

TIGER TALES



**LEBANON MIDDLE SCHOOL'S
ART & LITERATURE REVIEW
2013-2014**

Summer Sounds

Riley Granger

Whoosh, Whoosh!
Go the soft crashing waves on the beach
Summer sounds sound so peaceful
Summer is like soft crashing waves
Wet sand is silk as it rolls through your feet
Your towel hugs you for warmth
When building a sand castle,
The sky is the limit
Whew, Whew!
Go the hungry seagulls' wings



Taylor Metzger

Poland's Pains

Ben Shores

The frozen man keeps pulling,
pulling his squeaky cart,
his arms, stretched taffy,
heavy as tons of steel,

tastes the rot in his mouth:
red rotting leaves,
rough rotting branches,
recently rotting bodies.

Rough barked tree still smells
of sap, slowly falling
with a creak, guarding graves
and the unending path.

Graves rest below ground,
distant graves in the tree.
Grave hearted men,
grave in mind and action.

Silently, the grave keeps coming,
and the living make more coffins.
Graves stretch on and on
into the scentless sea of trees.

We are mourning,
mourning loved lives unlived,
mourning others long dead,
mourning those yet to come.



Grace Purtlebaugh

Rainforest of Madagascar

Amanda LaMay

Whoosh, the slight breeze pushes
the leaves in different directions.
Soft black fur dances with loads of leaves.

The creature's paw clutches the branch,
looking up as if watching, waiting for it prey.

Crunch, as the poor prey crawls carefully
across the green, green leaves.
The creature bares its foul frightening teeth.

Vines intertwine with hard twisting trees.
Soft moss covers the rainforests of Madagascar.

Lonely Milan, Italy

Konlie Westerfield

Soaked in deep, deserted Italian water
Drenched in sorrow that night
I was wedged in this torturous spot
Rain enclosed me, trapped me, immoveable

I've rested in stillness since
After the sun departed the sky,
I would gawk into the starry night
Eavesdropping on the whistling pipes

The sweet-smelling bakery nearby,
It vended blistering coffee and sugared cargos
I could whiff them a gazillion miles away
Searching for individuals, day and night

Out of all the citizens in this grateful world
The water won't leave
I can't abandon by myself
Guess they'll never find us...

The Red Guard Raid, A Cultural Revolution Story

Gwen Hammons

The sun was out, and still, I was in my house, hoping that the students wouldn't raid me today. I started reading my Mao's Red Book, for about the fifth time. We had to carry them everywhere we went. Plus, we had to memorize quotes and such out of them.

"Nien! Here they come!" said my companion, Chun Yu. "Not today!"

I groaned. "I just got a new supply of gorgeous porcelain!"

"Well, I hope you weren't attached to them because they're coming to our door," Chun said as he peered through the window.

Chun panicked by pacing around in circles mumbling curse words in Chinese under his breath. I stayed in my chair, which more likely would be taken away, and kept reading my red book. I just ignored the pounding at my door. The doorbell ringing over and over was no concern to me. They had the right to come in my home, and I was fine with that. I was considered part of a Black Category. Just then I heard something else. It was a strange sound. Then I knew what it was. The door was literally busted open.

"So much for locks!" said Chun sarcastically.

The students came rushing in, hollering that I was against communism. "We have to take all of your four olds!" said a girl who looked too short to be a student.

"Be my guest," I said.

A boy ripped my Red Book out of my hand. "Good job," I heard him murmur. He shoved it back to me.

I went to check on Chun. "This isn't happening. This isn't happening," he whispered to himself as he hugged his knees.

"Relax, they're almost done," I told him. 'Hopefully' I thought.

After the Red Guard was on their way, I dared to look and see what they had done. The chair I had been sitting on was tipped over. My paintings were ripped, the framed ones with glass everywhere. My porcelain was smashed, bits and pieces on the floor. The chairs were tipped, broken. My "expensive" food was gone. A lot of my other "expensive" things were gone. Everything was silent. The Red guards had attacked and left almost nothing. Apparently, we were communists now.



Remembering the Holocaust

Robert Muse-Myers

Jews during the wretched period of WWII experienced endless hardships. They were hit with a swinging pendulum of agony and despair. Many young, ambitious women, like the mother in the picture on the left, had children ripped from their arms, never to be seen again. Whole families were completely and utterly reduced to nothing by the merciless Nazi regime. These intolerable behaviors occurred for no apparent reason, except that they were Jewish. I am remarkably obliged because I don't live in a place or time period where I am to be discriminated upon. I cannot begin to fathom a more wicked thing in this world than what this group of people had to endure.



I've learned various lessons from the Holocaust. It seems that in history whenever a man has to face a test of his will, we always learn to comeback stronger than ever. The Holocaust taught me that if we are not preventing evil, we are letting it happen. It also taught me that we have to keep hope in times when life's light seems dim. No matter what the struggle is, you must keep your head up and trudge through the depths of despair with a smile on your face, making the world wonder: "How is he still smiling?"

Censored and Solitary

By Brittany Beaver

Censored is my voice
Censored I have no choice
Censored is my name
Censored is so plain
I cannot break these chains
For, the creativity I have cannot be expressed

So I live in solitary
Solitary is my flow
Solitary, I cannot glow
I have so much to share
Yet, I can't share it anywhere

Solitary are the cries I give
Solitary are my poems
Solitary are my songs
Censored are my opinions
Solitary is my heart

No, they do not know I have a voice
No, they do not know I have a choice
They ignore the messages in my art
Call me freak, call me dark
But, do not say I have no talent
Just because I cannot show who I am

Afraid of being judged
Afraid of the abuse
Words do hurt
So I stay censored in my solitary mind and heart
Let me share with you, my works of art



Grace Purtlebaugh



Sam Strode

***The Fault In Our Stars* by John Green**

A Book Review by Rilynn Turner

The Fault In Our Stars is a realistic-fiction book written by John Green, an award-winning New York Times bestselling author. He's received the Printz Medal, a Printz Honor, and the Edgar Award. He lives in Indianapolis, Indiana with his family.

Hazel Grace, a 16 year old cancer patient, is made to go to support group and listen to Patrick's long cancer story. She has a best friend that goes everywhere she goes named Philip, her oxygen tank. If it wasn't for Philip she wouldn't be alive. Isaac, from support group is her friend and also a cancer patient, if it wasn't for him she wouldn't have met Augustus Waters, a humorous, romantic guy with a prosthetic leg. Things between Hazel and Augustus started off well, and they even started hanging out and talking more. Augustus never let cancer ruin or rule his life like Hazel had. Augustus says "It's a metaphor see: You put the killing thing right in between your teeth, but you don't give it the power to do its killing." (pg. 20) That quote means that you get the idea of smoking but if its not lit, then it won't have the power to kill you or anyone who is using it. He always wanted the best for Hazel and one big dream she had was to meet Peter Van Houten, the author of her favorite book, *An Imperial Affliction*. This gave Augustus ideas and one day he had a surprise up his sleeve and after the surprise comes Hazel goes through a rough stage in her life. All that goes through your head is the question why. Why does this happen? Why would they keep this kind of thing hidden?

A theme about life struggles is shown in this novel because not everyone has it easy in life, and things do happen to people, but family is forever. Nothing can break them apart, no matter the distance between them. Hazel let cancer rule her life, and she didn't think there was a reason to go to school or do anything until Augustus came along. He showed her how to live life to the fullest and how to never let what has happened affect any part of her journey through life.

The Fault In Our Stars is a heart-breaking yet believable book and everything that happens could happen in real life. Every emotion can be felt and the tragic events will break your heart and bring you to tears. It's heartbreaking when Hazel doesn't care about her life. Even though this is the best book I've read so far, I would change some of the language usage that is throughout the book.

I would recommend *The Fault In Our Stars* because it draws readers in and it's almost like a roller coaster of emotions and events. A mature audience of girls in 7th grade to adult hood interested in a heart-breaking yet believable scenes would most likely be interested in *The Fault In Our Stars*. I rate this book 5 out of 5 stars.



Artwork by Brittany Beaver



Ryan Putnam

Spectacular Spring

Rylan Herald

Oh spring, you are a rainbow
 Your colors so bright
 Like on a warm summer night
 Bright, beautiful, bold is you
 The sun shining down is your cue
 Buzz, buzz, here come the bees
 Spring you're my favorite so stay please
 I hear the wind talking as it swooshes by
 You are like a cheerful bird that says hi
 Spring, please stay or you will make me cry

High Spirits of a Cardinal

By Jalen Dodson

I soar high, but low
 How is it that you soar high but also low?
 Though I soar low to the earth, my spirit is high.
 I hide in trees to protect the young.
 How do you hide with your loud voice and bright colors?
 I hide because my spirit is so high.
 My home is where I won't leave
 Even if a blizzard destroys my home, I will stay.
 Why do you stay even if it means your demise?
 I stay because my spirit is high.
 Now you ask so many questions
 But always I will remain true to my high spirit, wouldn't you?

Super Sunny Spring

Grace Duerksen

Spring is like a hot pie, fresh and new
 It's wonderful from the flowers in bloom
 And the water so blue
 Buzz, buzz, buzz is what the bees say
 As they hop from flower to flower
 And the trees are tall standing towers
 The children laughing and playing
 To the flowers gracefully swaying
 Oh how I love this season
 For one special reason
 It's simply family getting together.

Soothing Finland

Kaitlyn Syferd

A thin sheet of snow hugged the colorless bare ground
Streaks of snowfall guided people to their destination
Uneven clumps of snow shimmered on rugged hills
Tire tracks imprinted on the blank canvas

Massive buildings towered over forestry nature
Faded noises from the busy city swarmed around fresh air
Monstrous waves trenched on the salty sand
People are ignited miles away on an elevated slope

Immortals are daydreaming about the sun beaming
A pinch of bystanders sprinkled across the plain
The inhabitants impelled in different directions



Madi Nunez

Tears of Russia

Christian Knight

Walls wince with agony
The ceiling is bleached with alarm
The floor is caving into the sinkhole
Nature is taking revenge on this deprived town
Walls eroded away from our cries

My face drowned with distress and devastation
The wallpaper disintegrates
A trillion thoughts tinkering through my mind
The jagged nature fracturing through the window
The floor is flushed with dread

Mud and water blemish the walls
Light bulbs are defenseless, stripped from their covers
Paint flaking off the walls, trim clenching
Outlets bankrupt from the water thieving the electricity
This town is overflowing with trepidation



Chloe Dyar

Adventures in the Amazon Rainforest

Kye Zimmerman

After arriving in Manaus, Brazil by air from Miami, Florida, I quickly gathered what little supplies I could fit into my backpack and headed to the riverboats. I boarded the one that would take me up the Amazon River to the Amazon Rainforest. The trip on the river did not disappoint me. I was able to see a large group of Piranhas eating berries that had fallen from the trees above. I did not know that Piranhas are omnivores, eating both plants and animals. As I was watching the Piranhas, I looked even closer in the water and spotted Caimans staring at me. Caimans, members of the Crocodile family, disguise themselves by allowing just their eyes to peek out of the water, while the rest of their body remains underwater. They look like floating logs.

As I was enjoying watching the Piranhas and Caiman, I was also enjoying what little sun there was. While the Amazon averages 12 hours of daylight, it's not always sunny. Visiting in March means dealing with even more rain than usual. There are only 2 seasons in the Amazon. The rainy season, which runs from mid-December to mid-May, and the dry season, June to December. While there is only a five degree temperature change, the amount of rain can be 60-180 inches of rain verses 30-100 inches. Today the temperature is 82 degrees with the humidity being very high, which is usual.

Stepping off the boat and into the actual rainforest was amazing. Looking up I saw the largest trees I have ever seen. They are called Kapok trees and can reach up to 200 feet in height and can be up to 16 feet around. They were huge. Walking further into the rainforest feels as if you are entering another world. There are ferns everywhere, in so many different shades of green. Hundreds of different types of orchids add so much color. Because of the amount of water and the temperature, many plants grow and do very well here. The trees grow very tall and provide a lot of nutrients, because the soil is not very good. There are literally millions of different species of plants, animals and insects in the rainforest.

On my third day here, I saw a poisonous Dart frog eating flies. I also saw an Anaconda squeezing the life out of a Caiman and then swallowing it whole. I have yet to see



Natalie Wilson

any jaguars or leopards, which are at the top of the food chain. It's hard to imagine how some things that are small, like a poisonous Dart frog can be considered a predator, but I witnessed it first hand. One of the prettier things I have gotten to see is the native Macaw. It's a beautiful bird with a very loud caw that can be heard from far away. I'm keeping my eyes open for any other different animals that I might have the chance to see. So far this has been a great trip!

Indonesian Reflection

Olivia Cook

Sitting in deep, navy blue water, a huge, wide rock
is covered in dark, forest green; possibly plants?
Gritty, patchy sand pockets dance around it.

Above the boulder float white waning
elongated clouds. Mountains look down upon
the stupendous sapphire ocean. Bowls of immeasurable
indigo waters spread to the edges of the farthest galaxies.

Listen to wrestling leaves battle in branches as you gaze into the endless horizon.

Waters as dark as the night sky sway in the balmy breeze.
Brighter aqua water surrounds the cool calm liquid.
Little lime green leaves peek onto the ocean,
just enough to feel the sun's warm rays.

Studying the photo makes me long
for that pulchritudinous picturesque paradise,
to taste salty air and feel gritty sand between my toes.



Brittany Beaver



Lizzie Birge

***The Adoration of Jenna Fox* by Mary E. Pearson**
A fabulous review by Grace Purtlebaugh



I picked up *The Adoration of Jenna Fox* leisurely from the library, assuming it was about a girl who had merely gotten into a car accident and lost her memory. I was pleasantly surprised to find that was not the case whatsoever.

The Adoration of Jenna Fox is a friendly story of a typical teenage girl with a not-so-typical way of life. Living in a secluded area home with her mother, drop by dad, and hateful grandmother Lilly, she has little recollection of her life before the accident. Having nothing but old home videos that she insists on watching, she is determined to find what happened that day, where her friends are, and what happened in that year of a coma.

A quality I admire is the relationship between Jenna and her grandmother. It's so hateful, gritty, and the opposite of a usual grandmother/granddaughter dialogue. "I don't hate you, Jenna, I simply don't have room for you." (p. 34) is one of the many amusing quarrels between the two characters, and I enjoy it immensely. However, the book is predictable. I read the first two pages, which immediately foreshadowed what would be the outcome of poor Jenna.

The message of the book is that to accomplish something, you have to depend on yourself. Not only that, but to just use common sense and trust your internal instinct. Jenna can't trust the people surrounding her because she knows there is something deep inside warning her that something is off. She knows that people are lying to her, so she seeks out the answers herself.

The Adoration of Jenna Fox is a rather dramatic and mature book with mild cursing, so it's intended for mature readers only. I believe that fourteen and older is a suitable age gap. I believe it's a key book for anyone into dramatic futuristic stories.

Polar Bear Love

Isabel Purtlebaugh

Rubbing noses and warm winter kisses,
How I love your fluffy florescent fur,
You warm me up when I'm feeling a shiver,
You keep me happy by letting the warm sun nestle on my nose
each and every morning,
For my love for you is more than you give
Me in a lifetime of warm winter kisses.

Venezuelan Refinery

Kayley Bautista

The explosion with puffy red smoke,
with a black scary smoke,
the flames go higher and higher,
higher and higher as the fire
moves as speedy as a car.

The fire quickly surrounds the factory.
A man waves for the picture
or waves for help. The man sweats
with the heat felt though his shirt.

A worried woman, around her mid-eighties,
sweats through her clothes,
smelling the gross air,
telling her weird kid to stay
with all the trees, trees, trees all around.

The oil burning with a strong smell.
I hear big BOOMS! The noisy
fire trucks race by in the back.
The fire walks through the factory.



Nick Nelson

The Thai Warrior

Laura Lemen

Surrounding smoke swirls
around a Thai woman
wearing a black shirt,
the bold letters are long,
slithering snakes.
Her forehead covered
in super sticky sweat
from the intense heat
of the popping, dancing fire.

Halfway out of the smoke,
an odd object creeps.
This monster lurks
inside the safety of a dark forest.
Covering her mouth,
a green bandana
protects her lungs
from the horribly harmful
smoking smell surrounding her.

Her eyes stare fiercely
yet slightly scared,
like tiger face-to-face
with a heinous hunter,
Determined, nothing stands
in her way, protesting
the government her way,
Defending the people
and their rights, her way.

Australian Citizen

Summer Myers

The vibrant sun plunges down
Crawling onto my darkened skin
As the sun boils my bearded face
Sweat rushes like flowing waterfalls

I wear a shaggy, scraggly, scratchy hat
Covered in dust from years before
Shading me from Australia's harsh rays
Escaping the terrible, burning light

My skin is covered in oily sweat
Falling down my wrinkled skin
Like loose rocks falling off an old cliff
Slamming down into my huge beard

My beard, a cluttered catastrophe
A tangled gray and white rat's nest
Full of sweaty dirt from the years past
Who knows all it could be hiding



Sam Malagon



Taylor Metzger

Silence Verses Violence

Jake Lugenbeal

North Korea,
As violent as a hurricane
Viciously violent

POW, POW, POW!
I'm in the front line of fire
Scared, nervous, frightened

I am loaded with violence
Now it's just silence inside of me
Soft, silent silence

Violence fears the silence
Silence, sigh, sigh, sigh
Waiting to receive violence

An Adventurous Dream

McKenna Haskins

Stones skip and stumble steep down the rock
Moist, cool, damp air against our faces

Listening to the waves pound on the rocks
Waves exploring the deep blue ocean

Ocean as calming as a soothing melody
Sun barely, just barely peeking out

Rocks guarding the towering rock
Stumbling along the slippery path

A roaring rush raging inside of me
Frightening fear falling deep within me

I'm so high I could touch the clouds
At the end of the day we have to go

There's more to explore in Ireland
For now we have a story to tell

Destroyed in Lebanon

Alexis Eisenman

I am abandoned on dusty, cracked sidewalks
All I see are ruined buildings
Broken glass from shattered dreams
Staring ahead of me, itching to know

I finally approach the mess of glass
Damaged, frustrating ancient buildings
Looking up I see a broken light
A dull sun screaming through the cracks
I see nothing but gloomy people surrounding me

Back Ally Dinner in Singapore

Jerad Thurnall

I am like a starving tiger
Sautéing my sizzling steak
I work long, hazy nights, directing
A back ally diner in Singapore

Every order needs to be right
Hearing the yelling of others
Diversions of garbage eaters
Employed in a back ally in Singapore

I see steam sluggish to float away
The dirt floor brisk and solid as ice
Electric wires spitting from the roof
Working in a back ally of Singapore



Madison Wirey

Chapter 16 (added to *The Pigman* novel)

Sydney Williams

It was six months since Mr. Pignati passed away. Routines slowly fell back to the way they were before we visited Mr. Pignati daily. I went home and cleaned constantly, listened to my mother's rambling about her job, and made her instant coffee whenever she commanded. As for John, things had gotten tough since Mr. Pignati passed.

I learned to accept the fact that Mr. Pignati wasn't around anymore, but John, on the other hand, had fallen into some sort of depression. He went back to his old smoking and drinking habits. He skipped school whenever he had the chance. Whenever I tried to communicate with him, he wouldn't answer the phone, so I guess you could say we weren't as close as before, but he was still my friend.

I put the roller skates up in a storage closet by the bathroom. The closet was mostly empty; and besides the roller skates, it held only a few towels and some of my clothes we tried to sell at a garage sale three years ago, but no one would buy them. I just couldn't stand to see those roller skates. They haunt me with memories that I will always remember.

It was getting late, so I turned the television off. My eyes were heavy, and I needed some sleep. I turned off the kitchen light, then headed down the hallway to my bedroom. Several books were sprawled out on my bed. Since my mother was at work, I finally had some time to write. Yes, I still want to write. Even though the events that happened six months ago were depressing, I still have the dream to write. I haven't told my mother yet, and I don't plan to anytime soon.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing you know, my mother was in my doorway, telling me that I had someone for me on the phone. I was still half asleep, so I didn't understand completely.

"Lorraine, there is someone on the phone for you," my mother exclaimed for a bout the fifth time. She was by my bed, so I grabbed the phone out of her hand. I didn't want to talk to anyone.

"Hello," I said, still half asleep.

"Hi, Lorraine," said John on the other end of the phone. I couldn't believe my ears, John! I hadn't spoken to him for about two weeks, and I didn't plan to speak to him for another century! I was fully awake and ecstatic.

"Wow, I can't believe it," I said, trying not to sound too excited because I didn't want him thinking that I had been waiting to hear from him for about a month. "Yeah, I haven't been up to talking for the past couple of weeks. Sorry about that Lorraine," he said, sounding so sincere. So after all, he didn't hate me! Wow, I was so happy I could've screamed! "How about you meet me at the cemetery around ten, so we can catch up on things," he commanded.

I blinked. "Okay, yeah, sure!" I said. At that point I was sounding excited.



John hung up, but I didn't mind. Mom was in the doorway, stirring a spoon around in her coffee mug. I handed her the phone without saying a word. I couldn't wait. I just had to find an excuse to help me get out of the house. My mother has never liked how kids hang out in the cemetery. She believes it's for people to come and pay their respects. She says that if you go there, you are just asking for trouble. I decided to tell her that I had to meet up with some classmates at the library to study for the math quiz. That seemed about right.

"Hey, mom, I'm going to meet up with some classmates at the library to study for the math quiz," I said through the bathroom door. She opened the door, wearing the white robe that she always has on in the morning. She was giving me her worried look. Of course, she doesn't trust me.

"Who called?" she asked.

"Jane Appling," I said, but my voice sounded shaky.

She glanced at me before taking a sip out of her coffee mug. "Okay, just make sure you are home before one," she said before closing the door. I was still standing there when she opened it again. "Also, I won't see you before you leave, so have fun and behave." She closed the door for the last time.

Hearing John's voice over the phone was great, but I couldn't wait to actually see him. I walked out the door not caring if I got caught or if my mother showed up at the library just to do a double-check. I was finally going to see my best friend.

I was about two minutes away from the cemetery when I heard heavy footsteps behind me. I figured it was a jogger, so I didn't look back. I moved to my left about a foot, so they could pass me easily. Then John came up beside me, out of breath and bending over with his hands on his knees. It was John!

"John!" I said, patting his back and helping him up on his feet again. He smiled, still unable to talk. I just stood there with the biggest smile on my face. I probably looked like a lunatic, but for the first time ever, I didn't care.

John stood up. "I was running to try to catch up with you, but it was harder than I thought," he whispered still gasping for air. We both laughed.

We both sat down on a big rock. "I've been concerned about how you have been," I said staring into his eyes.

He turned away and grinned. "I have been okay. I just miss the old man," he said staring up at the sky. The sun blinding him.

One o'clock rolled around. "Well, I think I should go." I whispered. I didn't want to leave, but I had to. He looked up at me with those big blue eyes. Oh, how I missed them.

"Okay, I think I'll stay here and just enjoy the outside." He got off the rock and stood right in front of me. Without thinking we both hugged, and we didn't let go right away. He let go after about thirty seconds, and we both smiled.

Once I got home, I stared at the ceiling. John was okay. I was okay. It was perfect. I had my best friend again.



Destruction

Michael Swinehart

The building has a hole the size of a wrecking ball on one side.
Trash, workers and people are everywhere.
These families lost everything they've worked for in this tragedy.

These families look for lost friends, possessions
and a sense of what they know to be normal.
Some rugged construction workers move rubble, dig for the lost.

Buildings, cars and trees torched, nearly unrecognizable.
Smells of smoke, ash and burning flesh. The rubble
of what used to be, feels sharp, rusty and rugged under your feet.



Koltin Willis

Scottish Tug of War

Jacob Marsh

Scottish men in their thirties to twenties
wear green kilts with a strip of fuzzy fur,
pull on a rope rough as sand paper, scraping
the soft blanket of grass beneath their feet.

You hear a loud "Urrrgh" as the men pull
as hard as brutal beasts, just to return home
victorious! Their bright red faces stand out,
stand out anxiously from the still green trees.

The trees stand watching, watching over
everyone, silently watching everyone.
The bright multicolored flags shine
bright in everyone's excited hearts.

The Flame of War

Tyler Brown

Thai men in their early twenties run down crack \ filled rock.
Screaming, bustling \
people striking or fleeing.
One striking a symbol of freedom, freedom elections
to prosperity all will follow.
Power of grassy green camouflage
towers
over
whimpering weak people.
Men can feel... the fear.
Weak deprived of freedom under an IRON FIST, the city alive.
You can taste the pollution in the air. | | |
cats and mice are the men.
One thinking of protecting a country)) another of saving country.
You can feel the fire in the internecine men.
Dull metal ready... for contact with skin and bone,
Nothing for protections, fleeing, scared like a fawn,
pedestrians like deer in \ | /
--HEADLIGHTS--
/ | \
yet they watch the scene.
Bluejeansredcapblackshirtnbackpacknbootsgreencamouflagearmorhelmetpantsblueshield
soon to ALL will be red.
These men act for the future of Thailand.
Both want peace, but neither will get it.
This war will never change.
Control controlling desire forever,
fear forever,
forever weak.



Nick Nelson

Yellow

Grace Purtlebaugh

Yellow is sticky

It is gooey sweetness sticking to your fingers

Yellow sounds harmonious & beautiful

Its melody sticks in your heart

Yellow is the smell of nature

It is a sweet honeydew on a Saturday morning

Yellow has creamy texture

It is thick stickiness all over in my mind.

Blue

Aerial Womack

Blue tastes earthy sweet

Blue sounds like a low harmony

Blue smells of dirty rain

Blue feels silky soft

Grey

Peter Hesselgrave

Most people think grey tastes bland, but it has a unique flavor

Grey sounds like a glorious orchestra of violas, piccolos, and flutes

Grey smells like the ripest of fruit just within reach of picking

Grey feels like a silk blanket running smoothly through your hands.



Katie Hasty

***Heaven is Paved with Oreos* by Catherine Gilbert Murdock**

A Book Review by Julie Rose Cupka

Have you ever been to Rome? You probably don't know there are 7 churches in Rome that make up the "Pilgrimage", which can help you to heaven. In the realistic fiction novel, *Heaven is Paved with Oreos* by Catherine Gilbert Murdock, Sarah Zorn take a plane east to Rome, Italy.

Sarah Zorn is not just any normal 14-year-old girl. She has a fake boyfriend named Curtis, and her grandmother's nickname is Z. So when Z says that she is visiting Rome to complete a pilgrimage, her family isn't surprised. But she wants to bring Sarah along, too. "BOOM. (That is the sound of all heck breaking loose.)" (Pg. 20) In Rome, Sarah and Z visit six of the seven churches before Z gets really depressed. Suddenly, Sarah is trying to take care of Z and figure out how she feels about Curtis. Because of the trip, Sarah's life has changed forever.

I loved how Catherine Gilbert Murdock wrote the book from a 14-year-olds perspective. Also, I enjoyed how the book was written as a journal, complete with dates, pictures, and feelings. It was kind of annoying that most sections sounded like a 14-year-old, but several sounded like a 9-year-old. However, there was lots of dialogue, as well as Sarah's own thoughts and reactions. I read somewhere that Murdock grew up in Rome, so I like how there was a connection. Descriptions of buildings and artwork were very detailed, which made me feel like I was walking down a street in Rome.

I loved the book's message that anyone can overcome difficulties, like Sarah overcame her fear of "boy-liking" Curtis and him not "girl-liking" her back. It shows that everyone is worth something to someone, even though it's hard to find. This could be a lesson to modern day teenagers who think they are worthless. I also liked how Sarah really seemed to grow up throughout the book. From getting lunch to comforting to Z, she proved to her grandmother and herself that she could be trusted. She reminds us that taking care of family is a very important way of life.

Heaven is Paved with Oreos is a very easy read for middle school girls. If you hate skulls, realistic fiction, or you think romance is gross, this is not the book for you. If you've ever wanted to learn about Rome, Italy or traveling, get ready to turn some pages!



Diary of a Raindrop

Abigail McPherson

Dear Diary,

Hello, I am a raindrop. Yes, I know raindrops aren't alive; well, that is what you think. Humans are weird and actually very uneducated about us. There is more to our lives than what meets the human naked eye. Right now I don't have a family, I don't have a friend, and I don't have a home. My shelter is a cloud. All of the rain droplets are aboard this cloud and we don't know where we are going and we don't know where we are. I hope it turns out well.

Love, Rain Droplet

Dear Diary,

Hello! Something is wrong with our cloud. He is getting very angry and impatient. Margo, our leader, told us that we would not be here much longer. She said that we would be starting something called the water cycle. That means that we will be getting a family and a name. I am very excited! I hope it happens tomorrow.

Love, Rain Droplet

Dear Diary,

Today is the day. We are all beginning to fall from the cloud. We are known as precipitation. WHOOSH! I am now flying through the air like a rocket ship. I looked around and saw that there were other clouds. I had no idea. I thought that our cloud was the only one. I have to go. I need to begin doing our landing. We have been practicing it since we were little. We land on what is like a water slide. It is called a run-off though. We ZOOM down the slide and into the cool water.

Love, Rain Droplet

Dear Diary,

I have great news! I have landed in Lake Michigan. I have just met my family. My mother's name is Sunny, my father's name is Blue, my sister's name is Rainy and my brother's name is Ocean. Ocean is from another cloud. In our lake, if your rain droplets came from clouds at the same time then they are considered twins. Now I have a twin brother. Rainy is older than me so she has to do chores and go to second school. Ocean and I don't have to go to school until we are older. Well, I have to go.

Love, Rainbow Michigan



Katie Hasty



Samantha Malagon

Dear Diary,

How did you like my name? I think it sounds beautiful. Every raindrop that lives in this part of the lake has a last name of Michigan since that is where we live. Mother and father sat Ocean and I down and we had a long talk. They said that we will be lucky if we get to stay here as long as Rainy has. They said that we will most likely be swept away by a wave, drank by a human, or be evaporated at a young age. I hope that that doesn't happen. I don't want to leave my family.

Love, Rainbow

Dear Diary,

I am very nervous. It has been a few days since I first arrived here but I have heard a lifetime of rumors. People are saying that we are going to experience evaporation. It is happening all the time, but since there are many young droplets, people don't want to lose their young children. The children won't die, but they will most likely be dropped to another body of water. I have to go to my house and get away from the sun.

Love, Rainbow Michigan

Dear Diary,

I have very important news. Our Michigan leader has received news from the Indiana leader that over half of their young droplets were part of the evaporation. The sun heated them up and turned them to steam. It doesn't kill or hurt them at all. Now, all of the young droplets are being forced to stay indoors as much as possible. Our area is in total chaos!

Love, Rainbow

Diary,

Right now I am watching my sister turn to steam and rise up to form a cloud. She is leaving me forever!

Sadly yours, Rainbow Michigan

Dear Diary,

I am now turning into water vapor. Then I will become condensation and form a cloud. I will get to teach the droplets what I experienced during my short life. I was only with my family for a few days. I will hopefully have a new family soon. I know everything will turn out fine but I still miss my family.

--Rainbow

Diary—

Hello! I have been in this cloud for a few days now- about as long as I was with my family. I enjoy teaching the young droplets about what to expect. They are as nervous as I was. I am about to begin the water cycle once more. I am very excited. I hope to have a great family!

Truly yours, Rainbow

Bald Eagle vs Fish

Nick Nies

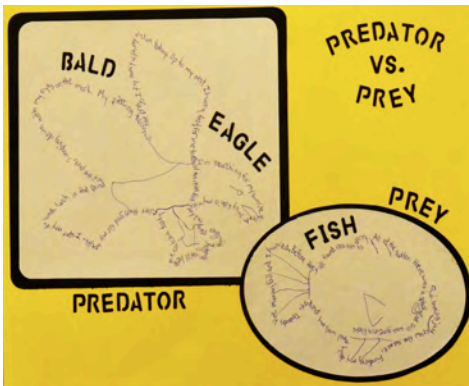
I'm searching for my favorite dish,
a juicy fish is my wish.

My quickness along with my stealth will help me
catch a tasty fillet that's good for my health.

I spot my desired lunch in the pond of the park,
swooping down with my eyes on the mark.

My piercing talons kill the prey,
I fly away with my victim today.

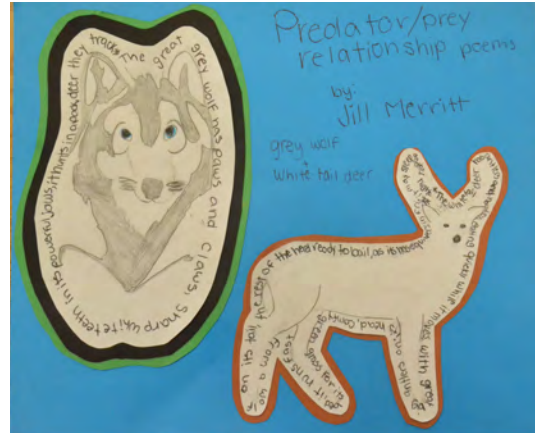
Up to my nest I hurry fast,
for me to feast on it at last.



Swimming just below the surface,
finding my daily meal was my purpose.

Towards the morning Gill and I hurry
because we found reason to scurry.

All of a sudden there was a splash,
Gill was gone in a flash.



Grey Wolf vs Whitetail Deer

Jill Merritt

The great grey wolf has paws and claws,
sharp white teeth in its powerful jaws.

It hunts in a pack
deer they track.

The whitetail deer has antlers and hooves,
eating quickly while it moves.

With great big antlers on its head,
comfy green grass for its bed.

It runs fast from a wolf on its tail,
the rest of the herd ready to bail.

As its nose quivers in fright,
it may sleep another night.

Hammerhead Shark vs Stingray

Abigail McPherson

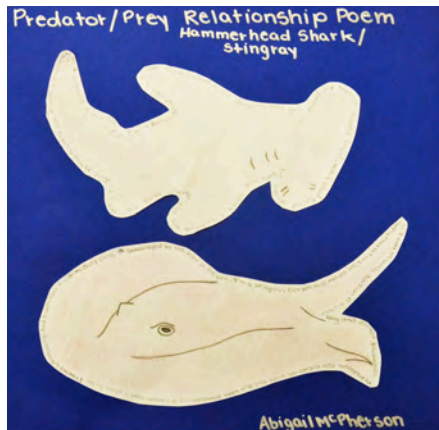
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My quickness along with my stealth will help me
catch a tasty fillet that's good for my health.

I spot my desired lunch in the pond of the park,
swooping down with my eyes on the mark.

My piercing talons kill the prey,
I fly away with my victim today.

Up to my nest I hurry fast,
for me to feast on it at last.



Camouflaged by the floor of the sea,
I'm a stingray, but you may not see me.

I try to stay hidden as I make my rounds,
but I can be 6 ½ feet long and almost 800 pounds.

My predators fear the venom in my tail,
but when encountering a hammerhead I often fail.

It yanks off my tail not a wing,
and I can't hurt it with my deadly sting.



Elizabeth Mars

The Sun Shall Shine in the Summer Time

Lexia Owens

The sun shall shine in the summer time
The warm light purifies my soul like a healer in nature
I watch eagles and hawks soar on wings made of gold
As the songbirds sing with a light little chirp,
My heart begins to fly
The bright green trees dance in the light summer breeze
Swish, Swish, Swish
As I listen to the sounds around me fall into perfect harmony,
It reminds me that the melody of the earth
Is one filled with light, laughter, joy, and hope,
Prosperity, peace, and happiness,
Beauty, brilliance, and brightness,
Love for all,
Love for summer

Summer!

Drew Davidson

Summer is my favorite season!
Swimming in summer is so superb!
The 4th of July is so much fun, especially with firecrackers going “pop, pop, pop!”
I love being able to sleep in during summer and not having to go to school everyday.
The warmth of the sun is like a relaxing sauna throughout the entire day!
During summer time my neighborhood is a playground!
I like to play basketball swim, and ride my bike with my friends.
In summer we usually go on fun vacations!
The pool in my backyard calls my name every afternoon inviting me to cool off!
Summer will always be my favorite season!!

Village Life

Isabelle Hollan

V I L L A G E

Village life was busy. Much of this life was lived outdoors, dressing simply, and living on a small diet.

It was the central place where people lived, worked, socialized, married, gave birth, and eventually died.

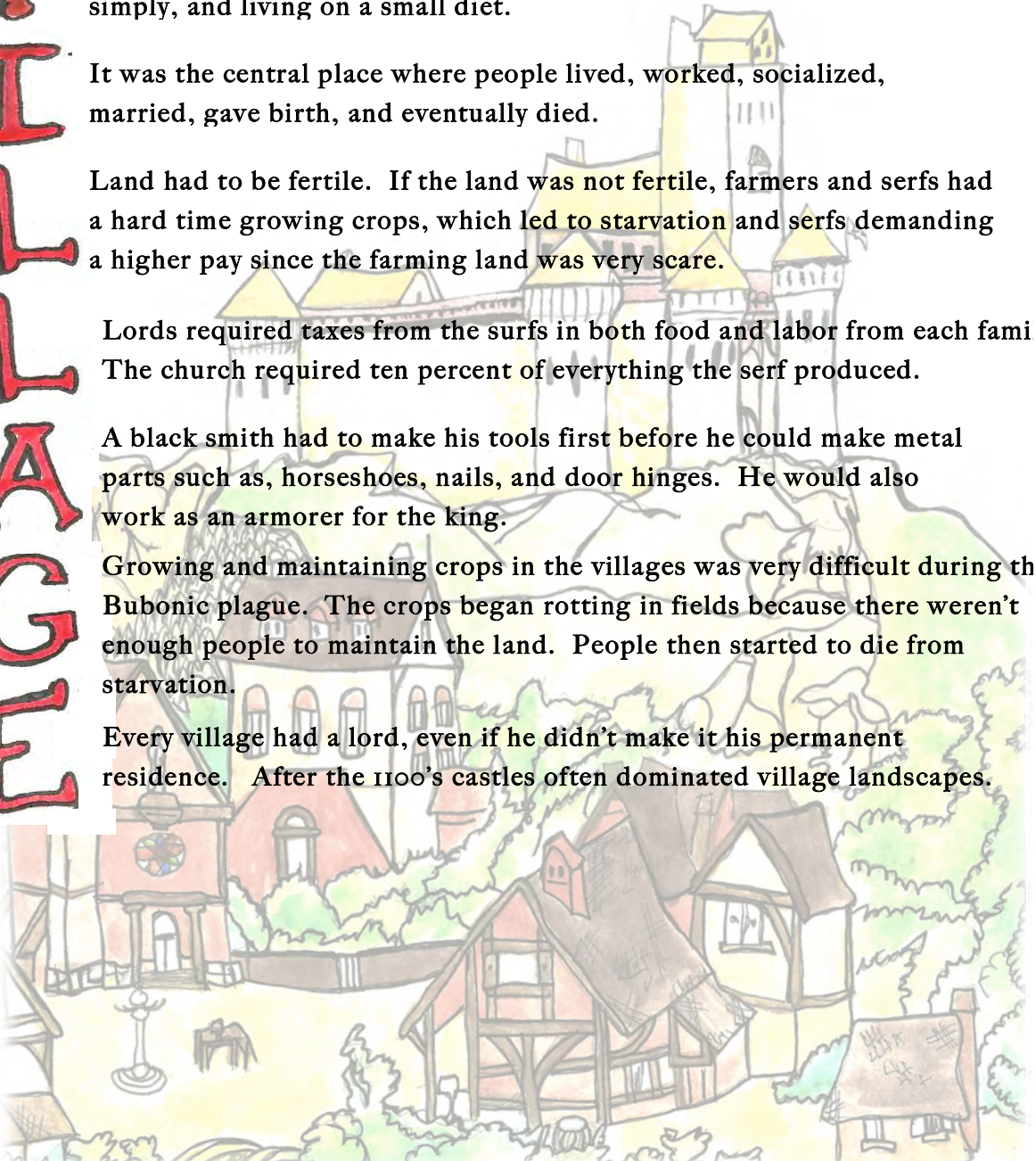
Land had to be fertile. If the land was not fertile, farmers and serfs had a hard time growing crops, which led to starvation and serfs demanding a higher pay since the farming land was very scarce.

Lords required taxes from the serfs in both food and labor from each family. The church required ten percent of everything the serf produced.

A black smith had to make his tools first before he could make metal parts such as, horseshoes, nails, and door hinges. He would also work as an armorer for the king.

Growing and maintaining crops in the villages was very difficult during the Bubonic plague. The crops began rotting in fields because there weren't enough people to maintain the land. People then started to die from starvation.

Every village had a lord, even if he didn't make it his permanent residence. After the 1100's castles often dominated village landscapes.





Ashlyn Sallee



Logan Cripe

The Life of a Pencil

Will Morelock

I was just a piece of wood in a tree, lonely and wishing someone was here. As I looked in the distance, I saw a big truck. I noticed that it kept coming closer and closer to me. I wondered what it would be doing out here so early in the morning with all its machinery with it. I couldn't explain why the trees around me kept falling every time the machine would touch them the slightest bit. Finally, I was the last one left standing in the whole forest that just a few minutes ago was still standing. The machine was coming closer and closer to me, and I was getting scared. Then, all of a sudden, a big axe came and hit my tree and it was so painful that I blacked out.

I awoke in the weirdest place with a lot of other blocks of wood that looked exactly like me, which was pretty creepy and cool. As I was looking around I got my sides cut off and looked like a long 3-D hexagon. As I was admiring my gorgeous new looks, I got sprayed an orange/yellow color and I gasped. I was handsome and I now just noticed that I had expensive silver pants that had ridges and holes in them. On the tip of my pants there were pink shoes, the humans call it an eraser, but they fit me just right and of course I was still handsome.

At the very end of the journey I got a piece of metal stuck in me which I now call lead and I was first sharpened and put into a box. I was taken to a store with eleven other pencils and got stuck on a shelf. This time I had company that got annoying after awhile but it was still company. We got picked out of the shelf and got bought which I thought was illegal, but I guess it's okay now. I lived a good life until I got sharpened too much!

Exploring Finland

Katie Hasty

Traveling through Finland,
the horizon is a crisp blue.
A barn shivers behind me
with its red wood glowing.

My daunting cloak swishes and sways.
A snug fur hat pounces on my head.
My eardrums hear no melody
while earthy scents invade the vacant land.

The wind swivels and dances.
I take a deep, shivering breath.
Rapid thoughts are vanished;
I have to keep exploring.



Brittany Beaver

Basking in Chad

Shawn Ramirez

Chad is a blazing bundle of burning sand on bare feet
Sand is like caramel falling off the rocks, melting rocks
Warm, smooth, muddy rocks, melting rocks, sitting for days
Hissing wind sounds off and between the rocks in Chad, Africa
Look at the wind blowing the sand around like a tornado

Bumpy stones basking in the boiling sun in the smooth sand
Rocks crashing together, dusty sand piles are bursting
Burning rocks and sand over, and over, and over again
Trying not to die, trying to stay freezing in Chad
The sun vaporizing the water off their clothes and face
Starring at the thin, wet human while he is basking in the sun

The Price of Freedom

Sam Hood

The price of freedom is the most valuable treasure in America, more than gold, silver and diamonds put together. Nonetheless, it doesn't have a price. You can't measure it, buy, or sell it. The price of freedom is a rare antiquity, dating back to the militiamen at Lexington and Concord and continues to increase in value throughout our nation's history. Veterans throughout our country's existence have paid the price to protect this highly valued treasure we call freedom.

The term veteran is often misunderstood. Many people believe a veteran is someone who has fought and/or died in combat. However, it has a much broader meaning than just serving in combat. A veteran is someone who has served in any of our nation's five military branches. A veteran is a chef on a base, a mechanic on a ship, and although they do not see any combat, they are still veterans. Some veterans pay the ultimate sacrifice - they die guarding the invaluable treasure we call freedom. However most do not.

The price of freedom extends past the veteran. A veteran's family also pays the price so we Americans can remain free. Veteran's leave loved ones for indefinite periods of time. A dad or mom may miss out on birthdays, anniversaries, and holidays. Those are the big events most people think of. However it is the little things veteran's miss that add up. Veterans miss their child learning to ride a bike, a school program or a first ball game.

The price of freedom from time to time can be ugly. Veterans have not always been treated with respect as they are today. This was prominent during and after the Vietnam War. Soldiers who protected the treasure we call freedom, were being harassed in public and flat-out disrespected. Vietnam vets often would return home to name calling, being spit on and even would have eggs thrown at them. They were belittled because many people thought it was a meaningless war. Veterans understand this too is a price of freedom. Veterans fought and serve to protect this piece of freedom, free speech.

Sacrifices made by veterans are an unfortunate thing, but it is for the greater good. My family has experienced this personally. In 2004, my father was deployed to Kosovo. He was gone for one year on a peacekeeping mission where he would enforce United Nations Security Resolution 1244. When my dad was deployed, we had just moved into a new house and we were still living in boxes. My dad was unable to do the little things in our new house, such as organizing the garage the way he wanted, mow our new yard, and paint his office. He missed an entire flag football season, basketball season and most of a tee ball season. Dad also missed Daniel and my birthday's. So, my family knows the sacrifices made by a veteran.

The treasure of freedom is immeasurable. It has no price, yet it is the most valuable aspect of American society. Veterans from the Revolution to the present were the protectors of the treasure of freedom and for that we are eternally thankful.

9/11: The Day America Changed Forever

John Parks

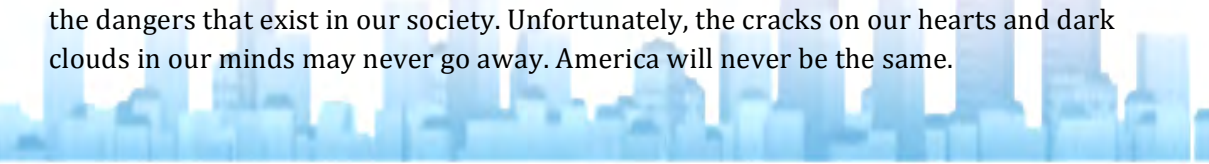
Though recent, one of the most influential events in American History was the terrorist attack against the United States on September 11, 2001. Our government and American culture were never to be the same after that fateful day. How did the horrific and tragic events change our lives for better . . . and for worse?

Our nation united in grief and our differences no longer mattered. Black or white, Christian or Jewish, our nation joined as a whole to fight back the terrorists. The terrorists didn't win; they made us stronger. Thankfully, record-breaking volunteer efforts helped us recover from one of the greatest tragedies (loss of life) ever experienced on American soil.

America's culture has seen many changes. No longer are we able to enter the state of mind that we are untouchable. The question "Are we safe from more attacks?" repeats in the minds of the American public every day. We now have a new appreciation for our public servants. Our police and fireman are looked upon as our heroes, now more than ever. We are more cautious and more suspicious at large public events and venues. People wonder every time they step foot into an airport, "Is there a terrorist here?" We are less trusting of every person looking even remotely Middle Eastern. The culture of America is no longer what it once was.

Government and homeland security have both seen many changes. The government has passed both positive and negative laws. Warrantless wiretapping and electronic surveillance laws have resulted in much controversy. The public was very naive when government authorities began doing this. They mislead the American public by saying it was to protect them. Invasion of privacy was something that never entered the minds of the public. Homeland security changed its perspective on every breach. They now treat the smallest of breaches as if it were like 9/11. The U.S. saw incredible growth of defense programs, organizations, and private companies. Incredible growth was also seen in educational benefits for veterans who have served since 9/11. Universities started to teach classes on terrorism and homeland security. We can expect to see the focus on terrorism continue to grow.

Changes in the minds of our citizens and security in our daily lives were the biggest effects the U.S. saw because of 9/11. Most would probably say we grew to be a stronger nation because of it. Our homeland security improved and people became more aware of the dangers that exist in our society. Unfortunately, the cracks on our hearts and dark clouds in our minds may never go away. America will never be the same.





Mikayla Smith

Cole Black and Those Enormous Giants

Gwen Hammons

Although Cole Black had never been in the woods, he thought he would go exploring anyway. After Cole went into the woods, he found a gigantic house. As Cole approached the house, it seemed to get bigger and bigger. When Cole went into the house, he found seven enormous beds. While Cole was looking around the beds, a large foot almost crushed him right then and there. Until Cole looked up, he thought giants were a myth. Unless Cole ran from the house, he would be killed.

Because there were seven giants, it felt like an earthquake when they were running. Before Cole could get to his house, the giants picked him up off the ground. If Cole hadn't run away, they would have been best friends. Since the giants didn't think of Cole as a friend, they decided to eat him.

What the Courteous King Thought of Those Giants

Gwen Hammons

The courteous king wondered where Cole was, for he never stayed in the woods that long. It was almost dinnertime, and the king was getting worried. The king didn't know that the giants were back, nor did he know Cole had found the giants' house. The king wondered about the giants coming back, but he threw the thought away. He thought it was absurd that the giants would be back, or maybe he just didn't want to fight them. If they were to show up right then, the king would definitely give them his best show, yet he was still a coward when it came to killing people. Since the king was such a coward, he decided to forget about Cole, so he ate his dinner and didn't think anymore about him.

Marshall Island Beach

Paige Jones

The bright blue ocean shines
as if it were a piece of bright tile.

The steaming weather moistens
the air like steamed broccoli.

As you jump in the ocean,
cool water whooshes over your skin.

The trees swaying back and forth
are hula dancers dancing.

The salt water, a sickening taste
like super salty peanuts.

The Kicker

Will Morelock

There once was a kicker
As if things could make you sicker
At the end of the game
He won all the fame
He had veins of ice
And he didn't think twice
He gave the ball a punch
It made a loud crunch
When it went straight
It made the opposing crowd irate
Because it went between the post
And it wasn't even close
He hit it down the middle
Maybe to the left a little
So the ball went in
And the team went on to win!

Winter Time

Kenzie Fouts

The leaves are falling high and low,
It's a shame to see them go
But soon the leaves will be replaced with snow
And snow is something we don't want to go
There will snowmen, there will be ice
I hope all the kids will be nice
All the kids will get their toys
And their homes will be filled with joy
That is all on this Christmas night
I hope nothing gives you a fright.



Katelyn Ellerman


That Ninny Ate My Dollar!

Konlie Westerfield

When I was eight, it was very cold outside, and I was in my house with my mamaw. I could see my mamaw's purse on the table and my dog, Scooby, stretched out on the rug like usual. My mamaw and I went upstairs to clean my room. We were up there for a good, long time. We cleaned my closet out and put everything on hangers, we dumped out the trashcans, made my bed, and folded blankets. When we finally finished, we went down stairs and saw that her purse was knocked over on the floor. My dog was laying in his cage like he did something wrong, and the dollar was outside of the cage ripped in two. My mamaw said, "That ninny ate my dollar!" I thought that she was furious, but turns out she wasn't mad at all, in fact she was laughing. She thought it was the funniest thing, so she picked up the dollar and gave me half, and she kept the other. Then after that day the dollar was special to both of us. My mamaw, Julie Westerfield, is my hero because she is always there for me and helps me with anything I need.

She is an amazing person over all and she goes to church every Sunday. She is very enjoyable to be around. She is a helpful, polite, caring, respectful, and an honest person. Mamaw is always either on time or early to everything she goes to. She is responsible because she knows where everything is, if everything is in its place. Her life is usually the same every day; she gets up early, goes to work, goes home and watches TV or goes to card club, then goes to bed. She is very exciting! Minute Print-it is where she works. Her paintings are marvelous and her doodles are terrific; she is just a great artist and very talented. She has glasses and they are very silly looking. She tells a lot of stories and sometimes they are hilarious. She is so easy-going and I love her.

My mamaw is my hero because she tries to encourage me in everything I do and she tells me everything about our family history. Her house is filled with antiques and I even told her that everything in her house was old including her. She watches me twirl baton, goes to my gymnastics classes and loves to watch me cheer. She takes things as they come because you can't change life; you have to live the life the Lord dealt you. She said it isn't easy but she lives one day at a time. She says, "I try to keep my spirits up and fill my life with the family and friends that I love." She likes to help others when she can. She also says, "You only get so many years on earth, use them and enjoy every minute of them as you can." She likes to get together for reunions with her family and her husband's family. Since Kenny, my grandpa, died 20 years ago, being with the other members kept her in touch with his family. They always get together at Christmas time to remember all their good times and make more memories.



She has inspired me to follow my dreams and always tell the truth. By her teaching me how to read the Bible, I am more aware that God is the path I need to take and the truth can be found in God. We share a common bond because she was baptized on Easter Sunday when she was 11 in 1949 and I was baptized on Easter Sunday when I was 11 in 2011. My mamaw also encourages me to be a Veterinarian because I know and she knows that whatever I do, I will be successful. I want to be a veterinarian because I love animals and I don't like to see them suffer. While being a veterinarian, you just have to know what is wrong with the animal because they can't tell you what is wrong. I just think of it as a challenge. My mamaw has always had pets like dogs, cats, guinea pigs, chickens, and ducks so I have always been around animals. She had five kids, so that made her have so many pets. They all had to have one!

My mamaw, Julie Westerfield, is my hero because she is always there for me and helps me with anything I need. She is a very helpful, polite, caring, respectful, and an honest person. My mamaw is my hero because she tries to encourage me in everything I do, like going to my cheerleading and gymnastics, or going to my baton competitions. She tells me everything about our family history. My mamaw has inspired me to follow my dreams and always tell the truth by telling me all these things that she believes. She believes that whatever I do, I will always be successful. I'm sure that mamaw's stories and wisdom will help me in my future and I'm very proud to call her my hero!



Allison Rafaelli

How I Choose Who I Am: Individual Choices and Choices Based on Collaboration

Andrew Whitsitt

There are times in life when I have to make a decision all alone. There are times in life when I have very little or no say in what I do. At my age, I make some of my own choices especially on day to day matters. When the decisions are bigger ones, I prefer to collaborate with my family, my friends and my teachers. How much I collaborate, who I collaborate with and what factors go into making my decision also depends somewhat on what I am deciding. There are variables and influences on my decisions regarding school, friends, and sports.

When it comes to making decisions about school-- the courses I take, and the grades I get-- several factors come into play. First, my choices are limited and influenced by what my school offers for courses. Most classes are required courses, but when I have a choice, I consider my abilities, interests, and goals. For example, I chose to take high school algebra because I really like math, and I do well in math. My family is also influential because they encourage me when I need help and support with my schoolwork. They also expect me to get good grades and to go to college. They want me to take challenging classes that will help me. One reason I chose to accept the invitation to be in Avid was because my parents and I thought it would be a good way to get ready for college. For another example, I chose the agriculture course because it is a high school course that I can have completed before I am in high school. It is also taught in a way I like to learn. I like projects and field trips that are part of the agriculture course work. So, the balancing of factors for school decisions includes my abilities, my interests, and my goals. My parents' evaluation of the value of the course is also very important.

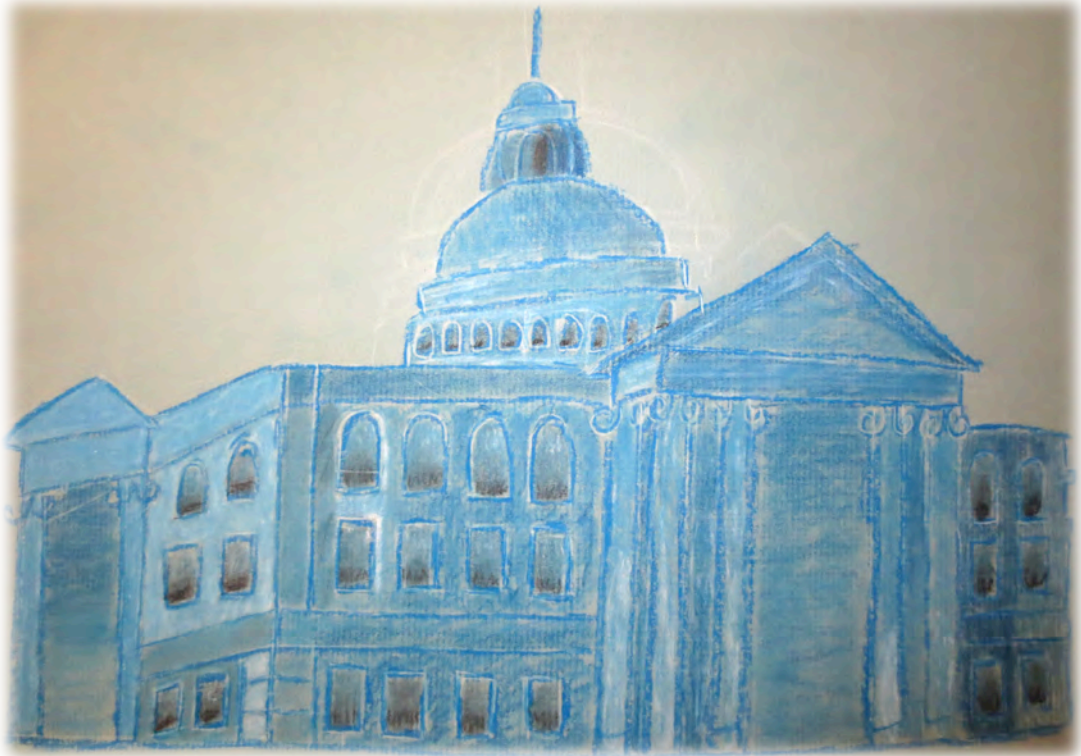
On the other hand, when it comes to choosing friends, I rely less on my family and more on myself. I do ask or notice if the friend has similar values and interests to mine. I like someone who likes some of the same things I like such as the same sports. When friends have the same values and interests, it is easier to decide on how you will spend your time together. My family's view is very important, but I haven't asked any family member if I can be friends with someone. So, while deciding on friendships, the factors are similar but not exactly the same.

In choosing sports, again I consider what my abilities are and what I like to play. I discuss my choices with my parents and friends. My parents have more to say about it than my friends because they want to know if the cost and time are reasonable for the sport. They also want to know if I really am serious about it so it is not a waste of time and money. The coach and team members are also things I think about and consider.



A good coach makes a difference as to what I will learn and how much and how well I play. Teammates can help or hurt both in how I will play and how much fun it is. So, here again, similar factors go into my choices. I do not make decisions all alone, but my parents don't make the decision without me either.

If I did not have support of my parents and family, I wouldn't have been able to make all the choices I have or be who I am today. Still, I make choices based on many factors such as my own opinions, values, and interests as well as the opinions of family and several others. Because of all those things, I hope it would be possible for me to make the right decision even without family support. I do like to consider many factors and influences. This way I feel I make better decisions, and while there are some things I have to do, I am not molded by just one thing.



Mary Keesee

Holocaust Reflections

Maci French

Elly Burkovits was born in Transylvania; she was the first born of Eugene and Irina Burkovits. Elly was the oldest between her and Adalbert, her younger brother. She attended a school that taught mainly Jewish and Romanian subjects. Then the Hungarian Invasion took place, and Elly could no longer attend school. Soon after the invasion her father was sent to a camp located near Soviet troops, and he died after his group was forced into a trailer and burned to death. After Eugene's deportation Elly, Adalbert, and their mother were forced to move to a ghetto. Elly found a job peeling potatoes, which was an advantage because she had left over food to eat and share with her family. Shortly after, the Nazis found them and sent them to several different camps, but their final camp was in Auschwitz. Irina and Adalbert died as soon as they set foot in the camp, but Elly fortunately survived and ended up marrying another survivor named Erno Grosz. *Grosz's* family was torn apart during the Holocaust as well. His mother, father, and three of his six siblings died in several different camps including Auschwitz. The picture of Elly and me are similar because we are both preparing to go to the beach. She is carrying around her beach ball and I am sitting on the floor patiently waiting in my swimsuit.



Studying the Holocaust has encouraged me to not be a bystander. The Jews were taken and sent to concentration camps against their will while the Gentiles would stand by and watch the Nazis capture innocent Jews. Only some brave people would be kind enough to hide the Jews from the Nazis. Elly Burkovits was living in the ghettos when the Nazis came and captured her and her family. If someone would have helped her poor family, and not have been a bystander, they wouldn't have had to go through the suffering they went through during this terrible time period. If anything similar to this ever happened to me, I would take action and do what is right because what happened to the Jews is unacceptable and no one should ever be treated that poorly based on their religion.

Castles

Aria Summers

C Castles were homes to lords, ladies, their families, and knights.

A A castle was usually built near a lake or river from a high hill so they could see their enemies.

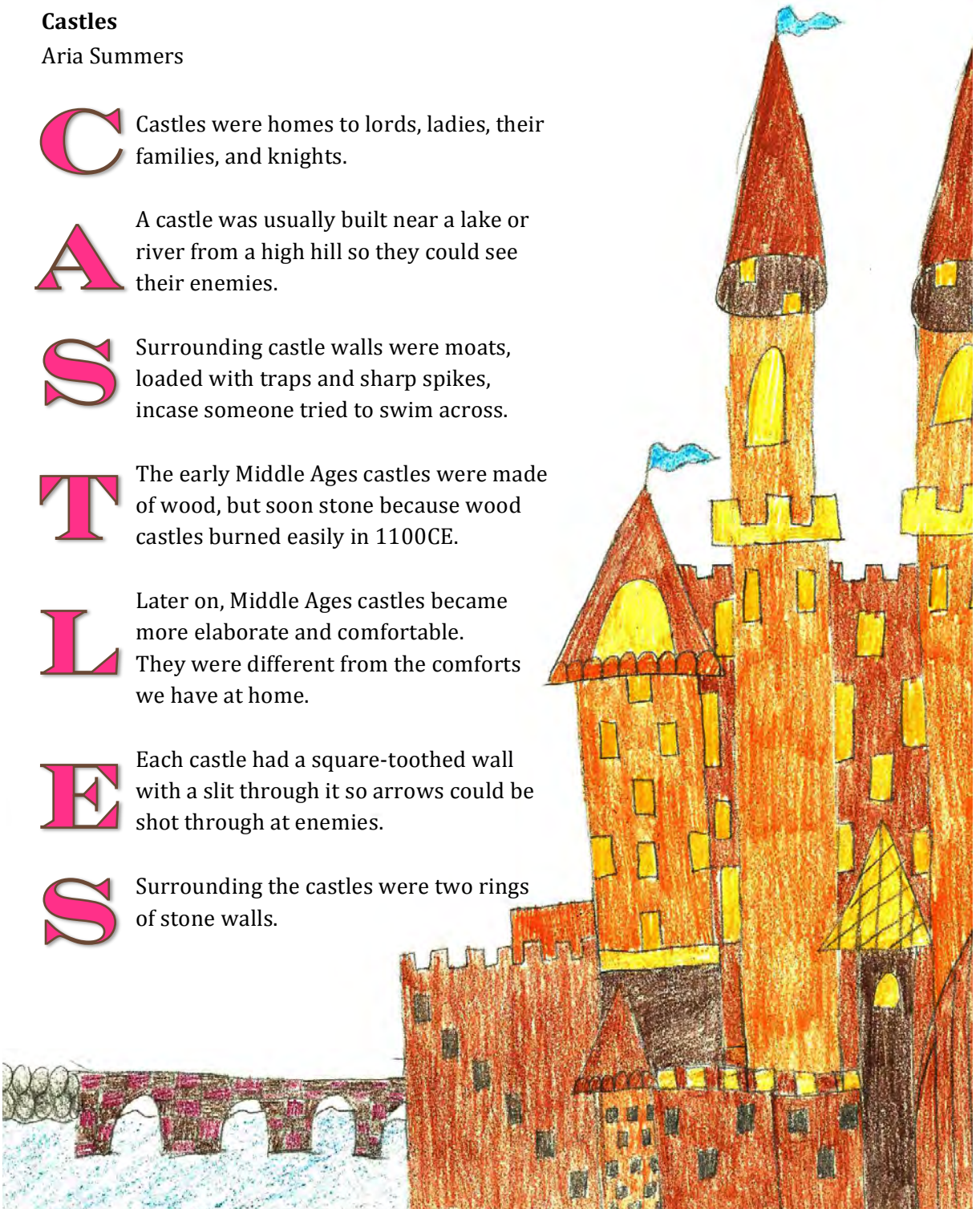
S Surrounding castle walls were moats, loaded with traps and sharp spikes, incase someone tried to swim across.

T The early Middle Ages castles were made of wood, but soon stone because wood castles burned easily in 1100CE.

L Later on, Middle Ages castles became more elaborate and comfortable. They were different from the comforts we have at home.

E Each castle had a square-toothed wall with a slit through it so arrows could be shot through at enemies.

S Surrounding the castles were two rings of stone walls.



Call of Fall

Camren Toole

The leaves fall to the ground like a one ounce feather.
People play outside in the nice cool weather.

Vroom! Vroom! Roars the tractors as farmers harvest their grain
But once the corn stalks are gone the field will look quite plain.

Lovely leaves land lightly on the lime green lawn
Leaving little limbs longing for new leaves to spawn.

The leaves are a blanket covering the ground
As children jump into piles and run all around.

The punkin chunkin contest is in full swing
So grab a pumpkin and toss it in the sling.

The turkeys are afraid because their necks are on the line
They'll soon lose their heads when the pilgrims begin to dine.

Fall comes to a close with the first heavy snows
That cover up the leaves, saying goodbye to fall.



Kara Godby

Fun Fall

Rachael Dickerson

Crunch, Crunch go the colorful leaves under my feet.
I love listening to the wind whistle briskly shaking off more leaves
I love observing the many colors of fall.
They are like a picturesque scenery in a painting.
In fall you can feel the cool breeze blow through your hair
And smell the freshly fallen leaves.
You can walk down the broad, breezy, brown stretches of dirt roads in the country.
Fall has the perfect weather for riding horses on trails.
Fall is the time of season when farmers pick the tall corn.
Fall is an art museum with all of the colors.
Fall is just as fun as any season.
Fall is my favorite season.

Frozen In Deep

Jay Jarrett

A couple days after New Years, on what my family now calls the deep freeze of 2014, we were stuck in the house for about a week, so we all wanted to get out and do something active. My house is in a rural location and we have a huge yard. At this time the New Year's spirit brought much joy to my family and me.

Since there was still snow outside, I asked my mom to play in the snow and she said yes. "Jaden, lay down in the snow, I want to get a picture." I replied, "Ok let me get some socks on my hands first." A couple minutes later I was back out there and we were taking pictures like it was photo shoot. We were having a blast and throwing snowballs at each other while my dog was face deep in the snow. Eventually we ran out of things to do, so I came up with an idea.

"Mom, we should build a snowman! The snow is perfect for it!" I yelled with much excitement. "Alright, go get a carrot and two pieces of charcoal." About ten minutes later I came back and quoted, "Alright let's get to work." So, as we were building the foundation of the snowman, we were bickering back and forth about how big it should be. Determined to make the snowman the best snowman there ever was, I reluctantly listened to my mom. When we were done with the foundation, we built the body and the head. Now the only thing left to do was decorate.

As I stuck the carrot into the head of the snowman, my heart filled with overwhelming joy because this was the best snowman I have ever constructed. My mom stuck the two pieces of charcoal into the snowman. She quickly strolled over to the pond and grabbed two tiny twigs. While she was doing that, I was fetching my snowman a hat. The hat was a modern black hat with a sun visor on it. The minute we were done, we took a bunch of pictures and I had so many poses, it was outrageous! My mom finally said, "Jaden let's go inside and get warm now! No ands, ifs, or buts about it!" I half-heartedly spoke back with a sorrow tone to my voice, "Okay."

We went inside and got warm and cozy with a crackling sun-orange fire. After that I ate dinner with my family. Plus, I was excited that my birthday was in a couple days. I was just exhausted, so I slept well that night.



Taylor Wagoner



Sydney Williams

The Price of Freedom

Jillian Campbell

As we observe Veterans Day, we often stop and think, “What is Veterans Day and why do we take time to observe it?” Veterans Day is a day to remember all the men and women who have served in our military to protect us as individuals, our country as a whole, and our rights and freedoms. It’s not a day just to remember those who fought or died in war, but a day to remember all veterans that served in the military in a time of peace or a time of war. We do not realize how much veterans and their families sacrifice to protect us and our country, and this day is a chance we have to recognize them and thank them.

People who serve in the military do give up a lot. My brother, Clayton Bibb, is currently serving in the military, and he just got back, three weeks ago, from being in Afghanistan for nine months. No, he is not yet a veteran because he is still serving, but once he is done serving in the military, he will be a veteran, and he should be proud of that. Clayton gave up a lot to serve, but it’s what he felt that he needed to do for his country. He is currently stationed in Georgia, which means he can’t see any of his family who mostly live in or around Indiana. When he was in Afghanistan, he didn’t get to call us that often. I personally only got to talk to him about four times while he was over there. He also gave up things such as the internet, a phone, television, and movies. These are things most of us use every day! He additionally had to give up showers for a period of time, and he got maybe two to three hours of sleep a night for part of his deployment in Afghanistan. Furthermore, he merely got one meal a day for a length of time over there. He also gave up seeing and talking to his fiancée, who is a very important person to him. Now that he is back, he and his fellow soldiers are going through a lengthy reintegration process because of what they went through. He sacrificed a lot being over there, but he knew it was the right thing for him to do, and I know that some people have given up even more.

From the family’s point of view, we also sacrificed a lot while Clayton was in Afghanistan. Like I said before, we hardly ever got to talk to him. We had to mail handwritten letters to him to be able to communicate with him most of the time. There was always a sickening feeling that he would get injured or killed, but thankfully, he never did. He wasn’t able to give out information on what he was doing, which I understand, but we never knew how dangerous of a situation he was in at the time. Even now that he is back in the United States, we still don’t get to see him much or talk to him much either. It’s hard to have him so far away and not have him there just to talk to or just to have around. He is such a joy and we miss him so much. People don’t realize how much families of current soldiers as well as past soldiers have had to sacrifice.

I know that many veterans have given up even more than what my brother gave up. I know that while they were serving, they missed things that were very important to them.

Some have missed seeing their babies born, their kids starting school, or their kids or family members graduating from school. They have given up so much and missed so much in their lives. Some veterans who have fought in war have been wounded, some have even lost limbs, and some have died! They serve to protect us, our country, and our rights and freedoms. They don't have to do this or give these things up either. These men and women volunteer to protect us. They made the choice and feel that it is what they have to do for us. Any person that serves for our country is a true hero! These people definitely deserve to be remembered and recognized.

People who serve in war also see so many things that cause them mental, physical, and emotional stress. My brother said that there were lots of missile attacks that would sometimes last all day, or all night while he was over in Afghanistan. They would sometimes hit the base and kill people. To die violently like that is not something anyone wants to experience. He had to go in and assist in capturing well-known Taliban members, which was a scary thing. He had to actually go into combat and shoot at the enemy to protect himself and other soldiers. While traveling to different areas, his platoon set off about seventeen different IED's. These are bombs buried in the road that are triggered by pressure over them most of the time. He worked with local Afghans who could turn on them at any time. One Afghan was supposed to be on patrol, but he turned and shot US troops, killing three and severely wounding seven. They couldn't trust anyone. Many men and women have seen worse and have gone through worse things that civilians, who don't serve, don't really understand. People don't realize how much our troops go through for us and how much they do for us.

Veterans Day is a day to remember all who serve for us. Some soldiers haven't been in war and haven't seen war, but they still have volunteered to serve for our country. They were ready to go to war and protect our rights, freedoms, and people. Soldiers endure so much to serve our country and they definitely deserve to be remembered. Every year on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, we should take just a small moment to remember these people. This is why we observe Veterans Day.



Cauy Nance



Faith Robey

Splash

Ashlyn Sallee

Screaming and yelling summer's near
My birthday is almost here
No more school,
Finally we can swim in the pool.
It's not cold,
Summer colors are so bold.
Flowers are dancing and singing
Bells are ringing
Time to party
Time to have fun
Summer is as hot as the sun
Splishy, splashy surfing
Summer is not boring
The sun is a daisy
Isn't summer just amazing?

Smooth Summer

Erin Shallenberger

Ooh, Ahh, the pool water is cool
The smell of fresh grass in the morning is like a fresh
baked pie
The waves jump up and brush my arms.
The ocean stretches as far as the Great Wall of China
I love playing beach ball by the bay
The sand is a warm slipper around my feet.
The summer breeze blows gently across my face.
I Love Summer!

Spider

Carson Burtron

He swings from wall to wall
If you haven't seen the movie,
He's pretty swag at basketball
He is blue and red,
And wears a mask to cover his head
Also he sleeps in an apartment bed
You call him a fool
I call him cool
He was bit by a spider
And now he is a fighter...against crime
Spiderman
Spiderman
Spiderman
He is... The MAN



Andy Morgan

Guardian Angel

Stella Latham

Everyone has an angel
A guardian who watches over us
We can't know what form they'll take
One day an old man,
The next a little girl
Don't let appearances fool you
They can be as fierce as any dragon
Yet, they're not here to fight our battles
But to whisper from our hearts
Reminding that it's us
It's everyone of us that holds the power
over the worlds we create.



Taylor Metzger

Eleven Years Old and My Guitar

Kailyn Rittenberry

I had just turned eleven, and ironically the year was 2011. I had met many great friends and had a great relationship with my brother, and the majority of the year had been great except for the fact that my dad and I didn't quite get along. However, everything was about to change.

During any holiday, my family still goes all out when decorating the house. One thing I will always remember is how wonderful and cheery the house smelt and how inviting and cozy it looked. I can remember thinking, "Is someone coming over"? The freshly chopped Christmas tree was a stunning array of rainbow colored lights and although the stairway was covered with holly and fake pine branches, the tree gave the house an earthy, minty scent. Everything actually seemed perfect.

After that year, my family and I drew closer and became more of a "big happy family". My brother was eight years old and my parents were still as loving and caring as ever. Although the house looked divine and cozy, my mom, brother, dad and I were all getting along and happily enjoying each other's company. The fun was only just the beginning for me.

It was finally a perfect Christmas morning until my little brother, who still obsessively believed in Santa clause, was on top of me demanding, "WAKE UP!" As I begin to give up on resisting on waiting for the time to be at least 6:00, my parent's creep into the doorway and we all rush excitedly down the stairs. My eyes are in awe of the blindness of the rows of wrapped presents just begging me to see what is inside. As my brother and I tear, slightly violently, into the presents, he more than once yells "YES! THANK YOU SANTA!" I am amazed to see one last gigantic gift calling my name! Literally! My name was right smack on the box! My dad pulls out his camera so I can tell it's going to be good. As I reveal what's in the box, a stunning maple wood, Grier acoustic guitar meets my eyes.

What may seem to you as every little kids simple crafted guitar, the guitar that was in front of me was an open door opportunity for my musician father to teach and welcome me into the world of music. This memorable guitar lead up to years of practicing, learning, buying, and most importantly enjoying this instrument along with many others. Of course that also lead up to friends and family years later saying, "When are you gonna be up there with your dad on stage?" or "When you're big and famous, still say you're a Kentucky girl!" To this day I spend most my time playing guitar along with six other different instruments. My dad and I became closer that year as we are still. Christmas brought us together, and being together with my friends and family is what Christmas means to me.



Tom Sawyer in Lebanon

Alyna Sell

Mark Twain could have written *Tom Sawyer* anywhere he wanted. Twain chose to write *Tom Sawyer* in Missouri. He then chose for *Tom Sawyer* to take place in his own hometown of Hannibal, Missouri. Instead of writing *Tom Sawyer* in Hannibal, I think that Mark Twain should have written it in Lebanon, Indiana

If Mark Twain did end up writing *Tom Sawyer* in Lebanon, then an important place in the story could have been the forest area in South Side Park. The forest area would be like Cardiff Hill or Jackson's Island from the book. In both Cardiff Hill and Jackson's Island, Tom and his friends played around. They played Robin Hood on Cardiff Hill, and on Jackson's Island they pretended to be pirates. It would be easy to play both of these games in the woods. During Halloween the haunted trail takes place in these woods. Tom and his friends would be ecstatic to go and hang out on the haunted trail.

In *Tom Sawyer*, Tom goes to the courthouse when Muff Potter was having his trial. If *Tom Sawyer* was written in Lebanon, it would still have almost the same story line. Tom would tell the lawyer that it was Injun Joe who killed the doctor. Tom then would testify in court on what he had witnessed in the graveyard. Since in the story line Tom goes to the courthouse, the Lebanon courthouse would be a location Twain would use.

Another location could be the junkyard and railroad tracks off Patterson St. Tom would enjoy messing around on the railroad tracks. He would most likely play games like Robin Hood on the railroad tracks as well. The junkyard would be a great place for Tom to find stuff he could trade with the other boys. Tom was constantly trading stuff with his friends. The stuff Tom and his friends were trading was garbage. It would be easy for them to find stuff they would trade in the junk yard.

In conclusion, I think that Lebanon, Indiana is a terrific location that *Tom Sawyer* could have been written about. The forest area in South side park is a great location for Tom and his friends to play Robin Hood and pretend to be pirates. The courthouse is an important part of the story because throughout the book the trial for the doctor's murderer is going on. Another place where Tom and his friends could play is at the junkyard and railroad tracks behind it. Overall, Lebanon, Indiana would've been a terrific location for *Tom Sawyer*.



Brandon Morgan



Lebanon Middle School students continue to diligently craft a variety of writing across the curriculum and create artistic expressions throughout the year. It's our privilege to publish another edition of Tiger Tales to showcase the best of the best for our community because these shining examples of student work shouldn't be limited to the classrooms.



Please join me in thanking the committed staff at Lebanon Middle School for sparking passion within our students to create, to write, to inquire, and to achieve. I'd like to recognize the following teachers for searching out student talent for this review: Charlie Fisher, Lorrie Faust, Angie Hensell, Sean Watson, Tammy Stuart, Wendy O'Rourke, Eric Williams, Deanna Hood, Leah Cavanaugh, Don Polston, and Ronda Villines.



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Over eighty students are featured in this publication of Tiger Tales, so we hope you celebrate their success with them and enjoy their talent! Please visit the LMS website to view this review at <http://www.leb.k12.in.us/LMS/>.



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