



INKWELL  
2017

# THE INKWELL

2017 · VOLUME 37



CANTERBURY MIDDLE SCHOOL

# WRITERS' CONFERENCE WINNERS

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## 5TH GRADE WINNERS

Ana Bierbaum  
Amia Carter  
Lucy Gray  
Joseph Hughes  
Zachary Kuczek  
Devon Lewis  
Chloe Park  
Olivia Scavo  
Caleb Walda  
Dillon Wardlow

## 6TH GRADE WINNERS

Amber Choi  
Camille Coker  
Naomi Gephart  
Andrew Habig  
Maria Krotov  
Madeline Phuong  
Kayden Ptak  
Adel Quta  
Marissa Toole  
Tommy Tsai

# ADDITIONAL SELECTED POEMS

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## SEVENTH GRADE

Vonnia Anwar  
Harley Babbitt  
Julia Beatty  
Avery Biggs  
Georgia Gray  
Micah Holder  
Alexandro Robles  
Maile Smits  
Kyra Tonsil  
Eric Wever

## EIGHTH GRADE

Daniel Coker  
Emma Najdeski  
Mahri Romano  
Vincent Rorick  
Olivia Roussel  
Quinn Saleik  
Ethan Teel  
Zachary Tempel  
Sophie Terrell  
Isabella Von Seggern

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# WINTER LYRIC

*Devon Lewis, Grade 5*

---

Trees freezing  
Temperatures below zero  
Squirrels are sleeping in their cozy tree  
Bears are hibernating with bellies full  
No more sounds of  
Chirping birds  
The water  
Frozen solid  
A snowman  
Brighter than paper

# BEAUTY UNNOTICED

*Caleb Walda, Grade 5*

---

The shabby stuffed animal sits near the bed  
Its fur once soft  
Now rough and scruffy  
A missing eye and gray scratched nose  
Its body in a mangled pose  
The scarf it once wore  
Now a tangle of strings  
Its black marble eye has seen many things  
It once had ears that are now worn away  
Has this old bear been abandoned?  
Not yet  
However shabby, still in use  
And even in all its long nights of use  
This bear is still loved dearly  
Seen by its loving owner  
As if it were still, and always  
Brand new



*Ysabella Liu, Grade 6*

---



## LOST

*Chloe Park, Grade 5*

---

Twigs snapping below bare feet  
Wind blowing through my hair  
As if it doesn't care  
Whether people are lost

It just wants to get to a meeting  
Wherever winds meet

Owls hoot tensely  
Listening for crackling footsteps of prey  
Every moment or so  
I whip my head around  
As if a monster lurks behind  
But no one is there

I have never been this alone  
Ever before

## ASHEVILLE

*Lucy Gray, Grade 5*

---

I love Asheville  
The mountains are my second home  
The time I spent there  
I loved  
It was almost always warm  
Playing outside was so much fun  
It would be so nice to see my big family  
Every day, like a vacation  
Now we just visit  
And I'm grateful I can

## UNTITLED

*Dillon Wardlow, Grade 5*

---

The forgotten cemeteries are gone  
There is no other place to find them  
My great grandfather was buried somewhere  
I am the one to find him  
I will find them all  
I want to see those lost gravestones  
They are hidden somewhere  
My parents tell me stories  
Those stories are adventurous  
They encourage me  
Someday I will find them  
In my dreams

## SCHOOL

*Joseph Hughes, Grade 5*

---

If only I could take a big pink eraser  
To all the mistakes I've ever made  
I would be excited, joyful to have  
No errors  
Misplaced letters  
Unintended marks on the edges of my page  
My mind would be clear of all  
Things gone bad  
My days would be fresh  
A new start  
A world full of peace  
And a blank white page

## BEAUTY UNNOTICED

*Zachary Kuczek, Grade 5*

---

A glass cup  
Traveling from the dishwasher  
To its home  
Hands grabbing dishes  
One after another  
Until all of a sudden  
The hand picks up a lonely glass  
And then, "Plop!"  
It slips out of the hand  
And shatters on the floor  
Beautiful crystals  
Scattered all over the marble tiles

## ODE TO A POEM

*Naomi Gephart, Grade 6*

---

You are a puzzle, confusing and intriguing me  
Like a cage of birds, your grammatical structures fly around my head  
The author, who spent 5 hours pondering a single sentence  
As he searched his mind for another hidden meaning  
Inventing the newest form of torture  
The poet, a genius of sorts,  
An evil plan beginning to take form like the poem he wrote yesterday  
A cloud of confusion covering the page like the ink he spilt when he was frustrated  
He allows the words to do his evil bidding  
He keeps them in the thesaurus by his bed  
They are a lifejacket, keeping his poem alive  
Though there's only one thing you need in a poem  
Confusion

## TOGETHER

*Adel Quta, Grade 6*

---

Wondering where the noise came from, we were in our house  
When we looked inside the air conditioner, the things inside that  
were barely alive  
Had been there for weeks and had been discovered over the hole  
with the mouse  
The bird, a soft, delicate bird, shaking because his mother had  
forgotten him  
Came with us on a short, but important drive  
His sibling that experienced the same thing is being taken care of  
We tried to help them as much as we could  
Which is evidence that we started to love  
Them and protect them under the hood  
Unfortunately, it was too late  
They all had gone in less than a day  
They had all experienced the exact same fate  
And this sadly, was the only way  
We buried them outside  
And this was when our thoughts for them were most deep  
So we buried them together, side to side  
They will always be in an eternal sleep

## SPOOKY SHADOWS

*Tommy Tsai, Grade 6*

---

Waltzing on the streets  
The shadows twisted about  
Their dark hands fiddling  
After they waltzed, the shadows  
Sneaked away with their guitars

## LETTING GO

*Olivia Scavo, Grade 5*

---

You hold on to someone deeply  
But they let go  
Breaking your heart  
But you can't let it show  
You hold all the feelings  
Sitting on a bench, letting the wind blow  
Until you have to feel  
All the darkness  
Yet still letting the light glow  
You accept the heartbreak  
And grow



---

*Samantha Ko, Grade 8*

# AN EMPTY PROMISE

*Madeline Phuong, Grade 6*

---

Amidst all the chaos,  
The woman, a weary mother,  
Watches and waits,  
Although so much had happened  
Since the horrible news  
That had been delivered to her doorstep.

Two children, the sweet angels of her life,  
Quietly comfort her,  
Tears streaking down from her tired eyes.  
Mommy, they whisper to her, unknowingly.  
Why do you cry?

After days of waiting,  
A flicker of hope kindles in her eyes,  
The small chance of escape from  
The death and destruction approaching.

A heaviness settled its way  
Over the woman's heart,  
The unavoidable path solidifying the future.  
She had desperately prayed it wouldn't come to this,  
The look on her face becoming more defeated  
With each heavy step.

She approaches the ticket booth,  
The woman slowly slipped off her wedding ring,  
The last memory of her beloved,  
A brave soldier who had fought in the never-ending war.

As she hopes it would be enough,  
She dropped the ring  
Into the attendant's hand  
In return for two tickets.  
The woman pleadingly looked at the

Attendant, waiting for a third,  
She glances at her two innocent children,  
But was met with the attendant's steely gaze.

The mother tucks the tickets into  
The pockets of her children's coats,  
And ushers them onto the boat.  
She promises to come for them soon,  
Knowing deep inside that it was a promise  
She would not be able to keep.

## **MY DOG**

*Ana Bierbaum, Grade 5*

---

A scary place  
The dog shelter is  
Dogs barking everywhere  
Howling, growling  
But there  
In the back  
Is a small timid puppy  
With silky black fur  
And a white stripe running down her nose  
Her feet are speckled with white dots  
Like snowflakes on the pavement  
She is the perfect one  
She is the one we will bring home  
And she will forever be a part of my family

## FRIENDSHIP

*Amia Carter, Grade 5*

---

I share with you  
Not just the most awesome selfies  
But also some of my life's  
Most precious memories  
Our friendship runs deep  
Right through my heart and soul  
You have no idea how important  
In my life, is your role  
I don't care about anything else  
Other than having you around  
Because only your smiles have  
The power to wipe away my frown...  
But that's what friends are for

## THE LITTLE THINGS IN FRANCE

*Julia Beatty, Grade 7*

---

I ride my little yellow bicycle at noon in the spring  
It has a little basket in the front that carries bright red tulips, and  
little white daisies  
I wear black leggings and a little black beret  
But my most favorite piece of clothing of all is the little black and  
white striped shirt that I usually wear in the fall  
I have a little brown satchel that I carry on my back that carries  
two large pieces of baguette  
As my little bike wheels turn on the smooth stone road I get very  
close to the same old destination  
I soon come to a stop and take off the little camera I carry on my  
neck  
And then take little pictures of the Eiffel Tower as I munch on little  
pieces of French bread





---

*Eli Pasalich, Grade 7*

## WAR

*Kayden Ptak, Grade 6*

---

The sun shall set, as the birds fly  
Dusk fills the night sky  
Swimming through their thoughts  
You can hear the sounds of gunshots.  
War has begun  
We sit, watching the cannons blow  
Fear, the feeling of disbelief  
Running through our body  
Screams fill the air  
War has begun  
Stealing through the night's uncertainties  
We cry as the sound of death fills the air  
The stench of blood runs through our veins  
Mixing the dusk and stars together  
War has begun  
We feel the crippling bodies watching over us  
Looking for delight, we sit worrying about our future  
Wondering how we will live after war  
The final screams are let out  
War has begun

## FLICKERING LIGHTS

*Maria Krotov, Grade 6*

---

Deafening screams echo across the empty shed  
Tools banging loudly into the wooden walls  
Lights flicker mysteriously overhead  
Deafening screams echo across the empty shed  
As the wind blows violently, children toss and turn in bed  
The thunder booms as the lightening calls  
Deafening screams echo across the empty shed  
Tools banging loudly into the wooden walls

## **ASUS**

*Kyra Tonsil, Grade 7*

---

You don't run on a normal basis  
You never have a clue  
About what you have to do  
At least next year  
You won't even be here

## **TO A HALT**

*Andrew Habig, Grade 6*

---

Slowed further into a fixed state, I find myself in a standstill of  
functionality  
It is that there is a bump in the road, or more of a critical matter, a  
dead end

Misconceived, mistaken, perhaps that I am the wrong person, oh  
the brutality  
Seeking a way out, feeling like a lab rat in a maze, I find yet  
another, dead end

In the past I've been told to not look behind, so I look straight of  
my reality  
Walking on this road, walls closing in, on my side is an even more  
dead end

In the dark that I linger, I see the light, hope for my questionable  
personality  
Out of a curved tunnel, I take my drooped head and look up, but  
sadly, a dead end

At last I look above me, looking towards the gods, nothing, what  
abnormality  
Depressed and shocked, I crumple to the ground giving up on  
progressing - a dead end



*Chloe Park, Grade 5*

---

# PARADISE

*Camille Coker, Grade 6*

---

Waves slowly lapping at the shore  
A whole world goes unnoticed  
In a single one, a tiny formation of water  
Streaming together  
Colors blend into one  
As the setting sun reaches out  
One last time  
To this miracle of nature  
Bubbling up from underneath a  
Jet-black, cruel beginning  
The amber fades to a grass-green  
Before bursting above sea-level  
To explode in a shimmer of magic  
That is never seen  
Silhouettes dancing in the wind  
Palm trees stand proud as they wait  
The first drops starting to spray down  
The clear yet colorful ceiling  
Glimmers mischievously  
A ray, a stream of light breaks through  
The tough barrier  
Disappearing, this phenomenon  
That was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity  
To see, is gone forever

# SWISHER

*Amber Choi, Grade 6*

---

My dearest one,  
Do you not remember?  
Do you not recall?

Can you bring back  
The memories,  
The sweet things  
That he's done?

When the days slipped by  
As the sun shone gold  
And the one that you and I  
loved  
Grew tired, weak, and old?

As the day with scarlet rays  
Shining through the window  
Revealed the tears falling  
down one's face  
With growing sorrow

Do you recall  
Watching his life  
Slip into the ranks of stars?  
His soul  
Escape  
Into their waiting arms?

His body lying  
As if in rest

How could that have been  
His dying breath?

Eyes unseeing  
Heart unmoving  
Lungs not breathing

And he still left an imprint  
On this very family  
One that no other bird  
Could give us so willingly

# STARS

*Daniel Coker, Grade 8*

---

Aurora Borealis

Floats in the black sky,  
Illuminating the dead land,  
Rippling and waving.

Like

A mystic veil,  
An ethereal wisp,  
An open portal to another world.

Disappearing

In the morning.



*Isabella Von Seggern, Grade 8*

---



## LION

*Harley Babbitt, Grade 7*

---

Cameras flash before me  
I growl at the crowd  
I want to run away  
The man with the whip prevents me  
He makes me do tricks  
The crowd cheers and claps  
I want to hunt in Africa  
But I am tortured here

## LIFE

*Eric Wever, Grade 7*

---

As living here on earth has shown  
There is much that is not known  
But we still know of war and hate  
As our tempers continue to fluctuate  
There are still good things out here  
But the bad things simply won't disappear  
Nature is such a pretty thing  
With birds who like to sing  
But we are ruining their home  
As we cut the trees, they must roam  
Out to where we have protected  
Or they could be dissected  
But we can still change some things  
Then maybe everyone can feel like kings

# **BROKEN**

*Avery Biggs, Grade 7*

---

The weight of the world  
Is heavy indeed  
On my shoulders  
It lies  
All day and all night  
I walk with sadness  
I talk with a mumbles  
Into a million pieces  
But one day a girl  
With a twinkle in her eye  
Picked up those pieces  
And used the glue  
From her heart  
To fix my soul  
She lifted the Earth  
And moved the sun  
To make me feel happy  
Once again  
But then she left me  
As soon as her job was done  
And I was sad  
For she saved me  
From a lifetime of misery  
That day I discovered  
That the only thing  
Worse than  
The weight of the world  
Is loneliness

## THE BALLERINA

*Maile Smits, Grade 7*

---

Leaping through the air  
Delicate, yet with flair  
She grasps the dust, reaching  
Leaping through the air  
Her strength shone through her glare  
Brave now, she once was shy  
Leaping through the air  
Confident, she can fly

## EMBLEM

*Marissa Toole, Grade 6*

---

In science class  
Doing my usual daydreaming  
Overheard my teacher saying, talking loud and clear, that  
Flags on the moon have turned white  
From the sun's radiation  
Like it was easy to go out and challenge  
Every muscle in your body  
Like it was easy to know, as you strained to explore, that if a thing  
went wrong  
There would be a chance of death  
Those people who journeyed out risked everything  
Most important symbol that proved they did it  
Has faded away  
Something sank inside of me  
Don't know why everything has to come and go  
I asked my mother, with curiosity, what she thought later that day  
She said it makes you think about what is most important  
My thoughts have settled

# ODE TO MIDDLE SCHOOL

*Georgia Gray, Grade 7*

---

I am going to be blunt, I hate you.  
You cause me stress and pain.  
You are a liar! A phony! A fake!  
Your movies make you seem great.

But you are not you,  
Shove us in groups and slap labels on us you don't even give us a  
chance to prove our worth!  
You are a place where being a dumb girl is applauded and having  
a brain is looked down upon.  
Yes, you praise good grades but the kids don't.

You are full of stupid words  
Savage, dab.  
What are these stupid sounds people use when they clown  
around?  
Oh, middle school how I hate you.

# RAIN

*Mahri Romano, Grade 8*

---

Sprinkles on my face  
Pours onto the concrete  
Washes away the earth  
    A powerful being  
    A demure natural phenomenon  
    A chance at new growth  
        Cleansing the earth's palate  
        Dripping down a water pipe  
Flowing into any space

## MIRROR EFFECT

*Alexandro Robles, Grade 7*

---

The peaceful waters  
A parallel dimension  
Undisturbed beauty



---

*Kayden Ptak, Grade 6*

## COUNTRY'S SONNET SONG

*Isabella Von Seggern, Grade 8*

---

I'm a girl in an inner-city school  
Every day I sit and await the bell  
So I can dance in the spring air, so cool  
I love the sky, the colors all pastel

I'm much happier in jeans and a tee  
Than a dress and a face full of make-up  
With messy hair and bright eyes, I run free  
Mud and sweat on my face, try to catch up

I need the country like grass needs the sun  
I thrive on memories of mud battles  
I miss my dog-like calf; he was so fun  
Don't forget the smell of saddles

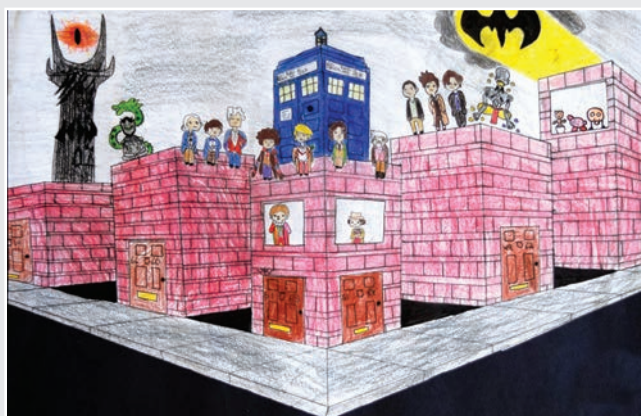
I may sit in the city all day long  
But it's impossible to forget that song

## HOMELESS YET HAPPY

*Micah Holder, Grade 7*

---

People have called me a stranger  
I walk down the busy street with noise and bustle  
I run in fear when parents come after me in rage  
Little do they know the joy that has been spread  
I see a small boy crying next to a broken toy  
I kneel down to touch his broken slumped shoulders  
And I pick up the broken toy and carefully place it together  
I give it back to the curious child  
I turn around cherishing the huge delighted smile  
And I walk once more down the crowded streets



*Alex Elko, Grade 7*

# AMERICA

*Zachary Tempel, Grade 8*

---

America  
Simply best  
World's greatest, the U.S.A.  
Advances technology and science  
Many are geniuses  
Aiding people's needs  
Had bad times  
But overcame  
Diversity is key  
Everyone's equal

~~~

Equal, everyone's  
Key is diversity  
Overcame, but  
Times of bad  
Had needing people's aid  
Geniuses are many  
Science and technology advances  
U.S.A the greatest, world's  
Best, simply  
America



# PINNACLE OF NO EMOTION

*Vincent Rorick, Grade 8*

---

I openly try to hide all emotion  
Like almost every other male in the world  
Absolutely dead in all my motions  
A male is thought to see emotion and hurl

It's insane, males are to set to a standard  
Of absolutely no love, life, or reason  
If they don't follow this rule, they're slandered  
To a male, emotion is severe treason

For some reason, we males have been labeled  
To be this statue without any feeling  
And with emotion, be fully disabled  
But, the stereotype is healing

However, it's still yet to pass the brink  
Soon, man will be allowed to feel and think



*Gabrielle Spier, Grade 8*

---

# THE NIGHT SUN

*Vonnia Anwar, Grade 7*

---

Say goodbye to the sun shining bright  
As dusk takes over, the sky of gray  
The moon appears at the start of night

As far as can be seen the trail of light  
The children now are on their way  
Say goodbye to the sun shining bright

There go the birds, all in flight  
When the breeze lets the leaves shiver and sway  
The moon appears at the start of night

The sea is calm, covered in twilight  
Mist letting off a small spray  
Say goodbye to the sun shining bright

The wolf's howl is louder tonight  
Making the young go astray  
The moon appears at the start of night

The tension in the air is tight  
As the people who look at the village say  
Say goodbye to the sun shining bright  
The moon appears at the start of night

# THIS GIRL IS GOING TO BE QUEEN

*Sophie Terrell, Grade 8*

---

One day I will be queen  
It's in my very own blood and genes  
My castle will be a live machine  
And oh, it will be so clean  
It's always been my dream, ever since pre-teen  
I never wanted to be prom queen or in a magazine  
I just want to sit in my very own limousine  
Eating gourmet sardines and fresh green beans  
I will be all over your movie screen  
Or maybe standing in a submarine  
Playing the tambourine  
I will be very keen  
And I most certainly won't be mean  
I will remind people of a jumping bean  
You will believe that I am better than St. Augustine  
And yes, every week we will celebrate Halloween  
My arms will be full of Marines  
Now that I have told you of my daily routines  
Let's just keep it between you and me  
But someday I WILL be queen  
But right now, I am just a teen!

# THE TEST

*Ethan Teel, Grade 8*

---

Another day at school  
Not entirely cool  
But a normal day  
Almost ended in my dismay

The announcement of a test  
Would not deter me from my quest  
To complete my education  
I could not communicate how exactly it went South with any articulation

I had studied hard  
I had used my notecard  
But it could not prepare me  
For the onslaught of questions that stretched as far as the eye could see

I had accepted my fate  
The outcome which I would hate  
Resulting in a poor score  
I loathed nothing more

As my confidence wavered  
I had found my savior  
The answers that I sought  
Were recovered in my thoughts

I happened to recall  
My grade would not take a fall  
My doubts were crushed like a pest  
Because I knew I could pass the test

## A LOVE AFFAIR WITH FOOD

*Emma Najdeski, Grade 8*

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Oh, how I love glorious scrumptious food!  
What can I say? Food is my fierce passion.  
Food, you always put me in a fine mood.  
Delicious food is always in fashion.  
Macaroni and cheese, meatballs too.  
Lobster, shrimp and scallops are mighty fine.  
Tacos and nachos, don't forget to chew!  
Oh food, will you be my sweet valentine?  
Chocolate, cookies, and ice cream galore,  
Snickers, Reese's, Kit Kats, and Milkyway,  
And now I want the ultimate S'more.  
I also cherish the chewy Payday.  
Food, I love you to the cheese moon and back!  
Yes, I'll take that risk of a heart attack.



*Luke McClure, Grade 8*

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# MUSIC

*Quinn Saleik, Grade 8*

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Music: the songs, rhythms, and the beats  
And much more—music is a way of life  
Music is creative, never concrete  
Lyrics sometimes calm, sometimes cut like a knife

Music can be anything someone wants  
A slow melody, or a lively jig  
Music can set moods, mad, or nonchalant  
Music can be concerts and even gigs

It sets different tones, sad and even mad  
But it can make people feel excited  
Music is an incredible thing, not bad  
And it changes to make some delighted

Now, music is a wondrous thing it seems  
And Music is woven through time like seams

# THE UNEXPECTED ENDING

*Olivia Roussel, Grade 8*

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Once I thought I could be free  
That I could fly away so I wouldn't see  
The things that tried to control my mind  
I thought I could leave them behind

I was wrong and they follow me still  
I've never been able to reach that hill  
That hill which will grant me freedom  
I long to reach that kingdom

But today I'm going to try something new  
I've chosen someone to help. And guess what? It's you.  
I needed someone to talk to and you've been there  
I mean you've been listening 'til now and it shows you care

I just needed to talk to someone who wouldn't ask a single  
question  
Someone who would still stay by my side even if I made the  
suggestion  
Of them risking their lives to protect me  
And you've risked yours since you've continued to read

I don't know how we got to this ending  
Since the beginning, the quality has been descending  
But you've read until here and you've somehow gotten through  
I love that you felt that you had nothing better to do





*Amber Choi, Grade 6*

