

Sponsored by the Medina Sunrise
Rotary Club



Inkspot

Medina County Literary Review

Educational Service Center
of Medina County
Vol. 29, 2016-2017



Kayla Amick
Applewood Elementary School
Grade 4

Each year it is an honor and pleasure for the Educational Service Center of Medina County to partner with the Medina County schools in showcasing the artwork and writings of our students. This, the 29th volume of *Inkspot*, highlights a small representation of the outstanding work that is being done by the students in our area. The variety of perspectives and the talent that shines through in the art and writing of our students are truly impressive.

Designed to showcase exceptional and unique pieces of prose, poetry, and artwork, *Inkspot* features the work of students from the Medina County public schools. More than two hundred entries were submitted for consideration of publication in this year's edition of *Inkspot*. That includes submissions from students who attend 17 different schools.

Thank you to the teachers in our county who supported their students by submitting work to the *Inkspot*. Thanks also to *Inkspot* committee members Deb Allen, Janice Kollar, Jacinda Yonker, and Brenda Zacharias for their professional input with this year's literary magazine.

Special thanks to Keturah Zacharias for her organization and dedication in bringing this project together.

Please take your time as you go through the following pages. Enjoy!

Kris Rutledge, *Inkspot* Project Chair

A Final Note

Editorials abound about the inevitable death and disappearance of the physical book as a format and an object. Books are read on electronic devices, newspapers are published online, and the art of writing a letter has been reduced to "tweets" and "text messages." Messages 140 characters in length send news, but they lack the art and imagination that come from the pleasure of reading and writing for the stimulation and relaxation that they inspire.

The Father of our Country, George Washington, wrote, "To encourage literature and the arts is a duty which every good citizen owes to his country." This 29th edition of the *Inkspot* proves that the art of writing is alive and well in the schools of Medina County.

This literary review highlights the imaginations and creative thoughts of today's youth. The stories, poems, and works of visual art that are contained in this review allow the reader the opportunity to share in the creativity of the authors and illustrators and to reflect on the teaching that took place in the schools to encourage and support the students.

The Medina Sunrise Rotary Club supports the expansion and encouragement of literacy through the distribution of the *Inkspot*.

Rotary dedicates the *Inkspot* to the 30,000 students in Medina County and to Rotary International's goal of achieving global literacy. Whether Rotarians work to eliminate poverty, polio, or hunger, it all starts with education and literacy. As B. B. King, the King of the Blues, wrote, "The beautiful thing about learning is that no one can take it away from you."

William J. Koran, Superintendent
ESC of Medina County
"Rotary Promotes Literacy"



Sophia Timony
Highland High
Grade 10



We would like to introduce you to the artist who drew the cover art for this edition of *Inkspot*. This artist is Kayla Amick. Kayla is in the fourth grade and attends Applewood Elementary School in Brunswick. Her work was submitted for consideration of publication by her teacher, Emily Russell.

The picture on the *Inkspot* cover was inspired by a Malamute dog that Kayla had as a little girl. The dog's name was Sully. Kayla used a pencil kit to draw her artwork.

Art is Kayla's favorite subject. She loves to do freehand drawing. She mostly uses pencil but adds colored pencils from time to time. Kayla especially enjoys drawing Disney characters. "Genie" is her favorite drawing in her collection.

Kayla lives with her mom and dad and three little sisters. She does Irish step-dancing three days per week and has won various awards competing across Ohio!

Grades K-6

Poems

Quiet and peaceful, angry and mean,
Humor or horror, poems of every sort.

Poems are sad; they can also make you mad.
Poems are gentle, poems of every which kind.

While rhyming words rhyme,
Punctuation pursuits as the poem combines.

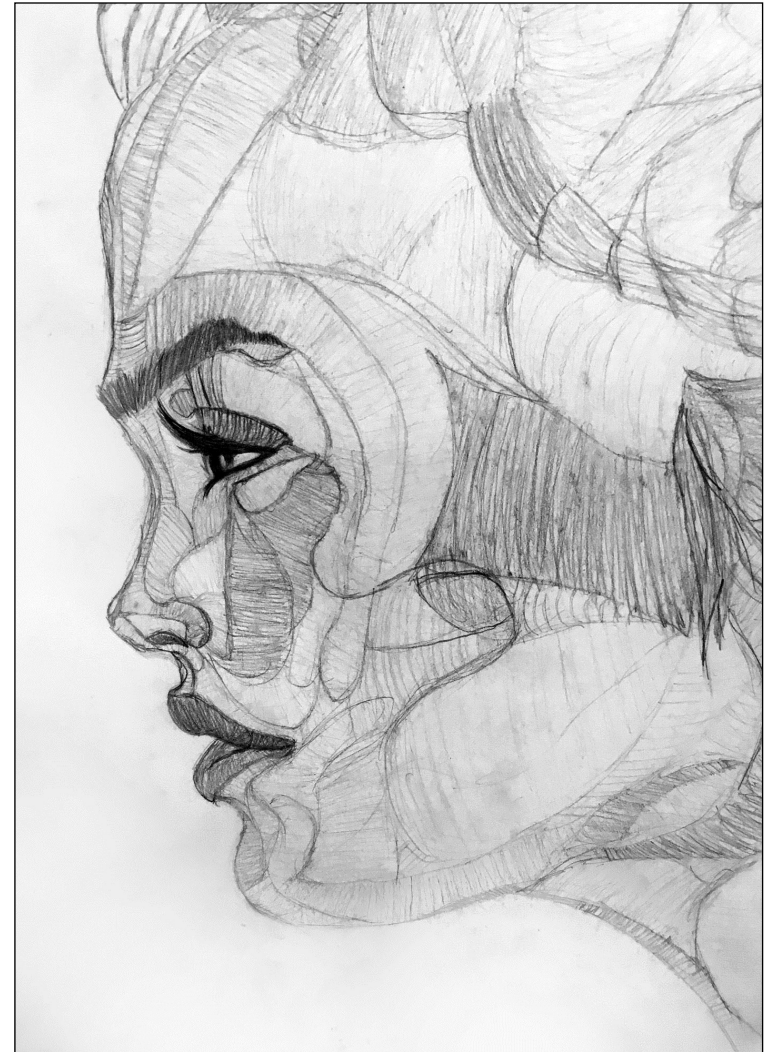
Awesome or boring, rough or tough,
A poem's a poem, no matter which kind.

Michael Watson
Central Intermediate
Grade 5

The Bubbles

There you sail down, down, down.
While your friends drift higher and higher.
You flutter down just in time for me to gently blow you
back on path.
We run after you all around the park.
Until you float so high you reach the clouds.
You reflect the sun shining brightly above us.
We race after you as fast as lightning while you soar
along the skyline.
You plunge down with the wind and pop in the grass.
We chase your friends until we wind down.
Then we go home with soapy hands and smiles.

Brianna Perkins
Central Intermediate
Grade 5



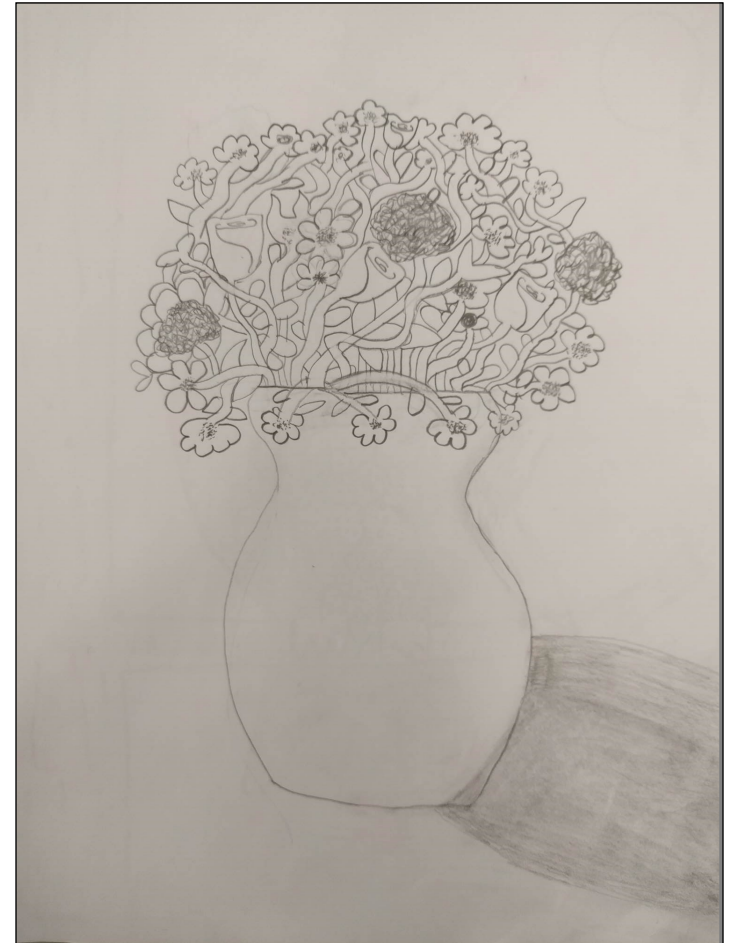
Madeline Young
Highland High
Grade 11

(Continued from page 75)

that could not be explained with a metaphor, described with a simile, or illustrated in a stanza. He wrote in a way that was meant to freeze time in the moment of interest, crystallizing each detail, each feeling, with perfect accuracy.

While not all of the words I placed into the portrait are legible, the vast majority of them follow a poem of Frost's to its conclusion. The variation I found while exploring the poetry of Frost's books was utterly astounding. He touched on everything from violent deaths to religious ambiguity through the lens of the natural world. He took trees, rocks, rivers, and winds and morphed them into choices and love, forgiveness and forgetting, caring and indifference. If I had to choose a body of works to survive some untold downfall of humanity, I would choose poetry. It might not be the most practical foundation for a new society, but it would introduce the new generation of humanity to grace and practicality, complexity and language, and most of all, the ability to think and analyze. Many people would say that a picture is worth a thousand words. I don't think I quite reached that ideal number in my project, but the image it created is certainly worth more in its own. Frost may not have leant a thousand words to each poem, but managed to embed a freeze-frame image, capturing a time long lost. In each stanza he crafted a legacy. His works have stood the test of time.

Kass Blackburn
Medina High
Grade 12



Brianna Stoner
Central Intermediate
Grade 5

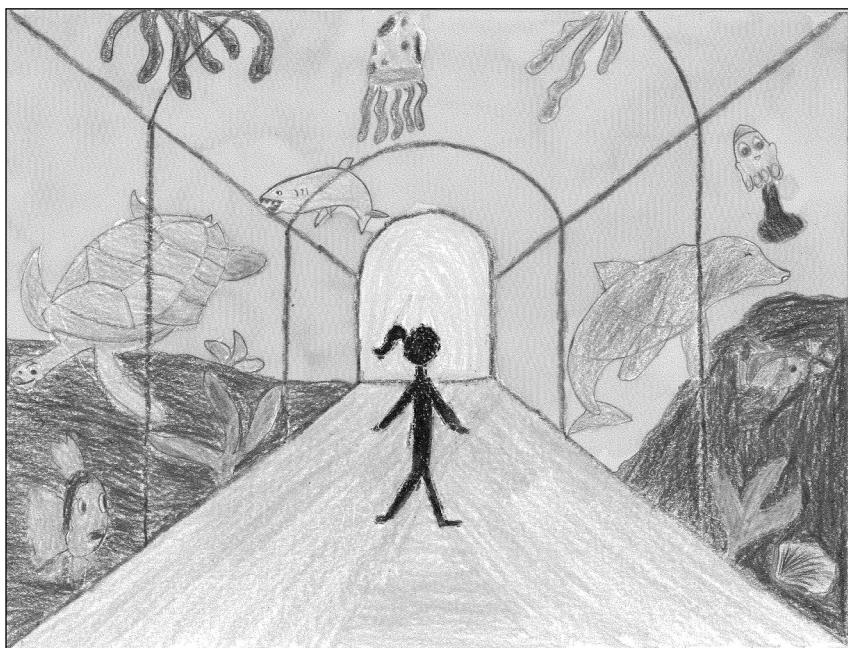
Dreams

As we go up to the sky
Through the clouds

There is no traffic
Nobody to slow you down
From accomplishing your dreams
You never have a limit

You go up and up
And don't have to stop
Going for your dreams

Martha Weight
Claggett Middle
Grade 6

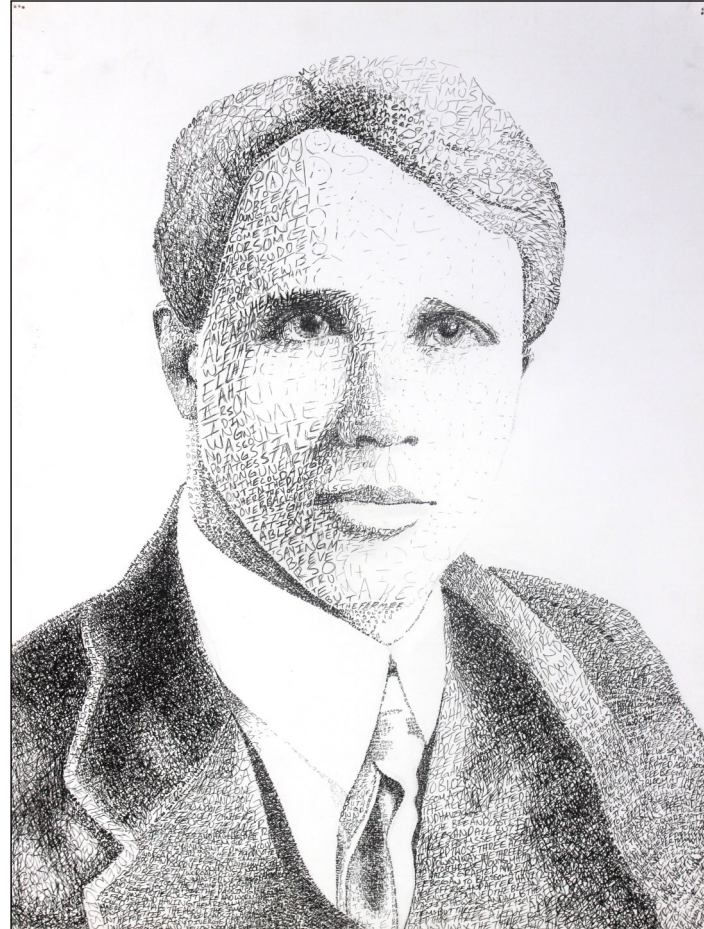


Haley Madak
Buckeye Intermediate
Grade 4

What We Leave Behind

Everyone wants to leave behind a legacy when they die, something that future generations can look back on in awe. For some, this dream is accomplished through inventions, actions, and movements; but for many more, this legacy lives on in the form of words. From singers to politicians and everything in between, the written pages of people's lives and ideas capture their souls in an inimitable manner. Of all the written works left behind by masters of thought, poetry is one of the most interesting for modern-day readers to analyze. The malleable way that these artists of language manage to craft meaning into metaphor has captured the hearts and minds of millions since written word began. Although not as ancient as the Egyptian hieroglyphics, nor as famous as the acclaimed author William Shakespeare, Robert Lee Frost was a poet whose works have touched the lives of many. For this project, I recreated his face with the words he gifted to the world. This photo, taken in 1910 of a 36-year-old Frost, coupled with the images depicted in his writing, immortalized a time that few people alive today recall. A time before the busy days of the digital age, where the most a person could do was practical labor and gawk at the undisturbed beauty of the region around him. Through his writing, Frost brings to life that old world, long forgotten by technology. He reinstates the laws of the land over mankind and shows the sheltered audience the raw power of nature. He delves into the psyche to discuss why, why we act, why we think, and why we become what we do. To Frost, nothing was above the scrutiny of his pen or below the bar of his recognition. There was nothing

(Continued on page 76)



Kass Blackburn
Medina High
Grade 12

Water and Fire

Water and Fire, two entirely different,
But yet the same,
The beauty of water and the elegant dance of flame,
The warmth and sometimes burning,
The cool, and sometimes freezing,
Fire and Water, the same but yet very different,
The good, and the bad,
The destruction of fire, and the hope and life within water,
Fire and Water, compare and contrast, but never mix,
Fire may burn hot enough to burn water, and the water cool
enough to put out the flames,
And both of them, keep mankind alive,
Fire burns,
Water flows,
The water takes over most the earth,
The fire can be generated at will,
Water brings life and energy along its path,
Fire brings death and destruction,
Fire and Water, they may not be what they seem,
Fire keeps us warm in times of cold,
And Water can drown living things,
***Fire and Water, the two most complicated elements of our
world,***
Water flows with such grace, it is often recognized as a good
symbol in most religions,
Fire, the prime component for destruction, is a sign of bad times
ahead in most religions,
Fire and water, I will never understand the meaning of either.

Sam Strickler
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

The Eagle

The eagle soars so elegant and graceful
as if it were swimming in the sky
gliding in circles looking for food

The eagle soars as it does every day
and it swoops and swooshes to catch its prey
an unlucky fish stuck between its talons
like a brick stuck in a wall

What a magnificent animal
So gifted in flight
Always seems to be in sight
Disappears in a flash
Way faster than I can dash

It appears as a free bird hunting
For more fish to feed its young
What a magnificent animal

Nicholas Cabacungan
Claggett Middle
Grade 6



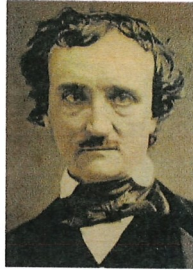
Hannah Liggett
Highland High
Grade 10



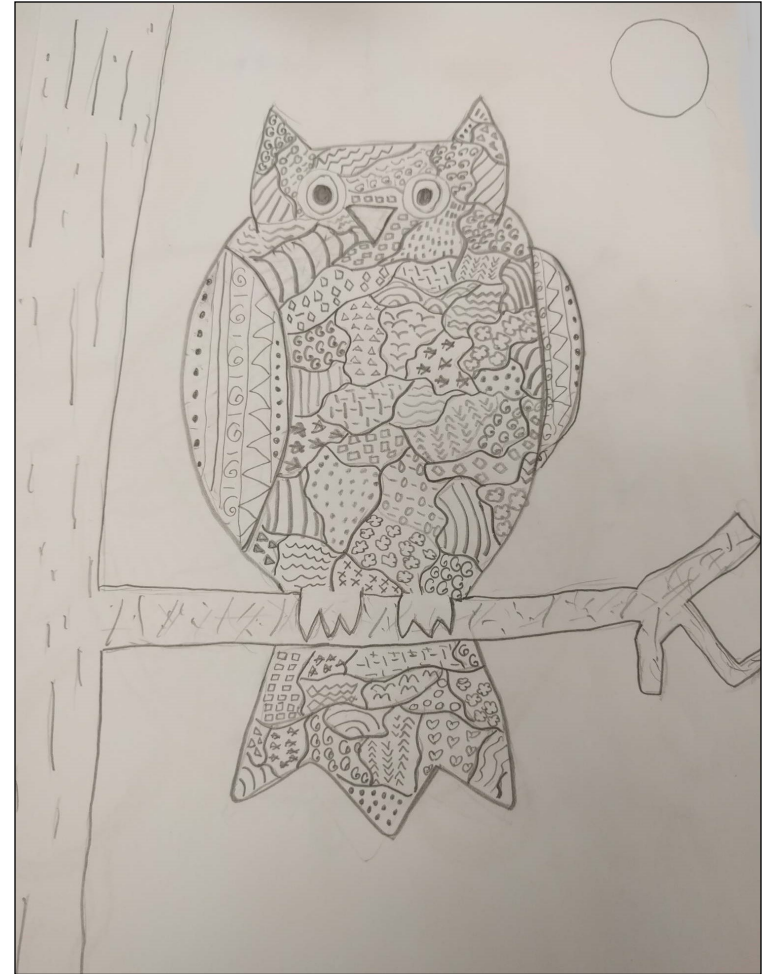
A Toast - To Edgar

*To the mystic moon I tipped my hat
 But to the earth I raised my glass
 My anxious feet I shuffled-
 My snow-white scarf I clasped
 In haste, I apologized, swallowing any bravado
 "I know quite well, old friend, you would have preferred
 Amontillado"
 Beneath a sky streaked crimson
 I sank, trembling, to my knees
 Sipping cognac with a shaking hand, I cried
 "Gallant knight, dark angel! Speak to me, please"
 In vain was my impassioned plea
 As I choked on deafening silence
 I curled forward, like a babe
 Pulling my pale cheek to the ground
 Yearning the warmth of the sun, "come", I beckoned and bade
 I listened for a heartbeat beneath the earthen floor below
 Oh, how I wish I knew your intoxicating insanity today!
 We together would lament how swiftly the sands of time fall away
 The clamour of bells shook me from my fancy
 Please excuse my selfishness, old friend
 As you now rest at your journey's end
 Having found 'El Dorado, the golden city
 Gently then, I kissed the dirt, removed of all self-pity
 As shadowed wings swooped overhead, I whispered your words
 Heard just by you and I, an empty bottle, and the birds
 Farewell, my friend
 I wish you well, and may you be disturbed
 "Nevermore"*

Edgar A Poe



Emily Gladden
 Cloverleaf High
 Grade 11



Brianna Stoner
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 5



Kelsey Hartzler
Central Intermediate
Grade 6



Sophia Timony
Highland High
Grade 10

(Continued from page 69)

In Hogwarts he'll be able to rule
 In Hogwarts he'll be able to rule (x4)
 In Hogwarts
 Hogwarts
 JUST YOU WAIT!

Harry James Potter
 (Harry James Potter)

We're all fighting on the field for you

You'd never back down, always held your head up
 HIGH
 Oh!

Harry James Potter
 (Harry James Potter)

We will keep our eyes peeled for you
 And what he did, well that's the book.
 If you wanna know, go and take a look.
 The Ministry's been warped and shook

Oh-oh-oh

Train is nearing Hogwarts now, see if you can spot it.
 Another wizard boy coming up from the bottom

His enemies had lost and then the world never forgot him
 Neville, Luna, Hermione and Ron: We befriended him.
 Cedric: Me? I died for him.
 Dumbledore and McGonagall: We believed in him.
 Ginny, Lavender, and Parvati: Me? I loved him.
 Voldemort: And Me? I'm the Dark Lord that nearly got him!

There's a million things he hasn't done, but just you wait

What's your name, kid?

HARRY JAMES POTTER!

Isabelle George
 Highland Middle
 Grade 7

A County Fair Poem

When the county fair comes,
 you can hear all the tractors' hums.
 It's when the animals get shown
 and the farmers bring their best grown.

It's jeans, boots and button-ups,
 pigs, cows and gallops.
 It's the roar of the motor
 and the animal promotor.

It's barns, hay and feed,
 all of the things the animals need.
 It's washing and combing.
 It's the midway roaming.

After all the excitement is over
 I'm proud to wear my 4-H clover.
 Already excited for the next year,
 I'm making my goal the big premier!

Levi Farnsworth
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 6

I Am

I am an oak standing tall
 I am a bird that chirps and calls
 I am a flower delicate and pretty
 I am a ladybug small and bitty

I am the sun that gives rays of light
 I am the moon that shines big and bright
 I am the sand on the desert plain
 I am the gentle autumn rain

So I suppose it's time to tell you what I am
 I am not a shapeshifter
 I am not an unsolved clue
 I am nature and I'm all around you

Allison Custer
 Claggett Middle
 Grade 6

(Continued from page 68)

Then Voldemort arrived, Cedric didn't survive, and our man didn't know if he would make it out alive. Made the bonds with his wands somewhere in book five, and he spent many a night afraid and sleep deprived.

Well, the news got around. They said, "This can't be the same boy!" Rita Skeeter says that he's got to be gone insane. Oh! He got his Hogwarts letter and quickly boarded the train. And the world's gonna know his name--what's your name, kid?

Harry James Potter.
 My name is Harry James Potter.
 And everyone thinks I'm a rotter.
 But just you wait, just you wait.

When he was one, his forehead split; it was hit by Voldemort's curse, and later baby Harry moved to the worst place in town. Dursleys hated him quick, took his broomstick.

None of 'em are wizards, but come on, they're pretty thick.

Had to live with Dudley and Dudley was pretty terrified, hated Harry from the very start. Something grew inside, a voice saying, "Harry, you gotta defend yourself." He retreated to his bedroom and took to talking to house-elves.

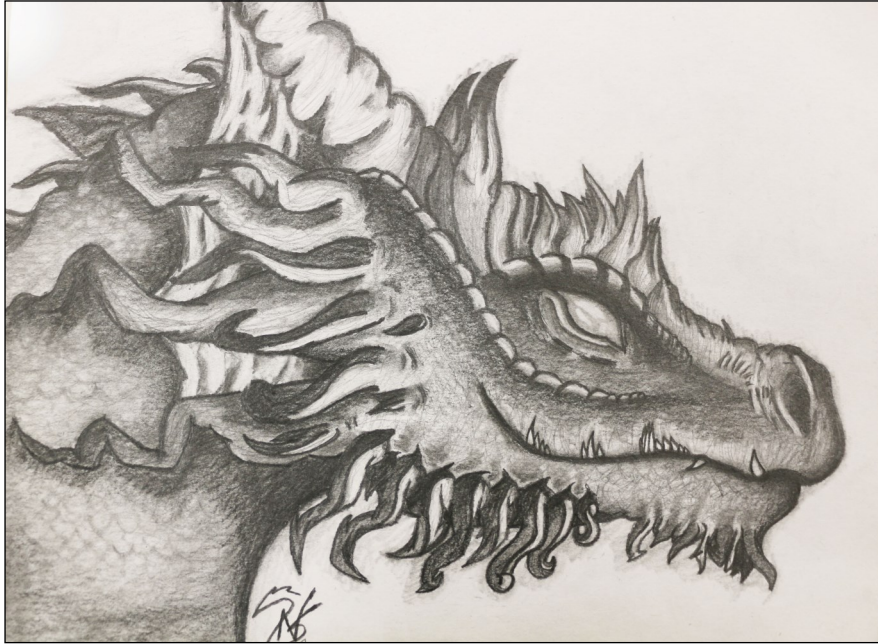
There would be nothing left to do; he's walking toward his doom. He would be killed by You-Know-Who. His enemies many, his friends few. Started thinking, drinking Polyjuice and going spying. Keeping his good friends and Dumbledores' army from dying.

Spanning
 The Order like it never was before

Enchanting
 Random objects to help them fight in the war

On the car of a train headed for a new school

(Continued on page 70)



Nikki Salerno
Highland High
Grade 9

Alexander Hamilton Parody

How does a scar-faced orphan, born in a war and a half-blood,
dropped in a suburban spot in the middle of Privet Drive, and
hated by all sorts, grow up to beat and murder Voldemort?

The thin Potter, used to being beaten and toppled, got a lot farther
by being a lot smarter, by being the army's starter at 15, to avenge
his dead mother and father.

And every day while Muggles were being smothered and
smuggled away, by evil snakes our guy had got his group in.
Inside he was longing for Hedwig to come swoopin' to return the
letters from Sirius Black and Remus Lupin.

(Continued on page 69)

There Once Was a Molasses Flood

There once was a molasses flood
That left on the streets molasses and blood
People were surprised by the screech the tank gave
Before it unleashed a giant wave
It crushed houses
And killed mouses
The wave caught people
Tore off the church's steeple
Whisked away the barber
Before it poured into the harbor
There was a mystery
That changed history
This is how the story goes
And you will learn a tale barely anybody knows

Hope . . . They thought

January of 1919, people of Boston's North End thought they had
every reason to be happy. The First World War was over and
they were enjoying an unusually warm January day. Little did
they know, but a great danger was looming over the city. What
was it? It wasn't an animal. Who was it? It wasn't a person.
Then what was it?

Building the tank

Before 1919 sugar was expensive. So, people used molasses to
sweeten their food. In 1919 the price of sugar went down, so
instead of molasses people started using sugar again to sweeten
their food. All the molasses that was shipped to Boston wasn't
being used. The people of Boston decided to build a tank. They
put all the molasses into the tank with a huge pump. They spent
hours pumping the molasses from the train into the tank. Finally
their job was done. There was one problem, the tank was poorly
built. The tank was dangerous, but it was even more dangerous
because it was poorly built, and only the bosses who planned it
knew it was poorly built.

(Continued on page 14)

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“The tank is leaking!”

A few months later the tank started leaking. This concerned the workers and many people in Boston’s North End. The workers complained to their bosses “The tank is leaking. We must repair it!” But their bosses wouldn’t listen. “Paint the tank brown; nobody will notice the leak.” But everybody noticed the leak, especially the children.

Children at the train yard

Antonio DiStasio, his sister Maria, and two other children loved to taste the molasses that dripped from a crack in the tank. Even though it was not very safe in the train yard, they always managed to sneak in. All children loved to sneak into the train yard and taste the molasses that dripped from the tank. All the adults knew it was not safe. They tried to keep their children away, but the children always won. For Antonio, Maria, and the two children, tasting molasses from the crack was the most dangerous thing they had ever done.

A terrible wave

It was a surprise for Antonio, Maria, and the two children when the tank gave a earsplitting screech. *EEEEERRRR!* The tank ripped open and molasses came spilling out everywhere. “Run for your lives,” a watchman screamed. But it was too late. Everyone at the train yard was swallowed up in molasses. Everyone who was caught in the wave was pulled under. Some were able to pull themselves up for breath, the rest stayed under too long and died.

After the wave

Most people were left unconscious. Most of those left unconscious woke up. The rest never opened their eyes again.

(Continued on page 15)



Julia Camino
Highland Middle
Grade 8

Ambiance of Empty

He died.

She died.

The fire.

The flames rose like vines, spreading like a disease and infecting what had been mine. But now it is lost. Sure life was perfect before, like a movie, shiny and new like a penny. But as with love, it eventually turns to rust, just like the frame.

After the fire, I sat in piles of dusty memories, disintegrated hopes and mounds of sorrow. Homeless, alone and cold I lay today, upon the cold dirt.

I clench the frame. Peeled gold paint, well-loved and handled, the prongs on the back squirming out of place from all the use and coal-black mood spreading out of it. It hung above the antique vanity, where dad would write job-related notes, sister would jabber old-fashioned phone numbers, and mom would scream if anyone got their fingerprints on it. Season to season, year to year, event to event, the picture would change.

The fire, I watched its fiery, bloody hands smear my family picture and life to shreds, leaving the beautiful gold frame, once priceless, now with no worth at all.

I beg for money, no answer. Greedy I am. Dehydrated, starving I lay on the floor. My hands wrapped around the frame as I die, soon to be filled with my lost but now found family. Now this frame will not be empty, but will be filled with new pictures in heaven.

Lauren Jacot
Root Middle
Grade 7

(Continued from page 14)

A mystery

“Why did the tank explode?” one man asked. “Was there a terrorist attack?” one woman wondered. There had been other terrorist attacks that day; the tank could have been blown up. There were so many possibilities, but which one was right?

The mystery is solved

Finally, the mystery was solved. The police figured out that the tank was poorly built. They also figured out that the workers had complained to their bosses and the bosses didn't listen. The mystery was solved.

What we learn

After the molasses flood, the U.S. made a law that tanks had to be sturdy and they have to be approved by the government so that an accident like that would never happen again.

Emily Mousourakis
Northrop Elementary
Grade 3

Snowboarding

As the days grow short and start to change,
My priorities begin to change.

The season fall turns very odd
And the weather changes warm to cold

Snow starts falling on the hill
And I can't contain my thrill

My friends and I remember times
Of hitting jumps and carving lines

Snowboarding season about to begin
And I'll spend my times outside, not in

Shane Burlison
Buckeye Intermediate
Grade 6



Martina Cruz
Highland High
Grade 10



Olivia Huth
Highland High
Grade 10



Tatum Mendel
Central Intermediate
Grade 5

The Basketball Foul Shot

I bounce the ball up and down
I feel like it's looking up at me with a frown
I raise my elbows up with the ball in my hands
I throw! It curves, and in the net it lands.

A small cheer from the crowd I get
but we all know it's not over yet
I grab the ball and take one step more
I aim! I shoot, I hope I score.

Audrey Pedro
Claggett Middle
Grade 6

Gymnastics

I shine as bright as
a shooting star
I love my life up on the bar

Run, Flip, Land, Pose
my parents then give me
a beautiful rose

I feel so good as I walk on
and the crowd keeps cheering me
on and on

Whether I'm in Medina or Rome
the gym always feel like
it's my home

Kirsten Luck
Claggett Middle
Grade 6



Sadie Nayman
Highland High
Grade 10

My Book

Inside a world no one would know
 I ran over the words the suspense not known
 My brain working hard, twice as fast
 Trying to figure out the mystery of the past
 The characters moved from place to place
 As I followed with a quick pace
 No one could see the wonders I saw
 As this world was not real at all
 Nevertheless I ran and ran
 Watching everything unfold
 The plot twist came and I was lifted off my feet
 The main character remarked as I fell to my knees
 The end of the book was drawing near
 I walked to the last page with suspense and fear
 The mystery was solved and I walked to the cover
 My book was over and I closed it tight
 Off to my bookshelf I went
 Ready to start an adventure again

Rylie Dudich
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 7



Sarah Espenschied
 Highland Middle
 Grade 6

The Finale

I twist
I learn
I express my passion with every turn
A passion greater than any fire that will ever burn

I jump
I dream
With every Fall, Crash and Burn
I build self-esteem

I smile
I bow
They clap
They cheer
then I remember why I'm here.

Hallie Haycook
Claggett Middle
Grade 6

On the Clouds

Running, running so fast and hard.
I jump up and up to the clouds
floating like
I'm weightless. My air so light and thin
but I must come down for oxygen.
My heart calming down after the two
other feet chasing me up down and
all around. But all I know is that I'm safe,
safe from me, the bad me.

Isabela Soto
Central Intermediate
Grade 5



Kristin Mullen
Highland High
Grade 10



Sarah Maracz
 Highland High
 Grade 10



Jak Lewis
 Applewood Elementary
 Grade 2

Lone Star

My back is pressed against the
 Cool summer night's concrete.
 My eyes are trained
 On the sky.
 The night is
 Cloudy.
 Stars are hardly visible,
 Except for one.
 A single lone star
 Is shining bright.
 I think . . .
 . . . That I am that lone star.
 The clouds can't make my shine
 Grow any more dim.
 However,
 Like most of the
 Brightest stars,
 I'll burn out
 Far too soon.

Melody Johnson
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 6



Julianne Origlio
 Highland High
 Grade 11

“The Cracked World”

I walked into the room. There was a soft white carpet under my feet and a grand high ceiling above me. The room was empty, except for a large brown table with ornate carvings on it. Sitting on the table was a beautiful gold frame. It had carvings that matched the table, and it sparkled in the light which came from the windows nearby. On it there were carvings that matched the table. Everything was white and bland compared to its beauty.

As I drew closer, I noticed something odd. The frame was empty!

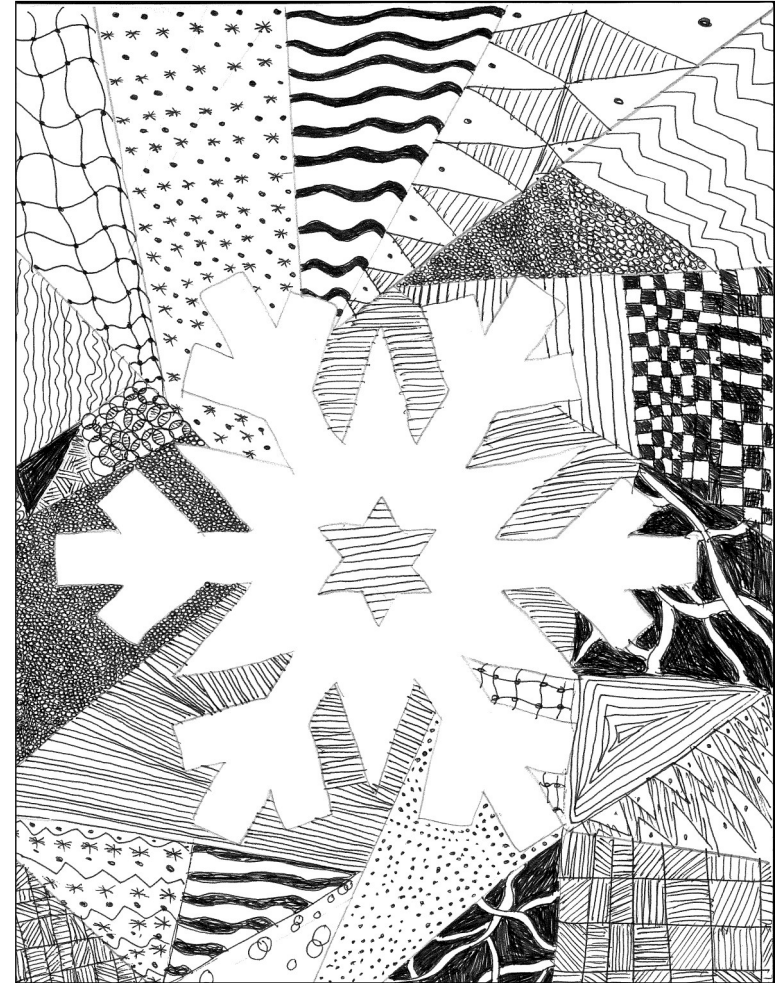
I sat at the table and stared at the frame, wondering why. Why would a frame so beautiful as this not be put to use? I began to trace the delicate edges of the shining frame, which were quite wide. Then my finger brushed against a paper, trapped under the frame. I pulled it out.

It said, “This is the frame of 1,000 years. It was made 1,000 years ago by the first men on Earth. It is perfect, and it never ages. But alas, nothing in this broken world is worthy of it, since it was made before the ages of sin. Everything this world puts in it will age it, crack it. So I beg you, do not crack this frame.”

As I read the paper, I pondered the things it said. I found them all true. The world is cracked and the frame is perfect. They cannot be together. So I stood and put the paper back under the frame. There it remained for 1,000 years, and I visited the room often, though I never filled it.

One day, the world ended. A man, a perfect one, came down from the sky. He held a sword and a rose. He came down through the room where the frame lay and carefully set the rose inside the frame. It did not crack! The world was amazed. It bowed to the perfect man. He just stood there and looked. He saw his people. They saw his hands and feet, which worked for them, and his loving face. They saw him, as he was. Some feared his sword. This was because they had not believed that he was perfect. But I loved him. I knew that he was perfect. Could someone so perfect repair this cracked world? I believed that he could. And he did.

Abigail Gehman
Root Middle
Grade 8



Sara Rak
Buckeye Intermediate
Grade 6

A Shooting Star

A shooting star
 High up in the air
 Oh where will you take me
 All the way to the moon
 Flying all the way to Mars
 To Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and beyond
 But what is this diverse place
 Well it's out of this universe
 Until you wake up in bed
 And realize it was all in your head
 It's not what it seems
 Don't think I'm being mean
 It's still okay to dream

Jenna Ruether
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 6

Tears

Don't be sad
 When I am down
 Or when I am crying
 The toxic water
 That drips from my eyes
 Makes me stronger
 While I continue to smile
 For every tear that I produce
 Makes me closer to eternal happiness
 Even though the tears of acid
 That we continue to feed to sadness
 Make happiness harder
 We can still weaken the monster
 By showing our happiness
 To this dreadful world
 Reversing the curse
 Of the venomous tears

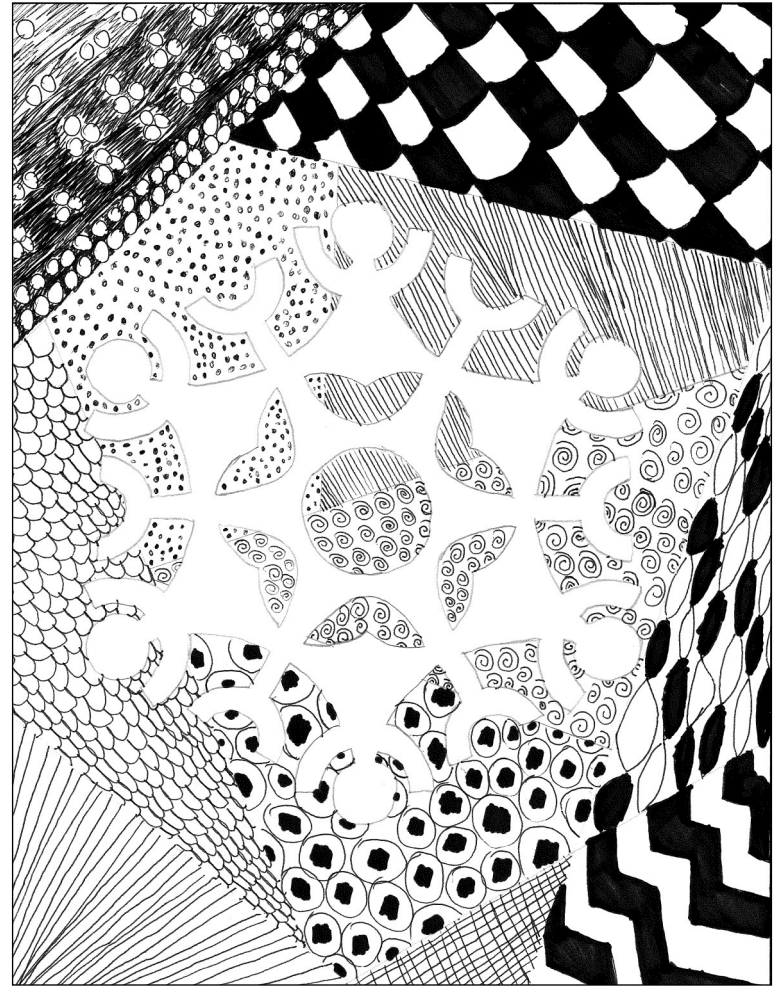
Avery Wrentmore
 Huntington Elementary
 Grade 5



Martina Cruz
 Highland High
 Grade 10



Jesse Freas
Highland High
Grade 11



Madelyn Niksa
Buckeye Intermediate
Grade 4

Siren

Magical
Beautiful
Misunderstood
Did the ocean's will
As well as she could

She found the one
But it cost her life
She had to put in the knife
The rules were broken
And so was her heart
And now she was falling apart

Tail flips and sways
As she goes under the
Deep
Deadly
Water
For it is her last day

Delaney Fogle
Claggett Middle
Grade 6

(Continued from page 54)

I close my eyes and savor the darkness that I find there, the simplicity of nothingness. Being the outsider is difficult. The acting and pretending is exhausting. I much prefer the darkness and what it allows me to do. Being invisible, going unnoticed, was effortless, natural.

No. I do not like being the outsider at all. I like being the monster lurking in the dark places.

Rachel Harris
Root Middle
Grade 8

“The Story Outside”

On the table, it sits. The exterior was intricately carved with beautiful, shining gold. The interior was blank. Although empty, a story is told. Perhaps there was a memory there, a solace, or even a death. The silence from the picture-less frame was irritating. Perhaps there was an embarrassment there, or a success. The shining gold exterior merely gives way to the beauty inside it. However, that is not the case, and I wondered why. When I would study the emptiness inside, the beautiful frame always caught my attention. My mind would stray, and be filled with the frame. The frame . . . such a beautiful work of art needed a picture inside it. The beauty of it was haunting. The picture . . . was it necessary? Its absence seemed correct, satisfactory even. Was this the artist's intention? The mystery of the picture-less frame could not distract from the elegance of the frame itself. Perhaps the artist was painting a picture in the frame; it shined of suffering and triumph. Even radiance can be hideous. The elegance of it was so intense and haunting. I spent awhile studying the story of the frame. It made me laugh and cry. How peculiar that a frame could do that! Well, that it did, and I was deeply moved by the story outside.

Anya Laribee
Root Middle
Grade 8

The Outsider

Being trapped in darkness with only my thoughts and memories to keep me company makes being alone, paradise. It makes my mind known to me in all ways, the good, the bad and the unworthy. But when that looming darkness suddenly turns to light and the long isolation period comes to an end, my sanity becomes nonexistent. The absence of darkness leaves me empty, splintered and cracked.

I glance around my new surroundings. The sunlight streams in through the windows, stinging my eyes. My eyes become accustomed to the dark. A group of four others also reside within the room. Isolation is a form of punishment, but sometimes being surrounded by strangers is one as well. A feeling of bitter cold and numbness spreads through me as I see how the others interact with such grace.

These people were connected, linked together with a bond that I will never know. They were a family not of the same blood. Whereas, I was the outsider, the one best kept in the shadows. I study the joy on their faces and the way light shines in their eyes. The conversations around me fall on deaf ears. I see their mouths moving but no sound seems to be made. I study their facial expressions and body language, searching for any indication of falsity or deceit. Yet there is none that I can see. But the lies might be in the voices that I can't hear.

One of the friendly strangers turns and tilts her head, a frown marring her youthful face. Her red hair spilled down in delicate curls. She seems disappointed, unhappy with what she sees on my face. I mimic a smile and force a small light to appear in my ocean blue eyes. The girl was satisfied and turns back to the others.

The plastered smile slips off my features the moment that she is no longer looking. They believe that I am one of them. I know that I am not. They don't even realize that there is an outsider in their midst. A sheep in wolf's clothing just desperately trying to blend in.

(Continued on page 55)

By the Fire

The fire is hot and red and bright,
It is really quite a sight.

I sit next to it, on the rug,
Holding a warm, hot chocolate mug.

And as I sit quietly by the fire
My eyes close, beginning to tire.

And when I wake up, it is still alight
Burning and hot, red and bright.

Marissa Zeimer
Buckeye Intermediate
Grade 6



Eva Smith
Valley View Elementary
Grade 1

Memories in the Wind

I feel the crashing waves against my feet. I lift up some sand and sprinkle it on my feet. It slips right off. My mind wanders back to a time when I was here, I was young. My mom, my dad and I came here a lot. I remember everything so distinctly . . . feeling the sand against my feet, hearing my parents' laughter as I played in the waves. Seeing my beautiful mother sitting and reading a book, my father would pick her up and bring her into the water. She would get angry for a moment, but then laugh about it.

But the beach is different now, or at least different to me. I used to find it a magical, wonderful place. But now it is just a place of memories that are scattered about the wind. It is as if anywhere I step brings back more memories; all make me sadder. I see families playing together in the water. But my family is different. We technically are a family, but it does not feel like it. I don't see my parents every day, like those lucky children do. I don't even see them once a week. They are both in the Army, they are gone for weeks or months at a time before I get to briefly see them. I stay at home with a nanny. She's nice but I think about my parents too much to ever let her into my heart. My parents being gone prevents me from doing many things. I can't focus at school. I think about them too much. I tend to not talk to kids at school. I'm too busy daydreaming of being with my parents. I hop off the rock I had been sitting on, careful not to slip. I look at the beautiful red, orange, yellow sunset. I like to imagine my parents looking at the same sunset. I mean, we are both in Hawaii, so it's not impossible. I walk towards my house. When I turn back to look at the water, I remember something I had forgotten. How much I had loved the water. I stare into the water. Then I realize I can't help it; I run to the water and get right in. I lose all my thoughts about missing my parents, about everything. It was the first time in years I had truly been happy. As I am splashing the water around me, I feel something touch my leg. I hear something or someone behind me. I don't move an inch. Then I slowly turn around, squinting my eyes, afraid to see something or someone I don't want to see. I turn around completely, then again, I freeze. I wipe my eyes,

(Continued on page 29)



Laura Recean
Highland Middle
Grade 8

(Continued from page 28)

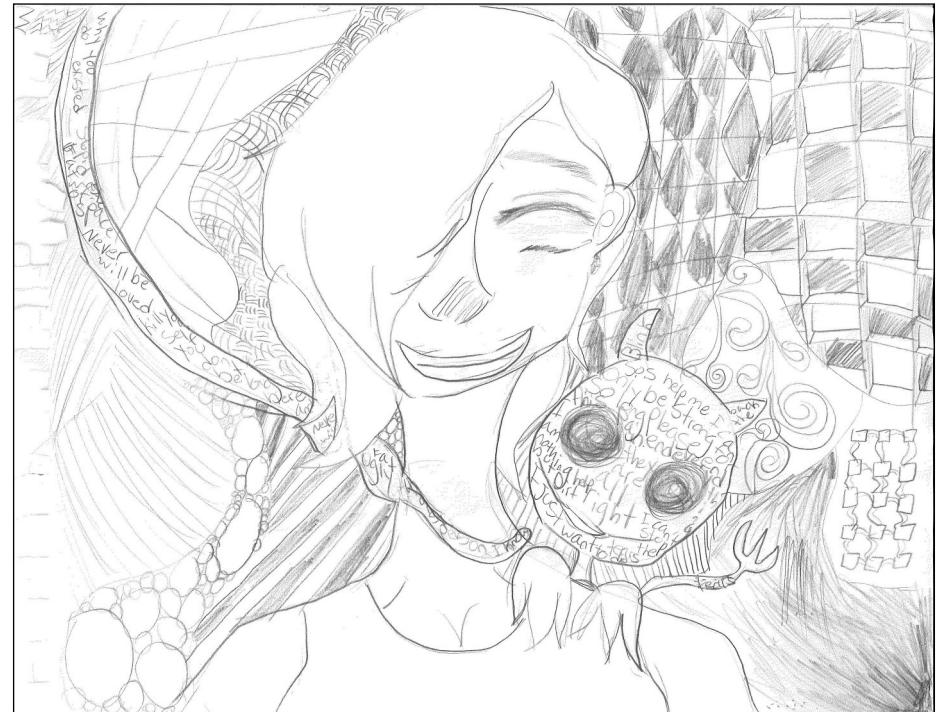
thinking it is my imagination, but it's not. It's really my parents in front of me. We don't talk, just hug.

My parents and I spent that evening in the ocean, just like we used to. It felt as if no time had passed without them, like we had been together all these years. Finally, my parents were home and my memories, which had been scattered about the wind, came back together to form a beautiful picture.

Samantha Wyatt
Root Middle
Grade 6



Madison Flickinger
Highland Middle
Grade 7



Kaliana Beranek
Highland Middle
Grade 6

On Veterans' Day...
we honor all,
who answered to a service call.

Soldiers young, and soldiers old,
fought for freedom brave and bold.

Some have perished and some have died,
and all of them deserve our eyes.

They fought for us . . .
and all our rights.
THANK . . . YOU . . . Veterans,
for saving our lives.

McKenna Jackson
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

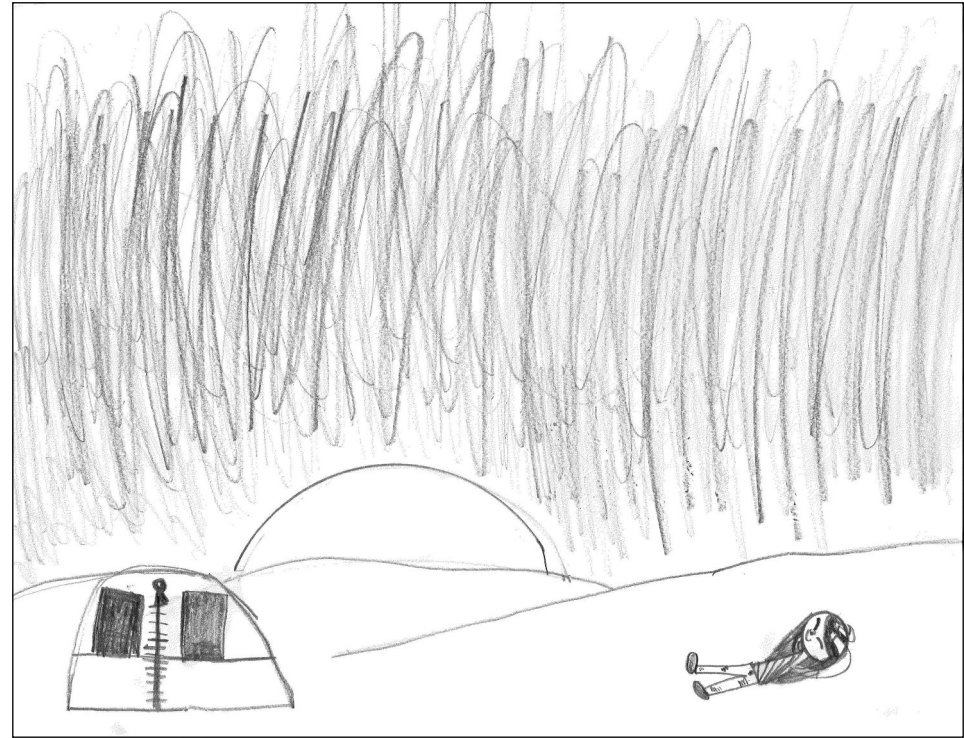


Ione Bach
Highland Middle
Grade 7

Mar

I is me
 Mar is Mar
 Mar draws circles
 I draw stars
 I earn silver
 Mar earns gold
 I's work is forgotten
 Never to be told
 A pencil drops onto the floor
 I hear click
 Mar hears boom
 A loud noise can be Mar's doom
 Tick-Tock Tick-Tock
 Loud noises will stir the pot
 TICK-TOCK-TICK-TOCK
 LOUD NOISES WILL STIR THE POT
 I run laps as Mar flies away
 If Mar needs a hero
 I'm there in no delay
 No one knows what's in Mar's head
 Doctors say her left side is dead
 Mar overcomes and beats the odds
 I sit alone and watch in awe
 I love Mar
 I think Mar loves me
 She doesn't show it
 Lucky me

Ellie Radabaugh
 Willetts Middle
 Grade 8



Emily Huffman
 Applewood Elementary
 Grade 2

Grades 7-12



Lily Coss
Highland High
Grade 9

“Luminous Love”

The hills rolled green. The sky was made of shattered robin eggs. In the middle of all the rolling hills was a mound that was dubiously bright compared to the other hills. Every time the window opened its wonder to me, the hill shined. It wasn't the hill that piqued me, however. Uptop this dubiously bright hill was a single, tranquil daisy. The petals were whiter and softer than the most docile lamb. It grew tall and proud. This was displayed every time I gazed out my window.

As the daisy grew, so did our love. He and I would stroll the luscious, emerald hills. With each united step, the hills seemed to shine brighter. The hill where the daisy resided was the brightest because that was where it and I stood the longest. We planted our daisy just as our love for each other was starting to bloom. I noticed a miniscule sprout when I accepted his invitation to an Italian dinner. The sprout increased in height as our love increased in intensity. Every day I would come to my window, and watch our love story unfold.

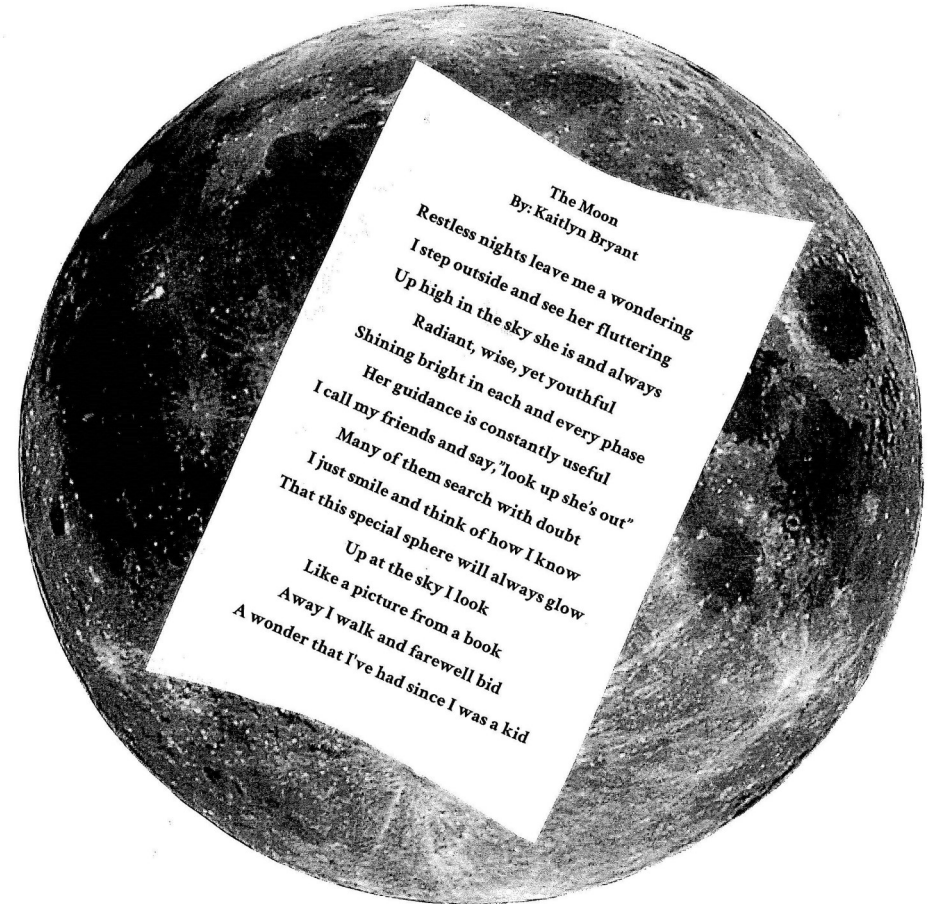
The daisy and the rolling hills stayed bright, fertile, and happy. The small bud of the daisy burst into bloom as he and I exchanged a kiss in front of the window. The daisy witnessed this event, and immediately obliged by absolving the docile lamb it held inside.

Today, the hills roll luscious and fertile. The bright mound continues to shimmer. My daisy truly looked luminous as it glowed with the hill. The daisy approved of my creamy ivory wedding dress and saved this special shining for today. The daisy outside my window, uptop the bright mound, nestled in the rolling hills, smiled and whispered, “Good Luck!”

Anya Laribee
Root Middle
Grade 8



Julia Grady
Buckeye Jr. High
Grade 8



The Moon
By: Kaitlyn Bryant

Restless nights leave me a wondering
I step outside and see her fluttering
Up high in the sky she is and always
Radiant, wise, yet youthful
Shining bright in each and every phase
Her guidance is constantly useful
I call my friends and say, "look up she's out"
Many of them search with doubt
I just smile and think of how I know
That this special sphere will always glow
Up at the sky I look
Like a picture from a book
Away I walk and farewell bid
A wonder that I've had since I was a kid

Kaitlyn Bryant
Cloverleaf High
Grade 11

An Ode to Potatoes

T'was a night long ago,
 When I fell in love with a potato.
 Leslie Pierre Jacob,
 His name I truly love.
 His eyes always gleam,
 He's a carbohydrate dream.
 For potatoes potato,
 While the haters only hate.
 My potato and I,
 How we laughed all the while!
 Making fun of the yams
 Who are as fatty as hams.
 Then I noticed how my Leslie,
 Looked great in a selfie.
 And @potatoes_on_point447 was born.

Eris Foutz
 Highland Middle
 Grade 7

"My Secret Hiding Place"

I hastily tie my shoes and slip into a jacket. I leave my phone on the kitchen counter, just to trick Mom into thinking I'm still in the house. I glance once behind my shoulder and let out a whoosh of air once I discover no one is watching me; no one is following me. And with a smile, I sneak out the back door to where my secret hiding place lies.

At 10:00 AM, the sun is golden and greets me with its warm rays of light. I smile, squeeze my eyes shut, and stare up at it. Realizing I have to move quickly, I shut the back door and sprint toward the woods. Once again, I look behind me and see that my house is still; relaxed. I am free.

I quickly navigate through our familiar woods. I step around branches, duck under leaves, jump over holes, and take the shortcuts. At last, I see it, and I fall short of breath. The golden sunlight filters through the gap of the trees and hits the spring robins that have gathered on a branch. I see their beautiful red bellies and give a little giggle. They don't seem to notice.

My eyes turn to the rushing, crystal clear water of the small creek which accompanies the robins' song. I stick my hand out, and the cool water immerses it. I fall on my knees as the majesty of the woods embraces me. Yes. This is the secret hiding place. This is *my* secret hiding place.

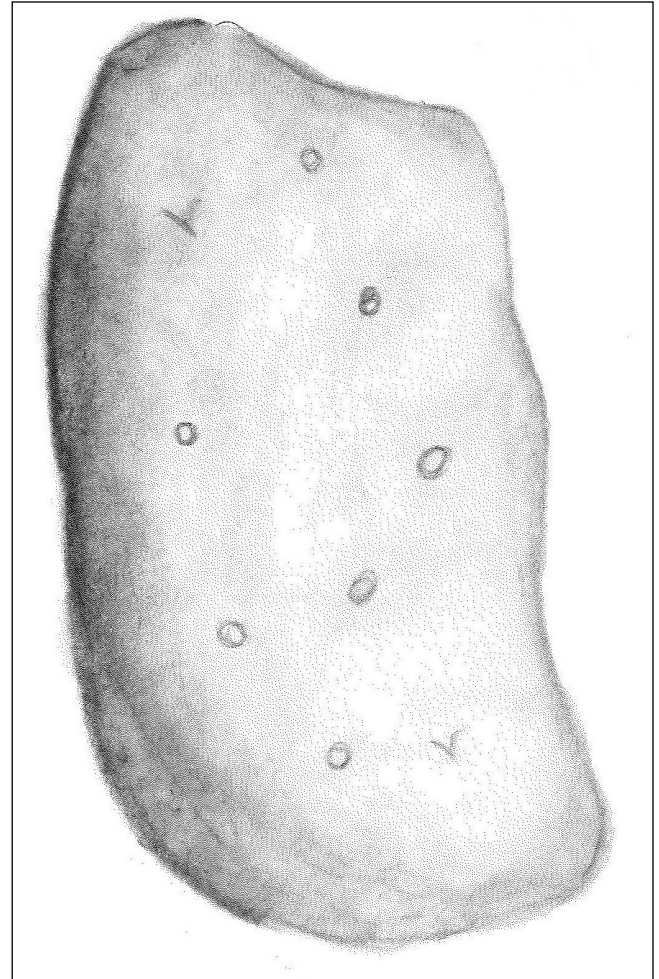
I lie on my back in the dry leaves. They make a crunching sound which is like music to my ears. A quiet ladybug crawls up the arm of my jacket, and I pick it up and place it on the tip of my finger. Its black dots stand out on its bright red shell; such a special appearance. I watch as the ladybug flutters away.

Closing my eyes, I focus. I focus on the rushing creek and the song of the robins. I focus on the warmth of the sun as it shines down on my face. I focus on the peaceful quietness of the woods, yet it holds every beautiful sound. I focus on the idea that I am here, with nature. The sun watches over me, and the birds are my friends. I don't have to worry about a single thing, because I am here. My heart beats with pleasure and my soul sings in peace. I have found it. I have found my secret hiding place.

Zizi Toth
 Root Middle
 Grade 8



Morgan Campbell
Highland Middle
Grade 7



Eris Foutz
Highland Middle
Grade 7

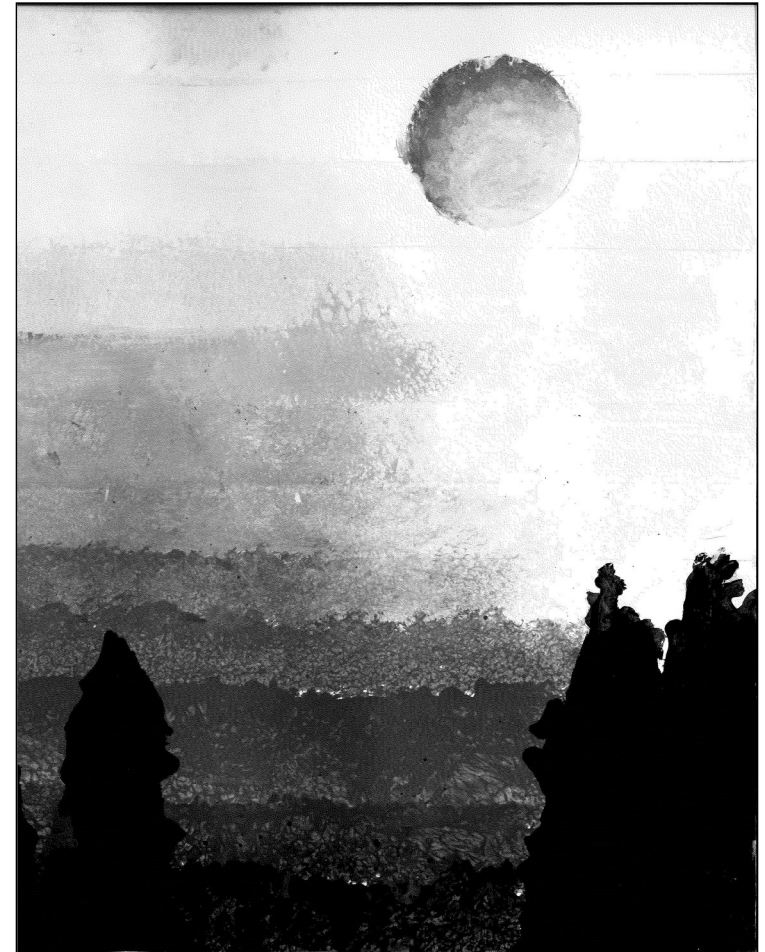


Emily Ciesinski
Highland High
Grade 11

(Continued from page 44)

With all its richness
Its beauty
There is no other place like it at all
This Mountain of Serenity.

Alyna Yagatich
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 7



Gracie Greathouse
Highland Middle
Grade 7

Mountain of Serenity

In a far village
 There is a mountain
 Where people from around the world
 Go and calm their minds
 This mountain has been untouched by the evil of man
 To climb this mountain is very dangerous
 You will have many things that you must face
 Before you reach the very top of the mountain
 This mountain will put you to the test
 The mountain opens up your mind
 Makes you face all your fears
 The mountain will put you into your breaking point
 The mountain will test you
 On what you were and what you might become
 Even though the climb is a major test
 But once you get to the top
 You will have no more anger or stress
 Your mind will be at rest.

The top of the mountain is a forest
 With so many trees and animals
 The water is clean
 No pollution can be found
 The air is also clean
 You can finally be at peace
 The stories you have heard are true
 This place does exist
 But you can't stay for long
 Once your mind is at rest
 You have to leave
 Climb back down
 It won't be as hard as the climb up
 Cause now you are at peace
 You finally accept who you are to become
 This wonderful exotic place
 The one place that will never be destroyed by man

(Continued on page 45)

The Art of Winning

Always strive and push for greatness

Have someone you admire

When you're on the court and want to succeed your work and sweat will eventually pay off.

Always do your best knowing you might not win

Have confidence during the game and play to the best of your ability.

Everyone has at least one goal and that is to get better

Whoever works more and is the most dedicated to the game will eventually pull through

Every accomplishment starts with your decision to try

Winning takes dedication and effort.

Why try when you're telling yourself you're going to lose?

When you fall you shall rise back up

Remember, never quit.

Dawson Yoder
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 7



Rachel Senick
Highland Middle
Grade 8

Different Greed

They try,
They fail.
They try and succeed,
But even their success isn't enough for them.
They steal,
They fail,
They steal,
They succeed,
They don't stop
Until they satisfy their greed.

Olivia Jagodnik
Root Middle
Grade 7



Bethany Witwer
Highland High
Grade 12



Ione Bach
Highland Middle
Grade 7



Jade Rees
Highland Middle
Grade 8



Cecilia Dannery
Highland High
Grade 11

Thieves

Pirates are snatchers
Stealing, taking hostages
A thief on high seas

Danny Flood
Buckeye Jr. High
Grade 7



Julia Camino
Highland Middle
Grade 8