

TIGER TALES



**LEBANON MIDDLE SCHOOL'S
ART & LITERATURE REVIEW
2014-2015**

The Atomic Bomb

A World War II Essay by Jasmine Stewart

What weapon was used to kill thousands in World War II? What weapon cost two billion dollars to make? The atomic bomb was that weapon of mass destruction.

Most of the main powers in World War II were racing to make a powerful nuclear bomb. The U. S. had won that competition. The Manhattan Project, the mission to develop a nuclear weapon, was started on May 12, 1942. It was the largest and most secret project ever started by the United States. The Manhattan Project was lead by the physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer. He had about 130,000 people working with him. After a lot of patience and hard work the first trial test took place in Los Alamos, New Mexico on July 16, 1945. The test was successful. Just as History.com says, the question now became, where will the bomb be dropped to end the war? Germany was the original target, but the Germans had already surrendered. The only one left was Japan.

On August 6 the U. S. bomber plane, Enola Gay, dropped the bomb “Little Boy” on Hiroshima, Japan. The bombed killed around 140,000 people and left the city a pile of destruction. Three days later the U. S. dropped another bomb called the “Fat Man” on the Japanese city of Nagasaki. This bomb killed about 80,000 people. Six days later Japan surrendered to the United States.

Some people think dropping the bombs were worth it because it brought a swift end to the war. Others think it was unethical and cruel. To this day the atomic bomb is still part of several arguments. All of this proves that the atomic bomb was the most impressive weapon of World War II.



Elvis Bautista



Rafael Sanchez

A Meaningful Life

A Reflective Essay by Isabel Purtlebaugh

"A meaningful life is not being rich, being popular, being highly educated or being perfect...it is about being real, being humble, being strong and being able to share ourselves and the touch the lives of others. It is only then that we could have a full, happy and contented life." – Unknown. I live by those simple words every day - to know that true happiness and life is about the people around me. But are people humble? Do we consider the feelings and lives of those around us?

I have learned to be humble in life and to help those who need it most. Every month on a Tuesday I volunteer with my aunt at the Shalom house to serve meals to those in need. The whole atmosphere of being in the Shalom house brings a sort of warmth to my heart knowing that I just helped feed over one hundred people I don't even know. Every time I step inside the people there are humble and kindly greet me with a smile. Here I see that there are people out in the world who don't have much, but they are grateful for our help. This place has changed me. I won't judge others based on their background, but I see them for who they truly are. If I was in a position where I was struggling, I would want someone to help me without judging me because they have no clue what I've actually been through in my life. I believe going to the Shalom house will add more to my character by teaching me to be humble and appreciate life.

My second place that changes me is the park. It may sound silly at first, but the park is the place I feel the most comfortable and free. At least two to three times a week I go for a run for one hour on the nature trail and clear my head of all my thinking. When I first walk out that door, either in the morning or in the afternoon, I breathe all the fresh air that I can suck in, put in my ear buds and start to run to my favorite song. I clear mind to get rid of all the things that I have gone through so I can start fresh and think of new things that I can do later in my life or in the moment. Running brightens my day and teaches me to take time for myself to reflect. If I don't run at least two or three times a week, my emotions start to build up and then I may explode on someone I really care about, causing conflict in my life. The park helps my character and it's a place I'm comfortable in and can enjoy.

The third and last place that changes my character is the Lebanon Public Library. The library is a place that I go after school to enjoy activities and interact with my friends. I've become friends with Mrs. Nicole who runs all the programs. These programs help my character because I've learned to talk to all sorts of people, try new things and experience different aspects of life. Through these programs, I can give back to the community by volunteering at the Caring Center. I have learned to have a good time in life by being social and spontaneous. I can feel at ease when I am at the library because I get along with everyone there.

In conclusion, the Shalom house, the park, and the Lebanon Public Library have shaped who I am today. These places really brighten my week and build my character more than I ever thought they would. They have shown me to give back to my community and to be comfortable with myself.

Freedom Isn't Really Free

A Veteran's Day Essay by Patrick Shallenberger

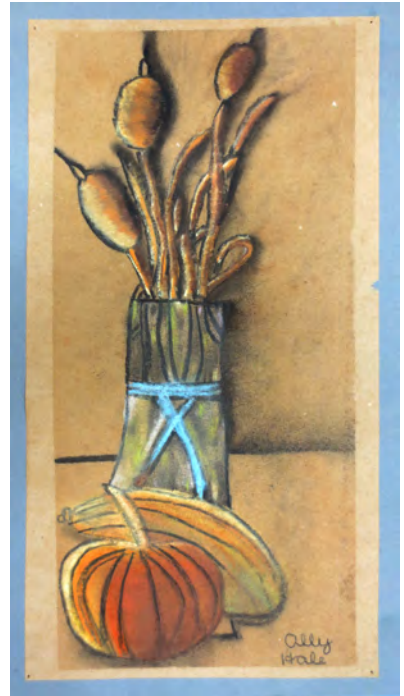
Veteran's Day is a special day for our country. We honor men and women who have served the United States of America. They serve so that we can be free, but freedom isn't really free. It takes a lot of sacrifice, and sometimes even death just so we can be free.

It starts with leaving one's family. Many men and women leave small children behind who don't always understand why. They miss birthdays, holidays, anniversaries, and even their children's sporting events. Their families worry and hope they return home safely.

Next, they have to be in good shape and go to boot camp where they work hard. They have to fight through the pain to make sure they are prepared to defend our country. Their commanders get tough with them, sometimes saying things that are hard to take. They have to swallow their pride in order to make themselves stronger.

For those called to war, they sacrifice many things. First they may go days without food and may be in harsh weather conditions. There will be times when they are scared but will have to act tough. Sometimes they see their comrades killed right before their eyes. Those that survive come home to a world that does not fully understand what they have been through in their service. Many suffer from post-traumatic stress disorders and have a hard time fitting back into normal life.

I do not think we, as Americans, should rely on just one day a year to honor our veterans. I think Veterans Day should be a reminder of why we should honor them all year long. The freedom we have in our country comes from what our veterans and their families have sacrificed.



Ally Hale



Hannah Parker

Chasing Summer

A Seasonal Poem by Kate Chaudion

Boom! Crack! The thunder goes
As tiny raindrops touch my toes
Sun gets brighter as the day goes
Sun as bright as all the light in the world
I take my hands and cover my eyes
Then I open them and see a butterfly
I chase it around in the hot air
As the wind blows in my straight blonde hair
Sunscreen protects me, he who is my guard
I run around in my beautiful yard
Summer surrounds soft skin
The sun says, "Goodnight"
Then I turn around and wave goodbye
I am going to miss my best friend.



Chyna Gates



Jacob West

Spring Bling

A Seasonal Poem by Jaelie Mitchell

Spring, spring is my favorite season
The flowers covering the ground like a blanket
The sun dancing gracefully across the sky
Splish, splash, splat the rain falls
Puddles forming for kids to jump in
The trees being stiff soldiers
Perfect weather for camping
People playing tennis like
they've never played before
Kids running like they never knew they had legs
Spring, spring is the best season.

From the Pen of Nelson Mandela

A Letter from Mandela by Jeffrey Hart

Dear President Reagan,

You may have heard of the recent protests happening in South Africa. It troubles me to see my people slaughtered by the cruel government. I ask you to cut all trade with South Africa until this Apartheid is ended.

I hope this will change the direction the country is going. It troubles me to see that 80% of the population was put into 13% of the land, and that there is only 1 teacher per 60 black students. With those two statistics alone, it is clear Apartheid needs to be stopped. By cutting off trade, South Africa will hopefully be forced to shut down Apartheid.

Cordially Yours,
Nelson Mandela



Megan Nelson

The Views of the Koran

A Letter from the Koran by Emma Kafka

Dear Islamic Fundamentalists,

I am writing to you regarding the false credit I have been receiving. You are killing in my name, which you know I do not stand for. Honestly, I thought we were in this together. Not only have you twisted my views, but also you have given Islam the definition of merciless violence. This is absolutely ridiculous. You blame me, but I'll remind you that I am not violent in any manner and I don't promote such actions. Allah is a merciful God and I speak by him. It will take more and more time to clear my name and control the damage you have done.

Sincerely,
The Koran



Kaitlyn Syferd

In Gandhi's Time

A Letter from Gandhi by Aria Summers

Dear Emperor Qin,

I have heard that you are a very brave man, but I think you need to be nicer to your people. I have heard that you do cruel things, so here are some ways you can change.

One way to be a better leader is to value life and stop burying people alive. The intelligent people could have helped you fight the Mongols and build new inventions. Another way to be a true leader is to treat the people of China with kindness. To do this, you shouldn't have torched every book and made people do what they didn't want to do. Finally, without using violence, the people of China would honor you and would have helped you fight the Mongols even more.

I hope this advice will help you become a better leader. If you weren't so cruel, you would be honored. If you need me, you know I am available. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,
Gandhi



Amanda Wallace

The Voice of the Holocaust

A Fictionalized Holocaust Interview Script by Melia Donner

Interviewer: The Holocaust was one of the most tragic events in history. It revealed how much damage, fear, and pain that one person could cause if they truly wanted to. The Jewish people got the worst of it, they were discriminated for their religious beliefs and were sent to concentration camps and were either put to death immediately or were forced to work. They were treated no better than animals. Today we will have Walter Bellman, a death camp survivor, talk to us about his traumatic experience.

Interviewer: So Walter, how was life at the Auschwitz death camp?

Walter: Life at the camp was horrific. The people in charge expected us to live, to be strong and healthy or we were killed. We got up early in the day and we had a head count then we were sent to work. The soldiers treated us very poorly, while our physical conditions were deteriorating, so were our mental ones. But I don't have room to complain; I had it better than most. I was one of the few selected for the Sonderkommando.

Interviewer: You mentioned the Sonderkommando, what was that?

Walter: The Sonderkommando was a hand-selected group of men. We were expected to complete any and all tasks given to us. Otherwise we were murdered. We did the dirty work of the camp, we were often referred to as the "bearers of secrets".

Interviewer: What were you expected to do?

Walter: The main task was to clear out the bodies after gassings but there were many other duties we were made to complete. One task that I was commonly sent to do was what we called the welcoming committee, we were forced to lie to the newest group of inmates who were to be sent to the gas chambers. We had to tell them that they were going to go take showers then they would be reunited with their families. I hated lying to them, watching them calm, and me knowing what was truly about to happen to them. But I knew that it was better than panicking them.

Interviewer: Did you receive anything in return for your work?

Walter: Actually yes, we did receive certain privileges that the other prisoners didn't but nothing to make up for what we had to do. We were given decent food, just enough to keep us going in our work, straw mattresses, and we were allowed to wear normal clothing.

Interviewer: How were you selected for this job?

Walter: The exact process I'm not sure of but what I do know is that we were all physically fit and healthy when we arrived. We had also all had some sort of authority position in our work.

Interviewer: What did the other prisoners think of you?

Walter: The others hated us. They put it into their minds that we were somehow responsible for the ruthless murders; that we collaborated with the Nazis. But we weren't the murderers; we were just as much victims as they were. They envied the privileges we got but look at the price we paid to get them. They weren't privileges at all, just mere distractions to keep us quiet. Everyone wanted that job; they thought that they would have a better chance of living. Almost no member of the Sonderkommando lived past three months. The Nazis didn't want their secrets out.

Interviewer: How has this experience affected you today?

Walter: The whole experience will forever be scarred into my mind. I have had nightmares about all of the terrible things I did, though they are getting better. One thing that did come out of it was I have become even stronger in my religion.

Interviewer: If you could choose, would you rather have that position or something as simple as a factory worker?

Walter: Honestly, I would still choose the Sonderkommando. I saw so many more things than the other inmates did. I got to survive, to live and educate. Another reason I would choose this is because if I didn't, someone else would have had to take my place, I don't want that for anyone. Good parents raised me; they always taught me that the easiest choice wasn't always the right one.

Interviewer: What kept you going?

Walter: I told myself that I would get out. I put my best work into everything that I did. I vowed to get out and change the world's mind about what a great man Adolf Hitler was. I believe that with determination anything is possible and I was determined to survive.

Interviewer: Well, thank you Walter for giving the people and I what I'm sure was just a glimpse into life at Auschwitz. I'm sure you are an inspiration for others.

Walter: Of course, thank you for having me.

The Bahamian Beauty

A World's Fair Poem by Julia Bautista

The Bahamian beauty stands on a cracked sidewalk.
Dark-brown hair stops abruptly above her ear,
and it feels as rough as a rock.

Floral patterns dance on the fabric above her knee.
Its silky fabric softer than the clouds.

Hip more cocked than a gun ever could be.
A golden chain wraps around her neck
like a roly-poly wrapping around itself.

Swish, monstrous water crashes into the boat.
Swoosh, wind roars, knocking the sail off.

An elderly woman sits under a blue umbrella
selling fruit in the gruesome weather.
Nothing compares to the poverty she lives with.

The Bahamian beauty lives in a glamorous place,
but she's seen its hideousness as well.



Cadence Rust



Melissa Nelson

Why We Love Fall

A Seasonal Poem by Sydney Lockwood

The leaves are dancing in the wind
Kids are jumping in piles of leaves like kangaroos
Skip, Skip, hooray summer has gone away
Put away the shorts
It's time for funny, fun, fantastic day
Leaves are snowflakes falling from the sky
My birthday is in the fall
Whoosh as the candles go out
Yippee! Family, cake, ice cream
What fun oh my! Jumping in foam balls,
Dodge ball with adults, bouncing off the walls
Fall, fall, fall the best season of them all!

The Giver by Lois Lowry

A Book Review by Katilyn Stitch

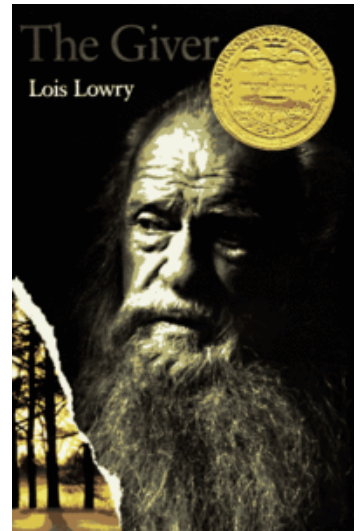
The Giver by Lois Lowry is a utopian young adult fiction novel. Lois Lowry has written a whole plethora of books including two companion books and one direct sequel. She is an award-winning author, receiving the John Newberry Medal for The Giver.

The story is about eleven-year-old boy Jonas who lives in a “perfect” society that has completely abolished hatred, hurt, warfare, and fear. In this society everyone is given a job based on their talent at the age of twelve. At the ceremony of twelve Jonas is selected by the receiver. He begins training under the current Receiver of memory, now called the Giver. Jonas’s father brings in a sick baby to stay with them from the nurturing center. They find out he is scheduled for release, and some weeks after training Jonas asks the Giver if he could watch a “release” that his father performs. Jonas became horrified as he realized what a release really is. He then conjures up a plan with the Giver to change their society.

Jonas changes so much throughout the story. Because Jonas is blinded by his society’s ideals, he doesn’t understand how senseless his society actually is. The quote “Always question, always wonder” is a phrase the Giver told Jonas that made him question his community. Both themes of the book are coming of age and the individual vs. society because of Jonas’s realizations about how the world can really be and how he and the Giver are the only ones that think differently than every other person.

The book was very unpredictable. The book switches up about every other chapter. I think The Giver is amazing and there is virtually nothing to complain about, but if I had to change one thing, it would be the ending. I don’t necessarily like the way Jonas chose to solve his problem.

Overall I would give The Giver five stars. The plot’s twist and splendid writing style made the book tremendously enjoyable. A great audience would be 11 years old and up because there are some mild adult concepts throughout the plot.





Summer Splash

A Seasonal Poem by Lauren Gascho

Summer, summer is the best!
 You can chill out or take a long rest.
 Splash, splash you can play in the pool.
 During the summer, it's hard to stay cool.
 Butterflies are like planes.
 They soar through the sky.
 At the end of the summer, it's hard to say bye.
 Beaches, beach balls, and the pretty blue sky.
 Sometimes it's so hot I think I'm going to die.
 The sun is always smiling and so am I.
 The bunnies are tiny kangaroos
 always hopping up and down trying to get around.
 The birds are making lots of sound.
 When summer goes away,
 I wish it could stay.
 See you later, summer.

Melvin Rhiel

Daisies Dance In Summer

A Seasonal Poem by Emma Glauber

The grass is as green as an emerald.
 I like the way it feels on my feet.
 The sun is an oven on broil.
 I can feel it cooking my skin.
 Splash! The water refreshes me when I'm hot.
 I will stay in the water believe it or not.
 The daisies dance in the blowing wind.
 They are so beautiful to watch and gaze at in the sunshine.



Mykell Dillon

Woody Wakatsuki's Journal as a Japanese American Internee

A Character Journal Entry for *Farewell to Manzanar* by Tricia Wire

October 9, 1942

This has been a hard year. Papa returned from Fort Lincoln in September. Whenever I go into the barrack where our family stays, Papa is usually drunk and abusive. Mama and Papa have been fighting recently. I think Papa is just done with everything he's been put through this year, and the only way he knows how to express himself is by being violent.

October 17, 1942

This internment camp is tearing my family apart. A few months ago, we stopped eating together. Sometimes I try to start conversation, but our talks are usually short and awkward. Kiyo told me Mama and Papa got into it again a couple weeks ago. Except this time Papa was threatening Mama. He could have killed her if Kiyo wasn't there and stepped in. He punched Papa and gave him a bloody nose! Papa is an alcoholic, he's just started drinking again and nobody knows how to act around him. I don't like walking into the barracks and not knowing how he's going to respond to anything. Kiyo knew what he had done was disrespectful. I hate to say, but I would have most likely done the same thing if Mama's life were at stake.

February 12, 1943

A few days ago, everyone in Manzanar ages 17 and up got a form asking for volunteers for the military. Papa wants me to say no, but if they have more volunteers, they will have more soldiers, and the war will be over sooner. Papa says I should expect nothing else but to die, going into a war like this. He also said I must believe in what I'm fighting for otherwise I'll probably be killed stupidly for the wrong reason. I don't care what he says. I believe I am an American citizen, and America is at war.



Laney Trent



Elizabeth Louks

Picture to Picture: Holocaust Reflections

A Reflective Commentary by Alyna Sell



Pictured to the left is Etele Szabason Erlichman. She was the oldest of six siblings. Etele grew up in Poland as normally as a life is expected to be. Then one week after Germany invaded Poland (1939), her family decided to separate. Those who stayed behind were taken to the ghetto in Kozienice. Etele, her husband, her brother, his wife, and Etele's infant girl all went to the Soviet Union seeking safety. Then when Germany invaded the Soviet Union in 1941, they were murdered. The picture below is of me, Alyna Sell, in Lebanon, Indiana 2005. Just like Etele I am the oldest, but I only have two brothers. While she was in the Soviet Union she didn't know what was happening to the rest of her family. Etele most likely went through daily pain worrying over her younger siblings. If my brothers and I were separated at wartime, I would be so scared for them. There are times we fight and nearly hate each other (I believe Etele fought with her family as well) but I still love them. I imagine her wishing she could take back those fights and trade them for a happy memory; that's what I would be wishing. Etele is similar to me because we were both young girls who didn't care about the rest of the world. We were happy in our own little worlds. One event changed her world, caused her family to be separated, and led to her death. One event could do that to me, or any of us.



Over the past month we have been studying the Holocaust. It has been very depressing and disturbing learning what people had to endure. One thing that has stood out to me is the importance of family. We watched the Anne Frank mini-series. It was very emotional seeing the women and men being forced to go to separate parts of the camp. Then after reading about Etele Erlichman who chose to leave her family, thinking it was the safest option, I was reminded of how precious family is. My family doesn't always agree or get along with each other, but we have each other to get through the difficult times. I am very appreciative that my family is close. If we were ever separated, I would not regret how we have lived our life together.

Time Ticks On

A World's Fair Poem by Rachael Dickerson

Shimmering
white flakes through the obsidian
sky, interrupting the peaceful city night.
I hear the hushed, giggling and crunching
snow as someone treks outside. My companion,
his lights, shining a path for the curious
children. Soon the bright colors of winter jackets move
frantically. Then a flash of a camera comes. Stopping
time, capturing a memory that will forever live in that moment.
After an hour of watching snow soar back and forth, finally
I feel my gears shift. It's my time to sing over all the people
of England. "Ding dong. Ding dong." Warning some
they will be late, some it's time for bed. For the
children enjoying the snow, it's time to head inside.
Seeing the city come to life in the morning and settle
for sleep each night, I adore it. However the
thing I enjoy most is standing tall
and watching the snow fall over the
city. With no interruptions.

No More Saddam

A World's Fair Poem by Max Agnew

Saddam's rule is extinct.
None of the city's people are saluting Saddam.
Soldiers curious as to what occurs next.

The soldiers are sloths, tired from the war.
Iraq is a desert flower, a new start.
The crumbling statue, a symbol of unity.

Everyone overjoyed, relieved, cheering.
Saddam's statue, dead, motionless.
Like a rodent playing dead.



Jazmin Chesney



Cierra Hale



Dakotah Goldsby

Becoming a Better Runner

Habits of Mind Essay by Emerson Haines

Costa, The maker of Habits of Mind, once said, "Habits of Mind are the characteristics of what intelligent people do when they are confronted with problems." It means that different than most people, people who know the Habits of Mind will act and respond more efficiently and intelligently than others. By learning Habits of Mind, they are trying to create success. My goal is to become a better runner through middle school and high school. The three Habits of Mind I plan to use to reach my goal are alertness, accuracy, and applying knowledge.

One of the Habits of Mind I will use to accomplish my goal is alertness. Alertness means paying attention to my surroundings and the world around me through my five senses. This Habit of Mind is extremely helpful because you need to always be aware of the people and things around you, particularly in running, so that you don't get injured. You have to watch the ground so that you don't get an injury. One time during track practice a group of us had to run around the park. I noticed a pothole in the ground. I ran around it, but someone else in the group did not see it and fell right into it. She couldn't run for the rest of the practice. This proves that being aware of your surroundings is helpful in everyday life.

A different Habit of Mind that will help me succeed is accuracy, which means you check for errors, double-check everything, and keep everything exact and always correct. I feel this Habit of Mind is something that could potentially help your career or help you become a better student or athlete. If you are trying to beat your personal best time, you have to be able to pace yourself during the race and have the same stride the entire time.

During a race this year my best time was twelve minutes fifty-eight seconds, but then I started practicing extremely hard every practice. At conference I ran a faster pace and longer stride like my recent practices, and I finally beat my time by fourteen seconds. This shows how being accurate can help you make yourself better.

The final Habit of Mind I will use to achieve my goal is applying knowledge. It is defined as using what you've learned, considering past experiences, and applying knowledge beyond the situation. It is a high-quality Habit of Mind because by using past knowledge, you can determine how to fix a situation and make it better than before. Applying knowledge connects to running. If you have had past injuries or have been sore, you can use the knowledge from past experiences. I have had experiences with cramping, and my coach told me to eat bananas and drink chocolate milk. I have also rolled my ankle before, and my coach also said to ice it the night before our meet. Those things happened to me this year, so I applied past knowledge to future experiences to keep myself healthy.



Katie Hasty

Hospital in the Woods

A Legend by Madison Smith

Thirty years ago in Butler County, Alabama an old hospital in the middle of a densely wooded area was found by three teenagers, Dimitri, 15, Joe, 14, and Tina, 13. It was late July, and they were playing paintball in the woods when they came across a gray two-story building with broken windows and boarded-up doors. As they came closer to the building, they read on the building, "Hospital for the Mentally Insane." They hesitated when they read the signs on the door "DO NOT ENTER, DANGEROUS!" With a horrendous creaking, Dimitri opened the door slowly. One by one they entered, Tina going last. As Dimitri walks farther inside, Joe and Tina follow closely behind.

Inside the building was like a warzone. There was everything from straight-jackets to beds scattered all around. To the left of the entrance were three rooms and to the right were four hallways. Inside the rooms on the left they find one filled with medicine, another had clothes, and the last was empty. Above the four hallways were signs that read: Restrooms, Employees Only, Psychiatric Ward, and Therapy. As Dimitri, Joe, and Tina wandered through the abandoned mental hospital, they began to have cold chills even though it was 89 degrees in the building. They also began to see lights flicker and doors sway open and close. The wind had picked up a little, so Joe and Dimitri convinced Tina that the wind was making the doors sway.

Once inside for about thirty minutes they heard a voice screaming at them. Some were yelling "HELP ME!" and one voice in particular was yelling "GET OUT, NOW!". When they tried sprinting out of the building, they didn't recognize where they had just came from. Nothing was in the same place. The walls were in different places and positions, and so were the rooms.

They ran to Joe's house because it was the closest so they could immediately begin their research. They discovered that the hospital was closed down because of how many people had died or committed suicide there. The hospital was also scheduled for demolition, but was canceled.

Tina called the demo companies and local churches trying to dig up more information about the hospital, but as soon as she mentioned the hospital, the person on the other line hung up. However, one priest did remain on the line and explained to her that every time there was an attempt to demolish it, something horrible happened.

For the first attempt construction workers heard screaming from inside. Concerned there was somebody inside, they went in to check and the door slammed shut. The construction crew couldn't pry it open, and the four men inside were brutally murdered. A few years later, a second attempt was made. A wrecking ball was ready to

smash through the structure, but the wrecking ball swung off of the cable and onto a man. For the third attempt, the construction crew took as many precautions as they could. However, their efforts were unsuccessful. After gaining this cutting-edge information, Harper asked the priest if he would be willing to try and cleanse the building. He refused and insisted he had to go.

Priest Charles was from Dallas County in Alabama agreed to cleanse the building knowing the risks. As Charles began, he quickly became possessed and chased after the teens! Tina and Dimitri finally found the front door, bolted through, and drove to find help. They drove to the hotel nearby, and the clerk at the desk was taken by surprise as two children frantically rushed towards him. Dimitri grabbed the phone and dialed 911.

The Chief of Police arrived and called in a SWAT team. The firefighters grabbed the axes and went busting down the doors. The firefighters quickly found Joe and got him out to the ambulance. The priest was sitting in the middle of an empty room in the middle of the second floor with candles formed in the shape of a circle around him while speaking a Latin chant.



Logan Criner



Josie Hollingsworth

Planet Uicladus

A Science Fiction Play by Harrison Love

Act 1

Ship Commander, Habris, and scientist Maeve discover life on Planet Uicladus. The distress call beacon states: "ALERT ALIEN HOSTILE LIFEFORMS ON PLANET UICLADUS DO NOT ENGAGE REPEAT DO NOT ENGAGE!" Distress call beacon is attacked. The radio goes silent

Ship Commander: Cadets, that distress call was from planet Uicladus and from the sound of it, I don't think the natives are real friendly.

Maeve: Commander, we are closing on Uicladus, the trajectory is about 4 minutes until we land.

Ship Commander: I need a status report!

Habris: It looks like all engines are normal, nothings over heated.

Ship Voice: Prepare for landing on Uicladus.

The ship has been notified of life on Planet Uicladus and is not preparing to land.

Act 2

The ship has landed successfully on Planet Uicladus.

Ship Commander: Alright crew, lets go see just what the fuss is all about.

Space Suit AI: All systems normal. Oxygen levels normal. Heat level normal.

Maeve: My readings are off the charts. I've never seen so much life form activity.

The crew discovers a broken down alien ship and begins walking toward the alien ship they discovered.

Act 3

The crew arrives at the ship.

Habris: Well would you look at this technology...

Ship Commander: Stay focused Habris. Maeve says she's detecting something under the ship.

Maeve: I'm detecting life forms under this ship. I highly suggest we do not go down there.

Habris: ...and I say we do, don't forget who has higher authority here.

Ship Commander: ...and I wouldn't forget either Habris.

Habris walks away as the rest of the crew safely descends into the lower part of the ship.

Habris: I don't see anything special down here - just a bunch of alien nonsense.

Suddenly an alien insect bites Habris. He grabs his head and falls down unconscious. The crew rushes over to Habris and quickly brings him back to the ship.

Act 4

The crew is back on the ship. Maeve yells at the Ship Commander.

Maeve: Get him on the table now!

Maeve looks at Habris' wound and discovers that the fly has implanted an alien life form inside Habris.

Maeve: What do I do... All we can do is wait...

The crew stands around Habris waiting to see if he gets better or worse.

Act 5

Habris is awake.

Habris: What happened? I don't feel so good...

Ship Commander: Should we tell him?

Habris: (fearful) Tell me what?

Habris begins throwing up. An alien emerges from his vomit, gains consciousness and scampers off through the ship. The crew stands shocked.

Maeve: There's no time to explain. These aliens age to adulthood really quickly.

Ship Commander: So this thing is going to try to pick us off one by one if we...?

Maeve: Yes, unfortunately.

The crew start to make their way to the exit when they hear the ship AI's voice.

Ship Voice: ALL SYSTEMS DOWN. EMERGENCY LOCK ACTIVATED.

Ship Commander: Dang it! Maeve, fix the computer. Habris, you too. I'll get supplies. Meet me here when you're done. Now go!

The crew splits up. Maeve and Habris go to the ship's power station while the Ship Commander takes off for more supplies.

Act 6

Ship Commander: You guys are back just in time! The alien must of tampered with the wires. The thing almost got me too. It cut my leg and arm, it just stings a bit.

Ship Voice: POWER BACK ONLINE.

Ship Commander: Come on! Get your suits. We're out of here!

As the crew suits up, the alien dashes towards them. The door to the ship shuts, trapping the alien inside. The crew gets to the base that was under attack and finds something terrifying.

Ship Commander: This is where the distress beacon was last trans-mitted. Be careful - we know what they're capable of.

Maeve: Commander I found a hatch.

Habris: I'm not going down first this time.

The crew finds their worst nightmare.

Space Alien Queen: Well, well, well...I guess it was only a matter of time. Don't worry... I brought friends just for you. (Start laughing)

The Space Alien Queen laughs eerily and signals for her fellow aliens to attack the crew.

Act 7

The crew begins running for their lives, and the Ship Commander spies a flamethrower and grabs it. He shouts at the aliens while shooting.

Ship Commander: Taste some of this!

The aliens were afraid of the fire. The queen swats at the commander and he falls. Habris grabs the flamethrower.

Habris: Take that!

The queen falls to her knees, screaming in dying agony. The crew boards an abandoned ship.

Act 8

Ship Commander: Let's go home.

The crew starts flying into space. Moments later they hear troubling news.

Ship Voice: FOUR LIFE FORMS DETECTED.

Trauma in 1938

“The War of the Worlds” Argumentative Essay by Jacob Stewart

In the early 1900's, trauma roamed the streets. Whether it was the depression or an outbreak, it was everywhere. It was Hollow's eve, October 30, 1938 when Orson Welles aired “The War of the Worlds” radio broadcast. That was fine, until people missed the introduction and met a new kind of trauma. Martians. Many people thought the broadcast to be true. However many believe that these people were overreacting, these same people also think that Welles did not intend to scare people as badly as he had done. Here are some reasons to explain why the radio play was fictional.

The War of Worlds radio broadcast freaked some people out, causing hysteria, and 1.2 million people in the United States to be disturbed. These people though, are simply overreacting and finding the radio play to be realistic. However it was actually fictional because of the mostly awful sound effects, the story like descriptions of the Martians, and most importantly, there only being a sound when the meteor falls. The meteorite would have made a loud thump, and people would have probably screamed, but none of that happened in the radio play. That is why the play is fictional enough.

Some people may stick to the belief that the radio play sounded too realistic. However, there are some main points to negate this argument. Now some people did not catch the introduction stating that the story told was only a play. This can be discredited because during the course of an hour, five announcements came on to reassure people that the broadcast was fictional. Another key point is the interview with Mr. Wilmuth. Would a real interviewer interrupt the interviewed person so much? Probably not. Also, the meteor just fell into his back yard; he would have heard the giant thud when the giant rock fly down from outer space. He just said that all he heard was a hissing sound. Those are the reasons why the people that think the play was too fictional are proved to be wrong.

Overall, people overreacted when they heard “The War of the Worlds” broadcast. People in the 1930's must have been off their rocker to believe that the broadcast was real since there is much evidence proving that the broadcast is not realistic enough. There are also many details supporting the claim that the broadcast was very realistic, but each piece can be proven to be false from the counter claims argument. That is why the argument still burns today. No one will ever know what went on inside Orson Welles head. However, there is still room to argue, was it fictional enough or too realistic for comfort?

Sources:

“Radio listeners in Panic.” *New York Times* 31 October 1938 Print

“The War of the Worlds.” *Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre on the Air*. CBS. New York, NY. 30 Oct. 1938. Radio.

I Am Talkative and Loud

A Lyrical Poem by Sam Proctor

I am talkative and loud
I wonder how long this will take.
I hear nothing my hearings fine.
I see hazy stars
I want to not have to go to school.
I am bored.
I am loud and talkative.
I pretend to like school.
I feel bored.
I touch air.
I worry that class wont end.
I cry because of school.
I am loud and talkative.
I understand homework.
I say I don't care.
I dream stuff but can't remember it.
I try not fall asleep in school. I hope
I graduate as soon as possible.
I am loud and talkative.

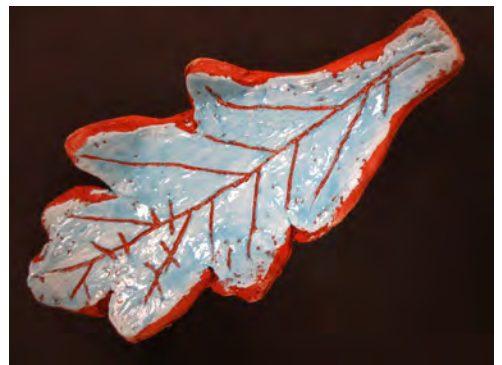


Grace Elsbury

Fabulous Fall

A Seasonal Poem by Cadence Rust

Fall, fall, I love you so,
With the big fat white marshmallows.
The time is near for Halloween,
When ghosts and witches can be seen.
But most of all I love the color.
The leaves are like the campfire with many colors.
Crack! goes the wood in the warm fire.
The big, bright beaming fire makes me get butterflies.
The leaves dance in the wind.
I love the leaves; they are a ring of fire.



Zach West



Memories in a Rucksack

A Reflective Essay by Katie Hasty

During World War II, dating back to 1939, the Nazi regime had plans to take over and execute many innocent people. Many innocent Jewish people were deported to brutal and horrendous concentration camps. Many lost their lives during the time of war and devastation. Those who were deported to camps had very little time to gather their items before being forced into concentration camps under Hitler's command. Some of the people deported were confused and fearful of what might lie ahead of them. If I were one of those who were unfortunate many years ago, I would have brought the items that meant the most and could be carried in a light rucksack. The sentimental items that I would have brought would have been my diary, sketchbook, family photo, baby blanket, and dream necklace.

One of the items that I would have brought with me would be my diary because I love to write. Wherever I would go I would be able to record what happens and how I felt about it. Today, we have many details to how life would have been like during war from some of the journal entries from people who lived and died in the Holocaust. One of the most famous victims of the Holocaust would be Anne Frank, who wrote in her diary when she was kept in hiding. In addition to my diary, I would bring my sketchbook because drawing is a major portion of my life. It holds many of my drawings that I have spent countless hours on. My sketchbook is a comfort object to me and holds my deepest thoughts and my creative imagination.

Another item that I would have brought with me would be my family photo. Family photos were a commonly brought item among the people being deported. Many of the photos were hidden in shoes of those in concentration camps. I would have brought the photo because it reminds me of joyful memories and it is a comfort object. In the photo my family and I are at Disney World. Disney world was one of my most memorable vacations because I was able to connect with some of my most favorite Disney characters. I would have also brought my baby blanket because it holds warm childhood memories.

Nothing could replace it because of its value to me. It has comforted since the day I was born and it would be hard to throw something like that away because of its precious memories it conceals.

Lastly, I would bring my dream necklace because it is valuable to me. Its value does not come from its money value. Its true value comes from the impression it left a few years ago. It was a gift given to me by my uncle the Christmas before he had passed away. The necklace carries an important message to me. It reminds me to continue on with whatever life brings and to never stop dreaming. When I dream, sometimes I can still remember his friendly presence that could never fade away.

There is no possible description available for how it could have felt during the Holocaust. Items and journal entries could never fully express the pain of those who suffered through the war. Those who packed a rucksack may have filled it with their most valuable items. Although, many of those items probably couldn't have helped them through the toughest pain they had gone through. Some of those who packed a rucksack and went to a concentration camp never came back. Others who packed their items only left their hope on a few items. That's why I would have chosen to bring those sentimental items. They would give me a sense of hope.

Time for Summer

A Seasonal Poem by Irene Llanes

Summer is coming
I can't wait!
It's the time my birthday comes,
Bring out the cake!
The wind is making the trees dance
It's the time I can play all day
Splish, splash at the pool
You don't have to worry about school.
Sun sizzling on my skin
The sun is like my towel
While the ocean is my bathtub
I think I had enough for the day
So I sat down till the sun went away.



Alex Whipkey

Dutch Smart Car

A World's Fair Poem by Abigail McPherson

A sleek, cherry-red smart car
sits on the curb of a suburb
on the edge of a vibrant city
in the Netherlands.

Honks from the highway
echo against the houses.

With a single passenger seat,
the silent gas guzzler appears
to be the property of a young,
artsy woman in her mid-twenties.

A Dutch man in a painting,
stares out the shadowy window.

The setting sun darkens,
slowly, s l o w l y, s l o w l y
like the movement of a turtle,
disappears under the horizon.

Along the brick line sidewalk
lays a quaint garden, the sugary scent...

Baby pink flowers and
over-whelming weeds send
a sweet aroma reminding
the senses that spring is coming.

I See Spring

A Seasonal Poem by Destiny Day

All I hear is the buzzing of bees.
All I feel is the grass tickling my feet.
All I smell is the fresh summer breeze.
All I taste is the bittersweet lemonade.
All I see is spring, spring, spring.



Evan Northrop



Hayden Rice

Picture to Picture: Holocaust Reflections

A Reflective Commentary by Elizabeth Louks

The photo to the right of two sisters, Gretha and Carla Dotsch, was taken shortly before they went into hiding. The family lived in Amsterdam until 1942 when all of the Jews were apprehended and taken to camps. Their parents had no choice but to send their children to different hiding places with separate families. Gretha was sent to live with

a family in Ziest, Holland. Carla was sent to a home only three houses away from Gretha. When she spotted her sister Carla from her window, her foster parents denied that it was her. Worried about the two sisters seeing each other and blowing their cover, Carla's foster parents sent her away. In 1944, Carla was arrested and sent back to Westerbork where she met another Jewish prisoner by the name of Serafine Boas. When Serafine saw the three-year-old Carla, she immediately started to care for her. However, when Serafine and her family were moved to Theresienstadt, her request to take Carla with them was denied. Carla was put with the "unknown children" and was sent to Bergen-Belsen. Upon arriving, Carla was sent to a hospital where she was reunited with Serafine. In June of 1945 Serafine was repatriated to Holland and took Carla with her and adopted her. Gretha and Carla's father was found and sent to Auschwitz. The girls' mother stayed in a variety of hiding places throughout the war and survived. After liberation, she immediately searched for her children. She found Gretha and saw how happy she was, and she hesitated to take her. She was able to take her after her second visit. After many months of searching, their mother found Carla in Holland with the Boas family. Their family was finally reunited and lived a wonderful, although financially unstable, life together. In the late 50's Gretha, Carla, and their mother moved to Israel.

This picture clearly resembles a picture I have with my sister Charlotte where we are smiling and having fun together at the zoo. I have learned so much about the Holocaust, and I can't help but think that if only a small group of people intervened before things

escalated, possibly the Holocaust could have been prevented. Instead, people looked the other way. Gretha, Carla, and their mother were lucky people didn't look the other way. Otherwise they would have died. Those who risked their lives and hid the Jews were just normal people helping people. Unfortunately, most people didn't. I've learned that it's important to stop something bad when you see it because the only thing worse than committing a crime is doing nothing about it.



The Price of Freedom

A Veteran's Day Essay by Payton Tibbot

In Indiana alone there are 478,283 veterans of war. When coming back from war or service, no matter what position you served, something changes. These men and women see the discord that people like you and me never see. Veterans place their lives on the line so that we can live as we do today. Veterans are the heroes of our country.

If on this Veteran's Day you are looking for someone to thank for their service, the chances are you won't have to look far. These people are your neighbors, in your offices, and walk past you in the grocery store. We are surrounded by veterans. Veterans have sacrificed a lot to fight and serve for our freedom. When men and women come back from serving in a war, it's difficult to pick up where they left off. They may not have a job anymore or were replaced by someone else on the corporate ladder. Many veterans admit that adjusting back to civilization is difficult and find it hard to find a job or career after duty. Even after all that they have done for us, we still can't provide our heroes with substantial jobs.

Veterans sacrifice having a stable family when they return. All post war veterans can agree to there being strain on their family and relationships. Some say that at one point they didn't care about anything. This makes a social life hard to achieve. Some suffer illnesses like PTSD or depression. Many veterans experience flashbacks and nightmares of experiences they had while at war. All of these can cause outburst of anger. The treatment of these illnesses takes money away from the veteran's family and causes tension. Another sacrifice veterans make after war is their physical activity. Some veterans lose limbs or have fatal injuries, and this disrupts people's everyday lives. Veterans who have been wounded will have to adjust to the new life they have.

Veterans are not the only people who have to make sacrifices. Their families do as well. When a man or woman has to leave for service, the family has to make accommodations. For example, a married couple could have a young child and when one spouse leaves for service, the other now has to make arrangements for the child and perhaps their job. The families of these veterans may now have a new priority because of an injury or common war illness. Now the family has to worry about treatment plans and the money to pay for it. In severe cases a family member may have to care for the veteran full time. Another struggle a family may face is if the family is asked to move regarding the position of the spouse serving. If children are involved, frequent moving can cause unstable emotions and stress. Constant moving can also make it difficult to sustain a stable career for the other spouse. Military children also find it hard to focus in a new school environment and to engage in extra-curricular activities. Frequent moving can affect the wellness of the family as a whole.

Each day our country's servicemen and women put their lives on the line to serve and protect us from domestic and international threats. They make selfless sacrifices, jeopardizing their lives for our country's safety. They sacrifice themselves so that we can live as we do. Their families do the same. Veterans provide a circle of support for each other, whether they know each other or not. Even though the majority of us don't have a clue as to what our veterans endure, we know that freedom isn't free. There is truly a price to freedom.

A Welsh Sunrise

A World's Fair Poem by Emma Kafka

The golden dancer hears
other distant music, but she
focuses on her fantastic footwork
telling her culture's story.

The oohs and ahs from
admirers filled the golden
dancer's ears, the crowds
louder than a thunderstorm.

The feet that were
the golden dancer's
tiptoed like
raindrops across
concrete.

An iridescent, shimmering young
Welsh performer's body is coated
in golden garments and thick paint,
making her a gorgeous glistening

The golden dancer
smells and feels the
sweat running
down her forehead
like condensation
on a window

The Hobbit by J.R.R. Tolkien

A book review by Kenneth Middleton

Join a hobbit, a wizard, and thirteen dwarves as they have an epic adventure of a lifetime in J.R.R. Tolkien's The Hobbit. They burn wolves, battle goblins, ride eagles, befriend a bearman, and even climb trees. Staring Bilbo Baggins as The Hobbit, Gandalf as the wizard, and the extras |Read Them Fast| all the dwarves, the elves, the goblins, the wolves, and the trees.



Bilbo Baggins is sitting one day blowing smoke rings from his pipe when Gandalf invited him on an adventure. Later Bilbo finds himself in front of some trolls. The trolls are confused because they have never seen a hobbit, so they decide to eat him. When the dwarves attack, they all get stuck in a sticky situation. Gandalf tricks them and turns them to stone. Then Gandalf gets his friends out of the sacks that the trolls stuffed them in. As they continue on their adventure of a lifetime, they find an elf town and they hear elfish songs as they enter the town. They stay the night at an old elves house before heading back out in the morning. Then they stay in a cave, which turns out to be the porch of a goblin Kingdome, and Bilbo makes Golem mad, steals his ring and escapes!

Bilbo changes in many ways, but mostly he is not a spoiled little hobbit any more. He is now a master thief and knows the truth of adventure. The main theme Tolkien is trying to tell readers is that life's adventures take more then one day, and that an adventure is not just going from one place to another, but that "the journey is what maters." Bilbo stayed with it until the end even though he once said, "I forgot my hat," trying to get out of the adventure.

I found that nothing is better than a little adventure book once in awhile. Tolkien gives descriptions of everything that is seen, touched, felt, or heard in the story. I recommend everyone read The Hobbit at one point in his or her life. Also, watch the movies - let me just say, they're pretty accurate. I give this book five out of five stars.

Riku Wakatsuki's Journal as a Japanese American Internee

A Character Journal Entry for *Farewell to Manzanar* by Rylan Herald

December 13, 1942

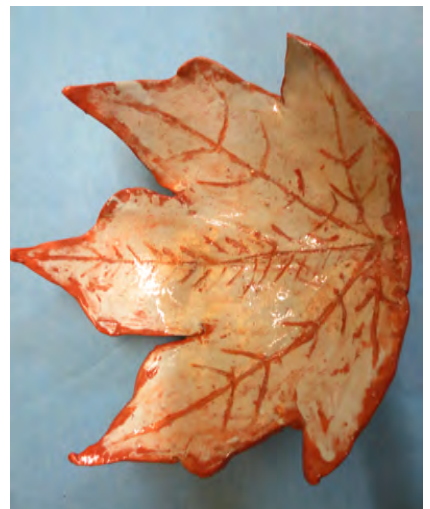
I am feeling depressed right now. My husband just tried to beat me, but thankfully my gracious son, Woody, knocked Papa out before he could hit me. Unfortunately, this is not the first time he has tried to beat me up. My husband is drunk and knows not what he is doing to himself or me. I think he might divorce me, but I hope not. I think we will be able to work it out if he stops drinking so much.

On top of my husband's abusive behavior, I am stuck at this concentration-like camp called Manzanar. We are just stereotypes to every American out there. We are criticized for what only some Japanese did to the U.S. we have to eat meals that are a disgrace to Japanese culture, and we are forced to live in excruciating living conditions in a barrack-like house filled with only two beds and barely any living space. You can see why I am so depressed with my existence in life right at this moment.

My hope for the future is that all the Americans realize that not all Japanese or Chinese are weeds in their soil, in their ground, and that one day we can all live together with every race and nationality. As well, I hope Papa and I can figure things out and live the rest of our lives together, old and happy.



Irene Llanes



Leo Santiago



Cade Ping

The Man in the Black Bandana

A World's Fair Poem by Elexis Gaines

The bandana is drenched with tears
I can't believe what I have finished

The children yelping in Thailand
As if they were trying to survive
I observe the burning flesh of the kids
The hair on my mum's skull roasting off

Tears washing off my face
Dripping from my chin
My soul is pounding

The hissing of the fire
Like a rattlesnake
Twirling on the soil
I gawk at the fire
Creeping to the stars

A Rwandan Girl

A World's Fair Poem by Brianna Robertson

An angry Rwandan girl
stands in Mybo, Rwanda,
about eleven maybe twelve,
wearing a pink ruffled shirt
pink, blue, and tan striped shorts,
twisting through the tight trees
touching in between the gaps,
of the bumpy trees.

The tree in the background
stands in back looking forward,
hovering over the tan fence.
The tremendous tree trunk
with leaves sprouting out
of the bumpy brown branches.
Midsummer, around ninety,
air smells like the start of summer.

She looks back hearing something,
maybe a family having a cookout,
or a car driving loudly by
or a noisy family barbeque,
since it's reconciliation village,
or a place for plain people,
who served hard jail time,
during the Rwandan genocide

Scrooge May Be Cruel, But He's Cool!

Best Classic Literature Character Paper by Cayleigh Dial

When I was younger, I watched "The Christmas Carol" all the time. In the sixth grade I read it for the first time, and I admired how surprising, relatable, full of depth, and realistic Scrooge was. Out of all the classical literature books I have read this year, Scrooge is my favorite character because he has exceptional character traits.

Scrooge definitely is a character full of surprising change. At the beginning of the book, The Christmas Carol, Scrooge is a heartless, greedy, and careless man. He doesn't have one thought about his late business partner Jacob Marley. He ignores the needs of the poor, and he doesn't donate or even see the need to donate, money. Throughout the story Scrooge is visited by three ghosts, and he goes to the past, sees the present more clearly, and the future. Scrooge then sees his ways, and wanting a second chance in life more than anything; he changes. He becomes the complete opposite of his previous self. The change in Scrooge's attitude is completely shocking!

In addition, Ebenezer Scrooge is also quite a relatable character. Everyone has acted like Scrooge before. I know I have. Scrooge acts greedy, and he likes to be isolated. Everyone has felt like that before and relate. Later in the book when the Ghost of Christmas Future visits Scrooge, he begs for another chance in life and he is sorry for what he'd done. Everyone gets like that as well, feeling guilty for what they've done. Scrooge goes through the feelings and actions of regular people, making him highly relatable.

Lastly, Scrooge has a high depth of character. There are multiple sides of his character. At the beginning of A Christmas Carol, Scrooge was a self-centered, selfish, paying low wages, treating others with heated temper, and giving rough orders. Later in the book Scrooge transmogrified into a giving, selfless, and light-hearted man. He donates money, improved his assistant Bob's working conditions greatly, became a second father to Bob's son, and became known as a joyful man to all! His character is multi-dimensional and shows numerous sides.

In conclusion, Scrooge is my favorite character out of all the classical literature books I have read. He is full of surprising change, relatable, realistic, and full of depth. The other characters in these books don't fulfill any of those traits that Scrooge contains.

The Case of the Superior Sleuth

Best Classic Literature Character Paper by Arden Hutson

Picture being given the chance to meet one of the many main characters we have read and written about throughout this year. While we can only dream about that happening, I bet we can all decide who our favorite is. Personally, I found Sherlock Holmes to be QUITE far above any other literary character we have studied so far. While his appeal is partially from the writing of his story, much of it is due to his uniqueness, his depth of character, and his place as one of the most well-known and beloved character in literary history for more than 128 years.

First, let's talk about Sherlock's uniqueness. When he is first introduced in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novella, A Study in Scarlet, it was plain that he was not a typical protagonist. He had an exceptional mind and could tell you everything from what you ate for breakfast to if your wife was pregnant, calling his method "the science of deduction." Holmes had no regard for the common manners and social niceties (like being at least cordial to strangers) of society and sometimes would "play the violin and not speak for days on end." According to Watson, while "in his methods of thought, he was the neatest and methodical of all mankind," he had everything strewn in and around his flat. He was an addict to cocaine, dabbled in morphine, and used tobacco on a regular basis. While the cocaine and morphine were legal in those days, Watson still greatly loathed when Holmes used them. Despite all of these flaws and quirks that would make anyone who met him in real life run screaming, as a character, his quirks are fascinating and they make the reader want to learn more about what in the name of sanity is going on in his mind.

The next aspect to explore is the depth of Sherlock's character, specifically with regard to friendship. Sherlock appears to be totally in control of himself. He thinks that he can handle anything. What he doesn't think though, is how much he needs John Watson around to keep him taking care of himself. When John moved out to live with his new wife, Sherlock may not have admitted it, but he was lonely. He relapsed on cocaine and was torn between "*the drowsiness of the drug and his own keen nature*" for weeks. Another time, after John was injured, he showed how much he cared about his friend: "It was worth a wound; it was worth many wounds; to know the depth of loyalty and love which lay behind that cold mask. The clear, hard eyes were dimmed for a moment, and the firm lips were shaking. For the one and only time I caught a glimpse of a great heart as well as of a great brain." With this quote, we see the value Sherlock has put on his friendship with John and how there is more to him than just a cold and calculating individual.

Finally, the main reason why Sherlock Holmes is undisputedly the best literary character is his influence on society and how this influence is still highly visible in our culture today. Truly, nothing comes close. Before he was popular, there were no ballistics or other forensic sciences taking place to find out how a crime was committed and who the perpetrator was. Police would have to do their best to with what they were trained for, which wasn't nearly as effective as how Sherlock did it. His method of deduction and how you should have theories to fit the facts instead of vice versa have had an enormous

impact on the modern science of crime investigation and scientific inquiry. He was also a master of disguise, impacting detectives today in their field. Moving on to pop culture, Sherlock Holmes has the Guinness World Record for the most popular movie character of all time with over 200 films about him with 17 actors playing him. Even today there are television shows about modern day Sherlock, from Elementary starring Johnny Lee Miller and Lucy Lu, to BBC's Sherlock starring the incomparable Benedict Cumberbatch and Martin Freeman. There are shows based on the idea of him like House and Forever as well. The Dark Knight, Batman, himself was loosely based off of the detective as well. Even Alfred Pennyworth was an army medic just like Watson! The building his flat was based on has now become a museum and he has a chain of 4 restaurants too. He has had musicals and radio broadcasts based on him and has tens of millions of die-hard fans all around the world. I am only scratching the surface! Seriously, it is believed that he is known in every country on Earth!

In conclusion, Sherlock Holmes is the best literary character of all time. He is unique, has tons of character depth, and has more significant impact on modern society in the past 128 years than any other characters we've studied so far. His awe-inspiring legacy will go on for years to come.

Togolese Village

A World's Fair Poem by Taylar Dale

Dreary, the sky lurks among
the dusty buildings surrounding
the young confused boy.

So dreary, the mountains wait,
patiently wait, for the villagers awake,
waiting to protect its land.

Crickets chirp and scurry away
as the blackened branches boom,
falling to the dehydrated ground.

The wind howls vivaciously
while the sturdy shelter holds
against heavy approaching winds.



Alex VanZandt

Curiosity

A World's Fair Poem by Jill Merritt

C U R I O S I T Y Jill Audra Merritt

On the soft sand, her intelligent eyes possess an eager glint.
swish, swoosh, shwoop, shlip. Her mouth curves into
Her long floral skirt swishes: a mischievous grin.
wrinkled as a pug's face. A broken-down shack
her soft cotton shirt as held up by poles, a
girl poses in thought, tottering stilt-walker
A young Togolese stands in the blurry,
 unfocused background,
 slowly falling, falling,
 down, down, down, down,
 like colorful, brittle autumn leaves
 on a cool October evening.
The warped wood deteriorating
and falling with every rainfall;
her home in the countryside.
The tall trees tower over
the sandy ground,
long branches
reach up, up, up
to touch the sky.

The colorful green leaves
of many shades are blown
by the warm, refreshing
summer zephyr, shaking
them like an infant's rattle.

Moroccan Men

A World's Fair Poem by Drew Cosgray

Moroccan men press on in a smelly factory
work on beat-up, fat fish for their families,
fish that look like victims of battery.

Blood on the table everywhere, squish squish,
squish. Blood from a slimy, nasty fish.
The men are in denial as you can see.

Each morning Moroccan men awaken:
the same job, the same filthy ,foul, factory
a factory as smelly as skunk suck in air.

The knife, CRACK cutting, cutting the fish.
Men wince at the foul smell of fish blood.
The blood drain from fish, seeps like the Red Sea.



Aria Summers

Finnish Strawberries

A World's Fair Poem by Aria Summers

Excited, impatient, Finnish citizens
louder than ever, surround the red
themed tent, in the warm, windy, bright,
mid-afternoon, Nothing could be better.

Ting! The tin can goes as the man weighs
the perfect amount, miles away you can smell
strawberries, even taste the juiciness of them,
the crackling plastic bag, strawberries poured in,

Bright red rows of rosy succulent strawberries
fill the fresh air, red as a tomato,
and red as a mad man's face,
the loudest red you have ever seen.



Cierra Hale

Silence

A Prequel to Ray Bradbury's "There Will Come Soft Rains" by Katilyn Stitch

July 3, 2026

Mr. and Mrs. McClellan surrounded the television in the dimly lit living room.

"We have reason to believe that the terrorist group ANFALL is planning an attack on America," stated the news reporter just before she was cut short with the click of the TV remote. Mr. McClellan sucked on his teeth and clicked his tongue.

"The world is coming to an end - I just know it!" Mr. McClellan declared.

"Oh dear, don't talk like that. You'll jinx us." Mrs. McClellan jokingly teased her husband, but there was a serious undertone in her voice.

The youngest of the McClellan clan poked her head through the doorway rubbing her eyes sleepily.

"Mommy, are they really going to attack us?" asked the young Jessica McClellan whose voice was clouded heavily with sleep. She was unaware that she had startled her mother.

CRASH, the posh lamp had been knocked over with the elbow of the eldest woman in the household. Mrs. McClellan clutched her hand to her chest in attempt to slow down her heartbeat.

"Of course not sweetie." She forced a smile and then paused. "Go back to sleep, JAVVIS will tuck you in." The brunette McClellan told her daughter.

Jessica nodded, turned and ran back to her bedroom with her blonde hair flowing behind her. She was hoping to hear the sound of her mother's voice or maybe even a bedtime story as she drifted off to sleep. JAVVIS, their auto-home system, could do almost anything. Almost.

Mrs. McClellan cleaned up the remains of the ruined lamp before heading to bed. She walked down the long hallway, up the stairs and turned to the third bedroom on the left. She lay down with her husband and the McClellan house lay silent.

July 4, 2026

A large radiant sphere rose leisurely into the gray morning sky, casting sunbeams in every direction illuminating the quiet town of Allendale. Jacob McClellan, the eager son of the McClellan's, stared out the glass panes of his bedroom as the hues made by the expanding sun altered, growing brighter with passing time. Today was the day he had been anticipating for weeks; he'd finally be able to see the fireworks that were so promising the previous year.

The young boy sat in his large cobalt room waiting, waiting, and waiting for JAVVIS to wake the rest of the family. Suddenly he heard a faint whirring, clicking and ticking inside the walls.

“Seven o’ clock, Seven o’ clock, Seven o’ clock, time to get up!” The house repeated three times for the sake of deep sleepers’ in the family.

Soon the house was lively and full of life ready for the day ahead of them.

“Today is July 4th 2026. It is also the day of the independence parade,” JAVVIS reminded the family.

Mr. and Mrs. McClellan gathered the children and they ate the hot breakfast JAVVIS efficiently supplied. The McClellan children were rushed upstairs to be dressed and rushed right back down; the McClellan’s were never late for anything. There was a two-hour drive to the parade, followed by a party and a fireworks show.

While Jacob could barely contain his excitement and was bouncing on the balls of his feet, little Jessica McClellan felt rising dread in the pit of her stomach. Despite the gorgeous day with feel of the sun shining on her skin, the smell of cherry blossoms in the air, and the sounds of birds singing peaceful songs, she knew today was different.

Jessica was right. At the parade, people towered in front of her and she struggled to see the parade over their shoulders. Watermelon sherbet spilt all over her cute white dress at the party (a stain even JAVVIS couldn’t fix). However, the fireworks were still to come.

As the rest of the McClellan family sat mesmerized by the fireworks, Jacob’s eyes noticed a plane flying a bit too low for his taste. This plane, this monstrosity, interrupted the brightly colored sparkles in the sky. Then Jacob turned his attention back over to the fireworks because he owed it to himself; he’d been waiting for weeks after all.

“Wasn’t that pleasurable?” asked Mr. McClellan

“Of course daddy, except for when I ruined my dress,” pouted Jessica

The rest of the car ride home was a comfortable silence for the family. Feeling delusional from exhaustion, Jessica saw something dropping from the sky. She squinted and wanted to warn her family, but her mouth was glued shut. There was a high sound, a boom. Then silence – loud, deafening silence.

The explosion lasted for miles destroying everything in its path showing no mercy. For the second night in a row, the McClellan house lay silent, but not because everyone was sleeping. The house was mourning. Its owners would never return.



Joey Wilborn

Cigarettes

A Poem by Summer Voorhies

Big, black, smoke
 I can't help but breathe in,
 I cough, gag, and choke
 on this smoke I get from Ben
 Thick, strong, taste
 That nicotine brings to me
 It's a simple, short, wait
 Until it reaches my bloodstream
 The cold, dark, end
 Will always come soon they say
 My good, sweet, friend
 Will give me a hospital stay
 Big, black, smoke
 Is what I once breathed in
 Now these good, kind, folk
 Keep me alive, not Ben

Not Just a Name: DRC

A World's Fair Poem by Evan Northrop

Poverty and gangs, a normal experience
 Shrieks, gunfire, and whimpers of children heard
 A terrifying song of sobs set a somber sense
 The wind walks away to a safer place to dwell

A scorching sun soaks the sky
 As short bursts of guns fill the humid air
 A battle is won, a cheering village free from a gang
 Gloom hangs over as if there is a shade blocking joy

Children see the unseen by masses
 Some relieved, some furious, some wondering
 Fighting to reclaim peace
 Guns stare them down for an eternity

An awful explosion of earthly night creatures
 Howling, screeching, and buzzing
 Animal noises speak to boys who fought
 Sounds from impressive beasts reassure them

It dawns to victorious young men, who endured
 The evil grin of gang warfare, that life can be harsh
 Harsh times strengthen



Aisling Frost

Summer Has Arrived

A Seasonal Poem by Skylar Berthon

Buzz, Buzz as the bees buzz through the sky
The pool is as blue as the clouds in the sky
Summer is like a pretty, purple, playful season to have
As the flowers blow in the wind, the trees dance
The clouds are fuzz balls in the sky.
As the sun warms the sea, the ocean is like a sheet of glass.
Oh summer, oh summer, what would we do,
If there was every season except you?



Bethany Wilson

Summer Warmth

A Seasonal Poem by Camden Glass

I love summer!
Feeling the warmth on my face makes me smile.
Summer can be as hot as the white sandy beach beneath my toes.
Splish, splash, summer is fun at the waterpark.
Summer is one big playground.
The sun and clouds play peek-a-boo with the kids at the park.
Summer hugs people with all its warmth.
Boom! Bang! Hiss! Oh the sweet sounds of summer fireworks!
The different colors of the fireworks light up the summer sky.
Summer makes me happy.

Soundtrack Letter for *The Outsiders*

A Business Letter by Taylor Cripe

Syco Entertainment
8930 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
October 9, 2014

Charles W. Fisher III
Fishy Story Productions
213 Fish Bowl Towers
Beverly Hills, CA 90213



Ashlyn Sallee

Attention Mr. Fisher:

As you know, my label has received your proposal to come up with five songs for the new Outsiders movie. My team and I have come up with five songs between 1955 and 1965, and we hope you and your team find all these songs a perfect match for each part of the movie we describe.

The first song we have chosen is “Black Denim Trousers & Motorcycle Boots” by Vaughn Monroe. We think this song would be perfect for when Ponyboy described Dally, and we think that the mood and lyrics for the song describe Dally perfectly. This song also fits because it was made in 1955.

The second song we’ve chosen is “Great Balls of Fire” by Jerry Lee Lewis. This song will go wonderfully with the part when Pony meets Cherry. Since Pony has a crush on Cherry and can’t stop thinking about her, the lyrics match the mood in the description. Because this song was made in 1957, it will be perfect for the movie.

The third song we have chosen is “Hound Dog” by Elvis Presley. We all agreed that this song would go great in the part when Randy Adderson wants to talk to Pony before the rumble between the Socs and the Greasers. We think the whole song describes the Socs amazingly. Since this song was recorded in in 1956, it fits the time zone.

The fourth song we have chosen is “Stand by Me” by Ben E. King. The part we believe this song fits into is where Pony heads home from the hospital. The mood and lyrics match the upset mood Pony has about losing Johnny. After the research we did on this song, we found that it will fit because it was recorded in 1961.

The final song we have chosen is “Jailhouse Rock” by Elvis Presley. My team and I believe that this song will fit nicely in the scene when Pony and his gang are jumping and singing before the rumble. We all think that it matches the fun and upbeat mood the seven boys are having, and since Elvis sang it in 1957, it will fit as well.

We appreciate being given this opportunity to work on this project. We hope you consider each song we have chosen. Thank your for your time, and we hope to hear back from you.

Thanks again,

Taylor Cripe

Taylor L. Cripe
C.E.O. of Syco Entertainment



Ode to Music

A Poem by Julie Cupka

I heard my favorite song today,
Its melody strong and clear.
I heard the many instruments play,
The sounds – they filled my ears.

The trumpets played a cheerful tune,
The flutes sang way up high.
And I know that the singer will stop singing soo
And the song will say goodbye.

I heard my favorite song today,
Playing throughout the town.
And hearing it made me feel okay,
Even when I was feeling down.

Rachel Dickerson



Kaitlyn Syferd

Vietnamese Prisoner

A World's Fair Poem by Damon Skaggs

A young woman in her twenties
wears a red shirt,
behind barbed wire
colder than Alaskan winter.
The wire it's not rusted,
it still has its metallic color.
Look, look she's holding
a brown box,
but what's inside it?
The woman touched the the wire,
sharper than a sword
sharpened by the alchemist stone.
Screech, of the wire hitting
wooden boards of the fence
around the woman,
and a room she's in,
darker than the night itself.
Rippp! goes the box
as the woman tears into it
and takes out a stone fox
with jeweled eyes.

I Remember

Poem by Bethany Wilson

I remember your face
I remember your talk
I remember the way you sang to me
And how we laughed and played
I guess the pictures of you aren't good enough
Because I want you here once more.



Summer Stogsdill



Grace Elsbury

Ode to My Best Friend

A Poem by Kelsey Stogsdill

I once found a friend who knew everything I felt.
 She knew my every weakness and the problems I had.
 She understood my wonders, and we shared the same dreams.
 She listened to how I felt about love, and she knew what I meant.

Not once did she interrupt me or tell me I was wrong.
 She understood what I was going through and promised to stay.
 We grew closer and closer; she knows how much I care,
 But I've realized that this perfect friend is nothing but a mirror.

Ode to Spagetti

A Poem by Rylee Miller

Noodles of yellow and sauce of red,
 Spaghetti goes great with garlic bread.
 Although it takes some time to cook,
 Most people don't even use a book.

After a breakup it's sure to bring smiles,
 Even more than One Direction's Niall.
 Ice cream after breakups just doesn't work.
 Spaghetti can erase even the biggest jerk.

Mountains of meatballs and high tide of sauce,
 Spaghetti whispers to me, "*I am your boss!*"
 After all my cooking and all my strife,
 I'd have to conclude that spaghetti is life.



Stella Latham

On The Coast of Thailand

A World's Fair Poem by Madison Popp

Evergreen trees dance around
In the gushing wind

Raindrops pitter-patter on the surface
Of a trickling river behind them

The devoted man and his drenched elephant
Trudge logs through the squishy, squashy mud

Rocks descending to the muddy shoreline
Rain drenched the dancing trees

After finishing their work the man and his
Elephant heeded to the peaceful raindrops

Pitter-pattering on the leaves
Drip...Drip...Drip...



Sam Kouns

Ode to Skittles

A Poem by Katherine Patterson

I arise up everyday,
With the same intention,
To buy a delicious snack,
With a name I should mention.

They are extremely radiant,
And it just makes me mad,
When others try to plagiarize
An idea they dreamed they had.

They are packed with sugar,
30 grams to be exact.
If I keep eating food like this,
I may have a heart attack.

But my love of food
Keeps me going everyday.
The flavors explode in my mouth.
They're good at that I must say.

I forgot to say the name!
Without it I would be brittle,
But the candy I hold so dear to me
Goes by the name of Skittles.



Matthew Keith

Choices

A Reflective Essay by Jadyn Johansen

Choices are made everyday and these choices affect what life will be like in the future. Some choices are on a greater scale than others, but each choice affects who you are and what you will become. The people in your life that you see most often affect your choices the greatest. Putting aside the fact that other people influence your choices, you are still your own person with free will to do as you please.

Everyone has the power to make his or her own decisions. When we are young children, our parents decide most things for us, but this eventually changes. As we age, we all have the option to continue behaving the way we were raised or to go against the grain. Sometimes this is a positive thing or it can be negative. If you were raised in a respectful household, you should continue these values to become a better person. If you were raised in a disrespectful household, you should strive to use the values you see benefit your life in a positive way. Once we are adults we must make the best choices possible, keeping in mind what possible outcomes may occur.

Even though we have power to make our own choices, there are those who have an influence on our decisions. People such as our parents or family members have the most impact on our choices. When you are around your family, you most likely are making choices along the guidelines that they would want. Who you are when your family and friends are not around is your character. Your character shows how much your family and friend's influence reflects onto you.

I personally reflect my family's influence quite a bit. I have been raised to treat others the way I want to be treated and this is why I have so many close friends. I have also been taught the importance of working hard; I know this it will get me far in life. Most importantly I have been taught the lesson of honesty. In these ways I reflect my family's influence.

Even though we all have the power to make our own decisions, there is always something that alters what we choose to do. Everyone will make more of his or her own decisions, however, our family and friends will always have some effect on our choices. Our choices create our character and reflect the influence of our families. I plan to continue making positive choices so I can live a productive life.



Callie Quick

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Lebanon Middle School is proud to present the 10th publication of Tiger Tales featuring **100** stunning entries– a new record! Our students will impress you with their talents in this latest edition showcasing some of the best writings and artwork we have seen all year!

Please join me in thanking the talented staff at Lebanon Middle School for putting together a great show of student masterpieces! I'd like to acknowledge the following teachers for scouting out student talent for this review: Lorrie Faust, Charlie Fisher, Wendy O'Rourke, Don Polston, Tammy Stuart, Sean Watson, Eric Williams, and Ronda Villines.

A big round of applause goes to The Lebanon Educational Foundation for their continued financial support allowing us to publish this review. Special recognition also goes to our Book Fair supporters helping us raise additional funds for this endeavor.

Please find your way to your seats and enjoy our latest hits. We hope you applaud our students for their accomplishments!

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

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