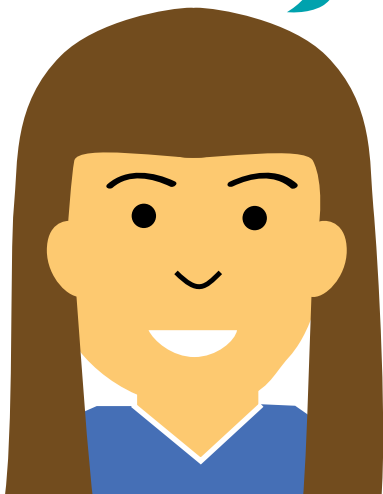


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Voices

A Student Literary
and Art Publication

2025 Theme:
**Tell Your
Story**



Roseville
Area Schools



Welcome to 2025 Voices

Everyone has a story to tell. These stories shape who we are—our identities and connections to the world around us. When we share our stories and listen to those of others, we open ourselves up to new ideas and ways of thinking.

This year, Roseville Area Schools celebrates the theme Tell Your Story. Through writing and art, our students explore their struggles, joys, and reflections with honesty and creativity.

In these pages, you will find work from students of all ages—each piece offering a unique perspective and a glimpse into the hearts and minds of our young creators. We are proud to provide a platform for the powerful voices of our students and to celebrate the rich diversity of their experiences.

We invite you to enjoy this inspiring collection and join us in honoring the stories that make our community stronger.

—Emily Bloomquist
Grade 6 Parkview Teacher

—Trina Hira
Advanced Academics Coordinator



Scrapbook

By Sam (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 6)

My art piece “Scrapbook” tells many stories about my life, people who are important to me, and many of my favorite things.



Neighbor Day

By Eryn (Parkview Center School, Grade 6)

Every year we have a tradition,
the fire burning,
the ashes tumbling onto my pants,
the crickets chirping a simple song,
neighbors gathered,
delicious food.

Giggles in the tent,
wake up to the smell of fresh pancakes,
and the fragrance of the trees.
Bury me in the sandbox,
sand crunching in my teeth.
The sprinkler clicks on,
and we all scream.
Swimsuits and bare feet,
hot on the pavement.

When the day comes to an end,
we have to say goodbye,
but I just remembered,
I'll see you tomorrow,
because we are neighbors,
always and forever.

Disclaimer: Selected pieces were chosen from work submitted by teachers and students in spring 2025. Due to space limitations, not all submitted pieces can be included. More Voice submissions can be viewed online isd623.org/learning/voices. Also, in a few cases pieces have been lightly edited from their original form.



A Mirror, a Chapter, a Sea, and a Story

By Ava (Brimhall Elementary, Grade 6)

Sometimes it's so hard for me to find joy.
 Maybe it's so easy to fade into the background,
 To feel unwanted or unneeded,
 Like I don't fit among countless perfect faces.
 My voice and story drowned by everyone's expectations.
 Sometimes it feels like I mean nothing.

A mirror,
 The tool everyone uses to compare
 Your face,
 Appearance,
 And sometimes even your story.

A chapter
 In life.
 Hardships,
 Pain,
 Sorrow.
 The things that shape your story.

A sea
 Of criticism.
 Fear of embarrassment,
 Teasing,
 Things that make you feel worthless.

But what about joy?
 When I finally find freedom,
 When my smile is so wide my face hurts.
 The childish laughter that lights up my face,
 Or the tears of joy when heartwarming news is delivered?
 Some try to keep my joy at bay,
 Drowning me in that deep blue sea,
 But I swim to the top and smile.

What about the supporters?
 Friends who cheer me up when I'm heartbroken.
 Parents who put my drawings on the fridge.
 Coaches and teachers who encourage me.
 People that pull me away from that mirror.
 People who remind me I matter,
 That my story is worth telling.

What about accomplishments?
 A finished piece of art,
 Winning a competition,
 Or something small I'm proud of.
 Things that brighten my chapters.

It's easy to drown in that sea,
 To get lost in painful chapters.
 But my story brings light.
 I love my story.

A book with pages yet to be written,
 Seen,
 Heard,
 A book worth opening.

The world is a library full of stories.
 But maybe, if I keep trying,
 My story will make history.

My Bio Poem

By Adeline (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 3)

Adeline's poem!
 Quiet, creative, brave, helpful.
 Daughter
 Lover of shopping, makeup, ballet, K-pop, gymnastics,
 singing high notes.
 Happy going shopping
 Who needs comfort when lonely
 Who gives makeup, slime.
 Who fears of being in the dark
 Who would like to watch the live action of Lilo and Stitch.
 Resident of Maplewood.
 Adeline, Addie



Stone

By Neha (Roseville Area Middle School, Grade 8)

Equivalent exchange! If you need something, you have to give up something in return. Life might be tough, but remember that you are the main character in your own life and so each and everyone has their own stories to share.

Song of Hope

By Leo (Roseville Area Middle School, Grade 7)

When my world is in its lows
I write myself a song to sing
Take my pen,
Draw out a ring.

Make an O,
An N,
An E,
One kid and his symphony.

I'll play an A,
A B,
A G,
Lay my cello to my knees,
Because this is what's real for me.
I'll stand up and sing.

For you and me
For our country,
What we need is to sing.

To connect ourselves,
For our beliefs,
Because the people are king.
Because when our world is at its lows
We need to stand and sing.

Embrace Change

By Nihan (Roseville Area Middle School, Grade 7)

We all come from different places with
different stories
Our cultures
Our skin colors
none of that makes us less than
who we are
Don't let anyone make you feel small,
or change who you are
Inside
You are enough.

You can be
who you want to be
because we are human
Change is part of us
We grow
We learn
We change.

That's not weakness
That is strength
You don't have to follow anyone's
path
but
If you choose to change yours
That's true power
Change is natural
Some things we all go through
Don't let anyone stand in your way
Keep growing
Keep learning
Embrace the change.



Croissants with My Family

By Jillian (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 3)

Croissants are special to my family because my family loves croissants, and because we eat them every Thursday.



Dragon in the Sky

By Dylan (Brimhall Elementary, Grade 2)

Dragons are important to my family because the word dragon is part of my last name. Drawing is something I really enjoy doing.
I have been told that I am very creative and artistic!



Dust of Snow

By Miles (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 4)

I'm walking through darkening woods and snow. The snow goes halfway up to my knees like a wading pool. The trees are tall and old hemlocks scattered here and there. There is still plenty of space to see the quickly darkening woods. I'm feeling regretful because I made a mistake. It feels like my entire day has been ruined!

I'm just thinking about how terrible it is when a creature shakes a wide veil of mist like snow from atop a mighty hemlock tree. It blinds me for several long seconds. Suddenly I hear a deep **cawwww** and a black blurry crow shoots out the tree like a rocket as it frantically flaps its wings in escape. It finally lets one last **cawwww** while it glides away.

Watching the rocket-like corvid fly into the beautiful sunset made me feel much better. It was so cool to watch the black silhouette against the orange and red and pink sunset. Seeing this makes me remember the small beauties of the world and how it can and will surprise you. Maybe my day hasn't been ruined after all.



Beyond the Page

By Heba (Roseville Area Middle School, Grade 8)

Beyond the page

I open a book, and the worlds too taper
Reality fades, through ink and paper
The busy world outside my door
But here lies forevermore

Beyond the page

I hear the trees, they whisper my name
Each page a spark, igniting my flame
I climb, I fall, I try once more
Lost in the echoes of tales I adore

Beyond the page

Books are heaven, where I belong
Each word a heartbeat, every line a song
My heart beats fast, the danger near
Escaping to a place not far from here

Beyond the page

There my diamonds
A treasure I desire
Chick chick boom boom,
The rainbow fish,
The pigeon has to go to school,
Smile,
White bird,
Cross over,
Uglies

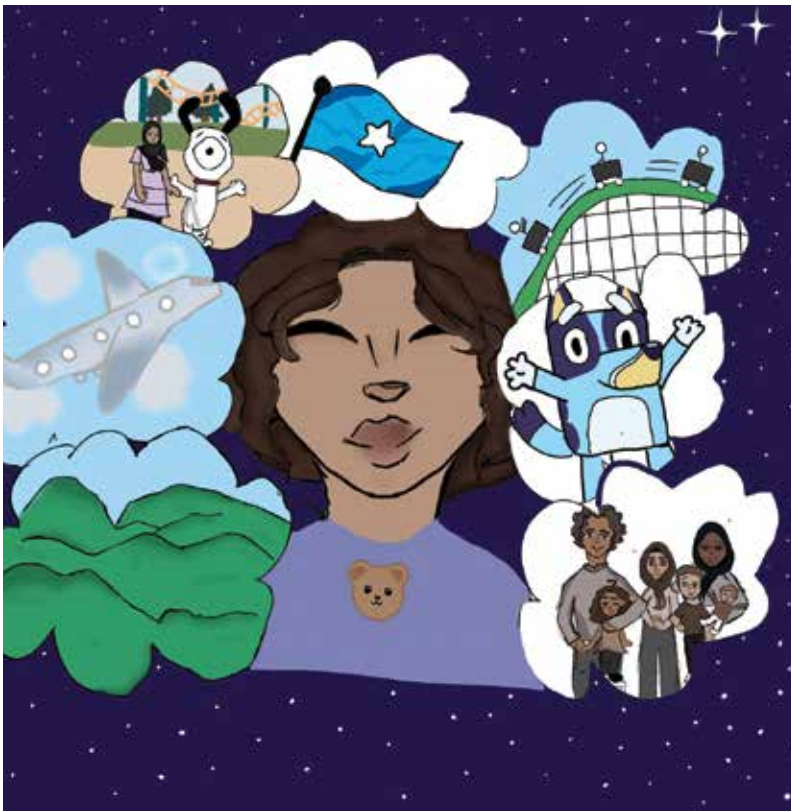
Beyond the page

While you look for candies
I find sweetness in these stories
But it's not just the joy, it gives me life
Bringing excitement,
Bringing pride,
Bringing joy to my mind

Beyond the page

Not just stories, but lessons remain
Raina taught me change isn't the enemy
Pigeon taught me to rise from the pain
A bird without wings still finds a way

Beyond the page
Beyond the page
Beyond the page



Life in Dreams

By Safa (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 6)

In my artwork, I'm sleeping as I dream about my life and important figures in it: my family, going to Valley Fair every year, moving to Africa and others.



Life is a Cup of Tea

By Mary (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 6)

My watercolor painting shows many of my likes and loves including my family, sock and bracelet collections, a fiddle, my pets (dead and alive) and Pringles.

A Poem of My Past, A Poem of My Home

By Cai (Roseville Area Middle School, Grade 7)

I am Korean American, my 할머니(halmoni) and 할아버지(haboji) lived through the Korean War and brought life to my parents.

My father's parents immigrated to Minnesota
And my mother's to Seattle.

My father grew up in Minnesota
My mother in Seattle.

My parents met, married, and moved

I was born in Seattle, home of the Space Needle
But there was never enough space.

I was raised and live in Minnesota, land of 1000 lakes
And the home of my grandparents and father.

Home is a beautiful thing

Home is unique to everyone
Everything and anything.

My ancestors home was in Korea
My home is in Seattle
My life is in Minnesota.

This is a poem of my past.
This is a poem of my home.

Freedom

By Briza (Roseville Area Middle School, Grade 7)

One day I am gonna grow wings,
Big, beautiful wings,
Soft and sweet.

One day I am gonna be a new me,
A new me who is brave and bold,
A new me who is carefree and not scared of being me.
No more being scared of what people think,
No more problems to think.

One day I am gonna be a new me,
A me who does not have to get help,
A me who feels free.

One day I am gonna grow wings and be free.



Sunshine

By Keini (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 3)

Today is as hot as outer space. I'm so excited to arrive at this beach. This is crazy too because we're in Alabama. 10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1,0!! We are finally here. I zoom out of the car faster than fourteen race cars combined!



State Fair

By Alex (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 3)

The state fair is very fun-watching stuff and riding the rides, also eating there. The state fair is noisy by the people talking and chattering 24/7. It is so loud that the music is hard to hear even though the music is loud. When you see the animals "moo," "bawk," "oink" it's just cute to see the animals make sounds.

Bio Poem

By Titan (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 3)

Titan

Brave, kind, helpful, confident
Brother, cousin, nephew to my TiTis
Lover of Michael Jordan
Who feels happy
Who needs exercise
Who gives candy
Who has no fears
Who would like to play football
Resident of Maplewood
Titan



My Neighbor's Birthday Party

By Gus (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 3)

Thwack! I see candy drop out of the gray pinata. I jump for the candy. I get most of it. We tackle each other to get the candy.

I Am...

By Grace (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 6)

I am **Grace**.

I am a **Booklover**. I am **Funny** when I am with my friends. I am **Loving** to my family.

I am Light skin with **blue eyes**.

I am a Blonde ponytail with **pink tips**.

I am an **Apple Watch** on my wrist.

I am a **Taylor Swift** T-Shirt with **Athleta** leggings.

I am **Pop, Taylor Swift and 2000s** Music.

I am my **Dad's hamburgers** and my **Mom's tacos**.

I am **Jersey Mike's**. I am **Nacho Cheese Doritos**.

I am **Swedish, Irish, Minnesotan** and **Italian**.

I am **Reading**. I am **Dance**. I am **Disney**.

I am like a **leaf** drifting in the wind looking for adventure.

I am **Grace** and **Grace** is me.



I Am Poems by Central Park First Graders



Nova

I am kind and sweet and helpful
Who loves mom and dad
Who wonders about insects
Who wants to be a singer
Who needs friends
I am a student
I am me, Nova.

Sam

Honest, athletic, strong
Who loves soccer and Quran
Who wonders about CR7
Who wants to be a trainer
Who needs God
I am Moroccan
I am me, Sam



Mr. Wells

I am sassy, very very unique, smart, creative
Who loves cats and mom and dad
Who wonders about space and the jungle
Who wants to be a scientist or astronaut
Who needs food and play and
water and gramma gummy
I am creative and weird
I am Wells



Shawn

Smart, helpful, kind
Who loves cats and dogs
Who wonders about books
Who wants to be a teacher
Who needs my backpack
I am kind
I am me, Shawn



Emotions of Me

By Dylan (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 6)

Me.

I am someone I am glad to be.

Sometimes I get very **mad**.

Sometimes I feel **sad, angry** or **glad**.

Sometimes I feel **life is not fair**.

Sometimes I feel that **people don't care**.

Sometimes I feel like I am **nice**.

Sometimes I feel like I am on **thin ice**.

Sometimes I feel very **brave**.

Sometimes I can also be **very afraid**.

Sometimes I have no **patience**.

Sometimes I can be very **anxious**.

Sometimes I can be **strong**.

Sometimes I can be very **wrong**.

Sometimes I can be very **funny**.

Sometimes I feel my **life can be bumpy**.

Sometimes I feel very **free**.

But over everything, I am glad to be me.



My Journey

By Ebun (Parkview Center School, Grade 6)

Before

Worry, sadness, and maybe a little anger.
So many words could express my feelings.
I never wanted to leave my friends,
at school, in the neighborhood,
and most definitely not at church.
I cried and begged my parents not to go...
but we left.

Flying

Now on our way to the U.S.A.
Being on a plane was the music
to my heart's dance party.
We flew over Africa and the Atlantic Ocean,
and I was more excited than anything else.
We were happy that we were on our way.

After

Now in the U.S.A, I realized that I have family.
They helped my own family get on our feet.
I am getting used to the American way of life,
and so is my mom.
We are happy in our new home.





To All My Black Girls

By Mariam (Central Park Elementary, Grade 6)

Neighborhood

By Haley (Parkview Center School, Grade 6)

The neighborhood,
A place that kids grow up in.
When I first turned five years old,
I learned how to ride a bike.
Then turned ten.

The first time my parents let me in the neighborhood.
I started riding my bike to the store,
Then my friends' houses,
Now I just ride my bike for fun.

Kids,
Running and playing in their yards.
Making friends in the neighborhood,
A must.

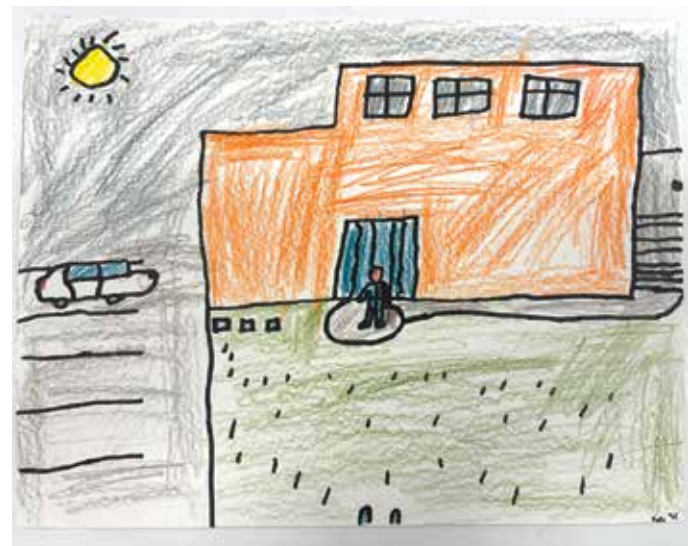
In the neighborhood,
You could see kids playing football in the street,
Or riding bikes,
Or just sitting on their lawn.

Neighbors,
The neighborhood is where everyone is together.
The place where kids grow up.
A place where kindness starts,
where life starts,
Where love starts.
The neighborhood is a place where people come together.

Undecided

By Molly (Roseville Area High School, Grade 11)

Life is undecided
Turns and loops
Full of hurt and suffering
Choices to be made, questions to be answered, and life to be lived
Why do I have to suffer just to work 9 to 5?
When really we all are miserable?
Again, you're always in control how you live your life
When deciding my future
The choices I have are limited but, how do I
Choose the undecided?
How do I live to the best of the best?
I've always been a big dreamer
But, is it selfish of me to still want to dream, while I grow and age?
My story is still yet undecided
Yet I dream big with hope
That one day I will be able to tell my story
Proudly, confidently, and full of inspiration.
My story is just beginning with the stars to guide me forward.



Playing Soccer

By Zeki (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 3)

It was in the summer of 2024. I was playing soccer with my brother. We share a third of the backyard.

The Boundary Waters

By Keiran (Parkview Center School, Grade 6)



As I entered it
the Boundary Waters
it is amazing

The loons call all day
we find our campsite on cliffs
we set up the tent

Nightfall will come fast
we need to make the food now
the steak is yummy

When night comes we sit
the cribbage board is fun to play
we play lots of cribs

The tent is comfy
the sleeping bag is set up
I sleep all night

I wake up early
the Tang is so great to drink
we need to chop wood

Chopping wood is hard
but it pays off in the end
we swim in the lake

The lake is very cold
but it is very refreshing
I love it up here

Dinner is very good
we play more cribbage tonight
it is really cool

The night is very calm
the sleeping bag is so warm
I sleep in very late

Today we go home
I can't wait to come back here
it was so awesome



Social Anxiety

By Michaela (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 6)

This shows a person with an overthinking problem. They also like doing a lot of random doodles and don't feel like sharing stuff with people. They are very shy with new people and don't talk much even though they seem like an extrovert.

The Turtle

By Frankie (Roseville Area Middle School, Grade 7)

The turtle saunters through silent streets
With thought and gracefulness
It carries on with steps so meek
Without anger, worry, or stress
Never rushing, running, or hasty
Away from busyness and chaos
The turtle slinks the silent streets
Others witness him and are inspired
Some yell insults or aggression
But ever thoughtful in its shell
The turtle is never mired

Different Clothes

By Ryder (Roseville Area High School, Grade 9)

\$15.99 for a skirt.

Just a simple purchase but it changed my life.

One day three years ago I decided to post a video of me in feminine clothes.

I wanted to connect and meet people like me.
The next week I had 1000 followers on TikTok.
I was so happy, but the kids at my school found it.

First it was hardly noticeable,
kids walking out of their way to avoid me,
strange looks,
but then it escalated.

“End your life!” they said,
Constant harassment.
Every night I cried myself to bed,
wishing it all would end.

Now, in ninth grade
I’ve changed a lot,
I am no longer the outgoing boy I once was.

The whole school bullied me,
so I put up walls,
protecting the person I really am.

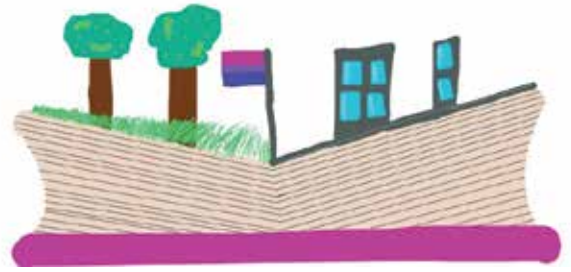
So I can never get hurt like that.
So I am forced to be a sham.



Christmas Day

By Clara (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 3)

This artwork shows the tradition of Christmas in my family.
We have a big celebration around the fireplace.



Split Story

By Lainey (Roseville Area Middle School, Grade 7)

I grew up in the city but would prefer the forest.
Separating the “two worlds” is my flag.

My Story

By Emily (Parkview Center School, Grade 6)

When I was younger I used to
make plays with my cousins
they weren’t great
and looking back at it
I would probably never do it again
I was a brave little girl

Brave and gullible
I used to sit with my “papa”
and we would just laugh together
We had a blast that whole summer
every day I’d come over with my cousins
but I secretly think I’m the favorite

I mean my entire family comes to my volleyball games
even when I just started
We never won a game but it was really fun
and we got ice cream after every game.

Mmmm I love ice cream
but I remember once my older brother
Ate MY ICE CREAM I left in the fridge
and that’s when the battle began
me and my brother were at each other’s throats
for the next four years
we literally couldn’t sit in the same room together
without making fun of each other

But now I play volleyball for a club
and win pretty often and me and my brother
can now sit in the same room together
I still of course do plays with my cousins
and talk with my grandpa and grandma a lot
I think all these little things have made me
the person I am today

Stories

By Johanna (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 4)

Stories are an interesting thing
People's stories are interesting things
How we got to this point
How we get to the next

Some parts good
Some parts bad
Some are boring
Or you could be on the edge of your seat

Some bad that turn to good
Some the opposite
Some make you happy
Some make you sad

Some make you burst out crying
Others make you leap for joy

All of its parts make a story
Make your story
Make you
To be you

The Fall of Faith

By Sally (Roseville Area High School, Grade 10)

I am faithful, not religious.
The Songs I held so close to my heart,
are now tainted by the enemy.
God is now a Pawn in the monopoly,
We should stand strong and not topple,
We Should be taught to be thoughtful,
not wrongful.

I am faithful, not religious.
Maybe I'm scared of being seen as religious but I don't
want to be part of the regime,
the influence,
that kills and breeds,
and sells but never feeds.
I am faithful, not religious.
A happy seeming memory
Painted gray by an economy
decidedly taking my religion
as an opportunity
To gain and waste,
and rise through the faith.
You come here to pray, I came here to Speak.
So hear my voice say
my faith Can't be taken by Greed.

New School

By Hannah (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 4)

Last year I came here from New York. It was during the summer so I wasn't worried. Then in September it was time for the first day of school. I went to Central Park. I cried on the way. Then I cried again in the classroom. But my third grade teacher, Ms. Eastman, calmed me. For the first week at Central Park, being new and having no friends, made me more quiet for a bit.

Then during lunch one day I met my best friend. She said only seven words. "Do you want to be my friend?" After that, the rest of the year went by quickly and I made friends with almost everybody in the third grade and even got to go to the Creativity Fair!

In the summer I switched to Emmet D. Williams Elementary. This was my second time going to a new school so I was calmer. I still cried but my teacher Ms. LaPointe introduced me to a couple of people so I started off with a few friends. Now I am more confident and I have so many more friends!

If a kid who is going to a new school this year is reading this, just know that it will be okay!

My Name Is

By Rosa (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 3)

My name is Rosa
I am a diabetic
When I go low I sip a juice
When I go high I click the screen
When I am in range I hope it stays that way

My name is Rosa
I am a fencer
I advance
I retreat
When I win or lose I shake hands with my opponent

My name is Rosa
I am a writer
I write paragraphs
I write essays
As you can see from above
I like writing

La Mudanza

By Carolina (Roseville Area High School, Grade 12)

Un día de primavera mi mamá se sentó a mi lado entre dos
árboles de naranjas y me dio la
noticia que nunca esperaba. Me dijo que nos íbamos a mudar
a un sitio raro llamado

Minnesota. Mi padre estaba viviendo en Chile y mi hermano,
mamá y yo en Sevilla, España. Me
entró una ola de tristeza y nervios y no sabía cómo responder.

Tres semanas después llegué a casa y lo que antes era nuestro
nido, no se parecía nada a
como era antes. Todo vacío y borrado de todos los recuerdos.

Entrando al cuarto que
compartía con mi hermano me miré en el espejo y tenía tanto
miedo de lo que iba a pasar.

Intenté imaginar mi nueva vida en otro sitio. Tenía tanto
miedo... no quería separarme de mi
familia, mis amigos y mi casa en España.

El último día en el que dije adiós a mi casa, caminé por los
cuartos vacíos despidiéndome en
silencio. Vi las doce cajas y sí, una familia de cuatro personas
nos mudamos solo usando doce
cajas. A veces pienso que este verano cuando me mude a la
universidad, ni siquiera mi ropa
cabrá en doce cajas! Al despedirme de mi tía, todavía
recuerdo sus lágrimas de pena.

No quería empezar una nueva vida. Dejando mi familia y la
vida que me encantaba. Sabía que
todo iba a cambiar. Mi prima y yo éramos y todavía somos
inseparables. Siempre pensaba
cómo eso iba a cambiar con el paso de los años, año tras año.

Cuando llegamos al avión mi mamá se sentó a mi lado y me
habló de todas las nuevas
experiencias que iba a crear y de cuantas personas nuevas iba
a conocer. El avión despegó y
empezó mi nueva aventura.

Ahora preparándome para hacer otro gran cambio en mi vida
siento algunas de las mismas
emociones que sentí cuando tenía 7 años. Algo de miedo,
pero también sintiendo mucha

emoción por mudarme y empezar una nueva aventura porque
sé que voy a empezar a crear
tantos buenos recuerdos y experiencias. En el fondo tienes
que enfrentarte a las cosas que te
dan miedo, y superarlas para poder crecer.

Siblings

By Aisha (Parkview Center School, Grade 6)

Everyone has a unique story.
I have one,
you have one.
We all have one.

I have four siblings.
Two girls, two boys.
They're really chaotic,
and sometimes I tell them I hate them,
but deep down I love them with all my heart.

Hawo's in fifth grade,
so she's the second oldest.
She likes playing/goofing around.

Mohsin is in first grade and if I have to admit,
He's really smart. Mohsin likes learning new things;
He's also the middle child.

Mostaf is in kindergarten,
and can be quite annoying.
He likes brain rot and watching TV.
He's also the second youngest.

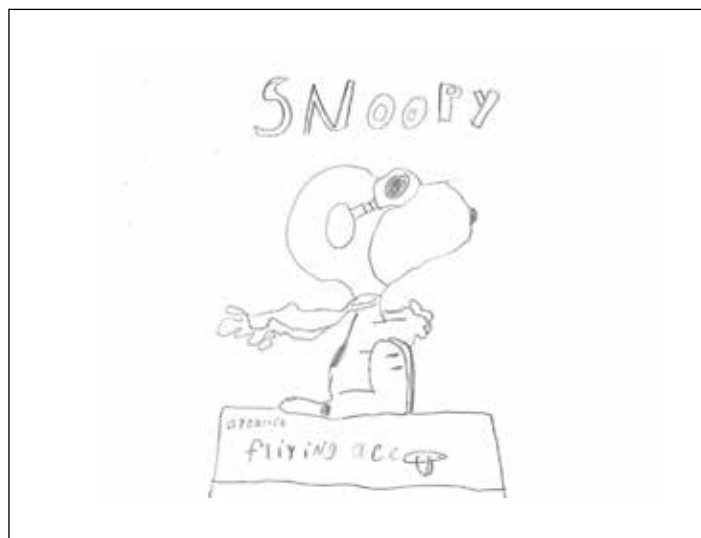
Esra is the youngest, and the kindest one.
She enjoys sleeping and eating.
She's in Pre-K and doesn't know her ABCs.

They all make me who I am.
I love them with all my heart,
Even if they are annoying,
And won't leave me alone,
And it doesn't matter because
We are always going to be siblings.

My Story: Be Yourself

By Asiya (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 4)

I get bullied for
Following my religion.
I don't like it.
I have a feeling I have to stop this
Just stop, stop, stop
Stop, stop, and stop!
I follow my religion NO MATTER WHAT!
You have to stand up for yourself.
Don't let these people get to you.
What you love is what you love.
You don't have to change it.
Be yourself.
Don't change because of people.
You are the best thing.



Snoopy

By Carlie (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 5)

I have always loved Snoopy and the Peanuts. The Flying Ace is my favorite character. I am so happy for my drawing to be in Voices.



Never Give Up

By Mohamed (Parkview Center School, Grade 6)

Always give something a try!!!
I can do it!!!
It's kinda working!!
I guess I'll try!
I don't wanna try.
I can't do it.
I hate it.

Bio Poem

By Keeahna (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 3)

Keeahna
Caring, funny, gamer and smart
Daughter, sister, and cousin
I am a lover of my friends, family and traditions
I am happy because I am powerful
I need water and food
I'll give cards, mints and care
I fear heights and ghosts
I like to play Minecraft, Roblox and school
Resident of Maplewood
Keeahna

Never Back Down, Never Give Up

By Gavin (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 6)

My courage to never
stop trying and keep getting
back up and pushing forward
through all of my difficulties.
I have never stopped trying
I always keep persevering and
I think you should too
Whenever you are down say this,
"NEVER BACK DOWN, NEVER GIVE UP!"
I know you can do this because
I know I can do this too
So keep pushing
Keep getting back up
And don't forget,
NEVER BACK DOWN, NEVER GIVE UP!



No Me Quita

By Alise (Roseville Area High School, Grade 12)

Algunas pueden preguntarme --¿Alise, cómo equilibras todo? Siempre estás ocupada. Tienes que levantarte a las 6 en la mañana, ir a la escuela, junta tú reunión de National Honors Society, practicar porrista por 3 horas después de escuela, completar tu tarea de álgebra de colegio y AVID y la programa de DLSI, planear Black Girl Magic Week, tomar una ducha, comer cena, hacer tus quehaceres, y mantener tu belleza.

Pausa... la respuesta real es que no es fácil y por mucho tiempo, no entendí la importancia de estar muy involucrada en mi escuela Roseville Area High antes del invierno de mi undécimo grado.

--¡Mamá! ¡Papá! La directora de actividades dijo que estoy nominada para el premio de ExCEL.

--¿Eee, pues qué es esto?

--Es un premio que solo escojan cuarenta estudiantes de Minnesota que tienen excelentes habilidades en servicio comunitario, educación, y líderes --yo explicó.

Ellos estaban orgullosos de mí porque todo de mi trabajo finalmente puede tener el reconocimiento que necesita. Yo estaba muy orgullosa también porque quería sentir que era exitosa.

--Tengo que entregar la aplicación mañana.

Esto rápidamente interrumpió nuestro orgullo y cambió a ansiedad. Yo entendí la mira en los ojos de mi padres y empecé a trabajar.

Y dígame ¿porque la aplicación tenía más de 5 páginas? Dígame un tiempo cuando... describa una vez de... enumerar todo tus... da las horas de.... Había muchísimas cosas para llenar y no mucho tiempo. Quería que estuviera perfecto para que los jueces gustaran. Estaba muy estresada por terminar mi aplicación hasta el punto en que quería llorar. Entiendo la significa ganar este premio y no quería sentirme como una fallará, pero me sentí enojada conmigo misma y quería quitarla.

--Relájente. Tu eres Alise Barze. Eres una estudiante de secundaria y has completado muchísimo. Eres una líder, voluntaria, atleta, fundadora, pionera. No te quites ahora --dijo mi mamá. De repente, sentí que el peso se había ido de mis hombros.

Fue muy tarde en la noche. Mis dedos estaban en dolor por teclear. Mis ojos estaban secos por mirar la computadora. Y finalmente... lo entregue.

Algunos meses después, ha oído de ellos sobre mi aplicación.

--Congratuló Alise Barze. Eres una ganadora del Minnesota State High School League ExCEL Award.

Asistí a la ceremonia de entrega de premios esta primavera.

--Alise Barze, Roseville Area High School --es que ellos dijeron en altavoz y yo caminé con una gran sonrisa en mi cara a través del escenario por ser una representante de mi escuela a nivel de estado.



Bio Poem

By Ella (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 3)

Ella 🌸🎨📚

Responsible, energetic, creative, hard working
Daughter/Granddaughter
Loves hair, makeup and shopping
Feels happy when shopping
Who needs food to not be bored
Gives people a lot of care
Fears SNAKES
Would like to live in Florida
Resident of Maplewood, Minnesota
Likes to watch Not enough Nelson's (and kass)
Has two siblings (sister and brother)
Loves spicy food and watermelon
Likes to listen to Sabrina Carpenter, Taylor Swift, Olivia
Rodrigo and Morgan Wallen
And loves going to the mall and going to Sephora

Ella 🌸🎨📚



Jack Sparrow

By Willow (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 6)

It is a hand drawn drawing of Jack Sparrow, who has shaped who I am because I was always very shy and he 'taught' me how to stand up for what is right. He is one of my FAVORITE movie characters.

Acrostic Poem

By Angelo (Parkview Center School, Grade 6)

Athletic: I play soccer, 🏀basketball, 🏈and football. 🏈.
Neighbors: My neighbors give some of their cultural foods to us.
Get together: My friends and I go to the park or water park or just at my house or their house.
Eggs: tasty, juicy.
Looks: brown eyes, dark hair.
Oreos: Sweet like you, crunchy, creamy.

Anxiety

By Jesse (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 4)

My story is that I have anxiety.
Some call it a disability, but for me it is an ability in a disability.
The ability is that I have a bigger imagination than most people, but the disability is that I can worry about anything that might happen instead of what is likely.
Anxiety affects me in many ways.
I mostly get anxiety when I am alone - my mind starts racing.
So far there are two things that help me with anxiety: my circus and soft things.

I Can Choose

By Anna (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 4)

I can choose what I want.
I can choose what I will do.
This is my life, my story!!
And you will not control.
This is me, this is who I am!!
Stay away and let me through.
I will form and make my story!!
I can choose.
And I will!!! CHOOSE !!!!

Things I Miss About My Brother

By Lidia (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 3)

We had fun with each other.
I had fun with my brother.
I have some other stuff I gave to my brother sometimes.
I had water guns to play with my brother.
I always played with my brother and I play with my sister too.
I had a lot of fun playing with my brother, Adinson.



Como DLSI ha hecho un impacto

By Camille (Roseville Area High School, Grade 12)

Me encanta mi trabajo. Enseño a niños a nadar. Para muchos ese trabajo suena horrible, sentando en una piscina fría con niños que no paran de hablar. Pero para mí, yo lo miro como una oportunidad para realmente hacer un impacto en las vidas de estos chicos. Me desperté un domingo normal y me alisté para el primer día de clases para la nueva sesión. Cuando llegué a la piscina empecé a prepararme como usual. Escribí todos los nombres de los niños en cada clase y preparé lo que iba a enseñar ese día. Cuando estaba haciendo eso mi jefa me llamó. Ella me preguntó si recordaba correctamente que yo hablo español. Yo le dije que sí y ella me explicó que había una chica en una de mis clases que no hablaba inglés, sólo español. Bueno, cuando aprendí eso estaba bien asustada. No me había hablado español en unos meses y no quería parecer estúpida. Casi todo mi español viene de experiencias en el salón de clases. No sabía cómo sería diferente en la vida real. Durante mis otras clases practicaba en mi cabeza.

—Hola, cómo estás?—

—Ven conmigo hacia la piscina.—

Cuando finalmente llegó, salí de la piscina y caminé hacia ella. Podía sentir mi corazón latiendo con tanta fuerza. Mi garganta estaba seca, no recordaba cómo hablar en inglés ni español. Cuando me acerqué a la niña y su mamá, ví que ellas también estaban nerviosas. En inglés la mamá me contó que Angélica, su hija, no hablaba inglés y si era posible que yo lo enseñara con movimientos y ejemplos. El momento ha llegado, tenía que hablar. Y en voz temblorosa pregunté si Angélica hablaba español. Inmediatamente se relajó un poco.

—Si!— me respondió.

—Ay perfecto— dije y miré hacia Angélica.

—Quieres venir conmigo— le pregunté.

Lentamente Angelica dejó la mano de su mamá y se junto a la clase. Estaba bien tímida para la primera clase, pero después de varias lecciones ella empezó a hablarme primero y mostrar su personalidad. Era una de las niñas más cariñosas y curiosas que he conocido. Al final de esta sesión, pasó al siguiente nivel. Esta oportunidad me enseñó que sí puedo hablar español y puedo usar esta destreza para ayudar a otros. Lo que tomé de esta experiencia no solo es mi confianza hablando español, sino también una amistad con Angélica y su mamá.

I Am Emmy

By Emmy (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 3)

I am Emmy.

I wonder how many people live on earth?

I hear quiet voices.

I see the raindrops.

I want peace because fewer people die.

I am kind because I want kindness back.

I pretend I will live forever.

I feel safe because I have a family.

I love my pets and family.

I believe in not littering.

I remember my first teacher.

I am quiet because I want to be respectful.

I understand you don't get everything you want.

I say, "No" a lot.

I dream to be a vet.

I try to do better.

I hope I'll live a long life.

I'm smart because I practice.



I Am Poem

By Clara (Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Grade 3)

I am Clara.

I wonder how many people are on Earth???

I hear the beautiful rain dripping on the window.

I see my wonderful writing on this white sheet of paper.

I want more people to take care of our Earth.

I am happy because I love to write.

I pretend I can fly.

I feel loved.

I love the green and blue Earth.

I believe that every human being can have different opinions.

I remember going to Florida and eating orange oranges.

I am wonderful because I know that I am very smart.

I understand how dogs feel when they get yelled at.

I dream that I can fly.

I say, "That's cool."

I try to be an awesome student.

I hope the world will not die from pollution.

I am smart because I love to read.

Bio Poem

By Carolyn (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 3)

Carolyn
 Kind, funny, good friend, creative
 I am an older sister and an younger sister too
 I love to go to the park and I also love to do nails
 Happy because I have fun doing things
 Food, water
 Gives makeup also nail polish
 Fears high bridges
 Wants to go to Disneyland
 Resident of Maplewood, Minnesota
 I like to listen to Olivia Rodrigo
 My favorite food is Ramen
 My favorite fruit is strawberry 🍓
 Birthday is July 3rd
 My favorite cake flavor is vanilla
 My favorite ice cream flavor is vanilla/chocolate
 I have no pets
 Carolyn



All About Me!

By Tristan (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 6)
 This relates to the theme TELLING OUR STORIES because it is a poster about me, my hobbies, what I like to listen to, and what I like to do in my free time.



Bio Poem

By Abdulrahman (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 3)

Abdulrahman
 Cool, nice, helpful, kind
 I am a son & brother
 I lover of Ronaldo ❤️🏀
 I feel chill
 I love soccer ⚽
 I give soccer passes
 I'm afraid of Allah
 I would like to become an amazing soccer player
 I live in Saint Paul 🏠
 Abdulrahman



The Story of Life

By Reina (Falcon Heights Elementary, Grade 4)

Life is like a book.
 It has an end and a start to it.
 It has different chapters of life.
 But with life you can write your own story.

You don't have to live life one way.
 You can choose how you want to live it.
 Books have a turning point, so does life.

Bio Poem

By Kingsley (Edgerton Elementary, Grade 3)

Kingsley
 Cool nice, kind, helpful,
 Brother and son
 Lover of Minecraft
 Who feels sad, mad, happy, chill
 Who needs free time
 Will give love and happiness
 who fears of small spiders
 who would have like to have fun
 resident of state where I live in Saint Paul
 Isaac

La independencia

By Rosemary (Roseville Area High School, Grade 10)

Concusión

Cuando yo era una niña, como siete años, mi valor era muy importante para mi. Quería que los adultos vieran que yo era responsable e independiente, capaz de estar sola. En la escuela, me sentía muy atrapada en un grupo todo el día. Haciendo la misma cosa sin estar de ninguna manera independiente. Por esa razón, la única cosa que me gustó del día fue el recreo, cuando podía estar libre de mi clase y ser independiente. Durante la primavera era la más bonita, con el sol brillando en la estructura metal del parque. El parque de mi escuela tenía muchas cosas, había 3 o 4 toboganes, barras de mono, paredes de escalada y mucho más. Recuerdo los distintivos postes rojos que mantenían unida la estructura. Aunque había muchas opciones, yo solo me gustó una barra metálica, como la de gimnasia. ¿Recuerdas cuando veías a una gimnasta profesional en los Olímpicos, con las mujeres dando vueltas alrededor de la barra? Eso es como yo pensé que estaba haciendo en la barra chiquita de metal en el parque de mi escuela primaria. Durante este tiempo yo solo estaba en primer grado, y no pensé antes de hacer algo. No podía comprender que algo podía dañarme. Cada día, la única cosa que usaba en el parque era la barra. Un día, cuando el sol brillaba fuerte sobre la hierba verde y el calor emanaba del suelo, yo fui a jugar en la barra metal. Me gustaba mostrar a otras personas qué podía hacer en la barra.

Cómo una niña inocente, sin nada que me impidiera, salte sobre la barra. Caminé encima antes de sentarme, y dar una vuelta, solo agarrándome con mis rodillas. Después de una vuelta, no había suficiente impulso para seguir adelante. Estaba colgado de la barra, boca abajo, agarrándome solo con las rodillas. Era bajito, así que estaba lejos del suelo. Recuerdo sentir la sangre, subirme al cerebro. Yo podía sentir los latidos del corazón en mi cabeza. Solo tomó alrededor de un minuto para que mis piernas débiles perdieran su energía y dejarán de agarrar la barra. Mi cabeza golpeó el suelo con la fuerza de todo mi cuerpo. Mis pies fueron los últimos en tocar el suelo. Recuerdo un dolor corriendo desde mi cabeza hasta mis piernas. Yo no sabía que era importante decir lo que pasó a un adulto. Yo solo quería ser independiente, no necesitaba ayuda. También me sentía avergonzada sobre lo que pasó, era un accidente y no quería que nadie sabía. Tenía dolor de cabeza

por el resto del día escolar. Cuando yo regrese a casa, trate de evitar el tema de recreo para que mi mamá no sepa qué pasó. Lo que yo no sabía es que yo tenía una concusión.

Cuando era una niña, mi mamá era el adulto más importante de mi vida, y no quería que ella supiera que yo tomé una decisión irresponsable. Entonces lo que me hizo es mentir. En mis palabras,

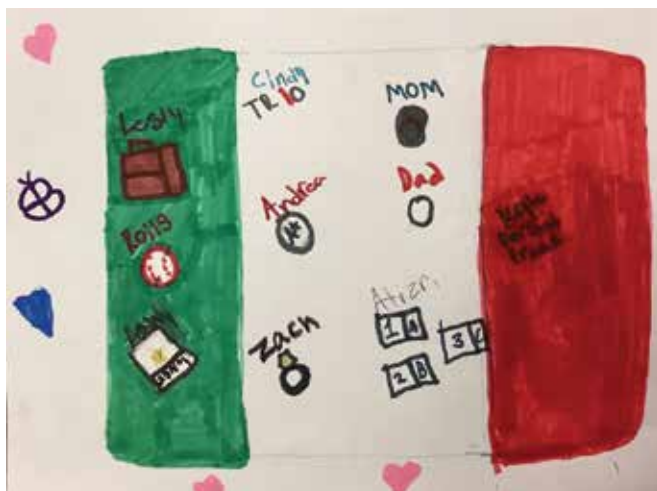
Nada pasó ese día, el recreo era muy aburrido y no quería hablar de nada más -

Mi mamá podía sentir que algo pasó, y seguía preguntándome sobre mi día.

¿Cómo eran mis clases? ¿Qué hiciste durante el recreo? -

Pero yo cerró mi boca y no lo respondí. El dolor de mi cabeza seguía siendo más y más notable. El dolor alcanzó un punto donde no podía ignorarlo. El día proximo, yo dijo a mi mama que cayó de la barra, y que mi cabeza seguía doliendo. Mi mama aseguro que era mejor de decir a ella cuando algo cómo así sucede y me trajo al doctor quienes dijeron que yo tenía un Concusion. Por dos semanas, no podía correr, brincar o hacer casi nada en el parque.

Esta lesión es lo que me enseñó que no puedes hacer todo completamente independiente. Ahora puedo aceptar la ayuda de los demás, no tengo que afrontar todo solo.



My Lifetime

By Keyla (Parkview Center School, Grade 6)

My artwork shows my sisters, brother, mom, dad and our lifetimes.

Lucha Libre-Mi Historia

By Lillian (Roseville Area High School, Grade 12)

Cuando conocí a Alyzabeth por primera vez fue un día que brillaba como una estrella en mi memoria. Fue antes de una carrera, que definitivamente fue la más importante de mi carrera de correr en ese punto. Solo tenía una amiga y no teníamos una relación tan fuerte. No hablaba con muchas personas porque era alguien muy tímida. Así que no tuve muchas amigas por unos años y tenía miedo de perder las que tenía. Pero después de comer no tenía nadie con quien estuviera cómoda de hablar, así que esperé a mis padres afuera de la casa, sola. Pero Alyzabeth también venía afuera para esperar a su madre y empezó una conversación conmigo con una sola pregunta.

[—¿Quieres oír sobre el 2007 rehacer del película éxito slasher Halloween?—]

Claro que le dije sí. Gané una amiga este año pero perdí una al mismo tiempo.

El próximo año ella me convenció de asistir a una práctica informal de lucha libre. Fue difícil pero pensó que era algo que podía hacer. No pude hacer una “shot” para empezar a luchar al fin de esa práctica pero me sentí feliz de tratar de hacer esto. Así que decidí que iba a hacer lucha libre este invierno. La primera semana fue algo que no puedo poner en palabras, estuve tan cansada y mis piernas me dolieron demasiado, casi no pude descender las escaleras de la escuela. La única cosa que hice que me quedara en este tiempo fueron mis pequeñas conversaciones con Alyzabeth.

Pero con eso empecé a hacer amigos como Benny, Evy, Emma, Bo, y Nathaniel. Empecé a hablar con los luchadores en los tiempos que no estábamos luchando. Y ellos actualmente hablaron conmigo y les gustó hablar conmigo. Aprendí eso por preguntar sobre si estaba hablando demasiado porque puedo ser muy habladora algunas veces. No perdí la amistad de Alyzabeth e hice unos amigos por hacer algo tan fuera de lo que estaba cómodo de hacer en ese tiempo. Use la aceptación de ellos para ayudarme a hacer amigos este año en Cross Country. Sin hacer la lucha libre no pienso que hubiera tenido la capacidad de hacer eso.



I Am Poem

By Eden (Emmet D. Williams Elementary,
Grade 3)

I am Eden.
I wonder if magic is real.
I hear the wind outside my window.
I see rain on the windows in our classroom.
I want people to not pollute the planet.
I am curious because I like to wonder about things.
I pretend that I'm perfect.
I feel happy, sleepy and safe.
I love my family and cousins.
I believe that you should not litter.
I remember my trip to Belize.
I am sleepy because last night I had a banquet.
I understand that I don't get everything I want.
I say, "I don't know."
I dream to be a jewelry artist.
I try to understand things.
I hope that I will never die.
I am artistic because I like to create.

Anxiety

By De'Andrah (Falcon Heights Elementary,
Grade 6)

My whole life I've always had anxiety. My feelings are as delicate as an angel, so I hate it when I do anything like ordering food or just simply talking to someone, and if I do my anxiety hits me like 1,000 bricks. I get shaky and scared and then I have a panic attack. So what I do to cope with it is draw. My drawing is about how scared I am of doing everything I need to do.