



TIGER TALES

**LEBANON MIDDLE SCHOOL'S
ART & LITERATURE REVIEW 2015-2016**



'Twas the Night Before the Recital

A Modern Clement Moore's *'Twas a Night Before* by Shelby Brown

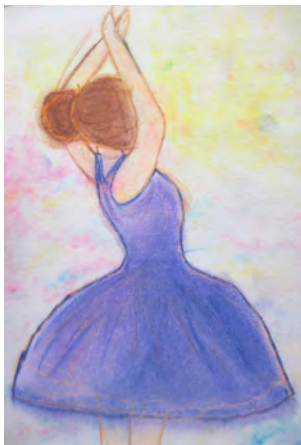
'Twas the night before the Recital
When all through the studios
Not a dancer was fearful
Not even their toes
The costumes hung on the racks
In hopes that they soon would be back

The dancers were nestled in their beds
While visions of sugar plum fairies danced in their heads
And Mary Lou in her dress and I in my tutu
Had just settled down for a long awaited cue



When the time was here,
I tiptoed out like a lone pioneer
I set and was ready to dance
When to my surprise I took a glance
It was nothing, but lights
My legs tremble in my tights

There was an eerie darkness
As if no one was there to witness
But then I saw a face appear
It looks as nice as a white tail deer



As my dance started
I left as if my heart parted
I was trembling with fear
But then it all became clear.

As my dance came to an end
My mind couldn't comprehend
I had just finished my dance with no fault
But now my feet want some Epsom salts

Then to think it would happen all over again
Only this time wouldn't come with pain

Degas Ballet Dancers
By Alexia Criswell

Rage in Russia

A World's Fair Poem by Leah Kerkhoff

Floods of people,
protesters against police,
 one after another,
 after another,
 after another.

A policeman in early twenties shoves against a silver metallic gate,
 separating two crowds,
hand straining with the weight being returned.

 He drips with sweat,
upset stained on his face.
Could friends and family be on the other side of this barrier?
 Values thrown into jeopardy, forced to fight
 against beliefs.

 The situation is terrifying, facing down possibly hundreds of people.
 Shields guard police faces, attached to heavy, midnight blue helmets.
Azure and navy blue camouflage uniforms blend together, creating a sea of men
and women,
following orders,
 regardless of morals.

Between the opposing groups, s m o k e hangs in the balance.
 Choking gunfire,
 warning shots,
 suffocating smoke,
a haze of taupe gray.

Opposite the police, ordinary citizens shove back,
 against the barricade.
One man in his thirties wears neon green,
 contrasting with the dark blue hues of the rival.

Frustrated people in the afternoon sun,
still shining bright amidst the chaos.
 Protesters fly fierce flags of reds and yellows, silky fabric waving in the wind.
Leafy trees stand tall and towering from the background,
 observing,
 watching,
 this scene unfold.

 This rage
in Russia.

Life of a Water Droplet

A Water Cycle Story by Samuel Green

I was just minding my own business in my cloud, watching the other water walk aimlessly around, waiting for the next rainfall. I knew it would come soon; after all, the cloud was getting pretty crowded. Then, it happened. I saw Jeff begin to grow heavy, and he eventually fell to the hard ground below. Before I knew it, the rest of my friends were falling too. All I wanted to do was fall down with them, but I still wasn't heavy enough. I looked down and watched the bright colored circle move about. Then, as I watched from above, I too, started to grow heavy. I fell from the cloud, as I said goodbye to my home forever.

It was a long drop. I would have played rock, paper, scissors with myself to pass the time if I had arms. After a long fall, I landed on one of the bright circles. This one was yellow. I rolled down the side and fell on an object that I believed was called a boot. It rocked back and forth, without giving a regard to the poor raindrop it had just received. I looked above and saw an enormous face. I was so scared of the being; I forced myself to roll off the boot. I landed in a small gathering of raindrops. A puddle, if you will. We all scurried like ants, trying to find our lost friends. I never found Jeff or any of the others. If they were lucky, they'd have gotten to the ocean. I just sadly drifted among the forgotten raindrops while a much larger force took control of the situation. That's life for you.

Suddenly, we all started getting kind of warm. I felt all excited and energetic. I just wanted to keep jumping up and down until I couldn't jump anymore. I got what I wished for. I just jumped up and I didn't fall back down. I got so light; I was able to fly. I soared through the blue skies, not caring about a thing, basking in the sunlight. Then, the sunlight wasn't there. There was something blocking the light. Later I learned it was called a bird. I floated into it, and I was split in half. I freaked out, flying into circles, until I was merged with myself again.

I kept floating up higher and higher until I was so high, I couldn't see land anymore. I looked down and got the chills. I was suddenly very cold. So cold, I began to condensate into the actual me, a small water droplet sitting in a new cloud I called home.

Since then I have traveled the world and learned many things, encountered many creatures. Hey wait, don't play the ending music, come on. Please.



Van Gogh Still-Life
By Zeb Aeschilman

Hear Comes Spring

A Seasonal Poem by Noelle Effinger

I love spring as you can tell
Buzz! Buzz! Go the bees
Spring is the best season for me

Six slim sycamore saplings as pretty as can be
The bugs are back!
Little spider dressed in black

As the morning air brushes through my hair
Looking at the clouds as fluffy as cotton candy
Laying in the emerald grass

A single red bird I spotted today
Whoopie! Spring is for me
Oh how I love it so dearly

The Season of Spring

A Seasonal Poem by Samuel Green

Slowly the snow that once suffocated
the flowers will melt and will soon have abated
Like men from their sleep, the flowers will rise
and put out a smell attracting house flies.
The colors are a forest of white, purple, and green
the melting snow washing all like the Earth getting clean
The animals shall shuffle silently from their sleep
'Til they begin to roar, snip, snap and go squeak
As you can see, it's a beautiful thing
And this is the season we all have called spring.



Van Gogh Still-Life
By Riley Jump



Holocaust Photo Reflection

A Reflective Narrative by Arden Hutson

Julian Bussgang started his life in Lwow Poland in 1925 to a Jewish family consisting of his older sister, mother, and father. He was 14 years old when he was taken from everything he knew to flee the Nazi's invasion of Poland. They escaped in time and his father, being a wealthy businessman, was able to bribe a Romanian border guard for entry into his country. The family settled in Bucharest, where Julian and his sister continued schooling in a Polish refugee community. After sensing that the Romanian government may cave to the Nazis, who were still plowing their war machine throughout Europe, Julian's parents decided that it was once again time to leave.

His father worked hard and was able to come by Palestinian visas. They decided to stay in Tel Aviv in March of 1940. When France collapsed, the mass exodus that resulted caused Julian's old school in Romania to be restarted with many of his friends. People from all walks of life were mixed together. In fact, his mathematics teacher was the former Polish prime minister! When Germany invaded the Soviet Union in 1941, Julian joined the British Eighth Army. Many of his classmates, both Jewish and Catholic Poles alike, also enlisted their services. After the war he worked with displaced persons in Italy and rejoined with his family in England. Julian later went on to go to the University of London for a Bachelor's Degree on Engineering, and then he transferred to Harvard to get his Ph.D. in Applied Physics. Julian was my age when he first left everything he knew in Poland. He was a few years older than me when he joined the military to fight against people who willingly participated in the genocide of his people. The biggest hardships I am facing now are trying to get a B in algebra.

The Holocaust teaches so many lessons, but the one that truly resonates with me is the dangers of prejudice. It is something I've never known, and Julian's story of being forced from his home because of who he was born to has shed so much light on the subject. We have seen it time and time again, with slavery and the Holocaust. When you treat someone as less than a human being, you become the lesser person. By being taught of the Civil Rights Movement and the Holocaust in grade school, we as a species, do our best to ensure that this never happens again.



Wondrous Winter

A Seasonal Poem by Lilly Mrozinski

When I think of seasons for a while,
Winter is the one that makes me smile.
I wonder when wildly whirling winter will arrive;
It is so beautiful to keep the winter spirit alive.
The warm fire goes pop, crackle, snap;
It soothes me like a warm winter nap.
The snowmen seem to laugh and frolic in the snow
With eyes like bright light bulbs that glow
There are many Christmas presents under the tree;
They are for family and friends like you and me.
The thing that makes Christmas the best season of all
Is the beautiful, bold Christmas tree standing tall.



Matisse Goldfish
By Madison VanHowe



Eiffel Tower
By Amaris Thames

The Rain Symphony

A World's Fair Poem by Shyann Kolpin

The chilly raindrops tickle my toes
As whispering drums rage in the river.

As the mountains crumble, the rain is
Crashing over the rocks that fell long ago.

The trees quiver in the rain,
Howling along with the drums

The wind whistles,
Keeping beat of the rain symphony.

The leaves wave as the rain pounds them like drums.
As we tread, the rain reveals the path to us.

The scent of the Earth is bitter.
We watch the ox tiredly trot beside us.

We are almost to our destination.

Amongst The Trees

A World's Fair Poem by Lucas Michener

Early morning,
the fern green trees
in the forests of Japan
fade into jungle green trees,
which fade into viridian green trees,
which begin to cower behind the misty clouds.
Between the beautiful, bodacious hills,
a crystal clear river flows,
crying through the valley.
The earthy scented body of water
fights through the enormous crushed stones,
comes to its breaking point, and meets the weeping waterfall.
Who knows what wondrous creatures lie ahead
beneath that dark, daring, drop-off?
Falling, falling,
falling, splash!
Slate gray
rock walls
slide down,
twisty green
vines clinging,
patiently growing,
gently falling and touching
the shiny pool of crisp water.
A mountainous, bumpy tree line arises
from the mist like a god, basking in his glory.

Life Lessons in The Outsiders

A Reflective Essay by Lauren Couger

The Outsiders by S.E. Hinton is a story about a gang that calls themselves the "Greasers." They are like family. When one of them gets in trouble, the others come to help. The Greasers do have a rival, the Socs. The Socs are a gang that jump the Greasers every chance they get, but maybe things could be different. Maybe if they all saw the sunset, there could be joy. There could be friendship because friendship is stronger than anger. If they all could stay gold, they could be kind. There would be no reason to run away from their problems. Could this come true?

Friendship is a strong feeling that can change anger into something beautiful. When Johnny killed Bob, Pony did not just run away. He forgave him and had his back. His friendship was stronger than the fright that he was having. Some of the Socs were opening up. A girl named Cherry was there the night before the murder. She was a Soc and was still friends with Pony after Johnny killed her boyfriend. Even Randy, Bob's best buddy, became friends with Pony. They talked about how people were getting hurt and that he wanted the fighting to stop. He said, "And tonight... people are getting killed. I am sick of it because it doesn't do any good." All Randy wanted was everyone to get along and be friends. He wanted their friendship to be stronger than their rival.

Another lesson learned in the novel is, if there is trouble, you have friends and family to go through it with you. You do not have to run away from your problems. Like when Pony and Johnny got jumped, people got hurt. Pony almost caused his family to split up. They also did something they regretted. Three people died that month. Three people were taken away from their families. Things are going to be different for the gang. Pony and Johnny were caught in this line of events all because they chose to run away.

Lastly, the Greasers and Socs could be gold. They should have been themselves instead of what the others wanted them to be. Right before Johnny died, Johnny told Pony, "Stay Gold." He meant, be good. He meant, don't spend the rest of your life running away from cops or waiting for the future to come. He meant, enjoy being a kid as long as you can. After Johnny died, Pony found a note from Johnny. Pony realized that he was not alone. He had his family and friends. He realized that he did not have to go through the "tuff" times by himself. He realized that there was good in the world. The world can be amazing if you believe it can. You just have to be gold to see that.

In the end, the world is not perfect, but the world is good. The world has friendships and love. There are gangs, but there are families. There can be differences, but together we can face our problems instead of running away from them. Together we can be gold. S.E. Hinton teaches these life lessons in The Outsiders.

Sunrise

A Seasonal Poem by Maggie Lamerson

The early, chilly spring air
touches the dew on the leaves
of the old hickory nut tree
as the misty clouds fade in the violet sky.
The lavender bleeds into a flaming pink blended into orange
Finally I see the huge flaming star peek over the horizon
as it slowly consumes the land with shining light.
The day has begun, the wind whispers in my ear.
For every cold night
Joy comes in the morning.



Skateboard

By Brice Skiles

Ice Cream in the Summer

A Seasonal Poem by Samantha Snyder

My favorite season is summer!
Summer is as hot as an oven
Blowing hot air in my face,
But soothing ice cream cools me down.

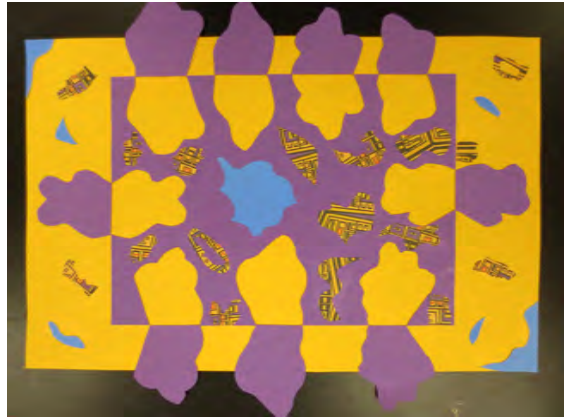
Ice cream is as cool as the coca-cola polar bear.
The feeling of the coolness is a party on my tongue.
Ice cream calling me, "Eat me! Eat me!"
Oh how I will!

Ring-ring here comes the ice cream truck!
Yummmmmmm!
While several silly screamers all screamed,
"WE ALL SCREAM FOR ICE CREAM!"

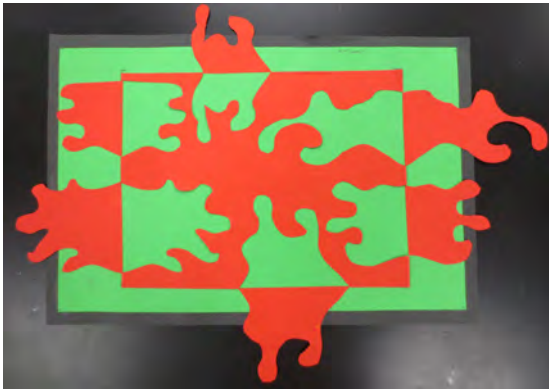
Limerick

By Brayden McMurray

There once was a man in Peru
Who dreamt he was eating his shoe
He woke with a fright
In the middle of the night
And found that his dream had come true.



Matisse Cutout
By Maggie Scott



Matisse Cutout
By Ryan Nance

Limerick

By Brent Babb

There once was a man named Jim
He was always way too slim
He ate and ate
Whatever was on his plate
Now Jim isn't able to swim.



Matisse Cutout
By Dawson White

Limerick

By Sofia Argotte

There once was a chicken named Flake
He really, really liked cake
He saw a cookie on the floor
He really wanted some more
Then he got a really big bellyache.

My Life as a Drop of Water

A Water Cycle Story by Ella Taylor

It was finally time. Ever since I first awoke in my cloud, I had been dreaming of this day. Just like all young raindrops, my mother and father had trained and prepared me. At school we also learned about the cycle and what we might encounter on our first trip. It was called the water cycle and I was about to jump for the very first time! My mom and dad had just dropped me off at rain cloud one. The beginners and instructors were there to help. Thank goodness! I met up with my best friends Fred and George.

We got to our positions and heard someone shout, "One, Two, Three, Jump!"

All of the first year raindrops leaped off the edge of the cloud. The next thing I knew, I was falling and I was separated from Fred and George.

It was amazing! I was flying. I saw the Earth up close for the first time! Then I looked at myself. I was no longer a drop. Instead I was a small, white, thin flake with a design on me. I started panicking until I looked around and noticed everyone looked this way. Other drops were panicking just like me. I must have looked pretty worried because two instructors came towards me fast.

"Are you okay?" a leader named Jake asked.

"We are approaching the ground soon, Jake," a second slightly older leader named Mac reminded him.

I asked Jake, "Why are we like this?"

"Because cloud one was directly over the freezing peak of a mountain."

He answered, "The air is colder up here, so we change form."

"We are also called snowflakes, a frozen form of water, or rain drops."

Finally we landed on the side of the mountain with a splat!

Then a first year girl named Lilia joined us. She wasn't with us for long because all of a sudden, she melted into the side of the mountain. At first I was worried, but then Mac told me that she would be fine, just not a run-off.

"What's a runoff?" I asked.

"A run-off is a drop that isn't absorbed by the soil and ends up traveling to the ocean," Mac replied.

I noticed he had said "drops" instead of "snowflakes," so I looked down at myself and closely at the others. We had melted back into drops! Mac explained that now the ground was warmer than the air, so we melted.

Right then Jake said, "This is the fun part because we're now officially run-offs." Then we started to pick up speed, flowing down the mountain.

CRASH! Next thing I knew we had flowed right into a million more drops just like us.

Jack said, "This was the ocean, where millions and millions of water drops collect."

Soon we were lost in the crowd. As we sunk down under the top of the waves of drops,

I began to hear screaming and saw drops getting pushed out of the way. All of the sudden, a gigantic blue creature was coming towards us with its mouth wide open.

Mac shouted, "What! Run!" But we were too late. We got sucked into the mouth of a whale! While we were inside the mouth, with a hundred other drops, Jake told me it was a miracle we had stayed together this long. Even though we were inside a huge mouth, Mac didn't seem worried. Soon enough we were blown out of the top of the whale, high over the other drops in the ocean.

Soon we fell, but not into the ocean. We fell onto a so-called palm tree. Then more drops started falling all around us. It was storming! Thunder boomed and lightning flashed. The amount of drops beating on the coconuts must have made it fall because we hit the ground with a splat and coconut milk splashed everywhere.

Soon it stopped raining and the milk began to dry (and stink). All of a sudden, I felt like I was floating, and I was! I thought it was a dream, but when I didn't wake up, I knew what was happening. My dad had told me this was called evaporation, when the cycle begins to restart.

By now I was high above the ground and it was getting hot; I had so much energy! Then I realized that Mac and Jake were gone. Wait! I didn't have as much energy anymore. I was cold and heavy in the clouds. I fell again! I plopped down...onto cloud one along with everyone else. I found Mac and asked him about the first year girl, Lilia. He explained that she would go to the roots of plants and someday come back as transpiration. I thanked him and ran home.

I told my mom and dad all about my first experience in the water cycle. I asked my dad what the last part of evaporation was, when I felt drowsy. He told me that it was called condensation. It was when some drops go right back down to precipitation. For the rest of the night I talked about my journey. I couldn't wait for my next adventure!



Still-Life
By Khushi Patel



Watercolor Still-Life
By Logan Elsbury

AAAWWUUBBIS Cowboy

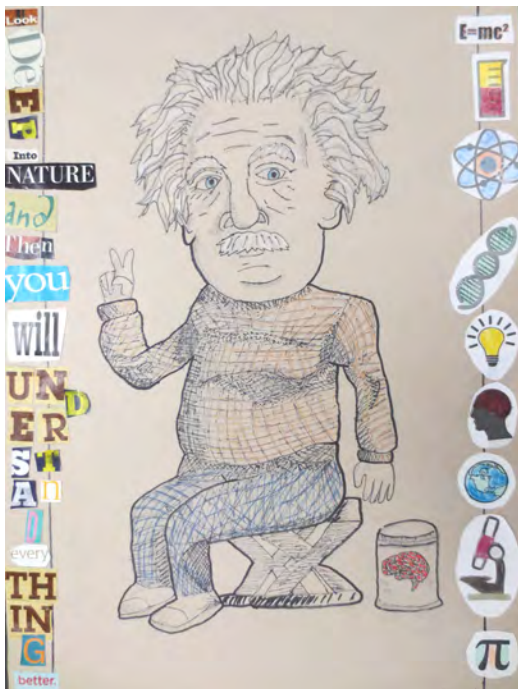
A Subordinating Clause Western by Logan Hines and Levi Johnson

Although the disease and famine killed many people, the silly big dresses still brought them joy for a while. After the cowboys got tired of the big dresses, they went to the saloon and played cards.

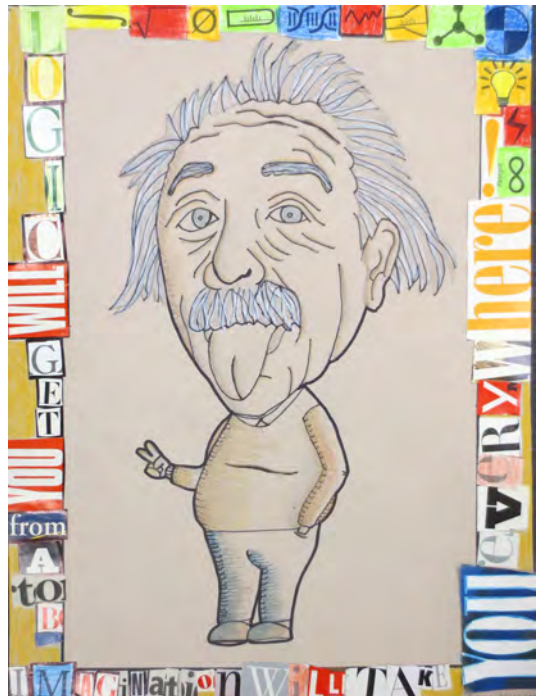
As they were playing cards, a stranger came in through the half-doors. When he walked in, everyone went silent except the bartender who threw a pickle at him. While the pickle was still airborne, the bartender yelled, "Just dill with it!"

Unless the pickle was fresh, the stranger would be out cold when it hit him. Until the bartender ran out of pickles, he would just keep throwing them. Because all of the pickles were flying, the stranger ran out to his horse and rode off into the sunset.

Before the stranger was completely gone, the marshal went after him. If the marshal caught him, the stranger would be thrown in jail. Since the stranger's horse was fueled on pickle juice, he got away.



Einstein Caricature
By Evan Northrop



Einstein Caricature
By Cierra Hale

The Camels of Israel

A World's Fair Poem by Nicolas Nunnally

The marigold sun dips into the sand as
Camels calmly stroll in the lazy desert while
Mild winds flow through the air.

Sand launches toward the moaning camels,
Groaning like lazy lizards
In the dusty evening desert sun.

The sun deeply buries itself into the sandy horizon,
Sand gliding like a bird in the sky.
Camels leaping into a golden midnight slumber.

Swedish Mountain View

A World's Fair Poem by Jordan Hines

Mighty metallic Swedish mountains overlook
the grainy grassland like a king looks over his kingdom,
and the ruling mountain sits on his grassland throne
hording gems as like dragon guarding his treasure.

Below sits a fragrant flowery field and a cool lustrous lake,
as soldiers wait for a command from their leader.
Two mysterious square objects wait in the field,
ridged rocks or cabins waiting to be used by tired travelers.

With wind whistling through the glorious green grass,
the field lies next to the lake like a needy neighbor,
but parts of the green grass dark dead and depressed
while rustling trees in the field chirp with birds.



Van Gogh Still-Life
By Andrew Northrup

Middle School: The Worst Years of My Life by James Patterson

A Book Review by Lucas Wagner

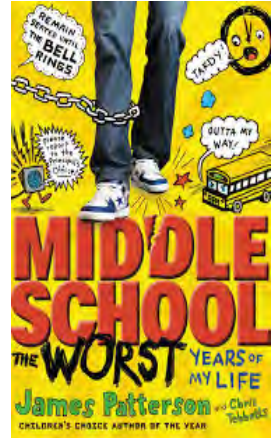
James Brendan Patterson was born in New York in 1947. He is known for writing books such as the Alex Cross series and Daniel X. The Middle School series was his first attempt at having a series targeted towards a younger audience. He was a nominee of the 2012 Teen Choice Book of the Year for this publication.

As Rafe starts off in middle school, he is confused about what to expect. Rafe is creative and imaginative. He creates a game to get him through middle school called Operation R.A.F.E, which stands for Rules Aren't For Everyone. In his game, he has to break every school rule and keep track of it in a notebook; a notebook nobody was ever supposed to see. The notebook falls in the hands of a bully named Miller. Rafe was frightened and devastated and states, "This was suppose to be Normal, Day 1, and all of a sudden, it was more like Worst Nightmare, Part 13" (page 135). Rafe is determined to get his notebook back without anyone else seeing it, but his plans change. However, more then just his plans change; he grew up that day.

Rafe starts out as a reckless and creative teen who breaks the rules without caring. Towards the end of the novel, he realizes his mistakes and is careful while still trying to keep his creativity. This change happens after he and his sister witness something a child should never see. One lesson to be learned from Rafe is to be genuine and to always tell the truth.

Although I enjoyed reading this book, it was a bit predictable. Most of the book followed a similar pattern: Rafe did something, someone told his parents, Rafe got in trouble. I found it surprising that this book addresses important issues such as domestic violence.

I would recommend Middle School: The Worst Years of My Life to all middle school students. This book helps people realize that middle school could be a lot worse than what it really is, and it also shows the reality of important issues that teens may deal with. With six more successful books in the series, I rate this book 4 out of 5 stars.



Summer Feels So Good

A Seasonal Poem by Grace Ann Flanagan

“Oooh, Aaah” summer feels so good.
The silly sun smiles just like he should.

The water is like diamonds on my feet.
The flowers are rainbows that look so neat.

A breeze whistles through the trees
While pollen is carried by the bees.

Birds make nests to lay their eggs.
As I eat my ice cream, my dog begs.

While I put sun screen on my skin,
I wonder what summer will bring again.



Australian Emus
By Isabella Ortega



Matisse Goldfish
By Dominic Mount

Fall

A Seasonal Poem by Theo Meyers


Crack, Crumble,
The sounds of leaves under my feet.

The leaves are toothpicks
Breaking easily under my feet.

The wind is pushing me inside
When I want to go out.

In the fall evenings, I like
Building big bonfires to burn.

The bonfire is like a school dance
Dancing in the wind.



Riku Wakatsuki's Journal as a Japanese American Internee

A Character Journal Entry for *Farewell to Manzanar* by Jasmine Stewart

February 20, 1942

Coming to Manzanar has been madding. My family has lost so much while transitioning here, and I know we are all emotionally affected by it. I'll do everything I can to protect my children from this harsh treatment. Japanese- Americans have been loyal this country, and now we must give up our freedom. I just wish the Americans would understand that we are real people like them, not wild animals. They never viewed us this way before Japan attacked Pearl Harbor.

November 15, 1942

Jeanne and I heard things in the latrines I wish we never had to hear. I knew Ko would be furious when he heard of it because he has too much self-respect to let such things to be said about him. What I never expected was Ko's reaction towards me, and I didn't know that he would blame me for people calling him an *inu*. Ko hitting me wasn't my main worry – it was the children being in the room. I feel partly responsible for what went on tonight. I know I couldn't have prevented it, but I could have at least predicted it and got the children out of the barracks. I recognize it was not completely my fault, and Ko being intoxicated played a big part. I strongly believe that if Ko wasn't drunk, he would not act in such ways.

February 11, 1943

We've all been in this camp for a year, a year far too long. The Loyalty Oath has caused so much disagreement between Ko and Woody, and I recognize that. I just wish they wouldn't argue so much and find a way to resolve this more calmly. I can't stop myself from thinking about how things used to be and how orderly things were. I long for the relationship Ko and I used to have, and I'm sure that the rest of the family does too. There was always more room for improvement in the past, but now I'm not sure how to handle the situations that have occurred. All I can say is *shikata ga nai* because all we can really do is hope for better days and make a living with what we have. I will continue to support my family anyway I can no matter what the circumstances.

Mao's Shattering Orders

A Cultural Revolution Story by Kya Twitty

I was inside of the normal sized car when it stopped in front of our destination. The vibration stopped and doors opened, so I could feel the cool air on my skin. I didn't want to do this, but Mao gave me no choice. I stood in front of the rightist's house. They did not support Mao, so we were sent to raid them. I hate to do this. All twenty of us walked up to the door and pounded, "We are the Red Guard! Let us in." Someone in front of me shouted. I heard the door unlock and many of us charged through the door, except me who slowly joined them.

"We have been notified of your four olds, and have been told to take them from your presence," I was forced to say. This is wrong. The leader of our group stepped out and started beating the rightist's chair, and that cued us to break more things. It was hectic. Glass shattered to the ground, things fell from the ceiling, and there was lots of screaming. I was just standing in the middle of it all, watching this poor man's house being destroyed before his very eyes. If I didn't join in, something bad would happen to me for not obeying Mao's orders. I hesitantly smashed a mirror that was left, and our leader nodded to me. He decided we had done enough for now, and we should leave.

"Thank you for your service," someone said from behind me. I was probably the first person in the car. I hate doing this, but it must be done.



Hokusai Samurai
By Evan Fitzpatrick



Hokusai Samurai
By Riley Jump

Hello From Fall

A Seasonal Poem by Ella Taylor

Fall begins when the world starts to cool
And when it gets too cold to jump in a pool

Colorful leaves dance to the ground, and
Hearing them crunch is a wonderful sound.

Apples are plucked and plump pumpkins are picked
Football and soccer balls start to be kicked

Kids are monsters on October 31
From so much candy they almost burst!

Fall can feel as warm as a fire
But the time to eat turkey is everyone's desire.

Soon the leaves are covered with a blanket of snow
We wait another year for fall to again say "Hello."



Leaf Frottage

By Amaris Thames



Watercolor Still-Life

By Lily Palmer

Future

Poem by Noah Turner

School

Dangerous, Freaky

Boring, Tiring, Exhausting

Books, Learn, Academy, University

Sleeping, Working, Eating

Leader, Active

College



Crow Collage
By Evan Northrup

The Colors of Autumn

A Seasonal Poem by Abigail LaMay

Oh my, the colors of autumn
The magical, marvelous colors of autumn

When I look around, this is what I see
As the leaves go crunch all around me,

The wonderful, whimsical, wild willow tree leaves
Turn a bright orange as if screaming,
“Hey, come here, look at me!”

The leaves on the oak tree, red as a pepper
The leaves in the yard yellow as the sun
The leaves on the ground are a swirling tornado.

Red, orange, and yellow mixed to a light scarlet
When I look around, this is what I see

Oh my, the colors of autumn
The magical, marvelous colors of autumn.



Crow Collage
By Brice Skiles

Fantastically Fabulous Fall

A Seasonal Poem by Stephanie Olsofka

Fantastically fabulous fall is fun for all
Bugs crawl
Leaves whisper in the trees
The wind is a gentle stream
Colors burst into motion
Winds brew a potion
A smell lingers like a dream
The sun shines down with a beam
Crinkle, crack, and crunch the leaves go
Oh, what a wonderful show!



Crow Collage
By Ronnie Deetz

Castle

An Acrostic by Lindsey Mount

C

Castles are still scattered everywhere throughout Western Europe in England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Wales. There are still castles today called Caerphilly Castle in Wales, Bodiam Castle in England, and Eilean Donon Castle in Scotland.

A

Anyone who entered the castle had to come through the gatehouse. It was an iron-covered wooden gate that could be lowered if the castle was being attacked.

S

Surrounding a castle is a moat. Some moats were filled with sticks standing upright in the ground

T

They cut their food with the point of their knives or used their fingers to pick out a tasty piece of meat from the sauce. They often used knives instead of spoons.

L

Lakes stopped opponent soldiers from digging a tunnel under the castle walls, one main plan of attack. There was a wooden bridge over the lake called a drawbridge. It could be pulled back or lifted so attackers couldn't cross.

E

Eating in the Middle Ages was messy business. For plates, people used flat pieces of stale bread called trenchers. Two or more people shared a drinking cup or bowl.



Fall Still-Life
By Natalie Dafoe



Watercolor Still-Life
By Christian Combs

Crying Over Crushed Cups

A Cultural Revolution Story by Brittany Larkin

Everyone that was in the vehicle was eager and ready to be destructive, except for me. I was sitting there with this gut feeling inside. I knew what I was doing was wrong, but I also knew that I had to do it. How would I feel if the Red Guard had come into my home and destroyed everything? I knew I wouldn't like it, so why did others? I tried to hide my feelings away from the others, but they didn't even notice.

When we arrived at the house that we were supposed to destroy, all of us tumbled out of the vehicle. We ran up to the fence and banged our fists on the wooden door of the gate. A young lady, who I presumed was the owner, opened up the gate to let us in. Most of us ran straight inside and started destroying everything, myself included. Others ran to the gardens and started ruining them.

While I was inside, I saw the lady walk inside and sit on a seat that was already old, watching everyone destroying all of her stuff. I personally don't feel that it is right to destroy a rightist's things just because Mao says they are Four Olds. We all have our own beliefs, so why disrespect others and their belongings?

I look down at my hands. I was holding two wine cups with ribbons on them. Both cups had a tag on them. One of the tags said "husband," the other one said "wife." There were tears running down my face. The cups reminded me of when my parents got married, but I knew that I had to destroy them. It was what Mao wanted. I set both cups down on the ground and stepped on both of them, one at a time.

After I crushed both cups, I glanced over at the lady, sitting in the chair crying. Then I looked at the door. The door was open and all of the people were running to our vehicle. I ran out as fast as I could. I looked back at the house. It was destroyed.



Australian Dingos
By Fallon Filtzpatrick

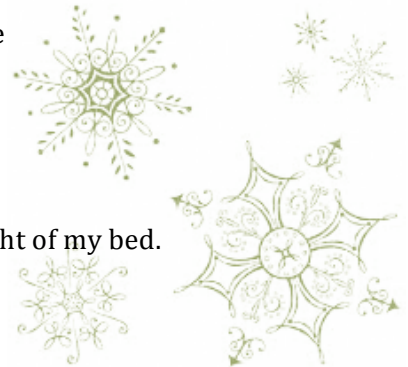


Australian Kangaroo
By Ashley Roth

'Twas the Night Before I Am Finally Home for Christmas

A Modern Clement Moore's *'Twas the Night Before Christmas* by Taylor Cripe

'Twas the night before Christmas and I was alone in my grand hall
I leaned against my door that was standing tall.
My party had finished at eight that night
All the lights from the party were still bright.
I smiled to myself and sighed, 'Oh what joy'
Before anyone left, kids got a bag with a toy
It gave me a great feeling to see their smiling faces.
But once again I was still not a Mrs.
My house was lonely, I would say
But it seemed lonelier when it neared Christmas day.
My mother and father couldn't make it again
My brother was coming home from learning to be an airman
If I hadn't moved to California to work in music
Maybe I wouldn't be so homesick.
Before I knew it, I was in my kitchen
I had a glass in my hand that was filled with tea and a lemon.
My thoughts took control and I didn't realize I had moved
And my heeled boots were removed
'Man I am going crazy,' I thought to myself
That was when I saw an elf.
He stood on top of my counter
He reached over and took a piece of cheese off the platter.
I shook my head with disbelief
There was a person no bigger than my feet!
He smiled and asked, "Why are you alone on this night?"
I said, "I couldn't book a flight."
He shook his head and jumped over to me
He placed a hand on his knee
"Let's get you home shall we?"
I smiled slightly and nodded as I thought of home
The elf smiled and started to roam
The room went from white to chrome.
I closed my eyes
I am afraid to die!
Suddenly I heard my mom's voice in my head
I opened my eyes and rubbed my head as I thought of my bed.
"My little girl is here!" I heard my father shout
I looked behind me and it was black out.





The little elf waved from the distance
He got me home with little resistance.
I felt arms around me
It was my dad and my mommy.
I was home for Christmas
Now my night won't be filled with sadness.
We went into the house and I looked at the bookshelf
I smiled when I saw the elf.
He sat there every December
That sweet little elf was my savior.
My mom told me she wished for me to come home for Christmas
I looked over at my shoulder at the elf, my eyes full of brightness.
I hugged my mother, father, and brother tightly.
I am home for Christmas finally.



Kehinde Wiley Portrait
By Cora Dugan

Summer

A Seasonal Poem by Gracie Johnson

Summertime is as fun as a party
Where there is no such thing as being tardy

Summer is a walk in the park
Where the dogs all like to bark

I love warm days when the sun smiles on me,
But I don't like to hear the buzzing of the bees

Splish! Splash! The ocean beats against the shores
While sitting by a camp fire eating smores

People playing pass in the pool
Trying to stay cool

Hanging Art, Hanging Sun

A World's Fair Poem by Emerson Wolfbrandt

A bright day in Morocco
presents the tapestries
hanging high in the alley,
showing off all their colors.

This work hangs so people
can see the work in navy blue,
cream white, maroon, and aqua.
The work heavy, scratchy, light, silky.

Hear the buzzing of the streets.
The blistering Moroccan sun
hits the house holding the artwork.
Its canopy protecting mumbling men.

The Kuala Kangsar clock tower,
the loudest in Morocco, rings out
twelve ding-dong noises, at noon
to the cloudless, boiling sky.



Paul Klee Woman
By Jaylee Johansen



Eiffel Tower
By Riley Newman

The German Railroad

A World's Fair Poem by Emma Glauber

Snow was crunching underneath our track
While we trudged along by the glimmering snow.

The railroad was rugged and rustic
Against the elegant snow.

The oily railroad was whistling and screeching;
The train was on its way.

We saw a giant figure in the distance;
The train was plowing the snow.

The train chased us
As we saw the oily, gray smoke.

The rich green branches droop
Under prickly, pointed snowy pines
As bitter wind swayed about.

My Life As a Snowflake

A Water Cycle Story by Ali Neihart

It was finally happening! I was actually getting married! 1000 thoughts went through my mind as the hair stylist was finishing my hair. In less than 40 minutes, I would be walking down the aisle. I am so glad that my best friends Lily and Clara are here as my bridesmaids. I don't know what I would do without them.

There was only one thing left to do – make up. I was asked what color eye shadow I wanted and of course I had to go with light pink. Not long after my makeup was ready, Lily came in my dressing room and told me it was time. I walked to my place where I would wait behind the doors as my bridesmaids walked down the aisle.

Then I heard my music, my cue to walk out of those doors and get married. My heart stopped when I saw him; he looked so handsome standing there, waiting for me.

With one arm latched in my dad's, we made our way down the aisle. Everything was perfect, so I thought. Everything changed the moment I stepped in front of my soon-to-be husband. I began to feel drowsy and heavy, and I knew what was going on; it was December, so earth needed snow, and I knew it was my turn to go on an adventure.

I started to fall, and so did Lily and Clara, but the love of my life was still up there, in our home cloud. I thought that I faintly heard the words, "I love you," come out of his mouth, but it was too late. Lily, Clara, and I fell on what seemed to be a warm, pink cushion; it was a little boy's tongue. Luckily for us, he spit us into a snow bank.

We lay there, in that snow bank, for months until the sun finally came out and the weather grew warmer. The snow around us started to melt, and suddenly Clara, Lily, and I melted. We collected in a puddle, and then I felt the heat from the sun shining on me.

Unfortunately some lousy dog stepped on us, but then we became so hot from the sun, we started to rise. We rose higher and higher. I saw Lily and Clara close by, but I also saw past friends that I had lost when they had to fall down to Earth. I saw Delilah, Morgan, Tom, Mallory, Brooke, Dalton, and Abby.

I was so happy to see them, but I realized I wouldn't have much time. They would form their own home cloud and I would try to find mine again. We sadly said our good-byes hoping we would see each other again, and we went our separate ways. Lily, Clara, and I searched and searched hoping our home cloud would be in sight. Right when we were about to give up, far in the distance I heard a voice calling my name. It was my dad! Then, the temperature dropped and Lily and Clara, and I started moving really fast to our home and I finally got to say the words, "I do!"

Limerick

Poem by Dylan Berry

There once was a guy who liked to eat
To him all food was a treat
The guy loves his food
He is one hungry dude
It all ends up in his seat.



Da Vinci Mona Lisa
By Elijah Burgess

Limerick

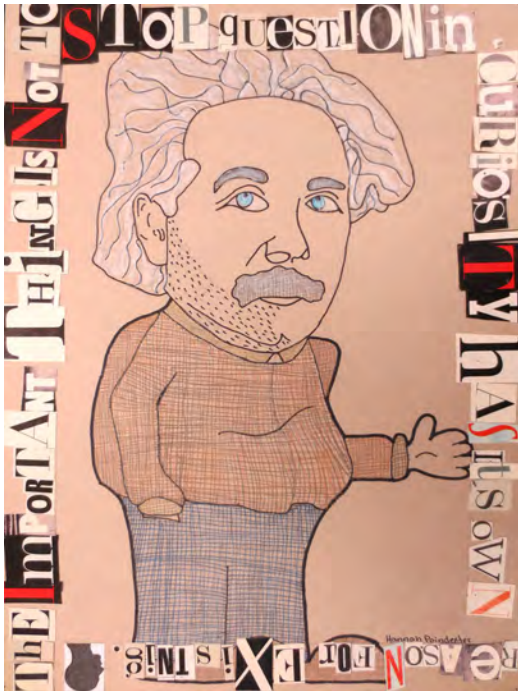
Poem by Olivia Schoeff

There once was girl named Lilly
She was indeed very silly
She was quite bold
And ran out in the cold
While enjoying a nice bowl of chili.

Limerick

Poem by Addison Ehrie

There once was a girl named Hannah
She wanted to eat a banana
She jumped in a lake
And swam to a bank
Where she ended up in Atlanta.



Einstein Caricature
By Hannah Poindexter

Eve and Clint and the Amaze-balls Adventure

A Subordinating Clause Western by Jessica Lehmkuhler & Morgan Lawson

As the sunset on the town of Human Junction, Clint and Eve rode on their dark brown horses, Lumpkin and Pumpkin, with their hats and spurs flowing majestically in the wind. After they reached the saloon, they moseyed over to the town drunk, Tucker, who stated that he was involved with the wanted men, Greer and Jubal Unk's train robbery.

Although Tucker was extremely drunk, he told Clint and Eve the exact details of how they stole the gold bars from the train. When Clint and Eve were informed of the new wanted men in town, Clint declared he was going to rid them from Human Junction, and with a mighty boom, the saloon's half doors flew open, knocking over the drunken Tucker.

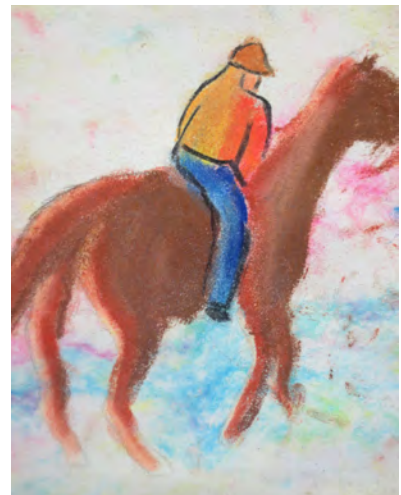
While the barkeep had a whiskey bottle in his hands, Greer and Jubal Unk slammed into the room with pistol and lasso at the ready. Unless Clint and Eve could defeat both of them in a shoot-out, they would forever be seeing tumbleweeds and cactus on their lonely ranch out in Nowheresville. Until Greer and Jubal would take their first shots at Clint, Eve had to devise a quick plan to stop the criminals.

Because Eve was a smart girl, she snuck up behind the crooks and tied their hands to one another in a double-handcuff. Before Eve could haul them off to jail, Clint slapped the weapons out of their hands like a petty three-year-old girl.

If Clint and Eve hadn't caught the crooks, all of the gold they had hidden in the train would have been lost. Since Tucker tried to run away, Clint smacked him in the head with a banjo, and Eve yelled over her shoulder, "Piano riff exit, please!"



Impressionist Landscape
By Isaiah Schafer



Degas Horse
By Nicolas Nunnally

From The Voyage of the S.S. Peanut by Captain Evan Wolfgang

January 25, 1716:

When I woke up in the night, we were at a lone island. I climbed out of my quarters to see Matt at the wheel.

“What do you think you’re doing?” I yelled at the insane man at the mast.

“Therein lie the un-loyal cabin boy!” he shouted back.

“You killed the lad?”

“No, only marooned! He’ll live, probably.”

Before I could tell him off and save the boy, six ships appeared in the distance. I rallied the crew, and, in the chaos, Matt broke his hand.

Once a ship got dangerously close, I ordered the first mate to shoot a cannon at them. However, my calm boat was not made for battle, so when the poor mate fired the cannon, it blew up in her face and misfired. At the same moment, half of the other ships shot at them. The sorrowful ship could only fire a lone ball at one of the rival boats, not doing much damage. We sailed off, feeling danger, and leaving the marooned boy.

January 27, 1716:

We didn’t get very far when Frost was back on his feet and questioning everything.

“What was bustin’ the side, and the terrible work at the helm?!” Frost yelled at me, making no sense after his sickness.

“Had enough grog?” I mumbled under my breath. “I was not at the wheel, Doctor. Matt was as he is now,” I assured him.

As I said this, Matt crashed the Peanut into the island we were trying to flee.

“Good choice, having Matt at the wheel,” Frost said sarcastically. [From that moment on, Matt never steered the boat.]

I was climbing down the boat, unknowing of the danger, to see the boat’s damage when we were attacked by people on the island. I pulled out my cutlass, and the first mate jumped down with her sabre. We cut through each enemy until one man hit us both to the ground. At the last moment, Matt shot the man dead, saving out lives.

February 1, 1716:

The ship was destroyed, and Frost fell sick again. The entire crew parted ways to find parts for the ship and medicine for Frost, but I had different plans. I took the only sea-map and some rations out of my quarters and set out for the treasure.

“I’ve had my fair share of adventure; it’s now time for the pay-off,” I mumbled as I grabbed my food and prepared for gold.

I walked down the shore following the map until I found a strange coracle sitting in the sand. I pondered if I should take the small boat back to the ship to help the crew, but in the end my greed took over.... I followed the map until a huge bulwark blocked my path. Four days I worked to break it down. Once I finally broke through, with supplies stolen from other ships, all that was seen was a melancholy cave flooded with stagnant water. I gave up hope, trying to pass through the water. Defeated I trotted back towards my ship.

I was interrupted in my sorrowful walk when I tripped over the small, lone coracle. An idea flowed into my head. I picked up the portable boat and ran to the cave. Using the boat, but hitting my head on the low ceiling, I rowed my way to a lone chest. I opened it. Inside lay one gold coin.

"I traveled across the ocean and lost two crewmates for a gold coin!" I yelled into the echoing cave.

In traveling back to the S.S. Peanut, I was ridiculed for going on such a selfish adventure.

"You diabolical ruffian!" the first mate yelled at me. "You left us!"

Ashamed, I turned the coin around in my hand, only to find a small map on the flipside of the coin. With the revelation of a new map, we prepared for the final quest. The first mate, Doctor Frost, and I set forth, Union Jack flying over our heads, ready to feast our eyes on gold!



MC Escher Tessellation
By AJ Woodruff



Wyeth Robinson Crusoe
By Matthew Keith

Village

An Acrostic by Christina Lamb

Village homes were made of turf and mud. They had wooden frames and thatched roofs. Most of the houses had at least one room, and the dirt floors were covered with herbs or straw. The people probably had a few windows; the windows most likely had wooden shutters, not glass. There wasn't much furniture in the homes.

In the village, cooking was likely done over an open fire that was usually in the center of the cottage. There was a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. Thick soup was commonly cooked over the open fire.

Life for the peasant people revolved around tending crops and animals. A village was normally surrounded by three fields: one for spring planting, another for fall planting, and the last one for the rest of each year.

Like most families in the village, women normally worked for their husbands in the fields, spun wool, wove cloth, sewed, made butter and cheese, preserved food for the winter, and did most of the housework.

A peasant child normally had very few toys. They used sticks, flowers, and pieces of cloth for imaginative play. Young children helped their parents in the fields. By the time the children were about 12 years old, they were doing work that was mostly for adults.

Going through the village, you would most likely see 150 to 250 inhabitants. Surrounding the village were fields for the crops. Villages consisted of peasant homes as well as churches and the lord's manor house. There were also buildings that had a mill for grinding grains and ovens for baking.

Even though the villagers did most of the work for everyone, they had time when didn't do anything. They played checkers, chess, and blindman's bluff. The popular sports they played were wrestling, archery, and swimming. So very often traveling jugglers, musicians, and storytellers stopped in a village. Storytelling became a pastime favorite.

The Temple of Baalbek

A World's Fair Poem by Michael Boggess

I define history.
Standing since 60 A.D.
I am a wonder of the world,
A most famous ancient monument,
The Mona Lisa of architecture.
I am the Great Temple of Baalbek.

I define history.
I have changed over time by war,
Earthquakes, and vandalism.
Now I can be seen from thousands of years ago
With the work of excavation.
I am the Great Temple of Baalbek.

I define history.
I am used for many purposes.
I am used for spiritual washings - baptizing.
I am used for sacrifices as mentioned in the Bible.
People still tour my ruins today.
I am the Great Temple of Baalbek.



Eiffel Tower
By Emily Stuart



Australian Kookaburra
By Alexia Criswell

Wonderful Winter Wonders

A Seasonal Poem by Cami Deakins

There are many wonders of winter.
The wind goes Woosh!
The ground is a blanket of fresh fallen snow.
The trees are without leaves,
And the snowmen are waving Hello!
Winter is as cold as a freezer
With the little tracks in the ice.
From the pint-sized pets prancing in the snow,
Winter is the best season.
I don't think you need another reason.

The Secret to Freedom is Courage

A Reflective Veteran's Day Essay by Mary Brown

A Veteran's biggest sacrifice is not always on the battlefield. They sacrifice time, family events, and sometimes even a college career. They also give up an abundant amount of their everyday lives so the United States of America and her allies can live in peace. Veterans serve to protect everything we value in life. Our liberty, freedom, and livelihood lie with each and every one of them. While we live our everyday lives, Veterans are making sure we have the right to do so. Veterans represent our country as a whole: every race, religion, and belief.

The truth of it all is, Veterans are completely selfless. They all know the difficulties that lay ahead of them when they choose this path for their life, putting the entire United States of America and more ahead of their own future. They choose to do this voluntarily. Veterans know the true cost of freedom. When they get up in the morning, they go out and pay the price. We owe every Veteran an incredible debt that can never be repaid with what we have to offer. They know the risks going in: losing lives and limbs, lost time with loved ones, and their own identity. The better part of us thinks to ourselves, why in the world would I risk all of this? We sit back and watch while these outstanding men and women go out and serve so we can live our lives in peace. This is why Veterans have such a rare, special valiance.

You would think this would make for a good book or movie plot, but not to these courageous people. This is how their real lives are. They are the reason why most Americans haven't seen the devastation of war in our homeland since the Civil War. Stop to think about what an incredible honor it would be to be in the same room with such honored men and women. Every Veteran has his or her own story and background. They come from the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard. Any one man's service, no matter what they did in the military, has impacted millions of precious lives.

One day is not enough. Veterans should be honored greatly each and every day of the year. This holiday deserves so much more than what it's getting. It should have just as much focus from Americans as Halloween and Thanksgiving. Schools need to really teach about Veterans Day and its importance at a young age. It's incredibly sad that it took me thirteen years of living to realize how special and important this holiday is. Our thanks should be national.



It should be known that our Veterans have our utmost respect, acknowledgement, and appreciation. A great Athenian historian, political philosopher, and general from the 5th century B.C. Thucydides once said, “The secret to freedom is courage.” This is not just physical courage, but also moral courage. None of us have the slightest idea what true sacrifice is. We all complain about the smallest things such as a slow waiter or how long we have to sit behind a desk and do work, just watching the clock. Our nation was forged and established upon freedom.

If not for our outstanding Veterans, we would all have next to nothing. The world as we know it would be highly different and not for the best. Think, if our Veterans hadn't been here to stand up for people's rights and freedom, where would we be? Probably not in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Thank you to all our Veterans and to those currently on guard!



Impressionist Landscape
By Cierra Hale



Impressionist Landscape
By Cody Kohues

Kim's Day Out

A World's Fair Poem by Evan A. Wolfgang

The misty morning awakens
in nefarious North Korea,
where hundreds of hurried humans
stand scarily still, frigid,
dressed in the same bistre black.

Their proud flag flies,
sitting like a colossal hat,
under plenty of propaganda.
Then, the streets liven with cheers,
followed by frenzied folks.

The palace in Pyongyang,
greater than a hundred houses,
only lit by blinking lights,
stands above the rising crowd,
dying to see their Great Leader.

Kim Jong Il's car carelessly drives
as the crying crowd claps
at his picture smiling at them.
The poor people die to see
the false monarch they love.



Color Wheel
By Ceili Fey Hause

Flame

A Monody by Jasmine Merrill, Riley Granger,
and Julianna Garcia

Fire of flame, pure as light,
Falling to a great height.
Be no depressed, I shall rest.
I have competed my eternal test.

I've stated my defeat, I shall not weep.
I will forever be by your side.
I will rise, from my demise.
You shall never be denied,

Flame of magic took my life.
Flame of life will; protect your right to live.

The Call of the Wild

A Character Analysis Essay by Bryce Lancaster

In The Call of the Wild by Jack London, Buck gets kidnapped from his beautiful estate in Santa Clara Valley, California and placed in Canada in the hands of men who turn him into a sled dog. He goes through many struggles and is not always treated well. Through his battles in the wilderness, Buck learns to survive by following his primitive instincts.

Buck learned that the man with the club beat dogs into submission. He didn't like to be beaten into submission, but he learned that was the only way to survive. He knew that Spitz was the leader of the pack, and he was willing to fight for that position. When Spitz killed Curly, Buck was furious. Francois tried to break it up with an axe. Buck vowed that he would see to it he never went down.

The cunning beast from Buck's ancestors grew stronger, thanks to the fierce conditions of trail life. Spitz knew that Buck was a threat to his leadership. Buck attacked Spitz, and then about fifty huskies came because of the smell of food. Then they headed out to meet Dawson in Alaska. They broke through thin ice, and the dogs almost drowned. Buck's feet were not as strong as a huskies, so Francois made him some moccasins.

When Perrault tried to put Sol-leks in the leaders position, Buck scared him off. Then Francois came back with a heavy club. One night a man took Dave out of the camp and shot him. Since Buck was in supremacy, he would be the best leader. After Perrault and Francois were transferred, Buck's weight went down. When they were in camp one day, a lash hit Buck, but John Thornton helped him.

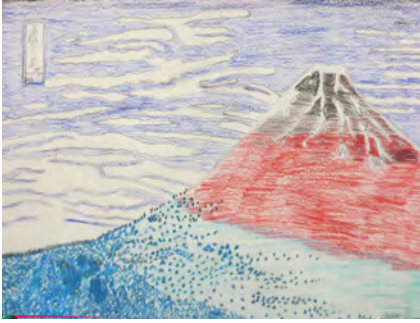
Buck had a long lasting love for John Thornton. Buck saved John Thornton two times. John Thornton started betting with how many pounds Buck could pull. Buck went and pulled 1,000 pounds of flour. By using his primitive instincts, Buck and John Thornton and others found a valley of gold. Buck found out that John Thornton was killed by the Yeehats, so he killed the Indian chief and joined a wolf pack, living in the primitive wild forever.



Van Gogh Still-Life
By Carissa Smith



Van Gogh Still-Life
By Maggie Lamerson



Hokusai Mount Fuji
By Alex Ternet

Ode to Lightsaber

An Ode by Phillip Betts

Inside your gleaming silver shell,
A great and mighty power dwells.
It suddenly releases a shining light.
In that small beam resides a hundred suns' might.

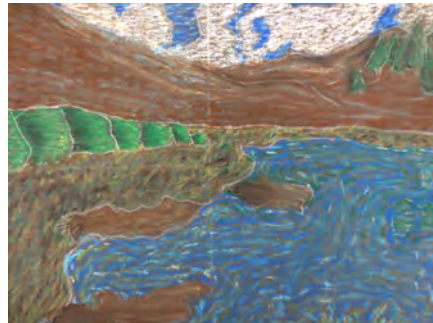
Your power- from a crystal's gleam,
Creates that deadly light of red, blue, or green.
An evil Sith lord, a good Jedi Knight,
Both need your great power, for wrong or for right.

Though Masters say the Force should be used,
Your power isn't as easily abused.
Good or evil, Jedi Knight or Sith Lord,
Makes no difference to a glowing laser sword.

You're an elegant weapon for a civilized age,
The days of Jedi councils and evil Siths' rage.
You're a great tool, and it's easy to tell,
But I don't need you right now, so go back to your shell.



Impressionist Landscape
By Julia Knox



Impressionist Landscape
By Natalie Dafoe

Castiel

Poem by Jill Merritt

Castiel may be broken, but the boys don't care.
His dark hair sticks up at awkward angles.
His dirty trench coat whips as he flies away.
Despite pleas from his winged brethren
to destroy the Winchesters, he won't smite family.
His inquiring stare can make anyone uncomfortable.
Castile may be broken, but the boys don't care.

Star Wars: A New Hope by Alexandra Bracken

A Book Review by Nicolas Nunnally

Star Wars: A New Hope is by Alexandra Bracken, a New York Times best selling science fiction author. This book is a part of a 3-part trilogy: A New Hope, Empire Strikes Back, and Return of the Jedi.

There are many main characters in this book, like Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and Darth Vader. Luke is a farm boy from a deserted planet called Tatooine, and he is just beginning to understand who he really is. Han Solo is a smuggler who always gets into trouble with his co-pilot Chewbacca. While they fly the Millennium Falcon, Han and Chewy help Luke and Obi-Wan Kenobi take two droids to a planet that has been destroyed by the Empire. Darth Vader is a Sith Lord who has hatred against everything; he feels anger around him, and he is also stressed out most of the time. The setting of the book takes place after the Old Republic has fallen, and when the Empire rises to power and tries to take over the galaxy. The story line/plot of the book is that the rebellion has stolen the plans to the Death Star, a giant space station that can destroy planets. The rebellion is trying to find a way to destroy it and the Empire is powerless without it. The main quote of the book is, "May the force be with you," by Obi-Wan Kenobi. This quote means that the force is what protects a Jedi from any surrounding dangers and the force can be used to help a Jedi make a better life.

Throughout the story, Luke Skywalker changes emotionally when he has seen Obi-Wan killed by Darth Vader. Han Solo changes because he finds out that he has feelings, and that he needs to help the rebellion. The theme of the book is teamwork because Luke and Han help the rebellion take down most of the Imperial fleet.

Star Wars: A New Hope is believable because there might be a galaxy system with a different life force. Also, the author shows these events happening in real time, using spaceships and other futuristic technology we don't even know about. I find it exciting because it shows how much action there can be in a book. Also, the book wasn't as descriptive as some other books I have read. Overall, the author did a great job recreating the 1977 film into a book.

I would recommend this book for ages 10 and up because you can learn more about the Star Wars universe, especially if you're an adult that has become a Star Wars fan since the first movie came out. I rate this book 5 stars.





Toulouse Lautrec's Jane Avril
By Maggie Lamerson

Anticipation

A World's Fair Poem by Jasmine Stewart

Droplets departing from emotionless daggers of ice
induce faint, monotonous pattering.

Reluctant and hesitant tension weaves back and forth
between the armed men and woman.

The defeated commander sighs in the unsteady silence,
anticipating violent tension, broken by an invisible wind.

Anxious men quickly peek around shields
that conceal hidden defendants.

They shiver in the bitter Ukrainian air, shivering at the
wreckage from the powerful disorder in their country.



Paul Klee Design
By Alexia Criswell



Holocaust Photo Reflection

A Reflective Narrative by Emma Huse

The girl on the right is Tamara Magid, in the middle is her cousin Gala Seltzer, and to the left is just a neighbor of Tamara's. This photo was taken in 1937 in Tamara's kitchen. Tamara's story starts off with being born on June 26, 1930 in Leningrad. As a little girl, Tamara lived in hiding throughout the holocaust. Also, she had to just sit and watch her dad die of hunger because they had no food to eat.

Later in life, Tamara then led on to move to Israel with her husband, Nicolai Magid, after the fall of the Soviet Union.

Tamara's picture and my picture have a few things in common. One example is that we are about the same age in these photos. Also, they were both taken in a kitchen. Finally, there are three little girls that love and care about each other in both photos. However, there are two things our photos don't have in common. The first one is that the two girls in my photo, Lizzie Kincaid and Molly Garner, are my close friends at my birthday party, not my cousin and neighbor. The second one is the most important one. It is that those three girls in Tamara's picture had a much harder life. They were Jews living through the Holocaust, which is more tragic than what Lizzie, Molly, and I have experienced in our entire lives combined.

While studying the Holocaust, I have learned to never give up and to always keep fighting. This was important for people in the Holocaust because their lives were always on the line. They had to fight through tougher things in six years than I will ever have to in my whole life. For example, I couldn't imagine seeing my dad die right in front of me, but Tamara did, and it might have saved her life. This is why you always have to keep fighting no matter what the circumstance.



A Holocaust Interview

Script by Taylor A. Moss

Interviewer: Hello. Welcome to the one and only channel where we talk to people from the past who actually lived through historical events - The History Channel! Today we will be talking to Adam Bamberg. He was a Jew who lived through the ghetto of Lodz, Poland and the Auschwitz Death Camp.

Interviewer: So Adam, you told us before the show that you had a very happy life with your two sons, Daniel and Joseph, and your wife Aliza. But then the Germans busted into your home and ripped you away from all of your belongings and home. What was going through your mind at the time?

Adam: Well, we all knew that the day would come, but that day took us totally by surprise. Some of the things that were going through my mind at the time were how can I help my family? Will I ever see my home again? Where will they take us? Are they going to hurt us? And most of all, will they separate us?

Interviewer: Wow. That must have been awful. So after you were taken, they shoved you into a cattle car with over 100 people. What was it like in there?

Adam: It was absolutely terrible. Since there were over 100 people per cattle car, people were getting sick and getting diseases like scurvy, typhus, tuberculosis, and cholera right off the bat. There was only one little bowl for a bathroom. It was so crowded that you could barely sit down. Children and adults were crying, people were dying which spread even more diseases, it was pitch black unless there were some cracks in the wall, and worst of all, my son, Daniel, who was only 5 years old, died. When he died, my wife went into depression. She didn't ever make it to our first stop, Lodz, Poland. Losing them was the worst thing that I ever went through. When I got off the train with my son Joseph, there were only 54 people left.

Interviewer: When you got off the train, what happened next?

Adam: We were put into a big line. Some people, who were very young, sick, or old, were sent to the right, and the healthy and strong were sent to the left. Mothers tried to get to their children, but they were brutally beaten or shot. We saw three people who were shot that day all because they wanted to stay with their children. Both me and Joseph were sent to the left. The people who went to the right, I learned later, were sent to gas chambers or were forced to dig their own grave and then were shot. Joseph and I both were searched before we were sent into the camp.

Interviewer: What was it like in the camp?

Adam: The stench of the gas and the dead bodies were unbearable. Innocent Jews were beaten by Germans for no reason and no one dared to try and stop them because of the fear they had of execution. You could see death in people's eyes, sorrow and despair. We only got one very small loaf of bread to last us 7 days. People were dying of starvation. People were still being affected by diseases from the train ride and even more diseases that some people hadn't even heard of.

Interviewer: So after about a month of being at Lodz, you were on a train with your son again. Were you surprised? Did you see anything that changed from the first train ride?

Adam: Neither me nor Joseph were surprised. Actually, we were so familiar with death that seeing people dying was as common as seeing people get beaten. That sounds bad, but it was true. But this time, there were even more people crammed into the cattle cars than before. And once again, we had no idea where we were going.

Interviewer: When you got off the train, you found out that it was the Auschwitz Death Camp. What did you think?

Adam: I thought that it would just be another camp, but I was totally wrong. When Joseph and I were up, I went to the left. But since Joseph was sick, he was sent to the right. I never saw him again. After that, I was immediately stripped from my clothes and I was put into a blue and white striped pajama looking thing. Then I was told to take it off because they were going to shave us. They shaved everything. With cuts and bruises, we were put back into our blue and white pajamas, and they put a cap on our heads. We were then sent to work. Hard and ridiculous work. We were being beaten while working for them. If anyone protested, they would immediately be executed.

Interviewer: How long were you at Auschwitz, and when were you finally released?

Adam: I had been there for over 4 years. After my release, I moved to the US with the little money I had left. Then I got a job working in a factory. I saved up enough money to buy an apartment, and then eventually a house. I remarried, but never had any more children because I couldn't suffer heartbreak like that ever again. At one point I tried to forget everything that had happened to me, but then again, why would I forget something that impacted my life so much?

Interviewer: Well, we are very glad that you got to share your experience with all of us here today. Sadly, we have to take this interview to an end. Thank you for coming today, and it was great meeting you Adam.

Interviewer: Stay tuned for tomorrow when we talk to a WW2 veteran who escaped the ship on December 7th at Pearl Harbor!

I Am Malala by Malala Yousafzai

A Book Review by Peyton Isenhower

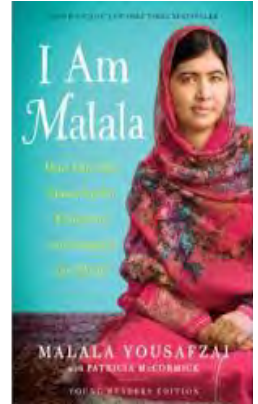
I Am Malala is a memoir written by Malala Yousafzai with Patricia McCormick. Malala is not only a symbol of peaceful protest, but she is also the youngest winner of the Nobel Prize. Other books Malala has written include Dear Malala, We Stand With You and Malala Yousafzai and The Girls of Pakistan.

Malala is a strong, brave, and intelligent person. Malala has been in Pakistan all her life and has loved her home country, but everything changed in 2005. The Taliban entered her country and began frightening the citizens. The Taliban set rules against women such as, they couldn't go to school because they considered it a sin, and they couldn't go to the market without a male in the family with them. Malala was not going to watch her rights go away. Malala disobeyed these rules and spoke out against the Taliban along with her father who accompanied her to assemblies. "The girls of Swat aren't afraid of anyone," Malala says (page 112). One day before a speech, Malala received a threat from the Taliban that stated she must stop her campaign or face the Taliban. Malala didn't stop. She kept campaigning and telling her story to anyone who would listen, but one day the Taliban did fulfill their threat.

Malala changed in hundreds of ways throughout the course of this story. She changed from only telling speeches in the bathroom mirror to speaking in front of world leaders. Malala always knew she wanted to change the world and go into politics and give lectures. From the time she was 3, she knew this and she was finally living her dream. The theme of this book is courage. Malala had to have courage to continue against the Taliban and to speak out for what she believed in even when she was threatened. Malala truly risked her life to tell her story and bring awareness. This took extreme courage.

This book is suspenseful and heartbreaking. During the book, there were twists and turns that were real-life events Malala and her family went through, and some never thought imaginable. Also, it was heartbreaking to see what was happening to the village and its people once the Taliban invaded. It was also heartbreaking to read what Malala had to struggle with daily for even the simplest things.

I would honestly recommend this interesting book because it will give you insight into the world we live in today. I Am Malala would be appropriate for ages 11 and up. This book does not have any challenging reading aspects, but there are some details about war that may not be suitable for younger readers. I give I Am Malala a 5 star rating.



The St. Andrew Church

A World's Fair Poem by Lizbeth Silva-Santiago

Fresh wind is blowing in my face.
The rustling trees and
Green grass start swaying.
The clouds dawdle slowly in the sky.

Pleasant colors of the church catch my eye.
The golden cross glistens in the sunlight.
As I saunter closer, the bells started ringing.
The wind starts whispering in my ear.

The energy of this church is in my blood, and
I am astonished at what I see.
The golden design amazes me!

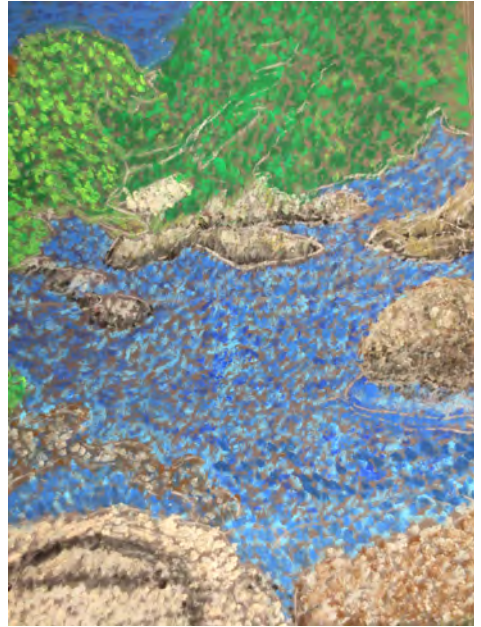
"Welcome home."

"Laskavo Prosymo Do Domu."

"It's wonderful to see you again."

"Tse prekrasno shchob pobachyty vas znovu."

My spirit in my body rises.
I belong here.



Impressionist Landscape
By Ronnie Deetz



Eiffel Tower
By Grace Ann Flanagan

Russian Socialization

A World's Fair Poem by Summer Stogsdill

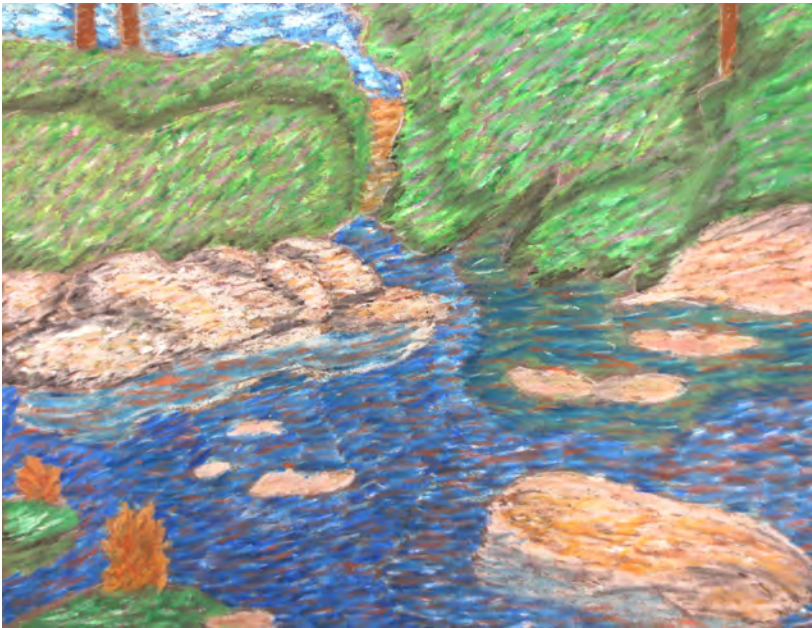
In Russia, St. Petersburg's totally talkative tourists and purely positive people are humans so uniquely guided by a walkway on their journey.

An overcast day doesn't cease the warmth. The ivory clouds hover the sky, like hawks hovering over their prey. More clouds than firmament appear.

Whoosh! The tide crashes into the rocks, generating ruffles and shuffles in a whorl-like motion. Anyone present is misted from the salt-smelling water.

The evergreens' immense bushy and full branches undulate in the breezy day. Dull and monochromed edifices peak through the fern-green evergreens.

A sedentary silver government building, stationary with a plateau-like top, endures the incline of the enormous hill like a house on a slanting slope.



Impressionist Landscape
By Jasmine Stewart

Veterans Day Isn't Just Another Day

A Reflective Veteran's Day Essay by Molly Garner

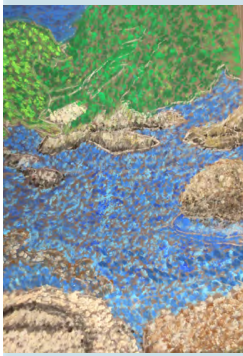
Many people can easily overlook Veteran's Day, but some realize how meaningful and touching it truly is. Veteran's day is to honor the United States Veterans who have sacrificed so much for us. That doesn't even begin to express half of its true meaning. To many, Veteran's day consists of a few thank you's, but then the day is quickly forgotten. We must never forget the men and women that have served, are currently serving, and those that have given their lives for our nation.

The mental and physical tolls of serving our country are harsh. Within the five branches, all of them experience how difficult serving our country is. The thing is, these people are volunteering to do this work. They are not forced to serve nor are they serving because it's fun. The people that serve are compassionate people that should inspire us everyday. Thousands have suffered through war, whether it was World War I or II, or were stationed in places like Afghanistan or South Korea. None of it is easy. The things our soldiers experience even during times of peace are harsh, so Veteran's Day needs to be one of the many times we thank them.

It isn't just hard on the people serving or who have served, but it is also hard on the families as well. Some have it worse than others. For example, many families have to deal with the constant stress of a loved one being in danger. When you are stationed overseas, you come face to face with a new danger and threat every day. Coming home and being appreciated for your service makes it worth it. That stress gets put on the whole family. Missing a family member is extremely challenging, let alone having a fear they may not come home.

Five years ago today on Veteran's Day, my older sister stood on the stage at LMS and explained what Veterans Day meant to her. She shared with everyone that she had a dream to be in the military one day. Not only did she want to serve in the military, her ultimate goal was to attend the United States Military Academy at West Point. Well, she is now a plebe, otherwise known as a freshman at West Point. Today, my view on Veterans Day has changed. It is no longer a holiday celebrating the men and women who have served the armed forces, but it is a holiday that will one day celebrate the service of my sister. When something gets personal, it gives you a sense of awareness and appreciation. Now that I have my own experience of being close to a cadet that will one day serve this country, I know how important it is to make sure Veterans know how greatly appreciated they are. Before I didn't realize how important this is to everyone.

Veteran's Day isn't just another day to thank a former or current member of the military, it's a day to thank the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force, Coast Guard, Veterans, and people like my sister.



Dear Parents, Staff, and Students,

Lebanon Middle School is proud to present another fabulous display of student writing and artwork in this year's Tiger Tales: Art & Literature Review.

Please join me in thanking the dedicated staff at Lebanon Middle School for inspiring students to create a variety of literature and artwork. I'd like to acknowledge the following teachers for submitting student work to publish in this year's review: Leah Cavanaugh, Lorrie Faust, Charlie Fisher, Ed Gerka, Angie Hensell, Wendy O'Rourke, Karren Perkins, Don Polston, Tammy Stuart, Sean Watson, Eric Williams, and Ronda Villines.

Please congratulate the students featured in this review. We receive thousands of student writings each year, and it is a major accomplishment for these students to have their work published.

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

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