

# **TIGER TALES**



**LEBANON MIDDLE SCHOOL'S  
ART & LITERATURE REVIEW  
2012-2013**

## World's Fair Reflection

George Piper

Reminiscing on the events of last night, I believe that Worlds Fair went rather well. One of the main aspects of that event was the food. The supremely spicy salsa was truly a tantalizing treat. The crispy corn puffs from Ukraine was food from heaven. Uganda's sweet and crunchy doughnuts filled the room with a delicious doughy aroma. Despite their age, the children did not seem to be mere neophytes; their cooking was that of a true gastronome. However, all was not desirable, for some delicacies were distant from delicious. I also found the exhibits extraordinarily excellent. Several booths demonstrated their omnibus understanding of their country. I enviously enjoyed many booths, yet there were still a few I concluded were not up to standard. I believe that my own group did very well. People who tasted our food became loquacious with praise. However, I expressed great distaste over my costume, and I also felt that two other people in my group were too controlling. However, after a fun-filled day, getting our pictures taken provided a fitting postlude.

## The Midget Thief

Matthew Olsofka

Thief, thief, thief! Midget thief  
Scratch, screech, and scream  
For my Sprite

I could see the envy in the monkey's eyes  
It sends me into an icy fury  
On that Malaysian day

He happened to scratch my hand  
Releasing my grip from the Sprite  
The monkey took gulp, after gulp, after gulp

Gulping my bubbly Sprite  
The fuzzy, furry, feisty creature  
Had stolen my drink on that lazy Malaysian day



Macy Wyant

## Waving in Darkness

Madison Phillips

The yellow beast slowly rises across the horizon  
I rest in silent solitude, never speaking a word,  
Covered in red darkness and twinkled with gold stars  
I remain motionless day, after day, waving

The lush, emerald grass grows longer and longer  
The cool wind breathes another breath  
Ropes hold me, clank and yell  
I remain here, watching, waving

We rewind the past, 1989  
The hazy past is drenched in lies and the unknown  
The citizens nearby have no clue what Hu Jintao is hiding  
Completely unaware the truth of Tiananmen Square  
I remind here remembering, watching, waving

The sun softly sets across the horizon  
I recollect the numerous days when I stood right here  
I remember the black and white suited soldiers stomping on by  
As they saluted me ever so convincingly,  
I question what I represent : dictatorship? Lies? Secrets?

The sun sets yet another day  
Across the periwinkle pink sky  
I stand right here in silent solitude,  
Questioning, remembering, watching, waving  
In complete darkness



Jadyn Johansen



Noah Barker



Ashtyn Sites

## **Witch and Wizard by James Patterson**

A book review by Madison Scott

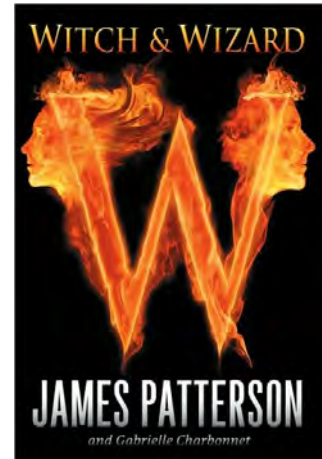
Witch and Wizard by James Patterson is an exciting fantasy book filled with action and adventure. Witch and Wizard is also the first book in the series followed by The Gift and The Fire. James Patterson is one of my favorite authors because of his magical, jaw-dropping books. He also wrote the action packed Maximum Ride series.

The world is changing. The New Order (N.O.) has taken over life as we know it. There are only two people who can save us now, Wisty and Whit Allgood, two young, spunky and popular teenagers who have just been taken from their home, thrown in jail, and accused of being a Witch and Wizard. Their whole family is wanted dead or alive. Now that they're on their own it's their job to discover their true destiny and fulfill a great prophecy along a treacherous journey against the world.

Wisty Allgood has changed from having no confidence in herself into a confident woman. Now on their own her and her brother, they have to trust their powers or else they could be killed. No one else can protect them, so they have to take matters into their own hands. With Wisty and Whit all alone, Witch and Wizard shows the theme which is believe in yourself and never give up. In their lives it happens a lot where they must stop and think about those two things.

Witch and wizard are like most of James Patterson books because it is made up stories with flying people and magic powers. It is a very unpredictable book and it is very suspenseful. In fact I found myself holding my breath while reading because it was so descriptive and suspenseful! Witch and Wizard is now one of my favorite books there is nothing that needs changing. But I did want to know more about some of the friends they meet on their journey. But I think it was a very exciting book.

Witch and Wizard by James Patterson is definitely a popular book. I would recommend it for younger teens because the characters are more around our age. If you like fantasy and adventure books Witch and Wizard would be a perfect book for you. It is easy to follow, has many suspenseful parts and a book you won't put down. I give this book 5 out of 5 stars for an exhilarating read.



## **Hunger Games by Suzanne Collins**

A book review by Tori Harker

How would you like to battle for food every day? Hunger Games by Suzanne Collins is a science fiction novel full of action and suspense about survival of the fittest. I became interested because I saw the movie that was very overwhelming, and developed the want to read the book. Hunger Games is the first book in the three book series, followed by Catching Fire and Mocking Jay.



There are twelve districts run by the Capital and they have a hunger games every year. District twelve and the arena are the main settings. They draw one boy and one girl to attend this game to the death as tributes. Primrose gets selected, but her sister Katniss responsible and suspicious volunteers for her. Peeta, a baker's son who is loyal and caring is chosen to be the boy tribute. Peeta gets very sick in the games from a large cut on his leg as they fend for themselves against natural elements. Katniss, who knows the only option, is to save her and his life nurses him back to health and they fall in love. The game makers are in charge, and usually have one winner but when Peeta and Katniss have such a strong love and almost kill themselves with poisonous berries, the game makers pull a couple strings and the end result is exhilarating.

Katniss and Peeta change from being homebodies and making sure their families have food to fighting for their lives in the games. The theme of the novel is truth because the truth of life in the book shows how we are running short of natural resources and may soon run out. This theme teaches readers to be thankful for what we have before it's gone.

Hunger Games shows readers life lessons while having exciting scenes. The novel is compacted with action as well as suspenseful drama. The novel is also very heart-breaking because Katniss had to volunteer for Primrose. Effie Trinket says, "Happy Hunger Games! And may the odds be ever in your favor!" (From section 237 on my Kindle) to lighten the mood of the angry tributes. The book is boundless, and I wouldn't change anything about it!

All in all, I would greatly recommend this book because it leaves you wanting more. People who like violence and action will love this book because it is packed full of both. I would give the novel a rating of five out of five stars because it is such an enlightening book showing love and teamwork. I suggest reading Hunger Games because it is such an astonishing thriller on top of a drama filled novel.



## **Natural New Zealand**

Jasmin Hachlafi

Ivory clouds tip toe across the sky  
Luminous sunlight pokes out  
from behind clustered clouds  
Playing hide and seek with the yawning Earth

Ages mountains sit below the clouds  
Sharing stories of their wondrous pasts  
Remembering the days of their youth  
When they weren't separated  
Kept apart by water and time

The cliff sits alone  
Decorated in the lush green wood atop it  
Whispering as the wind blows through their branches  
Pure white water cascades down the center  
Not staying long enough to do anything but say  
"Good Morning."



Cameron Wilson

## **The Colorful City of China**

Cassie Milks

Skyscrapers touch the sky  
Bright orange lights color the sky  
The lights are as shiny as the stars  
Roaring cars drive on the long, winding road  
Car doors are slamming, music is booming  
Leaves rustle as cars speed by on the bumpy road  
The lights are so bright it is like being at a colorful parade  
The road is a colorful maze you can be lost in

## Peaceful Places in Panama

Jamee Welch

The waves tug at my feet  
Like a child pleading for his mother  
Begging me to stay  
Knowing I must wander  
The breeze cools my damp face  
Whispering in my ear  
Asking for my time  
Promising to remove my cares in return  
I sit in the silky, moist sand  
Allowing the waves to wash over my legs  
Closing my eyes and inhaling the serenity  
As it takes my pain with it  
I hear silent footsteps  
For longing their time on the shore  
As I let my mind wonder  
I can't help but question  
Are they troubled too  
The sun burns high above  
I imagine him setting  
Without me far behind,  
falling behind the horizon  
Never to return

## Lifeless Lebanese City

Andrew Peters

A dark war torn city in the near distance  
with lifeless dark menacing black eyes  
like a horrified person running while  
attempting to escape an agitated scalding shark .

The war torn city once had life, but still...  
a ton anxious automobiles awaiting a driver.

A bright blue sky above the ground  
has chirping sea birds just flying away,  
a bright early morning Holiday summer  
with the early morning sun rising above.

Near the city an ocean splashing waves onto  
a dump of fiber-feeling paper all along the shore.

The ocean has a fresh sea breeze  
the fresh fuming scent of table salt.  
The ocean had a log just trying to stand up  
like a baby human rising off the ground.



Kendra Nance (picture featured on the cover)

## Excerpt from The Pigman Epilogue

Brady Hines

I asked Lorraine to repeat what she had said. She said, “We killed him John we killed him.” I offered a hug, and for the first time in months she accepted it. I almost shed a tear, but I held it in. I told her that we didn’t kill him and that the reason he died was because he was very sick and was in so much shock from finding out Bobo had died. I thought that it would get the whole thing of us killing Mr.Pignati off of her mind, but it just made her cry even more.

Right after I stopped hugging Lorraine, I heard the voice of the one guy I hate the most, Norton. He started going on about how Lorraine and I were little kids because we skated around an old mans house while eating chocolate covered ants. I was about to punch him when Lorraine chimed in and said, “John, don’t do it! You’ll get into trouble.” I pulled my fists back down; and right as I did that, felt like I had been hit in the head by a hammer.

I passed out and had the weirdest dream. I was in a very familiar house with Lorraine that had a room full of pigs. I knew where we were. We were at the Pigman’s house. I also heard a familiar voice coming from upstairs saying, “Do you guys want chocolate covered ants or frog legs?” It was Mr.Pignati. I couldn’t believe it. I ran up the stairs and gave him a big hug. I started crying and apologizing for everything Lorraine I had done. He forgave me and told me that everything is going to be all right and that Lorraine and I need to move on and pursue our dreams because he said we didn’t kill him. He told me that the doctor had only given him a few months to live, and the reason he had died so early was because he was in so much shock of what had happened. Then Mr.Pignati looked at me and said, “John, wake up,” and he pinched my shoulder.

I woke up in a small hospital room surrounded by technology I had never ever seen before. My Mom and Dad were there and so was Lorraine with her Mom. My Mom asked me how I was feeling and I said I was fine, but I asked her what had happened to me. She told me that Norton had punched me so hard in the temple that it had knocked me unconscious. Right as my Mom was done talking, I saw my Dad in a small chair in the corner holding a small box wrapped in green wrapping paper. He got up and walked over to the side of my bed and said, “I got something for you buddy.” I kindly took it from his hands and opened it. I couldn’t believe my eyes. It was a tryout form for the county play coming up in the next three months. I jumped out of the bed and, for the first time in years, gave my Dad a hug. Lorraine walked over and gave me a hug, and I told her that had to tell her about the dream I had had while I was unconscious.

When I was done explaining the dream to Lorraine, I think she understood that we both had to move on from the Pigman situation.



## **The Never-Ending Horizon**

Natalee Esperonsa Benvaides

A Djiboutian girl stands in the silent street of emptiness,  
no one around, no one in sight except the vicious animals eating.

She feels like a lost page in the city of rocks and dirt, unread.  
Empty as she is, she keeps going to the never-ending horizon.

No breeze, only heat, a type of heat hotter than heck for her,  
no shoes as she trots through the painful and burning dirt.

No taste but only the smell of rotten food and human remains.  
Empty as she was, she kept going to the never-ending horizon.

Bombs killing loved ones, killing memories of family,  
but most of them are memories she'd rather get behind her.

She couldn't trust, she couldn't even love her family anymore.  
Just a girl, empty as she is, kept to the never-ending horizon.



Abi Delph

## **An excerpt from Chapter 16 of The Pigman**

Mack Burnham

Lorraine would use some of her big words to analyze me, but I know that I was just trying to get away from what happened, and what I finally came to understand about myself. Mr. Pignati had been so in love with his wife, and they had shared so much. After she died, he was so alone and lonely that that baboon became his best friend. I didn't want that to happen to me! I didn't want this to happen to my parents!

I want to wonder about everything, and I want to be a disturbing influence and make people think and laugh. I'm going to continue my own life. I still want to be an actor. My life will be what I make it, no cages around me.

My mind moved faster than my legs, but I'm almost there. I see the gate and all the flowers. Mr. Pignati is in row 36 under the big maple tree. I want to get everything set up before Lorraine gets here. They have your name on the headstone now, Mr. Pignati, right beside Conchetta's. I'll bet you are smiling that big smile of yours, and Conchetta is smiling back at you.

Hey, I brought our rollerskates, Mr. Pignati, and some of that fancy food you bought us that one time. Let's see, some Love n' Nuts and chocolate-covered ants. You know I can still hear you say, "Make yourself at home, John. Do whatever you like." You made us so comfortable and welcomed us into your home... There is one thing I know for sure: I'm glad Lorraine picked out your phone number that day.

--And here comes my girl now, Mr. Pignati, and she has some new jokes to tell you!



Kyla Ping

## **The Snow Fort Disaster**

Sam Stump

One of my most memorable moments in the winter time is when my brother and I went outside, and built a snow fort. It was a freezing sunny day, yet almost no one was outside playing. We were at our house doing nothing special. Unless you count sitting on the couch watching TV something.

Since it was a nice day outside, my mom made us go out and do something. Though we didn't want to go out, she was our mom and we couldn't really argue. After we got our snow stuff on, we went outside and thought of things we could do. "Want to throw snowballs at passing by cars?" asked Russ. "Tempting, but nah." I told him. "Snow fort?" asked Russ. "Sure, I guess we can." I answered. Then that was our goal, but I didn't know if you hit snow too hard with other snow it breaks. Opps. Although it took until about 8:00 P.M., it was worth the time. Then we agreed to build a wall around it, and then we went off to bed

The next morning we dashed down the stairs and got our snow stuff on, and then went outside to work on the wall. Although the snow melted a little bit, it was an easy fix with some fresh snow. "Start rolling up a ball of snow, and ill start on the wall." Russ told me. Though we were making a wall, I didn't understand why he was having me make a ball? When I finished making the ball, I brought it to Russ. "Ok this will be extremely helpful!" he exclaimed. "I still don't understand why you had me make a ball?" I questioned. Right after I said that, he smashed it into a pile of snow. Since I thought I did it for nothing, I started yelling at him. he told me he was going to use the snow to build onto the wall, and then we were on the same page. We were about three fourths of the way done, and for 2 to 3 hours of working we did excellent. When we went in to eat, we didn't expect anything to happen to the fort. We decided to watch TV for awhile to warm up a tiny bit when we heard a gigantic roar. We went to see what it was and it turns out it was a snow plow. It had thrown snow chunks and ice chunks at the fort and ruined it. We were extremely disappointed, because we worked very hard on the fort. But it was still my favorite holiday moment.

The reason why this moment is so special to me is, because this was the first time my brother and I worked together to make a fort. This moment was the most memorable, because it was probably the funniest moment that has happened in my life. The theme is to never give up, because like in my story we never gave up on the fort until the snow plow came and ruined it. So if there is a moment in life where you feel like giving up, try to keep on going as long as you can without giving up.

## **Might As Well Try It**

Madison Skiles

There I was waiting in the church parking lot with my other friends as we stood in the freezing cold wind. Snow was sprinkling down from the sky, mocking us as we anxiously awaited the bus doors to open. As I stood there in my Michigan State hoodie, I started to regret forgetting my coat. “Abby, when are we allowed to get on the bus~?” my friend Joelle whined as she huddled over her coat. While glaring at her with both annoyance and envy, I swatted her in the arm and this quickly shut her up. Finally the bus doors opened, and immediately the three of us retreated to the warmth of the bus trying to get feeling back in body parts that were now numb. After getting settled and comfortable, the bus driver hit the gas with full force, lurching us forward with great speed. The bus driver seemed to be deaf whenever we screamed, “Slow down!” because he seemed to only accelerate. Trying to grab for something to save me from what may have been the death of me, I realized buses don’t have seat belts. Gripping the edge of the seat, I braced myself for the ride and prayed my spine would stay aligned before the end of it.

Once we arrived at the ice skating rink, I charged out of the bus and kissed the ground that lead to the ice rink. While entering the skate rental area, I could tell why the skates were so cheap. The very walls were discolored with the sickening color of faded yellow. Paint chipping off the walls was obvious and the scent of worn-out carpet merged with molding wet socks hit my nose. After getting a pair of skates that were equally worn out and securing them on my feet, I cautiously approached the ice. Gingerly I placed a foot on the slick ice and of course soon after fell butt first on the cold, hard ice. Pain rocketed throughout my body causing my nerves to scream in agony, but I assured myself that I was okay and quickly got up to try again. Many stumbles, bruises, cuts, and failures later I had had enough. Quickly I crawled for my life on all fours across the ice nearly getting hit twice. After making it to the exit, the knees of my jeans were soaked to the bone. No less than a heartbeat later, I ripped off my skates and bitterly walked back to the skate rental area. As I looked at my watch on my walked back, I realized we still had an hour and a half before we were leaving this nut house. While sitting on a bench, I got out a book and began reading while the ear grinding sound of skates against the ice and bodies hitting the ground filled the atmosphere.

Once again we boarded the bus and faced another brain thrashing ride. Although instead of going home, we decided to stop and get some hot cocoa. “You try it,” my friend Joelle said as she examined the frozen pole that stood before us outside

of Starbucks. "I'm not stupid Joelle!" my friend barked back. "Well you never know the pole may not be frozen," Joelle's sister Miranda chimed in. I'm not sure if it was the cocoa or how many hits I took in the head while skating, but without hesitation, I smooched my tongue against the freezing pole. "Madi!" Abby yelled in shock "We were kidding!" *"Too late now"* I thought to myself, realizing the horrible truth. I stood there stupefied, spewing random gibberish not even the world's best translator could understand. Soon after my friends made this realization, they broke into a fit of giggles and howls of laughter directed to me as I shamefully stood there with a frozen tongue. After trying to yell harsh words at them, which only came back to bite me with more jeers from them, I decided to take drastic measures. I reluctantly poured my still scorching cocoa on my tongue, and a searing pain hit my mouth. It was worth it, and once I was unstuck, I chased after my irritating friends to get revenge.

By the time I got home from this odd trip, I had quite an interesting explanation as to why my jeans were soaked. I cherish this memory because it taught me two things: one, that if you never try it, your life may not be as interesting, and two, I am absolutely terrible at skating and will never do it again!



Madison Scott



## Seven Ages of Competitive Cheerleading

Caitlin Schroeder, Rewrite of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man"

Over the past six years  
My passion has grown,  
For the sport of competitive cheerleading  
Where I am thrown.  
I do flips I do twists  
I do full and much more  
But the competition starts  
Before you hit the spring floor.  
The first age is travel.  
Where will you next?  
Columbus or Chicago,  
Then we meet at the annex.  
The next age is hair and makeup,  
High ponytail and bow.  
Make sure you didn't forget anything  
Like you hair ties and eye shadow.  
The next age is arriving,  
Usually in a convention center.  
To meet with your coaches,  
To start today's adventure.  
The next age is stretching.  
Can your leg touch your head?  
Straddles, splits and backbends  
Stretch until you're about to shred.  
The fifth age is warm-up,  
Seven minutes on a mat.  
"They're doing a double up."  
"Wow, look at that."

The sixth stage is the performance,  
The most important part of the day.  
Praying everything hits,  
So you wash the others away.  
Which brings me to the last stage,  
The loud and crazy awards.  
Will we beat all the others,  
And get a trophies as a reward.  
After awards my day is over,  
Heading home for tonight.  
I will be back next weekend,  
For that first place I will fight.



Koltin Willis

## **Why I Am Who I Am**

Tommy Kouns

My name is Tommy and I will be telling about why I am who I am. How I make choices and how I get help when making them is very important. Who I consult when making choices and how I am like my family, friends, and teachers has a big affect on my life.

I have to make choices all the time. If I didn't make choices, I wouldn't be alive. When I make choices I think to myself, would my friends, my family, or myself do this? Then I think is it a good or bad thing to do? Would it be smart or stupid? If I didn't rule those out, it could affect the way people judge me or look at me. I am lucky enough to have people in my life that I can turn to for advice or wisdom. A lot of people do not have what I have because they may not have parents or any trusted friends.

Who I ask for advice when making choices is also very important too. When I need help with making really big decisions, I go to my parents because they don't judge me and respect what I want to do. I really don't go to my brother or sister very much about decisions because they don't take it seriously most of the time. I have gone to my sister and brother about making a choice and I've gotten some good answers, but not every time. Usually, when I have big decision to make I ask one of my best friends what they think or what they would do. They are looking out for me and want me to have a safe life.

My best friends are my best friends for a reason. They are just like me. They are athletic, don't bully people, don't get in trouble, and will always stay away from drugs. My mom and dad are also my best friends. I am like my dad because I walk, talk, act, and look just like him. I have the same type of personality as my mom, spontaneous, outgoing, and not afraid to be myself. I am like my teachers because I like helping and teaching people things. I love all my teachers and defend them when a student is talking back or being rude to them.

I make choices all day, everyday. I always evaluate what will happen to the future if I do something. My mom and dad don't let me just run all around town to protect me, so I don't turn into something I'm not. I love the way I am and I don't want to change. That's why I am who I am.

## **Chapter 16 of The Pigman**

Maci French

It has been six months. Yesterday, John and I went to the Pigman's grave. We placed some daisies there. It was a gorgeous day, sunny and warm. John and I haven't talked much since we left the zoo that day. My mother has refused to let me speak to John since the incident. This makes life difficult because John is my only friend.

Since the Pigman died, his house is empty, and all his possessions, including the pigs, have been sold. The house is up for sale. I feel completely depressed seeing the house empty. I wish I had realized how much the Pigman meant to me.

"Lorraine, what are we going to do about the house?"

As John talked to me, I continued to stare at Mr. Pignati's grave.

"Seriously, what should we do? How can we get things back the way they were?"

"This is your problem. You need to fix it."

After that, I left John at the cemetery, and I walked to Mr. Pignati's house. As I knew, it was empty. Everything was messed up. My life was totally different. My relationship with my mom went from bad to worse. She no longer speaks to me. After Mr. Pignati died and the incident with John and the party, she shunned me. My mother could not believe that I would be friends with an older man. She wanted to press charges against his family, but he didn't have any.

Staring up at the windows, I thought about the party. What happened? How did so many people show up? How did so many people show up? I felt guilty about the whole situation.

"Hey," John said. "What's wrong?"

"How could you let this happen?"

At that moment, John grabbed my hand. I didn't know what to say.

"I really miss Mr. Pignati. I wish that we could have stopped everything."

"Let's go to the zoo," John said.

On the way to the zoo, we didn't speak, but John held my hand the whole way. At the zoo, we passed the gorillas and the lions. John walked over to the peanut vendor and bought a bag of peanuts. We walked to the baboon habitat. Something seemed different.

As I glanced to my right, I noticed a plaque with Mr. Pignati's face on it! I was completely surprised. As I walked up to the plaque, I noticed that the plaque was dedicated to him from the zookeeper who was in charge of BoBo. At that moment, John began to cry.

"I realized now what the Pigman meant. We are all living our lives stuck in cages. We have to change, Lorraine. We need to grow-up."

"You are completely right. Look! There is a baboon!"

The zookeeper walked over to us and introduced us to the newest baboon, named Pinkie. John let go of my hand and walked over to feed Pinkie the peanuts. "I think we are going to be okay, John. I really do. You are right. We need to grow-up and live our lives like Mr. Pignati would want."



Brady Krueger

### **Another Nursery Rhyme**

Hayleigh Saulmon

Jack and Jill ascendeth up the peak  
to getteth a barrel of water  
Jack slipped and crushed his crown,  
And Jill cameth falling after

## **The Dancing Fall Leaves**

Zach Peycha

Crunch goes the leaves as I pile drive and punch the piles  
When my best bud Billy comes to play  
We dash and hide from day to day  
The leaves are a blanket on the ground  
Then the dog ruins it, oh that stupid hound  
The leaves on the ground are like a layer of fluff  
But at the same time they are not so tough  
The leaves are spinning and twirling around  
They are like tiny dancers with their feet on the ground  
Fall, the best season of all.

## **Fall**

Sara Muse-Myers

Autumn leaves  
Golden and brown  
Fall so often  
Like rain pouring down  
Trees are skeletons  
Dead and dry  
Summer's heat  
Says its good-bye  
Buzzing bees  
Go to a warm place  
While cold autumn winds  
Blow towards your face  
Lovely leaves linger through town  
When summer's gone  
I start to frown.



Jessica Esterline



## **To Kill a Mockingbird by Harper Lee**

A book review by Madison Phillips

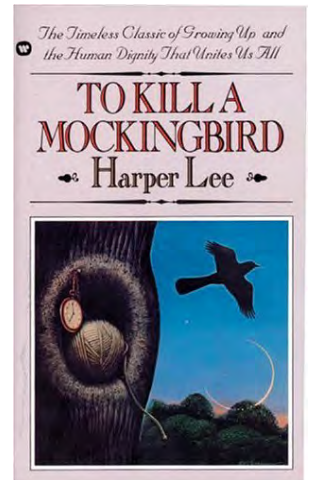
The deeply moving historical fiction novel, To Kill a Mockingbird by Harper Lee, truly takes readers to the roots of human behavior- whether it be kindness and cruelty or love and hatred in a compassionate and dramatic way. With over 20 million copies currently in print in over ten languages across the globe, this timeless classic has become both an instant best seller and a critical success since it was first published in 1960. Today this Pulitzer Prize winner is regarded as a timeless masterpiece of American Literature.

During the great depression, young Scout, her big brother Jem and their middle-aged lawyer father, Atticus, live together in the sleepy town of Maycomb along with their friend Dill. Then Atticus is appointed by the court to defend Tom Robinson, a black man who has been accused of raping a young white woman, Mayella Ewell. Although many of Maycomb's citizens disapprove, Atticus agrees to defend Tom. For his part, Atticus faces a group of men intent on lynching Tom. Atticus establishes that the accusers—Mayella and her father, Bob Ewell, the town drunk—are lying. Then things take a turn for the worst when Scout, Jem and Dill watch in secret from the colored balcony and Melissa's angry drunk father catches up with them after words with no friendly things in mind.

Scouts' new knowledge about the past causes her to realize that the world she lives in doesn't have to be so indifferent. Also, Scout remembers Atticus saying since she was little that, "If white man is truly better than he shall not separate are selves between the Negroes" (pg 74) and she remembers and uses it throughout the book and that's why the theme is equality.

Overall, To Kill a Mockingbird is an intriguing and inspiring novel that allows readers to experience how life was in the Great Depression through the eyes of a seven year old. Also, readers will feel like they're truly in the story with Lee's use of imagery. Lastly, Lee does an outstanding job in creating a very awe-inspiring and enjoyable read.

All in all, I highly recommend this novel to any tenth grader and above because of the vocabulary and the seriousness of the story. Also, if you enjoy a true page turner outside from the average fiction novel, read To Kill a Mockingbird. I definitely rate this breathtaking novel five out of five stars.



## Why I Am Who I Am

Nikki Wynne

I am who I am for many reasons. I am appreciative, funny, and hard working. I learn to make good decisions and do the right things. I learn from my mistakes and know my weaknesses. These are all qualities that make me who I am. I have a choice in who I am and what I will become, but I have experiences and people that shape me into who I am today and who I will be in the future. These things are my father's death, my friends, my grandmother, my mother, and my brother.

I am who I am because of my father's death. It was a tragic experience for me, and I learned a lot. His death taught me to appreciate things more than ever. It taught me to realize that you can't take things for granted because in a matter of seconds they could be gone. His death taught me to try to work things out with my mom. We always used to fight, but I learned that we should work it out and be happy. Lastly, his death taught me to be strong. It taught me to keep moving on with my life no matter what happens.

Next, I am who I am because of my friends. They always bring the funny side out of me. They make me outgoing and help me learn to always have a good time. They teach me the importance of friendship and the true meaning of it. They show me what a true friend is supposed to be like, and how I should act towards them and my other friends. Lastly, they influence me to make the right decisions. They always give me a second opinion when I need it, and help me to make the right choices. They are the very first people I go to for advice.

Then, I am who I am because of my grandmother. She is probably the most influential person in my life of all. She helps me realize how important education is. Education helps you go farther in life and helps you become successful. She was successful in her life, and she makes me want to be just like her. Also, she demonstrates honesty and integrity and shows me how important those qualities are to possess.

In addition, my mom influences me. She is really caring and considerate. Even though I don't notice it sometimes, I see myself doing the same things as her. She always is helping people, and she makes sure people are happy. If I am feeling down, she will find a way to cheer me up, and I will do the same for her. My mom is a really good person, even though we fight sometimes.

Lastly, my brother influences me. He is recently independent and even though he is still learning, he teaches me vital things about life. He pushes me to be successful and is always encouraging me to do my best. I see that the mistakes he has made he has learned from, and I follow in his footsteps. He is responsible and is always leading me into the right direction. I couldn't live without my brother and without him I would be a whole different person.

In conclusion, there are many things that make me who I am today. I am caring, considerate, honest, out-going, appreciative, strong, funny, and nice. I will be much more in the future because as time goes on, new people and new events will influence me. The things that influence me today are my father's death, my friends, my grandma, my mother, and my brother. Each of them adds a new characteristic onto me and without them I would be altered. Of course I have a decision in who I am, but my decisions would be different without all of these people and experiences. Even though what makes me who I am can be rough, I am glad it happened because who knows what I would be like without it.



Kendra Nance



Macy Wyant

### **Alone**

Brittany Beaver

She sits in the corner of her room  
thinking of the present perfect tense.  
She finds the term ironic:  
the state of being in the present,  
having a connection to the past,  
present perfect tense.

Her connections to the past aren't  
so perfect. She remembers the torture,  
hears cruel voices... She is the subject  
of this interjection, interjection:  
expressing strong emotion,  
subject: person being talked about.

The interjection being hate;  
the subject is her. Everyone hates her.  
She's all alone in this noun, the world.  
The adjective to the noun, unforgiving.  
All alone in this unforgiving world,  
her adjective, alone.

# The Story of Derp DeHerp

Austin Ballard

Derp DeHerp was a social outcast. He was the laughing stock of the 9<sup>th</sup> grade class, mostly because of his unusually awkward name. He was called *household words* – words that should only be said in a non-school environment. He wore baggy jeans, dirty clothes, and was a complete nerd. He knew everything from science to history to every single superhero ever thought of. The only friends he has are the ones on the Superhero forum he found that share similar interests. His grades were all A+, except in Speech, where he would not get up in front of the class because the only thing he could think of was, “Knock, knock. Who’s there?” and other embarrassing things like that.

On his birthday, October 15, Derp DeHerp created a FacePage account. “Good riddance!” he thought when his parents finally allowed him to have a FacePage account. With his new FacePage account, he can now become just a little bit more social.

★ ★ ★

It was winter break when Derp was checking the friend request page on his FacePage site, when he got a notification. The sound was unfamiliar to Derp because of his astonishingly low social status, and he switched between all of the opened websites to see what it was. After five minutes of furiously searching for the sound, he foolishly realized it was a FacePage notification.



Lyza > Derp DeHerp

heyyy.... wanna go to the movies???? i rly wanna see the avengers..  
:)

5secondsago · Like · Comment

“Oh. My. God. Lyza just asked me to watch a movie with her!” Derp thought they were star-crossed lovers and that he is taking his first step on the primrose path.

Derp gradually accepted and he showed up at the movie theater at 7:30 that night. Out of anticipation, he counted every second that passed by since he entered the theater’s lobby. Exactly 269 seconds later, Lyza entered the movie theater lobby. He stood up and straightened his jacket to look more charming. Lyza looked stunning in the rather dim lighting wearing her flower dress and black frame glasses as she walked towards him. It was too much of a good thing, a sweets to the sweet. Derp, in his khaki pants and white shirt, looked like the apple of her eye.

As Derp stood up to grab Lyza’s hand, she looked at him with a confused look on her face. “Derp, what are you doing?”

“Do you mind if I take your hand as we walk to the movie?” Derp replied.

“I’m not here for you, Derp. Didn’t you get my other message? I said I clicked the wrong name by mistake. I’m actually here fo-”

Before Lyza was able to finish the sentence, Lance, who is one of the bullies who bullies Derp, walks up and takes Lyza's hand.

"Hey Nerp. You like your new name? Nerd and Derp equals Nerp. HA!" Lance stated.

"What the Dickens?" Derp exclaimed as he finally realized the naked truth before him. At one fell swoop, Derp stood there in awe as Lance and Lyza walked away from him, hand in hand. He just could not believe he had been hoodwinked! He had gotten all excited, all dressed up for this occasion and all of the happiness vanished into thin air.

Derp DeHerp stormed out the lobby doors, filled with rage, some because of Lyza, some because of him for not checking the facts, but most for Lance. "What fools these mortals be! Lyza, not even apologizing for what happened, and Lance for being such a jerk! This rage is eaten me out of house and home!" Derp then got on his bike and pedaled furiously home, where he slammed the bike on the ground. As he stomped through the house, he forced his bedroom door into the frame, so loud China could hear it. Loud enough Lyza could hear it.

His mom then went upstairs and said, "For goodness sakes, Derp, settle down! What is the matter anyway?"

"You wouldn't understand!" he shouted through the tears, rage, and broken heart. To him, it becomes obvious that this incident was a foregone conclusion. Neither rhyme nor reason, it was obvious. He should have seen it coming. Nobody likes him. Nobody.

## **Charlie Battles Fear**

Megan Sosbe

Charlie walked to the cave opening, for he knew his mad scientist father was trapped inside. He used his laser defense ray and hydro-powered gloves to lead the way, and then he walked hesitantly inside. The brave son didn't know how deep into the cave his father was, nor did he know what he was up against.

He sauntered through the cave thinking about reuniting with his father, but then an earsplitting yell came from a corner! Was the yell the legendary man-eating, acid-spitting croc, or was it his petrified father shouting for help? He knew he had to go on, yet his instincts told him to run.

Charlie heard the familiar sound of his father's voice, so he swiftly used his laser ray to cut through the wall and rescue his father.



## **Imprisoned**

Andrew Holmes

She runs past the fire,  
past the smoldering smoke of Iran,  
the choking, poisonous smoke.  
Thump, thump, thump  
go her frail feet,  
goes her heavy heart.

She is covered,  
hidden under her dark clothes  
and frayed headscarf  
and dark, heavy purse.  
They weigh her down like the law.  
They hold her back.  
They keep her hidden.  
They keep her imprisoned.  
She thinks of this as she runs  
Past bars of green and white:  
green, white, green, white...  
bars of a median strip,  
bars of a prison cell,  
stony and lifeless bars  
on a stony, lifeless road.

Daunting, steely bars  
dividing the road,  
dividing the country  
dividing her  
from the world,  
from the future,  
from harm.

## **Obtaining**

Tristan Ray

To excuse the thought I have obtained  
In the distance through crystal rains  
On and on inside the void so clear  
Bright blue lightning and thunder very near

A dream in a dream it seems to be  
Among a million people with eyes that do not see  
A clock forever ticking, ticking without time  
Thoughts intense just as a dream w  
ithin a dream, sublime

Brightest colors in this life that they may not obtain  
To never know the thunder or clearest crystal rain  
Obtaining what we've always had  
The beauty so clearly drives us mad

Obtain thy thoughts and slumbering dreams  
That here in this world all is not as it seems  
Obtain thy color and obtain the silence  
End the hunger war and violence

For simple seems to do quite well  
But complex as now we've also fell  
Fallen for the unattained we strive  
The unattained that seeks the drive

The drive to wealth, knowledge, and power  
But regret the greed and war that struck the hour  
We've obtained the wrong and have a chance  
To change the world and end this trance

## Ukrainian Heartbreak

Abbey Krulik

Alone as a bright moon in a dark, starless sky,  
alone as a drop of water in the scorching desert,  
alone, he walks the faded cobblestone road,  
wondering if it will lead him to happiness.

The dreary surroundings seep into his soul.  
He feels broken inside like the rubble upon the road.  
The mile tall buildings cast shadows upon him,  
Smothering him into the deep crevices in the stone.

The grimy rubble crunches under his feet.  
Sour is the taste of loneliness on his tongue.  
He'll leave the stench of dying grief, fading tears,  
but looking ahead, he continues pursuing bliss.

All is quiet as he perambulates down the road.  
He feels his eyes sting as they become tear-stricken.  
He fears his happiness has disappeared, never to return.  
He looks ahead, continuing his quest for bliss.



Marie Dickison



Kristin Johns

## Summer

Megan Turner

Summer is a small, colorful flower  
 Bright green grass grins gallantly  
 Swoosh! Swoosh! The warm wind blows by  
 Butterflies like colorful sprinkles  
 Cornstalks dancing happily in the breeze  
 Pools are cool ice cubes in sweet lemonade  
 Pink, polka-dot pansies pass pollen politely  
 Splish! Splash! Small kids swimming in pools  
 Lightning storms like fireworks in the night  
 Leaves change clothes for the beginning of fall  
 Summer is gone now.

## Super Sunny Spring

By Lydia Roberts

Spring has sprung, oh what fun  
 Once again the busy bees working on their knees  
 Making honey for you and me  
 You can see kids climbing trees like little monkeys  
 And the beautiful butterflies blowing by our faces  
 Drip, drop the sound of rain from April showers  
 Dripping down from the gutters  
 Flowers so bright are little suns  
 But coming soon, spring will be leaving you and me.



Koltin Willis

## Animals, Animals Galore

Kierstin Mertz

Hoppity topity,  
The kangaroo goes,  
In the sunlight it glows,  
Hop hop away.

Hey there  
Koala Bear  
What do you hear  
With those big furry ears?  
Me, in the eucalyptus tree!

Never fear  
My white tail deer.  
Your friend koala and kangaroo  
Are very near.

## Spring has Sprung

By Madeline Murphy

Spring has sprung!  
The sun awakes from its winter sleep  
The birds fly in the once-still sky  
Splish, Splash, Splish goes the water,  
That is now free from its icy prison  
Spring has sprung!  
The flowers smile up at the sky  
Their petals rejoice in the shining sun  
Birds are bells in the sky  
Singing and chiming in sweet tunes  
Children play like deer in the woods  
Spring has sprung!  
Tweet, Tweet



Marie Dickison



Abbi Wirey





Kylah Grigsby

### **Is Honesty the Best Policy?**

Baylee Burcham

Would you rather tell a lie and make the other person feel better? Or tell them the flat out truth? If it were up to me, I would have to decide on the situation. To be honest, sometimes it is "okay" to tell a small lie. Some people don't want to know the truth. Others do, like King Lear. In the novel, Cordelia, Lear's daughter is asked to tell the truth on how much she loves her dear father. She tells him the truth. Lear is astonished about the response he gets. Lear banishes his own daughter! In that example, it shows that if you tell the truth to someone who is expecting a great response, they might get angry with you.



Like I said, if I had to decide on lying or telling the truth, I would have to decide on the situation. In some cases, like the prom date telling his date that she looks bad, would be the wrong way to go. I would not lie but at the same time I wouldn't tell most of the truth, if that makes any sense. If I were the date, I would gradually tell the girl that she doesn't look "the best" or "prom ready". I would constantly ask her about her choice of wardrobe like "Do you like your dress, or do you love it?"

Another situation to watch out for is whether or not to tell the truth to the elderly. Personally, I think the older- generation is very sweet and I wouldn't want to hurt their feelings. There is a story about the two grandsons and their dying grandpa, and they were playing with a football signed by the famous Brett Favre. The dog came and shredded it to pieces. If I was one of the two grandkids, I would tell the grandpa. He's going to Heaven so he will see the shredded football eventually. I wouldn't want him looking down on me as a bad influence for lying. Yes, it will hurt his feelings but at least you told the truth.

The third situation that I would tell the truth in is about Jenn and Jeff. Jenn and her family moved to a new town. Jenn got a boyfriend at her new school, the star of the football team. To become popular, she lied to her parents telling them she was going to a friend's house, but she actually went to Jeff's. Jeff had been smoking and drinking alcohol. He offered to take Jenn on a moonlight ride. As Jeff drove out of control, they wrecked and hit another car. It ended up being Jenn's parents in the car they hit. Everyone died. You can definitely see that lying can be deadly. In this situation, I would tell the truth.

In Nothing but the Truth, people lied a lot in that. Philip Malloy is suspended from school for singing during the National Anthem. He wasn't really even singing, more like humming or mumbling. The news spread quickly. People thought that he shouldn't be suspended from school for showing his patriotism, but others thought that it was a good thing for discriminating the National Anthem. Reporters from the small town Philip lived in lied and dramatized the whole situation with Phil and the school board. As a reporter, your job is to make headlines and get "juicy" news. If I were a reporter in the novel, I would probably lie, just to make money and show my values.

As you can see, there are many things to know about lying. Say if someone gave you the answer to a final... would you take them and lie/cheat? I would refuse to take the answer sheet and report the person selling them. It depends on the situation when it comes to these choices. Obviously, telling the truth is the best thing to do... but is honesty *really* the best policy?

## **December 2009**

Dylan Powell

Christmas 2009 was probably the most exciting Christmas I have ever had. It was very exciting because there were a bunch of changes going on in my life. A lot of things were different, but my family, we're tough. We always stick together, and we were determined to get through this together. We did; and this is how it happened. I guess everything happens for a reason.

As we had just moved from our home that we had been living at for almost five years, we were filled with joy. My mom had been struggling because of the move and trying to take care of my three brothers and me. So, we decided to move to Lebanon, about two and a half hours north of North Vernon. We thought it would be a lot easier because it's a lot closer to all of our family. We moved in on December 2, 2009. We were all very excited, because not only did we have a new house, we were starting a completely new life. Christmas was right around the corner, so that probably didn't help much either. But my mom had to break some news to us, and she had told us because of the move and everything, we might have to delay Christmas a little this year. My two little brothers didn't fully understand, but my older brother and I got it, and we were a little sad too. She said that we would have to wait until tax time. My little brothers were still really upset, but my brother and I knew that meant we would probably get even more presents, so we were fine with it.

Come Christmas morning everything felt dead because we were used to jumping out of bed and running into the living room to see all of the presents, and smell the wonderful smell of hot coco and cookies in the morning. Today was different because when we woke up, we walked into the empty living room with some boxes still piled up on the wall. A white blanket of snow covered the green grass in the front yard. I'll always remember waking up that morning and my heart breaking just a little bit because of the look on my brother's faces.

Time flew the next couple of months and just like that it was tax time, and we were all thrilled about it. I remember waking up one more thinking it was any normal old day, and then when I walked out into the living room there was a little tree in the corner I could see it from my bedroom door. As soon as I stepped foot into the living room there were presents everywhere! It was the most present's I've ever seen. Trying to act normal I walked into my brother's room and flipped on the light, and told them to wake up. Before we went into the living room I asked if they would like some breakfast. They said yes, so we started to walk down the hallway, and I was so curious about how they would act. Then, as soon as we walked into the living room, their eyes got so big, and they both ran to the presents and were yelling.

I couldn't help but laugh. When my mom woke up, which seemed like what took forever, she made us breakfast and hot coco. We finally got to start opening presents, and I was so excited. I got almost everything I asked for. Then all of my family started to show up, and all of them had brought tons of food. So we sat down and had a nice big feast.

That was by far my favorite Christmas ever, because although it wasn't really Christmas time, it all seemed real. Family should never give up on each other because if you stay together, you will be much stronger and everything will be a whole lot easier. I know everyone has had a time that they had wanted to just give up, but I promise if you stay strong everything will work out fine.



Mariah Willis

## It's All Mine

Jasmin Hachlafi

It's five a.m. right on the dot, I shoot out of bed and clumsily make my way to the living room in my tired stupor. As I enter the living room, I stop in my tracks almost falling over. Not because of the presents, because for the first time I notice all the little things; I notice the way the room is lit to look warm and welcoming. How my parents are sitting on the couch anticipating my sister and I's reactions to our gifts. How carefully the presents are stacked in a wonderful display, like those at the department stores. It's all quite breath taking.

After standing there enveloped in my thoughts for a few moments my mom notices me looking around and interrupts my thoughts with a "Merry Christmas." I immediately snap out of it and resume my earlier actions, making my way to the sparkling tree. Half way through opening gifts, the scent of cinnamon rolls starts to slowly creep into the living room. Everyone stops for a split second the smell our special holiday breakfast. My sister and I go back to opening our gifts. My mom has carefully wrapped our gifts trying desperately to make them look perfect. Such a tedious task for all her work to be thrown away when my sister and I tear them open, but it makes her happy so I don't say anything.

This is Christmas is my favorite because it isn't all about the presents for me anymore. It's more about the details; the most important ones that everyone seems to just pass over because they're so small. But it's these details that make Christmas what it is. It gives Christmas that sense of security and contentment. Even though this moment won't last forever, right now it's all mine. I intend to hold on to it for as long as I can.

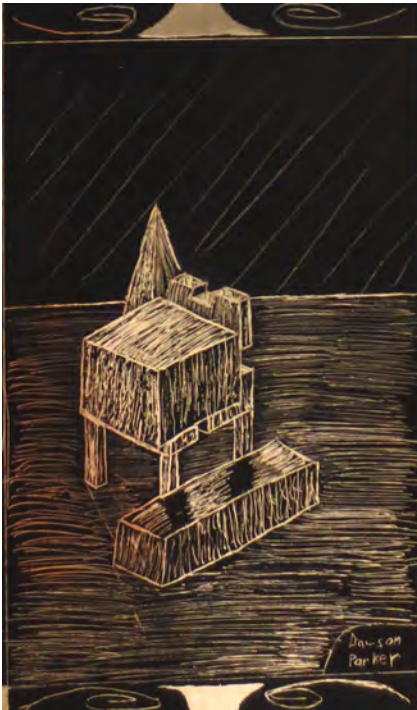


Brittany Beaver

## **A Snowy Day**

Javen Bowman

It's a snowy cold day  
Not very blue and not very gray  
Snowballs shooting swiftly through the air,  
Splat! It hits the boy in the hair  
The snow is like a soft white cloud  
And the kids are being very loud!  
Christmas is soon, it will be here in 10 days!  
The tree lights are great balls of fire  
Kids and parents hang their ornaments  
As the snow dances its way out of the sky.



Dawson Parker



Nick Nelson

## **Wow! Wow! It's Winter**

Heath Ernest

Swoosh, swoosh goes the snow  
Snow is like a white silk blanket  
Roar, roar goes the wind  
The wind is a fast moving car  
Plink, plink goes the ice  
Bathing the road in a slick coat  
Fast, fast goes the sled  
Charging, Charmaine Childer's charcoal  
Champion sled slides down the hill  
Push, push goes the plow  
Clearing a path for everyone to go.

## **If They Visited Us...**

Julianne Lowe

I have landed in a strange, green, wet place with sounds of clacking and whooping. This is a very different place from our home planet because there are these creepy legged things that walk around; some are nice, and others are mean and violent. The orange and black things are especially aggressive, and the swinging whopping creatures are nice and playful. The ground is very squishy and muddy, and everywhere I step I sink into the ground; sometimes I get stuck and can't move!

As I walk around, it keeps getting dark like our nighttime, and it's getting colder. The very tall green things are all around everywhere I step. I must watch out or I will run into one if I'm not careful. The creatures are now awaking as the night progresses. I can see the animals everywhere, some big and small, and some that were in the big green things are coming down to greet me in a not so friendly manner. I frantically run to the safety of my ship. As soon as I get in my ship and start to settle down, I hear a big roar right outside of my door! I get up out of my chair and walk over to the window. As I look out, I see the big orange creature staring at me! I think to myself, "OH NO! This is it I'm going to die!" Luckily the scary creature walks away – I hope it never comes back.

As the sun's rays hit my ship, I awake from my slumber and proceed to start my ship so I can leave, but water starts falling from the sky and loud sounds bang with flashes of light. One of the flashes of light hit my ship and my ship goes dead. "GREAT!" I say to myself. Now I'm stuck here till my ship recovers. The water stops as my ship fully recovers from the strange flash that hit me. As I start my ship, I take one last look outside; this place is very beautiful and I shall name this new place planet George. As I leave this strange place, I mark it on my map so that one day I can return and find out more about this place.



## **Number Thirteen Shampoo Destruction**

Caroline Hash

Dog number thirteen was ready to be tested, for they were trying out a new shampoo. The shampoo contained an Amazon pickle infused with a super-intelligence formula, and it was mixed into a strawberry-banana smoothie. The creation didn't taste good, nor did it smell good. The shampoo worked, but the super-intelligence formula had some kind of nuclear mix put into it. One of the test bottles was knocked off the shelf by accident, or was it on purpose? Since the bottle was mysteriously knocked over, there was a nuclear explosion, yet the dogs still lived. The dogs were somehow immune to the radiation, so the dogs left the lab to see what other destruction they could cause.

As the dogs left the lab, the radiation spread. Although all of the scientists evaporated into thin air, the super-intelligence formula had come into effect. After the dogs retained their memory, they headed off to find a tasty and slobbery snack. When they were trotting down a dark alley, they found a girl named Megan Sosbe. While they were chewing on the remainder of her ribs, an old lady showed up and took all of the dogs on. The dogs smelled fresh, heartwarming, crunchy cookies until they became thirsty for delicious, red blood. Unless Killer, the leader of the six pack of dogs, was crazy, he felt a song coming on. Because of the cookies they had eaten the dogs fell in love with humanity. Before Killer could sing "Old McDonald", the door flew open. If the door hadn't flown open, the dogs wouldn't have gotten away. Since the dogs can change form, it still remains a mystery of where they are today.

## **Zombie Cookies**

Caleb Camarillo

One day Caleb wanted to make floating cookies, for he was too lazy to pick them up and put them in his mouth. He hurried to his lab to design his cookies; and when he was done calculating his design, he shouted, "Eureka!" He didn't know how to put the antigravity ray on the cookie, nor did he know how to make them edible. When it was done, the cookies impressed Caleb, but the cookies over-mutated and tried to eat him!

When Caleb closed the door, none of the cookies could escape, or they were just too stupid to open it. Caleb freaked out and decided to blow up his house and lab. When it was done, Caleb was relieved that he had stopped a zombie cookie outbreak, yet little did he know that the smallest cookie crumb had survived. As you can see, floating zombie cookies can be a real mess, so don't do it!

## **The Statistical Probability of Love at First Sight by Jennifer E. Smith**

A book review by Kourtney Heller

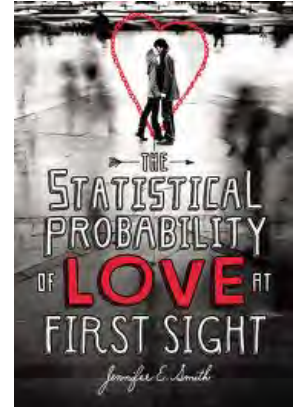
Do you believe in love at first sight? I didn't until I read The Statistical Probability of Love at First Sight by Jennifer E. Smith. This romantic love story kept me reading, underlining, and re-reading.

Hadley, a normal seventeen year old girl, thinks she is too cut out for love. Oliver, an interesting twenty year old Brit, is just looking for a companion for his eighteen hour flight to London, England. When Hadley just happens to miss her flight to her father's wedding, Oliver gladly helps her with her suit cases and eats lunch with her. Hadley notices something charming about him and starts to wonder if love at first sight is real. When they finally board the plane Hadley's claustrophobia takes over and she remembers her father's technics. During the flight, they experience quite a few awkward moments, but the good kind. Hadley barely gets off of the plane before Oliver kisses her. Butterflies crowd in her stomach and she loses Oliver to the crowd. When she spots him again, he is waving to her. She starts to doubt her feelings.

On page 67 is says, "Is it better to have had a good thing and lost it, or to never have had it?" Hadley reads this in her book, Our Mutual Friend by Charles Dickens. She realizes that her father is trying to tell her something, something that he underlined for her. This changes her thoughts and hate for he father. Throughout the flight with Oliver, she was complaining about her father and how he left her and her mother. The theme of The Statistical Probability of Love at First Sight is truth because she never thought her father loved her, but when she gets to London, she sees he really does care about her.

This book was unpredictable, heart-breaking, and interesting because Hadley figures out Oliver was going somewhere he didn't quite make clear to her on the plane. She leaves the picture-time at the wedding and goes to find him. Her father stands in shock while he watches her leave. These parts are suspenseful also.

I recommend The Statistical Probability of Love at First Sight to girls who enjoy love stories. My sister read this book in one night. I would recommend this also to 7<sup>th</sup> graders to 12<sup>th</sup> graders. I give this book a 5 out of 5 stars.



## Why I Am, Who I Am

Sarah Glauber

I am who I am because of my parents. I look so much like my mom and I could be twins with my cousins, if they were younger. I'm also a little bit of a clean freak and I have to have everything organized and nice. My parents have influenced my life so much. They have taught me many life lessons that have made me who I am. When I was little, they would discipline me, so I knew what was right and wrong. My parents always helped me keep my grades up if I was struggling.

My parents and friends influence me a lot. I act a lot like my dad. We are both good at math, we get along really well, and we have the same sense of humor. Some of the things my friends do, I will do also. My parents also want me to be successful at school. If my grades start slipping they will help through and get my grades up.

When it comes to making choices I normally go with what I think is right. My parents have taught me to always make the right choice. There are the times that I don't think and I just do. That is when I don't always make the right choice. I also do what will help my future. When I have hard choices to make I will talk to my parents and they can normally help me decide. Sometimes I will ask my friends also.

Do I have a choice in what I become? I believe that I do have a choice. If I were to grow up in a horrible home, I could change my future and have a better life when I'm older. I have grown up in a loving family, so I think that helps with what I will become. I don't really have a choice in failing in life, so I don't really have a choice to be a lazy person with no job. Even though I don't have a choice to fail, I still have a choice in my job and how my life progresses.

Who am I? I'm a smart girl that has learned so much and I have a loving family that has taught me everything. I may not always make the right choices, but I will learn from them. Sometimes I don't always get along with my family, but we can work it out and it's okay in the end. I am who I am because of my parents and all they have taught me!



Chelsie Howe

## The Trilogy of a Fatherless Child

Grace Purtlebaugh

She sits by herself in this sadness; her shadowy, monstrous pain binds her unknowingly, consuming her. She is dying inside by these chains, chains of defeat and anger and cruel life that try to get her to give up. Yet she will not give in. She fights this battle alone, no one to guide her, a sad heavy load to carry alone for such a small child. She smiles, yet falters, by sad, grieving eyes that give her away. They show the pain of her past, of poor mistakes done by careless people that she suffers the wrath from. She wallows in her pity and past, stuck, frozen in time and cannot let go. She is greeted by life with a hurtful, cold shoulder. Life turns its back on her terrible little fate while the cold unforgiving fingers of death cling to her tightly, squeezing all pure love and life out of her, putting her into the real world alone.

The trilogy of a fatherless child.

She grieves as the unknowingness of life awaits for her, nothing but pain wrenching on her good soul and turning her bitter. Yet, she waits for a better day. They all judge her by her looks; they do not know of her pain and life, though her face says it all. The words are printed on her face like a cruel joke. They are all still too blind yet to see, so they will until fate chooses its next victim. She is tired, though refuses to give in, refuses to let go and life will be able to laugh at the fact that it got its way. She will fight to the end, even if death takes her first; she will fight. Standing in this game alone, being strong enough to fight will help you win.

The trilogy of a fatherless child.



Corrie Mooday

## **A Child Called "It" by Dave Pelzer**

A book review by Lizzie Messenger

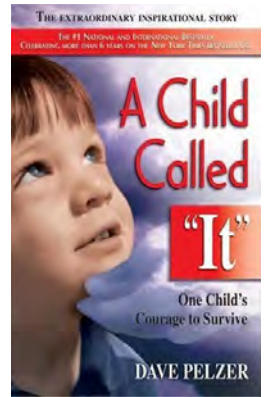
Everyone is talking about Dave Pelzer's inspirational and remarkable autobiography, A Child Called "It". I enjoyed this book because it teaches a life lesson to keep fighting. Dave suffered a terrible childhood of abuse and neglect.

Dave is describing his life of abuse. His mother is demanding and stubborn; his father was intimidated and frightened of her. Dave never even got to see his brothers because he "wasn't part of the family," he practically lives on his own. He has to find his own food, sleep in the freezing cold concrete, and live without being loved. Dave's mood throughout the book is depressed, lonely, and jealous. Mother demands Dave to finish all of his complicated chores in a matter of time, and if he doesn't finish, he doesn't get to eat. Also, on top of not eating, every minor error Dave makes, there's a punishment for his "false behavior." The most fingernail biting incident was when Mother snatched Dave's arm and let it burn over the sizzling flames. About that time, his brother came home and was a lifesaver. All thoughts considered, Dave stayed strong through his challenging childhood.

Dave is still alive today because he lived his life imagining he was a real person. Throughout this book, Dave thought it would be easier to just give up on everything, and he wanted to die. His mood at the end of the book was lazy, rebellious, and disobedient. Also, Dave lived through his tough time by repeating to himself "Slow her down," (page 55). I think this means that whenever he found himself in a life or death situation, he needed to do anything to waste time. The overall theme of this story is betrayal. Dave suffered abuse and betrayal and survived after all of those long, hard years.

A Child Called "It" is a marvelous book! It was believable, heart-breaking, and suspenseful novel. Dave Pelzer does a terrific job of making this book believable because he describes every detail. Furthermore, this book is heart-breaking because I can't imagine being abused. There is an estimated 1 out of every 5 children that are abused in our country. No one deserves to be treated like that. This novel is suspenseful because after every chapter, Dave left me on a cliffhanger. One thing I would change about this book is to make the ending last longer!

In conclusion, this book was personally the best book I've read! I loved every sentence of this book because it teaches a life lesson to keep fighting and stay strong. A good audience for this book would be 5<sup>th</sup> graders and up. Also the reader needs to be mature while reading because the language is vulgar. Overall, I would give this book a 5 star rating because A Child Called "It" was the most excellent novel I have ever read.



## **The Meaning of Veteran's Day**

Alyssa Fisher

When you are given the task of finding out the meaning of Veterans Day, it all depends on who you ask. If you ask someone who has a relative that has died in the line of duty, they will tell you it is a day to honor people who have served in the military for our country. If you ask relatives of people who have served in the military, they will say it is a day to feel blessed that their loved ones came home. If you ask a veteran, they will tell you that it is a day to remember everyone that has died, served, or helped out the military.

When you ask me; there is more to the story than what others are telling you about. All of the sacrifices that veterans have made in the past made them the people we honor today. If you can imagine your brother or sister leaving for years and only being able to talk to them to hear how their doing if something went wrong or they died. My Uncle John served in Operation Desert Storm as a marine tactician. When he came back from the Gulf, after being gone for years on end, he had to overcome Gulf War Syndrome, countless months of headaches, fatigue, and depression. (The cause of this syndrome is still unknown, but many who served in the Gulf during that war suffered through these side effects when they came home.) Imagine your brother or sister coming home from many years of battle and trying to disassociate them from the family that missed them for years. When you are in war, you see a side of humanity that hopefully most of us will never see, but you don't always have to be in war to serve the country.

There are still many more people that I need to thank for their sacrifices to us and to the United States. There are some veterans that never have to see any action but still are in danger and make sacrifices just as war veterans do. My great grandpa Fisher risked his life when he was a test pilot in World War II. When he was gone, every one of my relatives had to live without him knowing that one crash could end his life. He once did crash, but only suffered minor injuries. He never saw action, but he still made large sacrifices to our country to make sure that the air force was safe in their planes.

There are also the behind the scene veterans. One of these veterans is my great grandma Mary. She was a nurse during World War II. When you think of veterans, you probably think of a man with a buzz cut in camouflage and combat boots. Most people usually don't think about the people that are helping the man in the combat boots. As a nurse, my great grandma Mary had to help the wounded get back on their feet, feed anyone who needed feeding, and do any other projects that were needed around the base. She used to tell me that she feed the soldiers "s\*\*\* on a shingle," which was a piece of toast with gravy and ham chunks. She always had to be positive and on her toes even



when most people don't even recognize her on a day that she is supposed to be recognized on. This is only one of the millions that are not thanked that I would like to thank.

On this day, I would like to thank the families of veterans for their sacrifices. Every day they have to raise a kid as a single parent, tell themselves that their loved one is okay even if they don't know, and take a dreaded call every once in a while. I know a story about a man who can remember the call like it was yesterday. He answered the phone and it was his son. He said, "Dad, I just wanted to tell you that I'm okay." His dad replied with, "What happened?" His son said, "There was a bomb explosion. I'm okay, but I don't have any legs." If you can imagine how you would feel if any relative called you when you haven't seen them in a while, and told you that they are missing two legs. I wouldn't be able to stand on my two legs after hearing that type of news.

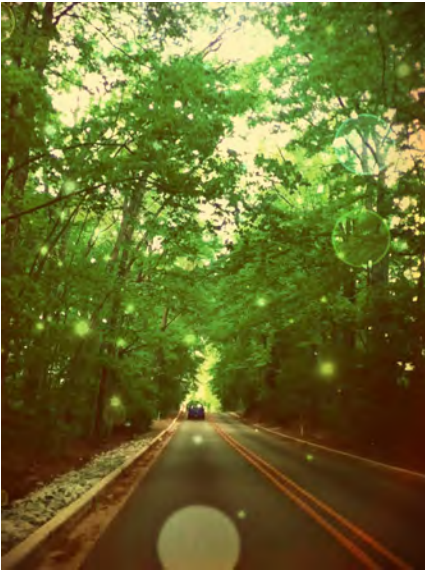
After all of that I hope when you think of veterans day, you think not only of the men with a buzz cut, camouflage uniform, but also of the people behind the scenes, and the ones who never see action but are there to keep you and your loved ones safe and their sacrifices all for you. Veterans Day is a day to recognize the families, friends, behind the scene veterans, the combat boot veterans, and the veterans that don't get thanked enough for their commitment and their sacrifices to the people of the United States. Thank you, all veterans.



Riley Bush



Nick Nelson



Brady Krueger

## **The Importance of Veteran's Day**

Makayla Huffer

For me Veteran's Day is a day to stop and thank all the soldiers that have risked their lives for you and me to live everyday like we do, and know no differently. Veteran's Day means a lot to me because I have family who are veterans, as I'm sure many do. Veterans provide safety for us, so we are able to go to the movies without hearing gun shots and bombs. I know horrible, right? Well because of veterans we can do that and a lot more.

It is important to thank the veterans that you know. We can read any book we wish to, hang out with friends, and search for things on Google, because we have the freedom that we do. Veterans gave us our freedom by fighting, in war, to earn it. Because of our veterans we don't have to know what it's like to fight in war or train for it as a young child. There are children in Africa who are my age and fight for their country, and have been their entire life, which is really sad considering how much we take advantage of everything we have. Just that makes me want to thank a veteran, even one I don't know.

Veterans Day is important to me and my family. Many of my family members and family friends are veterans. Two of my grandpas, my uncle, and my step father are all veterans. One of my grandpas and my uncle were in the army, my other grandpa was in The Coast Guard, and my step father was a marine. Many people have family who are veterans.

Right now we are having a canned food drive. The entire eighth grade class had zero cans on the first day. Many students asked for a reward for turning in cans, or if the teacher would match their amount of cans. But, we shouldn't have to be bribed to do something good for the citizens in war. They give us so much like going to school every day, and we can't even bring in a couple of cans from home. It is unacceptable behavior, and we should be disappointed in ourselves.

Veterans provide us with safety. That's the reason we can walk around town and enjoy the company of others without seeing soldiers holding guns in the middle of the street, like in Libya. The people of The United States don't have to worry about seeing their siblings die in front of their eyes because of a grenade thrown at their home. A home is supposed to be filled with cheerfulness and love, not suffer and regret. We don't have to worry about that

because of our veterans who kept us safe, and those who now serving who continue to be there for us. So before you whine that you don't have anything or that you're scared of a movie think about the children who are terrified every waking moment of their lives and have nothing.

Veteran's Day is more than just a day to get out of class and go to convocation. Veteran's Day is a day to thank those who gave you your rights, and not just the ones who fought in war. This isn't the only day to thank a veteran, if you see one and know they are a veteran go ahead and thank them, I'm sure most of them will really appreciate it. Think of this next you see a veteran or you are excited for Veteran's Day to get out of class.

### **Summer Joy**

By Sydney Williams

Summer, summer is so fun  
Playing around in the sun  
I love how the sun shines bright like a star,  
I love rolling down the windows in the car.  
Splish, splash in the pool,  
Days so hot it is hard to stay cool.  
I throw my hair up, jump out of bed  
The sun dances across the sky  
I am so happy in the summer, I never cry  
Breezy, beautiful, brilliant blue skies,  
Sun so hot I need glasses to shade my eyes  
My bicycle is a car  
Going near, going far  
Endless days of summer fun  
But they pass by us one by one.

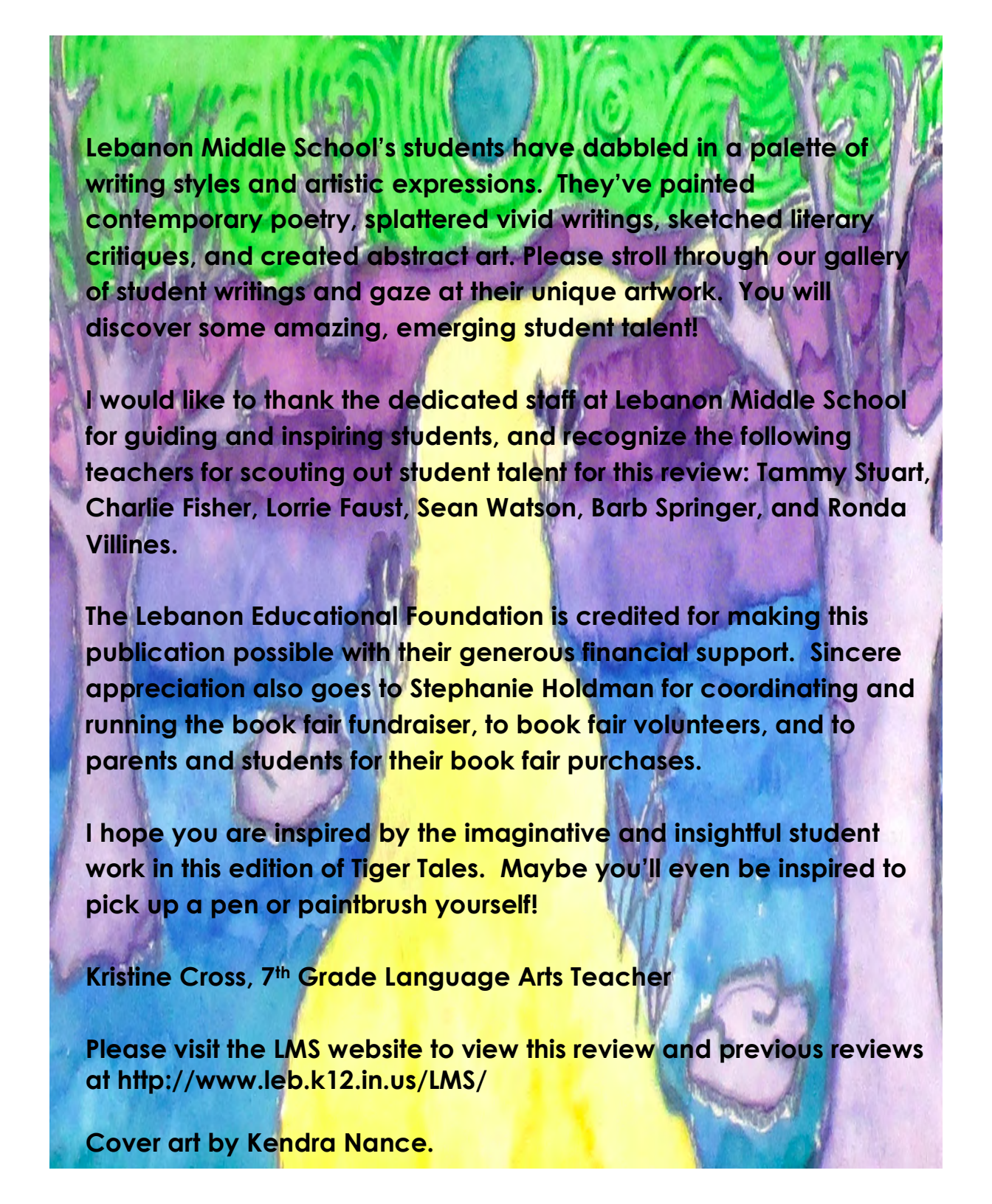


Cameron Gasper



Grant Patrick





Lebanon Middle School's students have dabbled in a palette of writing styles and artistic expressions. They've painted contemporary poetry, splattered vivid writings, sketched literary critiques, and created abstract art. Please stroll through our gallery of student writings and gaze at their unique artwork. You will discover some amazing, emerging student talent!

I would like to thank the dedicated staff at Lebanon Middle School for guiding and inspiring students, and recognize the following teachers for scouting out student talent for this review: Tammy Stuart, Charlie Fisher, Lorrie Faust, Sean Watson, Barb Springer, and Ronda Villines.

The Lebanon Educational Foundation is credited for making this publication possible with their generous financial support. Sincere appreciation also goes to Stephanie Holdman for coordinating and running the book fair fundraiser, to book fair volunteers, and to parents and students for their book fair purchases.

I hope you are inspired by the imaginative and insightful student work in this edition of Tiger Tales. Maybe you'll even be inspired to pick up a pen or paintbrush yourself!

Kristine Cross, 7<sup>th</sup> Grade Language Arts Teacher

Please visit the LMS website to view this review and previous reviews at <http://www.leb.k12.in.us/LMS/>

Cover art by Kendra Nance.