

when i hear your name



THE DAY I TURNED TEN

Mikayla Gallagher

It’s almost here. The day I am dreading most. This isn’t a day that a nine-year-old boy should be worried about. What is the day I’m 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 try. I don’t blame her though. I’m not sure that she has she’s been fully 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 carrying this family along. What will my mother do without me?

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... 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.

I must have rolled on top of Lily in my sleep, because her squeal wakes me up. I quickly scoop her up and gently place her on my stomach. She curls up into a ball and puts her head on my chest. She starts to snore. I laugh. Then I remember that about a week ago I put her hair in a braid and it looked really cute. I think it would be nice to do it again, but when I reach down to braid her long, blond hair I find that I can’t see a thing. I look around. It is probably about five hours after sundown. I realize that I should head back to the house and put Lily in bed. As I slowly climb down the tree, it dawns in me that I only have one day left. I better make these last few hours count.

When I wake up in the morning, I notice that I have not moved an inch. I am lying down in the soft, wet grass with Lily curled up by my side. I smile. I stand up and gently lift Lily to my shoulder. I walk into our house and plop down on the couch. I make an effort to sit where my dad sat in the dream. I also try and sit Lily up next to me but she just slips into my lap.

My mother is sitting on the other side of the room in a love seat. She hasn’t noticed that Lily and I have been gone all night. That or she doesn’t care. I try and motion her to come sit with us but she shakes her head and goes back to the book she is working on. Then I understand why she didn’t come sit with us. The book she has in her hands contains puzzles. She used to do them all the time, you know, before the war started. She was a whiz at them too. But ever since Dad left, she hasn’t completed a single one. I remember her saying that her birthday present to me is to finish one before I leave.

Her face is curled up like there is an awful smell in the room. I can tell she is concentrating really hard. I turn away from my mother because she reminds me of Dad and everything that is going to happen tomorrow. Generals will come and take me to

a camp where I will be trained. I will not be able to bring anything with me. I will have nothing to remind me of home.

Thinking makes me realize that I am starving. I gently lift Lily off my lap and lay her on the couch. I stand up and stroll into the kitchen. Well at least we call it a kitchen. I guess most people would call it a closet.

I open the only cabinet in the room and examine its contents. In it is a few slices of apple that are about a week old and two legs of chicken. I quickly whip together a meal for the three of us. I walk back into the living room and put my mom’s plate in front of her and set Lily’s meal on my lap since she can’t feed herself yet. We have a small table but we never use it anymore. This is the way we eat most of our meals.

I sit Lily up and feed her a slice of apple. She quickly chows it down and wants more. I feed her all the chicken on her plate. She wants more, so I show her that her plate is empty. She looks sad, but she curls up and goes back to sleep. After I pat Lily on the head, I gobble down my entire plate.

With nothing else to do, I sit back and watch my mom. Her plate is empty, and she is back to work on her puzzle. I stare into her dark blue eyes. They are serious but relaxed, which I think is sort of strange. I don’t know how long I spent staring at her pretty face, but next thing I notice the sun is going down. I stand up and walk to the only clock in the house. It’s an old beautiful grandfather’s clock. Most of the time I have a hard time reading it.

Let’s see... big hand is on the nine... little hand is on the six... that means it is nine-thirty. NINE-THIRTY! AT NIGHT! I almost screamed out loud. My birthday is at exactly midnight, so that means my birthday is in two hours and thirty minutes. For a moment I am excited, but that feeling quickly washes away and is replaced with fear.

I swallow hard and return to the couch. I pick up Lily and carry her to our room. I gently place her on the bed then slip under the covers next to her. Even though it has been a crazy day, I immediately fall asleep with the thought that in just a few hours I will be ten.

HONK! HONK! I sit up with a start. I quickly jump out of bed and throw on a clean pair of clothes and boots. Then I run out of my room to a window. Waiting for me outside is a camouflage car I have never seen before.

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 ever want to let 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 that 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 drips 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.

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
Against the sand
All day
All night
I glow in the moonlight
I crash, smash, splash
Painfully
Against the shore

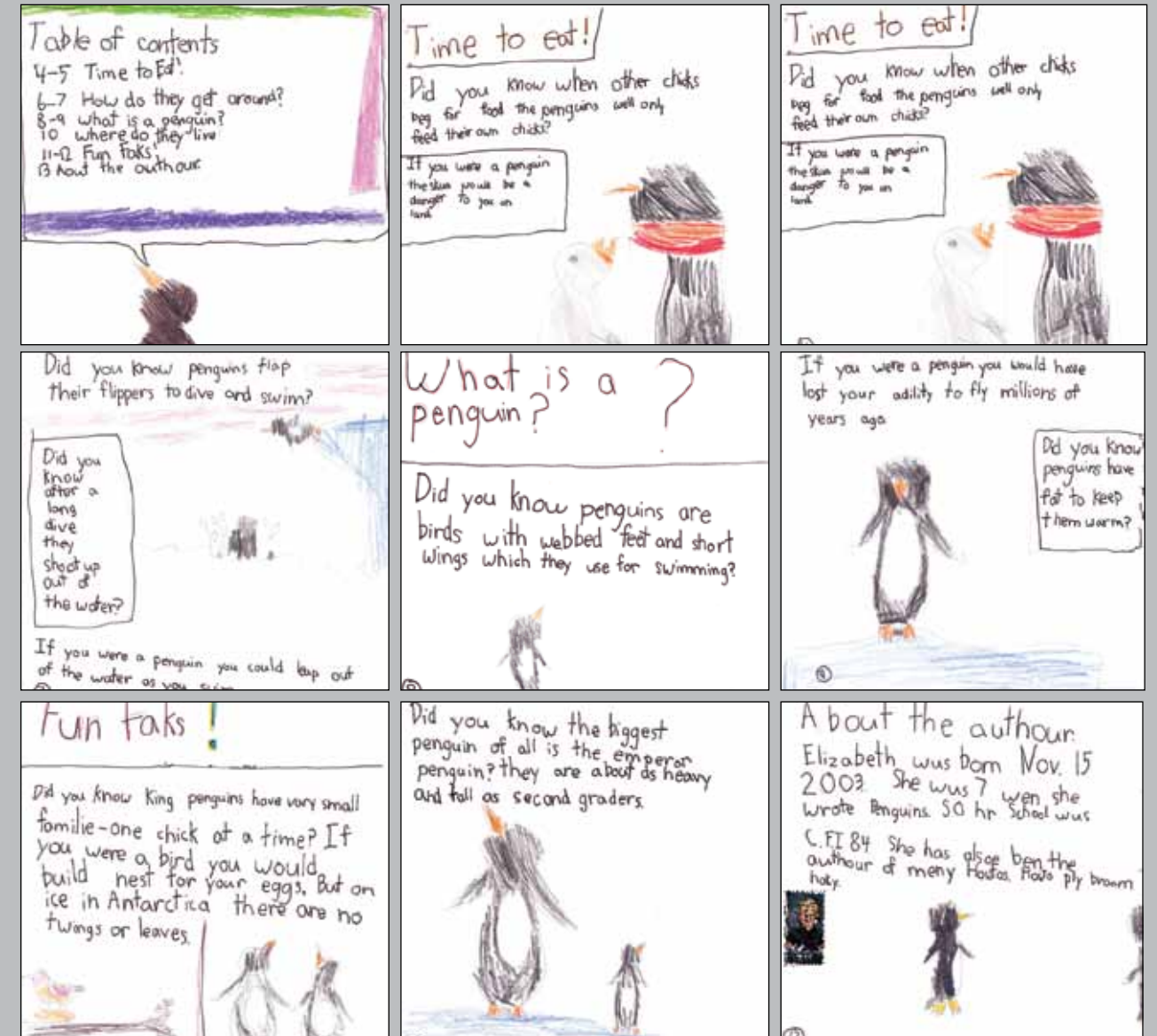
THE LOST ONE

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...

PENGUINS

Elizabeth Perkins



THE NOTE

Allyssa Burdine

I wandered down the hall and looked around hopelessly. I was searching for someone, but I still wasn’t sure who it was that had told me to meet them tonight in the dark, cold, school. The halls reeked of chemicals, and my footsteps rang in the eerie silence. The note I had received earlier in the day told me to come to classroom E7 at 7 o’clock after school hours. School had let out about three hours ago now, and it was 6:45, which only gave me fifteen minutes to get to my rendezvous point. I suddenly heard heavier footsteps than my own echoing down the corridor; I stopped in my tracks and looked for a good hiding place. I heard 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 it was a tall, young man that looked to be around my age or just a little bit older. I wanted to speak out, but I was not sure if I could 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 hall, but by the time I realized that he had spoken, he was 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 had not been able to stop in the middle of my run, and I nearly knocked him over. I looked up, and my face blushed a bright red as I looked into the man’s face.

His eyes sparkled an amber color, and his hair seemed to glow in the dim lighting. His hair was spiked up, and it was a silver-grey color that looked most irregular. He smiled, and his teeth were a blinding white that had a bright sparkle to them as well. As he bent down closer to my face, I could see that his teeth looked like fangs; they weren’t like your typical “vampire fangs,” they were more pointed than usual. His 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 ever 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 slick 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 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 mine carry a firm stance. However, it seemed to be failing me at this moment, and my judgment of the man made me more edgy.

“Yes, I am sorry I have not politely introduced myself to you, and I do apologize for that. My name is simple yet unique to man. I am Zander of the third order of the royal heads of Edian.” Zander smiled with pleasure as he spoke, and his voice seemed to be holding back a laugh for the edge of his tone seemed to be curved with a small chuckle or two. He must have thought that I would fall for such a pity attempt at flirting with a “nerd” like myself, but it honestly did not faze me in the smallest way as a funny joke.

“I will respect that your name may be Zander, but I highly doubt you are the third generation of the royal heads of Edian since most people would have the common sense to realize that the royal heads of Edian are nothing but a mythological state of mind. They are a dream in which one can find true happiness and usually can only be reached through death.” I smiled proudly as I saw the shocked expression, which I would expect to see if someone had just been slapped, cross this Zander figure’s face. I thought to myself of how I had just defeated a witty come back of a flirt with simple knowledge in the vast varieties of topics I studied.

“Well, it strikes me with happiness to see that a small and delicate flower such as yourself can have the vast knowledge of an online game player. Or, shall I spell it out simple to you that you are what many may refer to has a noob, which, my friend, means that you are new to any type of gaming in this situation.” Zander smiled with pleasure, and I could see that he clearly had done his reading before meeting with me on this cold night inside the school. I nodded and swiftly turned on my heels and started walking in the other direction away from him.

“If it strikes your fancy, you may follow me, and, if you care to see where I may lead you, then that will be of your own brave heart.” I smiled to myself and quickened my pace to a lighter hearted pace and soon could hear Zander’s footsteps following swiftly and oddly behind me. I had barely known him, and he was already willing to follow me as if we had been friends ever since kindergarten. I followed my own sense of direction out of the darkened hallways and chemical smells; I stepped out into the fresh open air of the cold night. But, as soon as I could hear the crickets chirping, I realized I had forgotten one ever-so-crucial step in my plan. I forgot to check the alarms. A sudden roar of loud horns rushed into the night air and filled my ears. Just as quickly, I turned to look back at Zander, and horror filled my face as I saw him charging towards me. He lifted me over his shoulder, and I soon found myself being carried. He raced off into the night, and cold wind whipped against my face. He seemed to run faster than a jack-rabbit, even with winter nipping at its behind.

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?”

I tried to make my voice sound easy and care free, but 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 knelt down and looked up 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 hiding just as 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 want to harm me.

“I know you barley know me, Elizabeth, and I wish I could have known you longer before I asked you this question. But, I feel like if I don’t ask you now that I will never find another perfect moment like this ever again. Elizabeth, I love you, and I wish for you to feel the same. I hope you will say that you do.” I looked up at Zander’s caring words and his satin voice, and I thought I was going to explode with joy. I had no words to speak, and I found no way to voice my feelings. I reached my head up, and he bent down and there, in the cold, dark night, we shared the most passionate kiss I feel has ever been witnessed by man or god. We stayed like that for longer than I could have imagined possible.

“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, we were inseparable, and I kept my promise to never look back or ever regret it.

HE

Rachel Snow

He gives you happiness.
He tells you he loves you
a million times a day.
He looks into your eyes, and you think it really, truly is love.
Every morning, he embraces you in a warm hug,
and calls you just to say goodnight.
But then you hear everyone saying they saw
him, last night with that girl from math class,
and suddenly all those good night phone calls are a waste of your time,
all those I Love Yous and hugs are turning into tears.
But he tells you he loves you one last time and
your heart has no control over your feelings, and
you’re confused, and you don’t believe
anything,
but he asks for your friendship, and then you
realize that it was everything but what you
wanted,
it was just a stupid high school crush.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER TIME

Shellae Young

My mom always asks me to spend mother and daughter time with her. I’m busy sometimes, but I check some arrangements and clear my schedule, because that’s my mom and I love her. Mothers want to spend time with their daughters.

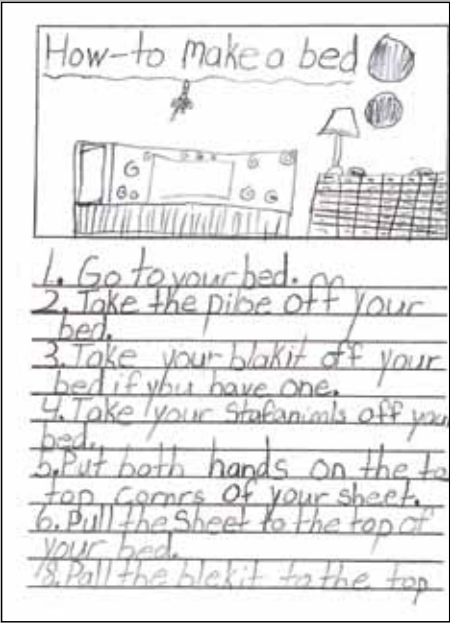
The only reason they want to spend mother and daughter time with you is because they love you. And they feel guilty for not spend time with you, so they try to make it up to you. They take you to get ice cream and buy you coffee and do some shopping.

My auntie took my cousin for granted. One day my cousin asked if her mom wanted to spend mother-daughter time together so they could get closer. But her mom said, “Maybe later, honey.” But that same day my cousin Nikka was walking, and a car lost control. She got hit by a car. My auntie found out about it on the news 30 minutes later. It turned out that the driver was drunk, and the driver went to jail for 15 years.

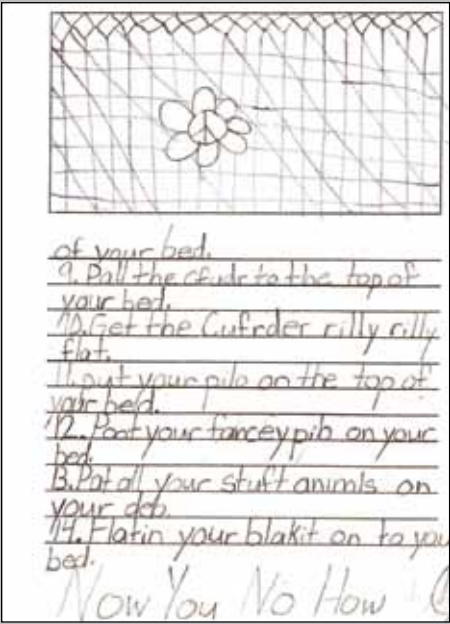
You shouldn’t take your daughters for granted, because it might be the last time you see them. Right now my cousin is 15 years old, and my auntie is 36 years old.

HOW-TO MAKE A BED!

Mara Foley



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 blanket to the top



- of your bed.
8. Pull the comforter to the top of your bed.
9. Get the comforter really, really flat.
10. Put your pillow on the top of your bed.
11. Put your fancy pillow on your bed.
12. Put all your stuffed animals on your bed.
13. Flatten your blanket onto your bed.
- Now you know how!

WHY POLLUTION?

Jessica Patterson

Why Pollution?

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BY: JESSICA PATTERSON

Why clean water?

Why do we have clean water? All living things must have clean water. "Water is our most valuable resource", says Eric Vond, program director at Camptown.

We cannot pollute our precious water. Throwing trash, chemicals, and any other harmful material

can hurt our water, earth and ourselves. Water pollution effects the Earth and even our bodies.

According to an article "Water Pollution" eutrophication happens because of water pollution. Eutrophication is when oxygen levels in the water drop.

Oxygen levels drop because composers use oxygen to get rid of the dead animals. The dead animals caused since of water pollution. All animals deserve clean safe water.

Picture of mercury in 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 cycle continues the mercury particles add up in the fish. The cycle ends when we eat the

fish. We could have up to 100 particles of mercury in our bodies. Although that is not a lot, but an abundance of mercury can be toxic or even deadly.



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Japan's Water Polluted Because of Nuclear Radiation

Take a moment to think about having a life being scared of your own city's water? Well, people in Japan are living that nightmare. An earthquake and tsunami hit Japan on March 11th and 16th 2011. That caused their

nuclear reactors to over heat and one caught on fire. Now the radiations from the reactors are in the water. The Japanese people don't know if their water has radiation or not.

The Japanese people are not the only ones

who don't have safe water. From www.unwater.org an estimated 2 billion don't have access to clean, safe water. We are privilege to have the resources and equipment to have clean, safe water.

Picture Of nuclear Reactors in Japan.

Taking Action

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 Ayiona Johnson. We went to Fall Creek to clean up around it. It was cold outside, but

we wanted to make a difference. We picked up trash for about a half a mile. In the end we collected almost 10 full bags of trash. Can you believe that there were 10 bags of trash collected in a half a mile? In all of the trash

we found a Styrofoam cone. There were also beer bottles and plastic bags. Those objects could have gone into the ocean and caused the animals to choke or be harmed. Why couldn't they just recycle? Keep the water clean!

You CAN Help

You can do lots of things to lots of things to prevent water pollution. Dispose of chemicals or household clean products properly. That means don't dump it down the toilet. Those chemicals can get into the water from the sewer.

Saving energy helps to. "The ammunition from the power plants goes into the water", says Eric Vond. Saving energy would let the plants burn less, so that there will be less ammunition in the water. Try using eco

friendly or natural products. The products have the same cleaning power and good to the Earth. It's a win-win. You can help now or never. It's karma: you keep the water clean the water will keep you healthy. If you don't ask yourself why pollute the water you have?

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MY EYES: ARE THEY WORTHY

Shatara Ealy

When I look into my eyes, I see the future
This big future that awaits ahead of me

When I look into my eyes, I see the pain
The pain that a young mother gets across her
Face when she can't provide for her baby

When you look into my eyes, what do you see?

Do you see a young, black, beautiful successful
Young woman
Or do you see a poor, use-less street walker?

When we look into our eyes, we need to ask ourselves,

What is it that I wanna see?
What is it that I wanna be?

What is it that I can do to prove to you
That I am worthy

Worthy of your respect

Worthy of your care, to
Lend a hug

When I look into my eyes, I
Remember that I am strong

Strong enough to admit when I'm
Wrong

Strong enough to know and to do what is
Right

Strong enough to know that I am
A leader and not a follower

When I look into my eyes, I see the
Pain, the passion, and the pleasure

HOW TO MAKE A JET

Logan Tetrault

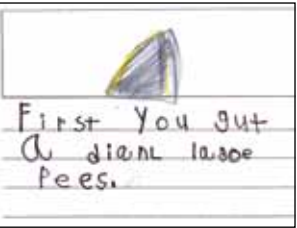


First you get
a diagonal Lego
piece.

Then you get
a square piece.

Then get a Lego
guy and put it on
the diagonal piece.

Get some wings
and put [them] on
the bottom of the diagonal
piece.



THE EGG

Megan Griffith

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 Ms. Damin
copyright April 2011



If you were in Japan you could visit 4,000 islands. If you were in Japan you would not have a land border.
The north islands can have snow while the south islands still are warm.

If you were in Japan there would be lots of mountains and volcanoes.
mountain volcano

The Flag
If you were in Japan the flag would have a red circle on a white background. This symbol is called the rising sun.

If you were in Japan you would see that parents just have two or one child.
most families eat together in the evening.
If you were in Japan you would see that Aunts, Uncles and grandparents may live with the family.
Children attend elementary school for six years.

Food!
If you were in Japan you would make your food look attractive.
If you were in Japan you would know that food is very important in the Japanese diet.
If you were in Japan you would buy small stores as out door markets.

At home many Japanese people sit on the floor and eat at a short table.
If you were in Japan you would place the pointed ends of chopsticks on a special rest called a chopstick rest and not use them.
Children attend elementary school for six years.

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Where is it?
If you were in Japan you would be in Asia. If you were in Japan the capital would be Tokyo. If you were in Japan you would be across the sea from South Korea, North Korea, China, and Russia.
Mount Fuji is Japan's tallest mountain.

Japan is a land full of lakes, rivers, streams, and high mountains.
If you were in Japan one-fourth of the land would be used for farming.

If you were in Japan the flag would be white with a large red disk representing the sun without rays.
If you were in Japan the flag would be called Hinomaru which means circle of the sun. If you were in Japan you might learn that the flag has been used for over a thousand years and no one knows who designed it or when.

If you were in Japan you would know that the flag was officially adopted on January 23, 1870.
If you were in Japan the white symbol stands for honesty and purity.

The people!
If you were in Japan you would see Japanese mothers carrying their babies on their backs.
If you were in Japan you would start school when you are six.

Celebrations
If you were in Japan in August or September you might see Shinto priests and devotees taking part in a fire walking ceremony.
If you were in Japan you would know that Japan has many festivals but the Children's Day is the most important.
If you were in Japan you would know that Japan has many festivals but the Children's Day is the most important.

All About the Author
I am Liam. I was born on April 2004. I go to school at 1st. I am also the author of how to wash your hair, Storms and sharks. I moved to Indianapolis 2008. I grew up in Chicago. I have a sister, Dad and a mom and dog.

IF

Maisy Foley

If you yell at me, I will ask you to talk to me
If you hit me, I will ask you not to hurt me
If you curse at me, I will ask you to use good language
If you ignore me, I will ask you to speak to me
But if you love me, I will love you back

BAILEY ANN

Samantha Jennings

You weren’t here very long
But long enough
For me to love you
I remember sleepily waking up

To see you smiling at me
After you left, I was sad for a long time
To this day, when I hear your name or
I see your baby clothes or pictures

It makes me sad
Even when I think about you,
It makes me want to break down and cry
I remember how you always smelled

Like baby powder and baby lotion
I remember how I used to hold you
With mom’s help
I miss you, my little sister...Bailey Ann

SNOW!

Jadon Wright

Snow is coming!
I am going to play in the snow and build a snowman, and build snowballs, and snow tunnels, and snow hills.
Snow is forecast!

You have to get your snow boots, and your snow pants, and your snow gloves, and a hat. Pile all of these snow clothes by the back door.
Snow is forecast!

You get your shovels and your snow blower. Then you get ice melt to put on the sidewalk. All of this stuff will be ready by the garage door.
Snow is forecast!

You get out your sleds. To build a snowman you get a carrot, some rocks and sticks. You put a red cowboy hat on the pile of stuff by the front door.

Snow is forecast!

Snow is coming!

You can play tic-tac-toe in the snow with sticks and rocks. Gather sticks and rocks and put them on the patio.

Snow is forecast!

SNOW!

RUNNING

Ruby Scott

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 fore 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.

SAVING ELECTRICITY

Ramiro Garcia

Saving Electricity

By: Ramiro Garcia

Have you ever thought of how electricity travels from a power plant to your house? Have you wondered how a light comes on as soon as you flick a light switch? Have you ever wondered how you put bread in a toaster and the bread heats? What really happens when we turn on and off a light switch?

Electricity causes lights to turn on and off. Which is a convenience but today in the United States we are using too much electricity than we should be using. For example, we leave televisions on, we keep unneeded lights on, and we even keep electronics plugged in that are unnecessary. I believe that people in the United States should be more conscience about the amount of electricity we are using on a daily basis. Although it is

difficult to measure how much electricity certain areas are using, statistics show that 70% of the electricity, we use is being wasted in the US each day.

We need to learn to wasted electricity is a major problem in the United States. People need to conserve electricity because too much electricity is being wasted, which means a lot of electrical appliances are being used and when a whole lot are used a lot of it can affect our atmosphere. The way over used electricity affects our atmosphere is by damaging the ozone layers that protect us from the sun. When ozone layers are damaged the weather is hotter than usual. The increase in the temperature will cause our polar ice caps to melt, resulting that there will be an increase of water, which means we will have less land.

There are many ways we can conserve electricity. A few

simple things we can start doing are:

- Turn off lights when not needed. Because lights waste lot electricity even though no one is in a room.
- Unplug electronics, because even though we are not being used they continued to waste electricity.
- Do not use your air conditioning as much in the summer, crack a window instead.

While there are many ways to save electricity, I have just selected a few. The way I have been saving electricity was not just in my house alone; but I decided to educate my neighbors of what are the consequences if we do not waste electricity. I made flyers and handed each one out to my neighbors. In the flyers, it explained some ways to be energy wise. Then to enhance their experience, I asked my

neighbors if we could devote one hour to turn off their power, no electrical items means no lights, no video games, no phones, and other electrical appliance. Except for electrical appliances that need to be on like refrigerators. The hour I chose was 7-8pm; on a Sunday. Before 7pm I in one day I convinced my neighbors to do energy wise things in their homes. It is so simple everyone could do it.

If everyone in the USA did not use electricity for one hour each week, we could save our world and our environment. I have taken the time to become energy efficient, what will you do?

LOST AT SEA: THE S.S. TITANIC

Zoe Wilde Bays

“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.

UNBEARABLE

Tanaja Ferguson

We yell for peace!
An open-minded voice
A view of courage,

Imagine.

A dream suffering to rise up against oppression,
Forced discrimination.
Unbearable hopelessness.
Why did we tolerate such injustice?
Our joy was stolen from us,

A community of people,

Crying in each others arms

Races and religions

Hated.

We search for love and harmony,
One day we shall find hope...

In Unity

Success is only an action away.

RACISM

Chase Lovely

Stop
Stop
Stop
I can't take it
thousands of people suffer,
On the streets
in their homes
even in school
Does anyone care
that I am in a pool of darkness?
Do they care
about how their ignorance affects me?

Treating me like an animal
you try to bring me down,
Separating,
excluding,
teased
and bullied
just because of
my skin color
Judging at first sight,
accused of doing something that I didn't do,
I ask myself,
"Is this just because of my skin color?"

THE OCEAN

Amayrany Castillo

The ocean is soft.
The fish swim to make a pretty color.
Feeling like you want to stay forever
Feeling the air in your face, floating in your hair.

The ocean is blue and light blue.
Your feet touch the warm sand
Hearing the birds fly away.

Sit down and close your eyes
And think about the ocean
And when you are done, stand up
And open your arms
And think about flying away

MY SECRET LIFE AS BRIANNA

Lilia Flores

I had just gotten out of school and was forced to walk home (my brother took my car). Winter had just started, and there was already three feet of snow on the ground. Winters are hard in my family. We run out of money, and it's too cold for my dad to work, which means he drinks more. My mom and dad are both alcoholics; my dad is the worst though. When he gets drunk, he throws things and starts yelling.

I arrived at my house hoping that my dad hadn't been drinking when I was at school. "Ughhh, where did I leave those house keys?" I murmured. I shoved my hand in my back pocket, digging for the key that was hidden under folded paper. *There they are*, I thought, as I wiped my feet and stumbled upon the doorway. Right when I walked in, I heard a loud crash in the kitchen. "Dad?" I yelled. There he was, staring my mom dead in the face, my mother crying.

I looked around not knowing what to do. I saw my mother's phone on the floor in pieces. I stood there as my dad turned around and got closer. "Go to your room, this is none of your business. It's between me and your mother!" he yelled.

I turned around and walked up the steps, quietly. I knew what would happen if I disobeyed him, it had happened to me before. He had told me to be home at 10:00 pm, and I came home at 12:00 am. I came in the house; he yelled at me and threw my mom's vase at the wall. Then he came up to me and smacked me in the face.

I sat there on my bed listening to them in the kitchen. Clearly, my father was mad—and drunk. "Who is this Brad guy you've been talking to?" he yelled.

"He is my manager; we were talking about the new plan for the business." she yelled back.

I sat there waiting for my dad to answer back, nothing. I heard nothing! After about three minutes of waiting for an answer, I heard banging in the kitchen. The only thing I could think of was to get my brother.

I ran to his room. "Andrew!" I yelled. I looked around, but he wasn't home.

I ran downstairs and stumbled in the kitchen. My mom was on the floor now. Pots and pans were everywhere. *My mom just got slapped*, I thought to myself. "You don't touch her!" I screamed.

Dad turned around and bolted his hand towards me. I flinched and tried to back away, but I wasn't quick enough. Slap! I fell against the wall, and within seconds I was on the floor.

He walked through the front door. I sat there thinking, He's gone. I scooted forward and touched the back of my head. I looked down, I was bleeding! There was blood all over my hand; it slowly dripped onto my school skirt. I looked away in disgust, moving my head back and forth slowly trying to relieve the sharp pain he had caused. "Mom, are you okay?" I choked.

"Yeah, I'm fine." She replied. "I never want you to yell at him like that ever again! You could really get hurt!" She quivered.

"But mom, you could have gotten really hurt!" I said as I got up slowly.

"I don't care," she yelled. "But I never want anything to happen to you!"

"Okay." I said.

"Now go call Andrew and tell him to come home before your dad gets back," she said as she headed for the bathroom.

"Ughhhh, there's nothing on!" I said as I flipped through channels trying to find something good. Andrew had just gotten back. My mom was in the kitchen, cooking dinner. I sat there, thinking about what had happened earlier. Why would he hurt me and my mom? Even if he was drunk. What would possess him to hurt us like that? I asked myself.

I remembered when Andrew and I were little. We used to always play and joke around together. But then my dad started acting weird and different. He really started being mean when his mother died. He wouldn't say a word to anybody about it for a week. At that time I was six and Andrew was eight.

(Continued)

MY SECRET LIFE AS BRIANNA

(Continued)

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 that dinner’s done.”

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.

“Okay, 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. Ever since Andrew has been old enough to make his own choices and go out, he has spent less, and less time with us. He leaves the house or just goes to his room. And it’s always when Dad is coming or is about to come. It’s like Andrew is avoiding Dad, like he’s blocking him out of his life. I’ve always wished I was strong enough to do that. Strong enough to kick Dad out of my life, for everything he’s done to us. But I know I will never be able to do that.

I picked at my mashed potatoes. I wasn’t really that hungry anyway. I looked at my mom and dad. Back and forth, back and forth. Waiting for one of them to say something. After a couple of minutes, I realized that I had to break the silence.

“So, what are we doing tomorrow?” I asked, hoping we could get a conversation going.

“Well, I thought you and me could spend our Saturday at the mall!” my mom said.

“Sure, that seems fun!” I hoped that wasn’t the end of our conversation.

“Well, I’m going out to buy some tools for work,” my dad said, getting up and throwing his mashed potatoes away.

I sat there quietly, trying to hurry up so I could go upstairs. But I didn’t want to make too much noise. I got up slowly and put my plate in the sink. Then I ran upstairs and opened my door. I walked in and shut the door behind me. I pulled down my covers from my bed, fluffed my pillow, and lay down. I slowly drifted into sleep.

“Brianna!” yelled my dad.

“Arhhhhh,” I yawned. “Coming!” I got up, put my robe on and headed downstairs. “What?” I asked, as I tied the front of my robe together.

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

“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.”

“Brianna?” a familiar voice asked. I walked in the kitchen to see where it was coming from.

“Mom!” I said, surprised. She was sitting in a chair, head on the table. She looked like she had just woken up. There was a shot glass beside her and a half-drunk vodka glass in the middle of the table.

“We can’t go to the mall. I got wasted last night,” she said, going cross-eyed.

“OK, whatever!” I was frustrated as I walked back to the couch. I knew I couldn’t count on her. *She always does this to me!*

Nobody in my family does anything with me. I can’t count on anybody!

“OK, whatever!” I was frustrated as I walked back to the couch. I knew I couldn’t count on her. *She always does this to me! Nobody in my family does anything with me. I can’t count on anybody!*

I sat there doing nothing but watching TV. After sitting and thinking a while, I decided to take a walk. I got up slowly and quietly, not letting my mother know I was leaving. I slowly opened the door, went out, and shut the door behind me (leaving it unlocked). I stood there on the sidewalk looking across the street, watching the happy boys and girls playing jump rope and basketball. The girl in the yellow dress jumped, and the girls in purple and blue swung the ropes. The girl in yellow jumped faster and faster, as the other girls sang.

“Face to face, ohhh ahhh chi-uah-uah!” sang the girl in the blue. *Why can’t I have nice loving parents like those girls do?* I asked myself. I couldn’t stand to watch them anymore, so I kept walking.

Listening to all the dogs barking, kids screaming with joy and laughter, and rusted swings moving slowly, I walked into the park. I found an open swing and sat down, feeling weak. I swung back and forth, barely moving away from the ground. It was really quiet, except for this one noise I heard deep in the distance.

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 still swinging. I walked passed a big Oak tree. The original noise got louder and louder as I came closer. I realized now that it was a girl crying. She was sitting against an apple tree, her face in her lap, hiding her identity.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“My mom just beat me,” she said. She looked up at me, and I could see the shame on her face.

What could I say? Should I talk to her about it, tell her about my similar stories? I hesitated and sat there hoping to think of something to say. But then I looked more closely, noticed her scars and bruises, even bloody spots on her face. *Oh my gosh! Her mom did that!*

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

“You just don’t get it! You don’t know what I go through!” she said fiercely, like she was arguing with me.

What do I say now? I wondered. I thought about telling her about my parents. “I do get it,” I said at last. “My dad abuses me, and both of my parents are alcoholics.” I was more scared than I had ever been before. I looked up at her, afraid of what she was going to say, my heart pounding. She was the first person I had ever told about my secret life at home.

“Oh. Maybe we’re living completely the same lives, except it’s my mom that beats me,” she said.

We sat there for more than four hours, talking about our parents. We told each other stories, showed each other scars.

“So why did your mom beat you again?” I asked, curious of what had happened before I came along.

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

The laundry! I forgot the laundry that Dad told me to do! “I’ve got to go!” I said, getting up quickly. “Same spot tomorrow?”

“Yes, please!” she said.

I turned around and ran to my house. I thought about all the stories we had told each other. I stopped running and stared up at my door, scared of what my dad might do to me. I stood there on the sidewalk thinking. *Melissa (my new friend) and I will get help someday. But for right now, I’m just glad I’ve got a friend who understands me and sees me as a person.*

I was also glad that for once, somebody knew my secret life as Brianna.

WHY ARE TODDLERS SO ENERGETIC?

Kristin Perkins

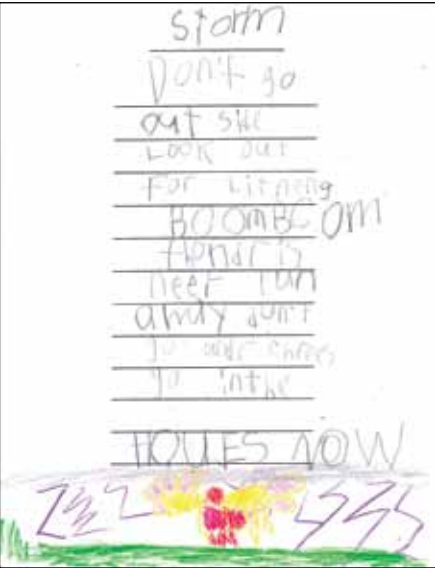
Have you ever wondered why toddlers are so energetic? Sometimes you are too busy to deal with them, or you might want some peace and quiet, or maybe you want to go somewhere with them, but they’re too jumpy and you are worried they might wonder off. That’s what inspired me to write this question. I think 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?



STORM

Joshua Roach

Don’t go
outside
Look out
for lightning
BOOM BOOM
Thunder is
near, run
away, don’t
go under trees
go in the

HOUSE NOW

HOMELESS CATS AND DOGS

Lucas Cahill

HOMELESS CATS AND DOGS by Lucas Cahill

WRAP UP

Cats and dogs don't want to be homeless, it just happens that way sometimes. They don't want to be cold, wet, and hungry, running the streets trying to stay alive. All they want is a warm, loving home and a master to please. If we all work together, we can help make this dream of happiness a reality. We all need to help! As Sandy Kemp, manager of ReTails adoption center says, "Spay [and neuter] your pets, adopt rescued pets instead of purchasing from pet stores, [and] educate your friends and neighbors."

And now, when you see that stray cat or dog walking down the side of the street, what will you do?

ReTails- Located at the Washington Square Mall: 317-252-0370

WHAT TO DO

Lots of people want to help animals, they just don't know how. These are just some of the ways they can help:

- Contact local law enforcement if you witness animal abuse. They will rescue the animal and try to give it a good home.
- Think about adopting a pet. You will be giving a home to an animal that really needs one, not some fancy pet shop purebred. It is more urgent for shelter animals because they will be put to sleep if they don't get a home.
- If you can't adopt, try to volunteer. I personally volunteer on weekends at an adoption center called ReTails. (Contact information at end)
- If you can't do either of the above, you can donate money, food, medicine, toys, and anything the animals need to a local shelter. Every bit helps.

THE REASONS

The reasons so many animals are dying in our streets are so simple it's just sad. Most of the strays we see are just animals who weren't wanted when they were born. Others are adult pets that were abandoned by their human families. And one of the causes we are most familiar with is lost pets that can't get home. The cold, hard fact is that there are too many homeless cats and dogs. If nothing is done soon, it will be out of control. We need to act NOW!

DEATH TOLL

Every year, 6-8 million cats and dogs are put in shelters. Of that number, 4-5 million are put down annually. These animals all die for one sad reason: Nobody wants them. This is a horrible fact, but we can all help to avoid this by trying to do the

following simple things. If we work together, we can make the death toll smaller.

IN TIME

Ava Lausch

“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 picky (or pickier than she is). So 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 ‘til 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...

EMPATHY, NOT APATHY

Jamela Jafari

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!

EXCLUDING PEOPLE

Tim Jolliff

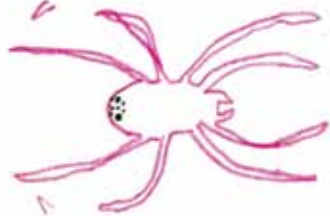
Excluding People
Tim Jolliff

Get him off the team!
Yeah, leave!
Loser!
Get out of here!
Go!
Me.
I am weak.
Slow.
Be nice.
Don’t be mean.
Well, what did we say?!
Fists
Mad and steaming faces
Gritting teeth.
Leave us alone
Wimp!
Don’t be afraid.
What they say
Is not true.
Do not go back.
Show them.
You’re awesome
Don’t be afraid.
Stand up.
Friends.
We’re all friends.
No!
Shoo!
Now!
Leave.
Get an adult.
They’ll fix it.
Yes.
Yes.
No more.
Done.
We’re done.
The world is done.
Excluding people.
Done.

THE SPIDER

Lucy Hammann

THE SPIDER



By:
Lucy Hammann

This book is
Dedicated to Mom

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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 am
from room 115.



Mmm... Food

If you were a spider,
you would eat other
bugs and insects. Spiders
eat millions of mosquitoes
each year. Spiders are
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.



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PREPARATIONS

Kayla Wright

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 mealed and bathed, Zara and three other servants dressed the Queen in red, green, purple and pink silks and velvet. The Queen chose red rubies for her jewels. Zara and Keisha, another servant girl, held pins while the Queen’s private hairdresser braided and arranged her thick, straight hair. Her silky hair was as black as midnight on a moonless night. The last task of the hairdresser was to braid the Persian buttercups into the Queen’s hair.

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 buttercup decorated each platter. The Queen approved. Since the Queen approved, preparations were completed for the feast.

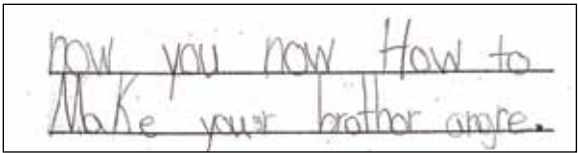
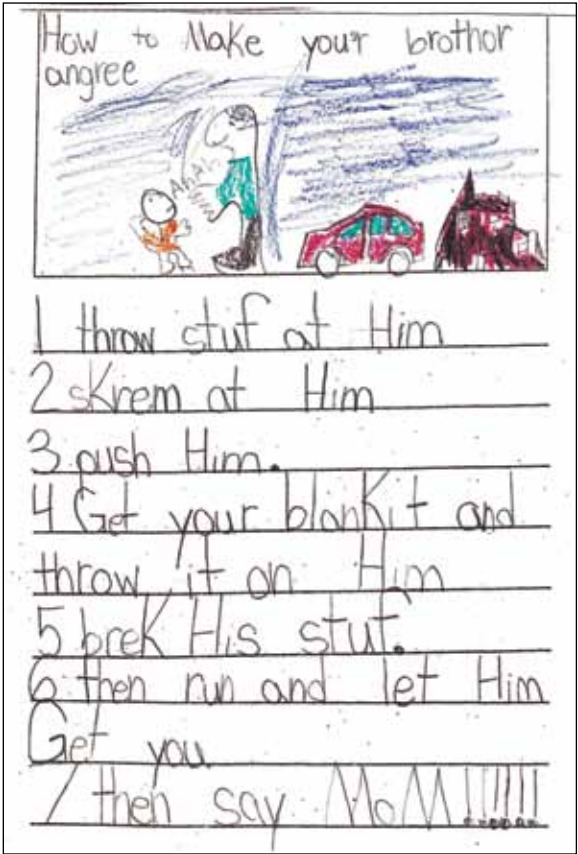
Soon guests began arriving. Zara gracefully walked to her place in the corner where she was to wait until the Queen had need of her. Zara silently watched as each princess and queen were announced.

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.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR BROTHER ANGRY

Ethan Gleissner



- 1. Throw stuff at him.
- 2. Scream at him.
- 3. Push 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.

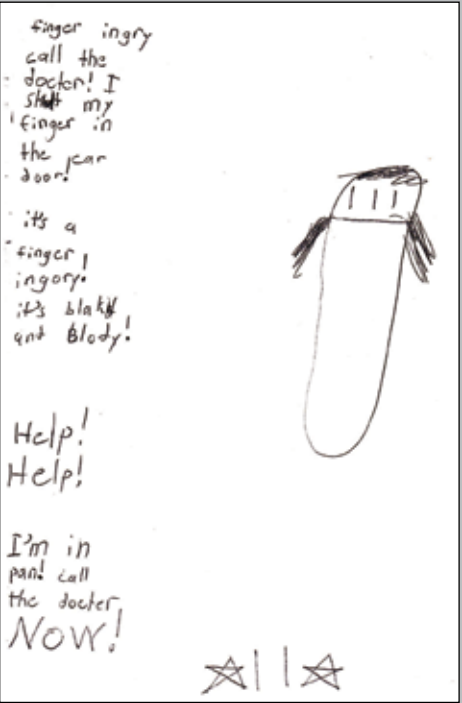
Athletes shouldn't harm their bodies or take death on at a high level of risk with drugs. For example, Len Bias was voted Colgate player of the year. Then in June 1986, he had a cocaine overdose and died.

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! 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.

William A. Rasdell

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.

