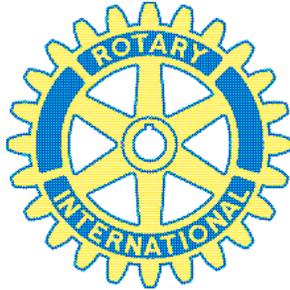


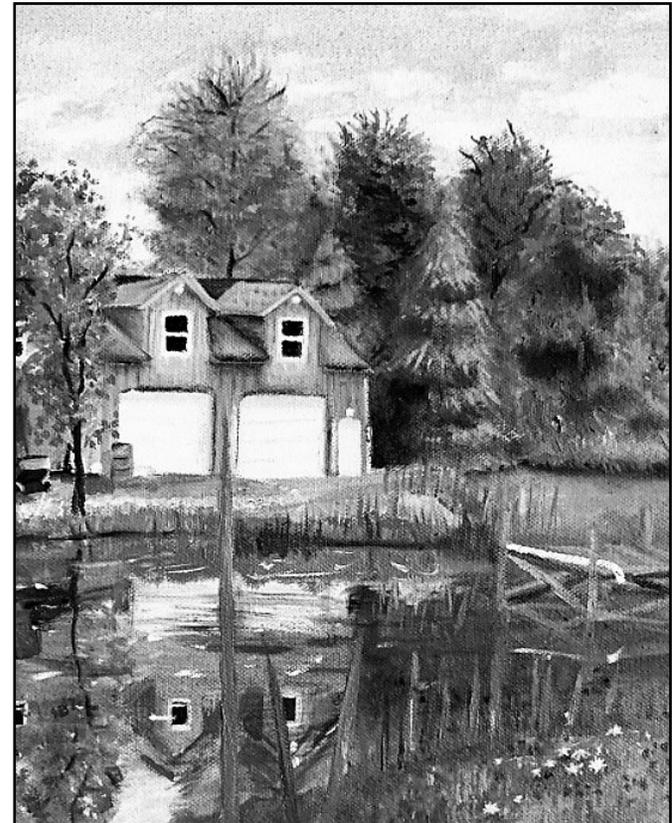
Inkspot

Medina County Literary Review

Educational Service Center
of Medina County
Vol. 32, 2019-2020



Sponsored by the Medina Sunrise
Rotary Club



Kylie Anderson
Medina High School
Grade 11

A Final Note

The Educational Service Center of Medina County is proud to present the 2019-2020 edition of *Inkspot*, the Medina County Literary Review.

Earlier this year we came across the very first edition of *Inkspot*. On the front cover of that book it stated, “We began this literary magazine to celebrate and share the writing going on in the Medina County Schools, and we found a lot to rejoice about.”

Over three decades later—and with student artwork added in along with student writing—we are still rejoicing!

Congratulations to the talented authors and artists who have their creative works published in this year’s edition of *Inkspot*! We wish you much continued success in your future.

Thank you to the many Medina County educators who support their students by submitting student works to *Inkspot*. Thanks also to *Inkspot* committee members Rebecca Schlegel, Jacinda Yonker, and Brenda Zacharias for their contributions to this year’s literary magazine. And a special thank-you goes to Keturah Zacharias for her hard work and dedication to *Inkspot*.

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 32nd 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*”

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Please meet the *Inkspot* cover artist.

***What was the inspiration for your piece of artwork that is on this year's cover of *Inkspot*?**

This oil painting is of my grandparents' garage. I took a photo reference of their garage when it was a nice day. I was about to walk to the park next door but thought that the reflection in the pond looked nice. In my art class I was assigned to create an oil painting of a landscape with a man-made object, and I decided to put the reference photo to use.

***Please tell us about yourself as an artist.**

I have been involved with art since I was young. My older brothers would always get these large art sets that I would end up taking. I stopped doing art for a while but then started again in the seventh grade. My favorite medium is oil pastel, despite the lack of precision needed to create tiny details. I do plan to continue with art after high school even if I choose not to make a career out of it.

***Please tell us more about yourself.**

My favorite subject in school is obviously my art class, but other than that, I am very interested in science. I don't have many hobbies other than watching shows and trying out new art mediums. I plan to go to college, but as of right now, I do not know what I would like to go to school for.—Kylie Anderson

Grades K-6

Snow Is Delightful

The snow
 It glows
 It gives off light
 And is a delight
 As it blows

Nora Palumbo
 Huntington Elementary
 Grade 4

SNOW

Small particles fall from the sky,
 Never will they bring kids unhappiness.
 Once in a while, it will have to leave.
 When it comes back, kids are filled with joy.

Cody Martz
 Huntington Elementary
 Grade 4

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Autumn

Leaves of autumn float through the sky
 The smell of pumpkin and apple cider in the cool crisp air
 The morning dew on the colorful leaves
 The sight of cornstalks and jack-o-lanterns everywhere

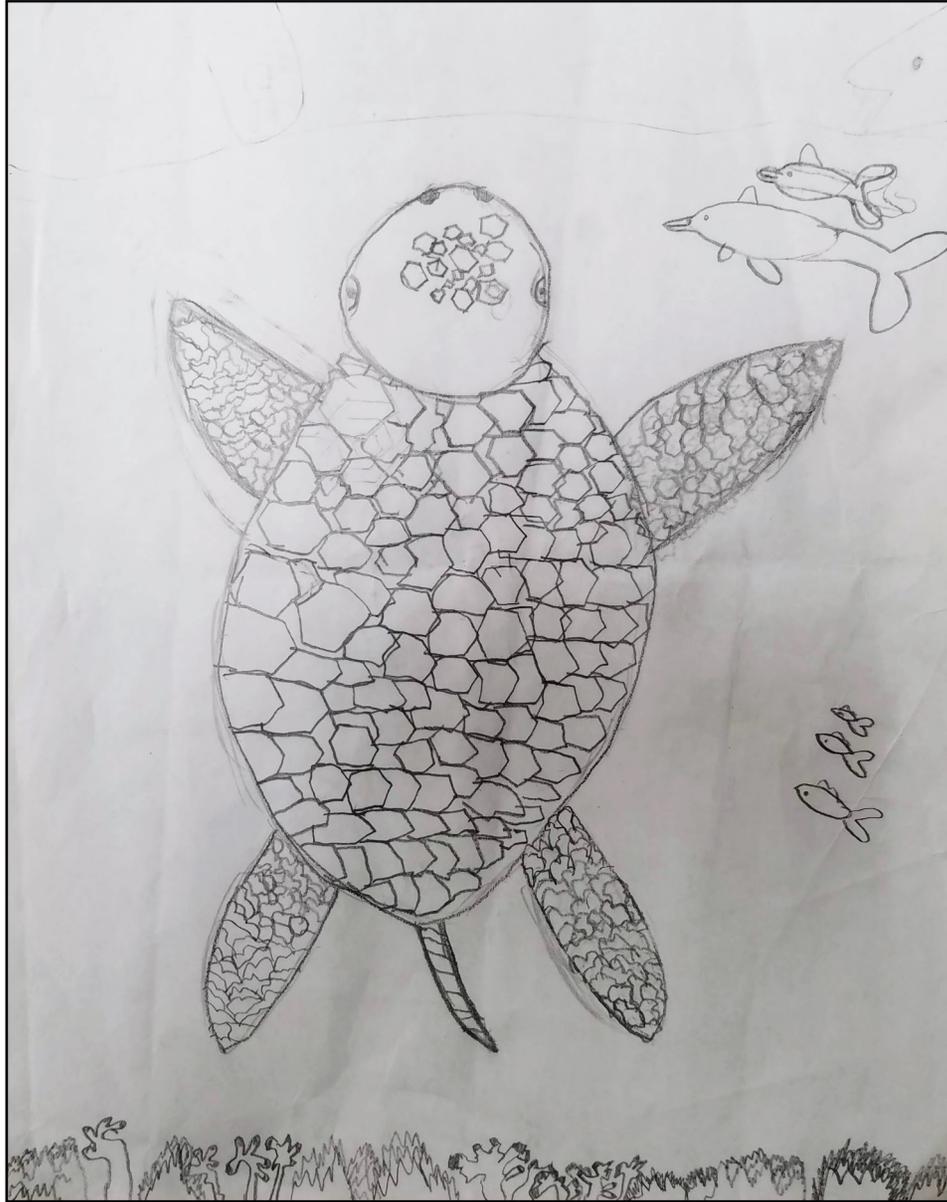
Inside the house is a feast galore
 Turkey, corn, and mashed potatoes
 Relatives rushing in from the front door
 Kids at the table asking for more

Kids waking up to see a surprise
 Shouting and cheering while rubbing tired eyes
 Parents and kids look out the window with a glow
 And all they see is everything covered in snow

Autumn is over, the trees are bare
 There is white, fluffy snow everywhere
 Kids in winter jackets playing in snow
 Rosy cheeks sipping homemade hot cocoa

Lylah Thomas
 Claggett Middle
 Grade 6

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Janae Triplett
Franklin Elementary
Grade 3

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The Snowman From a Bird's Point of View

I swooped by in winter. I was trying to leave, but a snowstorm so powerful hit me when I was flying and I couldn't leave. The other birds made it because they were faster than me.

I swooped as the snow piled up daintily. You could see the pretty snowflakes fall. They were magical. It piled up on my tree making it look like a star. The snow glittered. As I swooped, I saw a snowman.

Its scarf was a light purple. Its eyes were coal black. His nose was short and stubby. From my view, there was no smile. His arms were crooked and bent. They looked like they were ripped from a tree. The snowman had dents if you looked incredibly close. Snow piled up on him. His shadow was a little blue. His scarf flew when a cold breeze hit. The snowman looked kind.

I left and soared into my tree. The snowman watched me. Soon I went down and snuggled into the snowman's scarf, which was much warmer than migrating. I only went because the snow was very cold and I didn't want to freeze. Then I left to find worms, which were hidden far underground.

The snowman stood tall but was a little crooked. Then the scarf fell, then the twigs, next the crooked bent nose, and the arms. I picked up the scarf and wrapped it around the lump of snow.

The next year a new snowman was built. It was different. He didn't have the snowman's eyes, and his scarf was neater. I didn't mind this snowman, but I missed the old one.

Every year a new one came. The snowmen were all the same, but only from a bird's eye view. As the days go by, each snowman droops, but I take the scarf each time.

I make a promise each time to remember them. But if I had to choose, the first snowman was my favorite, for many reasons.

Gwyneth Staiger
Cloverleaf Elementary
Grade 3

Fish in Winter

A big frozen lake
 With the fish so freezing cold
 Waiting to warm up

Evan Myosky
 Huntington Elementary
 Grade 4

THE HILL

I don't like to run
 It is not very fun

 Instead I like to chill
 Way up high on this hill

 I stare up at the sky
 And I watch the clouds go by

 I stay until the sun fades away
 And the moon and stars come out to play

Logan Nenadal
 Claggett Middle
 Grade 6

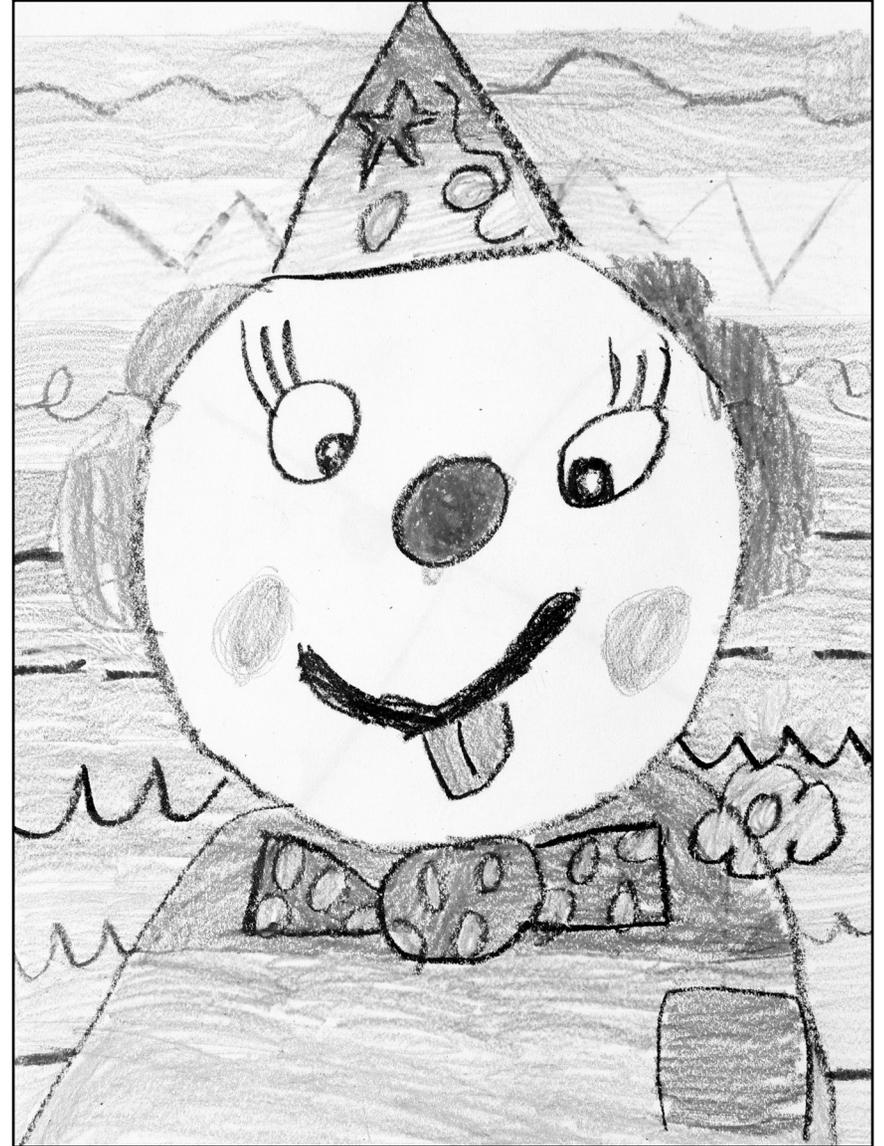


Sophia Smith
 Medina High
 Grade 12

(Continued from page 203)

It was a whirlwind of chaos. A man heard what Phoebe had said and felt as if standing on the side, yelling hateful words, was no longer working. His hands collided with her left arm, pushing her to the ground with such force it knocked her unconscious. The man's actions were greeted by cheers from other male onlookers as Phoebe's fellow suffragists watched in horror. Without thinking, Charles' fist connected with the man's face and sent them both tumbling to the ground. He hit him for Phoebe, for his mother, for Becky, for all of the women that just wish to be thought of as more than a pretty vase inside a windowsill. He pictured his father when he hit him, his brothers mindlessly laughing in agreement, all the men that wish to keep women from achieving anything close to greatness. Charles knew that the women strong enough to rally 8,000 of their sisters together to close down a city did not need anyone fighting for them, but he decided then that he would be one to fight with them. *Someday there will be a woman that will captivate this country and lead it to greatness. This is my first step for her.*

Sydney Horn
Brunswick High
Grade 12



Jack Michaels
Buckeye Primary
Grade 1

Winter Sunset

In the winter cold,
There is something to look forward to,

It is a sunset,
That will be with you.

It shimmers like diamonds,
In the freezing cold,
The snow is beautiful,
And it can never get old.

Then the moon comes out,
Putting darkness in the night,
And with the sun gone down,
Leaving a little light.

The moon is mostly sad,
During the night,
Because there is nothing to see,
Because of no light.

Then after night,
Dawn comes,
And when that happens,
It is all calm.

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greatness. This is our first step. This is for her.” She stood tall and proud as these words left her mouth and began to overcome him. The thoughts of his mother taking that clip of newspaper with a dainty smile on her face, the way she accepted his father always speaking down to her with no complaints. He thought of all the times he dismissed his mother or didn’t thank her for dinner because it was expected of her to make it. The way she reacted when his father spoke his opinions of Becky. Suddenly, all he could think about was Becky . . . beautiful, angelic, uninterested Becky. Then it hit him. She was like Phoebe. She wanted to be more than a wife that cooks dinner. She did not wish to be only seen as beautiful; she desired more than superficial compliments. She wanted to be really seen. Rebecca Stornel wished to be more than a beautiful accessory. She wanted to be called smart, she wanted to be independent, she wished for more than Charles had been indirectly offering. The realization of this made his stomach turn because he realized he was his father. He came across as only caring about the looks of a woman and whether or not she could be a good wife. His head began to feel heavy on his shoulders, and before he could say anything, a man lunged at Phoebe.

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“Women’s rights are human rights. We stand together, recognizing that defending the most marginalized among us is defending all of us,” she said with the most confidence and pride he had ever seen a women muster.

“Why did you come all the way from New York? Isn’t that a long drive?”

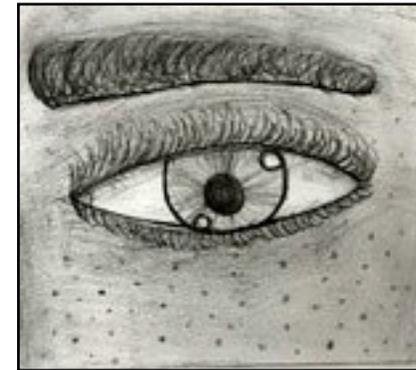
Phoebe looked into Charles’ eyes and kept direct eye contact as she spoke. “I walked here from New York. It took me nine and a half days, and I would do it again, over and over, because this is the most conspicuous and important demonstration that has ever been attempted by suffragists in this country. Because this parade will be taken to indicate the importance of the suffrage movement by the press of the country and the thousands of spectators from all over the United States gathered in Washington for the Inauguration. I will march for women and I will march for the equality of basic human rights. Women’s vocabulary should not be limited to *yes dear* and *dinner is ready*. They should be allowed to have their own opinions and be a part of deciding how the country they reside in is run. Someday there will be a woman that will captivate this country and lead it to

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Then noon comes,
Then again comes sunset,
In the beautiful winter,
Nobody will regret.

Anthony Neff
Huntington Elementary
Grade 5



William Snyder
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

Dawn

It is gorgeous when it is dawn,
 It is gorgeous when we see no stars
 And it is gorgeous when the night is gone.

Soon the twilight's shadows will disappear

And the light will come out
 The light will shine on all
 And this light will spread about.

Early in the morning
 The sun's light shines on all.
 It is gorgeous when the sun comes up
 And the people wake up
 To the bird's morning call.

Everyone around the world
 Wakes up and starts their wonderful day
 Parents go to work
 And the children start to play.

The hills covered with graceful light
 The grass is able to see
 But some kids are still sleeping,
 So we will let them be.

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"Why do you say you are on the wrong side?" She looked at him with a look filled with an emotion that he couldn't quite name.

"Well, Ma'am, you see, I am the only male over here, all the others are on the side of the road, while you and your fellow women march through the middle of the road."

"Do you know why they are on the sides?"

"No, Ma'am, I do not."

"They do not support us," she said as she looked over her shoulder at the men yelling at her fellow marchers. "They don't want to hear what we have to say." This time he knew the emotion on her face. It was sadness.

"Pardon me, but who are you and what do they not support?" Charles asked, for he had no idea why she was so upset.

The woman turned to him and a small smile formed on her lips. "I am Phoebe Hawn of New York, and they do not support women's rights." Her words hit him hard.

"What do you mean?" he asked, somehow feeling as if he already knew the answer.

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have made it, but a woman happened to cross his path and got impaled by Charles in his desperate attempt to exit the parade. He and the woman hit the ground and both rolled away from one another. Due to his rush of adrenaline, the fall did not even faze Charles; so within a few seconds, he was on his feet rushing over to help up the poor lady that he so rudely ran over. "Ma'am my deepest apologies, I should have looked before I ran. I was just overwhelmed and wanted to get out of your and your sisters' way . . . It appears I have done the opposite. Again, I apologize." He offered out his hand, and after a minute of deciding if she actually wanted his help, the woman took his hand and let him help her to her feet.

"Why are you in such a rush to get away from us in the first place?" the woman said coolly as she dusted herself off.

"I just do not belong here, I mean," he motioned to the rest of the parade that had continued as if nothing happened, "I am obviously on the wrong side of this. It would make more sense to be watching from the sides, which is what I was trying to do." The woman pressed her lips together and scrunched her eyebrows together as if something he said upset her.

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It is gorgeous when you see the morning colors
 And when the sun is awakening
 It is also gorgeous when light shines through
 And when the night starts breaking.

Ariana Phillips
 Huntington Elementary
 Grade 5



Kendall Randolph
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 6

Hive

Looking at the color's hue
 Landing on top the morning dew
 Bright-colored flowers fill my eyes
 But the birds take me by surprise
 Flying as fast as I can through the sky
 Flying to reach my hive
 Twisting and turning past cars and shops
 That's when I feel the first raindrops
 Taking cover beneath a tree
 Gray is all I see
 I keep on flying away from the rain
 And that's when I find the right lane
 I see my home a short distance away
 Then I fly under the gateway
 The beautiful flowers are here
 I feel like I could cheer
 The hive is intact
 I'm back

Lena Buxton
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 6

(Continued from page 198)

around her neck and shoulders, and her auburn eyes were ablaze. Her eyes burned with the fierceness of a thousand men and it scared him. She nodded her head slightly to his apology and began chanting.

“Votes for women! It is time to right the wrongs!” her voice boomed louder than he had ever heard a man or woman speak. He then realized it was not just her. He looked around him as thousands of women marched with signs and strings of flowers just like the one he saw before. It then occurred to him that he might have escaped the rough sea but he just entered the eye of the storm.

I do not belong here . . . Charles thought as he watched the women pass him by. His head was spun so fast that all he could see were large blurs. He darted from one side of the road to the other, for he wasn't sure what to do. The crowd of onlookers was so thick, and he knew there was no way that it could be used as an escape. Suddenly, he saw his chance. An angered male stormed away from the edge of the road leaving a small window that would be soon filled. So Charles, without considering his surroundings, lunged forward with everything in him. He would

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After a forty-minute drive, the car pulled up to a massive stone-like building that was like nothing Charles had ever seen before. Getting out of the car was a blur as he was in absolute awe of the sights around him. There were hundreds of people shuffling down the street, all with a destination in mind. The buildings were like nothing he had ever seen before, tall and cold-looking with a feel of power surround them. He found himself wandering towards a crowd of people to his left; they all seemed to be in discussion and on their way to the same place. Before he knew it, he was swept into the frenzy, pulled into the sea of people unable to get back to shore. Suddenly, the crowd began to part. Charles saw this as an escape route and readied himself for the break. He lunged out and into the open space only to bump into a small woman holding a rather large sign.

“My deepest apologies, Ma’am. I meant no harm as I was just trying to regain my footing,” Charles said. He was feeling a bit embarrassed of his lack of balance. He looked at her as she dusted herself off. She couldn’t have been over twenty, her black hair was pinned up under a white hat that matched her shockingly very clean dress. A string of flowers was draped

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Galloping

Bum-bump bum-bump

Goes my heart.

I think to myself, am I ready?

I am.

Click-click,

Hank starts trotting.

“Faster, Hanky, Faster!”

The faster he goes, the freer I feel.

“Come on, Bud!”

He gets faster and faster,

He’s galloping!

As he gallops, it’s like I am floating.

Nothing can wipe the smile off my face.

Every time I feel his feet hit the ground

I get more and more excited.

I want this to never end.

Eli Winkfield
Central Intermediate
Grade 6



Norma Jean Cunningham
Franklin Elementary
Grade 3

(Continued from page 196)

He looked at his brothers and the three replied in synchrony, “Coming, Sir!” They stood up, and before Elizabeth could say goodbye, they were out the door.

The car ride started off silent until Father decided to share why he was so upset. “Boys, the world is attempting to change before our very eyes. Women now believe they should be able to decide how our government works as if they have the proper knowledge to even be able to form opinions on such matters.” He chuckled, “They are forgetting their place, and today, the day I take you three, my sons, to learn about bonds and the company you will be taking over in a few years, they decide to fill the streets and the community minds with their idiotic ideas. Women are for cooking, cleaning, and birthing. There is no place for women in politics. They will learn.” William and Joseph, Charles’ oldest brother, laughed along with their father in agreement. Charles didn’t laugh, he didn’t even crack a smile. Something about what his father had just said felt wrong, even though he knew it to be the truth.

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and her nails were never chipped and matched her red lips. Father always says women must always look presentable. Charles could not think of a time his mother was dressed down or a day her lips were not painted the same color as the roses out front. Her eyes were light blue, like crystals. She always said he inherited her eyes. He does not have the distress and sorrow hers attempted to hide from the world.

“For the love of God!” His father’s voice boomed like thunder, and in response the whole room got silent. He threw the paper down and stormed out of the room. Elizabeth slowly walked over to where the disheveled paper lay on the floor and picked it up. As she read the article, her eyes lit up like stars on a clear night. She tried to contain her joy, but Charles knew his mom. She was undeniably delighted. She carefully ripped out the article, slid it into her apron pocket and went back to the sink as if nothing happened.

Charles’ curiosity about the paper clipping was interrupted by Edward’s stern voice, “Charles! Joseph! William! I am leaving. Let’s get a move on.”

(Continued on page 197)

Fish

When I was a small boy
I had a favorite toy

I kept it in a dish
It was a big beautiful fish

The color was not very bright
Instead, it was as black as night

I took that fish everywhere I went
That toy was money well spent

Logan Nenadal
Claggett Middle
Grade 6

I Like

I like sunshine,
 I like leaves,
 I like when they blow in the breeze.
 I like brownies,
 I like cake,
 I like them only if they're baked.
 I like volleyball,
 I like sleeping,
 I like going to the mall with a tweaking.
 I like snacks,
 I like crafts,
 I like the long necks on giraffes.
 I like stories,
 I like dreams,
 I like cheering with my team.
 I like friends,
 I like fun,
 But, unfortunately, I am done.

Kendal Kereszturi
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 6

(Continued from page 194)

“No, Sir, not yet, but I am sure she will come around,”

Charles replied, slightly embarrassed.

Father peered over the paper before he glanced back down and turned the page to the national news. “Strong-willed girls do not find husbands. She will learn eventually that receiving a man’s attention is something to celebrate, especially one of high social standing such as yourself, Charles.” With that, Mother dropped a bowl into the sudsy water, causing a rather large splash and leaving droplets of water all over the pristine window. Father, in a loud and slightly angered tone, screeched at Mother, “Elizabeth! Do your hands no longer work?”

“I-I am sorry Edward Dear, it must have slipped. I’ll get to cleaning the window after breakfast,” she said with an obviously forced smile plastered across her red lips. Father, either not noticing or caring that his wife was faking her apology, scoffed and went back to reading. Charles looked at his mother. She was perfect, her shiny white teeth shimmered when she smiled like the polished china she was putting back into the cupboards. Her strawberry blonde hair was always pinned back into tight curls,

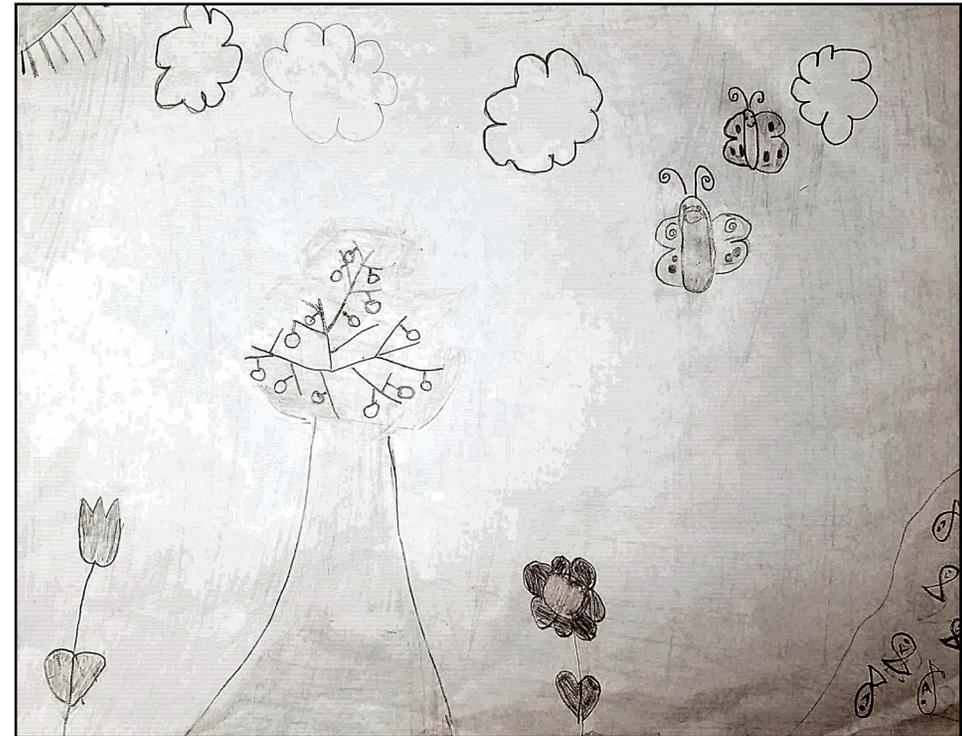
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“Ah yes, Rebecca Stornel,” Father said without looking up from his paper, “Have you made any progress?”

Have I made any progress? What a joke. Charles couldn't help but feel discouraged. Rebecca Stornel has been the source of so many headaches and sleepless nights. The lovely girl that lived three streets down caught his eye two years ago, and every day since she had refused his affection. He meant absolutely nothing to her, which was unfortunate because she was his everything. He spent all of his school days thinking about her and watching her longingly during class. He couldn't help but stare. Her long auburn hair brushed her back slightly and was always sectioned off with a baby blue ribbon. Her dresses were a variety of pastel colors. He tried to get her attention but she denied him, time after time. She would always ask him the same question, “What do you like about me?” and every time Charles would reply “You are beautiful.” She would smile as if she felt pity for him then reply, the way she did a thousand times before, “That is not what I wish to be.” She would say this then walk away, no further explanation, nothing, but he did not believe in giving up.

(Continued on page 195)



Ava Ramsier
Isham Elementary
Grade 2

A lock?

You have a lock?

I have a block.

You have a lock?

I have the clock.

You have a lock?

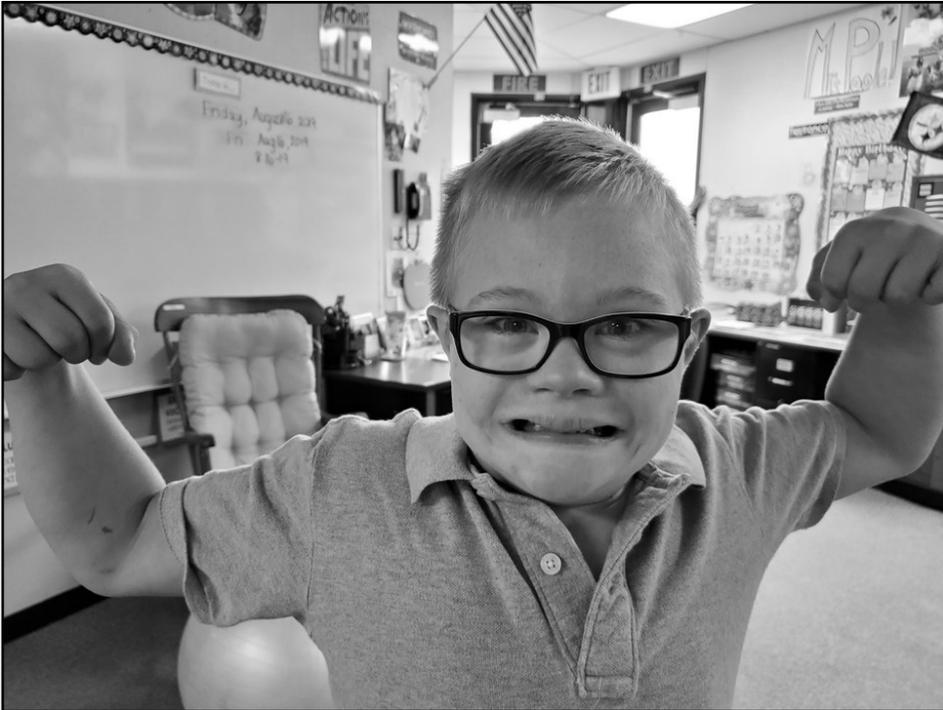
I have to knock.

Can you just open the door already? It is FREEZING!

Brenden Reed
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

I think my muscles are the best part of me.
They can lift a car and also lift a train
and people like Superman, HULK and Incredibles.

Mick McGinnis
Hickory Ridge Elementary
Grade 5



Mick McGinnis
Hickory Ridge Elementary
Grade 5

(Continued from page 192)

up on the wooden shelves his father made him for his birthday last year, to the news clippings pinned to his bland white walls praising his favorite player, Ty Cobb. His room was a shrine to baseball and he designed it that way, but something about his room always seemed bland. As if he was in a trance, Charles swung his legs over the edge of his bed and walked towards the hall, turning left to enter the bathroom. He then proceeded to get ready. He did all the basics and finished off by putting on his cotton button-up, he chose a light blue color, which he tucked into his tan khakis. He ran down the steps leading into the kitchen where his brothers and father were already seated for breakfast.

“Good morning, Sir,” he said as he nodded his head slightly towards his father who was reading the paper, passed by his mother who was cleaning dishes at the sink, and sat down in his usual seat, left of his father.

William, the second eldest, gave a mischievous grin and spoke in a silky smooth voice, “So, Charlie, how is Becky?” This was not abnormal, for he asked every morning just to hear how Charles, once again, struck out trying to obtain his heart's true desire.

(Continued on page 194)

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My overall favorite part of The Biltmore was going through the gorgeous gardens. Just walking through the gardens brought so many amazing vibes and even better views. But that was just my personal preference. Everything at The Biltmore is beautiful and fun. Well, there you have it, that is all about my experience at The Biltmore Estate.

Wren Marquis
Highland Middle
Grade 7

Eight Thousand to One

Here we go again. That is what sixteen-year-old Charles Donovan thought as he woke up. This five-syllable notion was the first thing to cross his mind every morning. His brain could never muster up anything more complex; it was always the same, but that's life. Actually, that is his life, an elementary routine that never faults. Every day feels as if he is just going through the motions.

The day was March second, 1913, and the sun was streaming through the small, square window opposite Charles' bed. He forced his eyes open, and as they adjusted to the light, he sat up and looked around. It was the same view as yesterday. From the baseball cards and his marble stone collection, all lined

(Continued on page 193)

Be Yourself

Don't give up,
Be yourself,
Take a smile.
Don't be the same, go take an extra mile.

Don't be blue,
Don't be the same hue!
Everybody is different
Including you!

You're as good as new
as long as yourself is shining through!
Being the same is boring,
So change it up
So no one is snoring!

If you want to be free, be free!
If you want to be kind, be kind!
If you want to be creative, be creative!

Be yourself, don't make it a challenge!

Eden Chernow
Hickory Ridge Elementary
Grade 4

Penalty Kick

Seconds left on the clock

Tick-tock tick-tock

You're down 5-6

The crowd goes silent

You take three steps back

Then one to the side

Thump

Thump

Thump

You jump to get momentum

Then you vault forward

Eye on ball

Eye on goal

Eye on a victory

Strike

The ball soars swiftly through the soft air

Right into the back of the net

Bang

An amazing goal

An astonishing win

Margo Crandall
Claggett Middle
Grade 6

(Continued from page 190)

cloud in the sky. By the time we got back to the main area, I was sweating. Even though we were in the mountains of Asheville, North Carolina, it was still very hot.

One of my favorite parts of my visit to The Biltmore Estate was the Biltmore Bakery. Yes, not only is there a bakery at The Biltmore Estate, but there are other places too. There is a cafe, stables, and even a huge winery. My family only had the chance to stop at the bakery, and good thing too; it was delicious! We all tried something different. I had a blueberry scone; it was still warm with little bits of blueberries. It tasted just as good as it smelled. I enjoy baking, so it was awesome that they had a bakery there. The Estate includes the winery, shops, hotels, parks and a lot of other fun things that you can do. So if you have little ones, they will probably enjoy it too!

My experience at The Biltmore Estate was absolutely charming. And if you lived at The Biltmore in its 250 rooms and acres of gardens, don't worry, all that cleaning and groundskeeping is taken care of by 40 employees. So, you can just enjoy the house along with the beautiful gardens without having to lift a finger. I enjoyed it there and so did the rest of my family.

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of which were also brand new to the century. I had the opportunity to take a tour of this unbelievable house with my family. We were able to do a listening tour with headphones. We heard stories regarding everything from The Biltmore house storing priceless art from Washington, D.C., during WWII to the narrator pointing out secret doors that we would have otherwise not seen. Wouldn't it be neat if all houses had secret doors to hidden rooms?

Not only is the house enormous, but the gardens that this house has are absolutely beautiful! So when you are finishing with the mounds of house cleaning, you'll have fun pulling acres of weeds. When walking through the gardens, you can smell so many different aromas, you can hear the bees abuzz, see countless colors, and you can almost taste the astonishing fragrance of herbs. It even has a conservatory with a miniature train set that includes multiple bridges all made out of real tree branches. Models of the estate are also in the greenhouses. It is so cute! I could hear the little whistle of the train, and all the plants had so many different colors and textures. I thought they were marvelous! I also went on a hike with my family around Bass Pond. The sun was beating down and there wasn't a single

(Continued on page 191)

Football

It makes you sore
 It makes you more
 Of a person, that is
 The brutal hits
 That sustained weeks
 Will never cover up the people you meet
 The two-a-days
 The really long practices
 Just for one moment
 That comes at you like this
 The stands going crazy
 The field lights flashing
 To become just this
 A champion that is

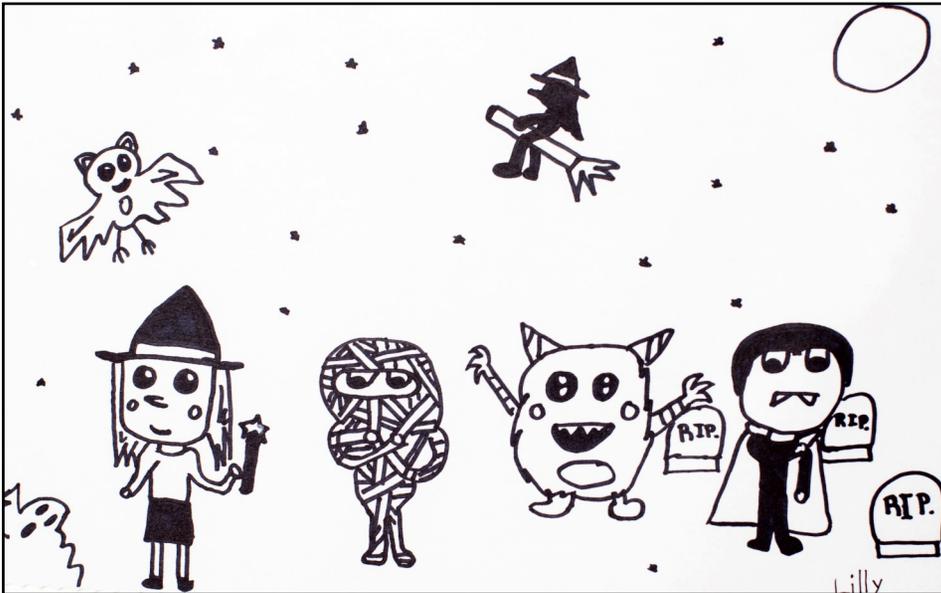
Gavin Madigan
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 6

The Mansion

Don't you just hate cleaning? How do you feel about dusting, sweeping floors and vacuuming carpets, not to mention window washing? Well, imagine a house with more than 200 rooms. Just think of the upkeep! This summer I had the opportunity to visit The Biltmore Estate. If you didn't know, The Biltmore is a gigantic house built by George Vanderbilt, the grandson of Cornealeous Vanderbilt. Cornealeous Vanderbilt was known as the Commodore because he started in the shipping business. A commodore is the head of a fleet of ships. However, he is most famously known as the greatest businessman in railroads. The money that he accumulated got passed down through his family, and that is how George Vanderbilt, Cornealeous Vanderbilt's grandson, built The Biltmore Estate.

So, why would anyone want to go and visit some old guy's house? Well, this is no ordinary house. This house has 250 rooms, 35 bedrooms, 43 bathrooms, 65 fireplaces, three kitchens, electric elevators, forced-air heating, centrally controlled clocks, fire alarms, and also a call bell system. That was all brand new technology for the 19th century. This house today is pretty amazing, but back then this house was beyond spectacular. It even has an indoor pool and a bowling alley, both

(Continued on page 190)



Lilly Teconchuk
Buckeye Primary
Grade 2

seems, its watchful eye observant, its acute hearing omnipresent. This seemingly simple accessory of a house sees a lot in its day.

Families rushing out to go to work.

Students walking in after a long day.

A small child, teetering around on wobbly legs and eventually falling down.

Ah, now you see it is not so easy to be a door. This life is not for the fainthearted; the violent, daily slams it must endure are difficult. When it is locked at night, the resounding *click* of the deadbolt signifies yet another day in the books for this heavy, wooden, wise slab. Finally, the day is over for this door.

Lauren Ball
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 7



Katy Felix
Highland High
Grade 11

School Day

Waking up at seven-thirty
I'm always in such a hurry
On the bus, the day has started
Off the bus, I think I farted
Morning announcements go so fast
After that, we have such a blast
Off to math class with a smile
I have to remember to pick up my file
Boring problems that never end
I have to talk to my friend
After math we go to science
We have to learn about dental appliance
After that we go to reading
The title of it is so misleading
Writing and writing is all we do
Makes me think about Kalamazoo
After that we go to gym
My basketball almost broke the rim
Then the bell rings and I run outside
On the bus, I sit with pride
Once I get home I lay in my bed
Thinking about my day in my head

Brenna Renner
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

Math

Division, subtraction, multiplication, addition.

Why do we need these operations?

Can't we just not divide stuff . . . why not just keep it?

I hate subtracting my gummy bears.

Why can't there just be an unlimited amount?

Multiplication and addition, those are some of my favorites.

It's just why divide or subtract,

When you can just multiply or add to get even more?

I love to get two times two bags of gummy bears,

But I always have to divide or subtract it.

Why can't I just add it or multiply it,

Or just keep it the same?

I would be fine without all these operations.

Why can't we just get rid of them?!

Eddie Gale
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

(Continued from page 186)

The cat sat in the middle of a grove of cherry trees. Then, something strange happened. The cat started to grow. It grew, and grew, and grew. Before long it was twice the size of the large cherry trees beside it. The cat opened its mouth, baring its fangs as it said, "Cherry, wake up. Cherry!"

The cat pounced before I had the chance to comprehend what had just happened, and I woke up in my familiar chair with my friend next to me.

"Hey, you're awake! Mrs. Alandra just announced that we can go home early. I didn't want to leave you here. You slept for a long time. Are you good?"

"Uh, yeah. I'm fine." I replied and stretched, reaching my hands as high as I could. I was back in the post office, "Just a little dizzy."

Lorene Bennett
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 7

It shudders and creaks, wavers and wanes, trembling under its stress. It has heard many teenage girls rest their backs against it, their hitching breaths ensuing vibrating tremors that resonate through the cedar frame. It has felt it slam during the heat of a dispute, its wooden body a divider between the two parties of an angry feud. It has also been closed tenderly, a gentle reminder for the love of the infant inside, fast asleep.

How eventful! This thing, "it" must be truly remarkable to withstand such burdens, no? But alas, it is a simple extremity every home has.

A door.

In the life of a door, it witnesses mundane, monotonous tasks, but also secret, veiled disturbances. A door is more than it

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the door since they didn't have a mailbox or a doorbell. A couple of seconds later, the door crept open ever so slightly.

"Hello?" a person on the other side whispered like they were asking me why I would ever want to come to their terrible neighborhood.

"Hi!" I cooed in the awful way my boss always wants me to speak. "I am part of the Alandra Delivery Service! My name is Cherry." The door didn't open any further so I continued my grand speech. "You have received a letter from . . ." I squinted, trying to remember the lady's name.

"A letter?" said a coarse, barely audible voice that sounded like they spent their entire day screaming.

"You betcha!" I exclaimed, still keeping up the flawless peppiness that always makes me want to gag. At this, a small hand, fit for a child, reached through the small opening of the door. The hand was very small and adorned with strange jewelry. I noticed a ring far too big for their tiny finger, and a bracelet that looked like it was made from woven copper wire and daisies.

"I'll take that," they whispered once again and waved their hand around for extra emphasis.

"Alrighty!" I placed the letter in the hand. It was quickly pulled inside along with the door being promptly slammed in my face.

Rude.

On my way back down to the street to prepare for takeoff, I noticed something else. A cat was watching me from the other side of the house. It stared at me for a second, then it turned around, pausing to look behind at me again. It was like it wanted me to follow. I hesitated, and it slipped around the corner. Suddenly I got an overwhelming sense that I should follow the cat, and before I knew it, I was!

(Continued on page 187)

Spelling Bee Aftermath

What was the word I got out on again? Was it athletic, friend, or grateful?

Maybe it was flying, soup, or meal.

Whatever it was, I am sure that it was not ordinary.

After all, who would spell military wrong?

Wait, what's my word again?

Military? Okay.

M-I-T-I-L-A-R-Y

Oops!

Reagan Bradley
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

The Pencil

I love to draw
it is so fun
to let my creative juices run
I love to doodle
maybe a noodle
I don't know

I let my pencil go
I watch what it makes
hopefully it's a nice
chocolate cake

I love to doodle maybe a poodle
a noodle
a chocolate shake
a vanilla cake
I don't know
I'll just let my pencil go

Zoey Scimone
Claggett Middle
Grade 6

Just a Little Dizzy

Delivering wasn't always so boring, but this time it was. I was just supposed to take a letter and give it to someone a town away. Traditional, tedious jobs such as this one I tended to overlook and get them done as quickly as possible, but I was itching for some excitement this time, so I went against my client's wishes and opened the letter. All it said was this:

Trees are memories
They hold every image sharp and clear
Cats climbing
Dogs scratching
Children laughing
But most important, cats climbing
When cats climb, they almost always fall
Resilience and growth
Always bringing them back to their feet
It's weird how much cats can remember and grow
You know what to do

What a lame attempt at poetry. It doesn't rhyme or make even a lick of sense. I put it back into the envelope and stepped out into the street. I took a running start, running as fast as I could until I jumped high into the air. My takeoffs were getting better and better every time, but it was still shaky. I spiraled towards the address printed on the letter: USPS 435.

I landed where the house was located. A glance around told me that this place was shady. Windows were boarded up, trash littered the streets, and there wasn't a single person in sight. It looked deserted. I walked up to the right address and knocked on

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Elise Milburn
Medina High
Grade 12

Crafts

The smell of sticky glue,
The sound of pencils rattling and clattering.
The smell of fresh acrylic paint,
A world full of creativity and colors that come to life
In a simple line.

A simple sketch will take you to a place,
Of unforgettable art and wonder.
The feel of the oil pastels on the tips of your fingers,
The smell of fresh Sharpie.
A blank page, you ask?
Of course there is always room for more!
The glitter! The paint! The sweet scent of paste!
Throw it together and you have art!

Color.
Creativity.
Imagination.
Art.

All you do is slightly stroke the pencil,
Lightly across the page and open your mind.
Wonder spills out onto the page.
No matter what is on that page,
Just Do It.

Tessa Kovein
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

A Weird Day

I awake on a hospital bed
 Then turn to the nurse and say
 What am I doing here
 She tells me I'm just the first patient of the day
 As we enter the room
 With the big white bed
 I look and I see
 My old friend Fred
 As I look around
 I can't believe what I see
 Everything I have ever lost
 Even my shawl
 Suddenly the floor starts to sink
 And turns into an ice rink
 Then Fred gets his skates on
 And goes on the ice like a swan
 The nurse then starts to braid my hair
 Then she announces that her name is Claire
 I ask how I had gotten there
 She said I had run into a pair of squares
 I am clearly quite confused
 Then she shows that my legs are bruised
 Now you may be excused she said
 While on the ice she cruises

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Lauren Riley
 Highland High
 Grade 10

(Continued from page 181)

halfway full, I pulled my cup away because it was too heavy. To my horror, the beautiful blue substance didn't stop flowing. My head began to spin finding ways to stop the machine. Although, I did what any eight-year-old would, I ran away. Slushie still in hand, I sat in the corner and took a long slurp. I began to feel emotions I had never felt before. My mind was like an expanding rainbow, just getting bigger and bigger. The smile on my face was getting larger and larger. Ever since that day, I've been obsessed with slushies, specifically ICEEs. Today is the day though. The day I WILL buy my own premium ICEE machine. It won't be one of those cheap plastic ones either. I hop onto Amazon to see my baby blue painted, steel ICEE maker for \$450. I have been saving my allowance since I was nine for this machine. My hand moves the mouse so that the cursor is over the "Add To Cart" option. I contemplate buying a laptop or a pet, but then my mind makes its choice. My heart skips a beat as I click "Checkout."

Caleb Sundermeier
Root Middle
Grade 7

(Continued from page 30)

Suddenly bright light shines in my face
Then everything I misplaced disappears without a trace
I look up at the ceiling beam
And then realize this day is just a dream

Landry Macko
Central Intermediate
Grade 6



Emily Gerber
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

My Favorite Things

Dedicated to Megan

Warm mittens, sweet kittens,
and chocolate drink. Are all little
things that are making me think about
all of the seasons, but winter is best. Whether
snowy or rainy it's nice in the west. The weather,
it's cold, but the lights are so bold and that's how
winter is here. My reason two? I don't have a clue
except snuggling up by the fire. With a cat on my
lap and a dog at my feet, it's time to plug in the
wire. With a wow and some cheer, Christmas is
here, with all its sugar and snacks but most of
all the star of the show, the one and only, the big
and jolly man with the big toy-filled sack. My
real reason three? That's all up to me, so I
think long and hard. The thing that I
see as my number three, is the cards
and all of the joy, not just the toys
or the good girls and boys, but the
time that we all spend together.

Myah Kollar
Huntington Elementary
Grade 5

(Continued from page 180)

So next time you say that one mean comment
Or you make someone feel bad, remember the words on the wall
These are the words that always inevitably stick
So rather than use your words for spite
Use your words for good
Because you could be saving a life
Or simply make someone's day
No matter how small the words are
So remember the words on the wall
And know words always inevitably stick, no matter how small

Rachel Hall
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

The ICEE Machine

I wake up and all I can think about is sucking the cold refreshing
chunks of an ICEE. I get out of bed, but still my mind revolves
around that slushie. The freezing delicious sensation has always
been my true love ever since that fateful day in second grade.
That was the day I went to my best friend's birthday party. He,
being as rich as he was, rented out a slushie machine labeled,
"ICEE." I, being a child of minimum-wage parents, had never
heard of a slushie. I ran over to the machine and picked up the
largest cup. While trying to figure out how to make it dispense
this slushie thing, I eventually pushed back the trigger. A thick,
royal blue liquid oozed onto my finger, sending a chill down my
back. I pulled my chubby little finger away from the trigger and
stuck my cup under the dispenser. When the cup was about

(Continued on page 182)

(Continued from page 179)

So she put words on the wall of encouragement for anyone and everyone to see

She wanted everyone to feel loved

And know they were not broken

It was inevitable that someone could see her words on the wall

And it was inevitable that they would think about her words on the wall

It might change them, it might simply make them think

But it would affect them in some way

Even long after she would be gone, these words would stick

Even if it was the tiniest bit of change, it was inevitable to happen

And that gave her hope

It gave her a different kind of hope

A reason, a purpose to make a difference in this world

It gave kids going through something hope

And that is why she put those words on the wall

Because it was that one kid, that one life saved from something malevolent and sad

Her words on the wall were empowering and beautiful

They were inevitable to give hope and love through simple words

And the simplicity of the words were the most beautiful part

Because they were so powerful yet so little

It's inevitable that the small words always count the most

Because they are the most impacting of all

(Continued on page 181)

Winter

I wish it was just summer

It really is a bummer

It's just too dang cold

It's starting to get old

The sun still shines bright

But everything is white

We can go build a snowman

But that will start a snowball fight

With lots of screams of fright

I think I'll stay in tonight

But maybe I might

Go out and join the fight

It might not be right

So I might go sled instead

Or I could be in my bed

The other kids are fun

But playing games on my bun

Is better than the cold, cold ice

I think about it once or twice

But it's a bit far-out

I can hide by the driveway

Or behind the car

Or that metal bar!

(Continued on page 34)

(Continued from page 33)

I wish I was invisible
 So I can attack
 When no one thinks I will
 So I start my journey
 I get hit in the head
 I'm not ready yet!
 I run back to my fort
 I also scream, "**ABORT!**"
 I grab my electric launcher
 And plug it into the wall port
TO DESTROY THEIR FORT!

William Snyder
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 6

Inevitable — The Words On the Wall

She who is kind and bright
 The one who is always there for you
 The light to the darkness
 But, something or someone blew out that light
 The light that helped shine to make this world a better place.

It was inevitable that that one kid said something mean to her at school

It was inevitable that no one said anything, but rather stood by
 And watched as she was ripped piece by piece
 Though she stayed strong and put on a brave face
 She was torn and broken

It was inevitable that no matter how much hurt she felt, she still brought someone else's spirits up.

She was kind, but broken

It was inevitable that no matter how hard she tried, she still cried
 She still suffered

It was inevitable that more than just her were picked on for being themselves

She wanted to stop it, but didn't know how

(Continued on page 180)



Sarah Holdridge
Medina High
Grade 10

Invisibility

I have a special power called invisibility.
There's so many things I can do, and people have no clue.

I can throw snowballs at people without them knowing, I can
sneak out of bed, to eat my favorite pudding.

Sneaking places is a breeze, and getting stung by a bee is very
unlikely for me.

Sometimes it's awkward when I have to pee, but trust me, it's
worth it, just to be me.

Just think of all the things I can do. Oh yeah? Did I mention that
I'm sitting right next to you?

Eli Watson
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

A Single Piece of Paper

A single piece of paper is blown through a window of a tall
skyscraper.

It nears the traffic-filled road,

Only to be whisked away by the cold air that has blown.

It soars up into the sky,

Feeling the unhealthy chemicals as it flies.

It passes the dark clouds and gapes at the setting sun.

It glides back down and sees that the world has won!

The sky has fresh air,

And the city is clean everywhere!

There's a tree in every corner, and the sight of people taking
walks makes it feel warmer.

Finally, it touches the ground,

Without even making a sound.

A soft hand picks it up and walks to a blue bin,

And it sees where all of its friends have been.

Callista Kuzmik
Central Intermediate
Grade 6



Caitlin Sammon
Medina High
Grade 12

My feet
 pressed against the block
 The official holds
 up the gun
 My teammates suddenly
 get quiet
 My stomach-churning
 Boom
 I move my legs
 I see the red and white hurdle
 It inches closer
 I lift my lead leg
 Extending it
 I use all of my power jumping off
 Not too much or I'll jump too high
 Not too little or I'll hit
 My feet may not hit the ground
 I'm not sure if I'll make it
 But I'll try

Jasmine Krug
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8



Norma Jean Cunningham
 Franklin Elementary
 Grade 3

Today

It's my birthday!
 Today is the day,
 Today is my day,
 The day I get to go in the hot tub!

I run upstairs with a swoosh to grab my swimsuit.

In my head I think,
 "Today is the day,
 Today is my day!"

I hear the bathroom door stick.
 I hear the lock pop!

After changing, I try to unlock the door.
 There's no pop and no stick.

I call to my dad and he responds.
 The only things I can hear are my dad's tools clanking and
 clonking.

The knob turns and I'm out,
 In the hot tub.

Today is the day,
 Today is my day!

Ava Sems
 Claggett Middle
 Grade 6

(Continued from page 174)

Goodbye to my brother
 Just maybe not forever
 You're always by my side
 Even in the dark I'll never be alone

Haylee Rapp
 Black River Middle
 Grade 8



Noah Casey
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8

Living With Your Memory
(Dedicated to Jimmy Richard Rapp)

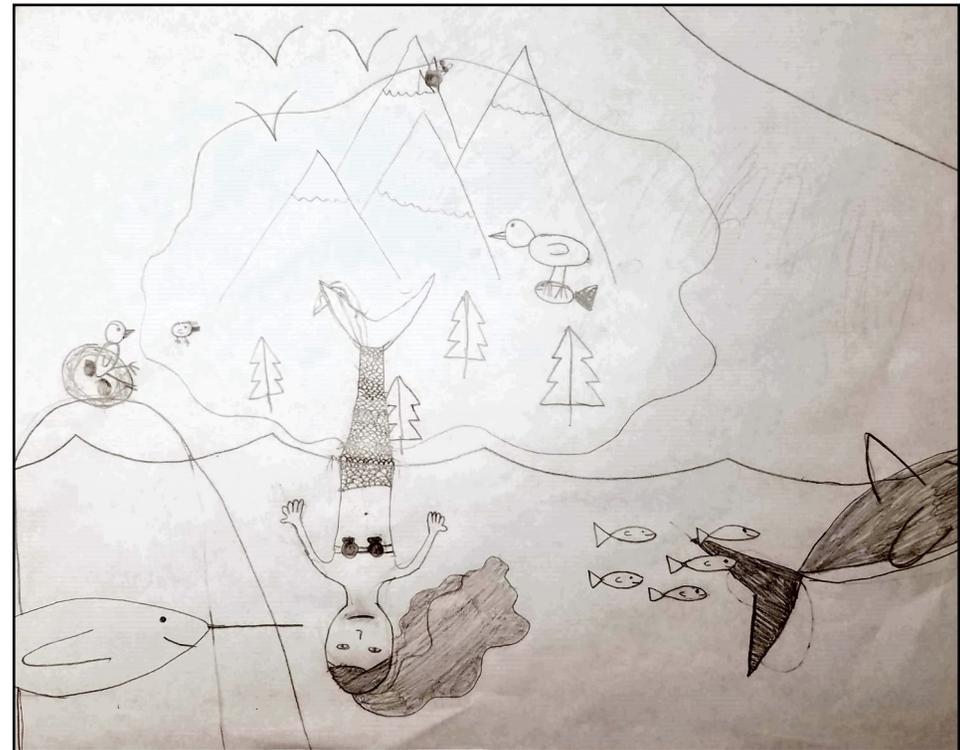
November 30th is the day
The day you passed away
The day you faded
Faded out of our reach

When all was said and done
There's no turning back
You were gone in a flash
And there's no getting you back

Living in the memories
Because we can't make more
Living with your memories
Making me fall into ease

Hearing your voice
Slowly fade away
As if you're here
But not in sight

(Continued on page 175)



Natalie Gill
Isham Elementary
Grade 3

The Well

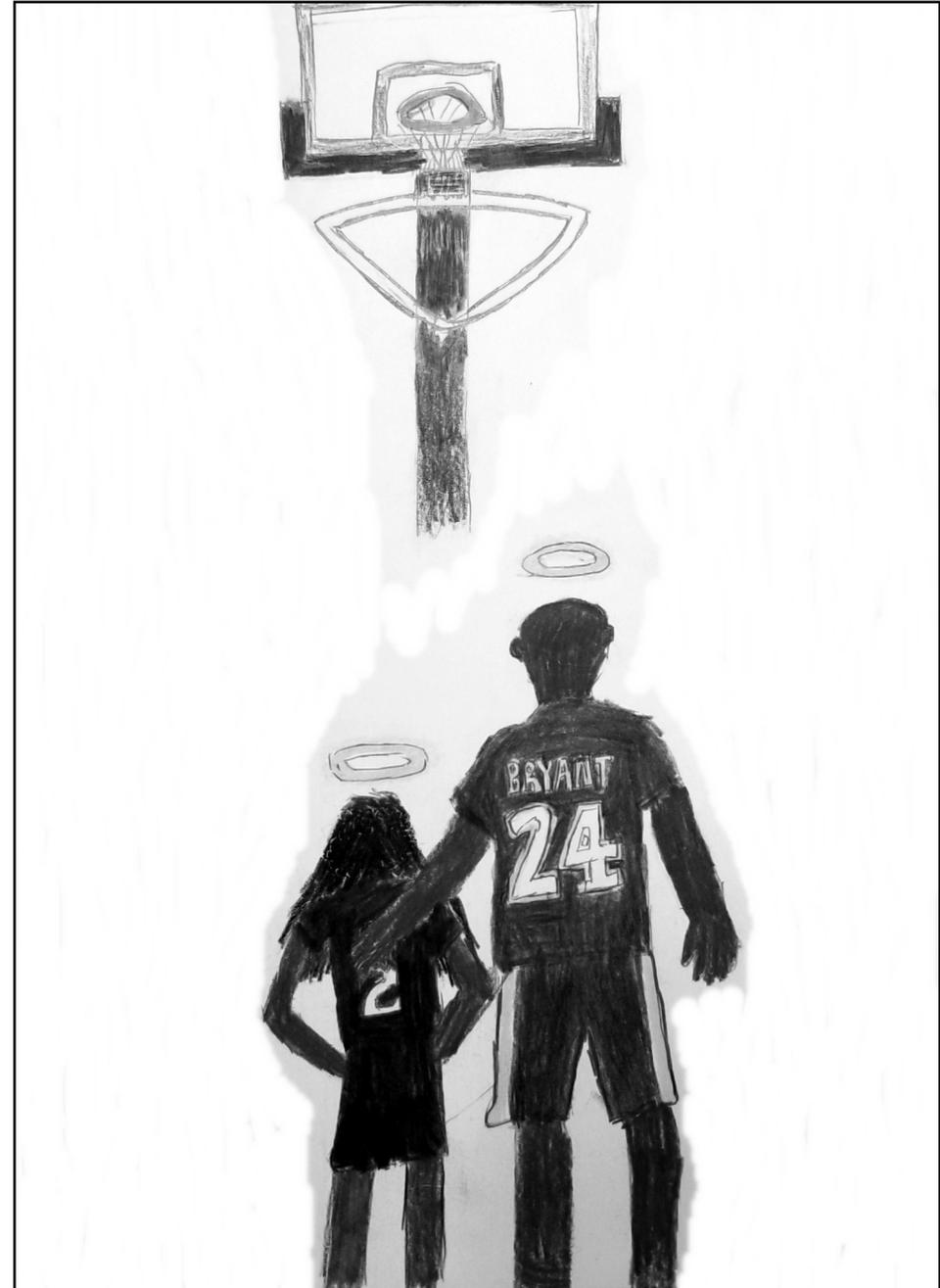
As the waves crashed down
 On the bottom of her gown
 She sat on the sand.
 The waves softly beating
 Against her bare hands.

Why do the birds
 Chirp by the beach
 As the bang of the earth
 Thunders underneath?

How could she feel?
 When she was so lost
 In the deep, deep well
 Of her own thoughts.

That endless abyss
 Was so bottomless.
 Could she claw out?
 She had no doubt
 She would never escape
 This horrific place.

Kaitlyn Karim
 Huntington Elementary
 Grade 5



Jaxon Joy
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8

Mr. 81

January 22nd, 2006.

Los Angeles Lakers versus

The Toronto Raptors

46 shots

6 rebounds

2 assists

Then 1-.. 2-.. 3 steals

And 81 points

Go Mr. 81

A legend to never

Be forgotten

An entire generation knowing

His legacy

To always shout

His name

When taking a jump shot

And mourn the tragedy of

His death

Thank you, Mr. 81

Lily Smith
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Cameron Gorog
Central Intermediate
Grade 6

Skating

I use my legs
I use my eye
I sit down as my shoes get tied

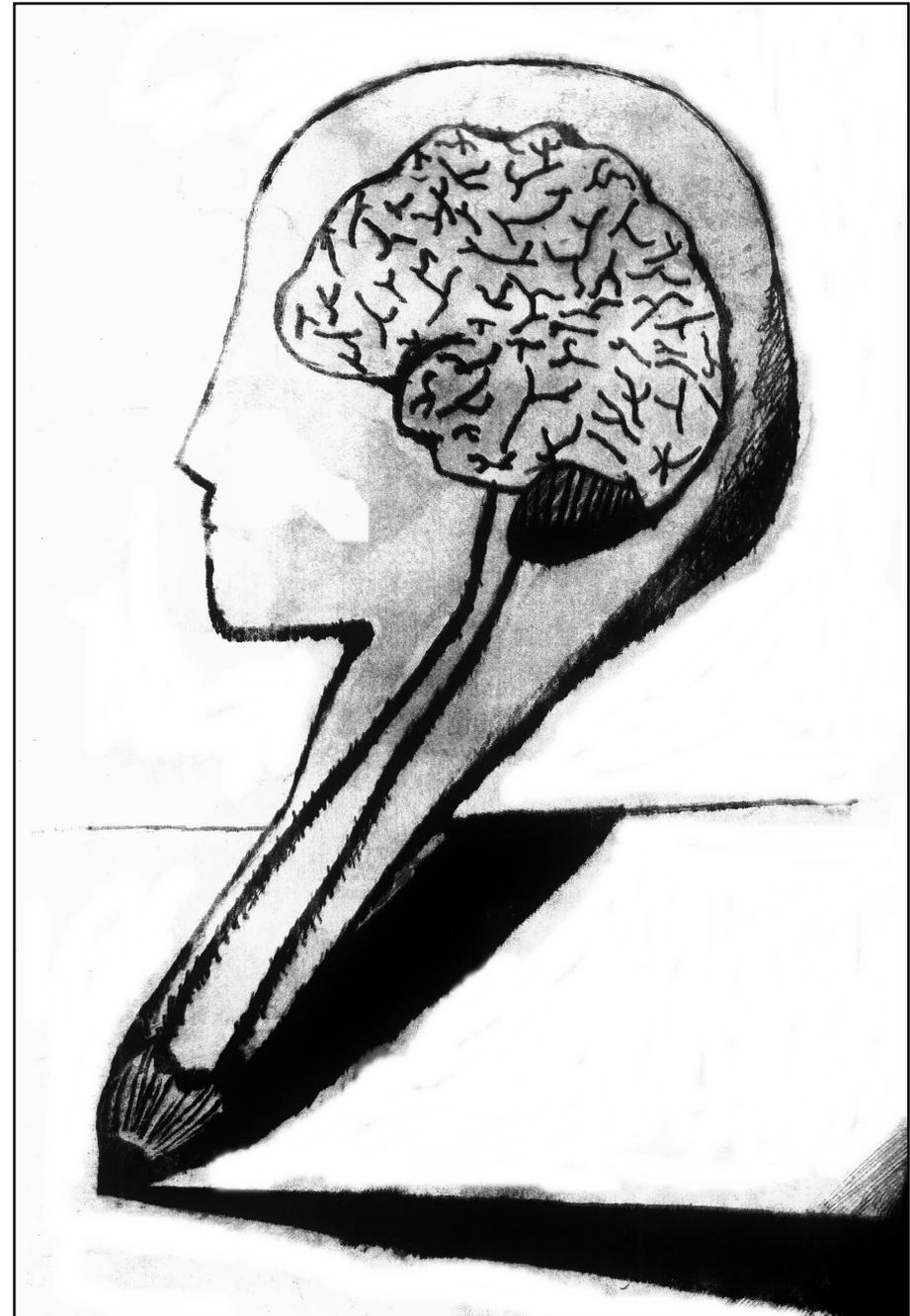
I move around the roller rink
deciding if I want a drink

Ready and waiting to go skating
Watching my friends exaggerating

Swoosh
Boom
Crack
I fall on my back

As I rise
my friends go by
It's time to go
so I say goodbye!

Logan Ljubanovic
Claggett Middle
Grade 6



Andrew Altieri
Medina High
Grade 10

(Continued from page 169)

message to people. I feel powerful when my writing moves others. But that's all mental. Dealing with stress, coping with loss, keeping your life on track, it's hard. But you cannot wait until tomorrow, and you absolutely cannot give up. You can't win unless you enter the race.

Everyone has their own issues. Of course, people that didn't *know*, *know* Kobe will be sad. That's expected, but you cannot revolve your life around the dead when the living are sitting right in front of you. Don't try to rebirth the dead tree when the live one's in need of water. It's *impossible* to bring a dead man back to life. I'm not saying, "get over it," I'm saying it's impossible. You need time to let yourself get used to the fact that they are *gone*. Sometimes we even grieve the living. Just remember, no matter how much it hurts when a loved one leaves, there are still people out there who will be there. People who can help you work through the pain. This doesn't just apply to grief; it applies to all of the emotions. There are people around you who are willing to help, you just have to look. You have to reach out because, if you don't, no one will. It's hard to tell when another person is struggling because we hide it; because we're *ashamed*. But what's there to be ashamed of, really? We're all human, aren't we? We all go through problems and scenarios. We just need to avoid being alone when we go through them.

The loss of Kobe was a tragic one, but the pain won't end until we *properly* grieve his death out of our systems. This applies to all of the hardships and losses we experience in our lives, and the *proper* way to rid ourselves of these emotions is to tackle them head on, with someone by our side. Someone who's willing to catch us if we fall. After all, if we were supposed to tackle life alone, why would other people be on Earth with us?

Jade Moehring
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

Ice Skating Troubles

Slam! I fell! Ouch!!

That hurt! Slam! I fell again!

Maybe I should try a different way to skate?

Aww, dang it! It's time to go!

When I got home, I took a twenty-minute shower

And went to bed.

Beep beep beep beep.

It was morning. I brushed my teeth and got dressed.

My dad was downstairs drinking coffee and watching TV.

I was ready for the big day to learn how to skate.

When we got there, I hurried up and got my stuff on.

I felt like today was the day.

So I pushed off with one foot.

I was moving too fast!

Slam! I fell again! Oww!!

So I tried to do it with both feet in a rhythm.

One foot push,

Two foot push,

In a rhythm,

I did it! Yes!!!

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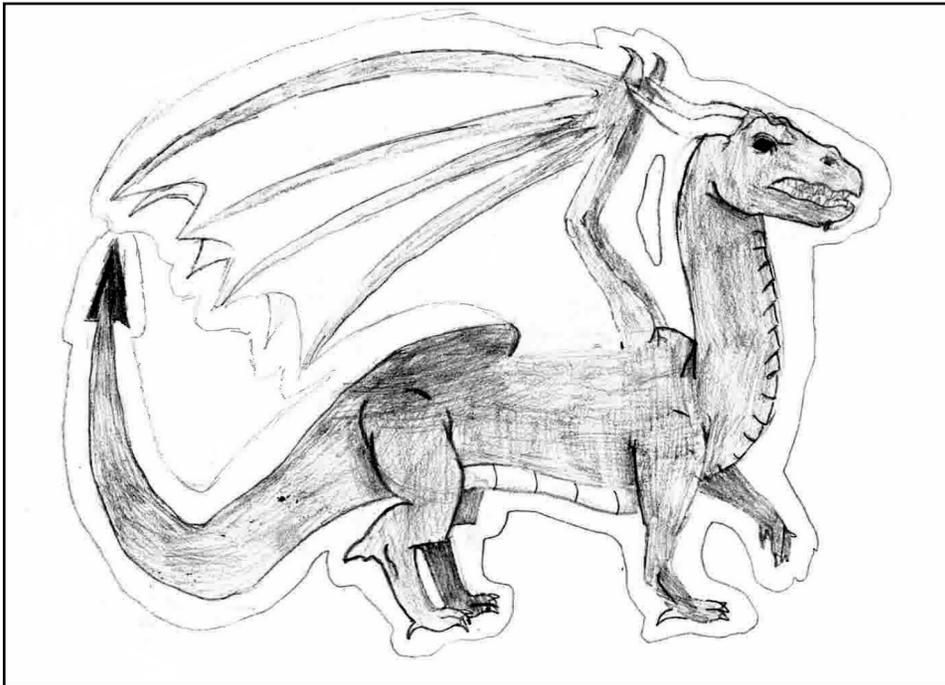
So I did it faster and faster.

Slam!!!

I fell.

Laughing in tears.

Brendan Graham
Claggett Middle
Grade 6



Olivia Dusina
Huntington Elementary
Grade 4

(Continued from page 168)

month-old baby, which his wife has to care for while still grieving the loss of her *husband* and *daughter*. A three-year-old who probably knows how to say “daddy” but won’t have any recollection of him at all. Oh, and let’s not forget about the seventeen-year-old who has to keep it all together in hopes that everything else will be alright. Living people matter more. I know it hurts to hear, but it’s true. They’re *alive*. They come first. All of the people on that helicopter, the pilot, players, and parents, they all expected tomorrow.

Stop telling yourself, “I’ll do it tomorrow.” What if you don’t have tomorrow? I know, I know, it’s idiotic to look at the “what ifs,” but in this case, is it really? We never have a guarantee of tomorrow, even when we think we do. Sometimes it’s hard to stay strong and not push everything onto tomorrow, but we have to try and think of everything as a now rather than a later. For example, I was going to push this piece of writing to *tomorrow*, but I couldn’t. I can’t. If I would have waited, it never would have turned out this way. It may have never turned out at all.

Take a look at your life. Think of yourself as a flower. When it’s warm and the water’s available, we bloom, blossom, grow. We advance. But sometimes, unexpectedly, there’s a flash of cold. A bleakness so strong it kills the flower, *but* not the seed. You see, the cold may have taken your beautiful pieces, but it did not take your roots. You can always build back up again, but it can’t wait. The longer you wait to grow, the less time you have. Eventually, the seeds around you will consume the water and sunlight. They could take it all away from you and it’d be your fault for waiting to take the chance. Sure, taking the supplies to grow can be a risk to your seed. But not risking it ensures death.

This is why I write. I feel as though I cannot be physically strong, as though my life is on the road to death, so I make my writing stronger. I prove my points with my words. I keep myself *alive* through writing. I feel strong when I spread a well-needed

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(Continued from page 167)

My brain screams at my legs to move quicker!

My heart is pounding out of my chest!

I am running for my life!

Thump, thump, thump.

Thump, thump, thump.

One more step!

THUMP!

Finished!

The race is over.

First place!

Tanner Sir Louis
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

Alive

“Kobe Bryant dies.” “Kobe Bryant is dead.” “Kobe Bryant *died.*” Past tense. Don’t linger in the past, stay in the present. Sure, Kobe Bryant did die in a helicopter crash on January 26th of 2020, but what about everyone else? What about his wife? Other children? Dead daughter? What about the father, mother, and child that also died in the helicopter crash? You know, the people that weren’t famous. The people that died and still had two other children waiting for them to come home after a *basketball game*. What happens to the people that are still *alive*? The people that *knew* Kobe. Not as an incredible basketball player, but as a person. He has three children at home. A seven-

(Continued on page 169)

The Rescue

“Caleb, it’s all going to be O.K., just hang in there for me . . .”

It’s Martin Luther King Jr. Day, and my brother’s “friend,” London, has just been dropped off for the day. We are desperately looking for something to do, so I suggest we play hockey in the driveway, knowing that it is London’s favorite sport. But London is daring and wants something more drastic.

“Do you guys have a pond?” he asks.

“We do, but we have never been down there alone,” Caleb responds.

London pushes hard for the pond.

“No way!” I retort immediately, but despite my brother’s lackadaisical attitude, he is already running through the cold dense snow.

“Come on, Silas!” London is screaming from the edge of our property, which smells like cold, minty snow. “It will be fun.”

Ignoring the voices in my head, I grab my hockey stick and head out.

The snow is making it really difficult to move, and when we make it to the lake, it looks frozen over. London, being London, is chanting . . . “Race, race, race!” I don’t know how it happened, but I am overcome with excitement and find myself sprinting through the snow onto the lake.

“Wait, stop!” Caleb is yelling, being cautious and all. London is now chanting, “Hockey time!” And then we have some fun hitting the puck around, but the ice is getting a little less dense.

“O.K. guys, let’s go,” Caleb and I somehow say at the same time.

“No way, we just got here,” London responds.

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Since he is our guest, my brother and I agree to stay a bit longer. Now Caleb and London are in the middle of the lake, but I am ready to go, considering the fact that I just guided my dog to land after her leg had fallen through the ice. After that, I heard a loud crack, but didn't think much of it since we are in the woods where trees fall all of the time. Then I turn around and see the scariest thing of my whole 10-year-old life . . . my brother, Caleb, has fallen through the ice and is treading water! This is definitely the worst day of my life.

"Caleb, it's all going to be O.K., just hang in there for me!" I am screaming as I am sprinting over to him; I can see London mocking him. He says, "Grab the hockey stick, ha ha ha," while he pulls it away. I really hate this kid now. Finally, after what felt like hours, I got to him. I shoo London away and jump in the water to give my brother extra comfort. Being a bit more nimble than him, I climb out and try pulling him out. Oh my gosh, it actually works. My brother is out, but then he slips in again. I could tell from his face that he is thinking of giving up, but I won't let him. I throw out some encouraging words to Caleb, but they are overridden by London's mocking.

With what must have been his last breath of air, Caleb says to me, "You got this."

Wow, I think to myself, no pressure there.

You know those times in superhero movies where the hero gets superhuman strength, and fights for the town's freedom one more time? Well, Caleb is my town and I will not stop fighting. With this newfound strength, I manage to pull him out again, and this time he's out for good.

The walk back to my house is cold and heavy. When we hit the edge of our backyard, my mom yells to see if everybody is O.K. London responds with a line that definitely describes his personality.

"We are all O.K., but we have a funny story to tell you."

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Running For My Life

I put my feet against the blocks.

I lift my knee from the ground.

The only sound I hear is my own heartbeat.

I feel the warm rubber against my fingers.

Bang!

The gun goes off,

I explode from the blocks like a missile.

I must stay ahead.

The footsteps behind me grow nearer.

Thump, thump, thump.

Don't let them catch you.

Thump, thump, thump.

They're getting close.

Thump, thump, thump.

I can sense them growing closer!

Thump, thump, thump.

So close!

Keep going!

(Continued on page 168)



Elena Mohos
Highland High
Grade 11

(Continued from page 46)

My brother and I go in and shower and get dry clothes on. Meanwhile, London has no wet clothes because he was too busy laughing during the situation to get wet.

It's hard to believe that a struggle can become a triumph. The "almost" drowning of my (one and only absolute favorite) brother was definitely a struggle; but I kept my head, and getting him out was definitely a triumph.

Silas Sundermeier
Root Middle
Grade 6

My Cousin Leaving for Texas

Why, oh why, do you have to go?

Plus, while you're there, it won't even snow.

I truly know it is not your fault.

If I could, I would make this come to a halt!

I will cry and cry every night and day,

Even though I have tried my best to get you to stay.

I am used to seeing you every day after school,

But now the time we spend apart is so very cruel.

If I want to see you, there is only one way,

And it's travel far, far away.

To get there we will have to drive mile after mile,

But when I finally see you, I know I will smile.

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(Continued from page 47)

One week to visit you is just not long enough,
 And when we have to leave, it will be really rough.
 We will shed all our tears,
 And express all of our fears,
 That we might not see each other for years and years.

Only a year later we get a call,
 That you were moving back once and for all.
 Now we don't have to cry and sob,
 Because you moved back for your dad's new job.

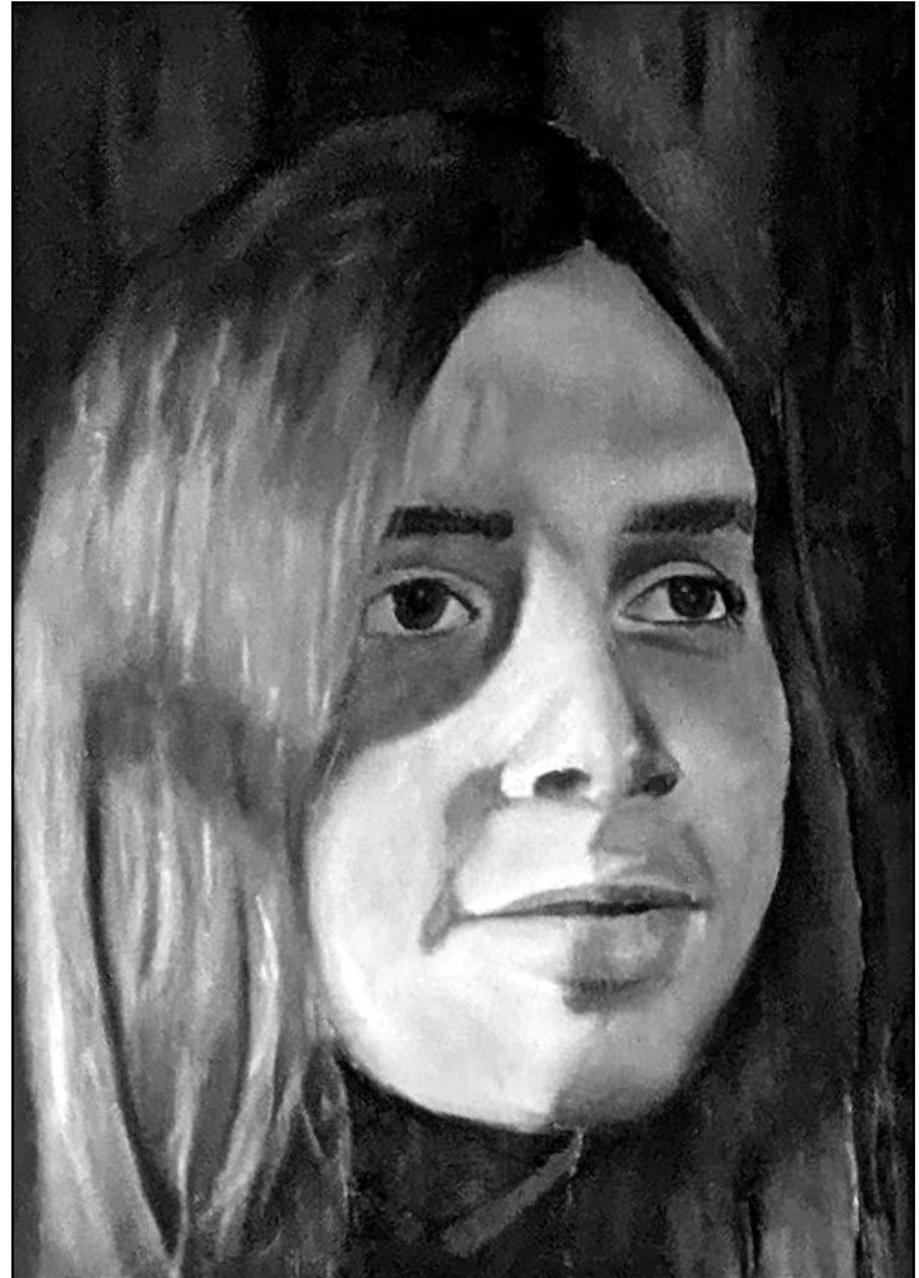
Our family is now complete and better than ever,
 And I know we'll be best friends forever.

Keira Hutchinson
 Central Intermediate
 Grade 6

War at Camp Manatoc

It started out as exploring. I was helping my dad set up our tent at Camp Manatoc where we were having a two-night campout as a Cub Scout patrol. Most of the nine other boys were goofing around, having either already set up their tents or left it to their parents. Our campsite was surrounded by trees, small hills, and a couple little ravines, save a small opening connecting the campsite to the archery and BB-gun ranges along with paths that led to the rest of the camp.

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Laney Talaski
 Medina High
 Grade 12

Game Winner

As I dribble up the court
 I see the play develop
 It's going to work!

Now all I need
 Is for the shot to fall
 To win the game
 To win the championship

I pass to the center
 And run through a screen
 I'm wide open
 The ball comes to me
 I catch it
 And with the flick of the wrist
 The shot is up

I hear the buzzer as I hold my form
 And watch the ball hit the rim
 It bounces
 And bounces again
 And rolls around the rim
 Is it going to fall?

Mark Gal
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8

(Continued from page 48)

The first morning they somehow managed to make a war game. I assumed it had been mainly caused by Jake, a kid who had been obsessed with the military since age five and still is to this day. He was also one of my best friends. There weren't really any rules, but both teams needed a president and needed to be somewhat equal. After breakfast I decided to join in.

The woods had been split in half, with the campsite as the border. I joined Jake's team, along with Adam, Isaac, and Mason, a boy who Jake had introduced to me earlier and the president of our team. We used sticks as guns, even though they weren't any rules about getting 'killed.'

After an hour or two of playing, the game hit its climax. I decided to spy on the other team, for no particular reason. I went in alone, so they wouldn't think it was a huge attack. If they did, they might hide any valuable information.

It was simple. I just had to walk into their side of the woods and not resist the 'soldier' who 'captured' me. He led me through a small ravine, only about ten feet deep, that ran along the left side of the woods. We walked in the bottom of the ravine, traveling deeper into their territory. Suddenly the boy leading me stopped. "I captured someone!" he called out proudly to seemingly nobody. Two heads poked up from behind a log farther away and to the right, on a small hill.

"Nice job!" one of the boys yelled. "Bring him here!" I squinted. The boy who had spoken was Max, and the boy next to him was Dashiel. According to Jake, they were the co-presidents of their team. I was thrilled. I had just discovered the president's base! Staying would now be useless.

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“Lead the way,” I told the boy leading me. He went ahead of me. I walked a bit slower, falling behind him. When I thought I had enough room, I started to climb out of the ravine as quietly as I could. I heard a shout behind me. The boy had realized I was escaping. I scrambled up the side of the ravine, then ran through the woods towards the campsite. The boy chased after me, but it was no use. He stopped when I broke through the trees and into the campsite. I headed over to the picnic table where the rest of my team was whittling and explained my discovery. “If we attack them now we could capture them, but we have to hurry. If we wait, that will give them time to recover and relocate.” The boys agreed. Me, Jake, and Isaac would attack the president’s hiding spot and try to capture them. If we succeeded, we could win the game.

We entered the woods to the right of the ravine, the closest spot we could enter to the log where the other team was hiding. We immediately started going downhill, where we would then go up a small hill where the log was. But before we went up the hill, we spotted Max and Dashiell moving away from their log on another small hill to the left at almost the same time they spotted us. “There they are!” Max yelled, pointing.

“Attack!” we yelled. *This* was going to be fun. The trees were widely spaced and the woods had almost no shrubbery, so it was easy to follow them. We chased them past their log, past trees, past bushes, through the green and brown woods that seemed to go on and on in every direction, and finally into a ravine where they were trapped. They weren’t actually trapped, but they wouldn’t go any farther. Not that we wanted them to.

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Ione Bach
Highland High
Grade 10



Megan Porter
Highland High
Grade 11

(Continued from page 50)

“What do you want?” Max yelled.

“For you to surrender!” we yelled back.

“Never!”

We shouted back and forth until we figured out that if we could capture them and take them to our side of the woods, they would surrender.

“We can't take them with three people. We need backup,” I said.

“Yeah. We need backup.” Jake agreed.

We sent Isaac for backup. We waited. 60 seconds. This was reasonable. 90 seconds. Maybe they had some trouble along the way. Two minutes. *Where are they?* Five. “This is insane! Where are they?” we cried to nobody. Coming to the dreadful conclusion we would have to take them to our side of the woods ourselves, we positioned them in between us, me in front and Jake in the back. We started marching. We found it odd the woods were empty. Max had called for his ‘scouts’ several times to no avail. We marched them halfway to our campsite when they made a run for it. We chased after them, but it was too late. We went back to the campsite fuming, where who should we find but Isaac, calmly whittling with the other boys.

When we asked him, “Why didn't you send backup!?!?” he merely shrugged. Thanks to him, we didn't win the war. The other team didn't either, however, due to their lack of organization and aggression.

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Despite the lack of victory, I had an amazing time. Who wouldn't? It made me realize that this was so much better than what I usually used to entertain myself. I decided that I would try to play outside more. It was much better than video games, and healthier too. This realization, whether directly or indirectly, resulted in a five-hour baseball game only weeks later.

Carter Parsons
Central Intermediate
Grade 5

Riding Top Thrill Dragster

Have you ever waited so long for something exciting, but then when the time comes, you just don't want to do it? It was October 8, 2019, a sunny day in Sandusky, Ohio. I was standing in line for one of the tallest roller coasters in the entire world! I've ridden many roller coasters, but there was always something about this one that scared me. The insane speeds that it launched its riders at—120 miles per hour—is intimidating! And of course, the equally insane height of 420 feet that can be seen from miles away!

I was shaking, I could hear my teeth ricocheting against one another.

The sounds of the car were rattling my eardrums. Vroom, vroom! I couldn't imagine what it must feel like to be launched at such speeds, and to be so high up in the air! The ride had been down all morning, up until this point -- 2 o'clock. I had been

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The big man is standing there waiting
He comes up on me forcing a jumper
I have left the ground and with the flick of a wrist

I no longer have the ball

All I can think is

PLEASE

GO

IN

The buzzer sounds and the ball seems to be teasing me

While rolling around the rim

Will we win or will I miss it?

Well, you may never know

Matthew Fahey
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

The Big Game

It's the championship game with ten seconds left

They have the ball and are starting a play

They launch a three-pointer and make it with a swish

All we can do now is wish

Our coach calls a timeout to draw up a play

But all we can think about is who will shoot

We are only down by one, so any shot will do

But who

The timeout has ended and he calls my name

My hands start to sweat

but then I remember all my hard work and dedication

This is the moment I've wanted to live

The ref hands my teammate the ball and he passes it to me

I stand frozen looking for someone to pass to

5 . . .

4 . . .

3 . . .

I hear people yelling, "Shoot"

I then remember what to do

I blow by my man and get into the paint

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shaking the entire time in line. But, I was going to "attempt" to conquer my fear of riding Top Thrill Dragster.

On the first test run, the coaster couldn't make it over the hill! That made me more anxious. Then, just as I thought I couldn't get more nervous, the car rolled into the station. It was my turn to scream.

I hopped in, trying to look cooler than I actually was. Then out of the blue, while pulling down my restraint, I started lip-synching the Top Thrill Dragster theme song, "Baby, I'm ready to go!!!"

"Get ready!" Mom said. I was shaking, bracing, doing anything I could do just to brace for the 120-mile-per-hour launch. Then . . . the other train launched! I would've laughed, but I was too scared.

We pulled up to the stoplight. Vroom, vroom, vroom! People were sitting in the bleachers watching me and everyone else waiting for the launch! Ready, set, . . . GO! The car launched to 120 miles per hour. As the car went on, it felt like it was getting faster and faster, and it was. My cheeks were being flapped around in the wind. I couldn't move, breathe, or anything. The terror was keeping me from screaming. It was terrifying!

The car climbed straight toward the sky, quickly losing speed. I was getting the sensation that I might slip out of the seat. Not having a clue how high up we were, the car slowly curved over the hill. I was amazed at the sight. Canada was in clear view, along with the entire city of Sandusky. The world's tallest roller coasters in the world looked like teeny-tiny carnival rides you would see at your local county fair. I could see the curve of the

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Earth. Now that's proof that the Earth is round. My head was going crazy, not really focusing on one specific thing.

I was jerked over the top of the hill. The seat rattled the whole way down. I was frozen as an icicle.

It still took me a minute to process what had just happened. I screamed, "That . . . was . . . AWESOME!" Have you ever been forced to do something you didn't want to do, but you loved it? I had conquered one of the tallest and fastest roller coasters in the world, Top Thrill Dragster!

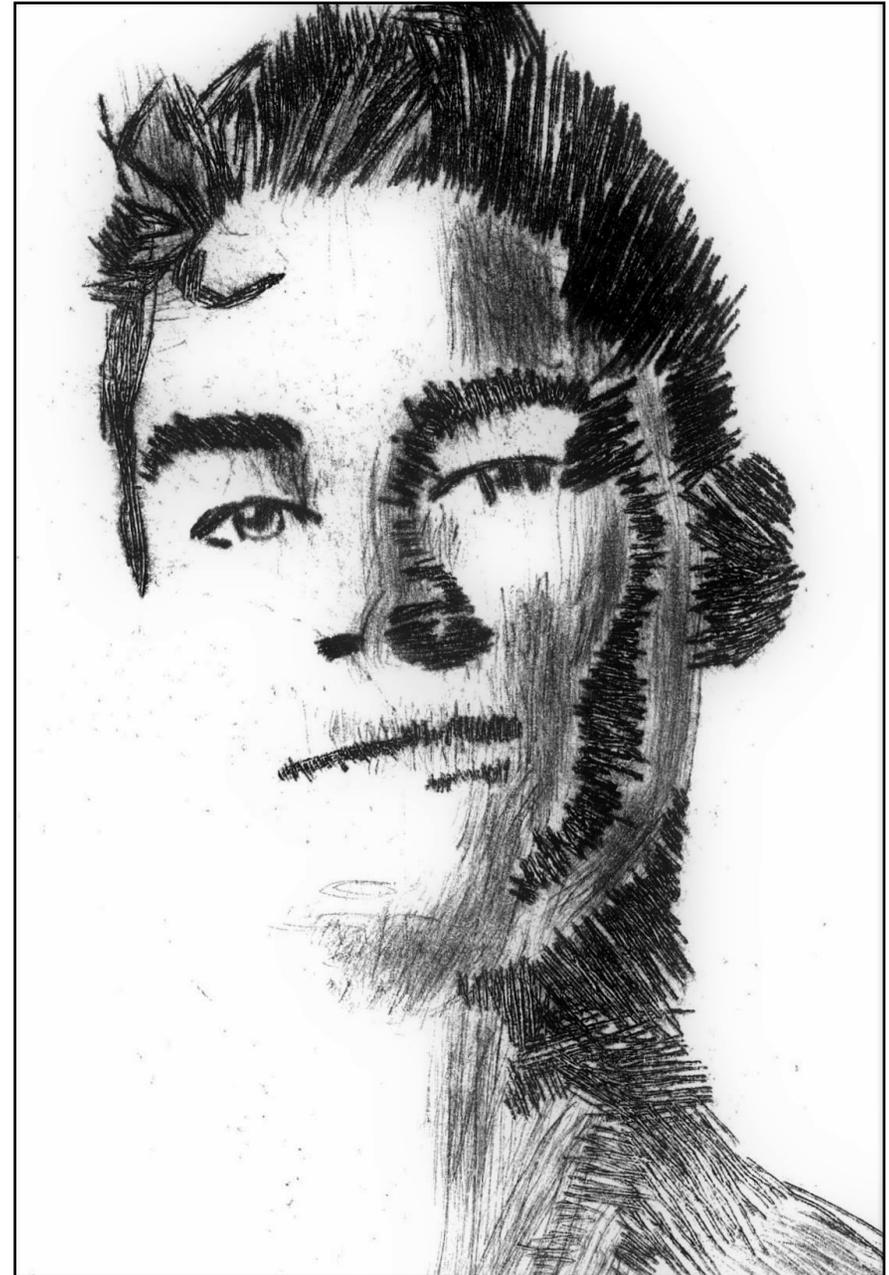
Sawyer Sulzener
Central Intermediate
Grade 5

The Cartwheel

I'm running in position and about to do a cartwheel on a crisp, cool day in October. I place my hands on the damp and rough ground and dive into the flip. I fall straight onto my back and hear a loud *SNAP!* You may be wondering, *What just happened?* This story will explain it all.

It was October of 2015 and I was about to turn seven years old. I stayed the night at my grandma's house the previous evening and was in her neighbor's yard playing with my cousins. Her neighbor was a nice, old man who had a long, gray ponytail and beard. He would always let us play in his yard. I was having fun and doing flips and somersaults with my cousins, like any other day. As I completed the flip with a running start, my arm started to hurt, but I ignored it at first. I simply thought I had just landed on it wrong.

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Izzy Peters
Medina High
Grade 12



Abby Pappas
Highland High
Grade 10

(Continued from page 54)

My cousin had gone inside, but I was still doing gymnastics of all sorts. I was dashing back and forth, flipping and dancing in the fall wind. I did one-handed cartwheels, then round-offs and more cartwheels, eventually followed by somersaults backward and forward. I was having a blast, but let's just say my fun would soon come to an end.

I was about to try another cartwheel . . . my best one yet. This moment felt like it was in slow motion. I dove into this flip and somehow my whole body lifted off of the ground. It felt like flying. I was about to come down, and I was about to come down hard. Gravity was dragging me, pulling me to the ground and reconnecting me with Earth. My mind seemed to have drifted away from my body. I don't recall feeling it when I slammed against the ground, or when a loud *SNAP* was sent into the air. As if the whole world was shaking around me, I jolted up off the ground and started to feel dizzy. The houses around me turned into swirling circles and I started to feel like maybe I hit my head too hard. That's when I came back to reality.

I looked down only to see my forearm completely bent at a ninety-degree angle. That's when I started screaming as loud as I have ever screamed before. I was crying loudly as if someone had just stabbed me with a knife. I didn't even feel the split. All it took was the look of my arm being bent like a pipe cleaner in a child's hands. My cousin came rushing out of my grandma's house and started trying to talk me down.

"It's okay, Harp," she said as she looked at my arm. I was terrified that I would have to go to the hospital because I always

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hated the hospital. "I'll go get Grandma. Just stay here. I'll be back." I start crying even harder. My parents were in Cleveland, so they had to be called and sent to the Akron Children's Hospital and intended to meet my grandma there.

When I entered the hospital, my heart started racing. This was probably the scariest moment of my life. My eyes were red and puffy from crying. The heart monitors in other hospital rooms were beeping. The beeping was getting louder, and louder, and louder. My eyes were watering. I fell under this veil of fear. This fear made me wince as they gave me anesthesia, even though it didn't hurt. Then, it went black.

I couldn't feel. I couldn't see at all. I was trapped in my mind. I was crying but I couldn't feel the tears roll down my cheek. My eyes stung. I was lost in this endless mind trap of what happened and how it happened. I felt the pain getting greater and greater each time the moment replayed. The fear rising in my lungs, ready to cry out for help. I opened my mouth, but nothing could come out. I moved my hand out and tried to help myself from falling, lunging myself forward, but I couldn't move, like I was strapped to a wooden board. I started to wonder, *Will this ever end?* I didn't have an answer. This loop was driving me crazy. Is this my fate? Am I meant to be feeling this? Is there something wrong with me?

For what felt like years under the nightmare, I finally woke up. The bright lights burning my eyes. The clean, minimalistic look of the hospital room. The smell of bleach tingling in the air. I wake up to my mom looming over me. She looks worried and anxious.

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so **Practice Separates**
the **Legends** from the **Pro**
Pro from **College**
College from **High School**
High School from **Middle School**
Middle School from **Elementary School**
Practice separates
WINNERS from the **LOSERS?**

Joseph Sickels
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

Summer
Hanging out with friends
Sun-filled days with restless nights
The fun never ends

Sharyah Thompkins
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

Basketball?**Basketball** isn't a **skill**it is an **Art Form**

like painting a picture of the way life goes

sometimes you **Win**sometimes you **Lose**sometimes you're **Up**sometimes you're **Down**

losing isn't always bad

what if nobody lost

wait, who will **Win**when you **Lose**,you learn what to **do better Next Time**when you **Win**there will always be **someone who will Beat you**that's why we **Practice**when you **Practice**you don't work on things you're **Good at**you work on things you're **Bad at**so you **Get Better**but what if there was no **Practice**either everybody **is Perfect**or everybody **is the Worst***(Continued on page 157)**(Continued from page 56)*

I go to hug her but my arm is weighed down by something. It feels as though someone dropped an anvil on my right arm. I look over to my arm and see a cast. I don't remember picking out the color, but it was a light blue. I was terrified and then remembered, I broke my arm.

What I learned from this is that fear is the most powerful emotion. This emotion can control you, and break you down. It all will get better someday. Your life will not continue to be controlled. You are the only one who can control yourself. Take the reigns of your life. Embrace the power you have. Turn your life around and make it better. Even if it doesn't get better, believe that it will someday. This is the truth. Take it in and believe it. Trust me.

Harper Rosenberger
Central Intermediate
Grade 5

The World in 2155

Her teacher was walking (more like rolling) around the classroom, scanning the children. They were trying to identify if any of them were late, not supposed to be here, or if they had anything they shouldn't. It was a daily thing. After everyone was checked, Lauren went to her cubicle. She hovered her hand above one of the compartments and her items came out, arranging themselves perfectly.

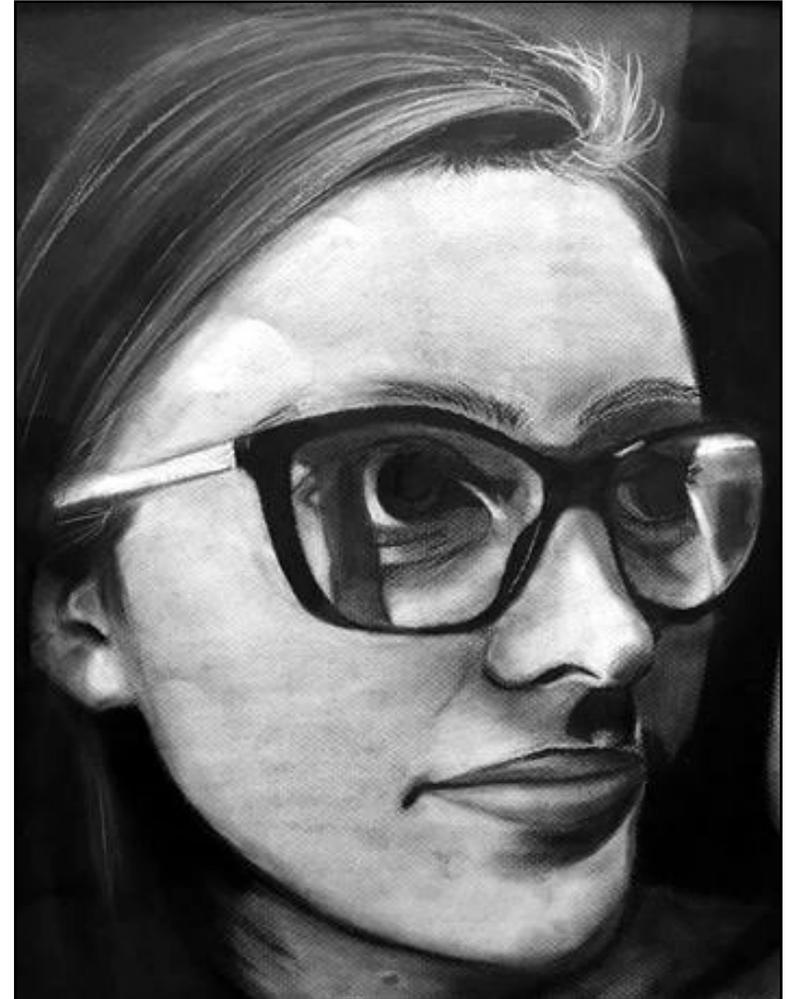
(Continued on page 58)

(Continued from page 57)

“Good morning, Lauren. Today we will be looking back in time, in the 2000s,” her teacher said through her television screen. “Please assemble the following materials--.” There was a giggle. “Brandon and Joey, do you want to go outside?” Her teacher screeched through all the students’ screens. “No, ma’am!” They replied in unison. “Alright, then. Let’s proceed. Please assemble your history books,” the teacher continued. Everyone groaned at the word ‘books’ and grabbed the dusty items at the bottom of their piles. “Please turn to page 219.” Lauren did as she was told and flipped the pages to see pictures of creatures she’d never seen before. “First, we will learn about the things we had and used to do.”

All the students gasped when they saw a picture of children happily playing outside, bouncing on something called a ‘trampoline.’ “People used to love the outdoors,” the teacher said. “They played games like ‘Tag’ and ‘Hide & Seek.’” Lauren didn’t know something so beautiful could exist. She stared at the sun for the first time in her life, and she was 12 years old. Next, her teacher showed the class the pictures of the animals she had seen in her book. “This,” the teacher paused, “is a lion.” The class was amazed by its golden fur. “Next up, we have the grizzly bear.” Lauren almost fell out of her chair. These animals were so cute she wanted to hug them more than anything in the world. “And lastly, we have the fox.” Lauren decided she wanted to know what happened to these animals. “Ma’am, I have a question,” she said through her microphone. “Yes, Lauren?” She thought about what she was going to ask. “Um . . . What happened to these animals? I mean, my grandpa said when he was a boy they were everywhere.” Her teacher went silent. “I-I guess I have to tell you . . . You deserve to know . . .” The class was eager for an answer.

(Continued on page 59)



Emily Kellogg
Highland High
Grade 11



Jessy Kohler
Highland High
Grade 9

(Continued from page 58)

“Well, about thirty-some years ago, humans decided that they couldn’t feed the rapidly growing population with the handful of animals left. They did an experiment on all the animals in sight, and it failed. There was no possible way that they could survive now with only a few million animals left. They hunted the rest in no time at all. Now all of our food is fake. It may fill you up and taste like food, but it’s all fake--.” Lauren had heard enough. She now realized how much her world was crumbling and falling apart, and not as perfect as she had thought. There had to be a way that the species could come back, and she would be the one to find it. After all, it was written in her destiny.

Sophia Maher
Buckeye Intermediate
Grade 6

Grades 7-12

There is no snow
 On the ground
 There is no snowmen
 To be found
 There are no snowballs
 Oh so round
 There is no snow
 On the ground

Brianna Perkins
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8

Winter in the City

The fluff glimmers in the light,
 Winter in the city is a beautiful sight.
 Snow on trees, windows, and the street,
 The snow fully covers the concrete.
 Walk outside and get real wet,
 Drenched in water and cold sweat.
 The lake's as solid as a rock,
 Don't fall in or you'll go into shock.
 Store windows captivate,
 No time to wait.
 Christmas on everyone's mind,
 Winter is a time to be kind.

Caleb Sundermeier
 Root Middle
 Grade 7



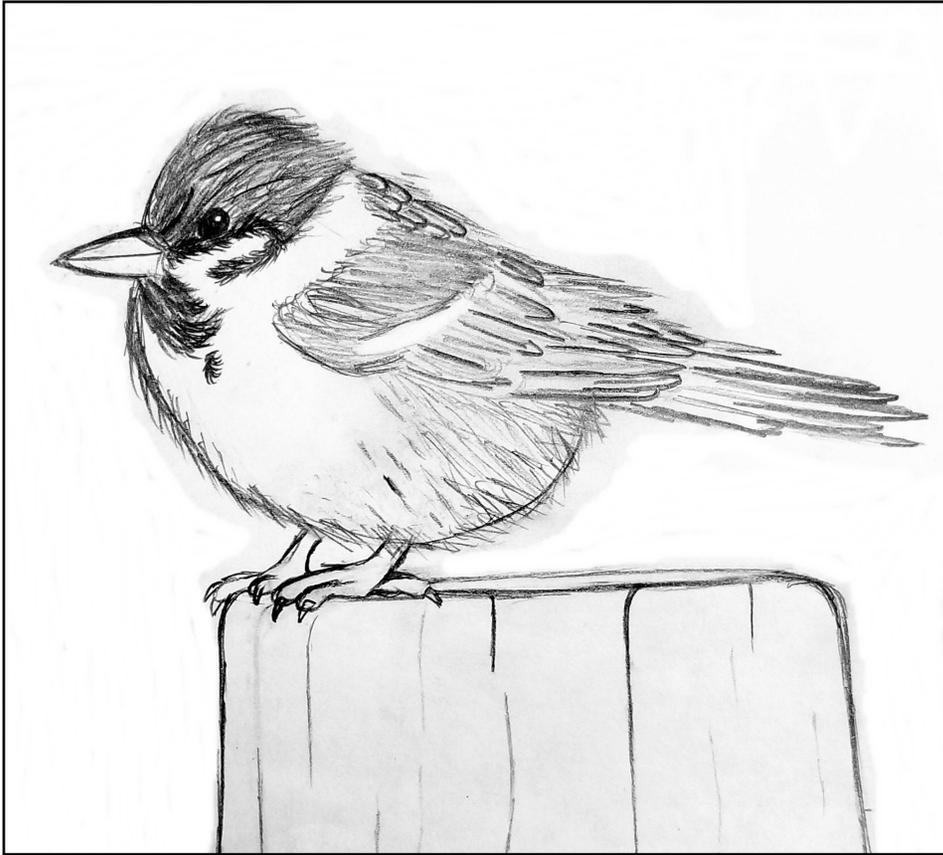
William Karkoff
 Highland High
 Grade 9



Lydia Lanier
Highland High
Grade 10



Ione Bach
Highland High
Grade 10



Jessica Cole
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

So much depends upon

The most perfect pass

The most perfect set

The post perfect hit

And you can't forget

The most perfect sport

Sydney Daily
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

Sports

My body needs the competition
over and over, again and again.
Soccer, Basketball, Baseball, or Swim
It does matter what sport, I just want to win.

My brain needs the challenge
over and over, again and again.
Soccer, Basketball, Baseball, or Swim
It does matter, it is me versus them.

The prize goes to the team that finishes on top.
My mind and body cannot be stopped.
Over and over, again and again.

Alex Innocenti
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Sarah Espenschied
Highland High
Grade 9

Snow Scene

Snow covers the roads,
Freezes the tip of my nose.
Everything is covered in white,
All is cold throughout the night.

Ice hangs from rooftops,
My sidewalk is covered in slop.
Snowflakes land upon leaves
That haven't yet fallen from the trees.

Grass is hidden from view,
School is cancelled too.
Nobody is outside today,
Waiting for the winter to go away.

Why doesn't the sun melt the snow?
Why doesn't anybody know?
The temperature outside is less than one.
It feels like summer will never come.

Mya Kosar
Root Middle
Grade 7



Sofiya Cole
Highland High
Grade 10



Hailee Bush
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

Life Without Music

Have you ever imagined life without music?
The thought to me is quite amusing.

Walking around the grocery store
With no music playing would be such a bore.

No humming, no singing, no whistling tunes.
No hitting on glasses with silver, metal spoons.

Imagine going to a roller rink;
If no music was playing, what would you think?

Music can cause a change in emotions
A sad song, a pop song, might give you a notion.

When it's rainy outside and the skies are gray
"You Are My Sunshine" might make you say,
"Yay!"

So next time you're feeling some certain way
Think about music to brighten your day.

Carsyn Derrig
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

For My Beautiful Sunsets

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Flowers are beautiful,
And so are you.

Orchids are white,
Ghost ones are rare,
A term is short,
And so is your hair.

Magnolias grow,
With buds like eggs,
Your term is short,
And so are your legs.

Sunflowers reach,
Up to the skies,
Problems are special,
And so are your eyes.

Foxgloves in hedges,
Surround the farms,
Fire is cozy,
And so are your arms.

(Continued on page 66)

Daises are pretty,
 Daffodils have style,
 Your sense is genuine,
 And so is your smile.

Sunsets are beautiful,
 Just Like You.

Emma Osborn
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8

Autumn Leaves

An autumn breeze
 Passes through the leaves,
 Blowing them in all directions,
 All at once.
 They dance in the wind,
 Grabbing hands,
 Cheering.
 The autumn leaves
 That escape the trees
 Float off,
 To find their own way.

Bailey Fetterolf
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 7

You can't fix a building if you've never been inside. The same goes for people, so just take your time. And, if you ask a common question, you may find that everything you thought you knew had changed with the simple blink of an eye.

Jade Moehring
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8



Catherine Aviles
 Black River High
 Grade 9

Baby Blue House

At first glance, what do you see? A man, perhaps. Maybe a boy with a gentle smile or a woman carrying a young child.

What you see is a facade. A front. Like a baby blue house with crisp shutters and a pretty door.

You're walking down the street, and your eyes roam, connecting with the building.

You don't see what's on the inside. All you see is a strong door with boarded windows. Yellow caution tape that keeps you out.

What if, on the inside, the building is rotten, broken--empty. You wouldn't know the difference. All you've ever done was glance and carry on, but maybe, if you took the time, you could see that the building was hurting inside.

One glance through the window, maybe a peek through the door. It's right in front of your eyes if you look deep inside.

All you need to do is think. Blink your eyes, clear your tears, flash a smile at what you've found.

Everything changes when you finally look around. Ask someone how they're doing, discover what's inside.

It's hard to tell, but believe me, everything changes once you put your foot through the door. Everything you thought you knew, it's different once you look and see.

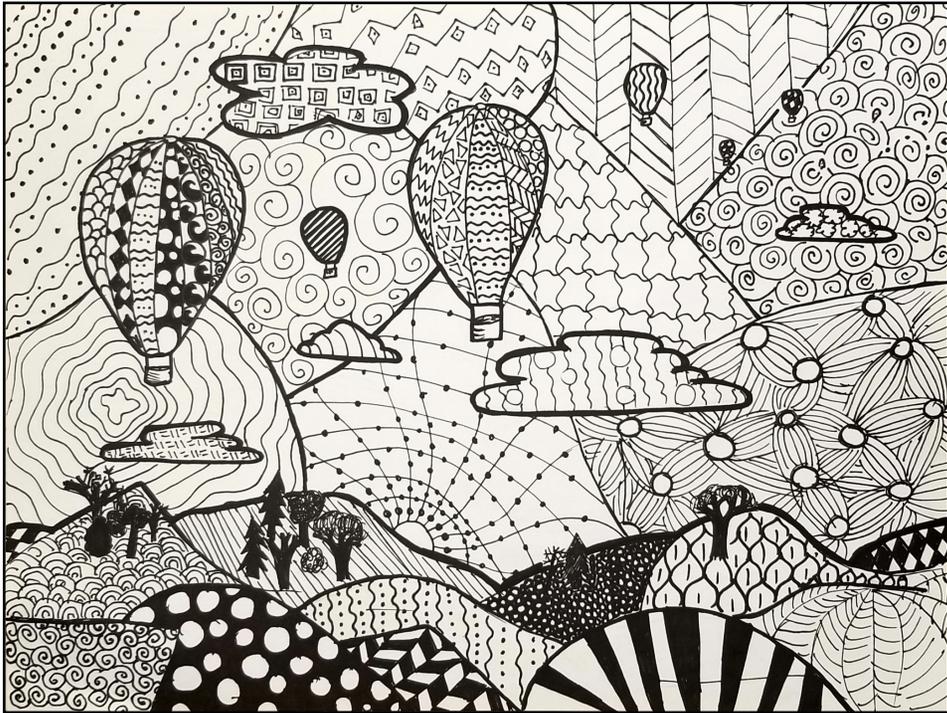
A perfect building on the outside can be a rotting cage on the inside, and you wouldn't even know it because you didn't look closely.

People are the same way, we're all hurting inside. Maybe take a second, ask a question, and help heal whatever's left.

(Continued on page 147)



Samantha Axlund
Highland High
Grade 10



Mia Marzano
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Kylie Hosey
Medina High
Grade 11

(Continued from page 143)

Please be kind
 What you say can bruise another
 Even if you do not try

Claire Pfeiffer
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8



Elena Mohos
 Highland High
 Grade 11

A Storm on the Sea

There I stood
 The sound of crashing waves ringing in my ear
 The distant noises of seagulls chirping
 I stood there
 Toes slowly sinking into the wet, mushy sand
 My feet being blasted with a wave of cold water
 Waiting for the next chill to hit

The sky was dark
 With clouds lining the entire sky
 The wind blew through my ears
 Leaving me cold and frigid
 I could feel the sprinkles of rain
 Slapping the side of my cheeks
 As if warning me of what's to come

Anna Wallace
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8



Emma Cox
Highland High
Grade 11

Different

I am brave but I am bruised
I am strange and unlike you

I don't laugh at others' failures
I don't want to be like you

I don't hate you
Not a lie
But sometimes
I don't really like
The way you treat others
Yet hide that you are just like them inside

No one's perfect
Not a lie
But standards seem to rise and rise
Even though we all keep talking
Like they need to fall not fly

You are special
You will find
You mean something

(Continued on page 144)



Abigail Smith
Medina High
Grade 12

The other day
I had a dream
Everyone had gone on
To their new lives
And left me alone behind
In this world that is
At a slow pace
Dying a lonely death

The trees have fallen
on burnt-up ground
Long ago eaten up by roaring flames

The oceans have long been filled with plastic
Slow to decompose
The animals have died
And gone
from chemicals in their homes

The polar bears long ago drowned
As global warming stole away their homes
In the not-so-frigid waters
You can hear the pitiful cries
Of the cubs as they watched
their homes disappear before their eyes

(Continued on page 72)

(Continued from page 71)

If you still believe it was only a dream

Open your eyes

Look up and around

This dream of mine

As sad as it is

Is reality in the near future

If this makes it to you

Heed this warning dear

For we have much to fear

Start a change.

Bella Schoonover
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Ella Junge
Medina High
Grade 12

Fading

Into life

Breaking

Through limits

Trying

Your best

Wanting

First place

Training

Past your limits

Adapting

Throughout life

Sprinting

Until you drop

Jumping

Until you trip

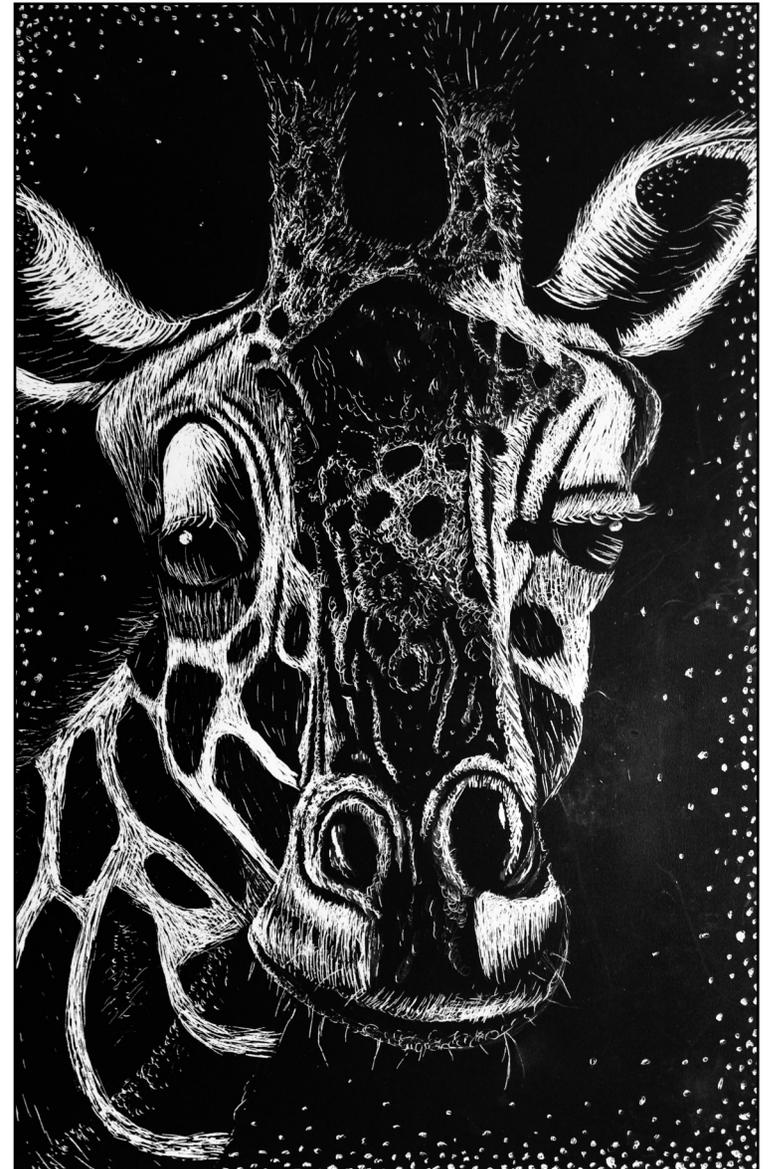
Rising

To the challenge

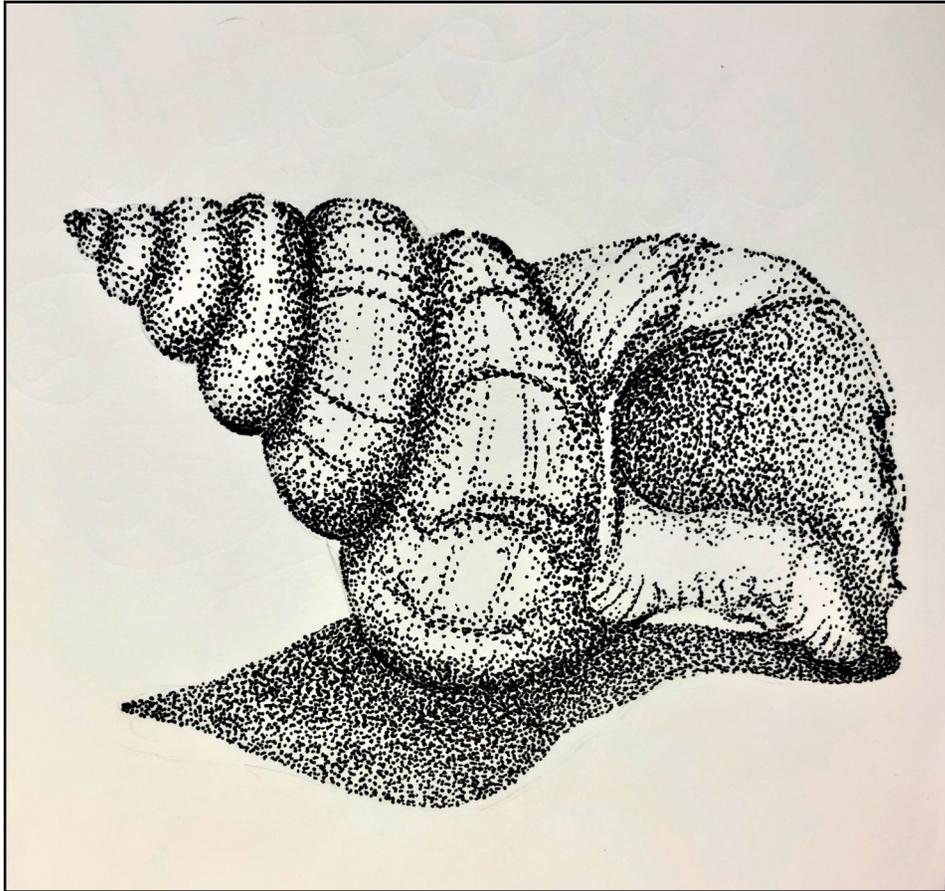
Fading

Into life

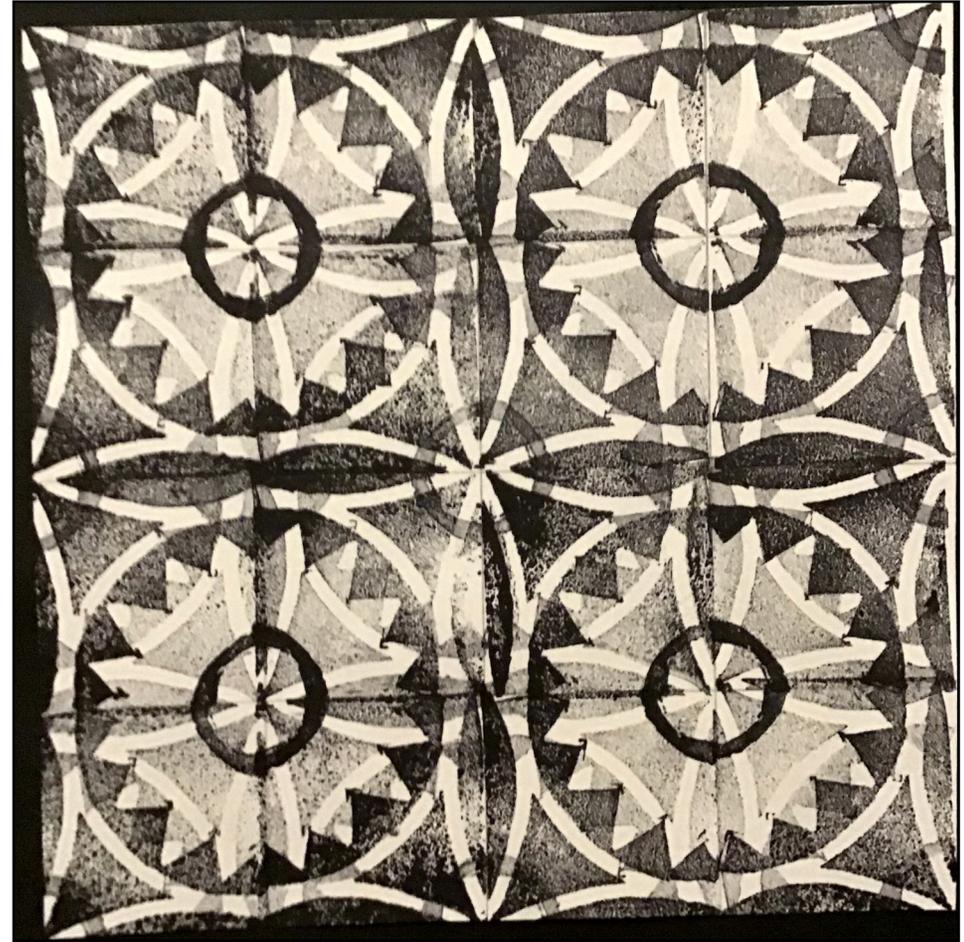
Coleman Pridemore
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Shayla Ramey
Medina High
Grade 11



Elle Katanic
Highland High
Grade 9



Daisey Cullen
Black River High
Grade 12



Maura Ingraham
Medina High
Grade 10

I am caring and compassionate

I wonder when Earth will lose all of its beauty

I hear the sound of a forest fire rushing through
and ruining our beautiful planet

I see animals dying because of their habitats being destroyed

I want our Earth to be healthy again

I am caring and compassionate

I pretend that everyone cares about this issue

I feel the Earth taking its final breaths

I touch our world as it falls apart just below our feet

I worry that our beautiful Earth is dying

I cry about what has happened to something
that was once so full of life

I am caring and compassionate

I understand that not everyone cares about our planet

I say we can all make a difference

(Continued on page 76)

(Continued from page 75)

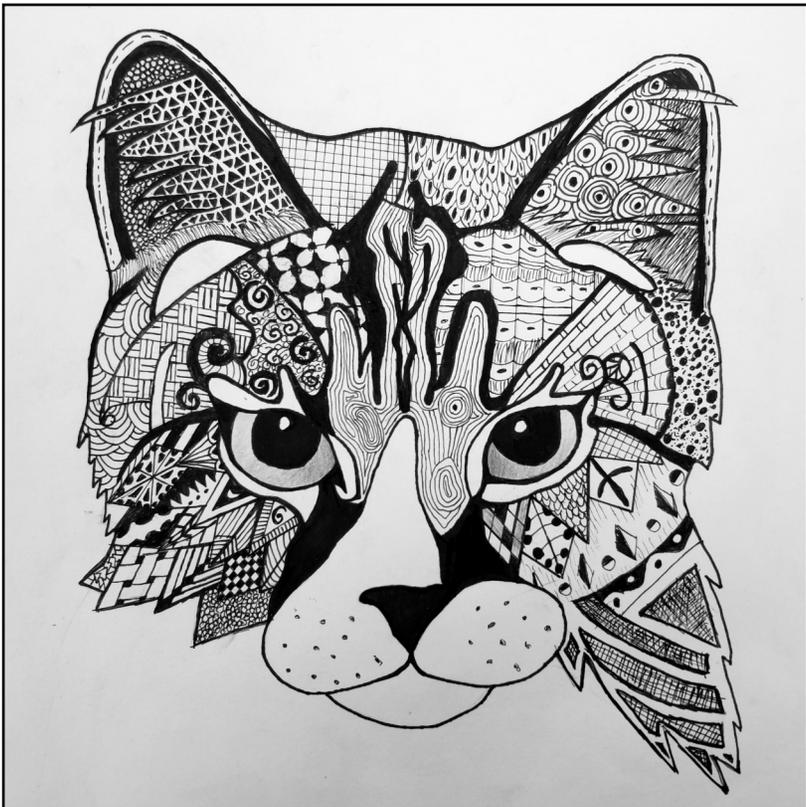
I dream of our planet being clean again

I try to help our planet

I hope Earth makes it out alive

I am caring and compassionate

Katie Griffin
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Vincent Pike
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

On the swings and in the park
you were my best friend in the light and the dark

But time has passed and we have grown
and I am feeling so alone

I want you back to play with me
to take us back to when we were three

I get lost thinking of our time spent together
wishing our friendship had lasted forever

I miss when it was just "you and me"
but you have forgotten all our history

I want to go back and play in that park
to when we were best friends in the light and the dark

Camryn Henderson
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

The Sphere

I stood on the shore of the sandy beach that surrounded my home island. I stood staring into the distance, the same way I had stared for the past two months. I stood and watched it sit there. It hovered nearly five feet above the salty waves. It never moved. Not even an inch.

I scowled. This was the reason that almost three quarters of the world's population ceased to exist. This was the reason I stood here . . . day after day, night after night.

At first glance, the fifteen-foot-tall floating, white Sphere seemed harmless. That was what the people of the Earth had thought. That was their first mistake. The Spheres would sit. They would endure endless attempts to destroy and dismantle them. The problem arrived when the Spheres started to move.

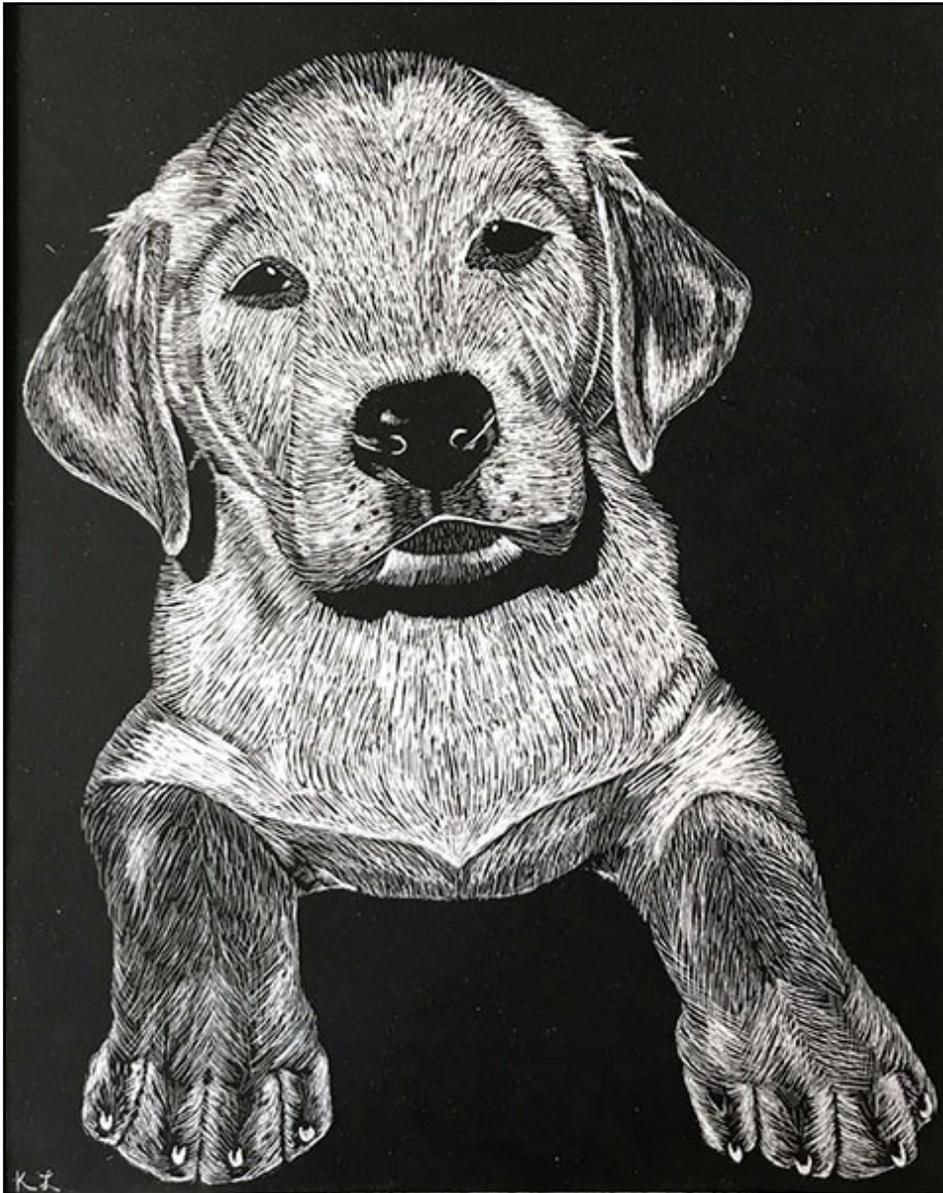
I closed my eyes and tried not to think about it. The day the Spheres had moved silently through our peaceful, quiet town, nobody was prepared to stop them. My father and I barely escaped. My mother . . . no. I couldn't relive it.

As soon as they had come, the Spheres were gone. They left nothing behind but destruction . . . and one of their own. It remained hovering just off our shore. This was why I watched. It was my duty.

I expected today to be like any other. I would go through my shift and return to the bunker. But, today was different. Two hours into my shift, I noticed a faint humming noise, like the buzzing of a bumblebee. I looked out across the waves and saw it. The Sphere was moving, inch by inch. This ridiculously slow speed was no relief. It would reach the beach soon enough. I knew my orders.

Turning on my heel, I left the beach, sprinting through the empty streets. For what seemed like the thousandth time, I took in the scene around me. The ruins of once beautiful seaside cottages, many with broken windows and cracked or crumbling

(Continued on page 78)



Kennedy Liggett
Highland High
Grade 11

(Continued from page 77)

walls. The rusted, beat-up cars and trucks, some maimed and dented beyond repair, others lie on their sides or roofs.

Presently, I came to the edge of what had once been a popular golf course, now overgrown with weeds and tall grass. I reached the Oak Tree and knocked three times on the trunk. A few moments later, the trunk swung open with a loud creak. I looked up into the face of an old, graying man . . . my father. He gave me a slight grin and led me inside. Closing the trunk, we descended the ladder.

As we reached the bottom, I looked into the faces of nearly seventy people, the frightened survivors of the attack.

“The Sphere is moving,” I stated clearly. “I believe that now is the time to use the weapon.”

There were murmurs throughout the crowd.

“Are we sure it will work?”

“What if our intel was wrong?”

“We need to run!”

My father raised his hand and the crowd became silent.

“We have worked long and hard to perfect this device,” he said methodically. “Now, the time has come for us to make use of it. Even if our intel was wrong, I would much rather us all die fighting than running like cowards!”

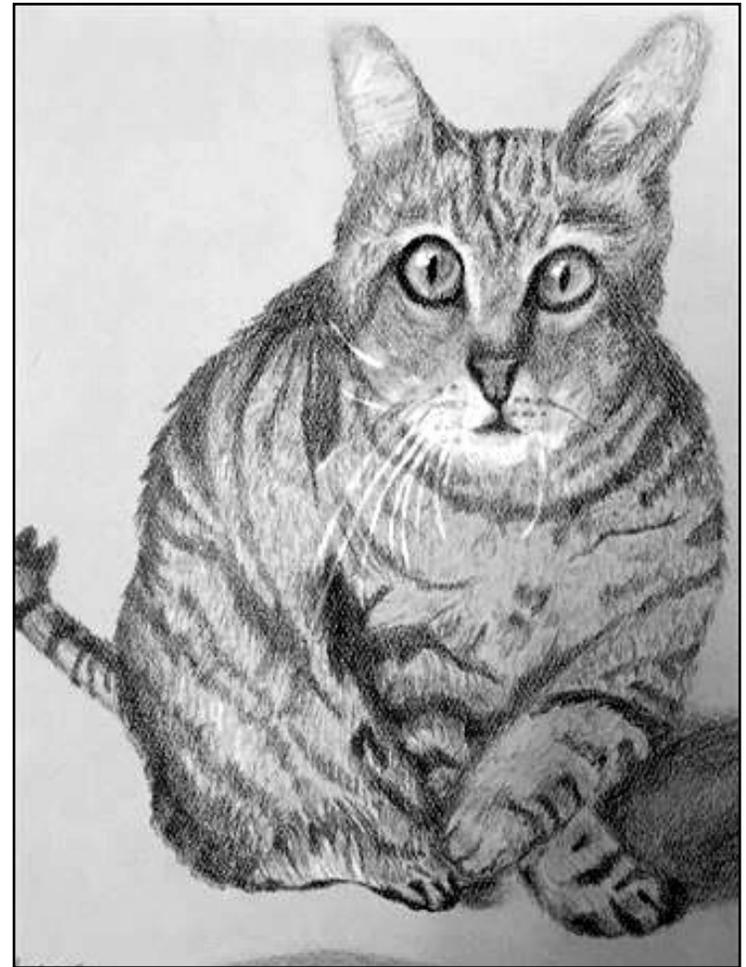
The room remained silent. All faces looked to my father. He looked down at me.

“Lets go,” he said.

. . .

Twenty minutes later, our entire community stood on our sandy shoreline, watching the Sphere. It was much closer

(Continued on page 79)



Lydia Lanier
Highland High
Grade 10

Summer

As I'm running down
The dirty halls,
From behind
My teacher calls.

"You can't leave school,
Don't be a fool!
You can't leave now, that'd be so uncool.
A college class you can't enroll!"

I look back and I say
With a voice as loud as day,
"You can't do anything, I'll just run away,
All I want is for it to be May!"

Jake Carbaugh
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

(Continued from page 78)

now . . . just 15 yards away. My father stood at the front of the crowd. Next to him was a large, metallic box. It had one large, red button on it. The button was labeled: DESTROY.

Soon, the Sphere was just ten yards away, then five. Then, it stopped moving. I once again took notice of the rhythmic humming. Suddenly, a large, circular section of the Sphere's frontside disappeared, revealing a large tunnel into the machine. A red glow began to radiate from it, and the humming suddenly grew louder and more high pitched.

"Steady," called my father.

The humming grew louder

"Not yet!"

Louder.

"Everybody, cover your ears and get down!"

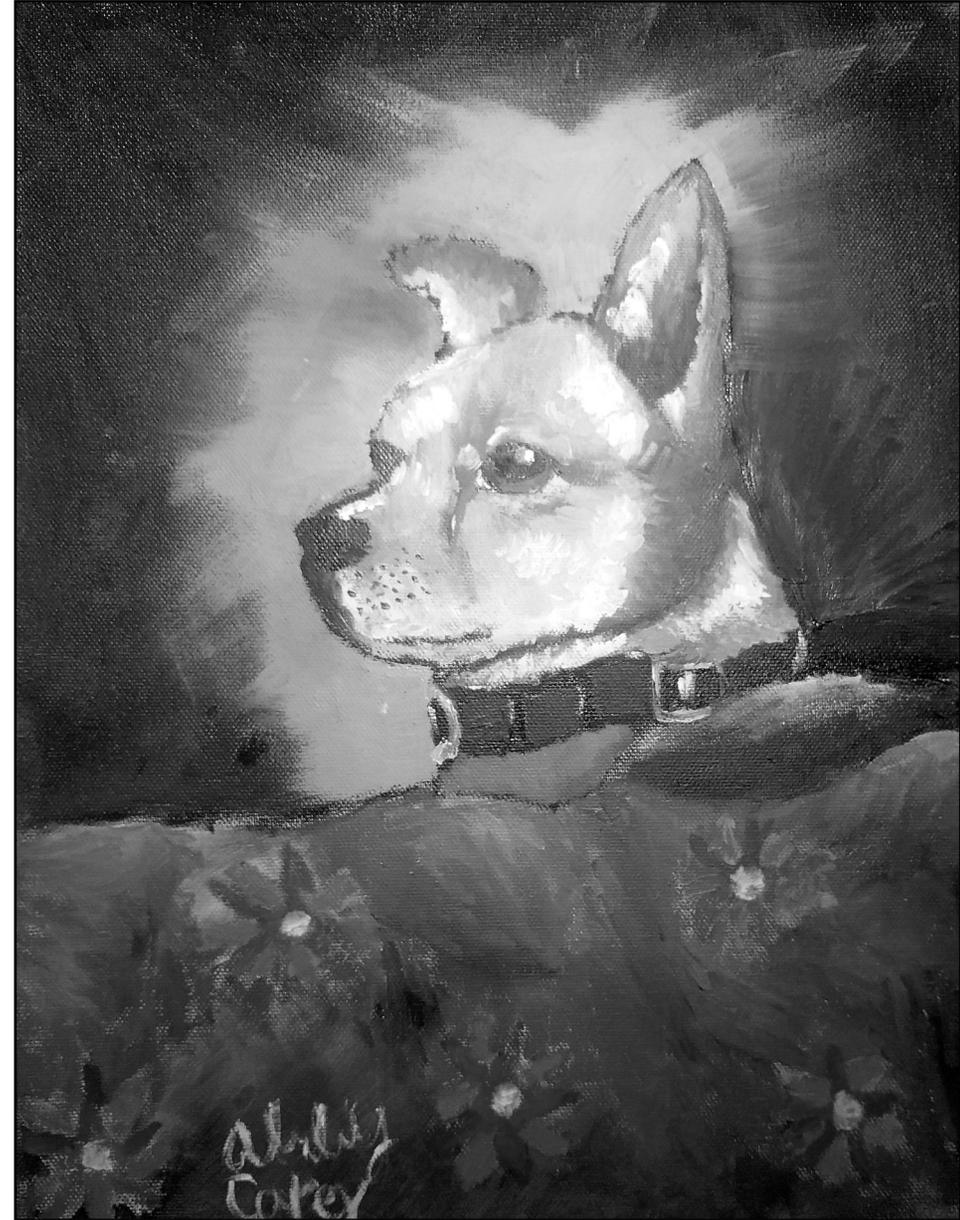
My father slammed his clenched fist into the red button on the box and an ear-piercing ring emitted from it. I hit the ground, covered my ears, and closed my eyes. When I opened them, I saw that the Sphere lay on the ground, smoke pouring from the tunnel. Both the red glow and the humming were gone.

When they rose, the people cheered. We could now defeat the forces that plagued the Earth. In the blink of an eye, everything had changed. I hoped that it was for the better.

Ben Moser
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



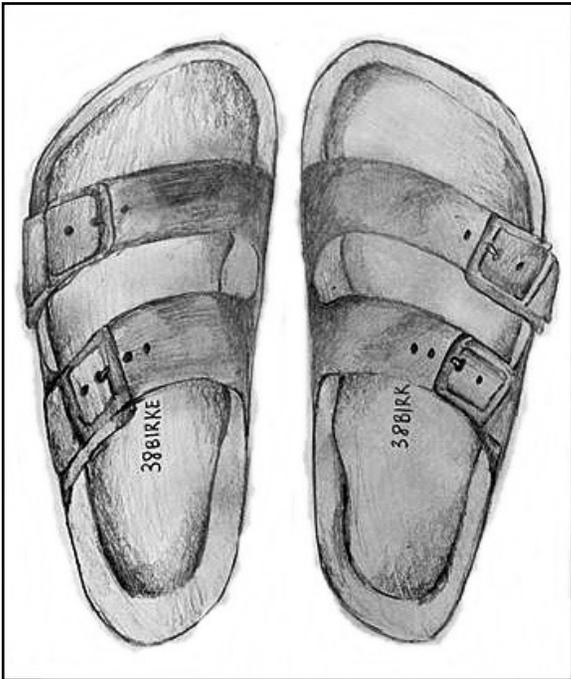
Allison Sartain
Medina High
Grade 12



Abby Carey
Medina High
Grade 11

One girl sits at a table waiting for something to happen
 She sits and waits and waits and waits
 The girl has friends but no one to talk to
 She has a pen and paper
 But nothing to write
 She has her whole life
 But nothing to look forward to
 She is able to smile but has nothing to smile about
 That girl will live her life with nothing
 Unless she changes it.

Gabby Bailey
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 7



Esther Gerasimchuk
 Highland High
 Grade 11

Ode to Astronomy

Astronomy is a teaching of how light and dark,
 good and evil, are balanced,
 and in between all of that, is the universe.

Kids would always be interested in the infinite darkness
 of the night sky and always wonder,
 "What is beyond what we can only see?"

From what we know and love about astronomy,
 there are several things that are discovered
 and also remain undiscovered.

Like opposites, the sun and moon are alike,
 light and darkness.

Comets and Asteroids,

Planets and Dwarf Planets,

The Cosmos and Chaos.

Everything has an opposite,
 and that's what keeps its balance.

We wouldn't know much about anything in the cosmos
 if it weren't for Edwin Hubble.

His theory of an infinite universe is what inspired
 the Hubble space telescope.

(Continued on page 82)

(Continued from page 81)

And under a decade later,
we extended the research of astronomy.

With the help of telescopes, we discovered black holes.

We don't know much about them, but with the power of
astronomy, we could find out a lot more about black holes
than we already know about them.

It's crazy to believe that astronomy, and all the things that it has
uncovered, originates from our tiny little rock called Earth.

Four out of eight planets are larger than the earth,
and those planets are small compared to the sun,
and the sun is small compared to the rest of the galaxy,
and the Milky Way is small compared to the universe.

As far as we know about the universe, which isn't much, there is
still so much potential that the rest of the universe holds for us.

I thank God for astronomy and everything He has created.

Alex Braunlich
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Grace Wojtylak
Highland High
Grade 10

A Day in the Life

Another day seldom noticed. Another day spent watching. Waiting. For what? Anything.

I float gracefully in the thin air as the world goes on with its day beneath me. Sometimes I'm beautiful. That's when the children will point at the sky and cry, "Look, a dragon!" or, "I see a castle."

In fact, most of the time I'm beautiful. I swirl and dance in the freedom of the atmosphere. Earth is stunning from above. Trust me.

Oftentimes people will describe a peaceful summer day with the phrase, "There wasn't a cloud in the sky." I don't mind too much. The sun deserves some time to shine, without me blocking her view.

But the best times are when she and I can live in harmony, together sharing the sky.

Sometimes I am exceptionally joyous and I rain. Many people aren't well-acquainted with the rain, so they are too quick to judge it. I think it's quite pretty.

Remember when I said Earth is beautiful? It truly is, especially the forests and plains. Green, as far as the eye can see . . . that's only there because of my rain. Appreciate it, would you?

And then the sun will set off to a new part of the world. She travels more quickly than I. I like to float slowly and enjoy the simpler things in life.

Jacquelyn Manion
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 7



Celia Petterson
Highland High
Grade 12

Goodnight

I skipped along the moon that night,
wanting to take flight.

Then I saw her standing there,
Looking like a castle in the air.

She was beautiful at first sight,
All clothed in white.

She had green and blue eyes,
was a blessing in disguise.

Slowly spinning through space,
I just stared at her face.

She gave me delight,
but I had to say goodnight.

Emma Robinson
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Morgan Campbell
Highland High
Grade 10

What's This About Again?

Now you may be thinking,
 What is this poem about?
 I have that same question, too.
 A heroic fight against a dragon,
 A maiden in need?
 Maybe several dwarf men,
 Or a golden hen.
 Hmm . . . this is tough.
 The elimination process is very rough.
 Any ideas?
 Alright, I'll leave you be.
 I guess this will have to be a
 Poem with no point.
 Oh! I have an idea now!
 It shall be a poem
 About someone who had trouble
 Coming up with ideas
 For a poem.

 Yes!
 Oh, wait.
 That person is me.

Bailey Fetterolf
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 7



Andrea Filote
 Highland High
 Grade 11

Petals like silk
 the smooth white of milk
 Still pretty as can be
 in the California breeze
 Raindrops roll off the wilting petals
 beautiful still as the storm settles
 Its beauty fades
 but the flower still remains
 A brown ugly thing
 by the end of spring
 Lost in the mud
 washed away by a flood
 Beauty may not last
 and it's gone so fast
 Enjoy it while you can
 because beauty is greater than man

Emily Nagel
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8



Desiree Schafer
 Medina High
 Grade 11

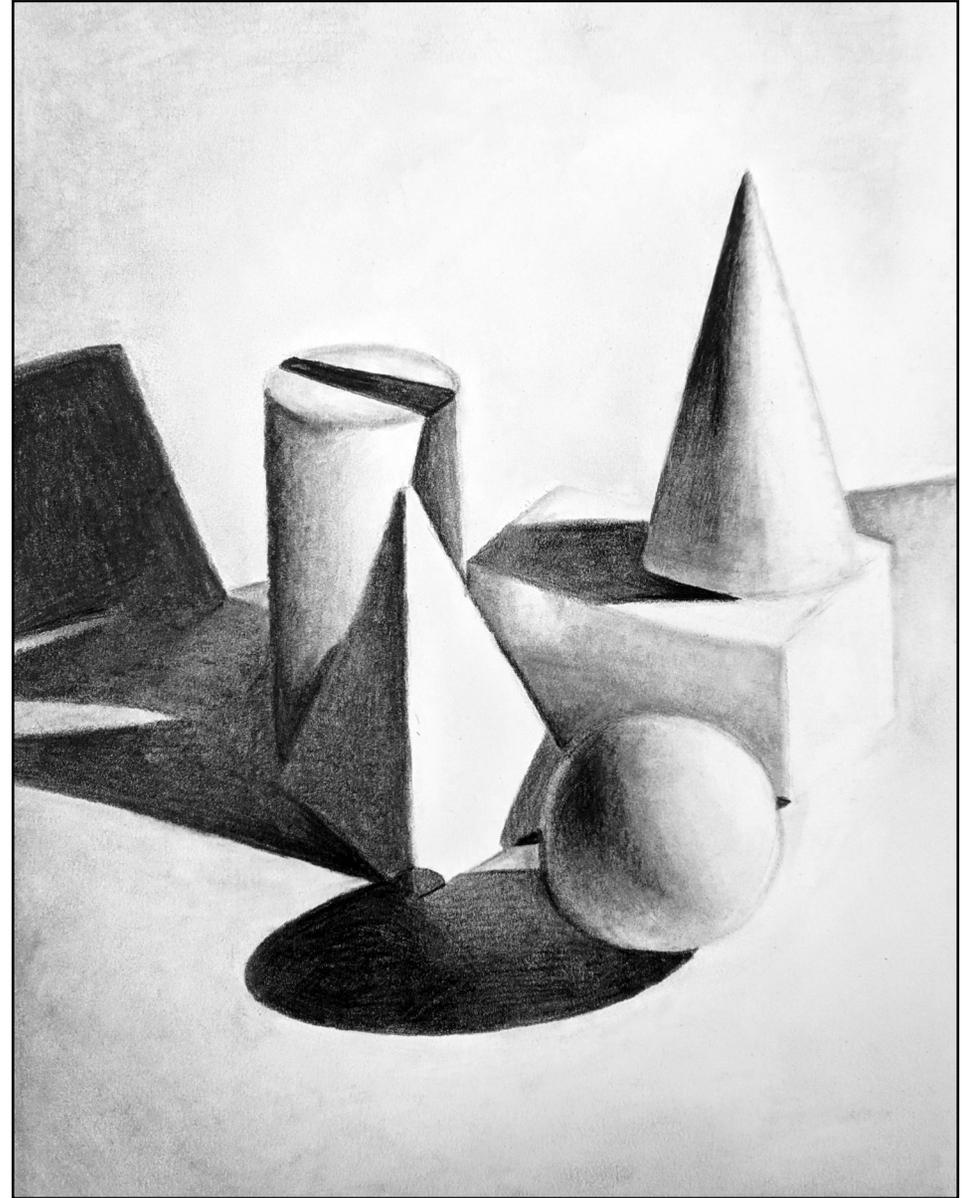
(Continued from page 125)

I am the black swan floating on the water
 I am the dancer moving in the moonlight
 I am the music to a soft and sad ear
 I am the young woman
 I am this feeling.

Emma Watson
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8



Alexis Rogers
 Medina High
 Grade 12



Kaitlin Horner
 Medina High
 Grade 9

The Dictionary

springtime

noun

the time of year when the earth comes back to *life*

life

noun

the condition that distinguishes animals and plants from inorganic matter; continual change preceding *death*

death

noun

the condition of no longer living; causing *sadness*

sadness

noun

the state of being down or unhappy; opposite of *happiness*

happiness

noun

the condition of being joyful or *optimistic*

optimistic

adjective

the state of looking on the bright side of things; can be feigned by forcing all negative thoughts away until they all ball up and *explode*

Black Swan

The feathers flow in the wind

The black gleams in the moonlight

The mouth moves ever so slightly

The eyes close for only a few moments

I am this feeling.

The feet move ever so gracefully

The wings spread wide to fly far

The sound almost as silent as a whisper

The movement as natural as if known

I am this feeling.

The music ever so soft like a young rabbit's fur

The music a cacophony like a shrill scream piercing a dark night

The movement so smooth and tender

The mask that shines like a thousand stars

I am this feeling.

She is a black swan floating on the water

She is a dancer moving in the moonlight

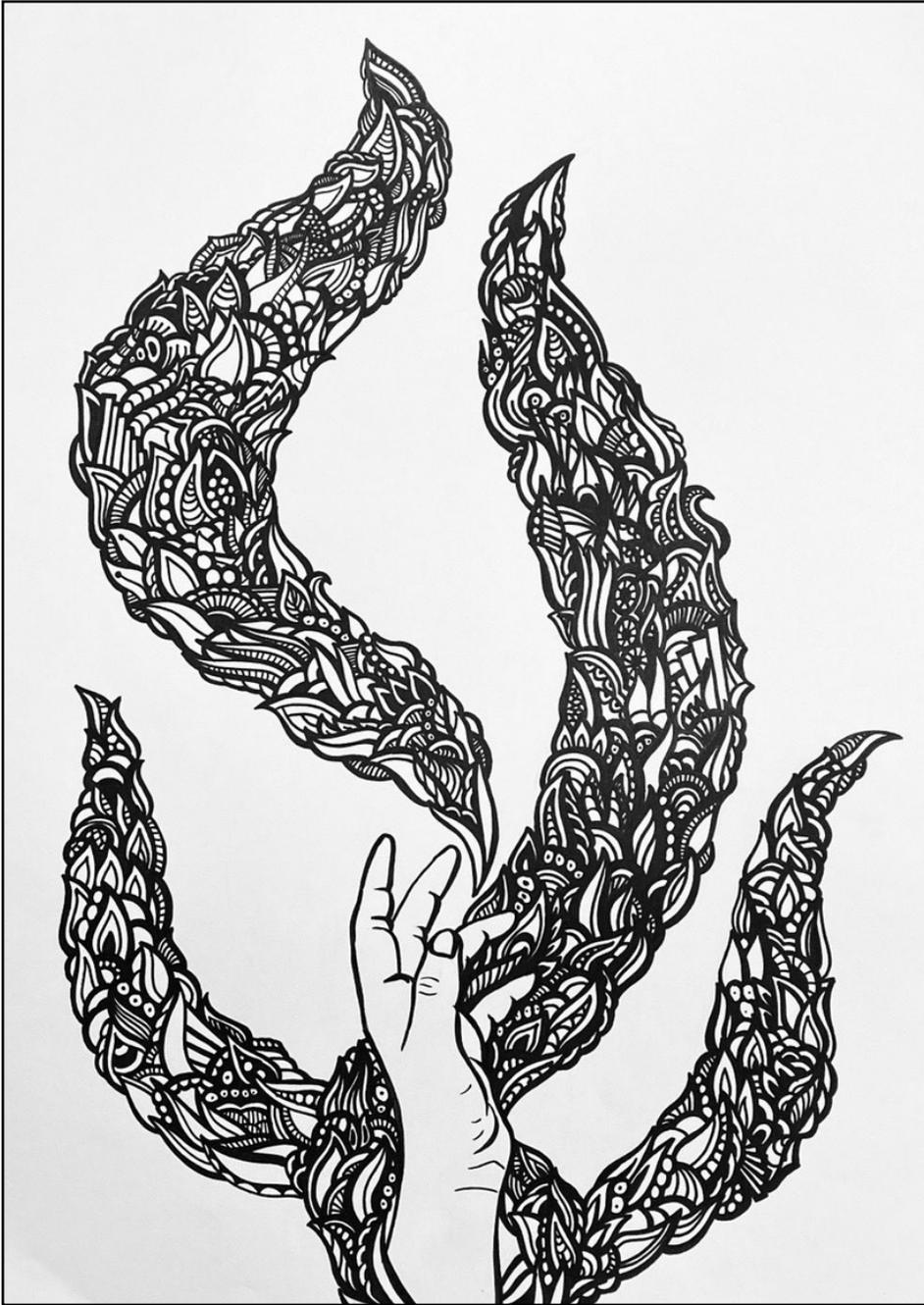
She is the music to a soft and sad ear

She is a young woman

I am this feeling.

(Continued on page 126)

(Continued on page 89)



Allison Sartain
Medina High
Grade 12

(Continued from page 88)

explode

verb

a violent and destructive shattering or blowing apart of something; can cause a lot of *damage*

damage

noun

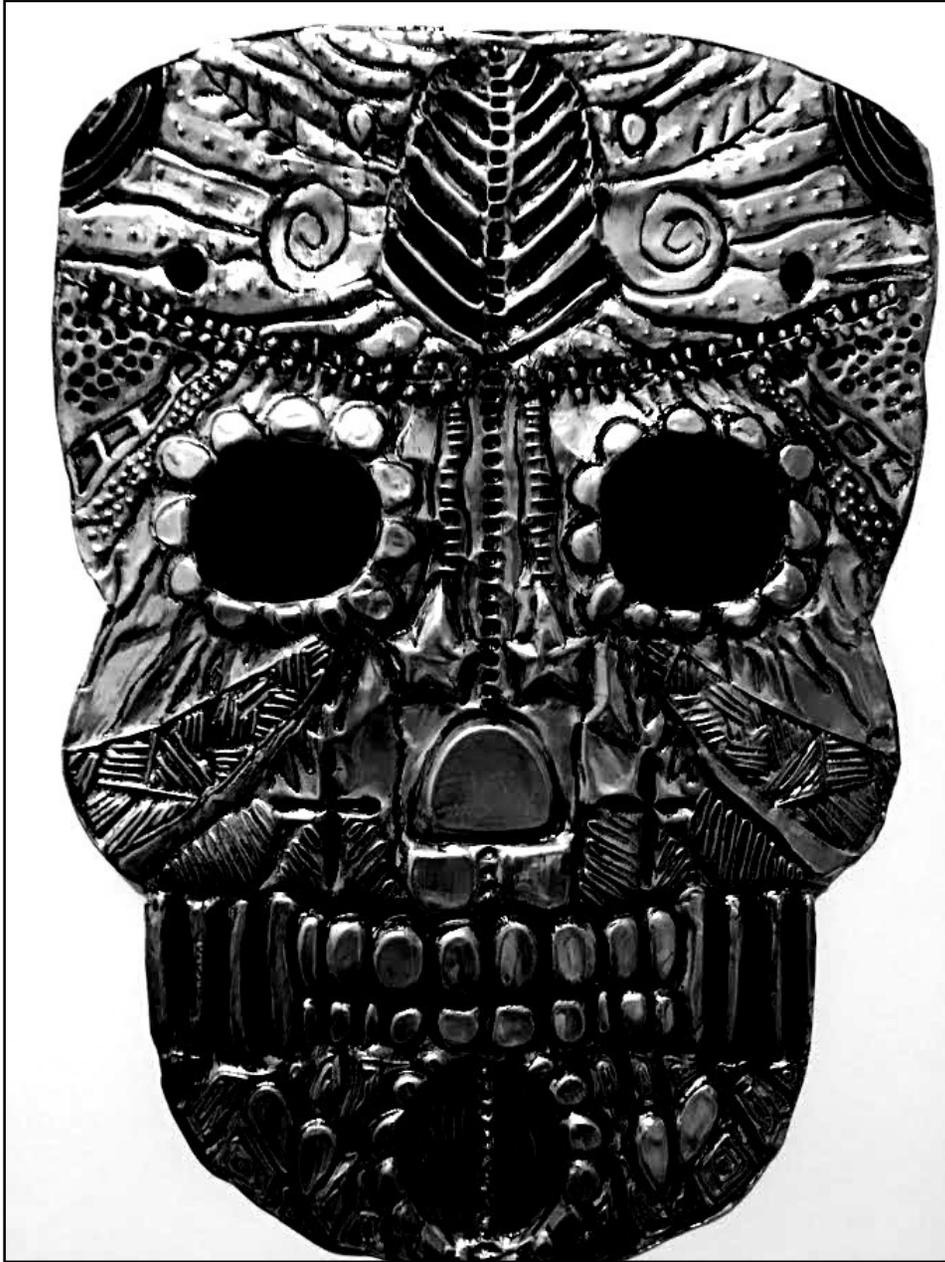
something being broken or destroyed; can be fixed by making amends or in a metaphorical sense, *forgiving*

forgiving

verb

the action of choosing to get over or forget about something that was done and move on

Mia Marzano
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

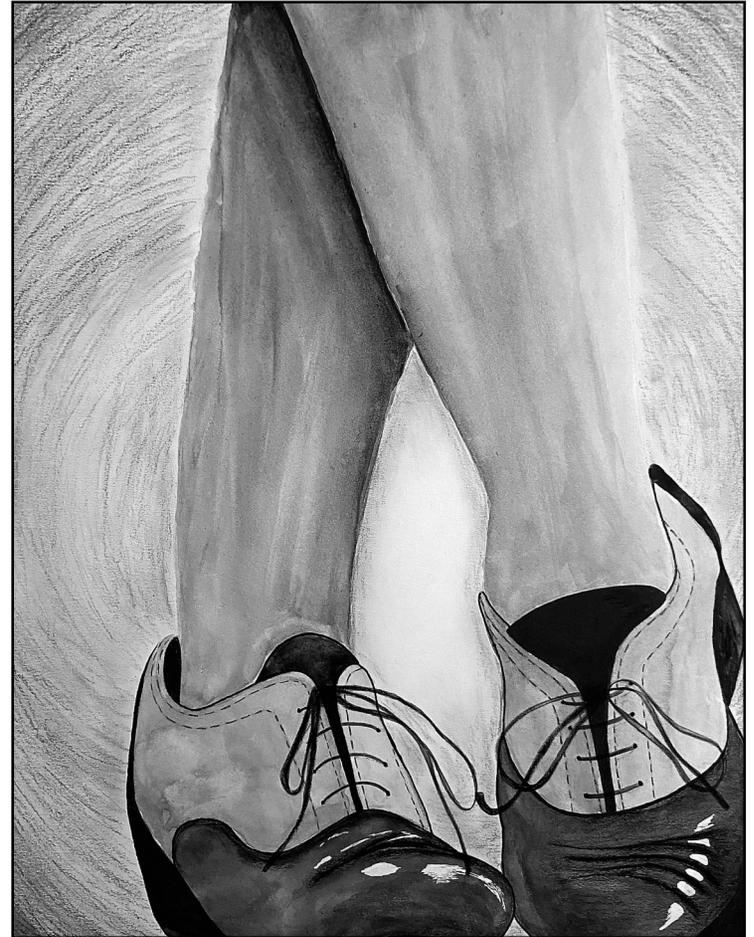


Kirstie Kray
Black River High
Grade 12

(Continued from page 122)

tucked away on a hard-to-reach shelf,
And tucked away in my memory,
Filling me with joy.

Claire Harig
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 7



Makaila Stackpoole
Medina High
Grade 11

I Am From . . .

Based on a poem by George Ella Lyon

I am from shelves and boxes of books
 from football helmets and sidewalk ball,
 I am from the comfort of home
 And the smell of homemade chocolate chip cookies,
 I am from the brightly colored tulips,
 The tall, shady oak tree
 whose long limbs I used to climb.

I'm from trips to Hilton Head and Clemson football games,
 From Fred and Margaret.
 I'm from frontyard kickball and backyard slip-n-slides,
 From family movie nights on the air mattress,
 And from sleepovers and snacks at Grammy's.

I'm from "work hard," "be kind," "say your prayers,"
 And, "Bless his heart."
 I'm from Great-Grandma's noodles and art museum excursions,
 I'm from Ohio and somewhere in Switzerland,
 Friday night pizza and cheesy Chicken Georgia,
 From the empty raisin boxes Bod used to hide under pillows.

Clothes that I have outgrown and postcards from
 Family adventures to interesting places hide,

(Continued on page 123)

There once was a heart that was broken
 Because secrets were kept unspoken
 It was cracking and crumbling
 As happiness was tumbling
 All from words misspoken

Camryn Henderson
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8



Ellie Dannery
 Highland High
 Grade 12

Fairytale World

Love is a fairytale.

Thereof girls are talking about finding their true love,
As of their meant-to-be-moments,
Destiny . . .

I don't believe in love.

No magic, no fate, no meant to be.
Maybe part of falling in love with someone,
Also means falling in love with yourself . . .

Nothing lasts forever, like hydrogen,
Love has a small life that decays to nothing.
And when it's gone,
It's like it was never there at all . . .

Maybe we don't live in a fairytale,
But the choices we make,
The path we choose, you don't have forever,
All you have is a single day.

Anne Streger
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Sarah Espenschied
Highland High
Grade 9

(Continued from page 119)

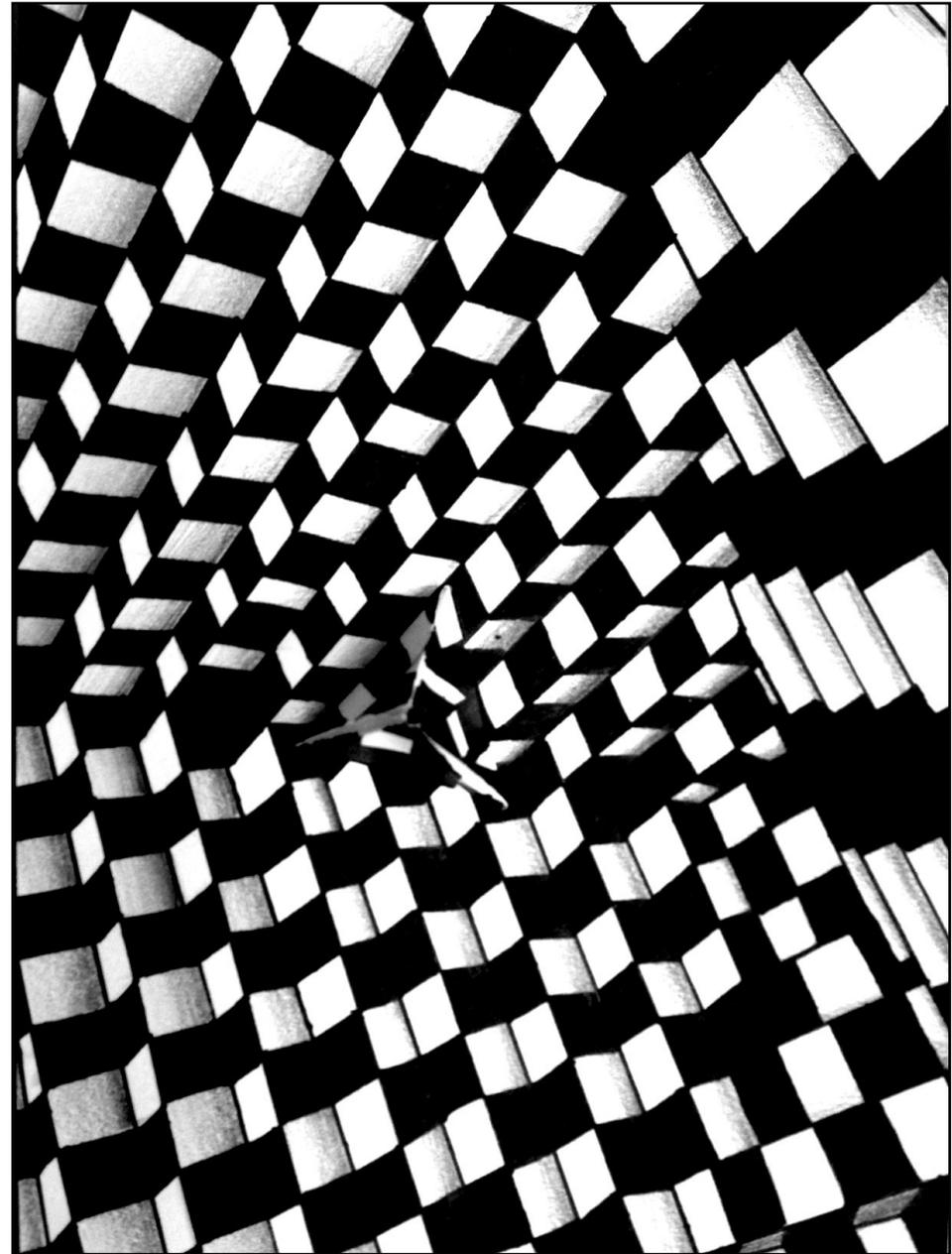
Clothing isn't everything,

But, if it's what builds up your spirit, then look your best.

Alicia Richards
Brunswick High
Grade 12



Devin Cullen
Black River High
Grade 12



Lillian Gozzard
Highland Middle
Grade 7



Liam Wright
Highland Middle
Grade 8

(Continued from page 118)

I pick out more ideas for the next two hours
 I'm getting irritated while I stay on this task
 Realizing I still have to do my nightly routine
 And finish up some homework I got that day
 As I combine cardigans with shirts and jeans or skirts
 I say to myself, "It's ok. You can do this. Fashion is your
 passion."

My one desire is to pursue my enjoyment in finding clothes to
 wear

Which builds up my strengths that as long as I put my idea to the
 test

It'll work, and confidence in yourself is key

I always say, "Better to dress for success than feel like a mess."

(Continued on page 120)

Style

As I walk into my bedroom

Clothes stacked high from ground to air

Me determining what type of style to wear the next day

Could this take hours or days or even years?

I struggle to find something that builds my confidence

While my family and friends criticize me

Time doesn't stop for anyone

As I grow hesitant, thinking I'll never find anything

Wishing I could go to the mall to purchase more

While I pick out ideas that lay on the floor

Then I throw something on, taking pictures of it and sending it to friends

Or even as I walk into my mother's room to ask her opinion of it

(Continued on page 119)

I Remember

I remember the first letter of the alphabet.

I remember my flower and her jokes whose laughs were too good to last.

I remember my seeker and her terrible bob whose fate was sealed when she glanced in the mirror.

I remember my star and her talented footwork whose tears would sting when she looked down.

I remember my twin and her insults which turned into fondness and compassion.

I remember my bird and her innocence which turned into a wild creature.

I remember my apprentice and her intellect which turned into sarcasm.

But most of all, I remember the moments.

The moments I had with each of them.

The laughs, the tears, the smiles, the frowns, the anger, the boys, the screams, and the bond.

(Continued on page 96)

(Continued from page 95)

My memories with these people are like the letter "A".

They're the first.

"A" in the alphabet, and memories in my priorities.

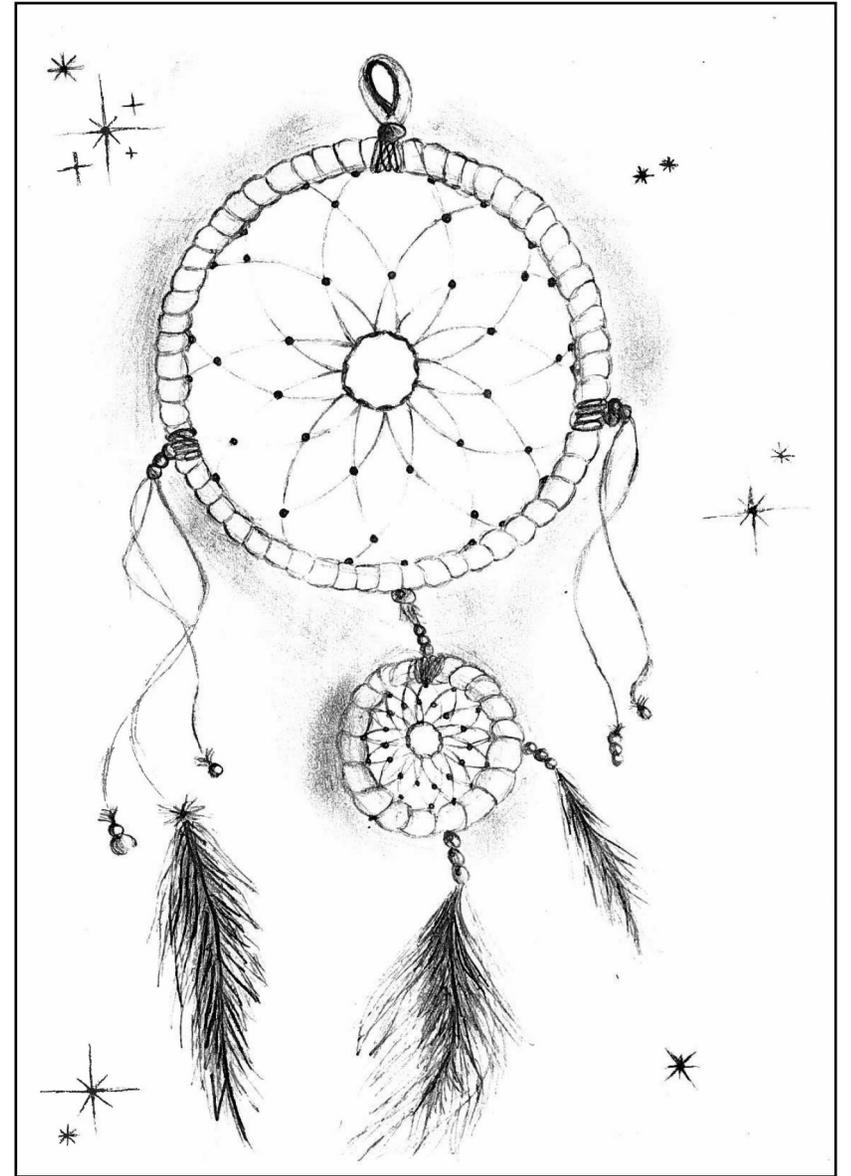
Memories are what you remember.

It's like the film of your life.

Don't let it pass you by because you're afraid.

Live and make those memories with people, because you never know when you could lose them.

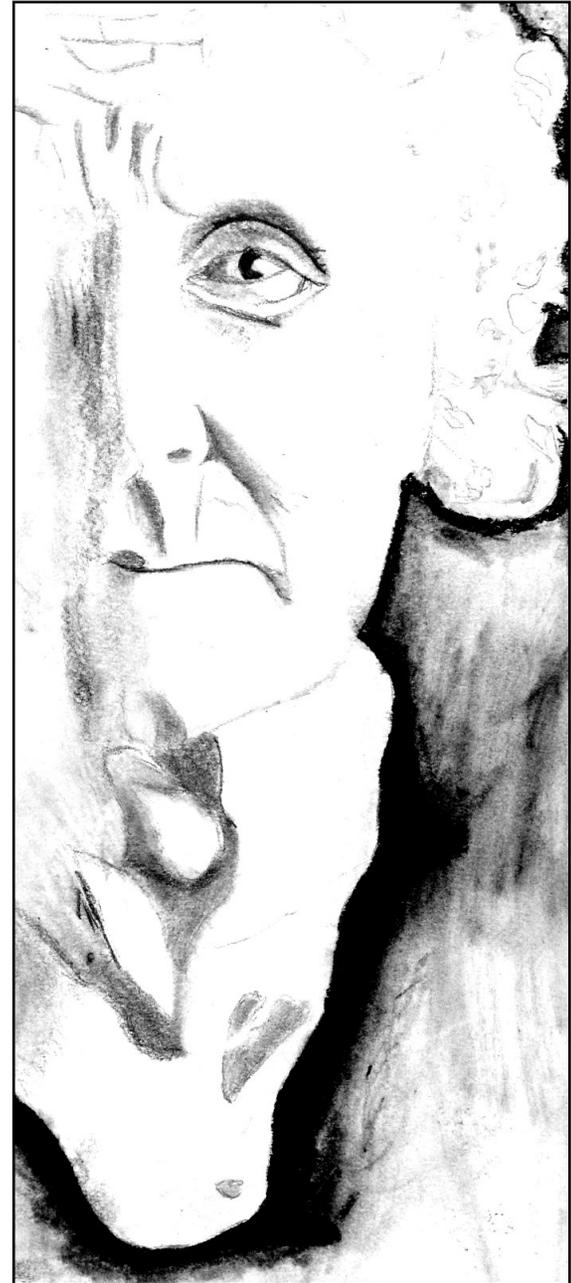
Emma Watson
Wadsworth Middle



Paige Kaltenbaugh
Black River Middle
Grade 8



Elena Mohos
Highland High
Grade 11



Aidan Neumann
Highland Middle
Grade 8

Human

I am human.

You, the person who is reading, are human.

The people you talk to every day in your life are human.

Your parents are human.

Your friends are human.

If we all are human, why do we treat each other
like we are otherwise?

Superiority?

Respect?

Self-Esteem?

Power?

This should not be the case.

But yet, it is.

And I could not define why.

I could not define why humans want to see each other as “better”
to one another.

We all are here for one purpose, and that purpose is to enjoy life.

Some humans spend most of their time out of the day making
others miserable.

It's weird to think that one gains joy out of misery.

Such misery.

Such unexplained misery.

Humans have a knack to just be better than others.

(Continued on page 99)

Brothers

Why do I have them, I didn't ask

And getting along was really a task

They fought me, scolded me, pestered me all

They would talk all their talk until I had a ball.

My whole life I was the little loser

That neither of them liked.

But now times have changed and I love the new feeling

They are always here for me from the floor to the ceiling.

We talk about life and we make tons of jokes

Yet we still wrestle around until one of us chokes.

We talk about school and they give advice about life

They bring me ice cream, and take me anywhere I like.

My brothers have changed, I don't know why

I don't want to admit it but I don't want to lie,

I love my brothers.

Brooke Baughman
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Kennedy Liggett
Highland High
Grade 11

(Continued from page 98)

Humans treat each other at said certain intervals like
they are not human.

Based on race.

Based on appearance.

Based on wealth and money.

Based on what you say and/or do.

But why?

But why must we pour our precious time putting down others.

People would be happier for themselves, and others, if they
would just learn to get along.

But . . . we don't.

Why take someone else's joy and take it as one's own?

I was born on Earth.

I have a heart, a brain, a pair of lungs, and at least
one arm and a leg.

I was born in a hospital.

I have a family, a friend, a pair of eyes, and at least one purpose.

I am human.

Kenneth Sayes
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

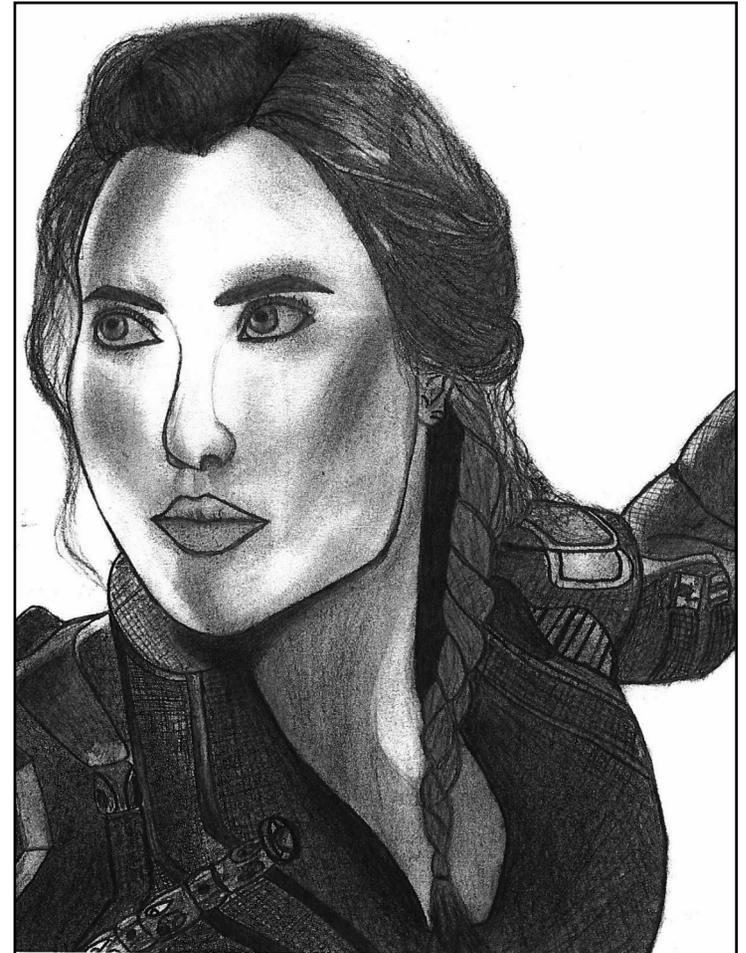
(Continued from page 112)

Am I famous?
I am forgotten.
I am an echo lost in the noise.

Laural Jones
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Grace Wojtylak
Highland High
Grade 10



Brooke Dewar
Black River Middle
Grade 8

(Continued from page 111)

and hope someone will remember my name.

I tap my chest wishing for a lion's heart,
I wring my hands hating every little mark.
Every single bone and every little scar,
Every night alone in the dark
It's cold in the cage that is my "freedom."

I want to be alive
I don't want to be numb.
I want to hear, to feel,
to touch, to see,
To be.

To remember, to know
To leave, to go.
I don't want to be forgotten.
So please let me know,

That I'm famous, that I am known.
Tell me that I'm famous in the way that I twirl my pencil
or tap my feet
And how I'm known to sing or that my heart's incomplete.

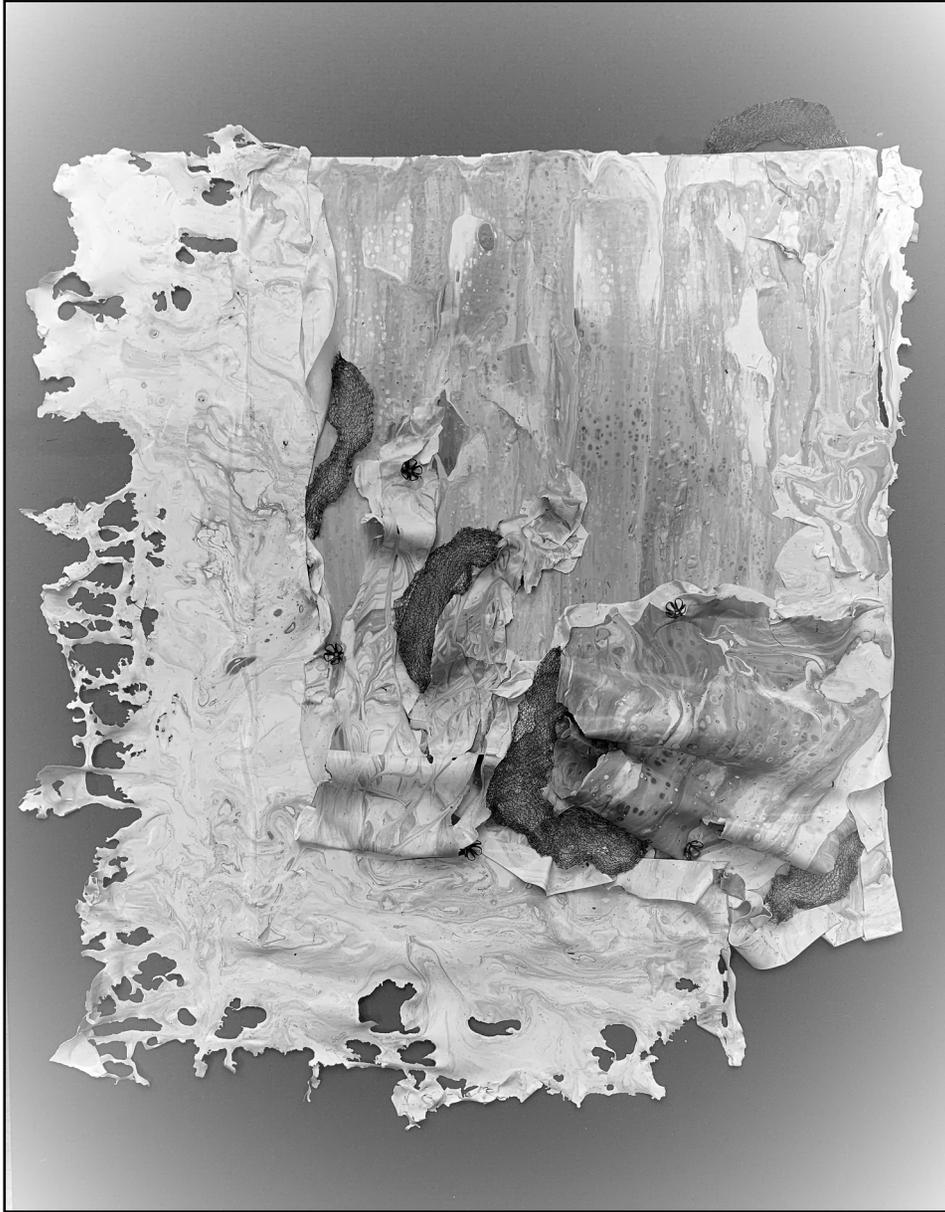
Tell me I won't be forgotten,
That you will remember every detail,
every bad day that felt like a rusty nail.
Am I remembered?
Am I known?

(Continued on page 113)

Childhood Dreams

Out of all the kids in my class
I may not be the tallest,
I could be the loudest
and only speak the smallest,
I could scream and shout;
nothing would come out.
I would stay inside
with nothing left to hide.
I reach for a star
I want to travel so far.
I can dream of wings
So I'll stand up,
you'll hear me sing.
I will scream and shout;
finally something will come out.

Rea Calabris
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8



Alison Pasco
Highland High
Grade 11

(Continued from page 110)

Think of the words
Are they hopeful or sad?
Think of your thoughts
And the time that you've had.

Alaina Tennant
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

A Little Room

I want to be known, like how the pen is famous to the poets,
who saw and felt the heart of those words.
As the rose is famous to the trees that far rise above them,
but left the dream of beauty behind.

I want to be known as the voice in everyone's mind.
I want to be famous as the rough hands of a gardener
is famous to the earth,
Or how the rhythms of a mother's heartbeat are famous to a
child.
And how the forest is known to be wild.

I want to be famous as a book is to the minds of children.
Or the canvas is famous to a painter.
I want to be remembered as the one who tried
But who will remember me when I die?

I hold a pen that's out of ink
Trying to remember what to think,
or what to do, and what to say.
I look through my tiny window

(Continued on page 112)

(Continued from page 109)

Look from this poem
 To your wrists
 To your hands
 Think of the poor ones
 From far away lands.

Think of their fingers
 Are they weak? Are they strong?
 Think of their story
 For some time too long.

Look from this poem
 To your heart
 To your soul.
 Think of the ones
 Who see nothing but coal.

Think of the hardships
 What turned them to stone?
 Think of their story
 Don't leave them alone.

Look from this poem
 To the earth
 All-around.
 Think of this poem
 Think of its sound.

(Continued on page 111)

Somewhere Else

I lie in bed and look at my glowing plastic stars on my ceiling. I imagine a place full of warmth and beauty, not harsh cold snow. I imagine the warm breeze blowing across my face. I close my eyes, and when I open them again, I no longer see the glowing stars; I see a meadow full of flowers of every color. The sun, in a bright blue sky, shines down on my face. The clouds look as light and fluffy as cotton candy. A bright yellow butterfly flies past in front of me, so close that I could touch it. I look down at my feet, bare and dirty, and then I run towards the huge butterfly. The grass pads my feet, so lush and soft. It almost feels as if I were flying. Closer and closer I get to it, giggling and laughing. I wish I could stay here forever, I think, looking at the perfect, beautiful land all around me. Suddenly, I hear a knock. I once more close and open my eyes. "Are you still awake?" I hear a voice whisper. I am back in my room again, in bed looking at the same old plastic glowing stars. "Yes" I whisper back. I hear my door creak open, and in comes my mom. "Good night," she says, bending over to kiss my forehead. "Good night," I say, blinking, remembering the meadow, longing to go back.

Madeline Beck
 Root Middle
 Grade 7



Jessie Crookston
Wadsworth Middle
Grade 8

Look From This Poem

Look from this poem
To your feet
To the floor.
Think of the ones
Who have walked there before.

Think of their steps.
Are they just like yours?
Think of their story
And then think some more.

Look from this poem
To the ceiling
Then sky.
Think of the children
Who've stared oh so high.

Think of their eyes
Are they shiny or dull?
Think of their story
Think of it all.

(Continued on page 110)

(Continued from page 107)

But the silly little boy isn't like his brother
 The silly little boy is shy and cares about one another
 So the silly little boy spends his childhood alone
 Turning the silly little boy's heart to stone
 Never having anyone that will stay
 He needs his mother to wipe his silly little tears away

Dylan Joseph
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8



Alexis Divis
 Highland High
 Grade 12

In More Ways Than One

I crave the attention of my peers
 Want so badly to fit in
 To be a part
 Be laughing with them
 Wanted to all this time but it hasn't happened
 So I try harder
 I hide my frown
 Hide my cries
 My stomach hungry
 Feelings getting covered by fake laughs and makeup
 And by the end
 Fell silent
 Apart and alone
 because
 It
 Didn't
 Work

Ahna Simms
 Wadsworth Middle
 Grade 8



Julia Camino
Highland High
Grade 11

Silly Little Boy

Silly little boy, wipe those tears away
Go over to the other little boys and play
But the silly little boy doesn't want to go
So he tells his mother so

Silly little boy, make your worries leave
Go over to the other little boys and roll up your sleeves
Run, laugh, jump, sprint
Do you still need another hint?

The silly little boy does so
But the silly little boy doesn't fit in
He is weird, strange, tall, thin

The silly little boy comes back crying to his mother
She wipes his tears away
and just begs him to be like his older brother

Silly little boy, life is sweet you know
Be like your older brother
and life's true colors will begin to show

(Continued on page 108)