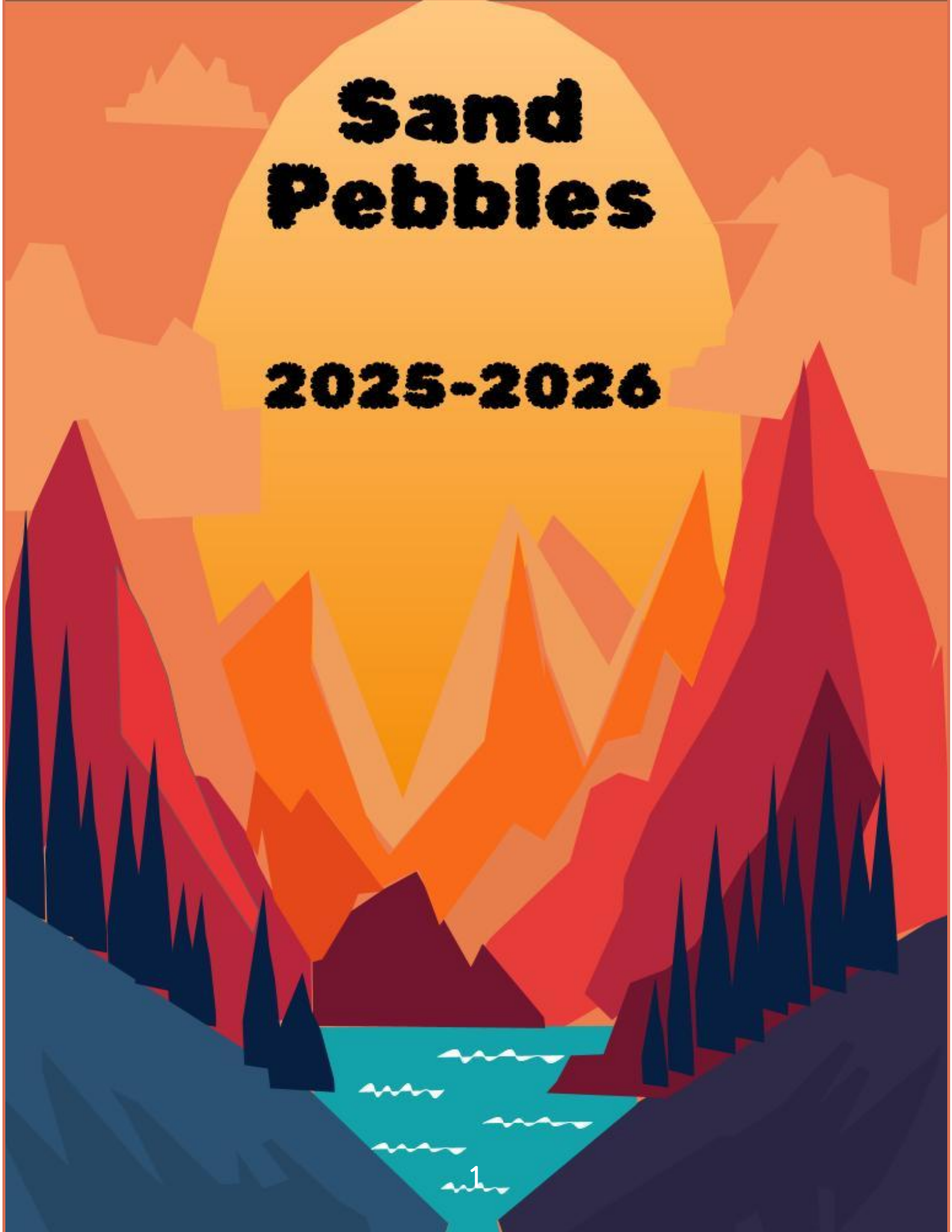


Sand Pebbles

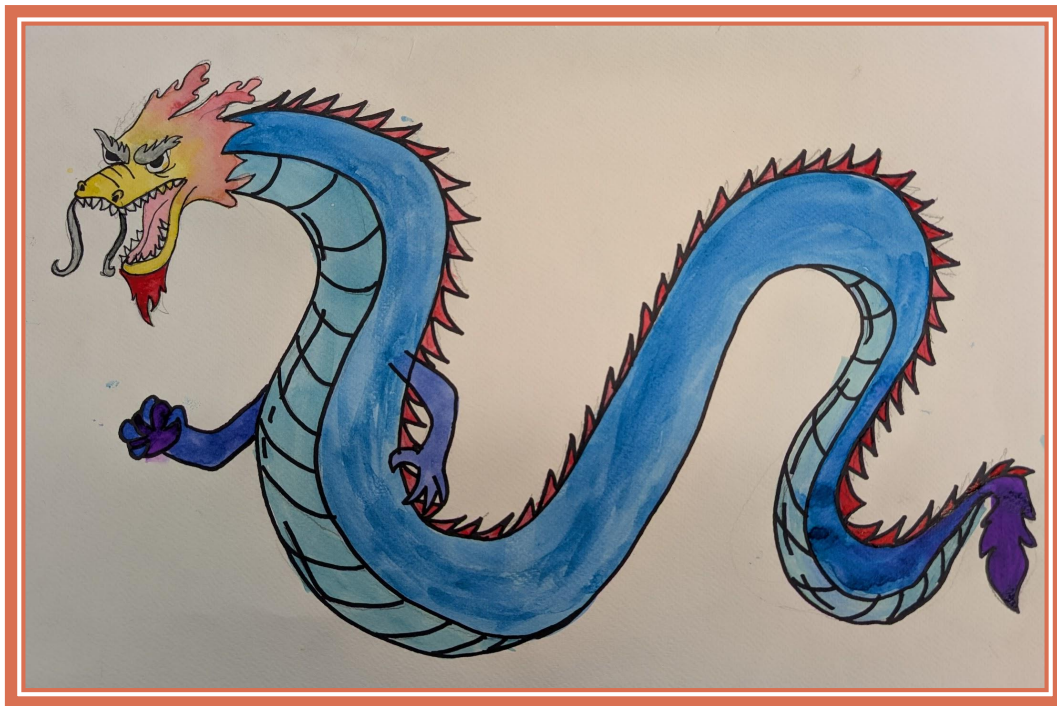
2025-2026



Quote

*“Success is not final;
failure is not fatal;
it is the courage to continue that counts.”*

-Winston Churchill



*Artwork
by CeCe Tortorello
Grade 6*

Staff

8th Grade

Jude Abady
Lily Stevens

7th Grade

Uma Baxi
Jess Brown
CiCi Roman

6th Grade

Layla Hunger
Mahira Obaidullah
Emma Steimle
CeCe Tortorello

Faculty Advisors

Ms. Gasser
Mrs. Horton

The *Sand Pebbles* staff would like to thank Mrs. Willems for proofreading this year's magazine.

This year's cover was created by CiCi Roman, Grade 7

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Scan me to see the
digital copy of the magazine!

"Super Bowl Dreams in Jersey"

by CiCi Roman
Grade 7

Giants soared for touchdown,
Jets tripped on tailgate snacks—
Friday night lights laugh.

End zone confetti,
Mascots dance with tangled flags—
Victory's Giants flies.

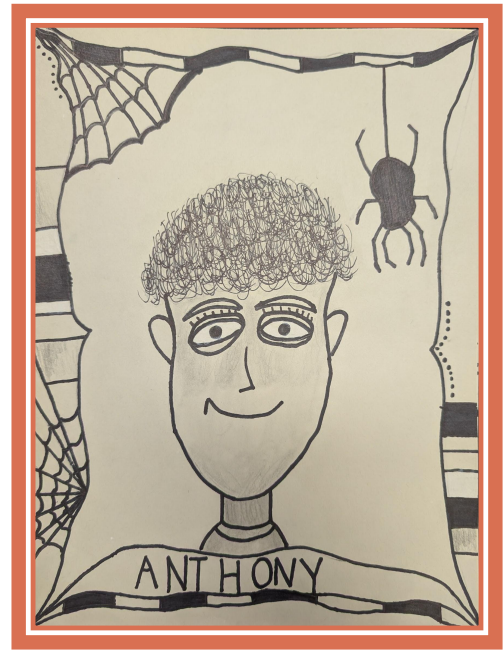
Quarterback's bold leap,
Slips on rogue hot dog wrapper,
Dreams slip, crowds erupt.

Halftime moonwalk slip—
Cheerleaders giggle midair,
Giants and Jets grin.

Jersey dreams take flight,
In this football comedy,
Confidence wins big,
And the Giants finally had a win.



Photography
by Uma Baxi
Grade 7



Artwork
by Anthony Hoff
Grade 7

"A Streak In The Sky"

by Uma Baxi
Grade 7

On the shoreline where the daylight fades
My footprints cast a path to the sunset's blaze
A family together after a long day
The wind causing the palm trees to sway

The vivid sky begins to glow
While the waves begin to grow
They build up a beautiful wall
To come crashing down with a fall

The golden beams spread far and wide
Reaching each point in the sky
Each moment side by side
Spreading joy with an amazing ride

The evening wrapping us in warmth
Giving us a clear sky with no storms
The glare of the sun hitting the sand
Its light expanding over the land

“Summer”

by Lily Stevens
Grade 8

Summer, the best season of all,
Comes close to fall.
It is as calming as anything
I wonder what winter will bring.

One afternoon I said to myself,
“Why isn’t winter more hot?”
Now frost is just the thing,
To get me wondering if the winter is inhumane.

Winter, however hard it tries,
Will always be pretty.
Winter is fine; a winter is beautiful,
Winter is bad, however.

Summer and winter are both beautiful,
Although winter’s weather is unusual.
During summer, you can’t take the heat,
In the winter, warmth just cannot be beat.



Artwork
by Berenisse Zepeda-Mosso
Grade 8



Artwork
by Alex Mejia
Grade 7

“The Love of the Game”

by Camryn Decker
Grade 7

The field is green, and the ball is round,
A game of soccer, joy is found.
With speedy feet, we run and chase,
A smile on every happy face.

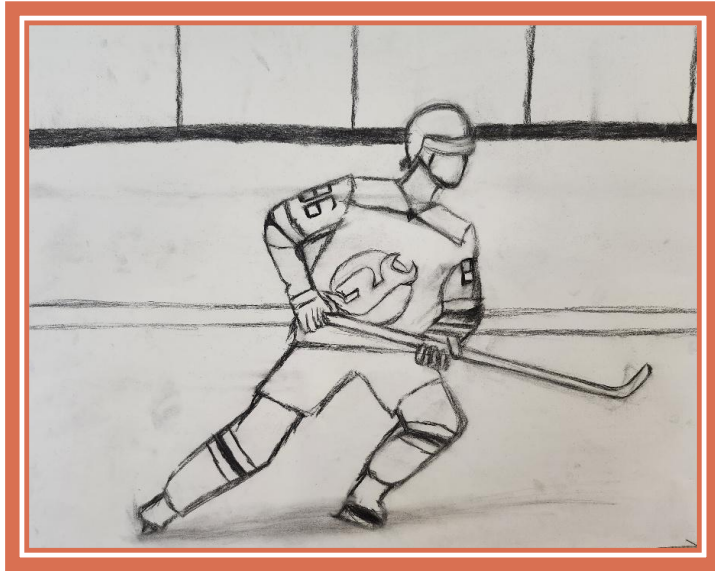
We kick and pass, we dribble fast,
Hoping our winning streak will last.
The crowd cheers loud, a joyful sound,
As goals are scored upon the ground.

With teamwork strong, we play our best,
Putting our skills to the test.
Win or lose, it’s all good fun,
Soccer’s a game for everyone!

"Me"

by CiCi Roman
Grade 7

I am crazy, funny, strong.
I get a lot of compliments for my athletic skills.
I am only smart in math and science.
I love animals and sports.
I play soccer, football, basketball.
I have a bird, two dogs, three cats.
That Is Me.



Artwork
by Charlotte Ross
Grade 8

"Loving to Ski"

by Jillian Crosby
Grade 8

Love feeling the cold
Against my ice-cold face. Love
Going up then down.

"A Battle No One Sees"

by Micka Santos
Grade 8

My Mind is twirling
Silent voices in my head
Peace becomes a prize

Fighting wars in my mind
It's like a war everyday
no one can see
It happens every
single day.

No matter how hard I try
There's never a day I don't fight
Or a day I can rest
As days go on
I fight and fight
Too many to overcome

Eventually I fight too hard
There's no energy in me
All I can do is try and rest
And just wait for another war to come.

"Spooky Story"

by Caitlin Zdan
Grade 7

It was a cold Halloween night. Emma saw a black cat go past her on her way home. Emma was so excited to go home and get ready for a Halloween party. Her sister Rosie was already home getting ready. Finally, Emma arrived home and saw that the garage door was opened. She knew that she closed it before she left, so she had a feeling that something was wrong.

Emma went inside, and her sister was upstairs listening to music. Emma ran up the stairs to ask her sister if she left the garage door opened. Her sister said she didn't. They both got a little weirded out that maybe someone could be in their house.

There was a little noise in the basement, but no one wanted to go down there. Finally, Emma went down the stairs, and there was blood. She got a little worried. Then, she got to the bottom of the stairs and there was a mask on the saw bench. There was blood on the mask too.

She got very scared. Emma ran up the stairs but realized she was trapped on the stairs. She called and screamed at the top of her lungs! Rosie heard her and then ran downstairs trying to get her out.

Rosie was too late, and Emma was gone. The back door in the basement was opened. Rosie got upstairs to go in her car to go look for Emma. She went past this very creepy, old house, and she thought maybe Emma could be in there. She parked her car in front of the house, and there was one light on in the house. She walked slowly to the door and knocked. No one answered. She did it again and again and again.

Finally, someone answered. He had a mask on. It looked so messy, and there were spider webs everywhere. The person said to her, "Come with me." She went with him because her sister might be in the house. He took her to the basement of their house. The stairs creaked while she was walking down. She heard a scream, and she thought it was her sister. Rosie had to go see if it was her, but it wasn't.

It was this old lady in the basement, and she was crying and yelling. Rosie got really worried that her sister could be gone, and she would never see her again. Rosie ran out of this house and went in her car to go home. She got home and walked in not knowing what to do. Her mom and dad were still not answering her. There was more noise in the house. She went into the living room and saw a bloody mask on the couch, and the lights flickered and then shut off. Then, the doorbell rang. TO BE CONTINUED...



*Artwork
by Emma Steimle
Grade 6*

"A Ghoul"

by Danielle Weisslitz
Grade 7

A ghoul, however hard it tries,
Will always be mysterious.
Are you upset by how mysterious it is?
Does it tear you apart to see the ghoul so deep?

Banshees, however hard they try,
Will always be scary.
Banshees are alarming. Banshees are trembling.
Banshees are shivery.

Zombies, however hard they try,
Will always be gross.
Do zombies make you sick?
Do they?



*Photography
by Uma Baxi
Grade 7*



"Skiing on an Icy Day"

by Isla Mazza
Grade 7

I cannot help but stop and look at the coastal, arctic alpine.
Now inland is just the thing,
To get me wondering if the arctic alpine is seaward.

Believe that the active area is frozen?
The active area is frozen beyond belief.
Does the active area make you shake?
Does it?
The solid that's really cold,
Above all others is the pure powder.
Glup, glup, glup.



*Artwork
by Mahira Obaidullah
Grade 6*

"A Star"

by Gaelle Delorme
Grade 8

A star shines so bright like a beacon
in the night.
She attracts the eyes of others and
dazzles the audience.
She's always doing the right thing.

But to her plight, the star begins to dim.
Her grades start slipping,
and the audience grows grim.

Now so bitter, she resorts to humor,
but it can't hide the growing tumor of sadness
in the deepest parts of her mind.

Late at night, she cries as the star
finally dies,

"Why am I not good enough?"

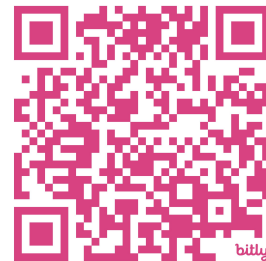


*Digital Artwork
by Jess Brown
Grade 7*

"Freedom"

by Leah Mesidor
Grade 8

Birds soar in the sky.
Free from cages, free to fly.
Then, the world is peace.



Lions Revenge Stop Motion Video

by CiCi Roman
Grade 7

"Camera in a Life"

by Yeziel Perez-Cruz
Grade 8

World in a small fame
A blink of an eye, but flash
Becomes light to life

"France and England"

by Anonymous
Grade 7

France and England.

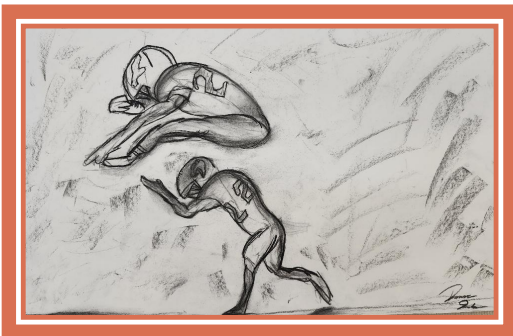
Oh no! They are trying to take our
land.

We are outnumbered, this is wrong!
How can they be this strong?

We forgot to get a petition.

We have to stop them!

We agreed to make allies.



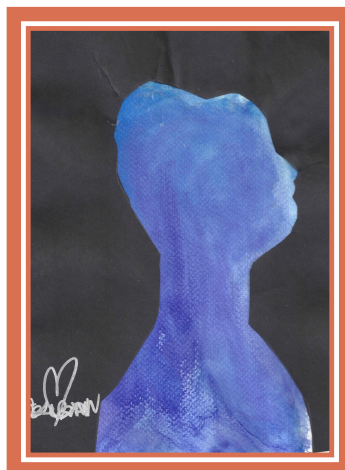
Artwork
by **Dominic Siliato**
Grade 8

Oh no! We were both at war.

This war has so much lore.

This is bad!

We agreed to make allies.



Artwork
by **Jess Brown**
Grade 7

They're trying to make a new
France.

We are trying to make a trap.

They try to trade without our
permission.

Quebec is what we're taking.

We want to make allies.



Artwork
by **Layla Hunger**
Grade 6

“The Ghost in the Backyard”

by Jess Brown
Grade 7

“I’m going outside!” Tommy says to his older sister Kayla. He walks out the door and sees a Grim Reaper scythe. He didn’t think much of it because his sister was being a Grim Reaper for Halloween, and she said that she would “DIY it.” When Tommy looks up, he sees a six-foot-tall skeleton in a dark, black raggedy cloak hanging from a tree. It looked like it was someone who was hanged by the neck and stayed that way until it was a rotting corpse.

Tommy went over to take a closer look. It could have been fake, but the bones were so detailed and intricate. He knew this was complex for his sister to pull off. Even if it was fake, how would mom let her buy this? She didn’t let Tommy buy the new limited edition pack of baseball cards. Tommy took one step closer and closer. Tommy looked under the cloak of the skeleton and saw a laughing skull crying thick, dark, tears.

“AAGGHH!” Tommy ran inside screaming.

“What is the matter?” asked his older sister Kayla, “I have a really big science project, and I really need to work on it!”

“G-G-GHOST!” Tommy cried.

“Ghost?”

“Yes, ghost! Outside! In the backyard! It was laughing and crying dark, black tears!”

“Okay, I will come outside to check,” Kayla groaned.

She really needed to get back to studying. When the two got outside, there was nothing. Not a single bone. Not a single thread of fabric. Not a single black tear. Not a single bloodstain. Even the sky which had been cloudy before had now become perfectly sunny.

“Tommy, you know how much I love to play with you, but I really need to get back to studying.”

“BUT THERE WAS A REAL GHOST!” Tommy cried, “Maybe not a ghost, but a creepy black skeleton!”

“Look,” Kayla softened, “We can play ghost hunters all you want when I am done working on my project, but if I get one more bad grade in this class, I am going to fail for the semester.”

Tommy stood still and silent. For all Kayla knew, she pressed a pause button on him.

“Kayla,” Tommy was petrified, “d-d-d-don’t turn around...” Kayla looked behind her and saw the same dark creature that Tommy was describing. It was laughing uncontrollably with a scythe gripped in its boney hands. It raised it over its head. All that Tommy remembered was its hands and the scythe crashing down. The creature looked directly at Tommy. Under the mask was Kayla with a grim smile and black tears streaming down her rotting face.

“Wake up,” Kayla said in a soft voice.

It was morning, and Tommy tried to speak, but his mouth was sewn shut.

“Don’t tell anyone about my project. Deal? I didn’t know if I could trust you, so I sewed your mouth shut.”

Tommy was so confused; he had so many questions that he couldn’t ask. Kayla began to walk out of the room. As she reached out for a scythe, a boney arm was revealed.

“You are part of my project, and I need to finish it. Stay put and we can keep this our little secret.”

Kayla turned around, but it wasn’t Kayla, it was the ghost.

The Ghost reached for Tommy as its eerie hand touched his soul. The skeleton morphed into an uncanny copy of Tommy. A dark, globby hand came out from under Tommy’s bed and dragged him under. It took Tommy into a parallel world. A giant, black void.

Tommy found Kayla. Her mouth sewn shut. Tommy watched his sister mold and blend into a giant black void. He connected all of the dots. His fingers and toes tingled as he melted into the void. Soon enough, the two of them were gone. Gone from this world.

As the years go by, millions enter and leave this parallel dimension. Never to be seen again. Their body and soul is gone. Powering something evil and hungry. All we know is that we are in danger.

"Cooking"

by Janyla Basden
Grade 6

The food that's hot and ready.
Above all others is the cookery.
Creole, convalescent cookery.
Does the cookery make you shiver?
Does it?

Pay attention to the gardening;
the gardening is the most plants farming of all.
Does the gardening make you shiver?
Does it?

When I think of the kitchens, I see a cave.
Down, down, down into the darkness of the kitchens,
Gently it goes - the confused, the hairy, the woolly-headed.



Artwork
by Jayden Coccozza
Grade 8



Artwork
by CiCi Roman
Grade 7

"The Board"

by Gaelle Delorme
Grade 8

Paying attention
is hard retention.
Why must I learn
of the corners of history?
Or some bland story with a theme I can barely grasp?
"Head up," one says,
"Keep your eyes on the board," another demands.

The board barely interests me,
like a pointless monologue.
I won't participate in such dialogue,
unless it actually has meaning.

"Past, Present, Future"

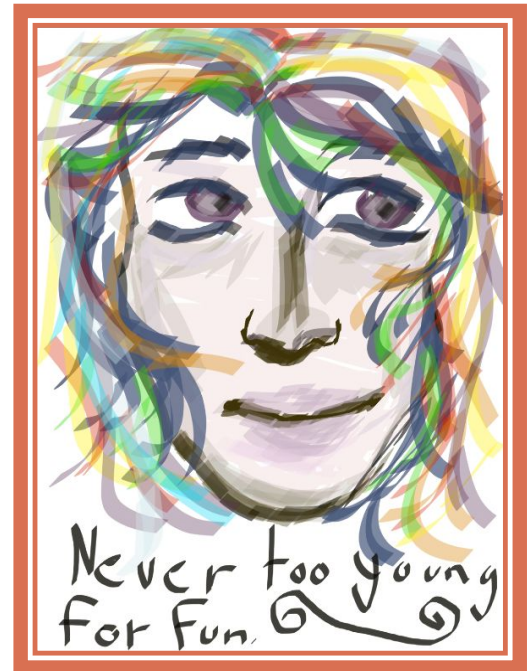
by CiCi Roman
Grade 7

I was a follower
That brought me to many despairs
I always looked down at people like I was a watchtower
That brought me to see nightmares

I am very athletic
and a very good student
But my teammates just mimic
That just made me a mutant

I believe I can be rich
I will be the first person to solve all the world's mysteries
I will never be a snitch
I will go down in histories

So listen to me
Never stop trying to make your own future



*Digital Artwork
by Mahira Obaidullah
Grade 6*



*Artwork
by Julia Sankar
Grade 8*

"Fading Away"

by Valentina Orocio
Grade 7

Your dream is those scars on your arms,
the way you smile,
and how your dark brown hair moves when you walk past

It's the small things that make you you,
your beauty,
how smart you are,
and how everything doesn't matter when I'm with you
because you're unique, and that makes you - you

How your laugh is contagious,
and you always lighten the mood,
but lately I haven't felt that joy,
as I am parting ways with you

Goodbye

"A Football All Pro"

by Corey Brand
Grade 7

Making money
Trying to win

Tries to score

While you tryin' to swim

Tries to block the touchdown

But it's always intense

Hate the defence

Runs and passes the ball

But you trip and fall

But you ain't buff

Juking the hits

You playin O line

But you got no time

You trying to score but you just got
blurrrrrrrred

Hitting people

Touch back

First down

Talking trash

But you just got slapped

You think you nice

Always mad

But you only have ice



Artwork
by Uma Baxi
Grade 7

“The Foster Tea Party”

by Emma Steimle

Grade 6

CHAPTER ONE: The Visitor

The light shines in my face. I sit up trying not to hit the dusty, yellow ceiling above. I turn over and sigh loudly. This wakes up Sarah who’s below me.

“Morning, May,” she says while yawning.

I put my hand down to let her know I’m listening. She slaps my hand and we giggle over this. It’s times like these when you need a little laughter in your life. Especially a friend. I push the blue rag for a blanket off me and climb down the rickety old ladder. I jump off once I hit the third to last step.

Sarah is already up and is starting to braid her thick black curls. I myself start to brush my long, blonde hair. We race downstairs to the dining table and already see our friend Kay. He’s sitting down at the big, long table in his favorite chair and in his favorite spot. Kay really likes the blue, rusted chair at the very end of the table. Kay’s always super particular about that sort of stuff. Personally, I think it’s super weird. We still take the two seats next to him. We’ve been friends ever since we were super little. Well, I guess ever since my parents went missing about a year ago. Wow, it’s still hard to believe that it has only been one year in total.

I still remember waking up in my fluffy pink bed and walking down to the kitchen table only to find two old books with a little note attached to it. Little nine year old me was super confused. Mom and Dad would usually be at the table reading the local news but today was different.

The note only said:

“You’ll understand one day.”

-Love Mom and Dad

I snap back to reality as Mrs. Red taps my shoulder and ruffles Kay’s red, dusty hair.

Mrs. Red has a big smile on and says, “Good morning children. I imagine it must be nice being up before the rest of the kids. It does in fact mean you get first dibs on breakfast.”

She dusts off her apron and fixes her face, making her smile more white and somewhat more cheerful before continuing, “Now May, I need you to come with me quickly. Someone is waiting outside—for you.”

The way she said ‘for you’ makes me freeze. I’m known to be kind but a bit of a troublesome girl. But other than the time I broke the couch and tv and possibly the fancy pink stain glass window upstairs twice, I’m all good. Super fun to be around if you’re on my good side. Don’t even think about getting me mad.

I walk outside with her, and I’m greeted by a tall woman wearing thick, dark sunglasses and a big red and black coat. She stands up straight and ushers me into the car. Mrs. Red waves kindly at me despite how much trouble I’ve caused her and then turns back to the door slamming it shut.

The car is all white with tight velvet seats while the lights in the car are dim. I cross my arms as the woman turns around taking off her glasses as she does so.

Panting she says, “Hi May. Wow you’ve really grown from the last time I saw you.”

“What do you mean?” I say lighting up my frown but still keeping my deathly gaze.

“You don’t remember me, do you?” she asks with a somewhat hopeful look in my eyes.

I just shake my head.

“May,” the woman continues, “I know what happened to your parents because...”

I cut her off, all confused while replying, “How?”

She looks me dead in the eyes and replies, “Sweetheart, I’m your mom.”

TO BE CONTINUED...

This is a preview of a story. Hope you enjoyed it!

“The Renaissance Times”

by Francesse Jean
Grade 7

A means of trading and safety the
merchants provided

Selling and trading products, they do

Construction indeed the city of
Augustan was

The Roman roads of Augustan

The home of the Fuggers, the greatest
financial company, was Augsburg

Merchants turned into princes and
that's all because of the Fugger family

Europe, a Christian continent the
popular festival trailed from.

The scientist, the engineer, the inventor
Leonardo da Vinci proposed for
satellite development around Milan

The Fuggers were weavers, a great
number of skilled (from Italy) in
delicate

Jugglers, players, singers, astrologers,
etcetera; these are fairs that brought
considerable crowds with money

The great castle which dominated the
medieval cities, usually merely
extensions of the main cities

In cities those who were controlled by
the lord, the gate acted as ears and
eyes

If the Fuggerei was a monument to the
charity of the family, the ‘Golden
Counting House’ was the solid evidence
of their wealth, a temple of finance to
which devotees came from all over
Europe

It was perhaps from the Venice, the
fashion of the masquerade spread
through the counts of Europe

The major cities of Europe, linked by
reasonably efficient postal systems

"Home Isn't a House"

by Micka Santos

Grade 8

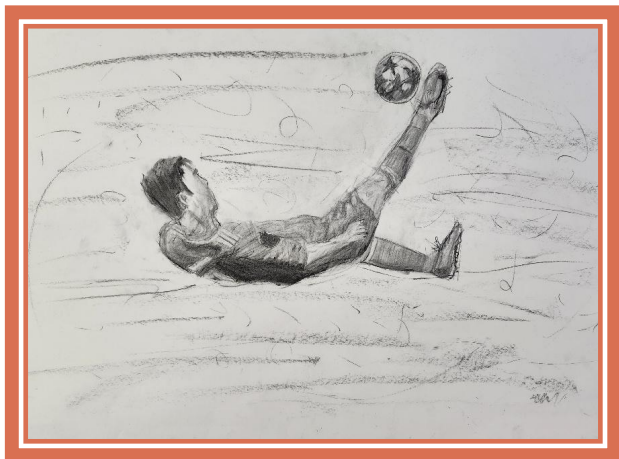
Home isn't four walls,
Not numbers carved beside your name
It's not glass or some roof
Not a lock or key for proof

Home is the way they say your name
Like it was only meant for their mouth to say
Its their shoulder when your world falls apart
The silence and comfort they give you,
When words feel too heavy.

The warmth in their eyes
Its their presence that makes you feel safe
Feel loved
Feel cared for
You feel you when you with that home

Knowing you don't have to knock on a door or,
Knowing you don't have to ring a doorbell
Knowing that home is there for you
Even if that home is far,
There forever in your heart

Sometimes home isn't just some house with four walls
and bricks,
Home is a person you come back to
Every time.



*Artwork
by Grant Gill
Grade 8*



*Digital Artwork
by Mahira Obaidullah
Grade 6*



*Artwork
by Juliette Moriarty
Grade 7*

"Philippines"

by Micka Santos
Grade 8

Islands kiss the sea
Golden palm warms palm and wave
Hearts warm the sun

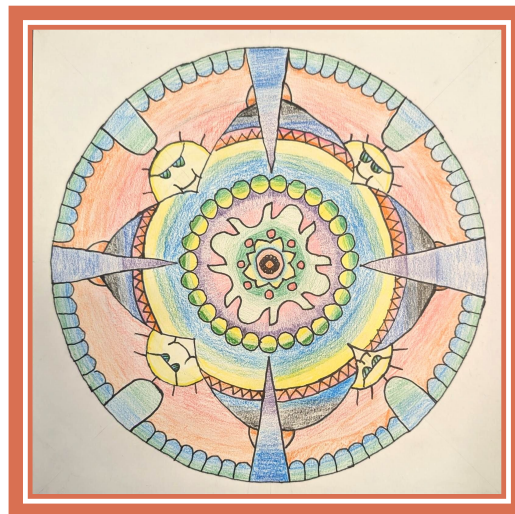


*Artwork
by Daniel Weber
Grade 7*

"Your Life"

by CiCi Roman
Grade 7

Your life is your story.
It has many chapters and prey and predators.
Your life starts and ends.
You make enemies and friends.
You make good and bad choices.
You hear a lot of different voices.
You see things you like and that.
Your life is like a waiting game with many updates.
So when you are here make your story good not bad.



*Artwork
by Sebastian Marks
Grade 7*

"Fried Chicken"

by Ahmed Elmarassy & Ryan Feliciano De Oliveira
Grade 8

Crispy, Salty, bite
Loved by many all over
All over the world

Nuggets, wings, grilled, famous here
Feathered, round, flightless, farm thing

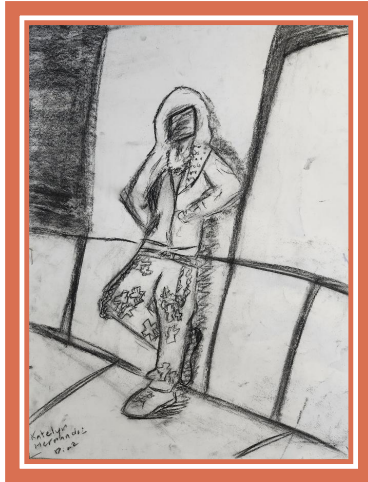
"Try It Before You Deny"

by Anonymous
Grade 7

My dream is to become an engineer.
My dream is to be the best gorilla tag player.
My dream is to get at least 1,000 subscribers before 8th grade.
My dream is to make my family proud.
My dream is to make a costume before comic-con.

Becoming an engineer is like winning 50 bucks from a reading competition.
Hitting my subscriber goal is like getting a car for free to me.
But in the end it will all be worth it if they end up working.

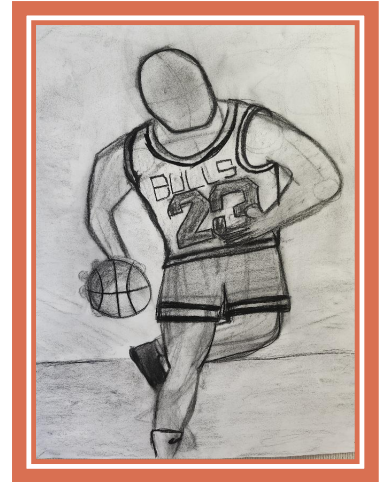
The thing I am trying to tell you is to never give up or at least try it before you deny it.



Artwork
by Katelyn Hernandez Diaz
Grade 8



Artwork
by Ella Werthwein
Grade 7



Artwork
by Jackson Latorra
Grade 8

"Birthdays"

by Ava Rassias & Sydney Grasso
Grade 8

Best day of the year
Family and friends gathering
To celebrate you

Waking up the same day every year
To a new gift from you and your peers

"Summer Storm"

by Savannah Passerelle

Grade 8

As I lay on my bed, my heart smiled as I thought of the summer I was about to have. It could go one of two ways: either the best summer of my life or a terrible, no fun summer. After losing all my friends at the end of 8th grade, I was hoping I was going to have the best summer of my life.

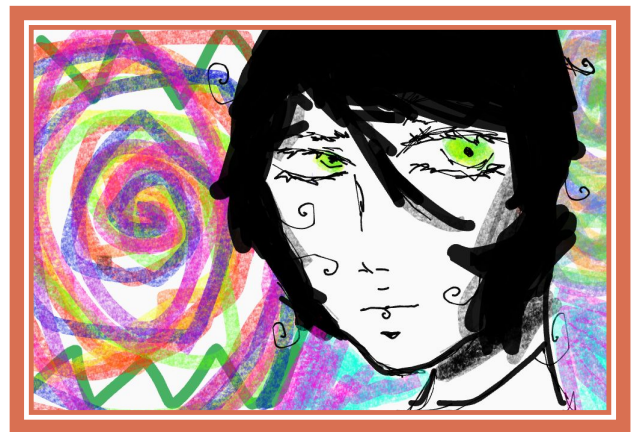
After what felt like forever, we finally made it to my favorite place on earth. My beach house in Ship Bottom, New Jersey. The place where I grew up every summer, I took my first steps and learned to talk in this house. Somehow, every childhood memory leads back to this house, this town, and I loved that. As soon as the car stopped, I jumped out of the car and ran to the beach. I lay there for hours just rubbing my arms and legs into the sand until there was an indentation of my whole body. That night we went to my favorite restaurant for dinner and met with some family friends. I just had a feeling this summer was going to be great.

That night, after not being able to sleep, I stepped out on the balcony, smelling the salty ocean. I picked up my phone and saw that there had been a message from the government sent hours ago. As I picked up my phone, my heart sank into my stomach. It said there was a tsunami coming to Ship Bottom. I ran faster than I ever had to my parents' room, screaming, there was a tsunami coming. I swear that the next town over could hear me. My parents jumped out of bed and screamed to grab what we could, because we weren't coming back. We were leaving my home; the place I loved most. While packing my things, I made sure to go back on my balcony and see the ocean. You could see the tide was really low, and you could see probably 40 feet out more than a usual low tide. At first, I thought I was crazy for thinking there was any way there was a tsunami in New Jersey. That's like saying it is hot in the North Pole, it's impossible, but obviously it wasn't because this was happening.

We throw ourselves into the car. My hands were shaking, and I was terrified. After driving for 10 minutes, we were on the Garden State Parkway. We were stuck in traffic; it must have been 5 hours worth. After what felt like a year, we were fine. We survived. Not a scratch on us, we all cried for what must have been 30 minutes. I lay back into my seat, dropped my shoulder, and sighed. That feeling you get when you pass the final exam in the hardest class you had all year. My mom's best friend passed away that day. We will always be thankful for what happened that day, although it was terrifying, I will forever be grateful I had my family.



*Artwork
by CeCe Tortorello
Grade 6*



*Digital Artwork
by Mahira Obaidullah
Grade 6*

"Founding Father vs British Colonies"

by Anonymous
Grade 7

The French and indian war left us broke. We will have to tax everything that enters and /l jleaves the ports

Franklin was left upset with Britain's action, but we had the worst reaction

We refused to pay for the tea, but Britain wouldn't let us be

We broke away for freedom, not just to tape us to the floor

This isn't fair. We need justice.

They will pay for what they did.

We sent Franklin in to try to talk to them, but they wouldn't listen.

The American colonies wouldn't pay taxes. They must think they are as free as a bird

We sent a letter telling them to pay, but they wouldn't listen.

What is wrong with them? Who do they think they are!

Franklin sent them a letter to talk about the situation and how he could fix it.

But Britain wouldn't listen, so we had to try harder.

We sent Franklin to England. We had a petition to let Franklin inside the government. We got lots of people to sign it.

The American colonies have too much freedom, so we have to send British colonies over to try to quiet them down.

But they just wouldn't give in, so we accepted

Franklin was going to be the judge if we could actually make some changes

They finally heard us for once, but we don't know if it's going to end up with us.

We were nervous because things could get worse or they could get worse.

They could not agree, not pay, and rebel

They could make it even more expensive

But Franklin's request was rather simple: just make the tax affordable to the poor.

But in the end, it all went well. We found a midterm.

"Summer"

by Jillian Crosby & Laura Figueredo Coelho
Grade 8

Sun shimmers like gold
Feels like we're are on a stove
Ice cream is melting

Sun is warm on my face, while
The sun is burning me up

Hot sand on my feet
the sun makes the ocean glow
Getting a great tan.



Artwork
by Maria Dos Santos Faria
Grade 7

"Christmas Cheer"

by Sunny Racioppi & Savannah Passerelle
Grade 8

The chill in the air
Filling me with excitement
Creating delight

The time has come to spread cheer
To be thankful for all near

The twinkle in trees
Wrapping presents full of glee
Making spirits high



Artwork
by Max Woods
Grade 7

"Going Home"

by Travis Campanella & Braeden Hosking
Grade 8

Finally released
Leaves crunching under my feet
Clouds cover the sun

Realizing its not done
In fact it has just begun

"Math"

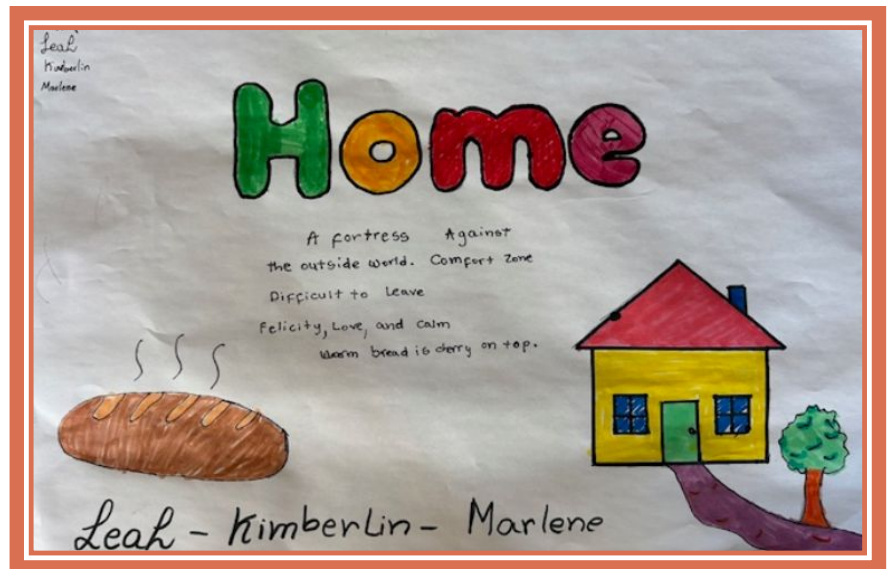
by CiCi Roman
Grade 7

1, 2, 3, 4
Now look at your math score
Is it good or bad like a fat boar?
Math is like a wooden door
I bet your math score is nor
My math score is like winning a war
I sweep the floor
Just like Thor

"Home"

by Marlene Garcia Caceres,
Kimberlin De la Cruz & Leah Mesidor
Grade 8

A fortress against
The outside world. Comfort zone
Difficult to leave
Felicity, love, and calm
Warm bread is cherry on top.



Artwork
by Caitlin Zdan
Grade 7

"Rain"

by Ian Ni
Grade 7

Rain can be useful and not useful.
Even though the rain is annoying,
I at least get to stay inside playing games.
The sky became dark gray.
Clouds were crying.
The sky was sad like a crying baby.
What if the rain never stopped?
"I will go outside when it stops," I said to myself.
After more rain, it stopped raining.
The sky finally was shining.
The sky said some stuff the brave could hear.

"Science"

by CiCi Roman
Grade 7

Physics and biology
Green, green, and green is what I think of
But no, it is every color in the rainbow
Muscles are red
Cells every color
Science changes every year
You make your own science
Newton made the law
You can make the Congress
Science is new every year



Artwork
by Sophie Evans
Grade 7



Artwork
by Mahira Obaidullah
Grade 6

"Summer"

by Ava Rassias
Grade 8

Salty breeze blowing
My face. I'm where I belong
Once again. My home



Artwork
by Aliyana Arlequin
Grade 7

“The Manbat”

by Kyyer Reevey-Esdaile
Grade 8

Once upon a time a kid named Jason lived in a town with his mom. Late one night, at about 1 AM, he saw a human-like bat. People at school called him crazy.

However, some people have gone missing from out of nowhere! The police can't explain to the people of the town why people have gone missing. There are no connections to the missing people and how they vanished out of nowhere. So the police have told them to stay inside at all costs! They do not want the people of the town to go outside at night. Yet people still have gone missing. The police have tried to find the person who is doing this. They have started to search people's houses.

Their search brought them to a house in the woods. They went to check it out, but they were never seen again. The rest of the police force requested that no one goes to that cabin in the woods. However, one of the missing policeman's body camera was found. Although it was difficult to see clearly, an image of a human-like bat was seen on the video.

It seems that this human-like bat only comes out at night. This information made the story world famous. A world famous detective said he will find this human-like bat. The human-like bat was named Manbat.

Jason says he wants to help the detective on finding the Manbat. So they went looking for a big cave that is big enough to fit the Manbat. After a day or two, they find a huge cave. They look around the cave trying to find Manbat. Later in the cave, they find Manbat. They tried to handcuff the bat, but it didn't work. The bat just broke the cuffs. It went deeper into the cave.

At this time, Jason and the detective call for backup. The police arrive. The bat was hunting the police, waiting for a time to strike and kill them all. It was a standoff. Just as one of the police officers wasn't looking, the Manbat swoops down and kills him quickly.

The lights went out, and it was very dark in the cave for all of the police officers. There is a lot of screaming from inside the cave. The detective and the intern, Jason, escape before the bat can get them.

They went to a place they knew the bat would not go because it was very bright. They were safe for now in the light store. When it was morning, they went to the police station, and they asked for more help to block off the cave of the bat.

Later that night, they closed the cave with steel and metal. That night, when the Manbat woke up, he saw that his cave could not lead outside anymore. He broke out of his cave and started looking for someone who was on the streets. Sadly, he did find someone and they were never seen again.

After that night, five more people were killed. On that last body, they found blood that was not the victim's. They think it is the Manbat's blood. They decide to take it to a lab to test for DNA. There is a human match! They run the DNA in the police's database and learn that the match belongs to Jason's father.



*Artwork
by Jude Abady
Grade 8*

"Two Sides of the Same Story"

by Aaliyah Borno
Grade 7

On June 23, 1952

We struck North Korea's hydroelectric power.

The blow had leveled 90% of our power facility.

Before the war ended.

The UN bombing attacks.

The attacks had turned Korea's industry into rubble.

Many were sacrificed in this dispute because of the command.

Korea's population was poverty-stricken because most of the land is sterile.

The war was very deadly for many Korean people.

The UN military air force had dropped 450,000 tons of bombs.

We also fired 183,000,000 rounds of gun ammunition.

Attacks had left many to die.

Many of the ROK units were ambushed and massacred.

Although the United Nations had been formed to settle disputes between nations.

Sacrificed lives, weapons used, and bombing attacks all have been used just for a war that wasn't considered one.

“Johnny”

by Anonymous
Grade 6

An introverted, sluggish Aaron Burr, a man who mostly stays indoors all day, but for some reason, this time, he wanted to go out. He decided to go camping; he didn't know anyone other than his own mother. Burr knew that she wouldn't want to go camping, especially in the wilderness, so he went alone. Aaron Burr approached setting up his campsite like a rookie without instruction, which he did have. He dropped the tent bag onto the ground with a dramatic sigh. He unzipped it, yanked out a tangle of fabric and poles, and just stared at them, confused about what to do first. After a couple of seconds of just staring at the poles, he finally starts to assemble the tent, and then starts a fire out of nowhere. He has watched a few YouTube videos on how to make a “perfect campfire”. Aaron stacked sticks and flicked a lighter three times before it finally sparked. He lit a napkin that flared up, and then a fire started. It took some time, but it worked. Aaron realized the fire wasn't going to last for the night; he needed more wood and sticks. Aaron wanted the best wood for his fire, so he went searching in the forest.

As he stepped off the trail and into the forest, the crunch of leaves beneath his boots was quickly swallowed by the thick, heavy silence. The deeper he walked, the darker it became. The trees pressed closer, like they were trying to close the sky. Every few steps, he paused, unsure if the rustling behind him was the wind....Or something else. Burr then stopped, he checked what was behind him, slowly he turned around and saw... a man, or was it a man? He had long limbs, his fingers whisper-thin and splintered at the tips, his skin was ink, the kind of black that drank light. When Aaron looked, he saw nothing at first, just more trees until the woods breathed, “Johnny.” That's what the creature said, “Johnny,” and the only thing that did not vanish into the dark was his face, pale as bone, blood everywhere, not dripping, not fresh. The only logical response was to run. Aaron Burr did just that. He sprinted out of the woods, then big, thin fingers wrapped around his waist. He was picked up by the creature, and now he can see a clear view of his face; he had no eyes, only a smile. His teeth were sharp, rotten, and smelled like a bunch of decomposed bodies. Aaron Burr shouted as loud as he could, but it's not like the creature had ears anyway. Burr was now in the air, trying to get out of the monsters grip. “UNHAND ME, YOU TROGLODYTE!” he shouted, but then it all went black. Those were the last words he would ever say.

“The Girl's Choice”

by CiCi Roman
Grade 7

In fiery battle,
Two rivals clash for her heart,
One hot
One strong and bold.
But she sees through their false flames,
Chooses neither
But the one nerdy guy in the corner.



*Artwork
by Mackenzie Cameron
Grade 7*

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