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Rotary Club

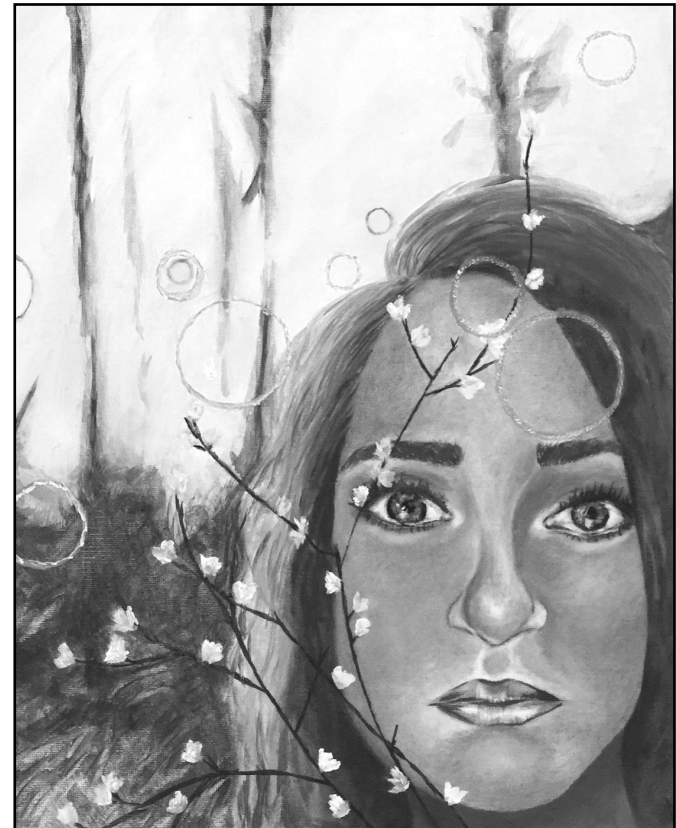


# Inkspot

## Medina County Literary Review

Educational Service Center  
of Medina County  
Vol. 31, 2018-2019

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**Kristin Mullen**  
Highland High School  
Grade 12

## A Final Note

With much joy, the Educational Service Center of Medina County presents the thirty-first volume of *Inkspot*. Designed to showcase exceptional and unique pieces of prose, poetry, and artwork, *Inkspot* features the work of Medina County public school students. Each year the ESC of Medina County continues to receive high quality student submissions. This year we welcomed more entries of student work than we have had in the past decade!

Congratulations to the artists and authors who have their creative works published in this year's edition of *Inkspot*, the Medina County Literary Review! We wish these students much continued success in their future!

Thanks go out to the many teachers in our county who proudly support their students by submitting student work to *Inkspot*. Thanks also to *Inkspot* committee members Mary K. Kastanis, Jacinda Yonker, and Brenda Zacharias for their contributions to this year's literary magazine.

Special thanks to Keturah Zacharias for her hard work and dedication to the *Inkspot* project!

Kris Rutledge  
*Inkspot* Project Chair

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 31<sup>st</sup> 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 27,000 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"



**Kaeley Sandor**  
Highland High  
Grade 12



The Medina County student artist who created the artwork on the cover of the 2019 edition of *Inkspot* is Kristin Mullen!

Kristin is a Highland High School senior. She says of her background in art, “I have been involved in creating art since I was in kindergarten, when I had my first art class. My favorite art medium has always been graphite, but I have been experimenting with photography more than anything else lately.” She shares the inspiration for *Inkspot’s* cover artwork: “My sister was taking my senior pictures in our woods, and I thought I could use the setting sun as a cool background for a picture. I decided to turn the photo into an oil painting.”

Kristin has “always enjoyed art more than any other subject in school.” She states that she doesn’t “enjoy participating in many sports,” but she does like to take her pets for long hikes. Kristin is planning on attending The University of Akron and majoring in some type of art. She says, “I am not sure exactly what I want to do after college, but I would love for it to have something to do with art.”

## Grades K-6

### Snow Is Falling Haiku

Making not one sound  
Glistening across the ground  
Falling all around

**Kaitlyn Karim**  
Huntington Elementary  
Grade 4

### Winter

Blistery wind blows  
Unique flakes gliding in air  
Deep glistening peace

Winter

**Henry Hartman**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 5

### Winter Wonderland

Magic in the sky  
Holiday cheer glittering around  
Snowflakes falling from the sky  
Crystal ice around time  
Soft, smooth blankets  
Pure White  
Icy Winter

**Bradyn Robinson**  
Cloverleaf Elementary  
Grade 3

### Through Their Eyes

Every morning, every night,  
Hope to fight for something right  
Fear that one day they will not live  
Trying their hardest so that they can give  
Seeing others die before them  
Trying not to show emotion  
Everything in fast motion  
Whether they be by the ocean or the land  
Willing to give an extra hand  
Giving everything they got  
Using everything they were taught  
Defending themselves, country and people  
Wishing everything was peaceful  
Keeping in mind their flag and colors,  
Not knowing what will happen to others  
Harsh conditions of weather above  
Remembering the ones they know and love  
Remembering what they are fighting for  
Knowing that they swore,  
To fight and try their hardest in any war.

**Rebecca LoGuidice**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8



**Laney Talaski**  
Medina High  
Grade 11

## The Last Piece of Ice

I've been waiting and waiting  
day by day  
for the last piece of ice to go away.  
I'm not saying I do not like it  
or that I really want it to leave,  
but I just want to see blossoms  
bloom on the trees.  
I don't know where exactly it goes  
but it will be back when it snows.  
The last piece is usually in the creek  
frozen on the small bay.  
And I sit there and watch day by day,  
until the day comes that it finally drifts away.  
Which means spring is on its way.

**Paige Kupec**  
Garfield Elementary  
Grade 4



**Lucas Olive**  
Black River Elementary  
Grade 5

### The World Is Always Changing

The world is always changing,  
because it is always spinning,  
every moment, every day,  
Every year of your life.

Snow is amazing,  
Seeing snowflakes never gets old,  
But here in Ohio,  
Winter is freezing cold.

When flowers start blooming,  
And rain comes falling to the ground.  
Spring is around the corner,  
Soon to be found.

Summer is the best.  
You can travel far,  
Or you can stay home,  
Or go to a water park.

Leaves falling to the ground.  
After changing color,  
from green to gold, brown, red, sometimes even  
pink!  
When Autumn comes around.

The world is always changing,  
because it is always spinning,  
every moment, every day,  
Every year of your life.

**Emma Segal**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6

(Continued from page 154)

It turns out the hill was not very strategic to the men, and suddenly everything is happening at once. Bullets are going off all around, coming to and fro. Ian can't concentrate as he spins around in circles trying to regain a sense of self. Plummeting towards the ground, Ian comes to the realization of what has happened to him.

Attempting to look at himself, he notices the blood coming from his stomach. *Bullet to the stomach*, Ian thinks to himself. He attempts to apply pressure to his wound, but he can't quite get his arm to move. Finally giving up, Ian feels his body become one with the muddy grass around him. The commotion around him suddenly becomes silent as Ian blinks his eyes shut. His life whirls past him. He watches his memories like a television show, wishing he can go back to them. He watches the grass beside him. Everything is in slow motion and he finally lets go.

Ian Martinez: 04/24/1949-05/12/1969

Maria Martinez: 2/19/1919-05/12/1969

**Kimberly Nester**  
Brunswick High  
Grade 12

*(Continued from page 153)*

Filled with frustration, Ian tries to sleep it off, which is quite impossible at their camp. However, when Ian wakes up from his short-lived slumber, it is time to invade the valley. In the preparation for the task, Ian feels doomed, assuming this isn't going to end well.

"Hey, Benson! Can I talk to you real quick?" Ian shouts towards his blonde friend.

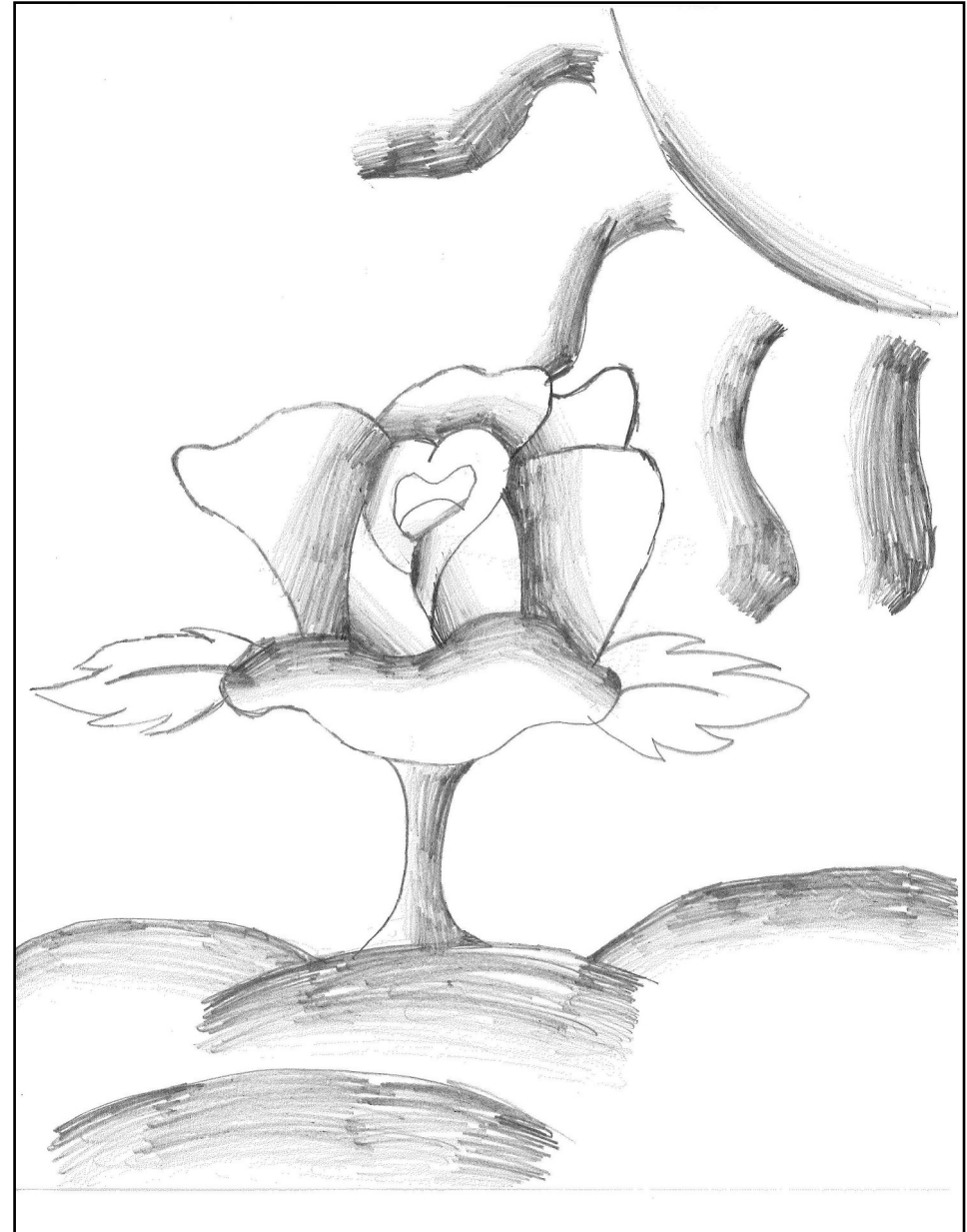
"Yeah, man. What's up? Nervous? Me too," the young man mumbles to Ian.

"Uh, yeah. I just have a bad feeling about this. Listen, man. If I don't make it out of this today, I need you to write my girlfriend back. My mom is sick and she needs to know that I am doing this for them. Please, Richie," pleads Ian.

"You will make it out to tell 'em yourself. But if you don't, I'll write to her," he reassures Ian.

The rest of the day is a blur to Ian. Until it is time. The troops are moving in and Ian feels sick. His first mission. Clear the valley. That is all they have to do.

*(Continued on page 155)*



**Evelyn Viton**  
Memorial Elementary  
Grade 3

## Nature

Nature,  
 Undisturbed.  
 So quiet,  
 Except for the beautiful songs birds sing.  
 Deer grazing on the green grass,  
 As foxes pass.  
 Something so beautiful,  
 But goes unnoticed.  
 Something that gets destroyed,  
 Without a care.  
 Rivers,  
 Flow so beautifully.  
 But only animals notice.  
 Humans pass by,  
 But don't give a glance.  
 Why can't you just give nature a chance?  
 We take from nature.  
 We take lives.  
 We use nature,  
 We manipulate it,  
 But we don't care a bit.  
 We're so cruel,  
 But we think we're cool.  
 Trees,  
 Birds,  
 Bugs.  
 Just unplug,  
 Go outside,  
 Look around!  
 What do you see?  
 Nature!

**Bailey Fetterolf**  
 Central Intermediate  
 Grade 6

*(Continued from page 152)*

...  
 When Ian finally arrives in Vietnam, he finds himself very busy and puts off writing to Julia. Facing the awful weather and the death of people around him, Ian finds himself in pure hell. He can't remember when the days start or when the nights end, let alone when the mail is supposed to get to them, or even if they are going to ever get any mail. In the midst of Ian's circumstance, he makes friends with a few of the other guys.

"Hey, Martinez! Come over here. We are talking about Hill 937," yells the tall, blonde, shaggy-haired man.

"Alright, Benson. Better be worth my time," Ian attempts to joke at him. Making jokes is all Ian can do to make it through his days at this point, even if they are poor jokes.

The men discuss their tactics in the invasion of Hill 937 and Shau Valley to clear out the PAVN forces. Ian gets lost in the discussion, trying to keep up with what is going on around him. Deep in thought, Ian looks up to see everyone staring at him.

"Martinez, take the letter, man. Someone said it is for you," Benson says while he nudges Ian's shoulder.

Shaking his head a bit, Ian grabs the letter, noticing it is from Margaret. Oh, does Ian miss her. Walking off he begins to read the note, noticing it smells like home.

...

*(Continued on page 154)*



*(Continued from page 151)*

*However, my grades are quite good. I hope you are pleased. Margaret has been by a lot lately to help cook dinner with Mom, but you already knew that. She misses you, we all do.*

*I'm not quite sure how to tell you this, or if you are even supposed to know, but it feels wrong lying to you. Mom is sick, Ian. She won't see any doctors but I can just see it. She is so short of breath all of the time and she has a deep cough. I'm very worried about her, Ian. I'm sorry I had to tell you through a letter, but I thought you should know.*

*We miss you. Write back soon.*

Love,

*Julia Martinez*

Nothing, no sort of training or mental test, affects Ian like this letter. Ian doesn't have a lot of time, so he quickly jots down a response to send back to his sister.

*Dear Julia,*

*I am so sorry to hear about this. Please take care of her for me. I will be home before we know it. I do not have much time, but I will write you again when I arrive in Vietnam.*

*Best Regards,*

*Ian*

*(Continued on page 153)*



**Noah Czyrba**  
Buckeye Intermediate  
Grade 5

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### Nature

Leaves and grass  
sitting 'round. There are  
lots of things to be found.

Green as a lime,  
silver as a dime,  
rocks and trees  
living life with ease.

Rivers and lakes streaming  
as they please. Sending  
currents with the breeze.

**Rebecca Gasser**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 5

## The Northern Lights

The bright morning sun  
 Rising in the East  
 The beautiful sunset  
 See it in the West  
 The dancing colors  
 All across the sky  
 What is better to see  
 Than the great Northern Lights?  
 Pink, green, yellow, blue  
 Violet, maybe white  
 What is better to see  
 Than the great Northern Lights?  
 Oh, how beautiful  
 It is to see  
 All the beautiful colors  
 Dance around me

**Kaitlyn Karim**  
 Huntington Elementary  
 Grade 4

## The Atlantic Ocean

Beautiful, but dangerous,  
 And not so far from me.  
 You take one step in and do not want to leave.  
 From Dolphins to Whites  
 From Tuna to Stingrays,  
 This place has many, many beautiful sun rays.  
 Beautiful, but dangerous,  
 The Atlantic shall always be a place in my heart  
 That has always called me.

**Gideon Price**  
 Crestview Elementary  
 Grade 5

*(Continued from page 150)*

endures multiple tests, painful labor, and learns how to use a rifle. The only thing that keeps him sane in the muddy mess he finds himself in is the letters he uses to communicate with Julia and Margaret. Mail day is tomorrow, and all Ian can think about is what is going on back home.

Ian is woken up bright and early, as he is every morning, to go through with the last of his training. As he marches through the day, his only motivation is to make it back to his bed where he can read in peace.

When training finally reaches the end, Ian rushes to find that he does, in fact, have a letter from Julia waiting for him. He quickly finds his way to his bunk and sits on the stiff green mattress. Ripping open the top of the envelope, but careful not to rip the letter, Ian begins to read.

*Dear Ian,*

*Things at home are still tough without you here. Dad has been working on his car and I think he could use your help. And the neighborhood boys asked about you the other day. They wanted to play football with you. In regards to your last letter, school is boring and I refuse to think anything else about it.*

*(Continued on page 152)*

*(Continued from page 149)*

“Ian, your mother wants you home,” she says softly.

Ian hugs Margaret close to him, trying to imprint the feeling of holding her into his mind. Taking note of her lavender-scented hair, he quickly kisses her cheek and whispers in her ear. After wiping a single tear from her cheek, Ian is halfway out the door with his shoes only half on.

...

The next few weeks go by swiftly with many tears. Ian has to leave everything he knows behind and enter training. His hardest goodbye is his mother. She has seemed so frail. He fears it is his fault. However, Julia crying is the hardest to see. In the bigger picture, he is protecting them. Or at least that's what Ian tells himself.

In reality, all Ian can feel is hate towards his country. This is not their war to fight. But here they are. Training for combat that they don't desire to be apart of and going through a hell not created for them.

It is currently Ian's last few days of Advanced Individual Training (AIT), and soon he will be sent to Vietnam to fight in the war. Throughout his training, which lasts about four months, Ian

*(Continued on page 151)*

## The Ocean

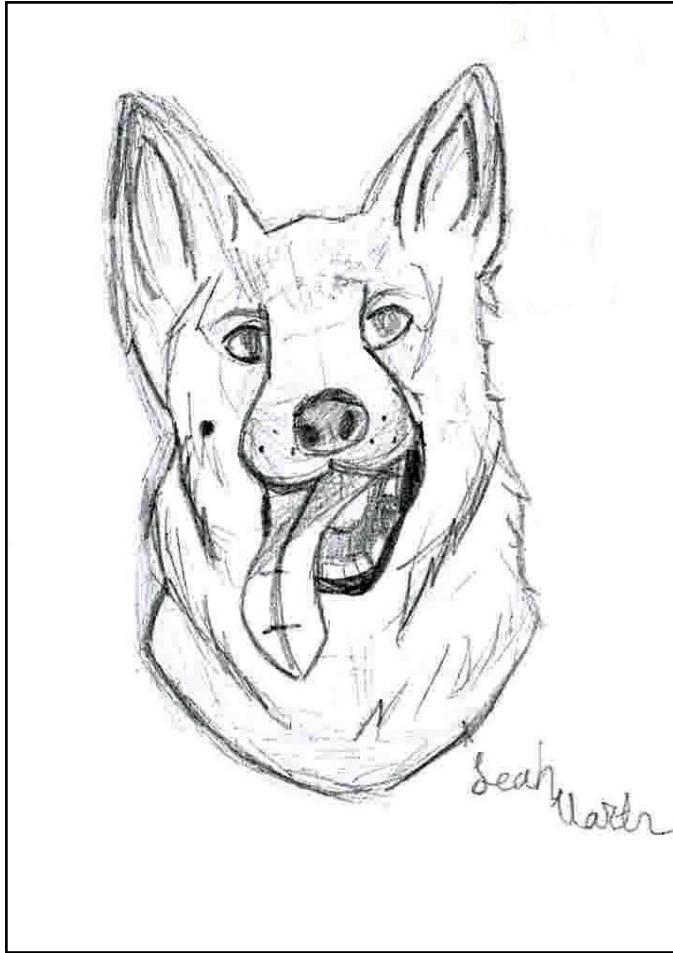
The waves roll in and retract out,  
The clear water shines in and about.  
Smooth waves glossing and glistening,  
As the old seagull is nearly listening.

All the wonders nearly explored,  
And the fish all dive to the floor.  
The wonderful fish, colors of yellow and blue,  
Swim in schools of one and two.

Shells of all kinds of vibrant colors,  
Buried in the sand where the seagull flutters.  
All kinds of shells, jagged forms,  
Make up for the broken ones that were torn.

The ocean's clear water,  
Makes the seagull ponder,  
“Without the ocean,  
What will make all the amazing commotion?”

**Olivia Boodheshwar**  
Hickory Ridge Elementary  
Grade 4



**Leah Martin**  
Crestview Elementary  
Grade 5

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### **A Dog's Life**

A dog's life is a warm sunny day.  
But when they pass, it's cold with  
Dismay.

**Olivia Boodheshwar**  
Hickory Ridge Elementary  
Grade 4

*(Continued from page 148)*

are drafted, the war will probably be over before you are even trained to shoot a gun properly," Margaret spits out, mouth full of fries.

Looking at his girlfriend, Ian begins to worry even more, scared of losing her. Ignoring the feeling, Ian indulges in his cheeseburger. *Might be the last one I ever eat.* Shaking off his thoughts, Ian and Margaret finish up at Blueben and start the short, yet ice-cold, walk back to Margaret's house. Trudging through the snow, Ian admires Margaret's soft skin like it will be the last. Squeezing her hand tight, Ian can't get over the idea that something bad is going to happen. *And it does.*

Ian's birthdate, April 24, 1949, is the second date to be called. Dropping Margaret's hand, Ian doesn't know what to do. He begins pacing back and forth in front of the TV, coming to the reality of what his new future will be. Margaret is talking, but her words go in one ear and right out of the other. Her parents join them in the living room, trying to calm Ian down, but he isn't paying attention. The only thing Ian hears is the phone ringing off the hook. Margaret's mother answers it and hangs up rather quickly.

*(Continued on page 150)*

*(Continued from page 147)*

is left in the kitchen to clean up while his mother is off in the living room. As Ian glances at the newspaper again, he notices the big bold letters on the front page: **TROOPS TO VIETNAM.**

Ian immediately becomes weak-hearted as he dips into the article. His eyes scan through the paper quickly, taking note of the important parts. December 1, 1969. Report to draft board. Draft lottery. January 1944 to December 1950. *That's me.* Ian thinks to himself. Pacing back and forth, Ian tries to calm himself down.

“Okay. Think this through. The probability of getting called isn't likely. Just ignore it,” Ian thinks out loud.

...

The cold weather moves in rather quickly, and with it comes December 1. Ian had been dreading this day since the morning he read that paper. The draft lottery starts today. Ian and Margaret are going to Blueben diner to keep his mind off things, but he just can't shake the feeling. Sitting in the blue and pink diner, Maria can tell something is wrong.

“Stop worrying about it. Enjoy the moment, Ian. Even if you

*(Continued on page 149)*

### **Never Replaced**

No, not replaced, just being filled in.  
 Ever since you passed away, there has been a hole in my heart,  
 in all our hearts.  
 When we got another dog, we simply tried to fill that hole,  
 but it will never be completely mended.  
 There will always be a sliver where you're supposed to be.  
 There will be things that our new dog will never be able to do.  
 Things that make it impossible for you to be replaced,  
 Never forgotten, yes, never forgotten.  
 I will always remember you,  
 How you used to dash around the couch barking, tail  
 wagging.  
 How your soft tan fur felt on my cheek when you let me  
 lay on you.  
 How you opened your presents on Christmas,  
 tearing away at the paper to a new toy or treat.  
 I still don't know a dog that can do it better.  
 You were with me from day one,  
 protecting me, guarding me.  
 Every time I made a noise, you would come to make sure  
 I was okay.  
 And because of all this,  
 you will never be forgotten or replaced.  
 You *can't* be forgotten or replaced.

**Madeline Beck**  
 Root Middle  
 Grade 6

## Horses

Do you like horses?  
I hope you do  
I like a horse named Cowboy  
And so should you

Horses are like sleep  
After a long, hard day  
Horses are like non-busy roads  
When you're on your way

Horses are like a refreshing ice tea  
On a hot summer day  
Horses are like a best friend's joke  
When you get upset and can't find your way

Do you like horses?  
I hope you do  
I like a horse named Cowboy  
And so should you

**Breigh Worsencroft**  
Hickory Ridge Elementary  
Grade 4

*(Continued from page 146)*

given he doesn't have to work. He will probably do something with Margaret. With newly minty fresh breath, Ian quickly gels his jet black hair with a part on the left side.

When he enters the kitchen moments later, he is greeted by his Hispanic mother finishing up breakfast while his sister sets the table. Plopping down at the table next to his father, Michael, Ian grabs the morning paper. At first glance, he already knows it has to do with the war and ops out of reading today.

"Wow, she actually managed to get out of bed today," Ian jokes while he tosses the paper at his sister. She catches it with an eye roll and throws it back towards him.

"Leave your sister alone. Can we have one peaceful breakfast without a fight?" complains Maria, Ian and Julia's mother. She places everyone's plates in front of them, signaling the family to dig in. Today, and every other day, they are enjoying fried eggs served on a fried tortilla and smothered spicy tomato sauce and washing it down with orange juice.

Small conversations fill the room and the family finishes rather quickly. Julia disappears into the bathroom to get ready for school, and their father drives off in his green 1962 Rambler. Ian

*(Continued on page 148)*

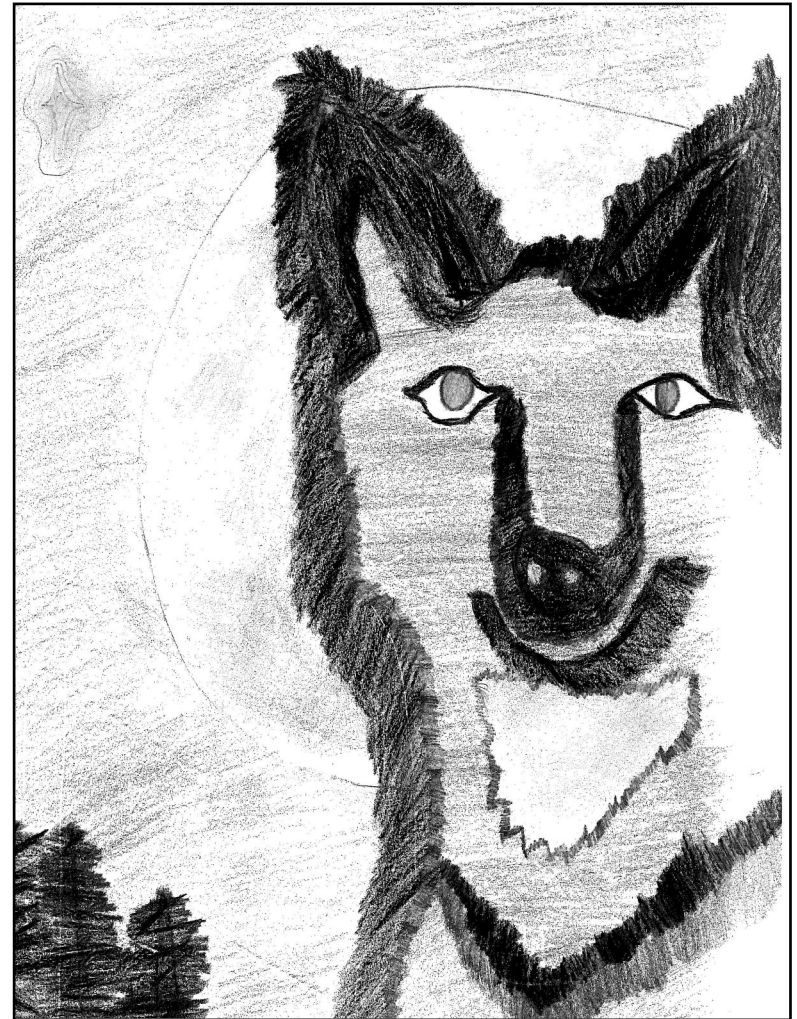
## A Soldier's Story

The scent of eggs and orange juice fills the house as the sun rises early in the morning. Ian Martinez groggily sits up in his bed in his white tank top as his blue-and-white striped quilt bunches around his body. Rubbing his eye, Ian releases a yawn while trying to convince himself not to return to slumber. The eldest Martinez sibling hops out of bed and trudges to his younger sister, Julia's, bedroom. Opening her door, Ian lets the light pour into her room, revealing a young girl with dark brown hair that currently resembles a lion's mane. Drool stains the girl's chin as her snores fill the room.

"C'mon Julia. Mom is making breakfast, and if you don't get up soon, you're going to miss the school bus." advises Ian.

The only response he earns is a groan from his sister. Laughing it off, Ian exits the room and steps into the bathroom. The cold tile makes him jump when he first arrives in the room. Getting used to the familiar feeling of the tiles, Ian looks up into the mirror, observing his features. His wide nose complements his soft eyes accompanied by thick black eyebrows. His honey-colored skin is rather dry, Ian notes as he reaches for the lotion. Grabbing his toothbrush, Ian contemplates his plans for the day,

*(Continued on page 147)*



**Austin Monteleone**  
Black River Elementary  
Grade 5

### Autumn Poem

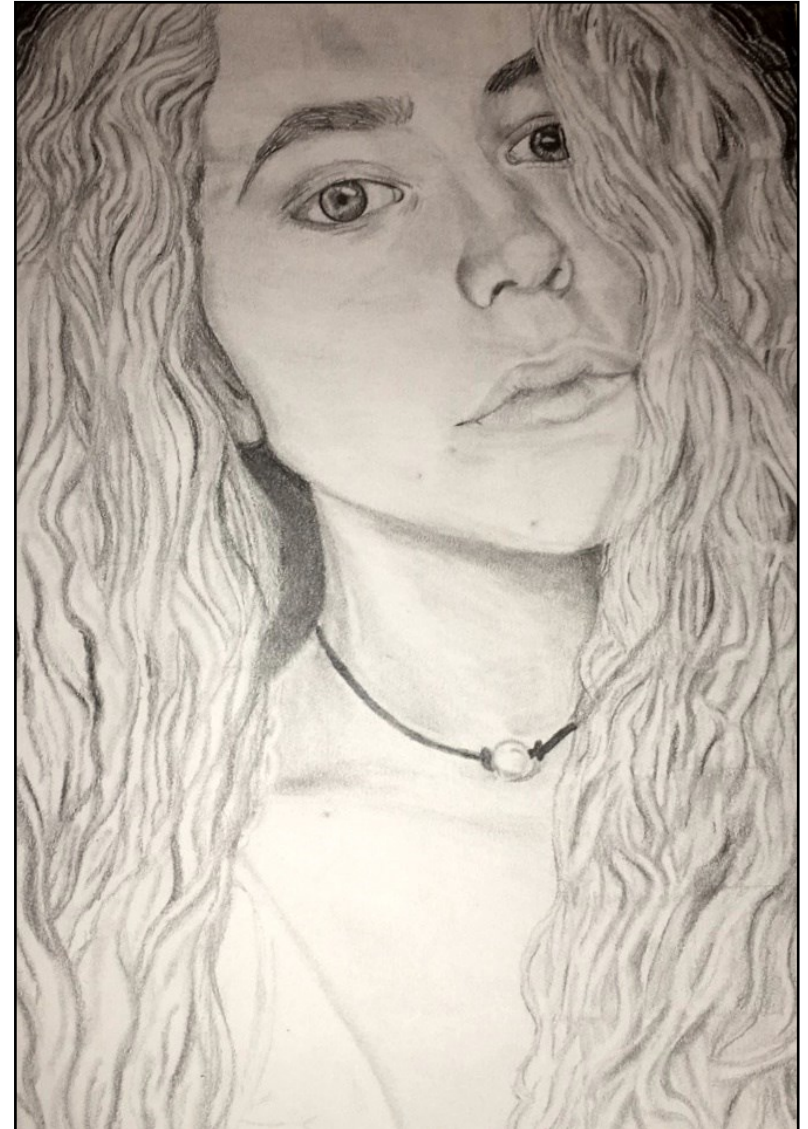
Autumn leaves on trees  
wave in the breeze, and these  
angry, surging bees  
fly up, up, and away.

As fallen logs decay,  
a whisper in the wind starts to say, "Boo!"  
frightening all children who come in its way.

A strong cool breeze  
rustles the fall leaves,  
making them drop gently,  
swimming in a sea of leaves.

As Thanksgiving comes,  
we all start to hum,  
"Happy Thanksgiving!"  
Because we are thankful Autumn has come.

**Haley Madak**  
Buckeye Intermediate  
Grade 6



**Margaret Houska**  
Highland High  
Grade 11



## My Little Brother Is Running for President

What to do? What to do?

My little brother, Brock, who lives under a rock, is running for president.

I must warn you before voting for the president, you must be very hesitant.

Don't vote for Brock, his brain is a cinder block!

He never went to college because he has very little knowledge.

He will make you to think he's great, but he is just using you as bait!

I want to warn you of what awaits!

He and all of his friends, have a little plan, to turn every one of us into a robotic snowman!

What to do? What to do?

My little brother is making me go coo-coo!

I must warn you before voting for the president, you must be very hesitant.

Don't vote for Brock, his future plans for us is a crock!

He never learned politics, and always has a bag of tricks.

He will make you gag when you see his plan to change our flag!

The plan is so bad, it will drive you mad.

What to do? What to do?

My little brother is not for you!

I must warn you before voting for president, you must be very hesitant!

Don't vote for Brock, he will make you squawk.

His plans are as wild as an out-of-control child.

His dreams are as big as a small skinny twig.

If you vote for him, you will have much regret, and you'll want to hit reset.

What to do? What to do?

My little brother has no clue about what he's about to do!

I must warn you before voting for president, you must be very hesitant!

Don't vote for Brock, he's all talk.

Vote for me, this is my plea!

I will guarantee you won't want to flee and you will be free!

**Callaghan Corell**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7



**Brianna Baker**  
Buckeye Primary  
Grade 3

### Topanga's "Fashion Show"

It was an ordinary day. I woke up, combed my feathers, and polished my beak.

Then Farmer Joe came up to me and said, "What a divine feast you will be."

Well, feast is another word for fashion show, right? I mean, I know why Farmer Joe picked me. I was the best of the best. I've been practicing my faces and my poses. He probably saw me modeling in front of my sisters and wanted me to star in the show.

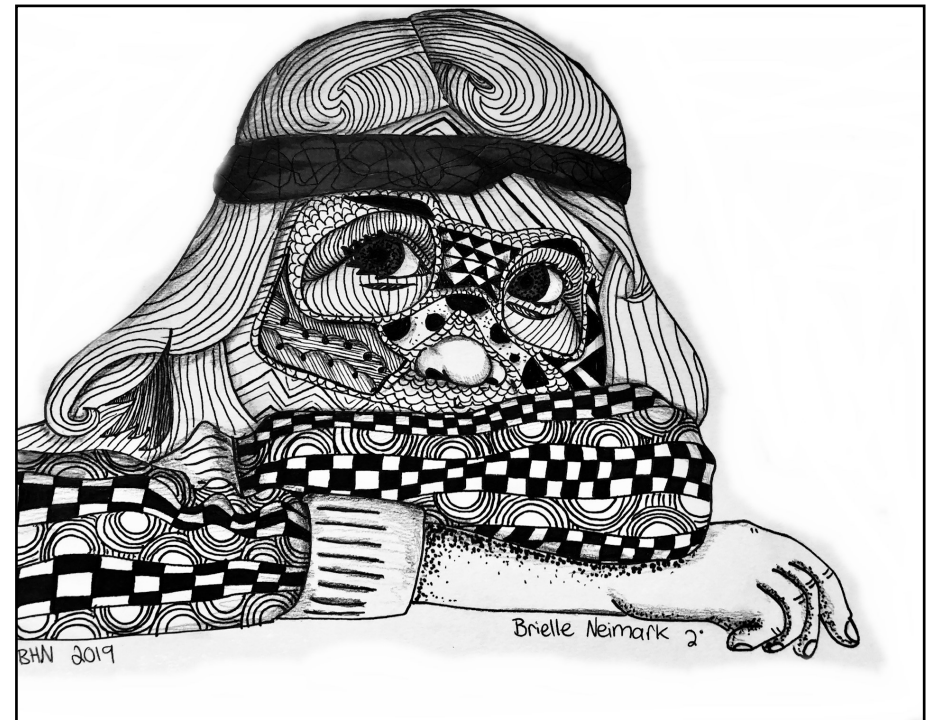
I told Percy the Pig about it and she said, "That's not what it means, Topanga. It means you will get eaten. EATEN, I SAY!"

I didn't believe her; she has always been jealous of me, and she is probably jealous now because I'm in a fashion show and she's not.

Well, tomorrow is the fashion show. I better get some rest before the cameras come!

As I wake up, I hear today is some sort of day called Thanksgiving. Farmer Joe is standing in front of me with a sharp object. Oh no . . . gobble, gobble.

**Emily Woolard**  
Crestview Elementary  
Grade 5



**Brielle Neimark**  
Medina High  
Grade 9

*(Continued from page 141)*

the war and how his thoughts have changed. By using the internal conflicts that Krebs has, Hemingway shows all his personal battles with himself and how he's feeling. The dialogue involving Krebs' mother helps the readers understand some of the outside struggles that his parents have and how they worry about what he may do now that the war is over. Finally, the word choice that Hemingway has throughout the passage shows more in-depth thinking and gives the reader a better understanding of each emotion or tension that happens in that moment. Overall, Ernest Hemingway provided his readers with a very impactful story, and his three components of internal conflict, dialogue, and diction created a great balance in his writing.

**Haley Powers**  
Cloverleaf High  
Grade 11

### **Home**

My home is my place, my freedom to be,  
My home is my seating in the cherry tree.  
Winter and spring my worst enemy,  
They bring snowflakes and spiders and bees.

My home is my place, my freedom to try,  
My tree brings me up to the top of the sky.  
Only the gravity restricts me to fly,  
Deep in my thoughts, my ideas, my drive.

My home is my place, my freedom to feel,  
My freedom to laugh, my freedom to heal.  
When there is so  
much more to see,  
In my favorite  
cherry tree.

**Madelyn Niksa**  
Buckeye Intermediate  
Grade 6

### The Dancing Way

She is the dancing way.  
 She danced all day and practiced all night.  
 She danced in the morning light and danced in the  
 moon's delight.  
 She swept the floor with her graceful feet always  
 dancing very neat.  
 She paced the stage with her beauty and grace.  
 Her body swayed like a windy day.  
 We now know that she is the dancing way.

**Addison Rybicki**  
 Crestview Elementary  
 Grade 5

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### The Best Use of Stealth

Some don't prefer to perfectly use stealth  
 even though it provides wealth.  
 A way this is met involves patience,  
 but it could help to have some silence.  
 I have used these before,  
 so I know what it feels like to be passed by.  
 I then came out of hiding,  
 as I was passed by an enemy.  
 I know it sounds untrue,  
 but the truth is the best I can do.  
 It may also sound one-sided,  
 but it was only one of me against two of them.  
 This did not result in my destruction,  
 as I destroyed them first.  
 I used stealth to allow a chance of winning,  
 and it worked.

**Keegan Smith**  
 Central Intermediate  
 Grade 6

*(Continued from page 140)*

Lastly, Hemingway uses diction to emphasize different parts of the story and bring out certain emotions from each person. For example, Hemingway uses both simple and complex words to create a balance in his writing and a more interesting read. Diction is a very important part of a passage, and some say it is what creates the difference between a good and a bad writer. By Hemingway using the words he chose carefully, he really brings the story to life and shows every aspect of how Krebs feels and changes because of the war. In the passage, one of the examples would be when Hemingway says, "His lies were quite unimportant lies and consisted in attributing to himself things other men had seen, done, or heard of, stating as facts certain apocryphal incidents familiar to all soldiers." In that one quote alone, he uses the simple words like "quite unimportant" and the more complex words like "attributing" and "apocryphal" which blend together to form that one sentence and talk about the effect of his lies.

In conclusion, Hemingway's passage fully explains the thoughts that are going through Krebs' mind during the time after

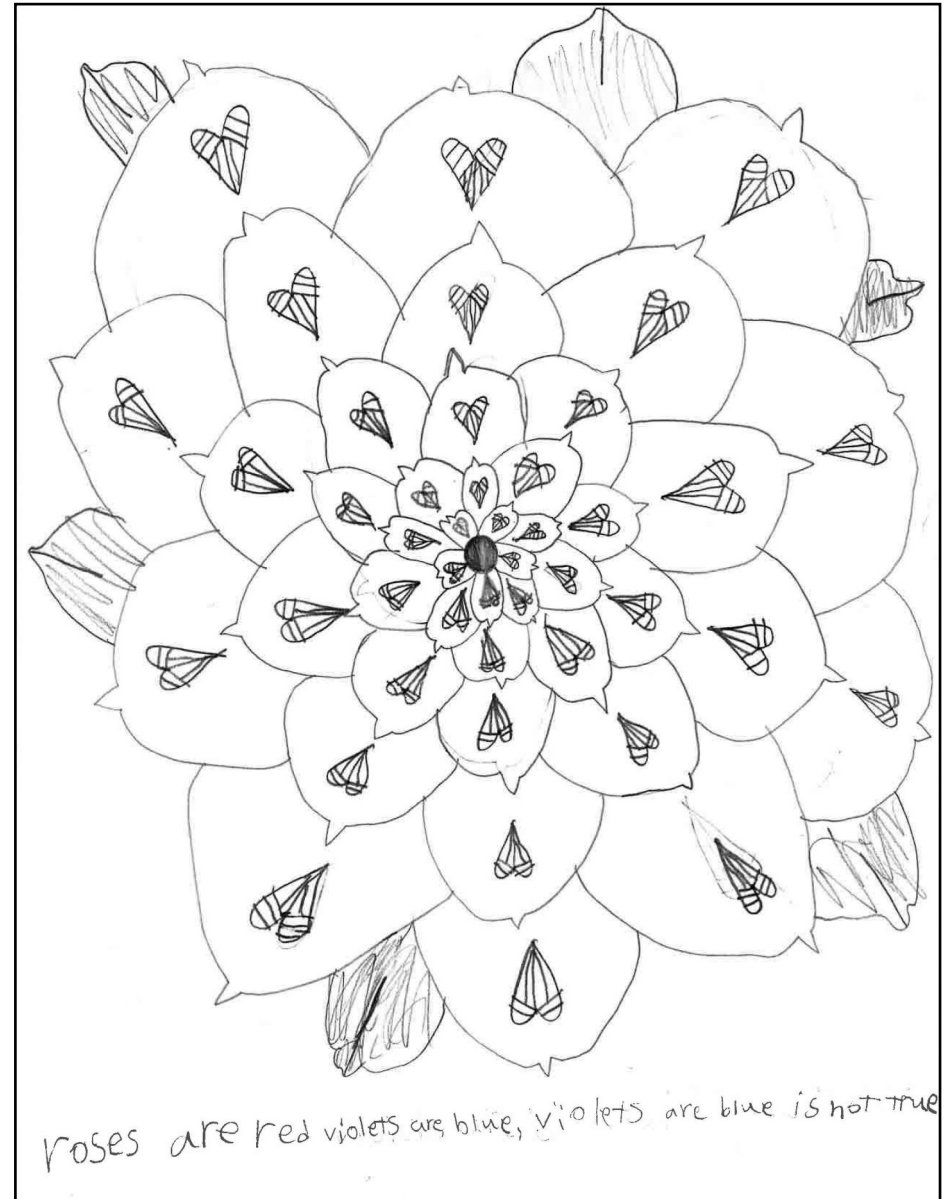
*(Continued on page 142)*

*(Continued from page 139)*

had happened to him in the war set in because of the lies he had told.” Krebs had felt the internal battle of wanting to talk about the war but having to lie to do so, only lying about the war made him regret it and caused him to not talk about the war at all.

In addition to this, Hemingway also uses dialogue to talk about Krebs’ future and shows that he isn’t really sure what to do after he gets home from the war. The conversation with Krebs’ mother starts off like any mother talking to their child about finally leaving the house. She asks if Krebs has decided what to do and when he responds, clueless and unsure of his next step, she says, “Don’t you think it’s about time?” They then discuss working in his father’s business, and at that point, Krebs is finished with the conversation and wants nothing more with it. He got frustrated and lashed out, saying he didn’t love his mother, that he didn’t love anyone. It only made things worse, and he felt awful for making his mother feel bad. In the end, Hemingway added on by saying, “He had tried so to keep his life from being complicated,” which shows that he was struggling and wanted to change how things were going at that time.

*(Continued on page 141)*



**Gabby Martz**  
 Applewood Elementary  
 Grade 2

### When I Come

When I come to their house  
my grandma gets the first hug  
my dad will drop me off  
till he comes home from work  
we usually watch a movie  
and play outside in the sun

Sweet, warm, safe  
this is my grandma  
every time I go over  
I smile cheerfully  
we bake together  
we plant together  
and her food is the best

Funny, silly, loving  
this is my grandpa  
he plays with me  
he helps me and  
he loves me more than ever

Wet, fluffy, cute  
this is my grandparents' dog  
she sheds so much she makes a whole new dog  
but I love her dearly  
Murphy, oh, you little dog  
you slurp me and lick me a lot

We say goodbye for now  
but we will be back soon  
I will always remember the fun  
times with you

**Calista Harden**  
Claggett Middle  
Grade 6

### A Soldier Never Really Comes Home: An Explanation of Ernest Hemingway's "Soldier's Home"

Ernest Hemingway's story "Soldier's Home" was written about a man, Harold Krebs, who has recently come home from the first World War and doesn't exactly get the welcome home he imagined. Being back home, he finds it challenging to get back into the swing of things and struggles with different and more personal things than he was ready for. Hemingway uses the internal conflicts, dialogue, and diction to create a sense of what is going through Krebs' mind and how his thoughts have changed because of the war.

First, Hemingway presents some internal conflicts that Krebs is currently trying to battle. When Krebs arrives home, he realizes the stories the men have been telling to the people back home are different from the things that really went on during the war. He struggles to find people that actually want to hear about his stories, because he arrived home so long after the war and everyone had already heard far better made-up stories than his real experiences. Because of this, Krebs resorts to making up stories of his own and later finds himself not wanting to discuss the war. "A distaste for everything that

*(Continued on page 140)*

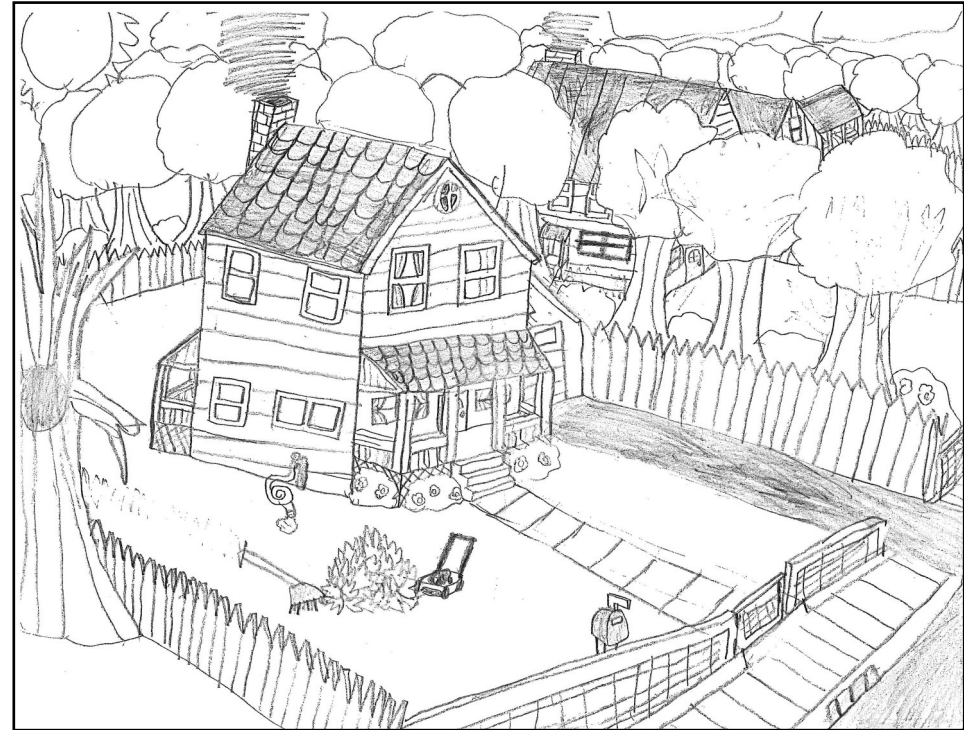
*(Continued from page 137)*

Hell to their greed  
 Hell to letting others not be freed  
 We'll find our way  
 And we'll do it without their say

**Sheyenne Liwosz**  
 Cloverleaf High  
 Grade 10



**Meghan Deighton**  
 Medina High  
 Grade 10



**Peter Howard**  
 Black River Elementary  
 Grade 5

### Minecraft

Break, break  
 Breaking blocks  
 Breaking blocks to build my house  
 To make a house as big as a mansion.

Build, build  
 Building blocks to make a house  
 With a huge aquarium made of shiny glass like ice,  
 And tons of tropical fish and salmon,  
 And my pet turtle too.

Make, make  
 Making needs  
 Like crafting tables and furnaces  
 To make picks and swords  
 And to cook food to satisfy hunger.

Chill, chill  
 Chilling in my house  
 My brand new, shiny, oak wood mansion  
 With my sea turtle  
 And my fish  
 Finally done at last.

**Olivia Korn**  
 Claggett Middle  
 Grade 6

### Civil Blood

Can you imagine fighting against your own blood?  
 Brother, father, friend  
 They all hate you  
 All those petty slave-holders hate me too  
 Well, to Hell they'll go  
 Where they'll burn nice and slow  
 But hey I don't care  
 Because the sight of free slaves will be rare  
 And don't say I'm being harsh  
 When they're the ones stabbing slaves in the arse  
 By God, I do not care  
 If they all become thin air  
 Their blood can soak the ground and turn the water red  
 And every rock around here can become their head  
 In this land we're all equal  
 But some seem to think that keeping men from being equal is legal  
 But we'll set them free  
 Us from the North will do it in our sleep  
 And they say we all have a beast  
 Lurking around in our heads and in our yeast  
 But is that a bad thing?  
 To hear that voice of the beast ring?  
 I think not  
 For my people are not going to let others rot  
 We will grow  
 Until every Southerner goes home

*(Continued on page 138)*





**Kristin Mullen**  
Highland High  
Grade 12

### **My Only Sibling**

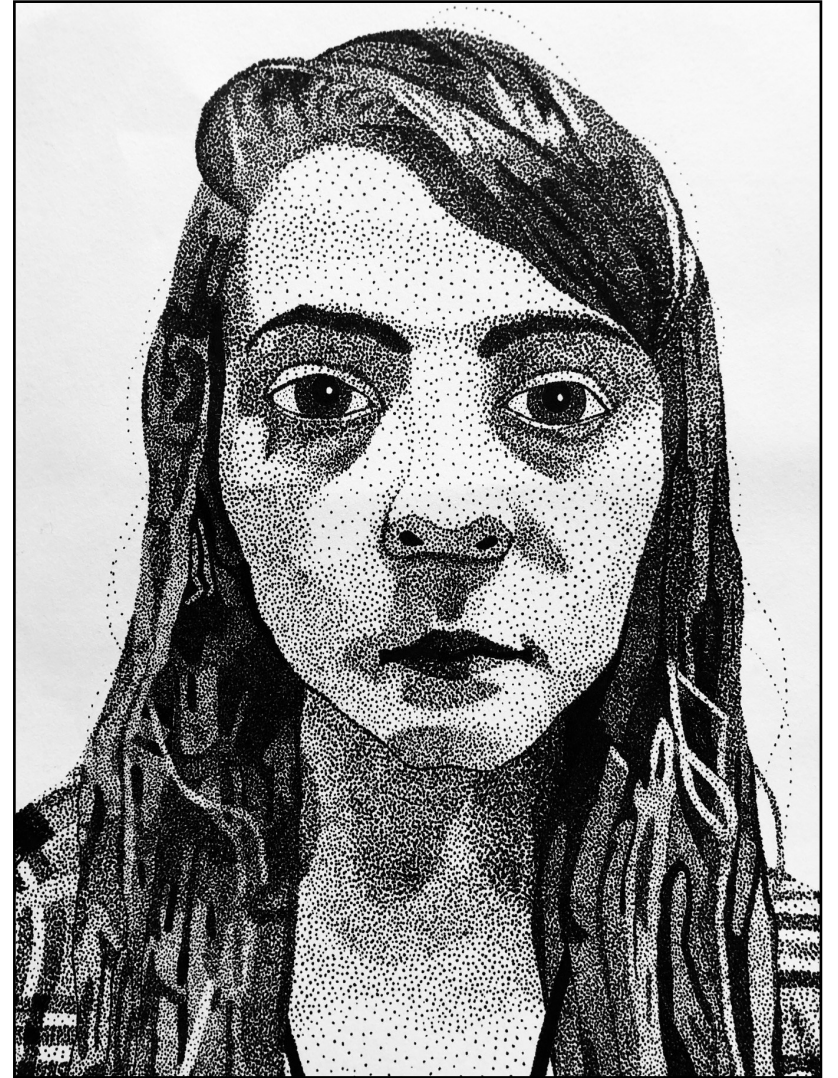
“Stop it!” I yelled. I wanted to scream. I was in another fight with my brother. Everything is great, it seems, until my brother decides to see how long it takes today for me to snap. In those moments, sometimes I wish he never was my brother, that he belonged to someone else. Or, that he simply just disappeared, leaving my day alone, my mood untouched by the bitterness of hate and anger. But late at night, when I'm lying in bed, unable to sleep, I think about what it would be like without him. Without all the annoyance that follows his path. I think about all the times I thought the terrible thoughts of not having every day, longing to have someone to come play. If I lost my only brother, if he left me, then part of my purpose would leave with him. Daughter, niece, granddaughter, cousin, but never again, a big sister.

**Madeline Beck**  
Root Middle  
Grade 6

### I'm Annoyed

I'm annoyed when my favorite team loses  
 When I fall and cover myself with bumps and cuts and  
     bruises  
 When I forget to put the sugar in when I'm making a cake  
 When I get a brain freeze from slurping a milkshake  
 I get mad when my brother blames the broken vase on  
     me  
 And when I finally finish my sandcastle and it gets  
     washed right out to sea  
     When I fail an important test  
 When my brother is being an annoying little pest  
     I get annoyed very easily  
     When people don't have the decency  
     To  
     Put the seat down  
     Wash their hands  
 Put on headphones when listening to a rock band  
     So please, my friends,  
     Far and near  
 Leave me alone for the rest of the year

**Lauren Ball**  
 Central Intermediate  
 Grade 6



**Sadie Nayman**  
 Highland High  
 Grade 12

*(Continued from page 133)*

ultimately a standard that everyone should meet in order to improve our community. It poses the general question that we should all ask ourselves, "What are you doing for others?"

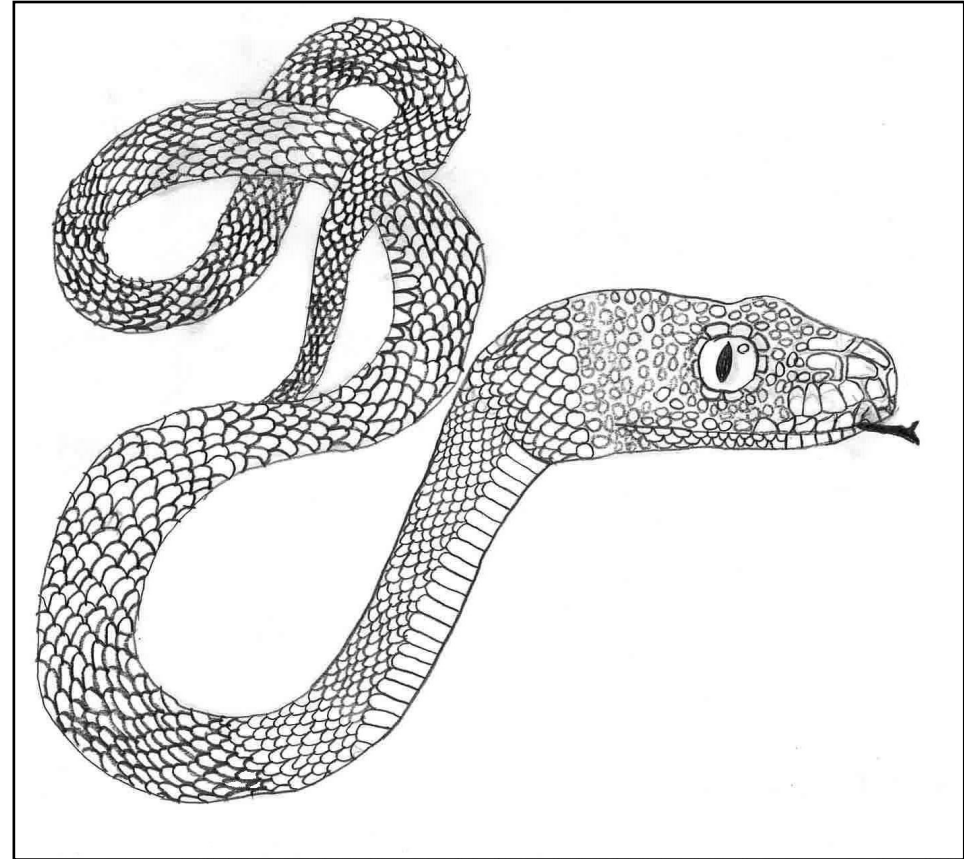
**Benjamin Wilkinson**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

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### **Separated by Time**

Separated by time  
by space  
by race  
though contrasted in texture  
in value and form  
both paint a picture of unity  
in balance and emotion  
a picture of entropy  
one vexed by the norm  
the conformity, the regular  
the other in grieving  
in toil, in conflict  
both call to all who will listen  
a mirror and yet opaque

**Benjamin Houzenga**  
Highland Middle  
Grade 8



**Anthony Palumbo**  
Huntington Elementary  
Grade 5

### Curiosity Is . . .

- Sneaking out of bed at night to look at what your pet is doing.
- Getting on your knees to look at a fly.
- Spending hours outside looking for treasure.
- Going the extra mile to learn something new.
- The cure for boredom.

**Addison Penny**  
Buckeye Intermediate  
Grade 6

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### Awkwardness Is . . .

That moment we all hate and fear

When you finish checking in with the secretary  
and you're sitting down waiting

When your mom's friend makes you play with her  
kids

That one selfie

Meeting someone new

**Addyson Shelton**  
Buckeye Intermediate  
Grade 6

Martin Luther King Jr. once proclaimed, "Life's most persistent and urgent question is, 'What are you doing for others?'" This quote perfectly epitomizes what Martin Luther King Jr. accomplished in his life. King devoted his life to the ultimate goal of equality and freedom for all, and this excerpt clearly captures that facet of his agenda. It depicts his altruistic and philanthropic lifestyle while manifesting elements of his religious upbringing. At its core, it is Doctor Martin Luther King Jr. characterized in a quote. The man who stood strong and determined and who spearheaded a boycott, day after day, for 381 days, through rain, through sweltering heat, and through the relentless animosity he faced on his journey for justice. The man who gave up his life in order to cultivate life, to cultivate culture, and provide a path for the African-American man and his rightful place in society. The man who had a dream that one day all races could live together in a peaceful nation, a dream that he helped make a reality. The man that we celebrate every year, on the third Monday of January, in remembrance for his courage and actions that embody themselves in our democracy today. This quote acts as a precedent and example that everyone should follow day to day. It promotes unselfishness and is

*(Continued on page 134)*



**Lily Coss**  
Highland High  
Grade 11

### How Hard Fifth Grade Is

Wake up in the morning and I go into beast mode,  
Check myself in the mirror so I don't get a dress code.  
Off to school. "OH NO!" I forgot my locker combo!  
I'm moving very slow, so my friends tell me, "Let's go!"  
Off to English class.

My first teacher yells out, "'Tis fifteen-minute Friday!"  
Everyone in the class shouts out, "Hooray!"  
I burst out my book and start to read.  
"Feed me more!" my brain did plead.  
Off to social studies and science.

First half of class we break into science time.  
My parents say I need to get my grades in line.  
The second part is social studies;  
I'm not paying attention because I'm talking to my buddies . . .  
Off to math.

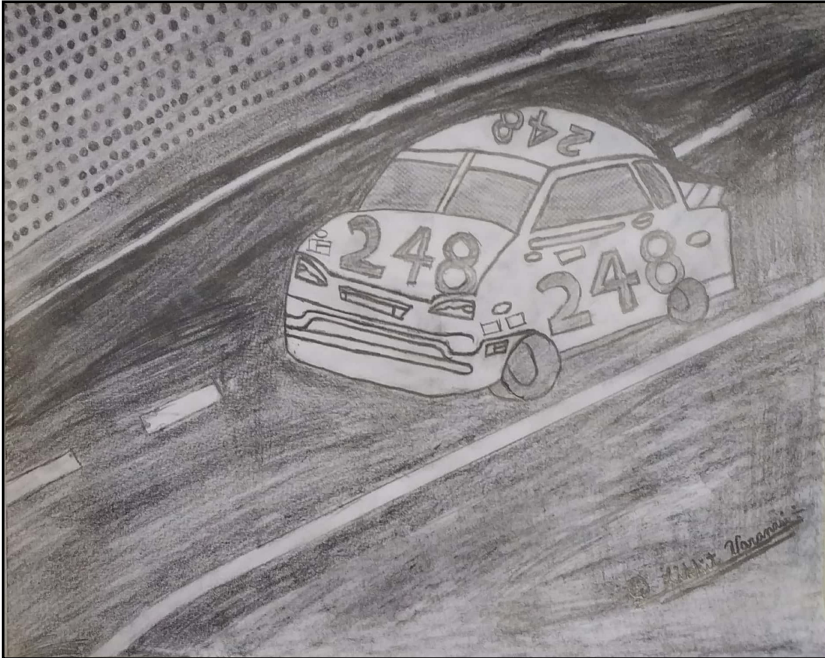
My third teacher says, "It's time to get out your lesson."  
Mine is all done - hashtag blessing!  
She says it's time to add and subtract fractions.  
Got all of them right - total satisfaction!  
I/E period signals the last part of my day . . . HOORAY!

**Cam Berg**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 5

## The Meet

rinnnnnnnnng  
 take your marks  
 beep  
 splash as I hit the water  
 kick kick kick I do  
 as I swim up for a breath  
 the cold water on my skin  
 is a fine stress reliever  
 I take a breath  
 and then I flip  
 I am last  
 but I am also the youngest  
 and I PR'ed  
 I feel as if I swam  
 as fast as a mako shark

**Calista Harden**  
 Claggett Middle  
 Grade 6



**Likhit Varanasi**  
 Cloverleaf Elementary  
 Grade 5

## Bright Green Eyes

He rang the bell, and his hands would not stop shaking. A woman opened the door, and he quickly recognized her pale skin, dark hair and green eyes, which he didn't inherit. It was a familiar look he sees in his nine-year-old daughter every time she wakes up. Big, bright green eyes.

No more dark hair in the little girl's head anymore though, since she started chemo to help with her leukemia.

The woman stared at him for a whole minute, recognizing the baby she saw for the last time, 30 years ago. He didn't know what to do, since he never forgot she gave him up for adoption so long before. But looking at those green eyes, the little girl's face came to his mind.

"I need help," he pleaded.

The woman asked him to come in, not knowing exactly what to say or do. He immediately pulled out a picture of the little girl with no hair, and showed it to her.

"Her name is Cathy. She's only nine. She's slowly dying and we can't find a matching donor."

She stared at the picture for a minute, tears slowly filling up her eyes.

"I'm sorry," the woman said. "I know you had a better life without me."

He didn't want to hear it, but the man had spent long hours searching for the woman since she could be a match for his daughter.

"She needs you," he said with an eagerness in his voice.

As more tears began to roll down her cheeks, the woman said she'll do whatever she can to help the little girl with those big green eyes, which now weren't as bright as once before.

She waited three days for the results, and she prayed that she could help this little girl as she opened the white envelope.

Not a moment later, the phone rang.

The perfect match for those green eyes had just come too late. The woman wept uncontrollably as the guilt became too much.

The man never rang the doorbell again.

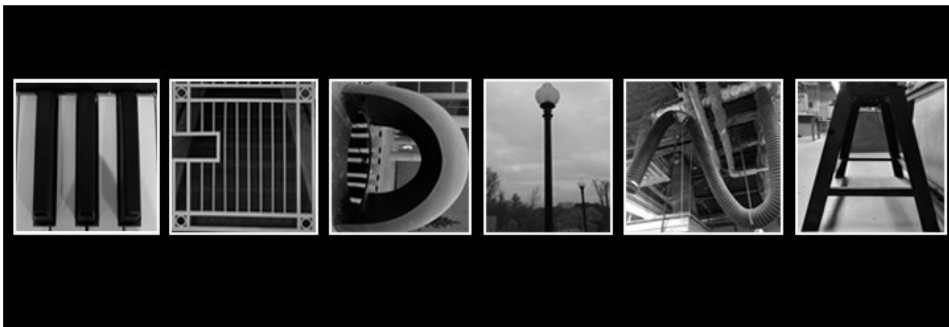
**Sarah Franceschi Ruffato**  
 Cloverleaf High  
 Grade 11

(Continued from page 129)

Who could tell me  
The future.  
No one knew if it would get better  
Or would eventually be okay.  
Not one.  
But I do know  
One thing,  
Something I know as my truth:  
I don't know if anyone  
Gets better,  
But I do know that  
It will be different.  
Nothing is permanent.  
And the only thing tomorrow promises  
Is that it will be different.

It is said  
Energy cannot be created or destroyed.  
So trust me  
When you have fallen  
For I know  
You will rise again.

**Katherine Wilkinson**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8



**Nicole Kalbrunner**  
Medina High  
Grade 12

### Racing Time

With the time right there  
for me to finish  
The time was at 15.00 seconds  
It felt as if I was racing time

As I sped up, the time got faster  
The finish line right in front of me  
The time is now at 15.36 seconds

I can't feel my legs anymore  
Breath  
Swallow  
Speed up  
Everything went numb

I wanted to stop so bad  
But I didn't  
I just pushed through  
I beat my best racing time of 15.56 seconds  
I achieved my goal  
I finally got what I wanted  
To beat my best time

**Piper Jackson**  
Claggett Middle  
Grade 6

**SPIKE**

You start at the ten-foot line  
 You take a full step towards the net  
 You take two short steps as small as twine  
 You then jump up and hit but do not fret  
 Unless you hit the net

You come down facing forward  
 You spin back one step  
 You twist the other way and take a step backward  
 You take one more step and prep  
 To play again

**Charlie Hausman**  
 Claggett Middle  
 Grade 6

**The Discovery of the Future**

All I have is today  
 And faith that tomorrow  
 Is not too far away.

I guess I can now say  
 My life revolves  
 Around the sun  
 And the hope  
 That it will rise once again.  
 Yes, I believe  
 That is what has kept me going.

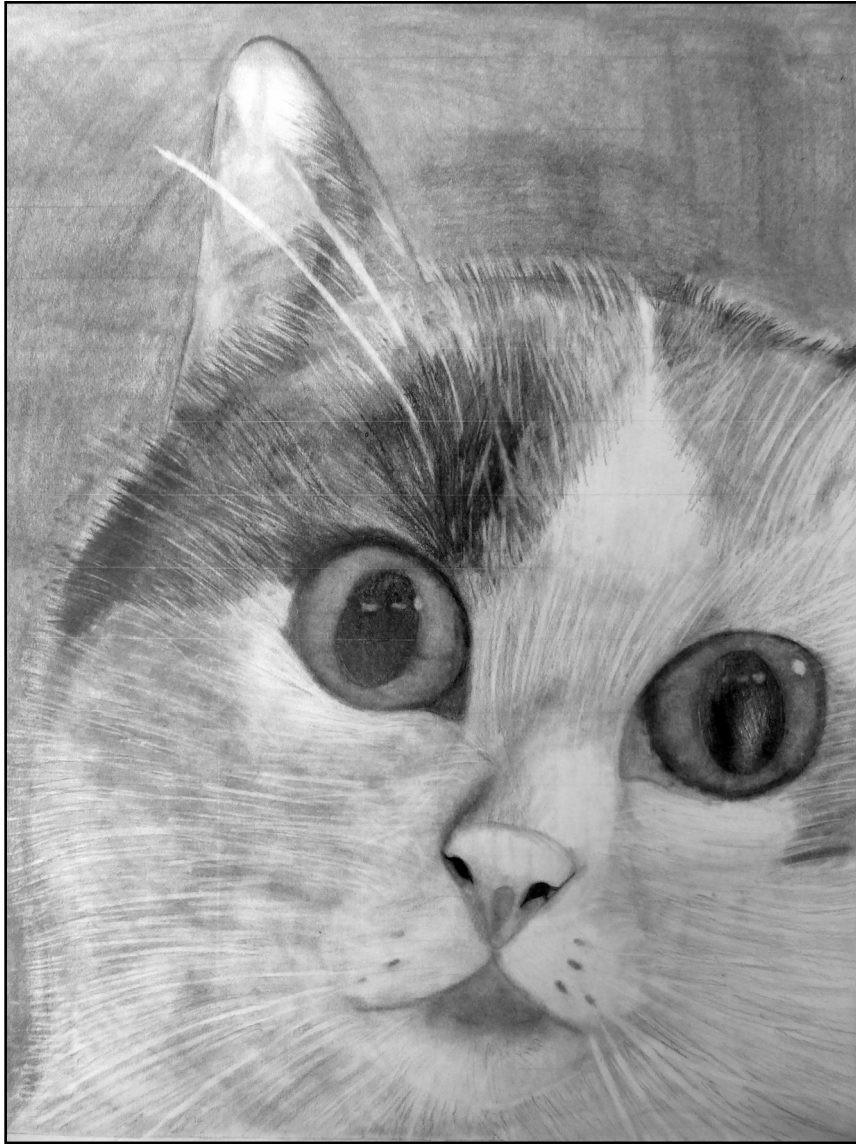
And now, I think I've reached  
 A revelation.  
 The one everyone may experience,  
 But few who understand it  
 And accept it as truth.  
 No pill will make you  
 Want to experience  
 Life to its fullest,  
 Nor will any doctor.  
 No car or piece of clothing.  
 Nothing.

People tell me,  
 "Things are going to get better."  
 And, "It will be okay."  
 It might as well  
 Be my campaign slogan.

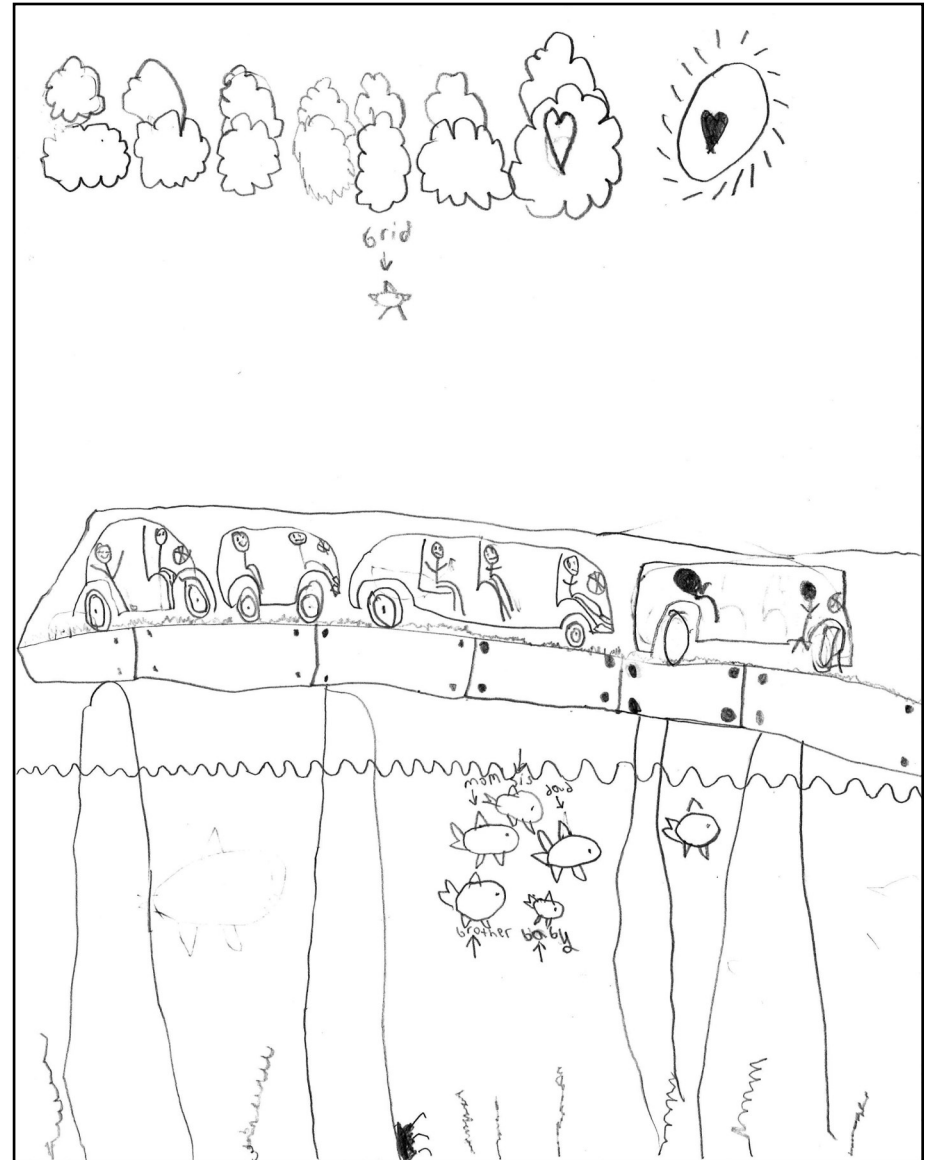
If I ever feel  
 ~presidential~  
 And I believe,  
 Strongly,  
 That these few chosen words  
 Might be the most  
 Infuriating thing  
 To ever be created by the universe.  
 Because in all of human existence,  
 I know of none

*(Continued on page 130)*





**Morgan Kocik**  
Black River High  
Grade 12



**Brayden Josefczyk**  
Applewood Elementary  
Grade 2

## Champion!

Taking deep breaths  
Laying the ball in the perfect spot  
The weight on your shoulders  
And butterflies in your stomach  
All for one kick to win it all  
The feeling of stress and despair  
Just to shoot  
Silent went the crowd  
Tweet went the whistle

Boom went the ball  
You see my leg extend to make the perfect shot  
The screaming  
The happiness  
The feeling of being on top  
When I made the shot

**Audrey Johnson**  
Claggett Middle  
Grade 6

## Soccer

Soccer is the greatest sport  
Soccer is my passion  
Fast like a cheetah  
Kick and yell  
PASS  
Sweat dripping down my face like rain  
Legs like jello

Soccer is my life  
Soccer is my heart  
The screaming of the coaches  
The adrenaline kicking in  
The pushing and shoving between two players  
The pain  
The feeling of winning  
The treasure of being a champion!

**Audrey Johnson**  
Claggett Middle  
Grade 6

*(Continued from page 126)*

performances of the Cleveland Orchestra that a majority of the attendees are elderly.

“That being said, there are a number of young and middle-aged people who are energetically participating in the music society. For example, in my high school I recently founded a Tri-M Music Honor Society chapter for students eager to take part in the musical world, which now has 60 members. As someone who actively encourages the participation of fellow students in the musical world, I know a number who vigorously attend concerts and participate in classical ensembles.”

“Right,” cut in Prokofiev, taking a sip from his glass. “I feel there will always be a select number of young people that classical music will spark an interest in. Classical music hasn’t died yet, so I have no reason to believe it will in the future.”

“Maybe part of the reason classical music hasn’t died yet is because each musical era you belonged to influenced your compositions or inspired you to develop a different musical style altogether,” I started. “Like you, Prokofiev, were constantly oppressed by the Soviet Union. However, instead of giving in to their laws that limited musical complexity, you wrote music with underlying political messages against them, no matter how many times you were threatened or your music banned.”

“And I,” began Debussy, “was considered scandalous for starting a new era of music, concerned with intense feeling and independent of any previous musical laws.”

“I composed when women were discouraged from financially supporting themselves,” Chaminade added. “Though being a woman kept my best works from the great reviews that they deserved, I still continued to compose throughout the romantic era.”

“The baroque period was particularly stifling,” Bach stated. “I was restrained from major experimentation, and to keep a job I had to write what I was told to.”

Quietness followed Bach’s statement, but it left in a fleeting instant.

“Then can we conclude that classical music, through the unique styles of each composer, will continue to live on, despite presumed fading popularity?” I questioned.

I was met with the agreement of all four great composers.

**Sadie Nayman**  
Highland High  
Grade 12

## The Musicians' Discussion

The deep mahogany panelling submerged the room in a polished glow. A single magnificent chandelier hung still from the modern ceiling, giving an ancient feeling in the long dining room. I myself was seated at the head of the table, my four guests placed deliberately close so our discussion would remain the focus of the evening. Sergei Prokofiev was seated to my left, tapping his fingers with only the slightest of arrogance. Johann Sebastian Bach sat to the sinistral side of Prokofiev, holding himself with baroque poise and discipline. Seated immediately to my right was the passive Claude Debussy, and immediately to his right was Cecile Chaminade, a woman of few words. I had picked my composer guests carefully, each one from a different music period or country for a representational conversation.

"Thank you all for consenting to join me here this evening," I began with a cordial gesture. "I have invited you all here to discuss a matter I find vital to the meaning of life. Classical music has decreased in popularity throughout the 20th and 21st centuries, but do you believe that classical music will die?"

A brief moment of silence followed this question as each guest considered this possibility.

"Might I begin by suggesting that music will always continue to evolve," Prokofiev began. "Throughout each new era, different musical sounds become popular and then fade away for the next genre of music to burst through. This is even true of classical music, which has gone through a number of periods where sounds, instruments, and styles have all changed."

"And revived," Debussy suddenly added, setting down his glass. "Musical styles such as classical pulled elements from the Renaissance style, a preceding era of music."

"Resuming the first topic of the death of classical music, I do believe classical music has recently lost popularity," Bach started. "The most popular songs are no longer the magnificent works of classical composers but, rather, of profane and amateur singers who rely on others to write melodies for them," he ended rather indignantly.

"And many melodies that the recently popular songwriters create are simplistic in style or repetitions of past melodies," Chaminade agreed, pushing her plate aside on the creamy marble dining table.

"From my perspective as a living contemporary musician, I do feel there is a depreciation of classical music in most generations," I began. "I notice how when I attend the

*(Continued on page 127)*

## On the Field

When I step onto the field, I feel the cold breeze  
on my face.

I yell at my teammates to pick up the pace.

"Be on your toes!" I yell to my team.

I really love the soccer dream.

The ball sails in the air; I run to it fast.

I dribble to the goal and have a blast.

"It's a goal," says the referee.

My teammates come to congratulate me.

Get back on defense, before they score.

Let's get some goals, we need some more.

We have the lead at the end of the half.

We have some water, a talk, and a laugh.

We run back on the field, my teammates and me.

There's no place else I would want to be.

For the rest of the half, we play our best.

We give it our all and don't ever rest.

The final whistle blows and we get the win.

I can't wait to do it again.

**Lily Shorts**

Crestview Elementary

Grade 5

**SOCCER**

Sprint score sideline

Open pass

Cleats gripping

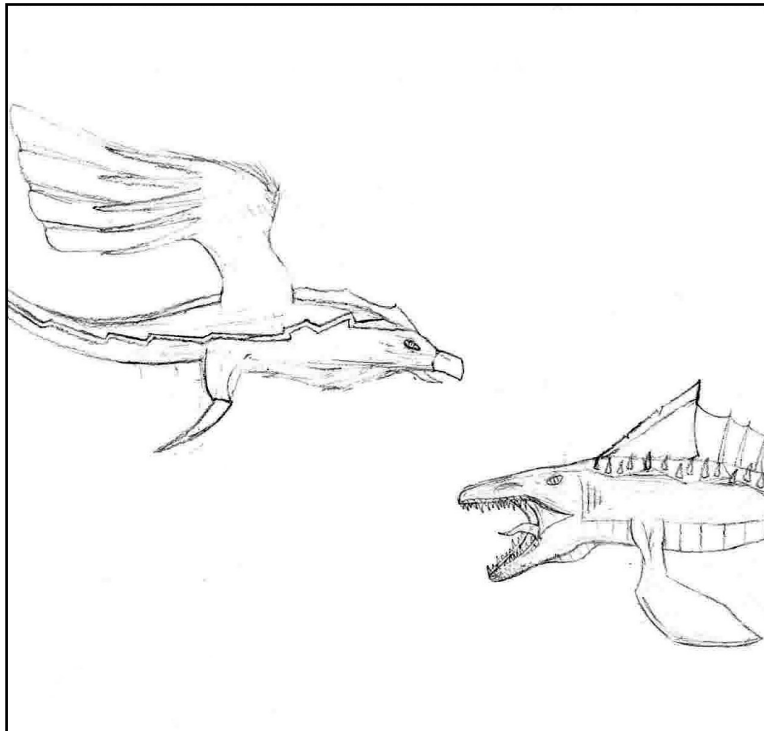
Corner kick goal

Energy excitement

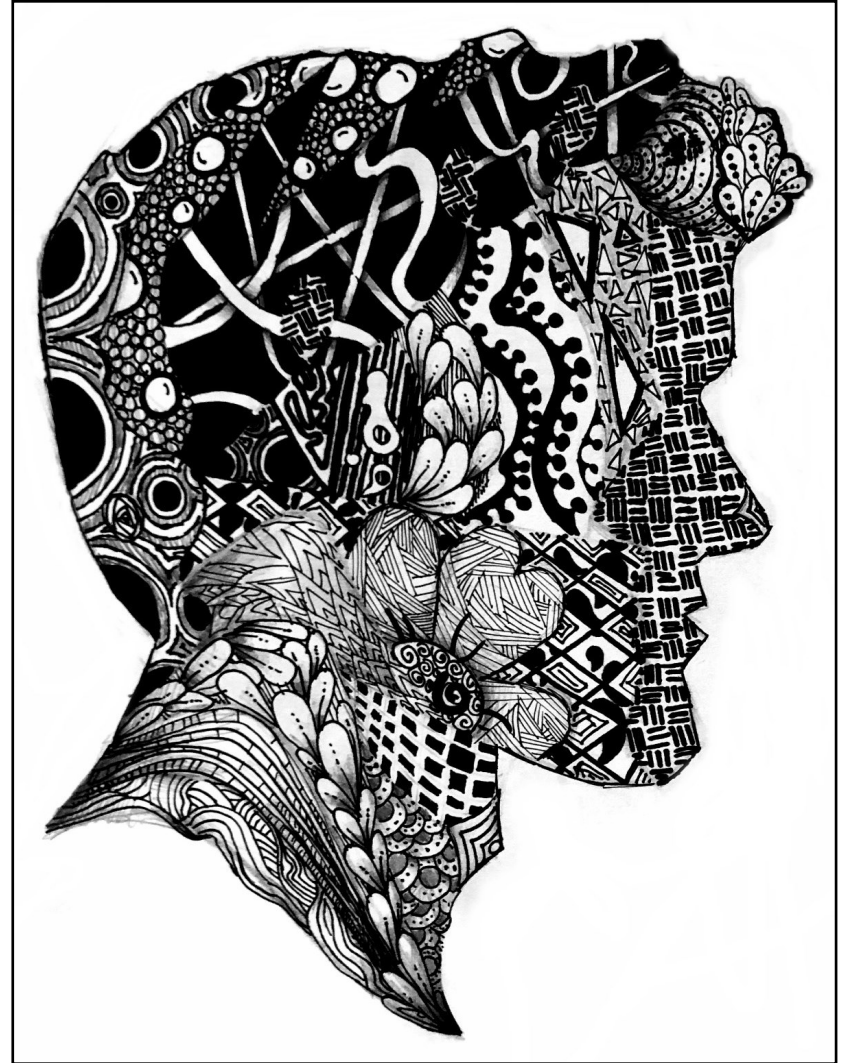
Roaring crowd

**SOCCER**

**Henry Hartman**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 5



**Alex Han**  
Huntington Elementary  
Grade 4



**Laila Odeh**  
Medina High  
Grade 9

The book series *Magnus Chase* and *Percy Jackson* mean the world to me. At first when I started reading *Percy Jackson*, I was a little skeptical. Once I began reading it more, I quickly learned that I loved it and wanted to keep reading. Two years ago I never thought I'd be reading as much as I am now. One of the biggest reasons I read as much as I do is because in sixth grade, my language arts teacher got me started reading with the *False Prince* series. I was hooked!

“Even strength has to bow down to wisdom sometimes.”- Annabeth Chase. This is a quote from my favorite character in *Percy Jackson*. Annabeth Chase is a Greek demigod, daughter of Athena. I admire Annabeth because after everything she and her friends went through, they persevered and overcame it all. Annabeth once had a broken ankle, and she was able to trick a monster that was trying to kill her into a trap that the monster had made.

“I will decide what is manly, unmanly, womanly, or unwomanly for me.”- Alex Fierro. This is a quote from my favorite *Magnus Chase* character. Alex Fierro is a Norse demigod, a child of Loki. I admire Alex because the character is gender-fluid and simply doesn't care what anyone thinks. Alex is sarcastic in a really hilarious way. All of Alex's friends are really cool with Alex being gender-fluid and treat her/him like anyone else.

I love these types of books because much of the time I can relate to the events that happen metaphorically. I also like these books because they're so entertaining and fun to read. These books are worth the time to read. I highly recommend this series. The *Magnus Chase* and *Percy Jackson* books have taught me about different mythologies that I never would have looked into otherwise.

**Addison Young**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7

## The Final Bowl

I take a look at the scoreboard  
I am getting beat by 15  
And it is my final bowl.

I grab my ball  
Once and for all  
Trying to make the perfect angle  
Aiming down the lane.

I wait for silence  
My parents waving and cheering me on  
And then I throw the ball.

It rolls down the wooden lane  
THUD! THUD! THUD!  
It goes down as I watch  
And then slices through the pins like a piece of cake.

The crowd goes wild  
As the pins leap triumphantly in the air  
As I look at the crowd  
The other bowlers have their faces down.

I give them a handshake  
And they say, “Good game”  
I take another ball and throw it down the lane  
And I win the game.

**Jacob Laps**  
Claggett Middle  
Grade 6

### **My Adventure Out There**

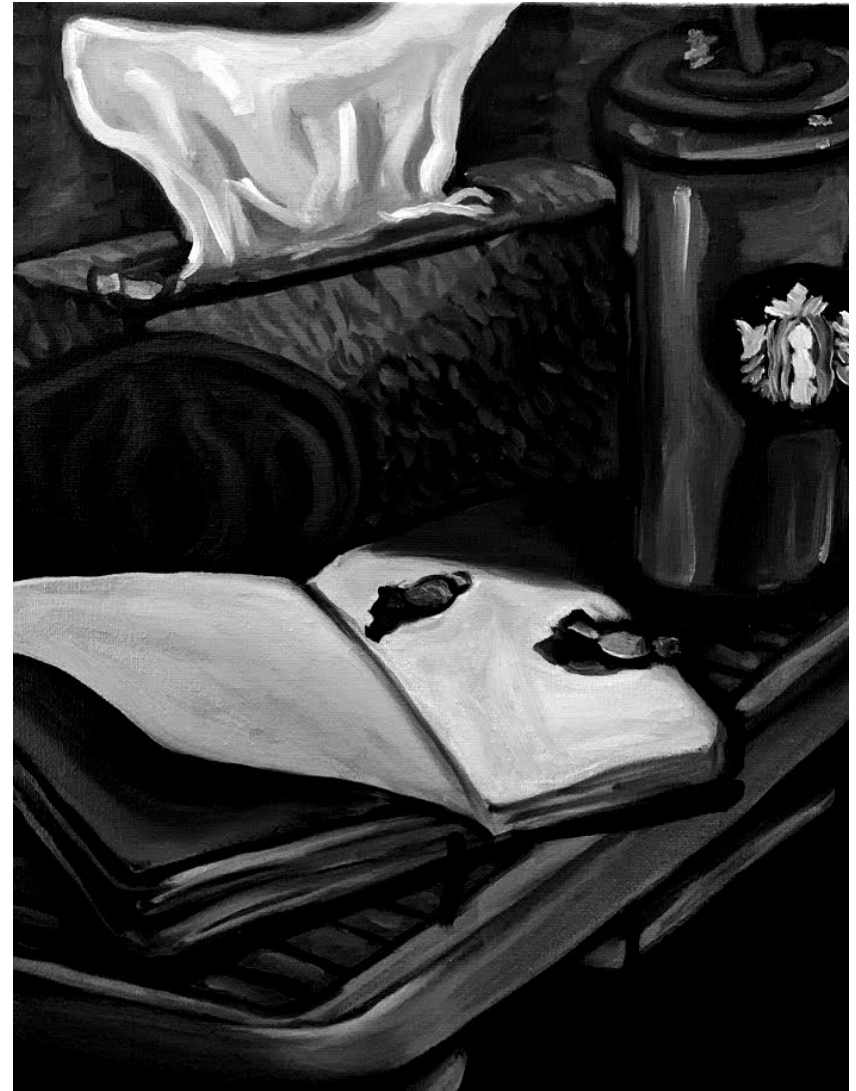
Raging wars I hear outside,  
or maybe just the orc that died.

A wolf attack, I'll take it out,  
Or an ambush,  
I scream, "Watch out!"

I won the battle, acting smug,  
Oh no, my mom just pulled the plug!

Although I'm filled nonstop with sorrow,  
I'll play again first thing tomorrow!

**Zakai Miller**  
Claggett Middle  
Grade 6



**Diana Rice**  
Cloverleaf High  
Grade 12

### Spoilers

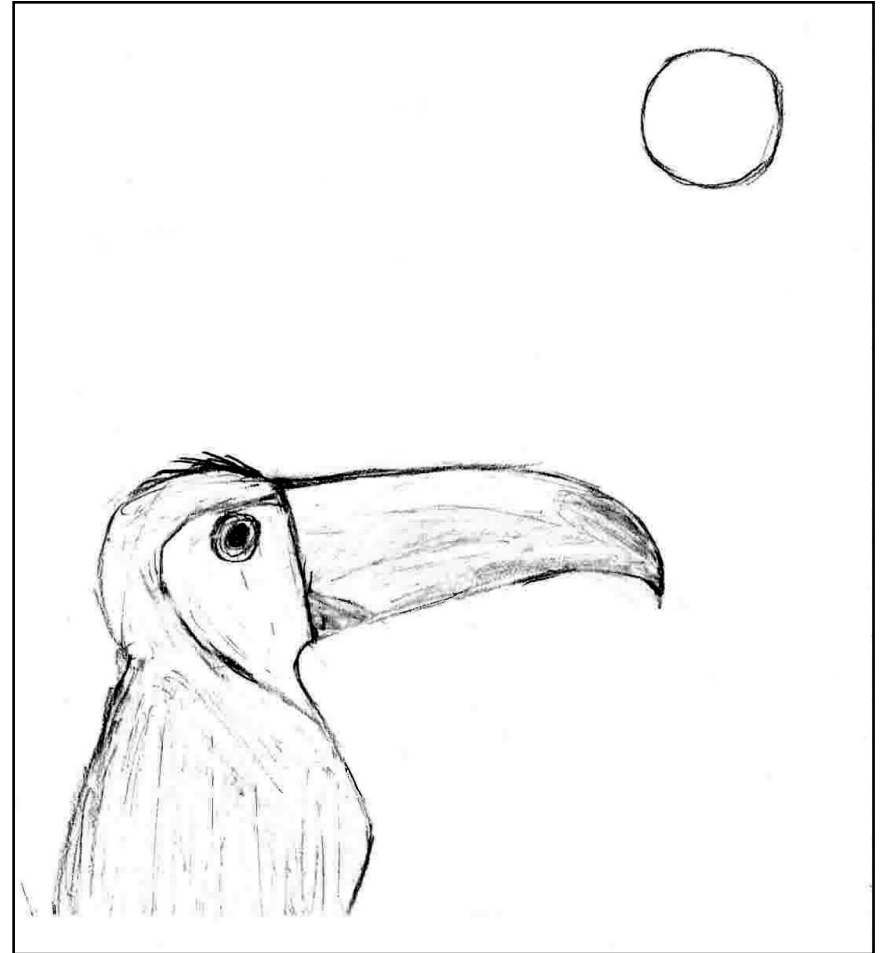
Trying to read my book,  
But I can't help to look.  
Tempted to read the last page,  
Wondering if she will ever escape the cage.

The character begins to cry,  
Hoping she can escape the lie.  
Heart pounding, mind racing,  
Nervously I find myself pacing.

I can no longer resist,  
Can right and wrong coexist?  
I read the last phrase,  
This has me left in a daze.

I wish I could go back,  
But knowing how much self-control I lack,  
I doubt anything would change.  
To the library I go for another exchange!

**Lexi Dunn**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8



**Alex Han**  
Huntington Elementary  
Grade 4

## Two Sides to Every Story

I woke up one morning thinking about snow. Snow-covered streets and snow-coated sidewalks. Houses covered with so much snow that it was almost as if their rooftops were made of it.

But when I looked outside, there were not shimmering icicles suspended from the bare tree branches. No ice coating the fronts of homes so that when a child looks out the window, everything sparkles. No, when I looked outside, all I saw was brown and grey slush spinning off the tires of cars and melting into dirty puddles so big you couldn't avoid them.

Or think about a big gust of wind. Wind can carry a child's kite through the sky so gracefully, but it can also wrap a person up in cold air and snow flurries, preventing them from walking ahead.

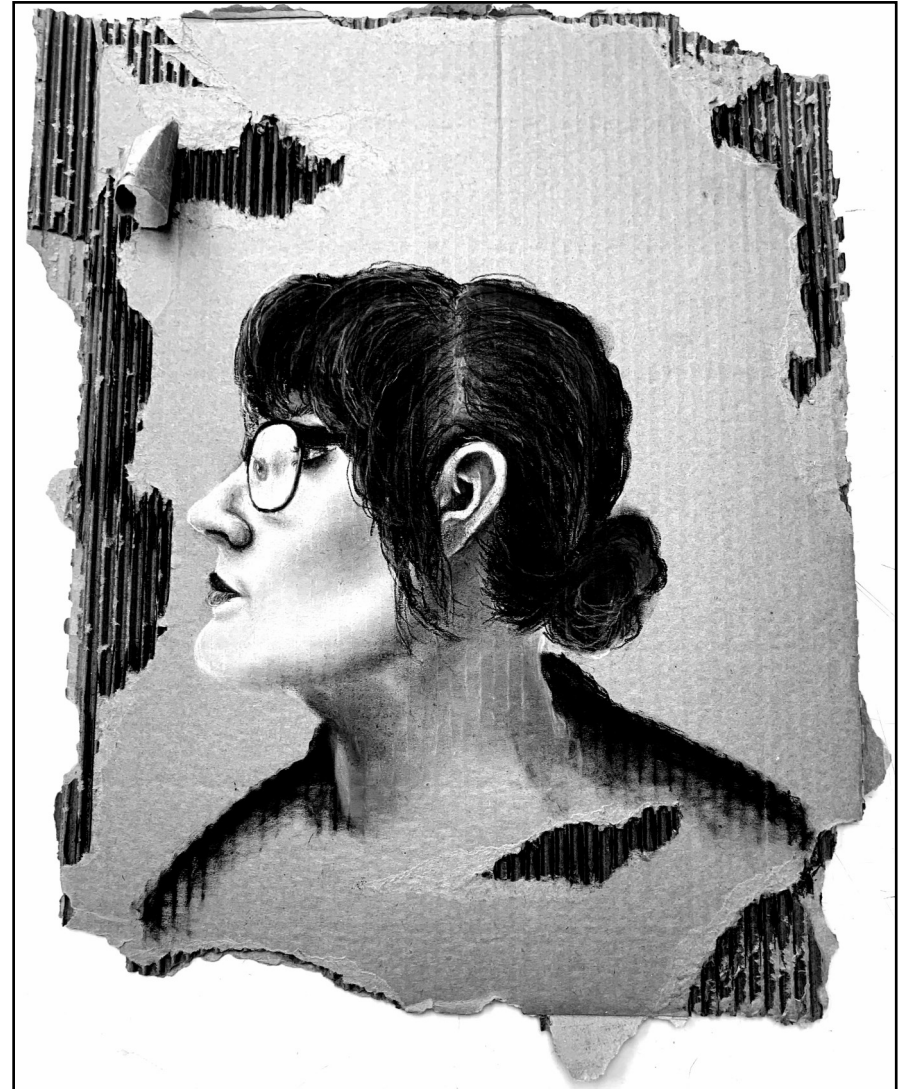
It's like life's problems. A simple math problem is easy and can sometimes be fun. But a real world problem grows to be so big sometimes, that even a person living in a hole in the ground all their life couldn't avoid it.

The way someone sees something all depends on the day that they are having or the way they think about things. It would be easier if everyone saw things the same way, no in-between. But life isn't easy. Everything is different to everyone. I guess it's kind of like when people say there are two sides to every story. I see it one way . . . you see it another.

So it was for me one morning. The town dance was in a week and I refused to go. My friends didn't understand why, even though I'd explained my reasons many times. They all had dates, and I did not. But my friends thought differently. They said that I would regret it if I did not go and that if I missed it, I may never have that chance again.

Which is why, twenty years later, I'm happy I went with their side of the story. Because even though there's a chance you'll miss something by not going, there's a better chance you'll find something special. Even if it is on the other side of your story.

**Mya Kosar**  
Root Middle  
Grade 6



**Kaeley Sandor**  
Highland High  
Grade 12



(Continued from page 119)

“Last night Martha had a massive heart attack. She went to the hospital, but sadly didn’t make it.” She paused. “Anyway, she wanted me to give you this box, said it was important.”

She pushed the box toward me and got up and left. I sat there in shock for a while, looking up and hoping to see Martha standing there, hoping that it was all a game, a prank, hoping she’d walk over with my lemonade and ask how my day went.

I stared at the box but couldn’t bring myself to open it. It was like my body froze, shut down. I couldn’t move. My vision began to blur and I realized I was crying, sobbing actually. But why? It’s not like Martha was family, at least not genetically. Why am I crying now, but I didn’t at my actual grandma’s funeral?

Martha treated me like family. She treated me better than my own family. And she treated me better than the people at school. When everyone else thought I was weird, Martha thought I was special and that everyone else just couldn’t see it like she could.

Hours went by before I wiped the tears from my eyes and saw the box clearly for the first time. On the top in black lettering it said, “*To Athena: When life gives you lemons, make lemonade.*” I remember she told me that the first time I came into the diner and ordered a lemonade.

I opened the box. Inside were hundreds of book covers from every book I’ve ever read. From *Moby Dick* to *Charlotte’s Web*, if you could name it, it was in there. I smiled and laughed a little. I can recall asking her multiple times what she did with the covers and she always told me the same thing, “You’ll find out someday, but until then, I’d like to keep the element of surprise.”

I put all the covers back into the box and put the lid back on it. Then I gathered up all my things and made my way to the front, box in hands. I walked out of the diner and took one last look, because I was never coming back again.

**Grace Burnham**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

### A Free Verse Poem

I have to write a free verse poem  
I don't know what to do  
I thought to ask a gnome  
He said you need rhymes and stanzas  
And it might be a bonanza.

It will be very calm and relaxing  
You may be chillaxing  
or laying  
or playing  
or eating curds and whey  
or playing in hay.

I'll also need a name  
Oh such a very fun game  
To find a name for this poem  
I should go ask the gnome.

He'll say okay  
Let's go away  
Very very far away  
To a place full of grace  
and wonderfulness too  
And it will be so exciting I might just ask you

**Grant Swigonski**  
Huntington Elementary  
Grade 5

### A Windy City

A Windy City is what they say,  
 A place for children to laugh and play,  
 There's the Millenium Park, the Willis Tower that you could see  
 today,  
 You could see the Bulls dominate the court,  
 And the Cubs' season get cut short,  
 And with all the walls covered in graffiti,  
 There is so much to do in this amazing city.

**Jude Kapusinski**  
 Central Intermediate  
 Grade 6

### My Long-Lost Glasses

Glasses, glasses slide down my nose.  
 Glasses, glasses headed down toward my toes.  
 Glasses, glasses, what can I say?  
 You are dirty almost every day.  
 Now you are stuck in the case,  
 No longer on my face.

Lucky for me, you are now long gone,  
 I don't even see you at dawn.  
 Now I wear contacts.  
 How do you feel, my long-lost glasses?  
 Away in the past  
 Only nine months  
 You didn't last.  
 Sorry, my long-lost glasses.

**Avery Neville**  
 Central Intermediate  
 Grade 6

### Martha's Diner

I sat in the corner booth of the diner, like I did every day, waiting for Martha to take my order. She was an old, short woman who looked like she could drop dead at any moment, but she was the only one I would talk to. There were about twelve other workers, but none of them dared to venture over to my corner spot, Martha made sure of it.

I've been coming to the same diner every day after school for as long as I can remember. I've seen people come and go, and workers leave, but Martha's always been here and she always says, "The only way I'm leaving this place is in a casket."

I have my legs spread out across the cushion. I have plenty of room because I'm short like Martha, but I'm thinner than her and much younger too, obviously. I'm also reading one of her books, it's old and the cover is ripped off, so I have no idea what it's called. Martha's weird that way. She rips off all the book covers for me because she wants it to have an element of surprise. I honestly don't see the point, but I don't question her about it.

I look up to see Martha waddling over to me, our eyes meet and she smiles.

"Hello darling, the usual?" She says in her sweet southern voice.

I nod.

She walks away and minutes later comes back with my lemonade and bagel. To many it seems like an odd combination, but not to Martha and me.

The next day I walk into the diner and do the same old routine, sit down in the corner, read, and wait for Martha. Only today was different because I waited for about 30 minutes and Martha still hadn't come over. I thought maybe they were busy, but from looking around I wondered how they managed to stay in business all these years. There was only one other person, an old gentleman sitting at the bar drinking a cup of coffee.

Eventually, a woman, looking about 30 with long black hair, came over to me. She sat down across from me and put a large brown box on the table between us. At this point, I was equally as concerned as I was uncomfortable.

"Your name's Athena, right?" she asked, her voice was rough and low, unlike Martha's.

"Yeah, why?"

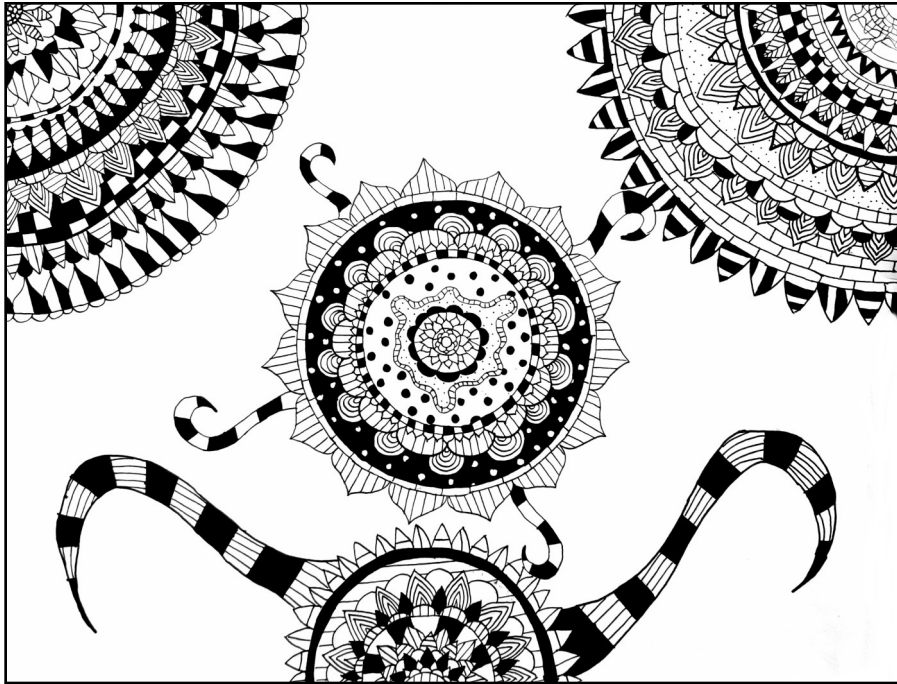
She cleared her throat and began to talk.

*(Continued on page 120)*

*(Continued from page 117)*

I want to write a poem  
 But I don't know what to write  
 Maybe I'll write about a golem  
 That comes alive in the night.

**Ethan Snyder**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 8



**Mercedes Watson**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 8



**Brianna Sifers**  
 Black River Elementary  
 Grade 5

### Tilly and the Time Machine

Tilly was waiting deep inside the minty green brush. She desperately needed the National History Museum to close. She checked one of her many spy gadgets and it said the building was empty. So she decided to move in, but when she tried the door, it would not budge. "Darn it, I'm going to get caught," she thought aloud. But once she had taken a closer look at the lock, she saw it was a simple security lock and figured it could be easily picked. Tilly worked with the lockpick diligently and fast. She had almost got it when something in the bushes moved and startled her so terribly that she jammed the lockpick all the way through the last level.

Tilly looked over only to discover her best friend, Stephanie, crouching down in front of the bush. Tilly ignored Stephanie and stepped inside the museum, only to find a laser-covered hallway. Tilly certainly hadn't accounted for this. They needed a plan and quickly! Tilly could hear Stephanie bouncing along behind her. Tilly knew it was almost daylight, and she laid down on her stomach and quickly slid across the floor. Stephanie was quick to try and follow, but she hit one of the beams. Suddenly the beams of red light disappeared and security alarms sounded throughout the building.

Tilly grabbed Stephanie's arm and jerked her through several different hallways. As they turned the next corner, that's when something very strange happened. Out of nowhere a dome, the shade of silver, appeared in front of them. Tilly started to panic, with no way to go forth, and they certainly could not go back. She stepped into the dome, pulling Stephanie in behind her. Then the dome started to become invisible. Tilly panicked as the world went dark. Suddenly she was glancing at her spy watch that read empty. Could she have gone back in time? Surely she had, because Stephanie was nowhere around. Then suddenly the bushes started to rustle as the night restarted.

**Lillian Love**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6

### I Want to Write a Poem

I want to write a poem  
 But I don't know what to write  
 Maybe I'll write about a golem  
 That comes alive in the night.  
  
 What about a monster  
 Who tried to make a friend  
 He wanted a helicopter  
 But did not know how to ascend  
  
 Or maybe even a pirate  
 Who's always searching for booty  
 He would always admire it  
 Until the treasure lost its beauty  
  
 But wait there's more  
 I have a good idea  
 What about a dinosaur  
 Who lived in Korea

*(Continued on page 118)*



**Allison Horner**  
Medina High  
Grade 12

## Simple Story

This is just a simple story, and I am just a simple narrator. Our story starts with a simple town called Uncreative Town. This town has a row of cookie-cutter rectangular homes, a sun that is always in the corner of the sky, and lots of stick people. "Um, excuse me."

"Who are you?"

"Sorry, this story just seems a bit, well ya know . . . boring," the unknown narrator said.

"Boring, preposterous! This town is not boring!" Simple Narrator said.

". . . Sorry Simple Narrator, sir, but do you mind if I take over for just a minute?" the unknown narrator asked.

"Why, yes, I do mind! I don't even know your name!" Simple Narrator exclaimed.

"I am Creative Narrator," Creative Narrator said.

"Well, I suppose you can take over, but just for a minute!" Simple Narrator said begrudgingly.

"Thank you!" Creative Narrator said thankfully.

"Eh umh, sorry, just clearing my throat. I am Creative Narrator. Now this town may look like an uncreative, boring town, but all of a sudden a giant monster with 17 tentacles the size of the moon shows up, and then Batman appears, and it starts raining gold coins, and, um, after that, flying cars start having races around Mars, and, and, and next . . ."

"What is going on?!?!?"

"Oh, why hello, Simple Narrator."

"Let me narrate. I can still fix this disaster."

"Okay, let me just add one last thing . . . Simple Narrator gets eaten by the monster," Creative Narrator said.

"Wait, what? But I created this story," Simple Narrator said as the monster ate him.

Finally, a giant black hole opened up and swallowed the universe, except Simple Town to commemorate the simple narrator.

**Drake Bradley**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6



**Haley Madak**  
 Buckeye Intermediate  
 Grade 6

## THE TRIP

### Friday

I sit in the car  
 wondering  
 how far we are  
 from the campsite  
 when finally  
 we arrive.

That night  
 sitting  
 around the fire  
 I look forward  
 towards the rest of the trip.

### Saturday

I sit in the tent  
 wondering  
 how long it will be  
 until we can go  
 hiking up the hill.

That night  
 sitting  
 around the fire  
 tired from the hike  
 I look forward  
 towards the rest of the night.

### Sunday

I sit in the car  
 wondering  
 how the trip  
 could go so fast.

That night  
 sitting  
 In my bed  
 I look forward  
 towards going camping again.

**Tanner Sir Louis**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 7



### Lashana the Llama

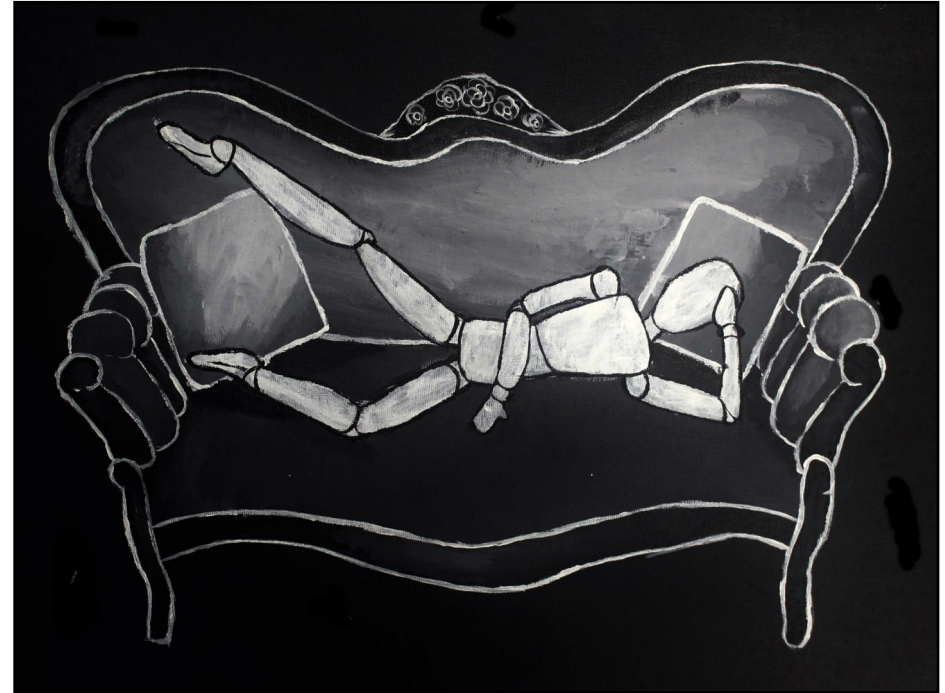
One day, there was a llama named Lashana. Lashana was lying in bed when she saw a llama being bullied. Lashana was sad that the little llama was being bullied. Lashana knew she needed to do something about it. So, she decided to go down there and tell that bully to stop bullying the little llama. When she did, the big llama went up to her and told her that she was ugly and the bully slapped her in the face. Lashana was very sad; she ran all the way back home. She didn't notice that while she was running, the little llama was running in the opposite direction, so they both got away from the bully.

It was the next night, and Lashana looked out her window and she saw the little llama being bullied again. Lashana wanted to go back down there, but she knew she would get hit and bullied again. So, she stayed in her house.

It had been a week since this started and Lashana decided it was time for it to stop. When it was time for school, Lashana went to her teacher and told her teacher that a little llama was being bullied. She told her teacher what the big llama looks like and what the little llama looks like. Her teacher said she would take care of it. A few days later, Lashana looked out her window and saw the little llama wasn't being bullied anymore. Lashana knew the little llama was safe and not being bullied anymore.

**Be like Lashana. You can make a difference.  
Nobody should be bullied. Tell an adult.**

**Jessica Schneider**  
Crestview Elementary  
Grade 5



**Charlie Marks**  
Medina High  
Grade 10





**Jordyn Gest**  
Black River High  
Grade 11

## Rhyming

Why is rhyming so hard  
It makes me put down my guard  
I really hate rhyming  
It makes me start crying  
With my paper and pencil  
My favorite writing utensil  
I make lots of dots  
For the *Inkspot*  
But through this all  
I'm still trying to install  
My rhyming dictionary

**Connor Gaugler**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6

---

## Writer's Block

I have terrible writer's block.  
My imagination just won't unlock.  
I've had this condition often enough,  
When I just cannot think of stuff.  
I try my best to be inventive,  
But I don't have an incentive.  
Writer's block is the worst,  
It makes my head just want to burst!  
An inkling, a thought, a misconception,  
Anything's better than this awful possession.

**Jacquelyn Manion**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6

### What to Write

My teacher said it could rhyme, so I was thinking to do it about time or maybe a spine, but spines are a bit too gross.

So how about a big red boat with some quotes; maybe even a goat could be on the boat.

The goat will eat oats while on the boat.

No, that is a little weird, and I don't think I could kick it into high gear.

What if I write about deer? They are so cute and sweet, nothing can beat how sweet they are to meet.

Too bad Sarah beat me to it, this is so unfair.

My teacher notices I need some help.

She tells me to write about a different era.

Now that I could kick into high gear, but that's not my own, so back to the drawing board I must go.

Maybe my story could be about a fjord or how to reach glory.

This is all taking so much time. I wish I knew how to rhyme.

Hey, wait just a second; time, what a great choice.

I could write pages of how long it takes to climb an American beech tree.

Ok, it is decided. I will write about time. Oh, wait, that's what I started with.

What a waste of time; hey, this whole thing rhymes.

Still a waste of time.

**Allison Bartiromo**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6

*(Continued from page 110)*

kids' dances, which was fun. By the end of the night, the football team had once again lost, but the band still cheered all the way back up to the band room. My buddy said goodbye to me, and I went to my friends that were in marching band and told them that I had changed my mind. That night, when I got home, I told my mom, who had been a guard member, that I had fun and that I wanted to do it. She was ecstatic.

Sure enough, the next year I joined and it changed my life. I became friends almost immediately with people that had been in my grade for years that I had never talked to. I also gained a family with the trumpets, who welcomed me with open arms. It even helped me open up to people more to get more friends, something that used to be very hard for me to do. Joining also placed me in my first leadership role, as this year I was named section leader, which is a big responsibility. The marching band is the best part of my high school career so far, and it all happened because of one night of fun.

**Riley Benko**  
Cloverleaf High  
Grade 11

## The Night Marching Band Changed My Life

Running into the high school band room at 5:00, which was late, on Eighth Grade Night, I thought nothing of joining the high school marching band next year. I thought the same as my buddy, Gabi Stefanko, found me and took me to the practice field to practice “Shake It Off” and “Don’t Stop Believin.” Waiting for the high school kids to put their uniforms on, I was more focused on the next cross country meet than the performance that night. By the end of the night, though, I would make a decision that completely turned my high school experience in a different direction.

Heading into the stadium, with the marching band members screaming cadences and us eighth-graders trying to keep up, we entered to a small crowd on the rickety wooden stands. We set our things in the metal band stands, off to the side of the regular stands, and got ready to perform pregame. I was getting pretty nervous at this point, as my buddy was a section leader, which meant she was right up front, which meant that I was too. Once the band got announced, we headed onto the field and played the school’s fight song, the national anthem, and the school’s alma mater before departing the field for the start of the game.

Sitting next to Gabi in the stands, I was relatively quiet, as back then I was a very antisocial person. As the game went on, the band cheered and sang together as one big family. Sitting there, I realized that this was something that wasn’t seen on the cross country team. As the half continued, I thought about how much more fun marching band looked than cross country, and I thought that I could change my mind. I decided to wait until after the halftime performance to decide, as that was the real performance. With a few minutes left in the second quarter, we went down to get ready for the performance. When halftime rolled around, we waited for the band to perform part of their show before we came out and did our bit. Once we came onto the field and performed and danced with the music, I knew that I wanted to be a part of this organization when I went into high school.

The rest of the game was filled with fun. The band played “Hang on Sloopy,” as well as “The Hey Song,” which became even better by the trombone players performing their “haircuts,” which is a very coordinated move that involves the players almost hitting each other with their instruments. We cheered with the cheerleaders and just tried to keep up with the marching band

*(Continued on page 111)*

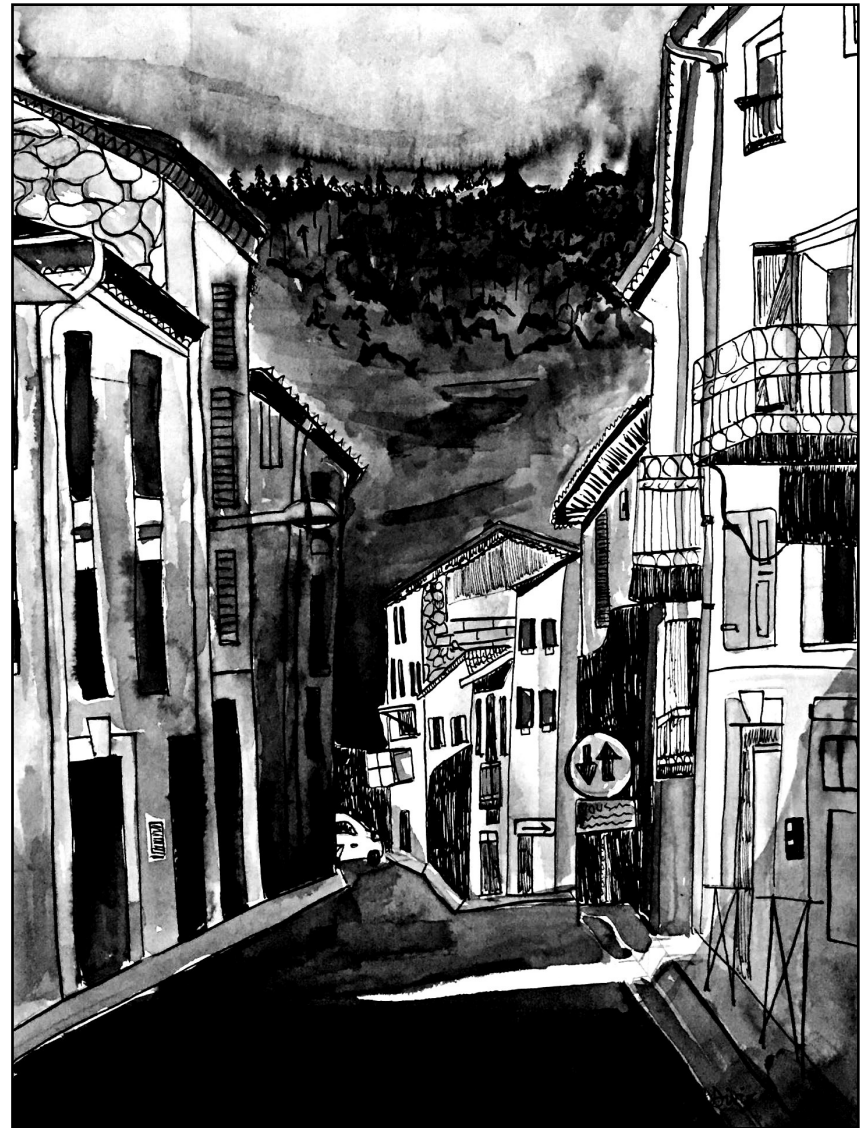


**Avery Plesec**  
Applewood Elementary  
Grade 2

### Getting Lost in a Book

It's a hot summer day.  
 You are flying through the air on a broomstick.  
 You feel the wind rushing through your hair and the feeling is fantastic.  
 You glide smoothly upwards to avoid a large tree.  
 You feel the need to impress your friends by trying to perform a trick . . .  
 You attempt to do a loopy loop, and you don't do it correctly, so you fall off your broomstick!  
 You feel the adrenal from the air flooding onto your face, and you are starting to feel light-headed!  
 You are rushing down to the ground several feet per second!  
 Most of your friends are trying to perform a spell that will help you land safely.  
 Hermione Granger figured out what spell to use and performed it correctly, causing you to land safely without being injured.  
 You thank Hermione, and some of your friends are shouting to you, "That was so cool!" While others are telling you, "Are you serious! You could have gotten extremely hurt if it weren't for Hermione saving the day once again!"  
 Oh, did I mention you got lost reading Harry Potter once again?

**Sienna Lucci**  
 Central Intermediate  
 Grade 6



**Alexis Divis**  
 Highland High  
 Grade 11

### So Close

When you're so close and the buzzer goes off,  
 when the time runs out  
 and you're only one basket behind,  
 that leaves a sour taste in my mouth.

When your team has a runner stranded on third  
 with two outs  
 and the game on the line,  
 the batter has two strikes  
 and watches a ball go by for strike three,  
 to end the game,  
 that makes my teeth cringe.

When we have one shot left to get the ball up  
 so that we can spike it back over  
 to get a point,  
 and you dive for it and miss,  
 that's like nails on a chalkboard.

When you pitch a great game  
 and you end up tying  
 when you were up by three runs,  
 that's like your phone getting cracked.

But you have to learn how to cope with losing or  
 failing.  
 You have to fail to succeed.  
 You don't always win in life.  
 Failure is why people succeed in life.

**Katherine Demiter**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 8

### Parent Rule #236~ Never Bounce Balls in the House

Reason Adults Tell You:  
 You'll break something.

The Truth:  
 It creates a black hole!

Long ago, balls were the most high-tech gadget. From soccer balls to bouncy balls, all balls were powerful. For example, when you bounced one in the house, it would create a portal! But then, there was a malfunction in the system of the ball. Instead, it created deadly black holes that sucked objects, including children, into it!! In 1774, there was an accident in which a black hole swallowed a whole city! After that tragic accident, the creators of this gadget modified the design the best they could to prevent these incidents. Now, it takes more than one bounce to open the holes. Nobody knows exactly how many. However, nobody dares to test after the city accident. That is why grownups tell children that they should never bounce balls in the house!

**Kemrey Rowland**  
 Buckeye Intermediate  
 Grade 6



**Ireland Hnatiak**  
Memorial Elementary  
Grade 3

### **The Amazing Game**

Three puffy bases  
All thoroughly placed  
Home plate along with the mound  
All thoroughly spaced

The outfield green  
The infield brown  
The pitcher was pitching  
And the batter went down

Nine innings  
All filled with fun  
While the teams share  
Run after run

Finally the game is done  
Some people ashamed  
While shaking hands  
Oh my, what an amazing game!!

**Logan Skidmore**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

When I think of preseason  
 I hear the sound of popping mitts  
 I hear the sound of whizzing baseballs  
 I hear the sound of wooden bats  
 "Baseball!" I chuckle, "Yes, Baseball!"

When I think of Baseball  
 I awake and fling the mitt  
 I awake and fling the ball  
 I awake and fling the bat  
 "Baseball!" I chuckle, "Yes, Baseball!"

When I think of the last season  
 I remember the pop flies  
 I remember the broken bats  
 I remember the homeruns  
 "Baseball!" I chuckle, "Yes, Baseball!"

**Austin Miller**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 8

## Peace

Peace is on Earth  
 Sometimes we notice  
 Sometimes we don't  
 In order to notice the peace on Earth  
 We have to bring out our inner peace

If only the world were required to have peace  
 I can't imagine the life we'd be living today  
 If crimes would stop  
 The world would be at peace  
 If the bad guys would just go away  
 and bring out their inner peace  
 The world would be a better place for all

Thoughts come to mind saying,  
 "Can you make the world a better place?"  
 The answer is always yes  
 The little acts of kindness  
 will get you very far in life  
 And the little things you say  
 will make a difference

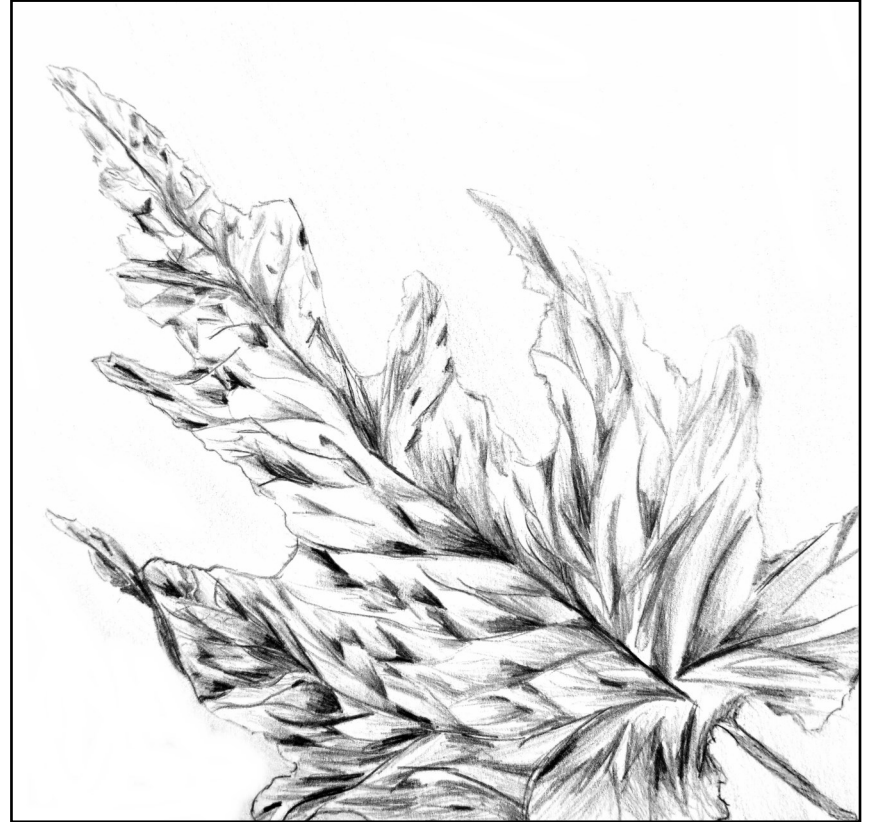
I have these dreams of peace  
 Where everyone comes together  
 Where everyone is kind  
 Everyone is loved  
 I have these dreams  
 Of peace on Earth

**Cecelia Craig**  
 Central Intermediate  
 Grade 6

## Peace

Peace,  
What is it?  
Is it hope?  
Is it joy?  
Is it love?  
Or is it all of the above?  
Do you know what peace is?  
Describe it.  
For everyone  
It is something different.  
Nature,  
The arts,  
Or silence.  
People together,  
Holding hands,  
Or music.  
But,  
All of these things are peaceful.  
Whatever you chose,  
That is peace to you.  
And that may be peace for me.  
Peace is beautiful,  
In all forms.  
So choose wisely,  
Not blindly,  
What peace means to you.

**Bailey Fetterolf**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6



**Zach Randles**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8



(Continued from page 103)

I could no longer feel my legs as they went completely numb. I could feel that they were moving but felt as if my upper leg had disconnected from the lower leg at the knee. It was a strange feeling, but I just kept driving forward. With 20 meters to go, I could taste victory when, all of a sudden, I felt footsteps right behind me. The Orrville girl was back. With ten meters to go, another warm body bumped into mine on the inside of me. The inside? A crazy idea. No one passes on the inside, but at this point, I had zero feeling in my legs and had no idea they were even moving. I allowed my body to get wide and felt my elbow jab into the girl mid-swing. I just had to take five more steps. Four. Three. Two. One. Done. I was able to hold her off. My relay team qualified for state. And I finally felt like a real runner again.

**Jenna Oliver**  
Cloverleaf High  
Grade 12

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Well, this is my last year  
Thinking about it puts me in tears  
I am not ready to leave  
I'm still young and naive  
I will very much miss choir  
It was always my number one prior  
Although I may be sad  
Knowing I'm graduating makes me feel glad  
My parents say they are proud of me  
They say that I am queen bee  
A part of me can't wait to walk across the stage  
I can't wait to get my diploma and engage  
It is my senior year  
I am going to make it full of cheer!

**Sarah Marr**  
Brunswick High  
Grade 12

## Impossible Is Nothing

This here poem is about nothing  
It is here to tell you in a boring manner nothing is impossible  
Impossible means nothing, that word should be banned  
It is even pronounced I'm possible  
If you change and flip flop both of their meaning, it says  
Possible is everything  
I sure hope you learned absolutely nothing  
Nothing is impossible  
Everything is possible  
There is one disclaimer if you read only the underlined words

**Mason Knechtel**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6

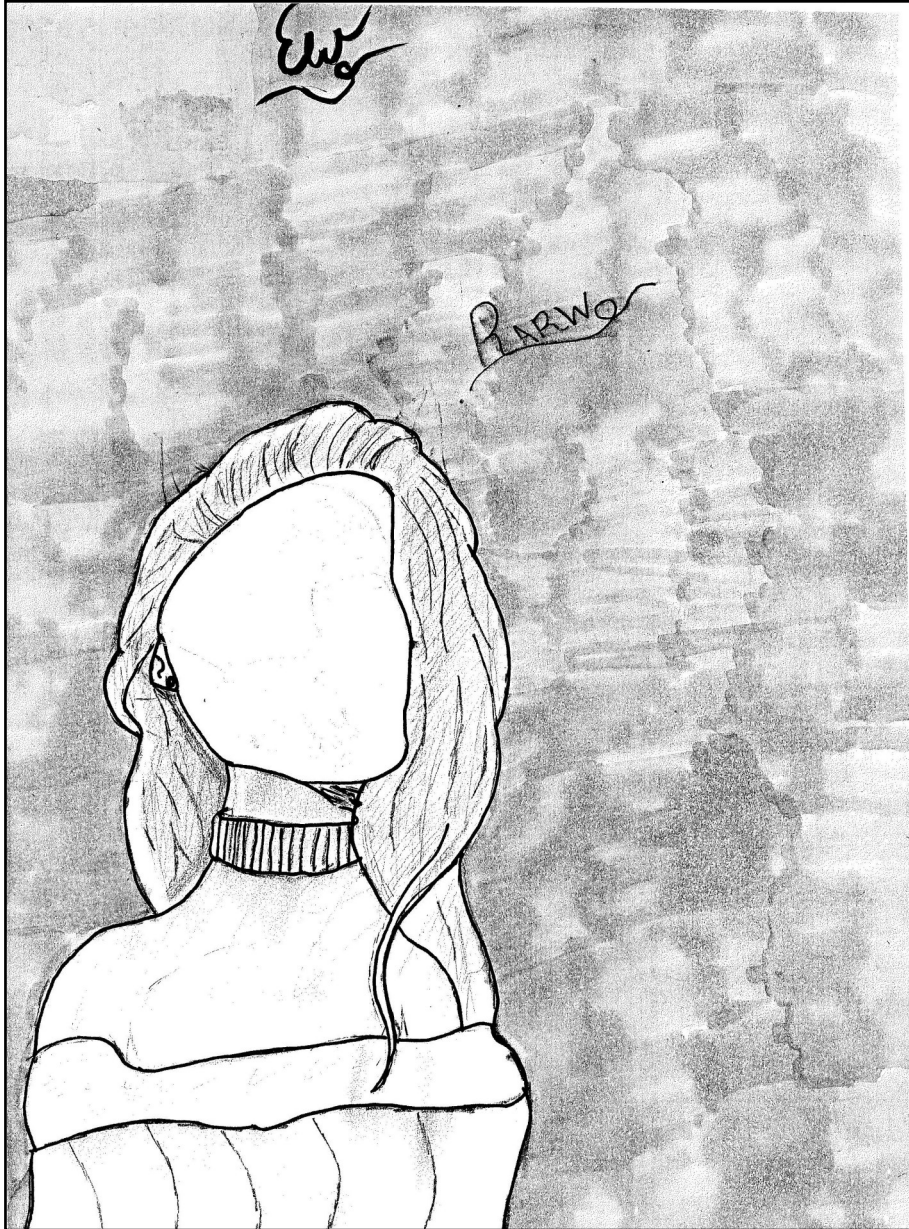
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## Grief

Grief brings sadness, but also memories locked up in your mind.  
It brings families together to mourn for one another. It makes you  
cry for long periods of time just when you thought it was over.  
Grief holds a question that will never be answered . . . Why?  
Why us? Why couldn't I just have one more day? Why now?  
Grief clouds your thoughts and makes your vision murky with  
tears.  
I would know because I have felt and experienced it.  
I grieved.  
I felt alone and empty, hollow.  
Stuck in my head with the same thought running back and  
forth . . . Why?  
Grief changed me and I knew I would never be the same again.  
It changed me but I didn't let it stop me.  
I moved on.  
But I didn't forget. I will never forget.  
It left a scar on my heart, but I wear that scar proudly, a symbol  
of what I went through and what I survived.  
Grief hurt, but I got through it and you will too.  
Be strong.

Dedicated to my great-grandfather Pipi. I will never forget you.

**Arielle Bowman**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6



**Emma Walters**  
Buckeye Intermediate  
Grade 6

*(Continued from page 102)*

what she had done all season and that was make everyone else on the track eat her dust.

The silvery baton got passed off to our second leg in first place. I stood on the side of the track, not jumping around or getting loose at all. Just watching. I secretly wished that my teammate would fall back slowly but surely to an unfixable distance away from the lead, but she didn't. She only fell back three spots and handed off the baton in fourth place. I began to get nervous; maybe I was going to have to try after all.

Our third leg was a freshman. She had a habit of going out too fast in her first lap and dying in her second. I wasn't very nervous when she came through her first lap in fourth place. I thought she would fall back in her next 400 meters, but she didn't. As she rounded the last curve of her leg, she was still in fourth. Four places qualified to state. I stood on the line, arm out, not knowing how the heck I was gonna pull this off. Thanks a lot, guys. Put all the pressure on me.

When I felt my fingertips hit the cold baton, I felt a jolt of energy. I knew that there were two state-level 800 runners about fifty meters behind me that could easily catch me. My legs began moving without my consent.

The first 400 meters of my race are a blur. All I know is that I felt amazing. By the time I hit the end of my first lap, I saw the two girls blow by me. The me that everyone had seen the entire season would have given up right then and there. I would have thought, "Well, it's all over now, you can't catch those girls. They are faster than you," but for some reason, that day, I didn't say that. I thought, "It's now or never. Now go get 'em." So I did. I put in a surge to catch back up to the girls. I passed by all my coaches on the back stretch, and although I knew they were there, I did not hear a word they said. With 200 meters left in the race, I was still 10 to 20 meters behind the two girls. I decided to throw in another surge and with that, was able to pass the girl wearing a bright red Shelby uniform. I gained enough on the other girl who was from Orrville, but decided not to pass her at that moment. I sat right on her shoulder until about 100 meters to go. There, I allowed my legs to work harder than they ever had before. I powered down the home stretch. I know the crowd was cheering, a loud blur of voices, but I didn't hear them. All I could focus on was the finish line up ahead.

*(Continued on page 104)*

*(Continued from page 101)*

My coach always said that he can predict when one of his runners is going to have a good race. He says he can see a certain gleam in the athlete's eyes. He never saw that gleam in my eyes anymore.

Regionals. Arguable the biggest meet of the year. The meet that separates girls from women and runners from winners. I qualified for regional finals in only one event that year, the 4x800m relay. My relay team included me, two of my classmates, and a freshman. We walked into Lexington High School's stadium on that cloudy, rainy Thursday seeded second to last in our event.

Several days before the big race, our coach told us to be positive. He told us that all we could do at that point was run the hardest we possibly could. As much as I tried to convince myself that anything was possible, I knew that the 4x800 at regionals would be my last race of the year.

The day of the race, I was in a good mood. I wasn't feeling any pressure to do well in my race because I knew that the odds of my team qualifying out of regionals were slim. I didn't follow any of my pre-race rituals, like visualizing my race the night before, doing a long stretch session, or listening to my pump-up playlist. Although I knew this was bad for my mental side of racing, I had already given up in my mind. I was ready to enjoy the race and be done with my season.

My relay team and our alternate walked over to the overcrowded bullpen fifteen minutes before our race. We did our striders to loosen up our legs and laced up our vibrant spikes. When the officials came down to the bullpen to walk all us girls up to the starting line, the area around me went quiet. I watched girls jump around to loosen up and pray to prepare themselves. I just walked. I took everything in and stared at the exuberant crowd. I looked at the girls around me and saw how nervous they all were. I felt the tension around me, but not within me.

The first leg runners walked over to their lane assignments while the rest of us girls pushed up against a fence on the side of the track. The gun went up and there was dead silence. When the gun went off, it let off its usual echoing bang and the crowd lit up. I watched our lead-off leg take off. She was a state-ranked 800 runner and was going to get us off to a solid lead. She did exactly

*(Continued on page 103)*

## Happy Memories

A happy night, a bright day,  
a happy holiday with family and friends,  
always fun and hopes it never ends.  
Memories in the making,  
all the moms in the kitchen baking,  
the yummy smells, the happy thoughts,  
and everyone together for the holidays.  
At the end of the night, people waving goodbyes  
makes me think  
why did it have to end,  
in hopes the family will be back together again.

By Gabby Bailey  
For my great-grandma and my grandma who will always be missed.

**Gabby Bailey**  
Central Intermediate  
Grade 6

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## Dear Veterans

You go far and wide,  
No matter the call.  
We no longer have to hide,  
For us, you give it your all.

With courage you stand.  
With strength you serve  
To protect our land.  
Our respect you deserve!

Into battle without question.  
For God and country this you do,  
Without fear or hesitation.  
Thank you, Thank you, Thank you!

**Grace Cifranic**  
Hickory Ridge Elementary  
Grade 5

### Fight to Be Free

My Grandpa, though passed away  
 I still look up to him to this day  
 Because he fought to be free  
 He fought for my grandma, my mom, my sister, and me  
 He fought out of kindness for people that don't even know his  
 name

I would like to be like him  
 And that's why when I'm older  
 I'm going to join the army  
 So that one day  
 I can fight to be free

**Clancy English**  
 Claggett Middle  
 Grade 6

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### Red, White, and Blue

Red, white, and blue tastes like sweet victory for my country.  
 Red, white, and blue looks like that grand old flag that shall fly  
 high in the sky forever more.  
 Red, white, and blue feels like a piece of cloth folded up into a  
 triangle.  
 Red, white, and blue sounds like the wind hitting the flag.  
 Red, white, and blue smells like fresh freedom for my country.  
 Red, white, and blue, I salute you.

**Hector Clare**  
 Central Intermediate  
 Grade 5

### A Race to Remember

"You are your biggest enemy right now. You have been acting like this for a while now and it's unhealthy," my coach told me. "This is supposed to be fun, Jenna." But it wasn't fun.

Everyone always told me that high school runners get much stronger mentally as they get older because of the experience they gain. For me, this wasn't the case. I didn't see it as gaining experience; I only saw it as gaining expectations. These expectations to be the best of the best were weighing me down and messing with my mind. I was a state level runner as a freshman, so I expected myself to keep that status for my entire high school career. I didn't. By the end of my junior year cross country season, I was very disappointed in myself. That was the third running season in a row that my team or I had not qualified for state. I had choked when it mattered, because the pressure I put on myself was too much for me to handle.

Before the spring of my junior year, I was diagnosed with a genetic hip disconformity called dysplasia. My hip bones did not form right when I grew, and my bones are rubbing away the protective tendon between them. I had the option to get surgery with a six-month recovery time, but went against most recommendations and decided to work through my pain.

Despite all my struggles, physically and mentally, I still strived to make it back to state. I fell in love with the 1600m run at the start of the season. I had rarely got to run this race the previous two years in high school track and forgot about how much I loved it. I was feeling optimistic and hopeful for the first time in a long time.

But after a few good races, everything went downhill. My hip was causing me more pain doing basic things like sitting, walking, and standing. I was falling behind in workouts and could not find the motivation to keep up with the top pack of girls. I wasn't racing to the best of my ability, and I did not want to. I had fallen apart.

My coach had to have a serious talk to me after I gave up in a workout one day. I had never quit a workout ever in my five years as a runner, but I did that day. He told me he had been seeing a major shift in my attitude. I had gone from a passionate and positive runner to a negative and selfish one.

*(Continued on page 102)*

### The Race

As we line up to start the run,  
No one can wait for the sound of the gun.  
While the gun rises in the air,  
everybody says a quick little prayer.

As I run down the trail,  
feeling the sweat down my face,  
all I can think about is going to fail and  
finishing the race.

As my cleats dig into the earth down below,  
all I can hear is the fans cheering, "Go, Go, Go!!!"  
As I see the finish line up ahead,  
My whole body feels like a block of lead.

When I cross the finish line and get first place,  
the people behind me give up on the race.  
As our team raises the trophy with pride,  
we knew we ran stride by stride.

**Izaak Skidmore**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7

### The American Flag

Our flag flies with pride,  
Which no American should take in stride.  
Our soldiers and veterans bear the scars of war,  
They do it so our flag can continue to soar.  
Our flag is red, white, and blue;  
Red is for power, white is for goodness, and blue is for stability.  
I can see it's true,  
How about you?  
The kind of love this great country extends  
Is the reason we fly our flag and hope the nation's love never  
ends.  
There are many different flags, all different types,  
Ours is the most beautiful with our stars and stripes.  
Our flag is a reminder of the independence our country brings.  
So fly that flag high and proud and let our freedom be seen.  
So as you can see  
This is what our flag means to me.

**Jesse Eschelbacher**  
Black River Middle  
Grade 6

## Grades 7-12

### Winter

Winter

Snow falling from the sky and covering the ground,  
all of the city's people nowhere to be found.

The crisp and chilling breeze howling in the silence,  
the geese heading south bound in an alliance.

Winter

All of the nature in a slumber so deep,  
as if all of the people and animals have fallen in an everlasting  
sleep.

The leafless gardens and bare trees,  
the world's society has come to a peaceful ease.

Winter

The slippery sidewalks, covered in ice,  
the harsh blizzards and temperatures, that are not so nice.

The storms of heavy snow could be bitter,  
but the following day the snow sits with a beautiful glitter.

Winter

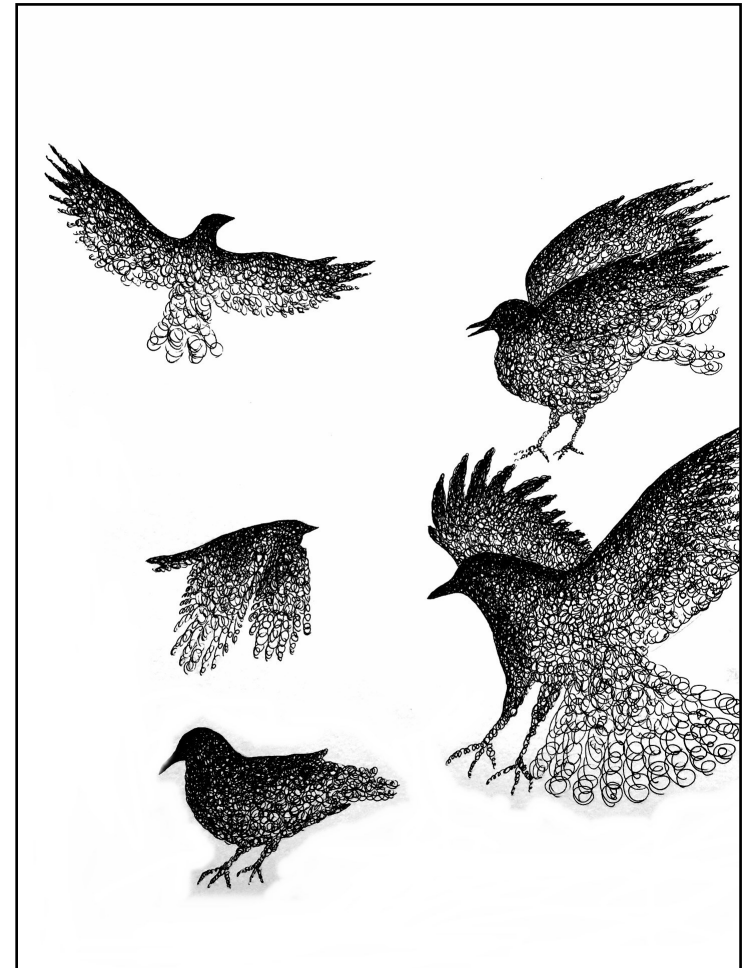
A peaceful time of the year, so quiet and beautiful,  
but as the snow starts to melt, the people and animals come  
back as usual.

*(Continued on page 63)*

*(Continued from page 98)*

I'm continuing on to county,  
Definitely full of despair.  
Because if it's like the time I just had,  
I most certainly have to prepare!

**Jade Wilcox**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8



**Sadie Nayman**  
Highland High  
Grade 12

## The Nervous Bee

My heart is racing and it's pounding,  
It's the loudest sound I hear.  
All my steps are getting closer  
To the one thing that I fear.

My chest is heaving in and out,  
I'm scared out of my wits.  
My confidence has run away  
My hope has turned to bits.

My hand moves closer, ever closer  
To the one thing that I dread.  
I wish I could go home right now  
And jump into my bed.

My nervous hands are on the mic,  
My sight begins to bend,  
For if I make a sad mistake,  
My time will surely end.

I take a breath before I start,  
Adrenaline at its peak.  
I can't believe how much I'm scared  
As I nervously start to speak.

Each letter tumbles from my mouth,  
Everyone's eyes on me.  
I hold my breath, scared half-to-death,  
No mistakes that I can see.

My eyes are focused on the bell,  
I hope it doesn't ring.  
At last the judge nodded her head,  
And inside my mind I sing.

I ended in the final three,  
I think it changed the game.  
My smile wide, I'm happy inside  
As they read off my name.

*(Continued on page 99)*

*(Continued from page 62)*

The hustle and bustle of the city starts back up,  
similar to the way you reheat a cup.

Winter

**Mackenzie McCuen**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8



**Sebastian Francis**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

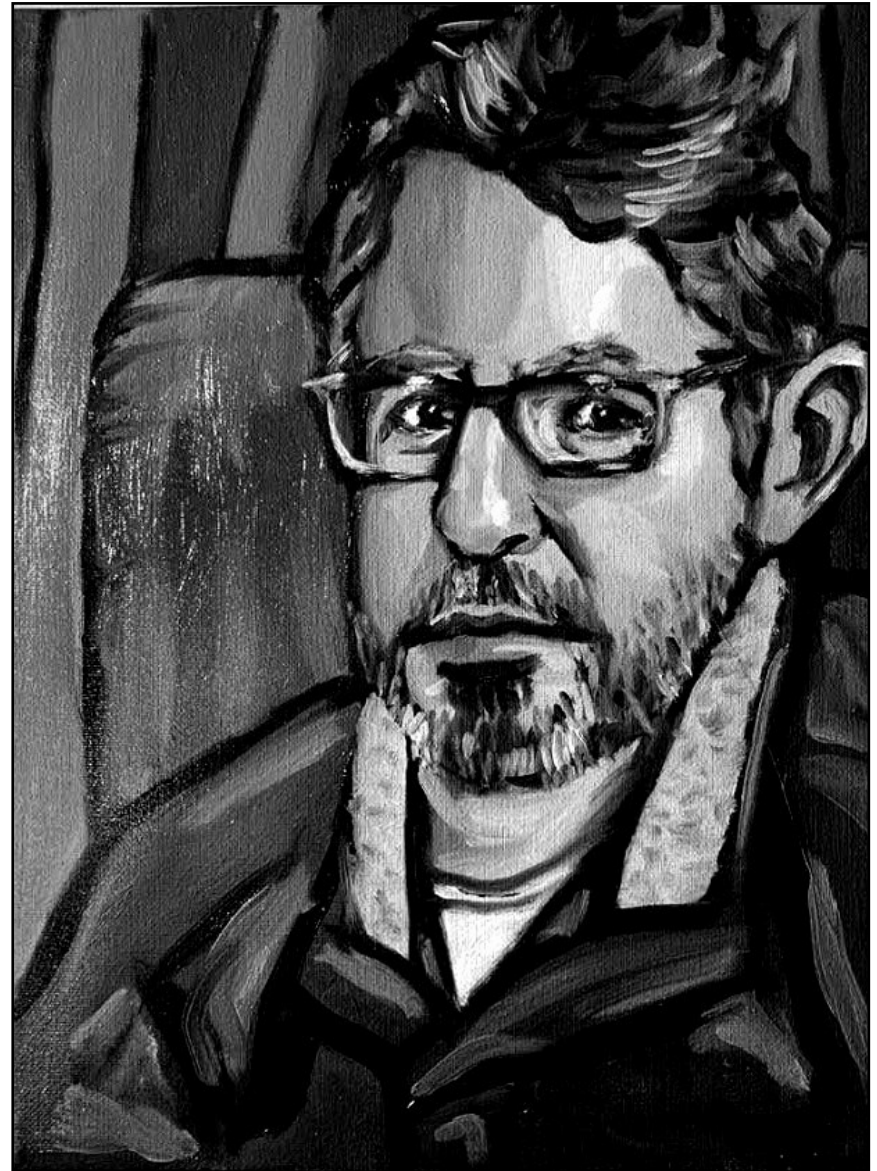
### Snow Day

Snow falls to the ground,  
Kids jumping up and down,  
Hoping that tomorrow is the day,  
Where they get to stay home and play.

The next morning you hear the news,  
And remind yourself to hit snooze,  
When you finally wake at noon,  
You wish it was late in June,  
All you want to be is warm,  
But you have to deal with a winter storm.

Next thing you know,  
You say whoa,  
The time flew past,  
But you've had a blast,  
Till the next time you say,  
What's the weather today?

**Sophia Whited**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8



**Diana Rice**  
Cloverleaf High  
Grade 12



*(Continued from page 95)*

when the clouds are covering the sun and magically disappear. I felt a sudden burst of energy, and I wanted to win that game a lot more than I had before that.

I came back out and basket after basket kept falling, which made me feel like Steph Curry. I looked over at my buddy and felt like he looked a little like Kevin Durant. Eventually, I felt like we were the Golden State Warriors, and we were sure playing like it too. We ended up winning the game by 24 points and felt on top of the world.

We have barely lost a game since then and our momentum never stopped. If you are playing basketball or even at work, your attitude affects a lot of things. Just remember, always keep that cloth on you and keep your glasses clean. Everybody's glasses get foggy, but the difference between a successful person and a less successful person is that a successful person always cleans his glasses as soon as possible.

**Sully Chadbourne**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7



**Jason Creemers**  
Medina High  
Grade 10

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Oh great, what do I see?  
The ground is covered in white.  
Grab the gloves and the hat.  
The icy cold wind really bites.  
Man, I hate the snow!

Walking home, my face is cold.  
My nose is red and my feet are wet.  
The winter storm is here, or so I'm told.  
This white stuff just won't let go.  
Man, I hate the snow!

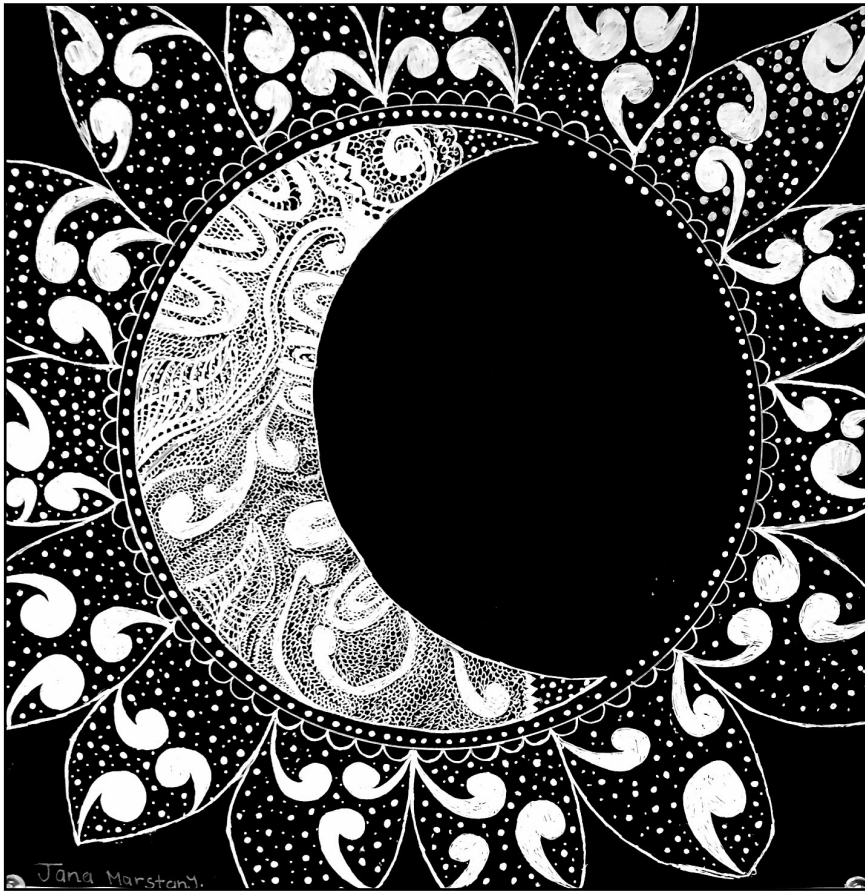
I fell on some ice.  
A cup of hot cocoa would be nice.  
I had to shovel the drive  
And now, in a hot bath I will dive.  
Man, I hate the snow!

*(Continued on page 66)*

(Continued from page 65)

Waking up and my nose is still cold.  
 Wait, could it be?  
 I look outside and see.  
 Yes! It's a snow day for me!  
 Man, I love the snow!

**Ethan Vukovic**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 8



**Jana Marstany**  
 Medina High  
 Grade 9

## Life and Basketball

Life is like basketball  
 Run, pass, catch, dribble, jump, shoot, score  
 But if you play without a ball and a hoop  
 The game will be pointless  
 You can't score and you can't win  
 So keep your eye on the ball and focus on the goal  
 Give effort, sweat, run, give it your all, be positive, and have  
 energy  
 But most importantly . . .  
 Work hard to reach your goal!  
 Score the basketball!

**Mark Gal**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 7

Isn't it crazy how your attitude and perspective on things can control your life? I see attitude as a pair of glasses. If the glasses are foggy, it can be challenging to see the whole picture. On the other hand, a clear pair of glasses allows you to see almost anything.

For instance, on Monday of last week, I had my first basketball game of the new year. On Monday morning, I woke up with a super bad attitude. I was upset and nervous that I wasn't going to get the same playing time I felt I had earned. According to my teammates, this was also going to be a very challenging team to play. My glasses were foggy.

Fast forward to game time. As I walked on the court, I felt a cloud of negativity following me and didn't have a good feeling about the game. I knew I had to change something and change it as fast as I could. I played the first half, and at half-time we were losing by five points.

When I walked into the locker room, I realized I was thinking about what I couldn't do instead of what I can do. I decided it was time to clean my glasses and change my outlook on the game. I knew I could make an impact because I have before. It was like

(Continued on page 96)

### A Dollar Worth a Lesson Learned

One fine autumn afternoon, a destitute man was walking along a street in his hometown. He did this each and every afternoon, but today he was feeling particularly joyful and in a giving mood. He saw many homeless men and women along the streets and stopped to give each and every one of them a single dollar despite his own meager earnings. They all thanked him profusely and he went on his way with a genuine smile and a feeling of contentment and happiness at what he'd just done.

About an hour later, a rather wealthy man was walking along the same streets as the destitute man had an hour before. He quietly ignored the beggars as he strolled down the streets until he spied a group of people that were running over to him because they recognized him. He decided to give each and every beggar a large sum of money, because he knew he would become more popular with the public and everyone would think that he was a caring man even though he was just doing it to gain fame. The beggars were immensely grateful, but they had all watched and knew the real reason the man had done this for them. The group of people took videos of him and posted them all over the Internet. All of the videos went viral almost immediately. He knew he would soon be showered with chances for interviews and praise. He wore a smug smile as he went home that day knowing he would have even more fame the next morning.

The next morning both men woke up, one in a mansion and one in a small shack. The wealthy man went to interviews and was put on national TV, while the destitute man went to his laborious job. That afternoon, when the destitute man was on his walk, the beggars that were no longer sitting in their normal spots, but for a special reason. When the destitute man walked by, they each gave him a fair portion of their money, and much to his refusal, he eventually took it with immense gratitude. They did this because they knew that even though he did not have much, he still gave them what he could yesterday out of the pure goodness of his heart. The wealthy man got all of his fame and interviews, but the destitute man and the beggars all learned a lesson that day. If you give out of the pure goodness of your heart, it's sure to come back around.

**Lotus Lemp**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7

### Stars in the Night

In the dark,  
On the bittersweet nights,  
When the lights are turned low  
They show themselves to those below.

Faintly pulsing,  
Ever there,  
Always glowing  
In the cold night air.

Full of wonder,  
Far away,  
As they sunder the darkness of the night.  
Burning bright  
Above us all.

**Emma Tibbits**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

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### Night

Velvety, crystalline,  
looking, laying, sleeping,  
eyes are heavy,  
bedtime.

**Emily Nagel**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7



**Elizabeth Origlio**  
Highland High  
Grade 10



**Ellie Dannery**  
Highland High  
Grade 11

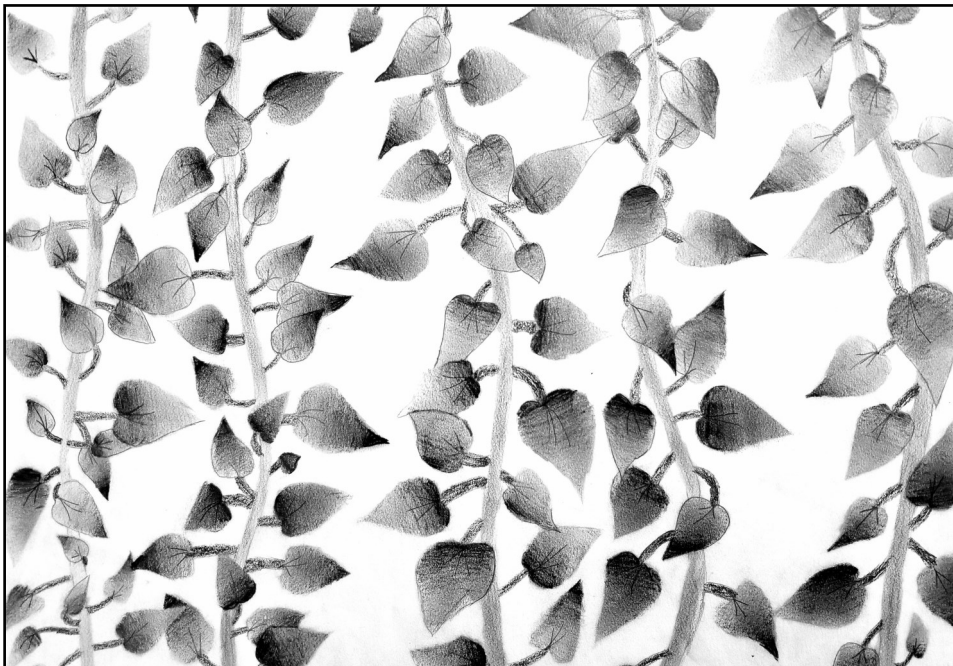
### Look in the Mirror

She was poisoned by a bittersweet taste  
 It caused her person to be displaced  
 It's like she doesn't know right from wrong  
 Fueling her own feelings that she doesn't belong  
 It takes over her mind, her body, and her life  
 But yet she doesn't try to stop the knife  
 Instead she gives into the evil pleasure  
 Costing her everything that she treasures  
 She says she'll change, that things will be different  
 Then give it a week and she's being belligerent  
 We know this is not who she truly is  
 But we pull away from her toxic wiz  
 We keep silence in hope that it will fix itself  
 But soon we'll learn she can't do it herself  
 Though claiming change she denies the offers  
 And lets herself drown in the poison waters  
 Now she hurts others in her denial  
 Causing problems throughout her own trial  
 She pleads innocent and claims to have not known  
 But she screams and accuses over the phone  
 Now she blames others for her actions  
 Trying to find some satisfaction  
 But those who are close are done with her XXXX  
 And sit there and wonder if this is permanent  
 Suddenly we're all angry at each other  
 Waiting for an apology from one another  
 Though one side is right and one is wrong  
 I'm tired of everyone trying to be "strong"  
 Look in the mirror, realize your faults  
 And stop it with the meaningless assaults  
 Now we lie at a dreadful crossroad  
 Hoping she will lift the load  
 There's only so much one can do  
 Before we leave it up to you  
 I hope that you are going to be fine  
 But I cannot keep walking the thinning line  
 Where is the change? What will you do?  
 When there's no one left to turn to  
 I don't want that to happen, I want to help  
 But I won't poison the life I've been dealt

**Meagan Farrell**  
 Brunswick High  
 Grade 12

The serenity of nature is so pure,  
 so fragile and hand-crafted with the colors of Earth.  
 The radiant glow of deep sapphire in all rivers and oceans,  
 And the velvety green texture of the leaves in summer,  
 And hushed whispers of the wind gently shaking the trees.  
  
 As the crystallized stars twinkle and wink down at you,  
 The true beauty of nature suddenly hits you.  
 It surrounds you, all of it, even the less glorious parts.  
 Flowers waltzing to the wind singing a lullaby,  
 The sun glaring down at them as the wolves howl their objection.  
  
 Nature's beauty is something to be cherished.  
 As the scarlet robin sings a sweet song,  
 Always remember that nature is trying to teach you something.

**Rayghen Simon**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 8



**Mercedes Watson**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

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### Dear Other Mother . . .

Dear Other mother, I hate seeing you hurt.

I appreciate all of your skies, mountains, beaches, and dirt.

Your creations are so beautiful, and you have my whole heart.

I'm sorry these greedy monsters we call humans like to tear you apart.

There's no reason to litter, there's no need for trash. I wish they would

leave you alone and allow you to last.

I wish you could be yourself, without buildings, highways, and smoke.

I promise you, Mother, there is still hope.

People like me are out there and we won't let you go.

Is it a crime to care more about my planet than my wallet?

I hate this world,

*(Continued on page 71)*

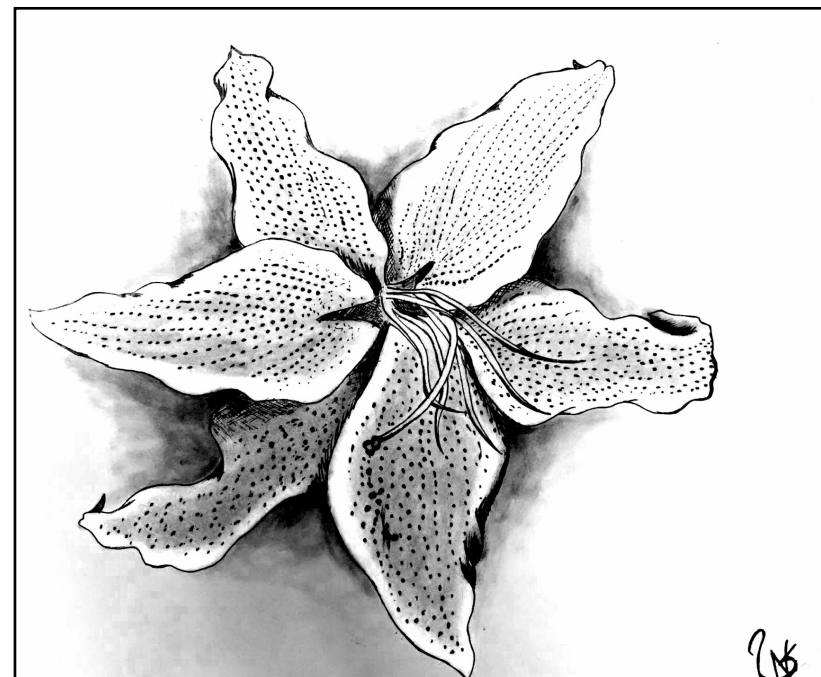
### Untouchable

There you stand, on a pedestal high  
I walk on the ground, and you fly  
A smile could get you through any door,  
Your worth to mine, it's much more.

And though I work harder every day,  
I never seem to get my way.  
And even if I have better schooling,  
It still seems that you do all the ruling.

But what if my tolerance stops?  
What if, one day, the pedestal drops?  
Then the deserved will be mine,  
Because being untouchable is a mere construct of the mind.

**Bailey Freeland**  
Cloverleaf High  
Grade 12



**Nikki Salerno**  
Highland High  
Grade 11

(Continued from page 89)

Why do I try so hard?  
 Why does it matter?  
 Why does my life matter?  
 Because  
 I'm just  
 Invisible

**Julia Fortner**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 8



**Lilly Maxwell**  
 Medina High  
 Grade 10

(Continued from page 70)

It needs more green.  
 The ocean blue desperately needs to be cleaned.  
 Wildlife deserve their homes,  
 They deserve food so we don't see their bones.  
 I dream of a world without evil mankind.  
 These companies and politicians are money hungry, I  
 find.  
 I want freedom for you.  
 I want to keep your forests.  
 I want clean air, and water the purest.  
 I want a world filled with peace and equality.  
 Dear Mother Nature, I love you and I am so sorry.

**Emily Stewart**  
 Evolve Academy  
 Grade 9



**Bella Lindsley**  
 Medina High  
 Grade 11

### Earth Is a Wonderland?

The earth is like a wonderland  
where creatures live and play.

But some creatures that have two  
arms and legs fill this wonderland  
with garbage and waste.

But these legged creatures just  
go play and play.

They fill huge waterways with horrid caps,  
bottles, and who knows?  
They probably don't know.

It's just like a dolphin swimming and enjoying  
her time, then she comes for some fish, but instead  
She gets a mouth full of debris.

Like a snake getting tricked but becoming a  
folder holder for cards and money.

Earth is a place where you want to travel  
and wonder.

Let's go to the ocean?  
And see the majestic creatures that live to seek

These animals want to live in a home where it is safe,  
but we just sit around and throw waste.

We say we want to help,  
but yet there are people that just don't.

Yet there are tons of things you could do to prevent it,  
Like not throwing your cigarette or plastic bottles in the streets.

Why?  
Why may I ask?

Earth is a wonderland that blesses you to live, not to destroy.

**Jesaray Zupan**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

### Invisible

I am a real person,  
I am alive.  
You can see me  
But people don't,  
Because I'm  
Invisible.

I can walk the halls and  
People not even notice me,  
Because I'm  
Invisible.

I sit in a classroom full of kids,  
A lunch table packed with people  
And it feels like I'm there alone,  
Because I'm  
Invisible.

I'll wear my bright shirt so people can notice me, but  
No one sees it,  
No one sees me,  
Because I'm  
Invisible.

I'm like a glass window,  
The sun makes me happy and warms me,  
Without it I can crack  
People see right through me  
To see other things,  
Because I'm  
Invisible.

She doesn't acknowledge me,  
He doesn't acknowledge me,  
They act like they are my friends, but to them I'm nothing  
Because I'm  
Invisible.

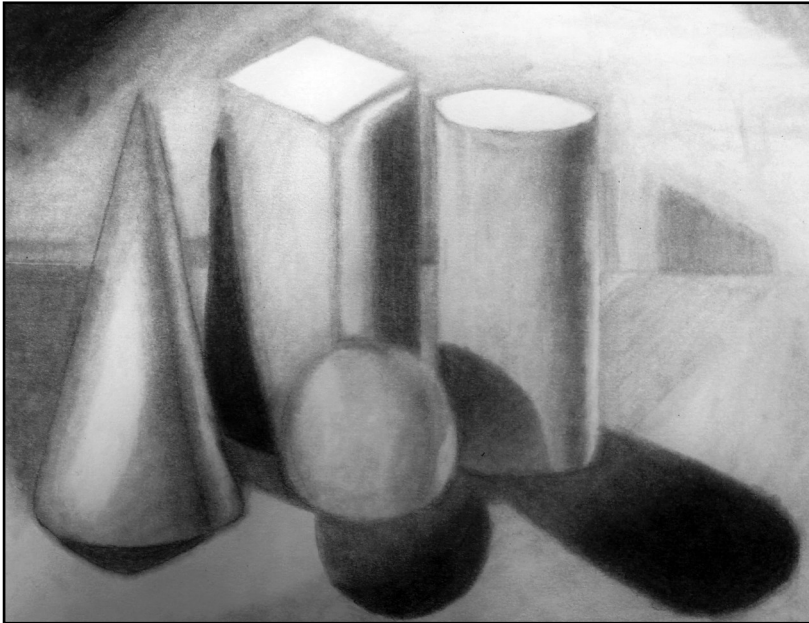
*(Continued on page 90)*



## Fear

When I'm afraid,  
I become a different person.  
I become  
Weak.  
My mind becomes overloaded  
Like a computer with no storage.  
My body becomes limp  
Like a person with no bones.  
My mouth becomes dry  
Like the sand in a desert.  
But,  
When I calm down  
And take deep breaths,  
My mind clears.  
My body strengthens.  
My voice returns.  
And  
I become me again.

**Laura Flaker**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8



**Jordan Kallet**  
Medina High  
Grade 9



**Alison Pasco**  
Highland High  
Grade 10

### Music

I feel the beat of the wind,  
Going a little like *dum-de-dum-de-dum*,  
As it blows behind  
The big willow tree.

I see the rhythm of the grass  
While it sways back and forth,  
Making it hard  
for the bees to dance through.

I hear the pitch of a bird  
Dropping very low,  
As it flies right into  
A big window.

I hear the cat's loud song,  
While it's playing  
With a mouse that's squealing  
Like a clarinet squeak.

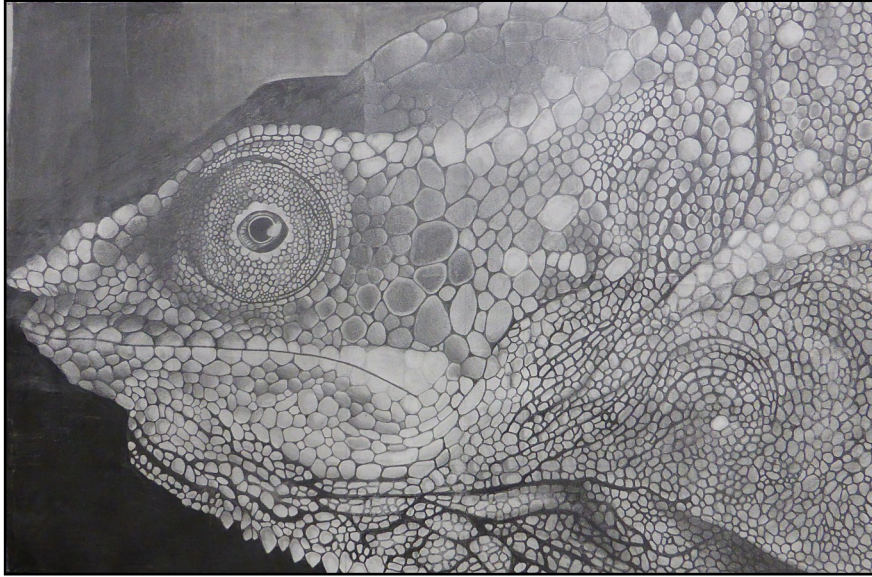
All of nature's creations  
Make certain sounds,  
Which produce  
Nature's own music.

**Katherine Sainato**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

### LOST!

I  
Was  
At sea in a dense fog,  
It seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in  
The great ship  
Tense  
Anxious,  
Groped her way toward the shore  
Plummet and sounding-line  
You waited  
Beating heart for something to happen  
I was like that ship  
I was without compass or sounding line  
No way of knowing how near  
Harbor was  
Light!  
Light!  
Was the wordless cry of my soul  
The light of love  
On me  
That very hour

**Sarah Pitts**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7



**Libby Dilley**  
Black River High  
Grade 12

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### An Accomplishment

Awakened my soul  
Gave it light, hope, joy, set it free  
Were barriers still,  
True, but  
Barriers  
Could  
Be swept away.  
I,  
Eager to learn everything  
Gave birth to new thought,  
Every object  
I touched  
Quivered with life.  
I saw everything with new sight.  
I realized what I had done.

**Sarah Pitts**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7

### The Waves

The waves. So calm. So smooth.  
I walk past the gentle side of the waves.  
They make me very relaxed.  
I stop to look at them.  
They dance across the wet beach.

The waves. So loud. So monstrous.  
I walk further into the deep waters.  
They roar and scream. They jump. They get  
closer.  
This is the rough side of the beach.

The waves. So tiny. So vast.  
I stop and stay a while.  
The waves are so miniscule and harmless.  
Now the waves are immense and scary.  
I am amazed at how something so peaceful,  
can also be so powerful.

**Brianna Stoner**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7

### My Happy Place

The warm white sands cover my toes,  
And stretch as far as my eyes will go.

Frothy waves crash along the shore,  
Leaving me longing for more.

Seashells as far as the eye can see,  
I wonder how many there can be.

Pelicans gliding overhead,  
Wondering if they want fish instead.

Palm trees stretching toward the sky,  
Providing shade when the sun is high.

Sand dollars just beneath the sand,  
I scoop them up with my hand.

The salty breeze blows through my hair,  
Leaving me without a care.

The sun shines down upon my face,  
This truly is my happy place.

**Sophia Fry**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

### Lost and Hurt

I am lost and hurt  
I wonder why there is so much hate  
I hear nasty words  
I see nasty people  
I want less hatred and more love  
I am lost and hurt

I pretend that we all get along  
I feel like pretending isn't enough anymore  
I touch the heavens above, hoping for them to  
come home  
I worry someday things will get out of hand  
I cry for them to stop fighting  
I am lost and hurt

I understand it's hard to get along, but we have to  
try  
I say we should all be caring and helpful  
I dream one day, all colors, all races, all creeds,  
everyone can get along  
I try to do my part in this, and try to help  
I hope this poem won't go over your head, listen  
I am lost and hurt

**Sierra Brown**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 8

### Rabbit and Wolf

There is a wolf and there is a rabbit  
The rabbit runs through the snow, frantic and full of fear as the  
wolf chases.

In the eyes of this wolf, it is a game.

Thud!

The wolf leaps and lands, pinning the rabbit down paw by paw  
until there is no hope of escape.

Squish.

The wolf sinks his teeth into the rabbit's neck, pleasing himself  
with no consent or consideration of consequences, hunting only  
for pleasure.

Then, just like that, he leaves.

The rabbit is left there, blood dripping down its neck and sinking  
into the perfect crystal snow

The blood is red, thick, and full of shame.

The dying rabbit lies there, cold, and asks itself, "How could I let  
this happen? Is this my fault?"

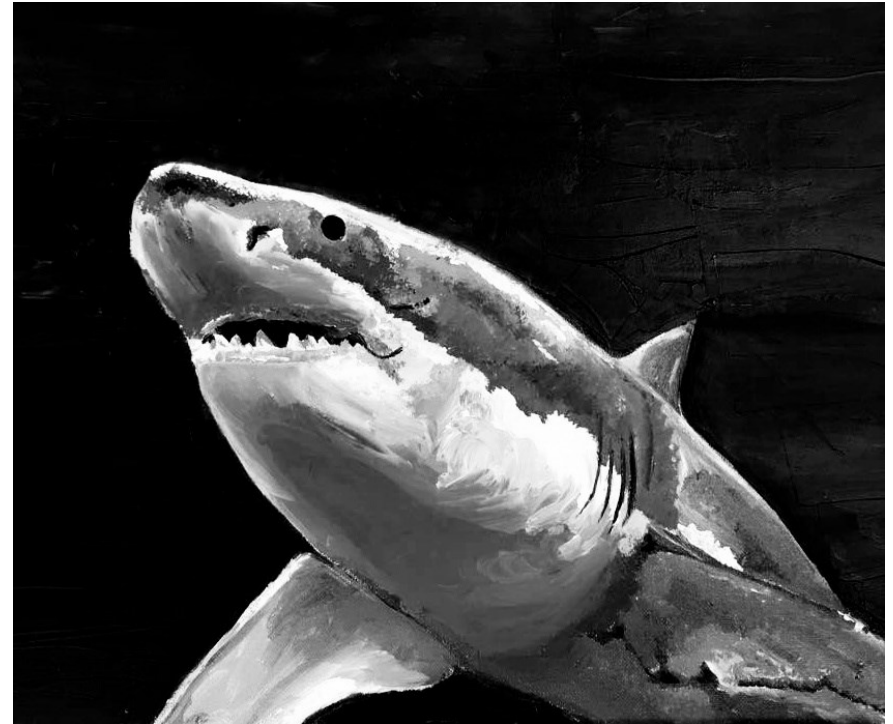
It's full of shame and despair, fearful that if anyone were to find  
out that, surely, the rabbit would be mocked.

So it died, silent, unheard, and unknown.

Life, joy, and anything that could've been simply bleed from its  
eyes.

All for the satisfaction of a wolf.

**Mara Smith**  
Medina High  
Grade 10



**Margaret Houska**  
Highland High  
Grade 11

## Pikmi's Horn

Far under the sea, out of the sun's reach, where it is cold and desolate, there lived a narwhal whose name was Pikmi. Pikmi was a young and cheerful narwhal, spending his days flitting about in the inky black waters, collecting seashells to trade with his best friend, Conch, and, of course, polishing his gleaming, silver-gold horn. *His horn.* As everyone under the ocean's surface knows, a narwhal's horn is his pride and joy. Without it he is nothing. And Pikmi had been blessed with a beautiful one. Its shimmering, pearlescent surface caught the light from every angle, glinting beautifully. Everyone who swam within half a mile of him noticed it. However, this led to some unwanted attention, namely, from Razor, the shark.

Razor was the terror of the underwater world. With his sleek, grey, torpedo-shaped body, beady black eyes, and huge, sharply pointed teeth, Razor looked every bit the king he believed himself to be. But one thing was missing. One absolutely vital thing for any king to own. Razor didn't have a crown. All the crowns he had inspected seemed a bit off. But it wasn't until he spotted Pikmi swimming about that he realized that he was missing the perfect centerpiece. And I bet you can guess what he wanted.

*(Continued on page 79)*



**Cody Speer**  
Black River High  
Grade 11

### Piddles and Poopies

Where are we going?  
 Won't you tell me please?  
 I'll give you one hint:  
 Piddles and poopies, piddles and poopies

What?!? I exclaimed.  
 You'll be like two peas.  
 Are we visiting someone?  
 Piddles and poopies, piddles and poopies.

Something, not someone.  
 Are you trying to tease?  
 I can't be friends with an inanimate object!  
 Piddles and poopies, piddles and poopies.

Oh, he's very much alive.  
 I opened the door and went to seize  
 The little puppy sitting there.  
 Piddles and poopies, piddles and poopies.

I still don't understand the hint.  
 You'll see, he'll do his duties  
 Once we get home.  
 Piddles and poopies, piddles and poopies.

(Potty train your puppies ASAP!)

**David Berube**  
 Wadsworth Middle  
 Grade 8

(Continued from page 78)

Razor pursued Pikmi relentlessly. *I must get my hands on that horn*, he told himself. Some days he would wait outside of Pikmi's home with a net, in hopes of trapping him. Other times he struck up conversation, trying to charm Pikmi into letting him touch his horn. Pikmi evaded him every time. But finally, the poor narwhal had had enough. He was tired of living in fear of Razor, and devised a plan to thwart him. So when he spotted Razor floating by, Pikmi grabbed a wad of seaweed and held it to his horn.

"Oh, Conch look! My horn has fallen off!" he wailed to his friend, the hermit crab. "I have lost it! But you must not see my head. I cannot bear the shame of it!"

"But where did you lose it, Pikmi?" Conch asked.

Pikmi paused, thought for a moment, then spun around.

"Right...there!" he cried, pointing to the deep, dark cave.

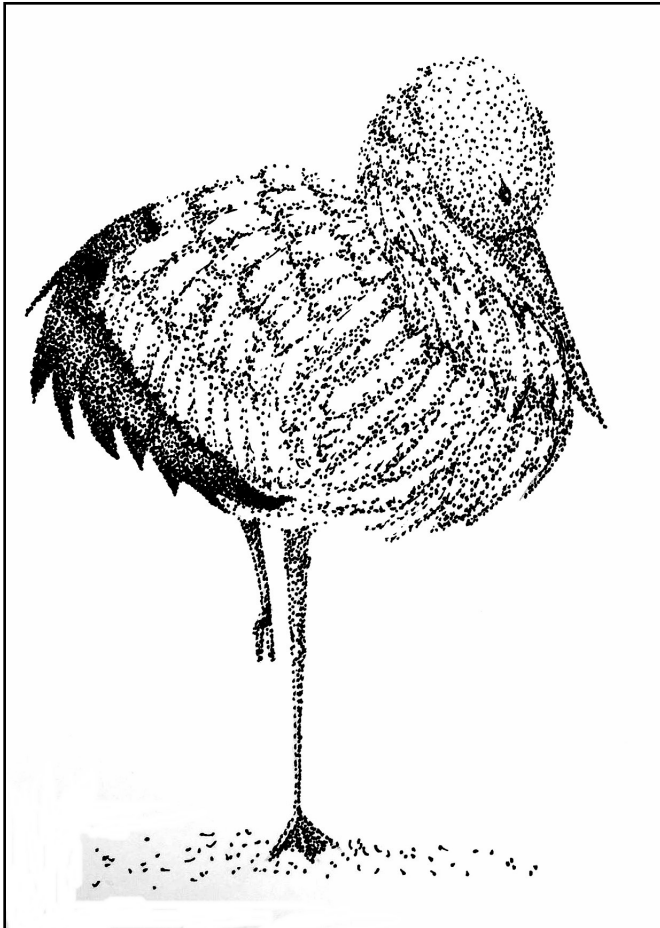
Razor, after overhearing this, was thoughtful. *He has lost his horn*, he thought to himself. *If I can find it, it's mine!* Razor was so filled with greed that he forgot the principle rule of the underwater: Never enter the deep, dark cave without a map, because you will not be able to find your way out. But enter he did. And he certainly paid the price. From his perch outside the

(Continued on page 80)

*(Continued from page 79)*

cave, Pikmi could hear the cries of, "Help, help, I'm lost and I can't see. Someone help me!" But no one did. After all, who would help a greedy shark who cared only for himself?

**Elizabeth Edwards**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7

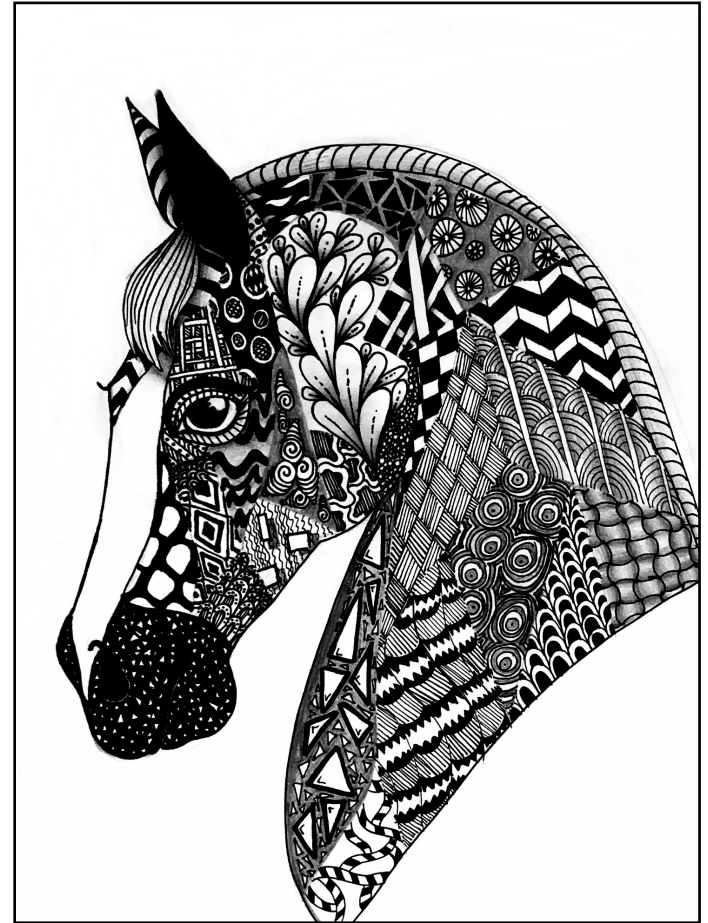


**Rachel Burns**  
Highland High  
Grade 11

## Joy

Your hooves are below,  
The saddle clinks with our moves.  
Together we dance.

**Isabella Schoonover**  
Wadsworth Middle  
Grade 7



**Ella White**  
Medina High  
Grade 9