentions for me. He helps me with my homework when I can't get it right. I love my dad because he put me into football when I was scared. I wanted to quit the first day, but I made a good year. I got hurt some times, but I had a champion to keep my face up. After that year, I joined football again and I am doing a lot better. My hero is the top dad of all because he makes me happy when I am sad. I love him more than life itself. My hero helped me through life a lot more, and now look who I am.

My dad's super power makes me happy in all kinds of ways. He told me to pick out a bike at a yard sale, and I still have it today. Another reason he has that super power is because he taught me how to turn bad things to good. He taught me how to solve life's problems.



My hero has taught me how to be a good person and the importance of doing things for others all my life. He is helping me learn how to give to my neighbors when they need help gardening and outside work. When I see that a teacher needs help, I reach out to him or her.

I felt happy to hang out with my hero on all those summer days. I think my hero would make me his best friend, just like I make him my best friend. My hero has been there for me whenever I needed him. I love my hero so much.

My hero passed away November 28, 2016, which was the saddest day of my life. All I have is left of my hero is good memories. I know that my hero and I were good friends. Even though there were a lot of things that I never got to do with him, I got a lot done with him while he was alive. All the lessons in fishing and camping, giving to others, and being a responsible person who takes school seriously, will be a part of me forever. My hero will be missed.



Dear Parents, Staff, and Students,

Lebanon Middle School is honored to present another stunning collection of student writing and artwork in this year's Tiger Tales: Art & Literature Review for the 2016-2017 school year.



First of all, this review wouldn't be possible without the dedication of our staff and students. Please join me in thanking the following teachers at Lebanon Middle School for gathering and submitting a variety of student literature and artwork for this year's review: Lorrie Faust, Charlie Fisher, Debbie Green, Peggy Ross, Wendy O'Rourke, Karren Perkins, Tammy Stuart, Mary Susong, Sean Watson, and Ronda Villines. Thank you for inspiring students to create.



Additionally, we were able to publish this review because of the generosity and support of the Lebanon Educational Foundation. We are truly grateful for the difference they make in our community by supporting the education and achievement of our students every year. Thank you LEF for your continued grant opportunities and financial support.



Finally, congratulations to the students featured in this year's review. We appreciate your persistence, dedication, and creativity. Your work is among thousands received throughout the school year, and your teachers hand-selected your work to be published in this year's review. We are proud of you!



To view this review and past reviews, please visit the LMS website at <http://www.leb.k12.in.us/LMS/>.



Proudly created and published by,

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