MUSTANG MUSE

The Literary Magazine of Gayman Elementary

Vol. 8, No. 1

Spring 2026



Artwork by Claire Heine, 6th Grade

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

This is the *eighth* issue of the **Mustang Muse**—and my very last one as editor.

I started this Gayman tradition many years ago, before most of you were even students at this school. Back in 2019, when my oldest son, Matthew, was a second grader, his teacher was very excited about all the amazing writing her students were doing—a sentiment she shared during a parent-teacher conference. I went home and emailed the principal (Mrs. Carter at the time) about starting a literary magazine for the school. She loved the idea, and the **Mustang Muse** was born!

Next year, after a full decade of being a Gayman parent, I will no longer have any kids here. Thankfully, I'm handing over the **Muse** reins to someone who will be: **Amelia Davitt**! Mrs. Davitt has been a huge help putting this issue together, and I know she will be an excellent editor for the next few years.

Just promise me that you will all keep submitting your amazing artwork and writing! It's so important to **share your talent** with your friends, classmates, and teachers because when you share, you also inspire. You empower others to share their creations, and then they empower others, and the ripple effect is humongous and beautiful.

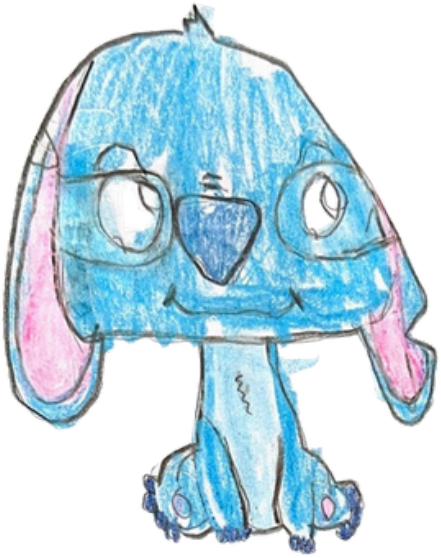
Author Neil Gaiman once said, *"The world always seems brighter when you've just made something that wasn't there before."* Thank you for brightening the world through the **Muse** for the last seven years. I am grateful to every one of our contributors, and to the teachers and parents who submitted work on behalf of the students. **There would be no Muse without you!**

Megan Monforte

Happy Summer, Mustangs! Make it shine!



Max Burns, 1st Grade



Juliette Sailor, 2nd Grade



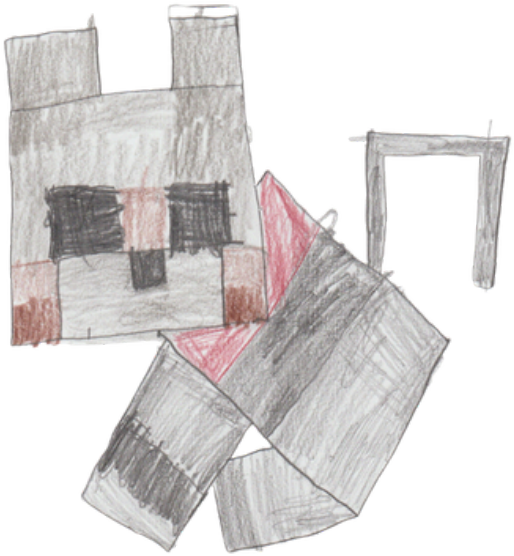
Amonov Suleyman, 4th Grade



Izzy Peterson, 1st Grade



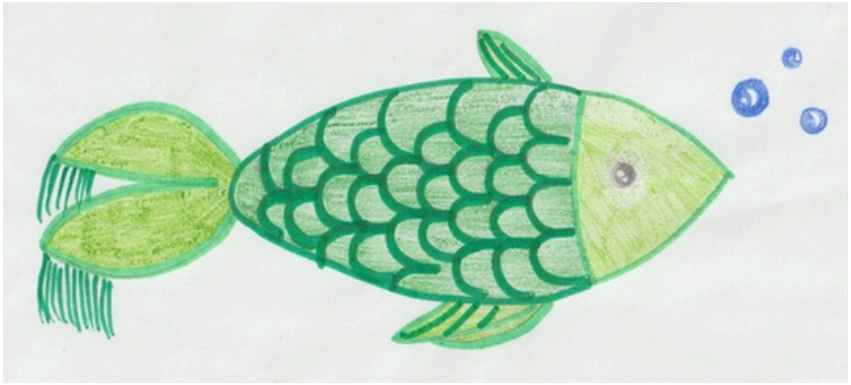
Garrett Mastriana, 1st Grade



Noah Raheem, 3rd Grade



Millie Patel, 1st Grade



Rowan Knob, 3rd Grade



McKinley Bowman, 1st Grade

Dancing Downpour

Molly Monforte, 5th Grade

"Wake up, Molly!" Molly's mom shouted over all the noise downstairs.

"Fine, I'm up!' Molly yelled as she stepped out of bed, walking over all the dirty clothes on the ground.

I guess sleeping in isn't on my mom's schedule, Molly thought to herself. She draped a blanket over her shoulders and trudged over to her dresser.

"Tell me when you're ready for me to do your hair," her mom yelled again.

Do my hair? Molly thought as she was trying to remember what the heck her mom was talking about. Suddenly, Molly realized what day it was: it was Iron Pigs Day! She didn't feel tired anymore; she felt like she could run around the whole neighborhood. She got changed into her pink dance shirt and went downstairs for breakfast. "Good morning," Molly said, overjoyed, while her dogs jumped on her.

After she ate, her mom attacked Molly with hairspray, so her high ponytail would stay in. "Mom, I think that's enough," Molly said while she was coughing from the smell.

Next, her mom put a huge hot pink bow in Molly's ponytail. Today was finally the day she had been looking forward to for three months! Dancing at the Iron Pigs Minor League Baseball Field, Coca Cola park in Allentown. She would dance at the beginning of the game, and there would even be a fireworks show after the game.

When Molly was daydreaming about her dance, she lost track of time. Oh no, she had to go! She brushed her teeth, put on a little mascara, and almost tripped running down the stairs. Her family piled into the car, and they were on their way.

Molly grinned when she realized she didn't have to go to school on Monday; it was finally summer break, and she couldn't be happier. So far, she was starting it off amazing. Her grin quickly disappeared when she gazed out the window and saw that it was raining. She leaned forward in her seat and frantically said: "Mom, is the game still on!?" Molly was supposed to be squirming in her seat with joy, but now she was doing it out of nervousness.

"Right now, it still is. I'm refreshing my phone in case Miss Rebekah emails." Molly's mom replied.

"Okay, tell me if she does," Molly said shakily. Her stomach dropped, and she started getting fidgety. Molly couldn't even focus on anything but the rain.

The car pulled in, and her brother Gavin opened the car door. "We're here already?" Molly said.

"Really, you think that it was short? It felt like an eternity," her older brother Matthew said.

Her dad finally found a parking spot, and Molly slowly moved to the edge of the car and stuck her hand out to feel the rain. It was surprisingly not raining anymore. Okay, it's okay, everything is going to be fine, she thought to herself as she hopped out of the car and looked around. Suddenly, she saw her best friend, Whitley, and lurched forward, running across the parking lot. She probably shouldn't have done that, but she didn't care. They were early, so the gates hadn't opened yet.

"Hi bestieeeeee," Molly practically screamed over all the noise. Whitley and Molly had been best friends for as long as they could remember.

"Molly Claire, you could've just been run over!" Molly's mom said, appearing out of nowhere.

"Sorry," Molly said quickly, and then went on talking to Whitley.

Suddenly, bubbles came out of nowhere, and it was time to go in. Molly's family quickly scanned their tickets and walked over to their seats. Molly got to sit next to Whitley, but she couldn't even sit; she was way too excited. Molly's dance academy had its own section, and next to their section was a staircase, so she leaned over the fence cautiously and looked at the baseball players practicing.

Soon enough, I will be dancing there. Today is going to be perfect! Molly tried to reassure herself.

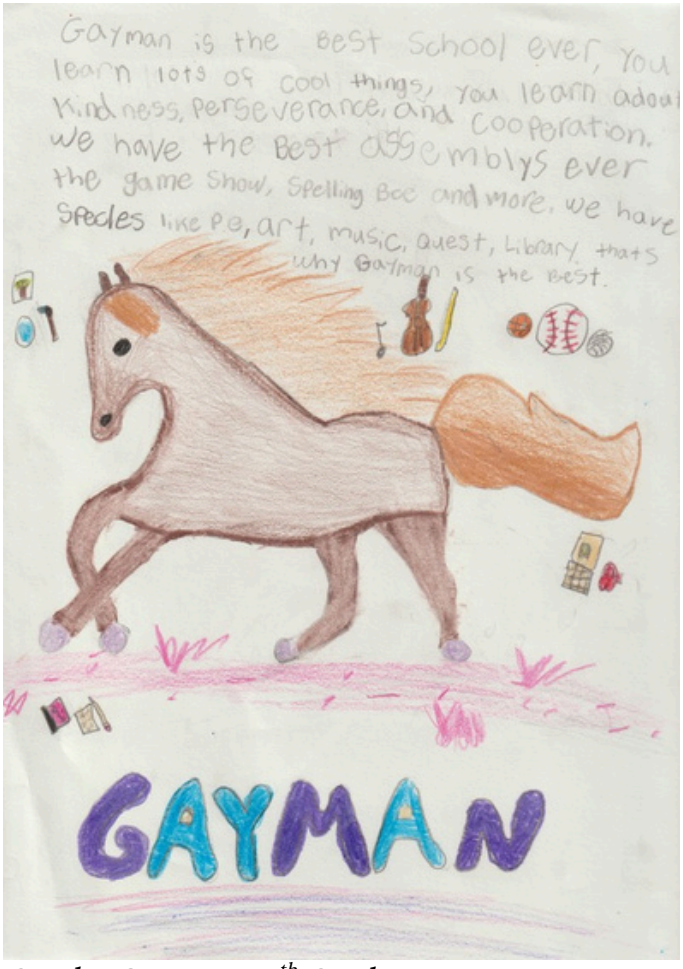
After the players warmed up, her dance teachers signaled to go onto the field. Molly's palms got sweaty even though it was freezing and she was wearing shorts. She, Whitley, and the rest of the dancers hopped down each step, looking happy, but she knew that they all felt the same as her. The rain had slowed to a stop, and Molly stepped onto the perfectly mowed green grass.

She pictured the dance studio in her mind and went to her starting position. She smiled a smile that was fake because she was freaking out on the inside. Whitley saw right through the fake smile and leaned in close and whispered, " You got this!" After Whitley said this, her smile was real and wide.

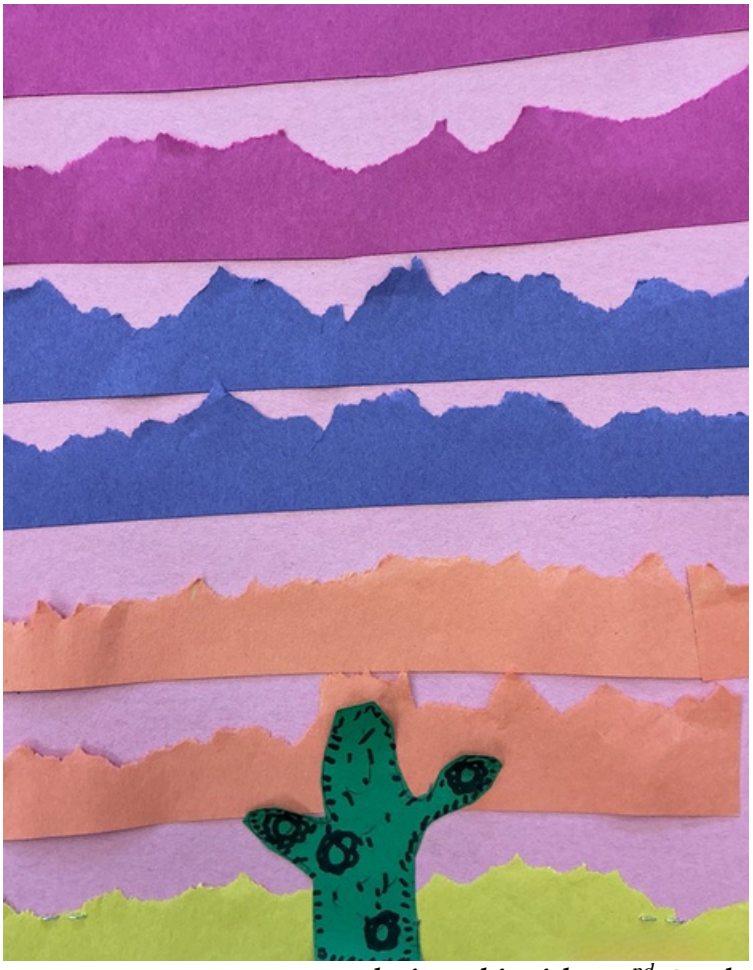
The beat of the music started, and Molly danced. Okay, I got this. Just remember what your hands and feet are doing, she thought to herself while she was jumping and turning. Molly hit her final pose as the music slowed. The crowd erupted in cheers as they bowed and exited the field. OMG I DID IT! Molly had a wide grin on her face. She ran up to her mom and hugged her, and her mom congratulated her. You did amazing, Molls!" her dad said while hugging her, too.

She went to her seat, and the game went on. Molly wasn't a big baseball fan, and she didn't really understand how it worked, but she stood up when the crowd did and clapped when they clapped, so she was fine. Towards the end of the game, it started drizzling. Then it started raining. Hard. Molly was absolutely soaked, but she stayed because of one thing: the fireworks. Whitley stayed too. They were frigid, wet, but extremely happy that the freezing rain didn't affect their dance. The Coca-Cola can sign opened, and fireworks dazzled in the sky. Molly looked up as gold, red, blue, green, and pink sparkles reflected in her eyes. She and Whitley sang along to the music, jumping up and down. The sky got dark, and the fireworks stopped. She and her family piled into the car and headed home for the night.

Molly will never forget this day. She learned many lessons, especially that she should focus on what is most important: having fun! She learned not to worry about things she can't control. She is so thankful for her dance teachers, her family, and her best friend. It's important to have people next to you, especially when the rain is crashing down.



Scarlet Corcoran, 4th Grade



Valeria Lobjanidze, 2nd Grade



Indiara Blumenthal, Kindergarten



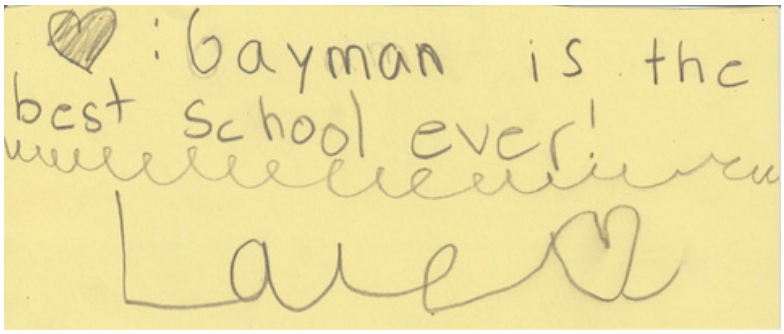
Mia Defilippis, 2nd Grade



Aiyana Patel, 3rd Grade



Cece Peterson, 3rd Grade



Isla Marsden, 3rd Grade

Thank You, Gayman!

Emma Fagan, 5th Grade

When I first moved here and started second grade, I was scared, but Gayman made me feel welcome. My teachers taught me so much, like "roll with the punches."

I don't imagine myself going to any other elementary school. I'm going to middle school with my head held high and high expectations. Let's see if they can be as good a school as Gayman! I might be leaving, but my heart will always stay at Gayman.

Some things I love about Gayman:

- The teachers
- The field trips
- The connections I made over the years
- Good life lessons
- Prepared me for middle school
- Field day
- After-school activities



Quinn Bucknam, 6th Grade



Xavier Bussey, 1st Grade



Lucas Clancy, 6th Grade



Lila Fagan, 1st Grade



Natalie Purse, 1st Grade



Arlo Schmidt, 6th Grade

Dear Violin

Claire Schuster, 6th Grade

From the moment I picked you up
I felt a burst of zeal
A burst so strong, I felt warmth
You and me
Are one when we play
There is no I or you
Just us and happiness
I dressed you in gold and color
Or in other words
Belts and tassels
I was just a girl who fell in love
With music
And you
People say music brought joy
But you brought joy
Wait no us
I cannot dance but we can
You and me playing
Was like a bird in flight
Our music took flight
Our friendship is like
Two eighth notes
Together
Our happiness
Burns a fire in the mind
Some live to inspire
But we live to create
Our music gave life to love
We will always twirl in the wind
And dance in the rain
You lit fire in my heart
And my soul
So strong it never goes out
You and me just us
Forever friends with
Love so deep it never rests
I will always dance with you
With love,
Claire



Barron Mastriana, 3rd Grade



Henry WeMett, 3rd Grade



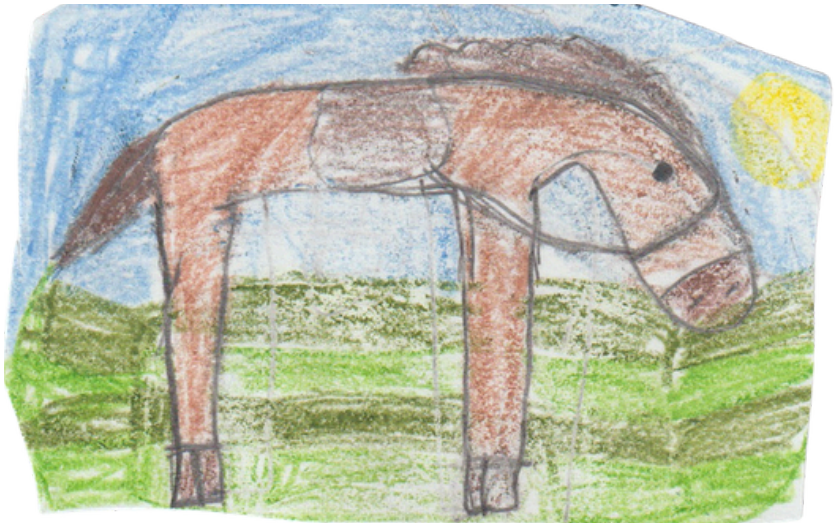
Liam Boucher, 1st Grade



Ava Syers, 1st Grade



Rivaan Upadhyay, 6th Grade



Emma Rauch, 3rd Grade



Sebastian Fountoulakis, 3rd Grade



Rudie Pertes, 2nd Grade



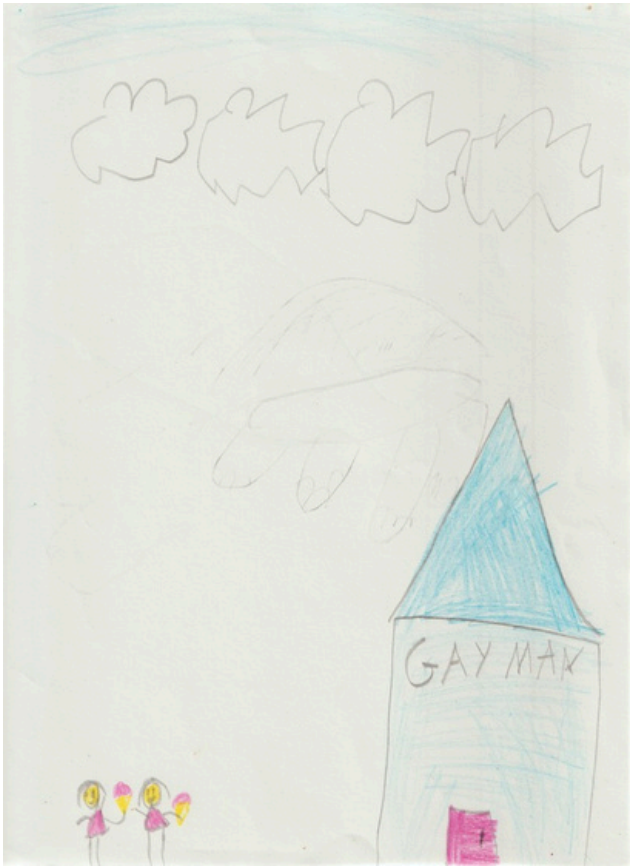
Harper DiCanto, 5th Grade



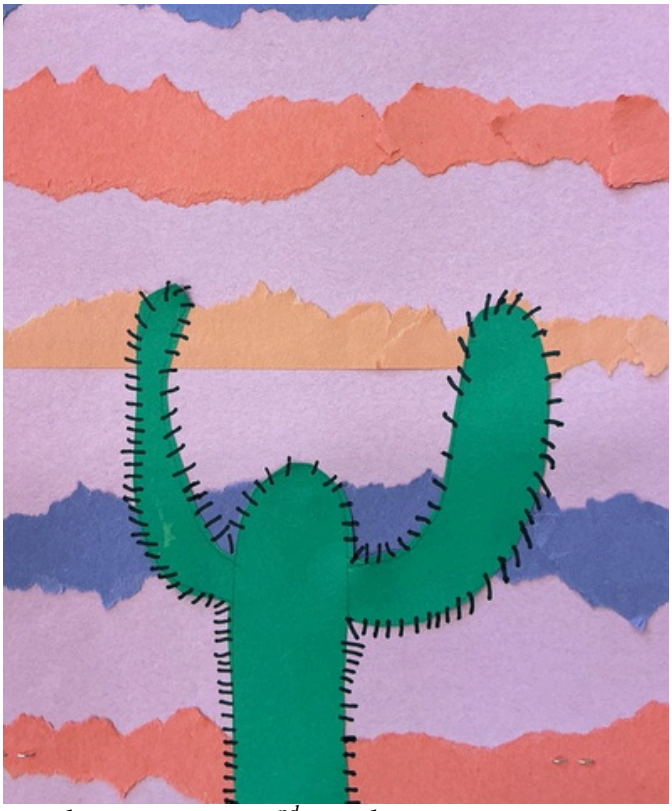
Cora Himmelberger, Kindergarten



Olivia Franciotti, 3rd Grade



Lorelai Corcoran, 1st Grade



Andrea Guzman, 2nd Grade

Dear Gayman

Stella Servetnick, 5th Grade

When we first met you, we were all behind iPad screens in virtual school. When we were finally in-person after COVID, we were separated from each other and were wearing masks. By the time we really got to know our new friends, we were already in first grade.

As first graders, we made friends and enjoyed being at school. We got to experience our first field day and a field trip to the zoo.

Second grade was my best year yet. I had my two best friends in my class, and I had such a good teacher. We played games all year round, and I remember one of our classmates had to move away, and we threw a party for her, and it was so much fun.

Third grade was also stunning. I got to have the same teacher as my kindergarten class. I remember one science unit where we got to see the life cycle of butterflies and hatch chicks as well.

Another amazing year at Gayman was 4th grade, when I realized I was getting to my final years at this wonderful school. All the parties, field trips, and events we had were so amazing.

Fifth grade started, and for the first time, everyone had a boy teacher. Going to the VIP and Me school dance was so much fun, even though we all knew it would be our last one. Every school event would be our last one.

It is crazy to think class of 2026 graduates for elementary school started six feet apart and came to be closer than ever.

Gayman Elementary school si the only elementary school I imagine entering, so thank you, Gayman, for the best six years of my life.

From, Stella

2025 2026

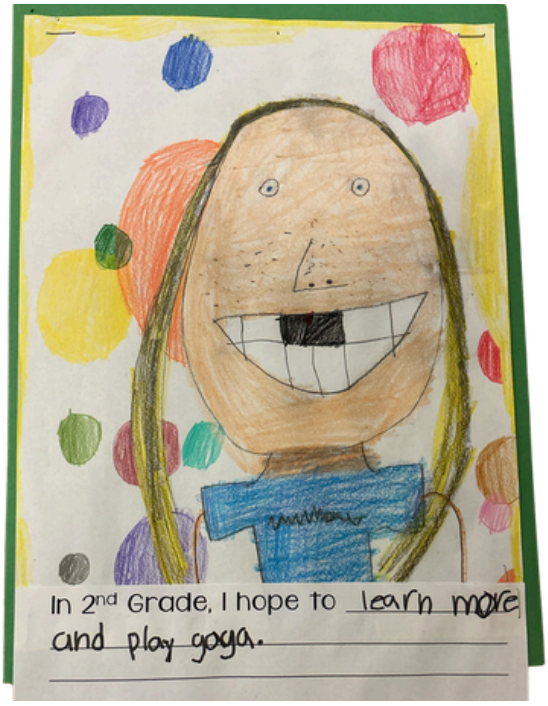
Gayman Elementary



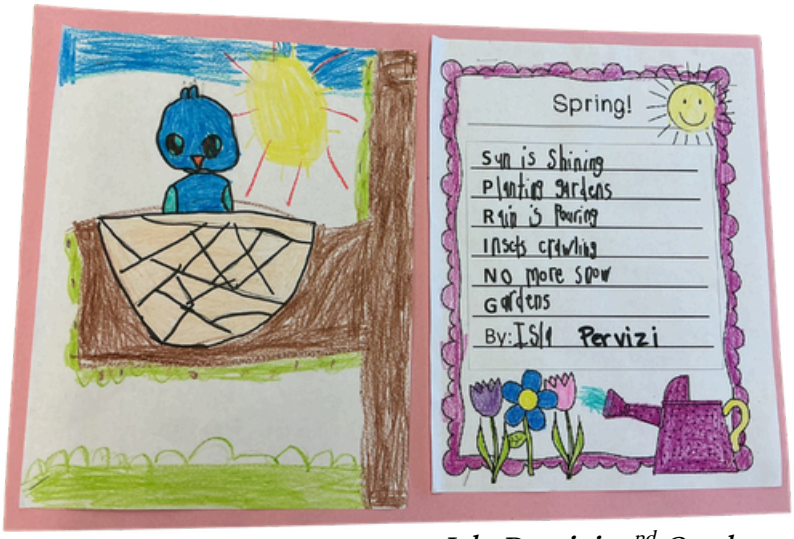
Amelia Prophete, 2nd Grade



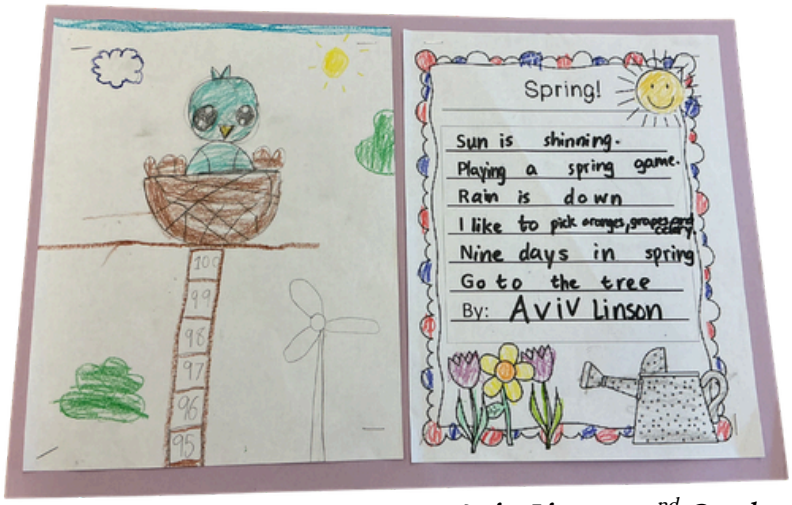
Angela Grigoryan, 2nd Grade



Charlotte Lubeski, 2nd Grade



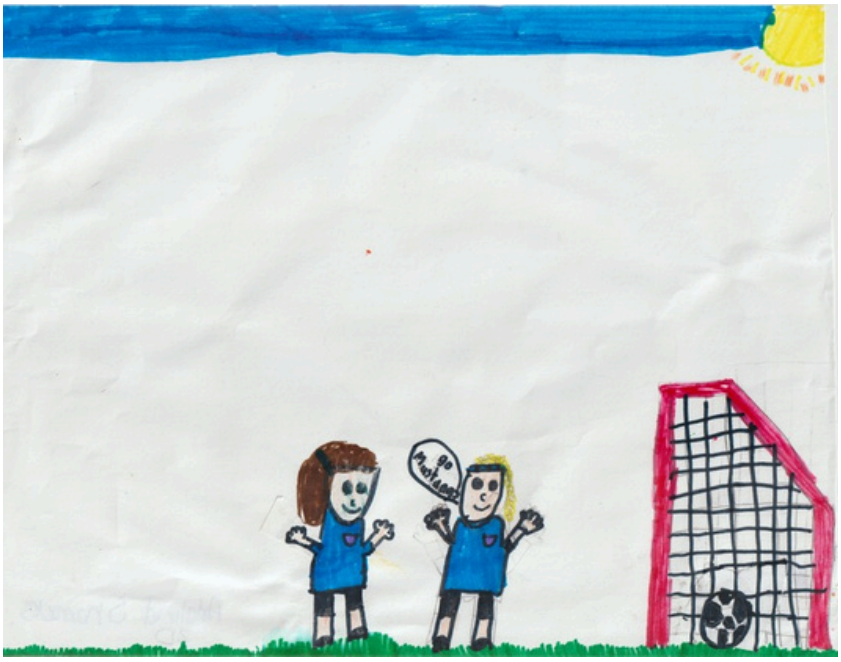
Isla Pervizi, 2nd Grade



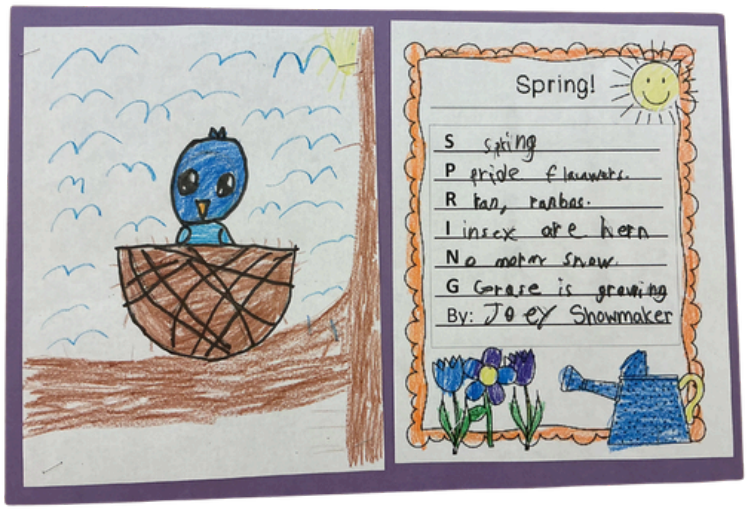
Aviv Linson, 2nd Grade



Brielle Syers, 3rd Grade



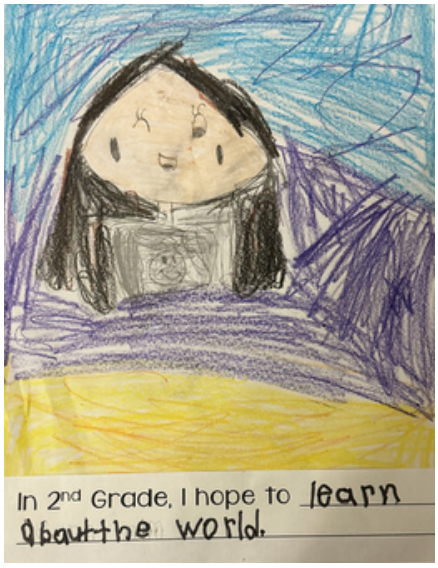
Adalind Sharrocks, 2nd Grade



Joey Showmaker, 2nd Grade



Jordana Blumenthal, 1st Grade



Elizabeth Bargas, 2nd Grade



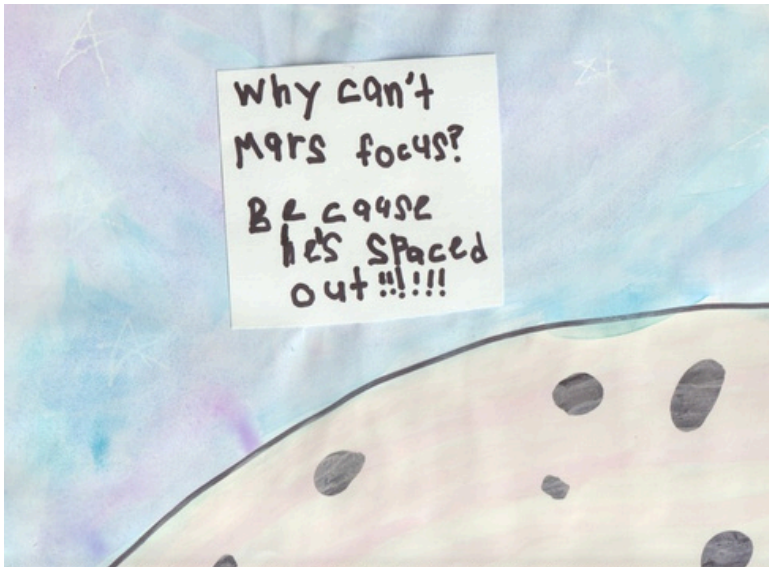
Beckham Rose, 2nd Grade



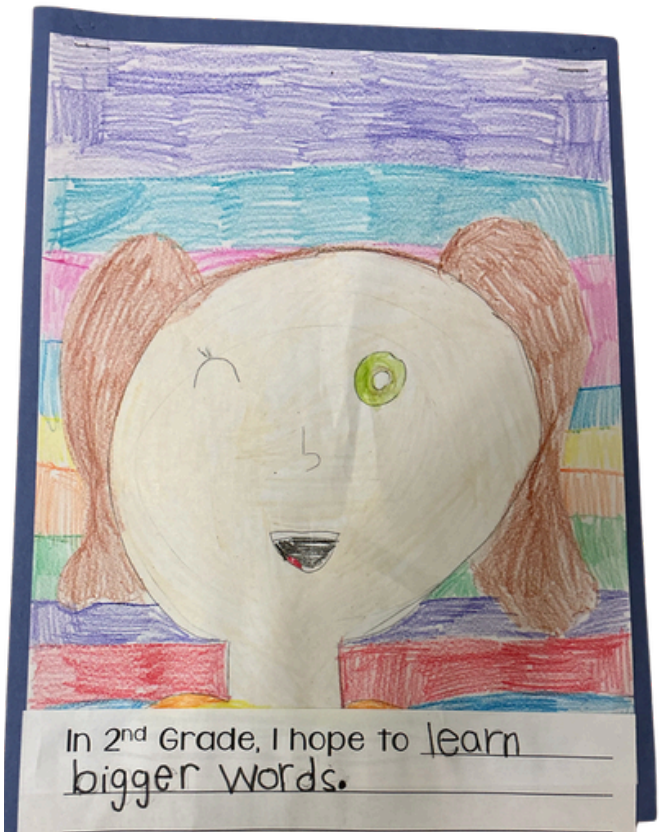
Emma Himmelberger, 2nd Grade



James Kleinot, 3rd Grade



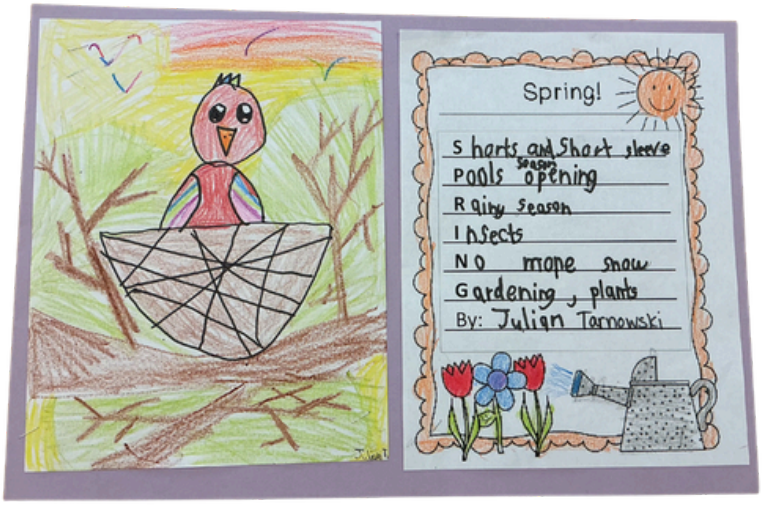
Maggie Summersgill, 3rd Grade



Hannah Heine, 2nd Grade



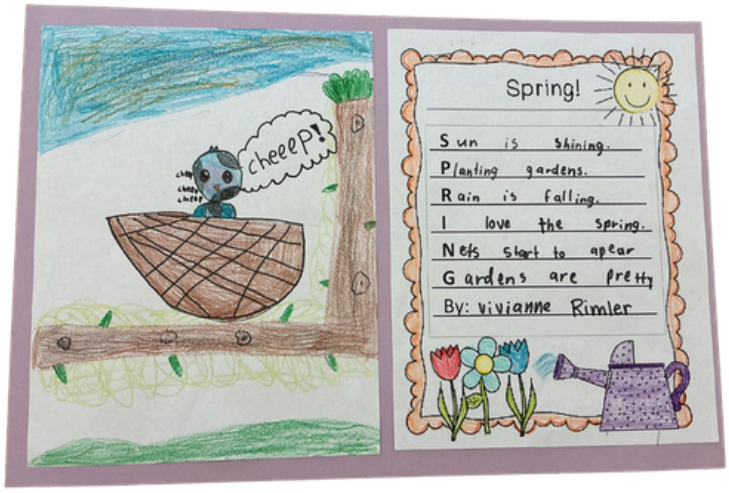
Cece Harvey, 3rd Grade



Julian Tarnowski, 2nd Grade



Calvin Swarr, 1st Grade



Vivianne Rimler, 2nd Grade



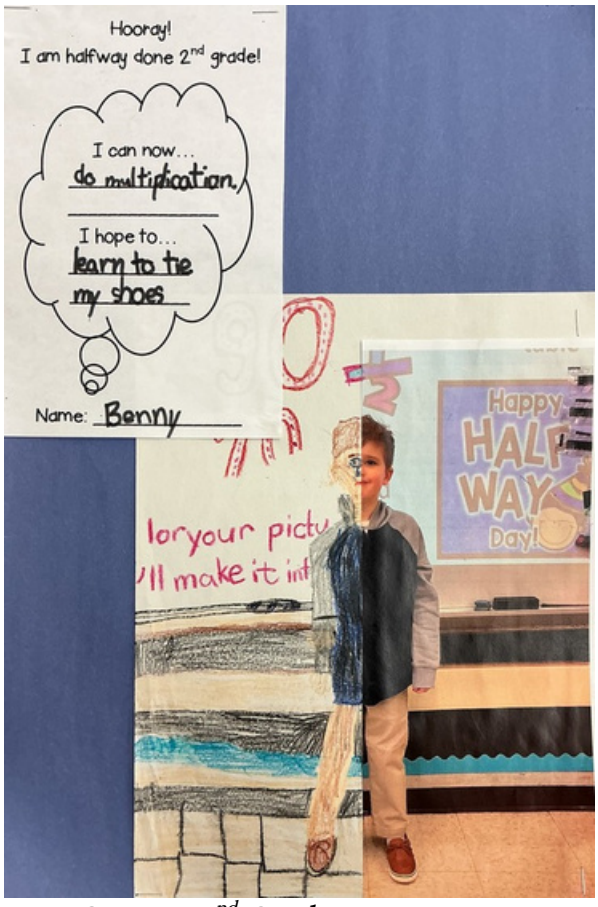
Evan LeGendre, 2nd Grade



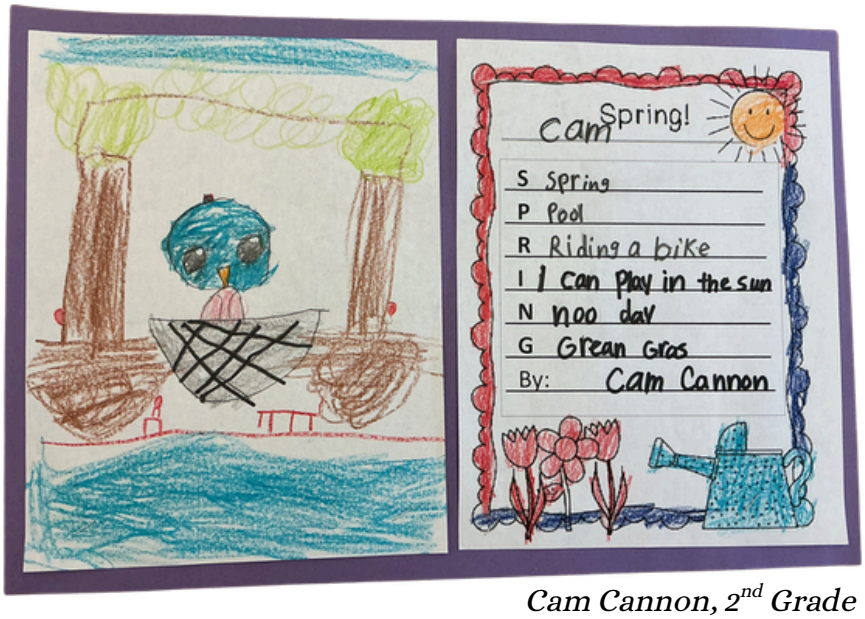
Avery Bucknam, 2nd Grade



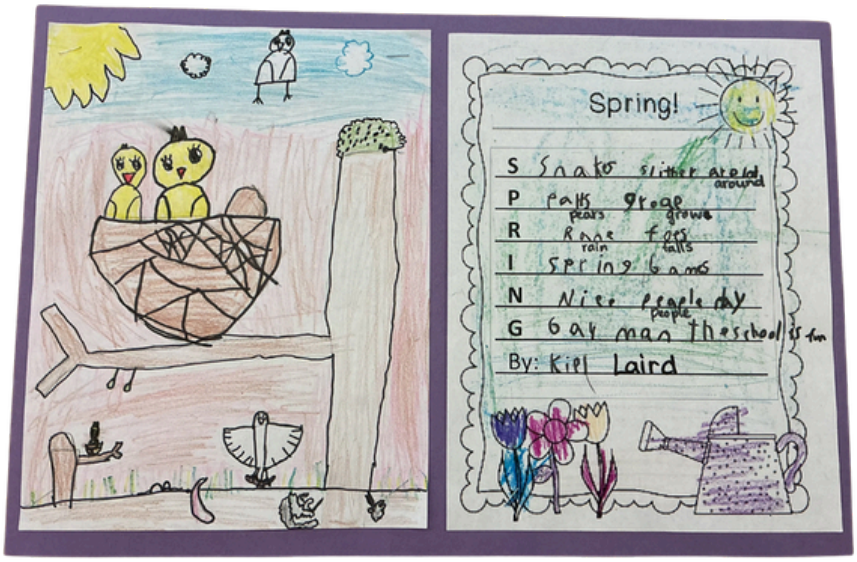
Maverick Iampietro, 2nd Grade



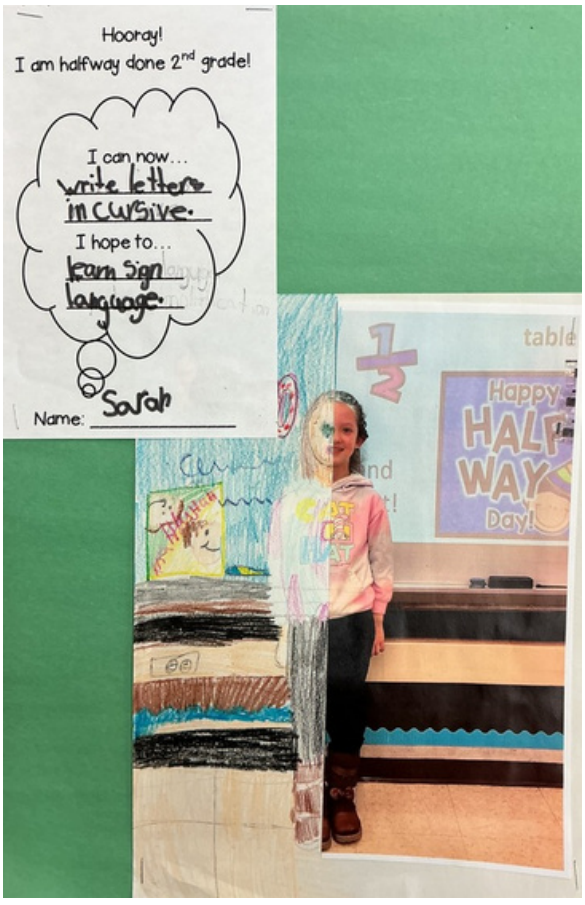
Ben Cooney, 2nd Grade



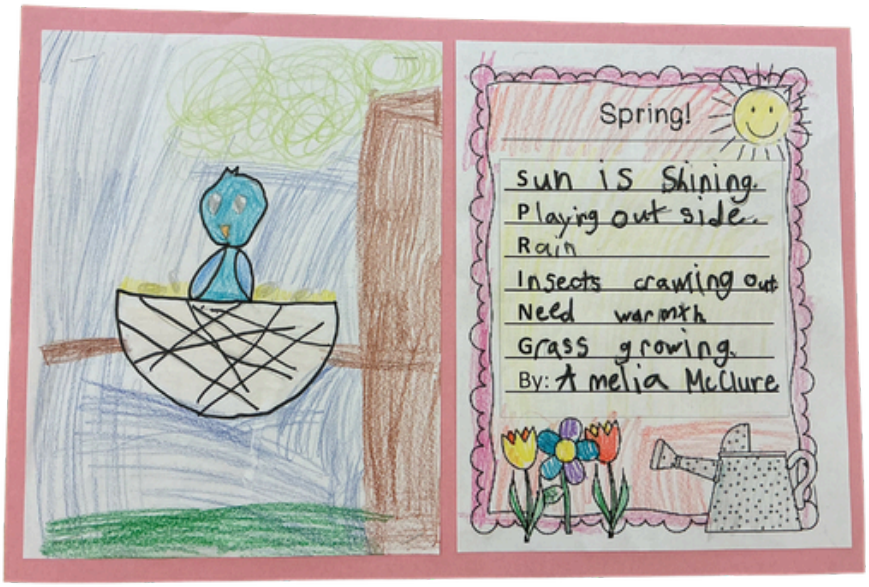
Cam Cannon, 2nd Grade



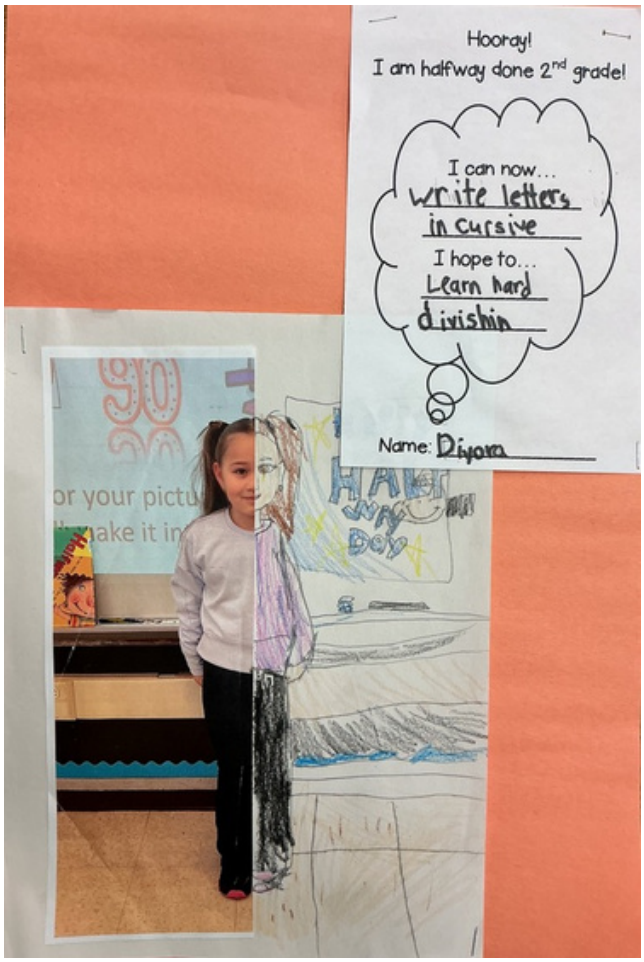
Kiel Laird, 2nd Grade



Sarah Chinchilla, 2nd Grade



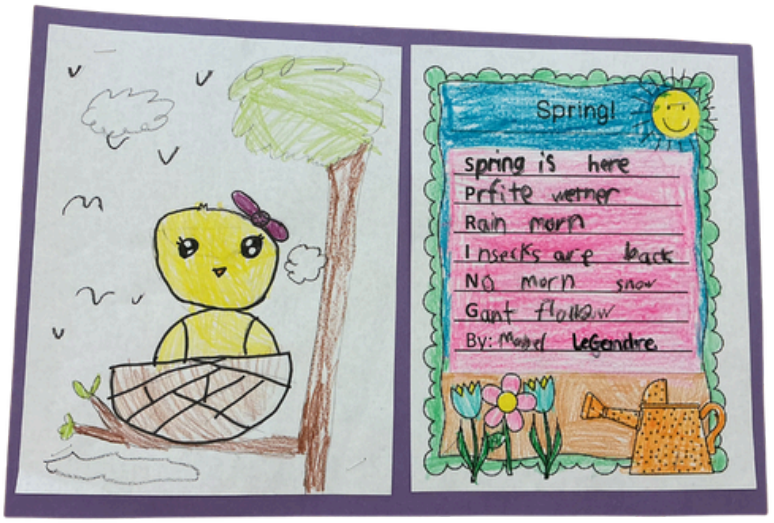
Amelia McClure, 2nd Grade



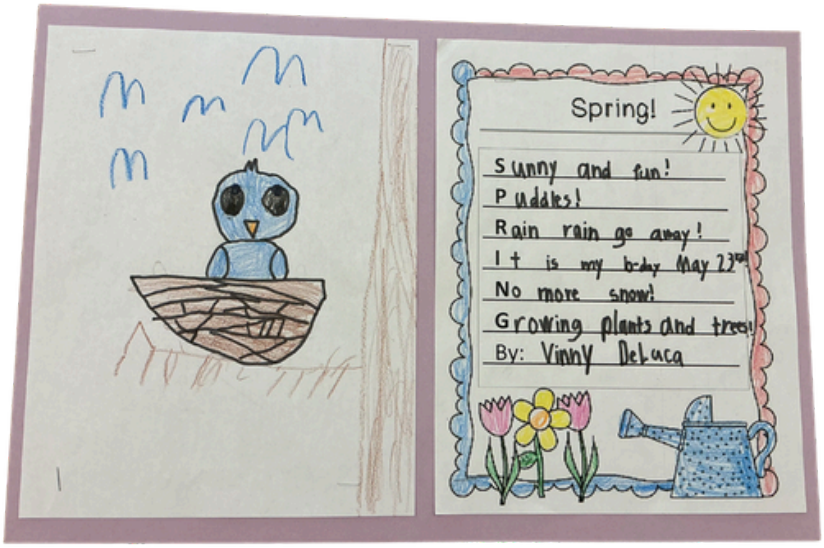
Diyora Abdirashidova, 2nd Grade



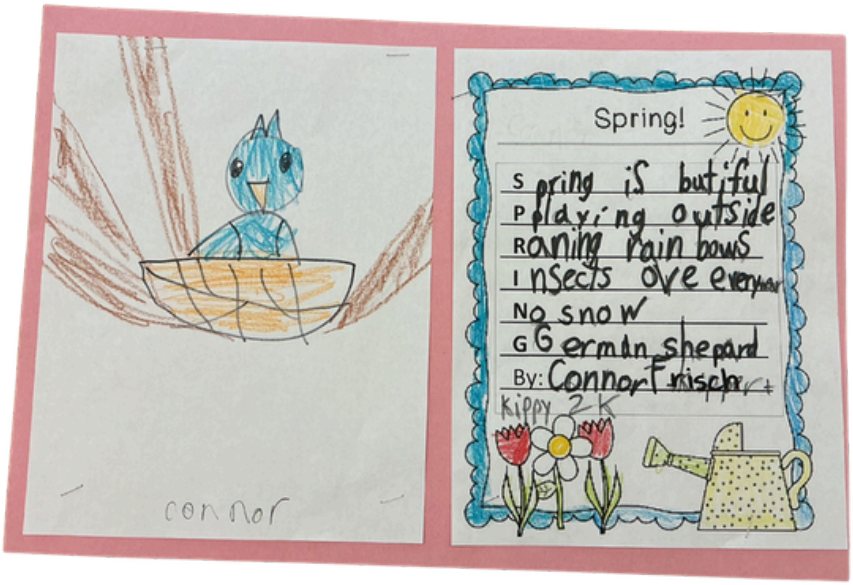
Blake Harvey, 3rd Grade



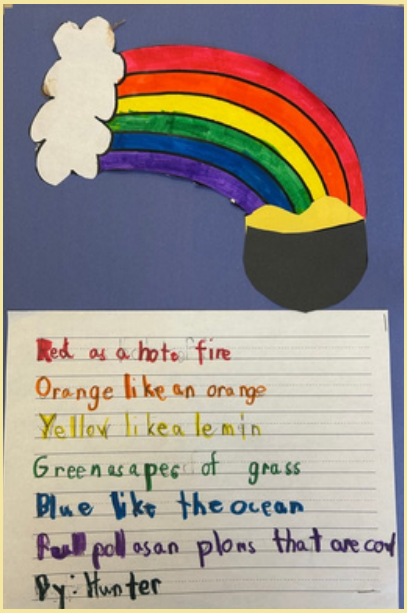
Mabel LeGendre, 2nd Grade



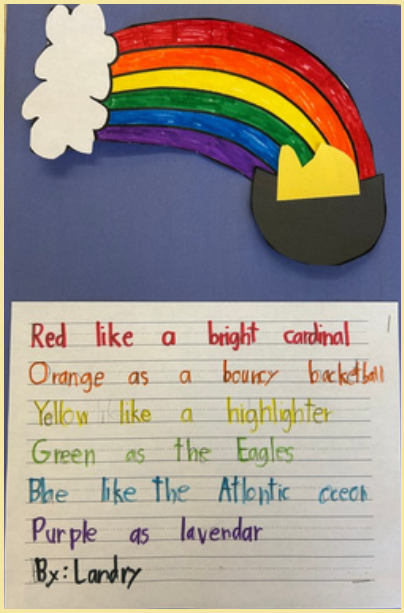
Vinny DeLuca, 2nd Grade



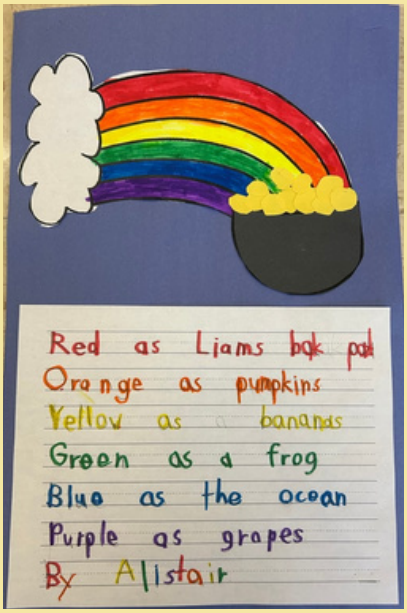
Connor Frisch, 2nd Grade



Hunter Groman, 1st Grade



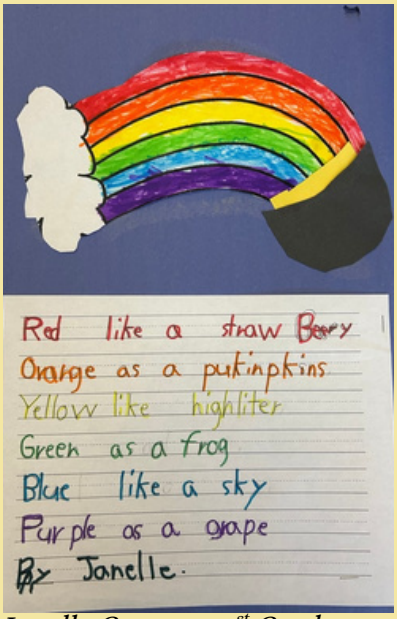
Landry Wagner, 1st Grade



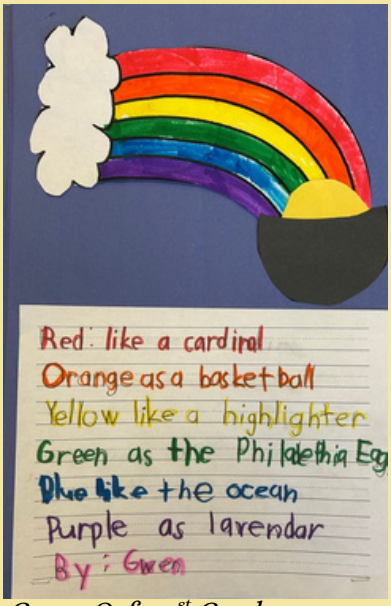
Alistair Truelove, 1st Grade



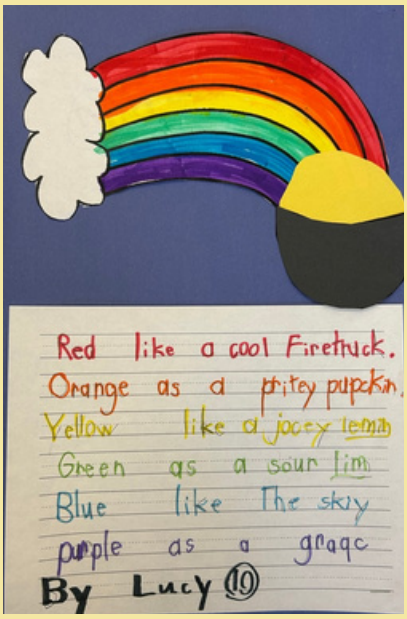
Brittany Cortez-Medina, 1st Grade



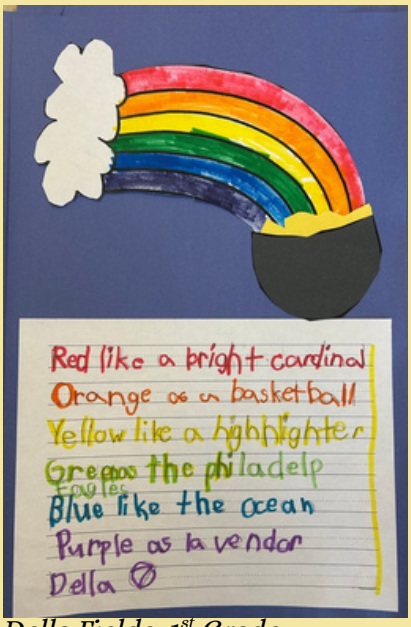
Janelle Guzman, 1st Grade



Gwen Orfe, 1st Grade



Lucy Klingerman, 1st Grade



Della Fields, 1st Grade



Leah Davitt, 3rd Grade



Ella Chisnell, 2nd Grade