when i hear your name
It's almost here. I am dreading most. This isn't a day that a nine-year-old boy should be worried about. What is the day I am dreading so much? My tenth birthday.

It's 1940. I live in Germany. Can you guess what's going on in my life right now? You guessed it. World War II. No matter what happens in this war, I will never—well, never truly—be on the Nazis' side. Which brings me to my tenth birthday. Things haven't been going well for Mr. Hitler. On the first day of 1940 he made an announcement. An announcement that not only changed the lives of ten-year-old kids all around Germany, but is about to change mine as well.

A new rule was put in place. Once children of Germany turn ten, they are required to participate in Hitler Youth. Many families have fled the country. Many also got caught and were sentenced to death. But some made it, and that's what truly matters. My mom won't even blame her though. I'm not sure that she has she's been aware of the world around her lately. She's been that way for a little over a year now. The day my dad was required to join the Nazis was the day my mom snapped. Now she has pretty much given up. Sometimes I wonder what will happen to my one-year-old sister Lily. I've been the one caring for her, but that all goes away the second I let go.

Hitler might not be nice or fair or even sane, but no one can deny that he is smart. He played this Hitler Youth thing perfectly. He needed more troops so he took kids starting at the age of ten. The kids can't leave even if they want to. The number of guards on patrol make it nearly impossible. Where would they go anyway? I mean, Germany is their home. All their families live here. So even if anyone does escape, they have nowhere to go. So whether I like it or not, I am going to join the Hitler Youth.

My birthday is in two days. That's all I have left. I sit curled up in a tree, with Lily in my arms. I don't know what I am going to do without her. She is one of the things that make me happy. Maybe I could bring her with me... I immediately push the thought out of my head. If I'm afraid, then I can't imagine how she might feel.

I desperately try to find something else to think about, but I can't. I am really trying to enjoy myself for these last few days. But everything I do just leads me back to this, so I sit here cradling Lily in my arms. When I think about it, this is truly the best thing I can do.

An hour or so later I drift off to sleep. I dream of a day two years ago. Nothing special was happening. All of our family was curled up together on the couch. Dad was there too. Mom was laughing. She seemed to be her normal self again. I wish every day could be like this. Then I remember, before the war started, every day was like that.

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I'm dreading so much? My tenth birthday.

Everything happens so fast after that it is a blur. A man in a Nazi uniform comes in and hands me a much smaller uniform. I bring it to my room and change into it. The fact that they have uniforms this small scares me. I picture Lily in one of these but that thought scares me too, so I examine the uniform. The pants and shirt are connected so it's sort of like a jumpsuit. The whole thing is an ugly shade of khaki. There is a red armband on the left arm that has the Nazi symbol on it. And to top it all off, a brand new pair of black shiny boots.

I return to the living room where my mom and Lily are waiting. The man instructs me to say goodbye and meet him in the car. I hug Lily tightly. I don't want to go, but I know I have to. I love you, Lily," That's all I can manage to say so that I don't burst out crying. I rub my eyes and walk over to my mom. As I hug her, I feel all the love and happy memories coming back to me, but it all goes away the second I let go.

I finish it. The puzzle.

Oh my gosh, she finished one. I smile, that's all I can do. A single tear dips down my cheek. I feel like I am saying goodbye forever. I have been trying so hard to push this thought out of my mind all week. It is the same felling I had when Dad left. I know I have to leave, so I wave goodbye and walk out the door for the final time. As I do, another tear drops down and falls on my new boots. When I pull myself in the car, I feel the mood change from emotional to serious in a heartbeat. As this happens, I realize something. If I am going to fight in this war, I might as well make it count. Even though I may hate Hitler, I am going to fight for my country and my family no matter what.
**Penguins**

*Elizabeth Perkins*

I form in the ocean
Folding bigger and bigger
As I reach the shore
I slap the shore
Painfully
As I reach for the shore
I touch the shore with my
White fingertips
Soaking my surroundings
Splashing, Crashing
Against the sand
All day
All night
I glow in the moonlight
I crash, smash, splash
Painfully
Against the shore

---

**Ocean Waves**

*Amanda Lewandowski*

I form in the ocean
Folding bigger and bigger
As I reach the shore
I slap the shore
Painfully
As I reach for the shore
I touch the shore with my
White fingertips
Soaking my surroundings
Splashing, Crashing
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---

**The Lost One**

*Katherine Smith*

What if you saw someone one day
What if the next day you did not
What if lost signs went up all over
What if you were the lost one
Would you run
Or would you hide
Would you report yourself
or be unheard of
What if I was the lost one…
I wandered down the hall and looked around hopefully. I was searching for someone, but I still wasn’t sure who it was that had told me to come to this secret meeting in this dingy, dark, cold, school. The halls smelt of chemicals and medicinal gas. The last thing I had wanted to do was to take part in this out service. The note I had received earlier in the day told me to come to classroom E7 at 7 o’clock after school. School had let out about three hours ago now, and it was 6:45, which only gave me minute or two to get to my rendezvous point. I suddenly heard heavy footsteps coming down the corridor. I stopped in my tracks and realized I was hiding behind the corner. I could see that this was the footsteps quicken, and I raced into a darkened classroom. I looked around the classroom and noticed maps and globes at every corner of the room; I figured I must be inside a social studies classroom. I peered around the corner and listened for breathing and footsteps, but they had stopped now. I feared that I might have been spotted by the unknown visitor.

I could smell something musty mingling with the chemicals, clean classrooms and halls; I looked around and soon spotted a tall figure standing in the dimly lighted hallway. The figure seemed to be confused by its surroundings, and, as I looked closer, I realized that it seemed to be around my age or just a little bit older. I wanted to speak up, but I didn’t. I wanted to trust this young man, for I could not make out his facial features. I could not see if he was from my class or even from my school. Suddenly, a soft echo bounced off the hallway walls; I looked around puzzled and realized that it had been the young man that spoke out. He had asked if there was anyone in the hallway, but the time I realized that he had spoken, he had been already gone. I looked back outside. I heard his heavy footsteps and raced after them. I cried out to him, and I heard his footsteps stop. I should have come, and I decided to come after all. My only problem is that you still have yet to tell me your name, and, quite frankly, I do not find that to be helping out your situation here with me. I looked up in the stranger’s eyes, and I tried to make myself wishing that this moment would never end. Suddenly my fear melted to become love. The reality set in that Zander did not mean that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation. Zander ran his long fingers through my hair, and I found myself to be shaking with fear. I tried to calm myself down, but I was obviously failing to have any courage about what I had just done. I felt Zander’s eyes burning a hole deep into my soul as he looked down on me as if I was only a frightened child. He could have laughed if he honestly found my fear and bravery to be a funny matter, but he didn’t. Instead, I felt his warm hands gently hold my shoulders, and he kneelt down and looked into my eyes. I could not believe I could so quickly develop feelings for a stranger. I could feel him shaking slightly, and his eyes were shining as if much as mine were showing. “I listened to you, but I am also worried that you might be over-thinking the situation,” I said. I found myself wishing that I really had honestly gotten to know Zander better before this night. I looked deeper into his eyes, and I found a sense of care and love. Suddenly, my knees gave out, and I found myself leaning on Zander. My chest heaved as tears of fear streaked down my face. Zander ran his long fingers through my hair, and I found myself wishing that this moment would never end. Suddenly my fear melted to become love. The reality set in that Zander did not mean that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation. Zander ran his long fingers through my hair, and I found myself wishing that this moment would never end. Suddenly my fear melted to become love. The reality set in that Zander did not mean that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation.

Allyssa Burdine

The note

“I will never leave you, my love, and I will never look back.” I hugged Zander tightly, and he hugged me back. From then on, I almost found myself wanting to scream, but I also enjoyed the feeling of being carried off by a strapping young man. I found myself daydreaming of Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet. I quickly snapped out of my little fantasy as we came to a stop. I could hear police sirens wailing in the distance. Zander gently set me back on the ground, and I straightened myself out and smiled up at him. He looked back at me with a look of shame and stupidity, “What? I told you to follow me at your own risk, didn’t I, or were you too distracted by my looks to even listen to what I said?”

“As I was about to point out, I told you to follow me at your own risk. Your voice sound easy and care free but you were more pointed than usual. Your smile widened as he saw the surprised look on my face. I tried to speak but my words got caught in my throat. I saw his smile widen even more. Suddenly, I felt a warm hand brush against my cheek, and the man leaned in too close for my comfort. “I’m guessing that you are Elizabeth? I take it you got my note this morning. I’m sorry I didn’t meet up with you in E7, but I couldn’t find you anywhere in the hallways. I was afraid you had been too afraid to show up after all.” The young man spoke with such a strong tone that it seemed to almost slip through my ears like poison and yet... even though his tone was strong, it was smooth like satin cloth made from the finest silk to where it almost felt like butter melting in your hands. I nodded my head in response to his question and tried not to take my eyes off of him.

“Yes, that’s my name, and I found your note sitting in the bottom of my locker. I read it over and over again trying to decide if I should show up, and I decided to come after all. My only problem is that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation.” Zander smiled with pleasure, and I could see that he clearly means that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation. He looked down at me as if I was only a frightened child. He could have laughed if he honestly found my fear and bravery to be a funny matter, but he didn’t. Instead, I felt his warm hands gently hold my shoulders, and he kneelt down and looked into my eyes. I could not believe I could so quickly develop feelings for a stranger. I could feel him shaking slightly, and his eyes were shining as if much as mine were showing. “I listened to you, but I am also worried that you might be over-thinking the situation,” I said. I found myself wishing that I really had honestly gotten to know Zander better before this night. I looked deeper into his eyes, and I found a sense of care and love. Suddenly, my knees gave out, and I found myself leaning on Zander. My chest heaved as tears of fear streaked down my face. Zander ran his long fingers through my hair, and I found myself wishing that this moment would never end. Suddenly my fear melted to become love. The reality set in that Zander did not mean that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation. I found myself wishing that I really had honestly gotten to know Zander better before this night. I looked deeper into his eyes, and I found a sense of care and love. Suddenly, my knees gave out, and I found myself leaning on Zander. My chest heaved as tears of fear streaked down my face. Zander ran his long fingers through my hair, and I found myself wishing that this moment would never end. Suddenly my fear melted to become love. The reality set in that Zander did not mean that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation. I found myself wishing that I really had honestly gotten to know Zander better before this night. I looked deeper into his eyes, and I found a sense of care and love. Suddenly, my knees gave out, and I found myself leaning on Zander. My chest heaved as tears of fear streaked down my face. Zander ran his long fingers through my hair, and I found myself wishing that this moment would never end. Suddenly my fear melted to become love. The reality set in that Zander did not mean that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation. I found myself wishing that I really had honestly gotten to know Zander better before this night. I looked deeper into his eyes, and I found a sense of care and love. Suddenly, my knees gave out, and I found myself leaning on Zander. My chest heaved as tears of fear streaked down my face. Zander ran his long fingers through my hair, and I found myself wishing that this moment would never end. Suddenly my fear melted to become love. The reality set in that Zander did not mean that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation.
1. Go to your bed.
2. Take the pillow off your bed.
3. Take your blanket off your bed if you have one.
4. Take your stuffed animals off your bed.
5. Put both hands on the two top corners of your sheet.
6. Pull the sheet to the top of your bed.
7. Pull the comforter to the top of your bed.
8. Get the comforter really, really flat.
9. Put your pillow on the top of your bed.
10. Put your fancy pillow on your bed.
11. Put all your stuffed animals on your bed.
12. Flatten your blanket onto your bed.

Now you know how!
Why POLLuTIOn?
Jessica Patterson

Why Pollution?
BY: JESSICA PATTERSON

Why clean water? Why do we have clean water? All living things must have clean water. Water is one of the most valuable resources, says Eric Yond, program director at Compass.

We cannot pollute our precious water. Throwing trash, chemicals, and any other harmful material can hurt our water, earth, and ourselves. Water pollution affects the Earth and even us.

Water pollution happens because of water pollution. Eutrophication is when oxygen levels in the water drop. Oxygen levels drop because organisms use oxygen to get rid of the dead animals. This causes oxygen levels to drop and many animals die. All animals deserve clean, safe water.

Mercury in the Water
There are many effects of water pollution on the environment and human life. Mercury is the most common pollutant in the water. Mercury pollutes both fresh and ground water. When mercury contaminates are in the water, the plants get the smallest particles. Then a fish eats the plant (which has mercury in it). Now that fish has mercury in it. As the fish continues to eat the smaller particles and add up in the fish. The process ends when we eat the fish. We could have up to 100 parts per million of mercury in our bodies. Although that is not a lot, but an abundance of mercury can be toxic or even deadly.

Picture of mercury in water

Picture Of Nuclear Reactor in Japan

Japan’s Water Polluted Because of Nuclear Radiation
Take a moment to think about how far we have come on the topic of nuclear reactors.

How can I help prevent water pollution? There are many ways to help prevent water pollution. I did only one thing. I took action, with Ayuma Johnson. We went to Fall Creek to clean up around it. It was cold outside, but we found a Syrhumian cone. There were also beer bottles and plastic bags. These objects could have gone into the ocean and caused the animals to choke or be harmed. Why couldn’t they just stay out? Keep the water clean!

Dissolve of chemicals or household cleaners can happen in the water. These chemicals can get into the water from the sewer.

You CAN Help
You can do lots of things to prevent water pollution. Dissolve of chemicals or household cleaners can happen in the water. These chemicals can get into the water from the sewer.

Saving energy helps too. "The ammunition from the power plants goes into the water," says Eric Yond. Saving energy would let the plants burn less, so that there will be less emissions. Those chemicals can get into the water from the sewer.

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There I was, a simple egg sitting in my carton with the rest of my egg siblings, when some rough, dirty, prickly hand touched my nice clean ivory-colored shell. Oh how that got my yellows turning! Now I looked more like a brown egg than a white one. I wasn’t worried, just angry. I am tough (though good looking), a tough egg.

He carried me to the worst death of all egg deaths, the frying pan. The pan was hissing like a snake, sizzling like steak or bacon. The red stamp that marked what farm my mom had laid me at was running down my sides. He, that is, the man that grabbed me, was just about to hit my glistening shell on the edge of the frying pan when…the ruler of the house, that is, the wife, called his name.

James was his name actually, and he sat me down between the salt and pepper shakers. As soon as James was out of sight, the salt and pepper shakers started in, “Hey, you know the rules, Shorty. This is our land, move it or lose it kid.” Then all of a sudden I started to roll on a marble counter top. It was smooth (with a few knife scratches), but still smooth. I was scared to see the end of the glorious counter top!

Now usually this would be the part where I fall off and go splat then bye-bye, but I had a plan. As I rolled to a stop at the end of the counter, I did what any egg would do: I broke the shell that warmed my feet and started flapping my wings. Yes sir, I was a soaring eagle, a fierce raven, a peaceful dove. (Well maybe I would skip that last part). I was fast, free, fierce and cool, oh that’s right, cool, awesome, and fantastic. Well, at least I thought I was a soaring eagle or any of those things I mentioned. To a person I probably looked like a deformed duck hopping up and down on my feet.

I sat thinking under a shiny blue dog dish when I felt the floor boards shake. James’s voice was as loud as thunder as he called out to his wife Kristy, “Would you also like an egg?”

She answered with a mellow tone, “Yes please.”

I was soaked in sweat immediately! How would I warn the others? Dripping gallons of sweat by the minute, my brain was tossing and turning trying to find a way to help my family. All of a sudden it came to me! I could use the egg call. “CALLING ALL EGGS, CALLING ALL EGGS you are under attack!” I screamed into the last bit of shell I had left. I sobbed for what seemed like a millennium. I would rather be fried with my siblings than alone. Then I felt a rage of courage shoot through my body. I felt strong and confident. I lifted the dog bowl up, practically knocking it over. As a little baby chick I dashed to the fridge, threw open the door, and climbed up the shelves. As I reached the carton where my family lived, there were screams of rage and terror. They had no idea what was happening.

While I was opening the box, the fridge opened again and there before me was a giant, James. I climbed into the box with shock and horror. He carried our home, the carton, to those marble counter tops. But when James opened the carton and saw me, he screamed. I couldn’t believe it. He was afraid of me. He took the carton and threw it outside. So for now I am with my brothers and sisters and mom.
JAPAN

Liam Parsons

Dedicated to Mr. Dennis

Copyright April 2011

Contents

- The Flag
- The Food
- The People
- Celebrations

Where is it?

If you were in Japan you would be in Asia. If you were in Japan you would have lots of mountains and volcanoes because the flag has a red circle on it, representing the sun without fire. If you were in Japan the flag would be red with a white circle. If you were in Japan you would have lots of forests and lakes because the flag has a green field. You would also have lots of mountains because the flag has a red circle representing the sun.

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The Flag

The flag of Japan is called the Rising Sun. If you were in Japan you would have lots of forests and lakes because the flag has a red circle representing the sun.

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The Food

If you were in Japan you would see lots of pears. If you were in Japan you would have lots of forests and lakes because the flag has a red circle representing the sun.

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The People

If you were in Japan you would know that the flag was officially adopted on January 23, 1870.

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Celebrations

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All About the Author

I am Liam. I was born in England in 2004. I am the author of this book. I lived in the UK for 6 years. I moved to Japan with my family when I was 7. I was 11 when I started school in Japan. I love Japan and I love building models.
I walk up to the house door. Struggling to open the door, I can’t wait to get inside because it is freezing. I finally get the door open and stomp my feet off.

“Mom, I am home. Hello?” I walk over to the key table and put my keys there. “Mom?” I yell again.

“Yes,” she replies. She runs down the stairs and says, “Hi, did you just get home?”

“Yeah,” I walk over to the living room and sit down to do my homework. It takes me about 45 minutes to finish it all. After I am done, I ask my mom, “Can I go over Jay’s house?”

“Do you have all of your homework done?”

“Yes Mom, so can I go?”

“Yes, but you need to be home by 7:30.”

Okay, okay.”

I put on my coat and head out the door. I walk down the street and see a strange man walking everywhere. He is behind me, and when I stop, he stops. I start to get scared, so I kind of speed-walk the rest of the way. I ring the doorbell and Jay finally answers the door. “Come in, Alice.”

“Thank you.” I say.

“What do you want to do?”

“I don’t know, watch TV?”

Okay.”

We watch TV for about a half-hour then we decide to draw. I draw a blue dress with flowers on it, and before I know it, it is 7:25. I say, “I’m sorry. It is time for me to go home now.”

“I will see you tomorrow.” She walks me to the door, and I leave.

I walk down the sidewalk. I look at the sky and notice a black van about halfway up the street. I look at it closely, and there in the van is the same man that was following me to Jay’s house earlier. It is dark and cold outside, and I am scared. I try to stay calm, but when I look back, the van is getting closer and closer. I hear a car door slam, and I look back again. The man is running right at me!

I run as fast as I can, but he can run faster. Before I know it, I am inside the van and tied up. In my head I am thinking of ways to get away and get out of the van. I know that I still have my phone because I can feel it in my pocket, but that is no use to me as long as I am tied up. I start to cry. Then I feel the car stop, the man unties me and opens the car door. I run.

I run as fast as I can. “Help, help, someone help me, help, help!” I look back, and he is right behind me. I start to scream, “HELP, HELP!” Nothing happens. Then I trip on the sidewalk, falling down with a bloody knee and a scraped elbow. Before I even realize how much I hurt, I open my eyes and see the man standing above me. I notice that he has an earring on, so I get up and snatch the earring. He screams, and I know he is in pain

I see a light, a red light, and a beeping sound, then I wake up. It was all a dream but so real and scary. I get up and see it is only my alarm clock— the red lights, the beeping. I get back in bed and just leave it all in the past.

Snow is coming!

Snow is coming!

Snow is forecast!

Snow is forecast!

Snow is forecast!

SNOW!
“Delilah, are you ready to go?” asked Mr. Colenbrook in a hopeful voice.

“Yes,” said Delilah. “I suppose I am.” With one last look at her home of Plymouth, she turned and walked slowly to meet her mother and the twins, Lawrence and Charlotte. They walked slowly toward the ship that was going to take them across the Atlantic to America. The ship's name was the S.S. Titanic.

Delilah's father, Mr. Colenbrook, was a successful banker. His bank was opening an office in America, and he was offered the job of director. He had chosen to sail with his family on the Titanic because it was supposed to be the safest. It was supposed to be unsinkable.

Once the family had boarded, Delilah fell fast asleep. She was caught between conflicting feelings of excitement and homesickness. The next morning she woke up bright and early only to find that the rest of the family was already up. They ate a fine breakfast together.

“Delilah,” Mr. Colenbrook began. “I have books for you children to study, and I expect you to tutor your brother and sister.” Delilah promised to do so and then asked permission to explore the ship. She took Lawrence with her and promised to keep an eye on him. Lawrence was her closest friend, even though she was fourteen, four years older than he was. They got along splendidly. He was indeed smart, hard working and, most of all, never scared.

Later that night, Delilah awoke to find panic aboard the ship. The Titanic had hit an iceberg, and it was sinking! Delilah was lost in the moment. Everything felt like it was in slow motion. Someone grabbed her arm and shook her. She snapped back to reality. Mother was pulling her toward the cabin door, along with Charlotte. They fought their way through the crowd, up the stairway and onto the deck in the cold night air. Father was there helping women and children into life boats. Mother and Charlotte climbed into a boat, and Delilah started to follow. Suddenly, she stopped.

“Where is Lawrence?” she cried.

Mr. Colenbrook looked at her as he said, “We can't find Lawrence, and so we have to hope that he got on another life boat.”

“I'm going to find him!” cried Delilah over the sound of the wind.

“Wait!” was the last word Delilah heard before running back the other way. Suddenly someone grabbed her arm, but it wasn't Mother or Lawrence. It was Charlotte.

“I want to go with you.”

Without another word, Charlotte and Delilah ran to find their brother. They couldn't find him anywhere, and time was running out. Finally they ran up to the decks, and there was Lawrence. He was starting to climb into a small wooden boat when he saw his sisters and beckoned them over.

“Climb in,” he instructed.

They did, and without another word, they found themselves floating. There was no one in boats around them. They were alone, and for the first time in Delilah's life, she saw fear in Lawrence's eyes.
We yell for peace
An open-minded voice
A view of courage,
Imagine.
A dream suffering to rise up against oppression,
Why did we tolerate such injustice?
We search for love and harmony,
Success is only an action away.
One day we shall find hope…
Our joy was stolen from us,
Unbearable hopelessness.
A community of people,
An open-minded voice
Forced discrimination.
Tanaja Ferguson
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Why did we tolerate such injustice?
We search for love and harmony,
Success is only an action away.
One day we shall find hope…
Our joy was stolen from us,
Unbearable hopelessness.
A community of people,
An open-minded voice
Forced discrimination.
Tanaja Ferguson
A view of courage,
We yell for peace!
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Imagine.
I looked through the peephole to see who it was. It was my dad. I took a deep breath and opened the door slowly. He walked through and sat on the couch. “What are we having for dinner?” he asked.

“Steak with mashed potatoes,” Mom answered. She was setting the table. “In fact, dinner’s done. Brianna, go tell your brother it’s ready.”

I walked up the stairs and wandered through the hallway. I opened Andrew’s bedroom door and walked in. Andrew, who was watching TV, looked up, “What?” he asked.

“Dinner’s ready,” I said, walking back out.

“Oh, I’ll be there in a minute.” He turned back to the TV.

I ran down the stairs and sat down, right next to my mother. I looked up as Andrew came walking in. He grabbed a plate, got his food and started back up the stairs.

“Where are you going?” I asked.

“I’m eating upstairs.” He was almost halfway up the steps by the time he answered.

“Where are you going?” I asked.

“I’m eating upstairs.” He was almost halfway up the steps by the time he answered.

“I didn’t do my chores. You know, cook dinner, clean my room, do the laundry,” she answered.

“Why would she do this to you?” I asked, mumbling so that nobody could hear us.

“Her mom did that!” she replied.

“Okay,” I replied. I watched as he walked out the door. I walked to the couch and sat down, as I grabbed the remote. I turned on the TV and sat there quietly as I watched “South Park.”

“I’m leaving.” Dad said. “When I come back, I want all the laundry to be done!”

I got up, curious to see what the noise was. I pushed the swing to make noise so that whatever I had heard would think I was there. I got up, curious to see what the noise was. I pushed the swing to make noise so that whatever I had heard would think I was there. I got up, curious to see what the noise was. I pushed the swing to make noise so that whatever I had heard would think I was there. I got up, curious to see what the noise was. I pushed the swing to make noise so that whatever I had heard would think I was there.
Have you ever wondered why toddlers are so energetic? Sometimes you are too busy to deal with them, or you might want some peace and quiet, or maybe you want to go somewhere with them, but they're too jumpy and you are worried they might wander off. That's what inspired me to write this question. I think toddlers are very energetic because they have to get all of their energy out to get a good night's sleep.

They just feel like it's a good time to run around, jump, yell, and have fun. For example, I went to see my baby cousin about 4 weeks ago. She was so energetic. She ran back and forth between the window and the door saying, “Tut!” and “Daddy’s outside with juicy,” for 23 minutes.

This connects with the time I was 4 years old. My mom, cousin, brother and I were playing tag. I was having so much fun, and no one could catch me because I was so full of energy.

This is different from babies, kids, and teens because they don’t find ordinary things so interesting like toddlers do.

People should care about this because if toddlers are too energetic, will they ever learn how to be calm, quiet, and not to be so energetic all the time?
“Ginny, c’mon, I have asked a million times,” Ian said to me. “And that’s making it annoying,” I spat back at him. “I don’t know if I want to go to my grandma’s funeral. I mean, I was so close to my grandma, and well, you know how religious my family is. It’s not every day your grandma dies.”

“Well, tell me soon,” he yelled at me as he stomped out the door.

“I’ll tell you tomorrow,” I yelled back at him, “at school.”

Light bulb!

I thought the next day at school. I knew Ian would not like my idea, but if he doesn’t agree to it, he will have to face the consequences. (Me not going with him at all). When I told him, of course, he did not agree at first, but after a little persuading, he gave in so…while I sat on the swing at recess pretending to be innocent, he went to tell his friends that he needed to change the time of the trip. The only thing I was worried about in this plan was Ian’s mom. I didn’t know how she would feel about changing their trip to Disneyland.

Waiting on the swing, my hopes weren’t getting any higher because I timed how long it took for Ian to persuade his friends, and it took 8 minutes and 27 seconds for them to give in. So I realized I might have to wait 3 hours at the window for Ian’s signal after he talked to his mom. (But I figured I’d play my DSi with the window open.)

When Ian finally appeared at the window after school, I got bad news and good news. Actually mostly bad. The goodish bad news was that his mom was thinking about it, so she didn’t say no right off the bat. But the very bad thing was that she wanted to talk to Ian’s dad about it, and he is pickier (or pickier than she is). I knew he’d want to think about it, too. Who knew how long that could take!

Dinner, as never, was spaghetti. My mom usually cooked something fancy like sautéed mushrooms or homemade pickled beets (which I think are really gross, but she’d never asked my opinion). Even though I really like spaghetti, I only ate half of it. Dad made me eat my 3-year-old brother’s veggies, which I gave to the cats, and then I departed for my room. There I discovered the best news: Ian’s mom said yes! I’d be able to go to Disneyland and still make my grandma’s funeral.

The big day finally arrived. On the ride to Disneyland, I thought about the plan again. Would my sister be able to hold off the funeral ‘till I get there? I hoped so.

SCREECH! The car jolted to a stop. As I looked up, I grinned. The rides loomed over the prize booths.

The rides were awesome! I almost puked on one of them. In the middle of one really long and fun ride, I looked at my watch and almost screamed! It was 4:10, only 20 minutes until my grandma’s funeral, and I was supposed to make the big speech.

I looked down. If you’re going to jump, just don’t look down, I thought. I looked down anyway.

But mid-jump, I felt something change inside me. You’re going to make it, I told myself…In Time

Hungry people are out there dying of starvation While we toss our food in the trash.

Animals are being slaughtered and abused While we eat meat without even thinking what had to happen to create this plate of food in front of us.

Wars are going on because of hate and greed While we create enemies and take more than we need.

Our environment is being destroyed because of all of the pollution that humanity creates While we use cars more than necessary.

Some people don’t have a home While we want a nicer or bigger house.

Some people are being beaten, bullied and abused While we don’t always stand up for our friends.

Forests are disappearing all over the world, causing animals to lose their homes and us to have dirtier air While we get greedy with products like paper or wood.

It’s time to realize what’s going on in the world and make a change. And that change starts with you and me! Empathy, Not Apathy

EXCLUDING PEOPLE

Excluding People Tim Jolliff

The SPIDER
Lucy Hammann

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What do they eat?.....1
What do they look like?...2
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Mmm… Food If you were a spider you would eat other bugs and insects.
Spiders eat millions of mosquitoes each year. Birds find you tasty.

I look like that?! If you were a spider you would have 8 legs and 8 eyes.
Spiders can jump, walk or swim.

What in the world? If you were a spider you would be called an arachnid. You
would only have two parts to your body, thorax and abdomen.

What in the world? If you were a spider you would be called an arachnid. You
would only have two parts to your body, thorax and abdomen.

Where in the world? If you were a spider you could live in every country of the world. You would like a dark, dry home. Some live in webs.

Fun facts! If you were a spider you could make silk. You could use the silk to make a web to live in or trap insects. Some spiders are venomous.

All About the Author My name is Lucy. I am in first grade. I chose to research bugs because I like spiders. I am 7 years old and from room 115.
Once a very long time ago, there lived a girl. A servant girl, Zara. Every morning when Zara woke up, the first thing she did was brush her curly, cinnamon hair that came down to her waist. She used a wire comb that many servant girls shared. Then she dressed in green like all of the other personal servants of Queen Vashti.

Normally, Zara would go straight to the Queen’s bedroom to quickly check for wrinkles or stains on the Queen’s clothes, fluff her pillows and serve her breakfast. But today was different, because the Queen was holding a feast. There would be many princesses and queens at Shushan Palace.

When Zara skipped upstairs, one of her friends rushed up to her with a list of flowers that she was to pick from the Queen’s private garden. Some of the flowers were for the Queen’s room, and some were for the Queen’s hair. Pink roses, tulips, violets and lilies would decorate the Queen’s room. For the Queen’s hair, Zara would pick Persian buttercups, her favorite.

Zara ran straight for the garden; she was in a hurry to get back in time to serve the Queen’s breakfast. When she reached the garden, she saw Philo, the gardener, already trimming the roses.

“Good morning, Little Zara!” Philo said. “How may I help you this morning?”

“Good morning, Philo,” said Zara. “I have my flower list.”

Philo looked over the list, and said, “I picked most of these flowers this morning. You will have to pick the Persian buttercups quickly before you return to the Queen.”

Then Philo went into the very back of the garden, into the little garden shed. He gathered the flowers that he had picked that morning, and put them into a basket for Zara to carry.

Zara started over to the little pond where a few croaking bullfrogs and a slow, grumpy old turtle lived. Then she saw the Persian buttercups. Oh, how much she loved the buttercups, especially the white ones with pink tips. They looked like ruffles dipped in pink paint. The petals were like tissue paper. She picked many blooms, a few pink ones, but mostly white ones. The Queen only requested Persian buttercups for special occasions.

Philo was scurrying toward Zara with the basket of flowers. Quickly, they put the Persian buttercups into the basket. Zara said, “Farewell!” She darted back into the Palace.

Zara quickly ran up to the Queen’s quarters. She placed the Persian buttercups into a silver vase to keep them fresh until the Queen’s hair was dressed. Then she gave the basket of other flowers to another servant who would arrange them for the Queen’s rooms.

Zara rushed off to see what the Queen wanted to meal on to break-the-fast. The Queen wanted bread, cheese, fruit and some wine. Zara arranged the meal on a silver platter with golden Persian buttercups around the edges. Then she balanced the heavy platter on her head and walked carefully to the Queen’s rooms.

After the Queen was finished, she gave her butler permission to enter. He bowed low and then updated her on how banquet preparations were coming along.

“Persian buttercups should be added to every flower arrangement, because I am the Queen of Persia,” said Queen Vashti. “And everything should match me.”

Queen Vashti decided on other changes also. She wanted silver and gold dishes instead of just gold. She switched out the clear goblets for ruby goblets to match her jewels.

“These are my final choices,” said Queen Vashti.

“As you wish, my Queen,” said the butler with a bow.

Zara was sent to go and help serve food samples for the feast to the Queen. There were fresh grapes, many different kinds of olives, giant juicy pomegranates, dates, salty pistachios, enormous lemons, limes and oranges, and many other fruits. Then the Queen was served a bite of stew made of goat and roasted lamb. There were also freshly baked breads, spicy rices, cool yogurts, sweet pastries and many wines. One pink Persian butercup decorated each platter. The Queen approved. Since the Queen approved, preparations were completed for the feast.

Some guests began arriving. Zara gracefully walked to her place in the corner where she was to wait until the Queen had need of her. Zara silently watched as each princess and queen were announced. Each one presented themselves to Queen Vashti, they bowed low before her. Then they were escorted to their seat.

Zara observed the beautiful room, she smelled the heavenly food and slid her hand carefully down the linen curtains behind her. Zara wondered what would happen during the week-long banquet. No one could have predicted that the lovely Vashti, would no longer be Queen.

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HOW TO MAKE YOUR BROTHER ANGRY
Ethan Gleissner

1. Throw stuff at him.
2. Scream at him.
4. Get your blanket and throw it on him.
5. Break his stuff.
6. Then run and let him get you.
7. Then say, “MOM!!!!!!”

Now you know how to make your brother angry.

ATHLETES AND DRUGS
Donnovan Johnson

Why do athletes take drugs? A drug overdose will kill you, plus you might pay the price with your career. Athletes shouldn’t do drugs.

Athletes shouldn’t harm their bodies or take death on at a high level of risk with drugs. For example, Len Bias was voted Colgate player of the year. Then in June 1986, he had a cocaine overdose and died.

Some athletes think they can make themselves better players with drugs. Barry Bonds was an eight-time all star baseball player. In his tenth year, he was forced to retire because they say he took steroids. He was one of the strongest hitters of all time. Now Barry is on trial.

This makes me realize I should never take drugs. I don’t want to throw away my life or my career. Because you only have one life and career, don’t waste your time on drugs.

FINGER INJURY
Ben Eichacker

Call the doctor! I shut my finger in the car door!

It’s a finger injury!
It’s black and bloody!

Help!

I’m in pain! Call the doctor NOW!
FACES FROM THE RAINBOW: A SOUTH AFRICAN PORTRAIT,
SERIES #374

About my art
My earliest influences in photography were Henri Cartier-Bresson, Gordon Parks and Ernst Haas. I consider
each to have been masters at capturing the moment. As a photographer and digital artist I am motivated
by issues related to migration as a transforming agent in cultural evolution. In particular, I have focused
on the enriching impact of the African presence in the Americas. My pictorials interpret the intercultural
relationships that were formed and continue to bear witness to Africa’s legacy of influences and retentions in
daily life and custom.

My images have distinction, in great part due to the two independent creative processes that occur. While
my initial photographs document elements of cultural integration across the United States and locales
like Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Grenada, Barbados, Trinidad/Tobago and South Africa; employment of
computer technology often allows me to give the photographic image broader creative expression. A key
element in my work is the appropriate substrate (the base material that images are printed on). For Faces
from the Rainbow: A South African Portrait, Series #374, I am printing directly onto hand-etched mill finished
aluminum panels using high density solvent inks to impart the feel of cultural signage.

While I create this finished image with the help of a computer, I prefer to shoot the original image on film
because with digital cameras it’s too easy to delete things. The film negative allows me to reflect on what I
have and return to things I might have thought weren’t ‘right’ at one time – revealing new possibilities for the
image.

About me
I am a self-taught documentary photographer, digital artist, and teaching artist. My work has been on exhibit
in galleries near – in shows at the Richmond Museum of Art, Evan Lurie Gallery, Indianapolis Museum of Art,
Eijteljorg Museum, and University of Indianapolis. And far – in shows in Cape Town, South Africa; Fortezza
da Basso, Italy; and Havana, Cuba.

Since 1998, I have been involved in an intercultural program called, My City, My World, developed to
encourage urban youth to use photography to look beyond the boundaries of their neighborhoods to
establish a sense of “belonging” to a larger community. In 2008 My City, My World launched a three
year initiative that partnered students in Indianapolis with their peers in Cape Town, South Africa in a
collaborative, synergistic program utilizing digital and new media technology.

The image seen here comes from my project, Faces from the Rainbow (the photographic study of life in post-
Apartheid South Africa). While working on it, I also co-illustrated a new computer graphics textbook for the
San Alejandro Academy of Fine Arts in Havana, Cuba; published by Designio Publishing, Mexico.

William A. Rasdell