



**Thoreau Middle School  
Literary Arts Magazine  
Volume 29 Spring 2018**

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***“Go confidently in the direction of your dreams. Live the life you have imagined.”***

***-Henry David Thoreau-***

**Volume 29 Spring 2018**  
**Henry David Thoreau Middle School**  
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## Keys & Arrows

By Maddy Pauley

I have a thing for keys and arrows.  
A key has a chain reaction  
Keys open doors  
Doors open opportunities  
Opportunities open new beginnings  
And new beginnings open your eyes.  
When you open your eyes you can finally  
see the colorful world.  
You hold the key to life  
You just need to find the right lock,  
That starts the chain reaction.  
I have a thing for keys and arrows.  
Arrows show which way to go  
Arrows turn their hands to point you in the  
right direction,  
Even if you think it's not the right way  
Arrows can make you feel many different  
things  
Arrows make me feel safe  
Arrows give me a sense of home  
I have a thing for keys and arrows.  
Arrows point the key in the right direction  
You just need to trust the arrow.  
If you take the risk and trust the arrow  
You will find your forever home.  
I have a thing for keys and arrows.  
Is your key in the right lock?



**Flowers**  
By Jobie Steele

## The Golden Eagle

By Adeline Vick

They say  
It's only when you're flat on your back  
Do you look at the sky  
It's only when you're in the dark  
Do you look to the light

And I have fallen,  
Fallen from my tree  
The one I have kept climbing, higher and higher  
Until I tripped, and slipped off  
And landed straight on my back  
The breath knocked out of my lungs  
The pebbles on the hard ground burrowed into my spine

Black silhouetted against the clear blue sky  
Soaring several hundreds of feet high  
Above the earth an eagle glides upon the gentle wind  
The very image of perfection

Majestic, cunning, confident, cold  
Fierce, beautiful, free, and bold

Everything I strive to be  
But things I feel I can never even hope to be

They say  
You won't get anything done  
If you sit around moping or hoping for  
Chances that just won't come  
Because opportunities don't go knocking on your door

So sit up  
Start working,  
Thinking,  
And learning,

Sit up  
And build your wings to fly with the eagles



**Flowers**

By Hannah Raxdale

## Clouds

*By Adeline Vick*

Clouds are people  
Moving across the sky  
Casting shadows upon the once-golden earth

Clouds are people  
Showering tears of self-doubt, grief, anger,  
hopelessness  
Watering plants in need of life

Clouds are people  
Constantly changing  
Dissipating into nothingness, forming

Clouds are people  
Some are grey  
Some are white  
Some are heavy  
Some are light  
Different shades and shapes  
But made of the same water

Clouds are people  
Moving, changing direction with the wind  
A tiny blip of time  
Pointless.



## Comforts

*By August Tryon*

## **there's something wrong with the world**

*By Molly Lundquist*

there's something wrong with a world where kids lie about being okay or not.

there's something wrong with a world where kids make jokes about wanting to die or killing themselves and actually mean them as jokes.

there's something wrong with a world where kids are drowning in piles and piles and piles of work, spending hours hunched over a computer, typing away, a pale glow from the screen lighting up their faces while they sit in the dark to finish.

there's something wrong with a world where if someone looks okay and seems okay, everyone thinks they're okay and they have no problems or issues and they have no right to complain about anything at all.

there's something wrong with a world where the world is crumbling like a sand castle between our fingertips and there's nothing we can do about it.

there's something wrong with a world where if a kid says they're not okay, they're being dramatic, and if they say they're really not okay, they're lying to get attention.

there's something wrong with a world where adults blame everything on our phones - somehow not caring about the world anymore is because we're self-centered, instead of us not caring anymore because the world was ruined before we were born and there's nothing we can do about it and because when we do try to change something, when we do try to stand up for something, no one listens.

there's something wrong with a world where adults don't listen to kids, where kids are stressed out constantly, where perfection is an expectation.

what happened to being a kid being fun?

what happened to the days of running through fields of wildflowers that came in every color of the rainbow, staring at the bright blue sky while clouds shaped like bunnies and ducks drifted lazily across?

what happened to staying up late, talking and laughing and telling stories?

what happened to all of that?

why are we here instead, hitting keys on keyboards, scribbling silently on stacks and stacks and stacks of sheets of paper, running on a couple of hours of sleep every day when we're not even eighteen years old?

there's something wrong with a world where if you're not perfect, you don't mean anything.

there's something wrong with a world where if you're not perfect, you're worthless.

there's something wrong with a world where if you're not perfect, you don't deserve anything.

and we live in a world where no one's perfect, so what does that mean?

# To the Community

Dear Town of Vienna,

I am a student at Thoreau Middle School,



and it has come to my attention that one of the biggest societal problems in our world has become more prevalent than ever.

According to a study published in the journal Pediatrics major depression among teenagers increased by 37% in the last decade!



Major depression is a mental health disorder. Its symptoms include:



constant sadness

hopelessness

loss of interest in activities<sup>2</sup>

And I've seen these attributes much too often in our school. I notice:

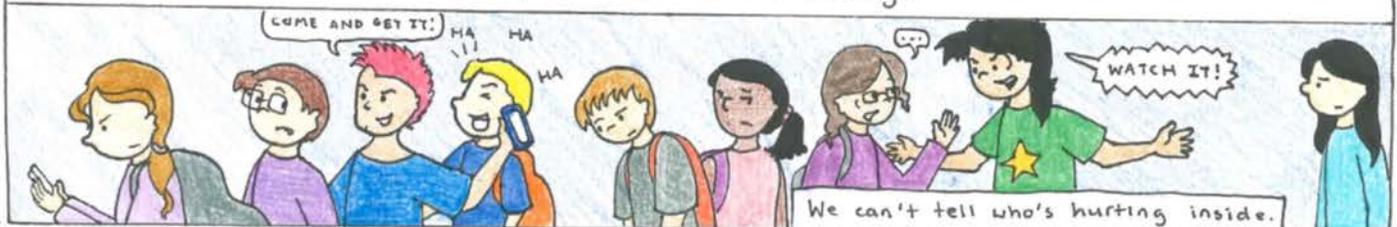


Pessimism

putting themselves down

detachment from their peers

And perhaps the biggest problem about depression is that teenagers affected don't reach out for help and repress their feelings.



1. Journal Pediatrics 2. MayoClinic.org (symptoms)

## More Facts

- Depression prevalence was higher among teen females (19.4%)<sub>1</sub> than males (6.4%)<sub>1</sub>.
- Approximately 20% of teens will experience depression before they reach adulthood<sub>2</sub>.
- Depression increases a teen's suicide risk by 12 times<sub>2</sub>.
- Suicide is the second leading cause of death for ages 12-18<sub>3</sub>.
- Only 30% of depressed teenagers are being treated for it<sub>3</sub>.



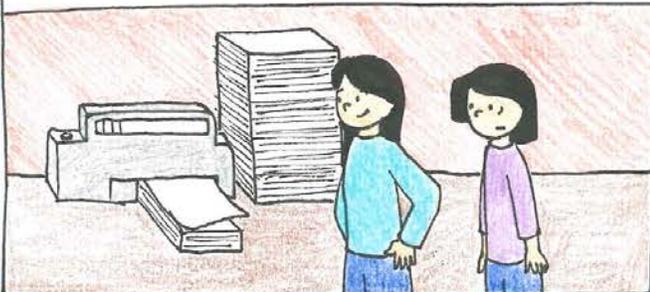
## But why should you care?

Your concern should be based off more than pity for teenagers. If you care about the future and making the world a better place, then you should focus on building up our youth because they are the hope and future of our world.

## So what is my solution?



I propose that we start by spreading awareness throughout the community



We can post flyers about depression that list resources and give inspiring messages



1. NIMH - Major Depression - gov/statistics 2. I Need a Lighthouse 3. Suicide.org

Schools and families will teach their youth about communication and hope.



As a result, teenagers will understand how to handle their emotions and get help.



We will hold more events. As a result, the community will be united and closer.



Each teen will be filled with self-confidence and hope. They will feel safe and loved in their community.



A world without depression starts today, it starts in this community where we choose to help others out of darkness and into the light.

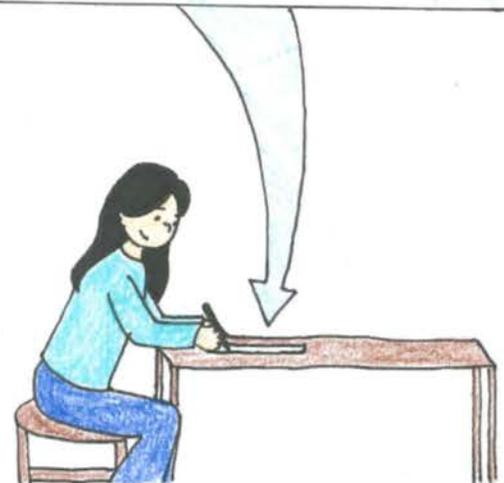
Thank you,  
Caroline

Get help at :

- National suicide prevention lifeline (1-800-273-8255)
- Suicide.org (1-800-784-2433)
- United Way Helpline (800-233-4357) (will help you find a therapist, healthcare, etc.)
- Samaritians 24 hour Crisis Hotline (212-673-3000)
- \*Talk to a trusted adult!

What can you do?

- You are a part of your community!
- Volunteer and start community events
- Spread awareness
- Educate your family/schools/friends about communication
- Be kind and encouraging



## Valentine's Lollipop

*By Luke Kurcina*

This glistening trophy of ruby, a token of love bestowed only on those most deeply cared for, dazzles me; its fluid gleam causing spots of light to dance across the walls. The incense of a thousand candles mingle with the wafting aromas of the sweetest delicacies. The smooth faces and precise cuts roll between my fingers as I caress this most precious gift. The songs of sirens call from deep within, making me wish that I could dive to the center of this stone, and observe the outside world from inside this dwelling place of love. What Edens of paradise are lurking just beyond my fingertips? What Elysiums lie buried in the secrets of this rosy jewel?



## Raspberries & Chocolate

*By Erin King*

**The Paper Man**  
*By Nathan Moldavsky*

Back in second grade, I was the most foolish and gullible scaredy-cat you would ever meet in your life. I could get totally freaked out over a random person hollering on the streets about a huge, hideous spider that did not even exist. That easily. So when I came across a new classmate who I didn't even half know who told me about the horrifying "Paper Man," which was a character that kills people in their dreams, I was instantly terrified. My eight-year-old self vowed that I would never fall asleep again in my entire life.

It was about 8:45 at night, time for my dreaded bedtime, and I refused to even think about falling asleep. As a last-ditch effort, I was desperately begging and crying nonstop in front of my parents to not go to sleep, being doubtlessly scared to death from the Paper Man. After almost fifteen minutes of more sobbing and reassurance from my perplexed parents, they finally settled on a compromise with me where I could sleep with my dad that night in the guest room so I wouldn't get frightened sleeping in my vacant room, with only my younger brother as a companion. Accepting the risky compromise, I felt much better already. That is, until I was given a small, gray mattress to sleep on with blurred, faded spots and marks, and it seemed like I was the only one to notice. And the worst part was when my dad exclaimed, "I'll be up in a minute, sweetie. Just try to relax and fall asleep, and I'll be upstairs with you any minute now," and he closed the door on my face, having enough of my ridiculous shenanigans. Regretting my life decisions already, everything about this room seemed haunted and suspicious. From the slightly crooked pictures to the faint chirp of the joyful crickets outside the window, I was not ready at all to pull through what perhaps was the most insanely terrifying night of my life.

Luckily for me, I managed to get through more than two hours of the night by forcing myself to watch calming cooking videos on my iPod Touch to distract me from falling asleep and thinking about the horror of the Paper Man. But as the time ticked, I knew something wicked would happen. It wasn't until almost midnight, that I heard a loud creak from the floor in the hallway and a soft tapping at the door. *Tap, tap, tap. CREEEEEEAK. Tap, tap, tap.* As the door slowly opened, I saw a dark, evil shadow emerging on the carpet. Aghast, I quickly pushed the thought out of my head: *Could it be? CREEEEEEAK. Tap, tap. CREEEEEEAK.* I couldn't take any more of it, and as shrill and loud as I could, I shrieked at the very top of my lungs.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!" I cried, absolutely terrified.

"What the he-," my dad replied, bewildered, and unable to finish his speech.

"Oh my God, it's only you," I deeply sighed with relief.

"Nathan, why in the world are you up so late and why," he paused for a second, pointing at my iPod Touch lying on the mattress, "are you watching YouTube at eleven o'clock, and why did you scream so loud for no reason?! You're going to be unbelievably tired tomorrow for school!" he shouted at me. There was a moment of silence.

"I-I-I'm... sorry, Dad." My whole body flowed with deep guilt, and I looked straight down at the snow-colored carpet.

"Fine. Now go to bed. Goodnight," and he quietly closed the door for the fourth time of the night. I obviously knew I had to fall asleep, no matter how scary the Paper Man was. My dad was right, I am going to be a complete wreck tomorrow for school if I stay up stressing out the whole night. Closing my stubborn eyes, my thoughts started to drift away as I fully fell asleep, and ironically, I did have a purposeful dream about the Paper Man. The only vivid things I can remember about him was that when he entered my dream, his image

was blurred but then got more readable after a few seconds. What he looked like though, was just a blank, white figure that stood in front of me with no expression, and a voice in the background that I barely made out which was calling my name. *Nathan, Nathan, Nathan*. It started to get louder and louder, and as it did, I saw slick, red streams of questionable blood flowing down my only way of looking at the Paper Man. *NATHAN, NATHAN, NATHAN*. It got to the point where I heard yelling of my name, and unstoppable shaking of my leg. Finally, everything turned into nothing but complete blackness, and my eyes open up to see the dreaded room where I supposedly slept for the night.

Five years later, looking back at that one fateful night, I often realize how nonsensical I was in believing somebody I barely half knew about an imaginary “killing machine.” However, I know that I have gotten a little less shortsighted in believing false statements since the Paper Man was ever introduced to me as a young child. But even with that being said, somewhere inside of me, there is still that one little bit of foolish resistance to being gullible yet again from five years ago, and as it is building up, I’m sure that it is ready to pounce.



**Fear**

*By August Tryon*

**Is It a Beast?**  
*By Nick Carlson*

In a campsite just near here, the story of The Beast was told. A story so scary it could make a grown man cry. But this Beast has something hidden under his dark shell.

“Everyone over here, NOW!” yelled one of my Assistant Scoutmasters.

“Ugh,” I grumbled, as I walked out of my cozy, soft and warm sleeping bag, out of my tent and into the cold air. And I was just about to fall asleep, figure that. “It must be campfire and skit time,” I said to my brother.

“Alright everyone it's time for skits. Then after that we will have roses and thorns. Who would like to go first?” No one seemed ready, whether they were scared or not prepared, I will never know. But I do know that it was far worse, for I never fell asleep that night.

“I’ll go,” said Mr. Porter as he strode forwards out to the dark.

That's great, just great, he tells the scariest stories ever. His stories could scare “Dwayne the Rock Johnson” right out of his socks.

“On a dark night in Sleepy Hollow, New York, he struck for the third time in the week. It was reported as a scary Beast, black as night but always dripping with blood from the last victim. The Beast only strikes at night when the owls hoot and wolves howl. He strikes fast and is out before anyone can get a close look. But he devours his prey agonizingly slow.”

My fear was building and building until it boiled over like a pot of unwanted boiling water. I was nervously looking around waiting for The Beast to pop out of nowhere and take me. I jumped at every movement like a rabbit startled by a fox.

“He strikes randomly chosen.....”

Mr. Porter's voice was drowned out by my own thoughts. *I hope he doesn't come. Hmmmm*, I thought to myself, *what could be that shape looming ominously behind that strangely cold and foul looking tree? WAIT, NO, IT COULDN'T BE.* My heartrate sped up like a roller coaster going downhill. The large shape is about the shape of a man, but with an evil glint in his eyes. Mr. Porter’s voice flows back into my mind as if some unseen hand had unlocked the dam that was holding it back.

“Its eyes glint red with evil and can freeze a full grown man in his tracks with fear.”

I felt my stomach toss and churn as fear washed through me. I tore my eyes away from the glint and was afraid to look there ever again. My nerves were on edge just about ready to be pushed over by an evil hand. With every little CRACK of the fire, I jumped with every rustle of the leaves. My mind was racing faster than an Indy 500 car. My mind was overclocking. A storm swirled in my stomach and couldn't be stopped.

“Boo!” cried Mr. Porter as he continued with his story.

At that my nerves popped just like popcorn. My only thought was, *This story needs to end now or I won't fall asleep for a month.* Mr. Porter's voice droned on and on about this man who was sent out to fight The Beast. Apparently he had fought many Beasts before.

“This man had been tracking The Beast for some time now, but every time he thought he got close, all traces of The Beast disappeared. The Beast grabbed the man's shoulder, with an icy cold grip, yanked him around drew his knife out poised to strike. But didn't.”

My heart rate settled down, just a little. But as if a dark and stormy shadow had covered me, I felt all was yet to be seen.

“The Beast pulled him into a dark corner and said, ‘Why do you come for me?’

‘I come because you are terrorizing MY city so it is MY duty to stop you,’ yelled the angered man.

‘Do not raise your voice at me you understand or you will wish you never started this mission,’ The Beast said as he tightened the grip on the man's shoulder. ‘I mean no harm to you. Only to those who have hurt me and my family in the past.’

‘Killing and hurting will not set your soul free. It just inflames it more and the less chance you will have of being free ever again.’”

*Great now we have tortured souls, I thought to myself, When will this story end?*

“‘What should I do then, *oh smart one?*” The Beast finished sarcastically.

‘You just had to add that, you ungrateful Beast, I'm trying to help you.’

‘Fine,’ said The Beast in a nasally voice.

‘You must go to where the water is warm, then to where you were mistreated, then all will be well.’ And with that, The Beast was gone never to be seen or heard of again. Except for a flash of light and a great wind, and a young beaten and scrawny boy who appeared just after The Beast disappeared.”

The storm in my stomach had ceased and my mind was cleared for I knew no beast would be hurting me tonight.

“And with that the man said; ‘My work here is done.’

“With a brilliant flash of light the man was gone and all was well in the town of Sleepy Hollow again, until...

‘My revenge is near I feel it,’ cried a wicked, harsh voice. ‘You and I, my friend, will destroy that man once and for all,’ the voice said while stroking a dark black cat, who was sitting in the voice's lap.”

## Scary and True!

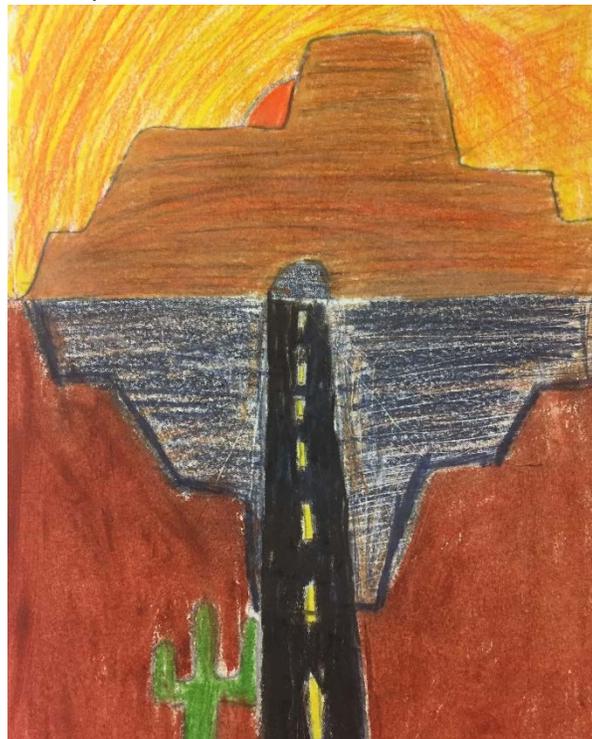
*By Layla Ibrahim*

My grandparents have never felt comfortable driving in the dark. Long after the sun had set, we started on the road home. Swiveling my body, I faced my brother and acknowledged his level of concern. We were nowhere near our house, and I was frightened, too. Our heads craned as we were going through the intersection. Just enough to glimpse the headlights of the car barreling towards us.

A little after 8 o'clock, my grandparents, cousins, brother, and I piled into our ancient van after spending an evening bowling together. Our parents deserved a kid-free night every once in a while. Stoplight after stoplight, my stress level rose higher. Anxious to get home safely, I kept checking to see if my grandma was having any trouble driving. The car swayed gently as we inched through to the other side of the road. Halfway there with no trouble in sight, a black car rose above the hill and flew down into us.

Lights flickered off and our van rocked violently, carrying four screaming children within. Shards of glass and metal strewn all over the road, tears smeared under our eyes. Sirens echoed in the distance as the police and cleanup workers moved swiftly. Lost in fear and shivering on that cold Sunday night, I huddled with my brother and cousins on the little sidewalk. Nothing could comfort me at that moment. I just wanted to be in my parents' arms. We walked in a tight bunch to a nearby restaurant to wait for our parents, carrying our belongings in a bin. After that chilling, exhausting experience, I imagined curling up on the couch under a warm blanket with a steaming mug of hot cocoa.

The accident will stay in my memory forever. Sometimes we have no choice but to move on in our lives. There is not always the chance to prevent some problems. I am fine now and continuing on with my life because there are no rewards for obsessing over a past event. I have decided to focus on my future, allowing myself freedom from the prison of the past.



**A Deserted Road**

*By Liam Kelly*

## Spiders

*By Adeline Vick*

Spiders everywhere  
Spiders swarming up your back  
Bright red hourglass displayed proudly on their tiny little bodies  
Hideously long, fuzzy legs skittering up your spine, chilling you to the bone  
You can feel their beady eyes glaring at you  
As they crawl ever upwards to stick their fangs into your exposed neck  
As you scream and shriek for help you think will never come in time...



## Fear

*By August Tryon*

## The Leeches of Popularity

By Ethan Schwartz

Attention is needed  
Popularity is key,  
But being known by strangers  
Isn't good to me.

I want real friends  
I'd rather feel valued  
Don't wanna feel faded  
I'm not like a shadow.

But to get popular  
It's like playing a game  
But why should we try  
If we're all getting played.

Not tryna generalize  
Not tryna sympathize  
Just looking at this problem  
With a fresh pair of eyes.

I've lost many friends  
That would rather have fame  
Than be nice to me,  
Because they thought it was lame.

All they want is clout  
They have it stacked  
An object doesn't define you  
And that's a fact

I can taste the manipulation  
Smiling with a fake face  
How people changed for the worst  
Is a disgrace.

It's like looking at a new soul  
That's lost its kindness  
Nobody else can see  
They might have blindness.

They'd rather be known  
Than they would have friends  
They'd rather have enemies  
They don't want amnesia.

Part of the problem  
Is the addiction to phones  
They can send a million messages  
Without leaving their home

They can act "super cool"  
Behind the screen of their device.  
Some say mean things  
And it spreads like lice.

It's all about the followers  
They crave so much more  
"I have much more than you!"  
Why you keeping score?

Why have you changed?  
What do you have to gain?  
You're losing yourself over  
All this fake fame!

Is this what you wanted?  
You're known by the school  
You let go of your real friends  
But hey, now you're "cool!"

Just be who you are  
And value who's close  
Because you're never going to know  
When you need them the most.



**Chained**

By Ari Crawford & Sophia Dickery

## **My Brother, Sammy**

*By Nathan Moldavsky*

Growing up with three siblings is not always easy for my brother, Sammy  
Even though there is love and laughter, mayhem always finds a way in  
Which is why he desires an imaginary sister, whom he refers to as Tammy,  
Promising a rhyme with his own name  
Tammy is someone who can dive deep into his hidden mindset  
Someone who can understand his secret language  
Someone who has the knowledge & courage to relate to  
A boy diagnosed with autism at two.

Sammy has always had a hard life  
From when he entered the world  
He struggled to communicate, express, let out,  
Feel with others  
One hundred dents in the walls of our house  
One for each moment of frustration  
Knowing that his body will never change and  
There's nothing he can do; but that's not exactly true.

Sammy can let it all out in ways  
For us to see inside of him  
Googling searches and drawing pictures  
Giving us clues to what he desires  
Watching clips of his true passions  
Sammy's brain is a sponge, soaking up all the information,  
And yet so much of him remains unsolved  
Like many missing puzzle pieces that are yet to be connected.

Sammy and I share the best happiness in the world  
We get along perfectly together like two peas in a pod  
Every night when he stares at the bedroom ceiling,  
Processing, processing, processing, processing,  
I jump up right behind him and  
BAM! I attack my brother  
With a storm of tickles, and he bursts into laughter  
Soon after, we jump on the plaid-striped bed, make chaotic noises,  
And annoy my parents, who are trying to rest  
But those are the moments I truly understand  
How lucky I am to have the most incredible brother.

As I write, I still hear the vivid, magical sounds of the Keyboard echoing off the walls a floor below  
Playing songs of happiness that Sammy truly adores  
For hours, and hours, and hours, and hours  
Until he perfects it,  
Like when he was a younger child,  
And he set his sophisticating mind to learning the monkey bars,  
At first, he couldn't, couldn't, couldn't, couldn't  
Do it, and get a grip,  
But after weeks of dedication,  
He did it,  
As always.

I cannot stand the negative association with the word disability  
When taken apart, it means "not capable,"  
Which is incredibly unjust  
As a matter of fact, anyone can do anything they set their mind to  
"Different" abilities describes one as  
Uniquely unstoppable  
Which is how I reflect on my brother.

The evidence shown by one of my own  
And all of the fun days I have spent with one like none other  
Has made me realize  
Even though his path might beg to differ  
Nobody will ever stop my brother.



## **Vacation**

*By Hunter Stephens*

On the road, a fun place to be  
Traveling through the woods then on the beach  
Stay there for a day  
Then we drive away

We drive to our grandma's to stay there for a week  
We leave with hugs and kisses without a rush  
Then telling my brother to hush

Ferrets in the back and dogs at our feet  
Another long trip it will be

Playing my computer before it dies  
Then I see the country with my own eyes

Greeting my grandma in her small house  
Telling her about the trip on her lush couch  
She tells us stories about dad when he was little

We play with the ferrets in her large yard  
Hearing a boom in the distance  
While asking my sister for some assistance

We say our goodbyes  
We get in the car waving away  
Then back on the road to do it all again



**The Beach**

*By Alexander Keefte*

## **A Black Hole**

*By Graciela Dominguez*

Nelson Mandela once said,  
“No one is born hating  
another person  
because of the color of his skin,  
or his background, or his religion.  
People learn to hate,  
But if they can learn to hate,  
they can be taught to love,  
for love comes  
more naturally  
to the human heart than its opposite.”

People learn to hate,  
Choose to hate.  
Extrapolate the word hate.

Hate is like a black hole,  
it captures all the light.

“I hate homework.  
I hate him.  
He’s so mean to me.”  
You say.

“I hate the color of my skin.  
I hate myself.  
I’m not good enough.”  
You say.

Hate, hate, hate,  
is all you say to yourself,  
But did you know that hate,  
is the strongest form of love?

People may  
judge, despise, or ignore you,  
but that cannot change  
what you think of yourself.

You’re walking on the street, feeling good.  
Enjoying the nice, cool weather,  
the wind blowing through your hair.  
Then you come across a stranger.

This stranger gives you a dirty look.  
Judges, mocks your presence.

Tall as a crane,  
You’re a small mouse,  
Dark as the night,  
You’re a pale ghost,  
they judge.

You run home,  
fall apart.

Hate is like a black hole,  
it captures all the light.

“I hate discrimination.  
I hate unfair treatment,”  
you say.

But then you pause,  
and rephrase,  
“I’d love all people  
to be treated equally.”



**The Secret Party**

*By Kayla Talbot*

## Paper Boats

By Victoria Pastor

I hear stories in my head,  
Voices listing possibilities that  
Stretch out in a bouquet of starry pinpricks,  
Tales which I pluck and pick  
And choose to write about.

I fold my words into paper boats,  
Unsure of if they'll float or sink,  
I think and trust, but I know there's a chance  
A high probability, a  
Nigh inevitability  
That my little, flimsy paper boats  
Despite my hopes will be found  
Breaking and sprinkling  
Onto an uncaring tide  
Fading and sinking,  
Lost in the waves of time,  
Torn from their utopia of stars.

One day these sunken words may return to me  
From roaming 'round the sea,  
And I'll return them to their dusty shelf in the sky,  
Safe and sound in my story starscape,  
Their escape from the danger of the outside world  
Awaiting the day they are chosen again.

But I'm afraid that on many days  
I will stand on my shoreline,  
My mind's wires frayed,  
The wind blowing away my spiteful serenade,  
That it will be me, screaming to the sea,  
"A-ticket, a-tasket,  
I put all my eggs in one basket!"  
The basket becomes a casket,  
I cast my stars down to Davy Jones,  
No gravestones in the dark  
To mark  
What remains of my failed creation.

Wish upon a falling star  
Trade your broken dreams for mine,  
And if your stars align for you,  
That's a sign they'll soon come true,  
And I really, truly hope they do.  
Because I don't want to see my part of the trade,  
What I hope's an ace of spades

Fade away  
And leave another heart dashed to the wayside,  
Asking why it dared or cared to take that chance in  
the first place,  
Tried,  
If it was only to break from the landing  
Of the wish you threw away  
That didn't come through at the end of the day.  
Why it didn't just sit and hide, but  
Let its pride take over like a  
Foolish child.

But you shouldn't think that way.  
Sometimes you have to test your boats,  
Your ambitions, your dreams.  
I used to weave celestial tapestries,  
Galleries of unfulfilled fantasies,  
Shielding them from my perceived realities.  
But one day I realized my mentality's fallacies  
So I ripped out the seams,  
Sought to set them to the sea.  
Let your stars sail by any means.  
Wherever you go, wherever you are,  
Leave a trail of stories behind you,  
Wishes, hopes, philosophies,  
Your stars,  
All held inside little paper boats.  
What good is a dusty bouquet  
Of light when it's on the shelf, getting rusty  
From the tears of the years shed by reluctance  
And never knowing when the time is right?  
Sometimes you need to take a chance,  
And do what you feel will make you happy.

So, even when you doubt,  
And you will doubt,  
Hold on to the rails.  
The time will come one day where they prevail.  
But a boat that isn't tested can't sail,  
Or fail, that's true, but for the sake and  
Sanity of you and me, set your ambitions free.  
Release them to the sea.  
Come along and dream with me.  
It doesn't have to be a paper boat.

## More Money, More Problems

By Layla Ibrahim

Wealth

Is like a box of chocolates.

A wide box filled to the brim, enough for everyone,  
Yet each individual wants to eat all of it.

Lies,

Following us everywhere.

Inspired by the amount of wealth we possess,  
As they grow larger, they begin to tear.

Greed,

The avalanche pushing us.

When we are truly happy, we never feel it,  
It only has an effect when we can't trust.

Waste,

Due to excessive spending.

The result of uncontrollable wealth and greed,  
Remembering our luck can stop it from extending.

Need,

Unimportant where we live.

Our "major" troubles are rarely life threatening,  
Compared to poor countries that can't afford to give.

In poverty,

You make sacrifices.

Victims are dealing with effects of greed and waste,  
Both are undoubtedly preventable crises.

*Wealth* creates, causes, and calls for lies

*Lies* create, cause, and call for greed

*Greed* creates, causes, and calls for waste

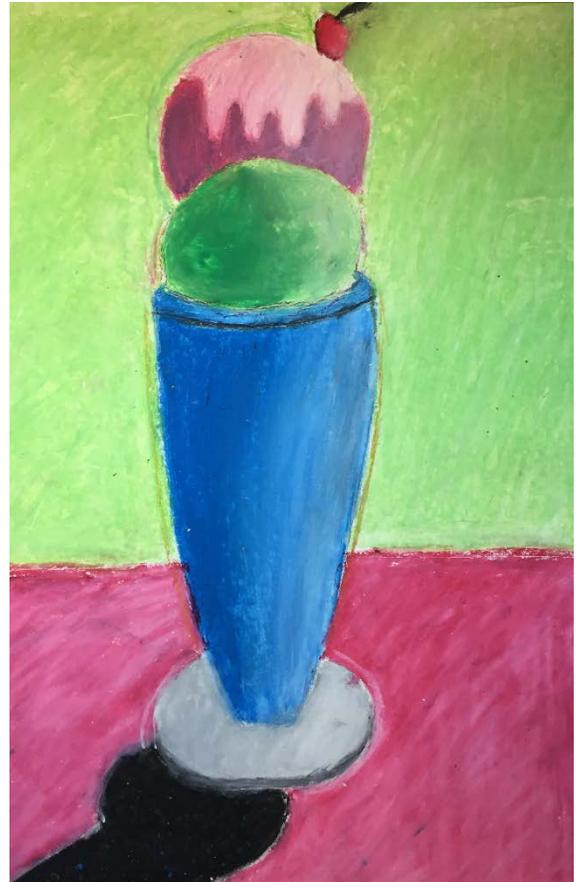
*Waste* creates, causes and calls for need

*Need* creates, causes, and calls for help

Help,

The last thing we can offer.

A gift as little as a small, but healthy meal,  
Or a place to sleep and a bottle of water.



**Too Indulgent**

By Quinn Agniel

### Where I'm From

By Eddie Baaklini

I am from Xbox  
From the lambo and Apple  
I am from the big yard fun, energetic, lit  
I am from trees, tall prickly trees  
I'm from the baklava and hummus  
From Chrissie and Carlie  
I'm from Lebanon  
I'm from New Jersey  
I'm from the best family in the world

### Where I'm From

By Brooklyn Kendricks

I am from footballs  
From Jordan's and Spalding  
I am from the nice suburban neighborhood  
From tasty, fried, crispy chicken  
I am from the tall, breezy, green trees  
The nice shoes  
I am from athletes and curly hair  
From my mom, grandpa, and brothers  
I am from the basketball courts and football fields  
From hustle and you're a great athlete

### Where I'm From

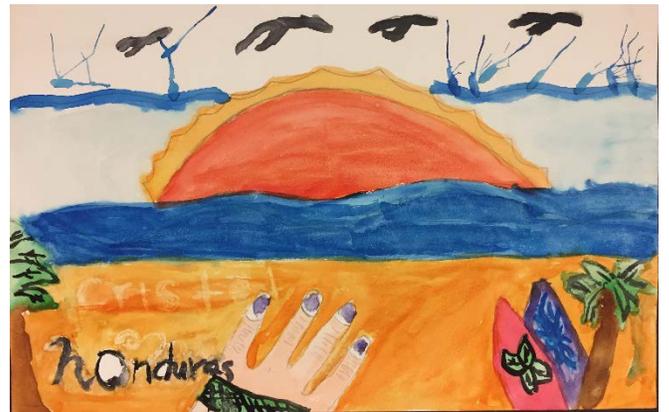
By Bannon Brazell

I am from the blade of a knife.  
From Bungie and Treyarch.  
I am from the bed, light jacket, lemon smell.  
I am from tree sap and blossom.  
I am from Capon Springs and sports.  
From Sandy and Ty.  
I am late to events or being really early.  
From friendliness and healthiness.  
I am from Christian and God.  
I am from Reston Ball Park.  
Watermelon and meat.  
From HOME RUNS.

### Where I'm From

By Evelyn Cruz

I am from iPhone.  
From the mall and Macy's.  
I am from the white, quite, high, space.  
I am from the green plant.  
Green leaves, the brown stem, and the black pot.  
I'm from the white, cold, snow days and parties.  
From my mom and siblings.  
I'm from the kindest and most generous family.  
From special and hard worker.  
I'm from Salvador, Honduras.  
I'm Richman, Vannia.  
Tacos, sandwiches.  
From the part where I learned how to ride a bike.  
The sweetest, fun memories.  
Spending time with your family is important.



**Honduras**  
By Cristel Navarro



**Statue of Liberty**  
*By Muhammad Hood*

**My Individuality**  
*By Jadon Kendricks*

My brown eyes to my DNA,  
From my brown skin to the things I say.  
My likes to dislikes, dogs to cats,  
My likes to dislikes, mice to rats.  
Sometimes I like to switch up the flow  
And a lot of times I write really slow.  
But my mind moves faster than my hand.  
Now I'm going to talk about the things  
I can't stand.  
Like the way some people spit on the ground  
Don't they know that's where we walk around?  
That's really disgusting, like metal when rusting,  
Like bugs when combusting.  
All those things are truly disgusting.  
But I love when the stars wink in the sky  
With my head held up high  
But by morning they already have said goodbye.  
Now that pretty, perfect, yellow sun says hi  
While standing on the porch I let out a sigh.  
This is my individuality and all of it is my reality.

**Friend**

*By Joe Qin & Aria Ghassemzadeh*

I like soccer.  
I like reading.  
We are different.  
Because we have our own ways.  
When I am reading, I get bored.  
When I am playing soccer, I get so bored.  
Sometimes I think.  
We shouldn't be friends anymore.  
I am done.

After a while.  
We start to hangout again.  
We go to the movies together.  
We play on our PCs together.  
We talk about our sisters  
And how annoying they are.  
We are different, but we are still friends.



**Unique & Pink**  
*By Edwin Figueroa*

## What Makes Me, Me

By Kayla Dao, Katie Hayes, & Danielle R. Ouellette

### Danielle:

What makes me, me?  
Is that I love art  
I dream of things inside my head  
And splash it on paper  
I love to read  
And watch TV  
Usually something with mystery  
Or maybe even fantasy  
I love traveling up north  
I'm happy in Maine  
But the road trip drives me insane  
Friends and family surround me  
Like petals on a flower  
Or roots for a tree  
They help me grow  
Won't ever let me wilt  
And that's what makes me, me.

### Kayla:

What makes me, me?  
I wish to travel the globe  
Putting my feet into someone else's shoes  
Learning the religion and the ways of others  
I have lots of creativity  
Drawing is a way for me to express it  
Every time I do, I have a way to let go and dump  
my creativity on a white canvas  
Expressing and revealing myself as I go  
I have the most loving family and loyal friends  
They've shaped and molded me like a piece of clay  
Forming me into who I am to this day  
I've learned so much from them  
Like how to build something up when that  
something has just fallen down  
How to forgive, forget, and what to leave behind  
what's wrong and what's right  
And that's what makes me, me

### Katie:

What makes me, me?  
I like warm weather  
hot days with a cool breeze  
or warm nights out on the town  
Happy people with happy faces  
hanging around in happy places  
New adventures everyday  
I hope they never end  
The light of my imagination will never burn out  
My smile might be hidden  
but never gone.  
I will walk the path of my future  
but somehow turn back to those  
who made my past  
Those who have shaped and taught me  
From my first words to my last  
These moments will stay with me forever  
And that's what makes me, me



## Music Makes Me Happy

By Ida Neumeister

## Shoot

By Kevin Chadwick, Will Simpson, & Nolan Wilbricht

Shoot, that's all that I can do-  
But my feet just feel like glue.  
Don't miss, don't miss, don't miss  
That's all I hear in my head,  
If I make the shot my team will pull ahead.  
The clock is ticking, my head is spinning and  
I hear my teammates shout  
Thinking to myself  
It's not just the game that this is about  
Come on, come on, you can do this!  
Tell me, tell me what should I do?  
Do I have the grit or the pity to quit?  
Born into basketball, buried in to my big, bad heart.  
Shoot for the goal, shoot for the best,  
If you make it, you will be better than the rest.  
Don't miss out on the chances you have to shoot.  
Go for the steal, take a chance.  
The rubber slips out of my hand,  
I grab it off the ground,  
I dribble it once with one big pound.  
I bend my knees get ready to shoot,  
I have to make it so I don't get booed.  
The ball soars through the air  
As the team prepares,  
It's a ride or die road from here.  
The rim rattles, off the glass and hoping,  
Praying it will go in.  
The crowd stops and "Gasp!"  
Will it go?  
I don't know.  
But I hope so.  
Shoot!



**Starbound**  
By Clair Harris

