

Potomac ALMANAC



Cassidy Accardi,
6th grade,
Green Acres School

Children's Almanac 2010

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CHILDREN'S ALMANAC 2010

Welcome

Dear Readers:

This week, the Potomac Almanac turns over its pages to the youth and students.

We asked principals and teachers from area schools to encourage students to contribute their words, pictures and photos for our annual Children's Issue.

The response as always was enormous. While we were unable to publish every piece we received, we did our best to put together a paper with a fair sampling of the submitted stories, poems, drawings, paintings, photographs and other works of art.

We appreciate the extra effort made by school staff to gather the materials during their busy time leading up to the holidays. We'd also like to encourage both schools and parents to mark their 2011 calendars for early December, the deadline for submissions for next year's Children's Almanac. Please keep us in mind as your children continue to create spectacular works of art and inspiring pieces of writing in the coming year.

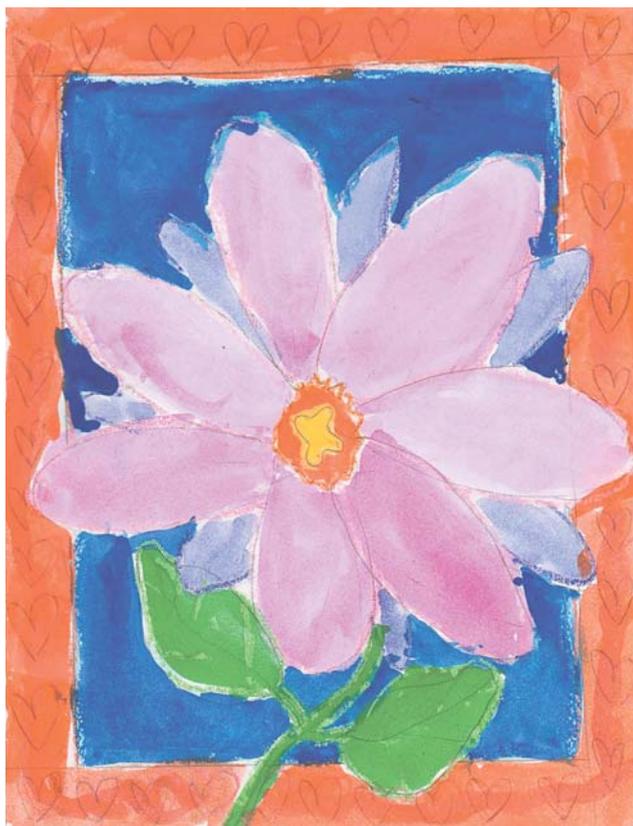
The children's issue is only a part of our year-round commitment to cover education and our local schools. As always, the Almanac welcomes letters to the editor, story ideas, calendar listings and notices of local events from our readers. Photos and other submissions about special events at schools are especially welcome for our weekly schools pages.

Our preferred method for material is e-mail, which should be sent to almanac@connectionnewspapers.com, but you can reach us by mail at 1606 King Street, Alexandria, VA 22314 or call 703-778-9415 with any questions.

EDITOR STEVEN MAUREN



Nadia Hedayat, Potomac Elementary School



Jetta Chen, 4th grade, Potomac Elementary School



Hallie Howard, 3rd grade, Beverly Farms Elementary School



Father Christmas, by Riley Jordan, Potomac, Age 7

Hannah Niles, 7th grade, Green Acres School

BELLS MILL

One of the Best Things About Me Is ...

One of the best things about me is I'm nice. I have lots of it. Like when it was caterpillar season — that's when there are a lot of caterpillars. Sorry I was digressing — back to what I was saying. I saw a caterpillar and someone did not like it so they tried to kill it. I screamed, "No, don't kill the little guy!"

— **Bodur H.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

One of the best things about me is that I'm silly. I know this because whenever Ariel comes over, we laugh for about 98% of the time. For example, on our latest play date, I was laughing so hard lemonade shot out of my nose.

— **Gio E.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

The Best Thing About Being a Boy/Girl Is ...

The best thing about being a boy is we really don't care about our hygiene.

— **Max T.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

The best thing about being a girl is ... EVERYTHING!! I mean, wouldn't you think so? Also, girls are smarter, stronger, and more beautiful. It's great! Besides, us girls are easier to be with. We don't get off topic as much, we listen and mostly do what we're told. I'm so glad I'm a girl. Also, just one more thing: my name could have been Lev if I were a boy. Who wants that?

— **Eden M.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

The best thing about being a boy is you don't have to have surgery to get a baby out. Boys are usually faster too. Boys can be in the NFL (National Football League).

— **Jack A.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

Write About Your Weekend

My weekend was tiring. It was also surprisingly short ... "Time is a mighty bird, hard to grasp hold of." I apologize. I have been reading a lot of books this weekend. One of the books I read was a Sherlock Holmes mystery. I think it was called "Mystery at Thor Bridge." Anyway, I also went to the National Gallery of Art in D.C. I saw a lot of



Avery Max, Bells Mill ES

artwork, PLUS Edward Munch's (funny name!) famous, famous, FAMOUS artwork "The Scream." Like this: "AAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKK!!!!!!!" Just a demonstration, heh heh. We had lunch at a café at the museum. I had some salt and vinegar chips, and a turkey and honey-mustard sandwich on brie. Before I go forward, let me tell you something. You know the annoying saying, "Try it! You'll like it!" Well, I tried honey mustard, and I HATED it. I can still taste that wretched honey mustard in my mouth. GET IT OUT, GET IT OUT!!!! This looks like a case for...Maya Holmes!!!

Ms. Holmes: My dear Watson, we MUST figure out why the museum put honey mustard in my sandwich.

Watson: They just did. Case closed.

Ms. Holmes: Oh, come on!!! I spent all my time

speaking in a special font, JUST to hear that?! I'm quitting!

Uh...let's just say that never happened. Um, in conclusion, I, uh, had a, er...splendid weekend!!! Er...toodle-oo!

— **Maya S.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

My weekend was fine. Just like a normal weekend. Uh...dum diddy dum dum dum ... nothing exciting. Okay fine, I'll tell you about my weekend. Half of my weekend was spent recovering from our field trip to St. Mary's. This required moaning into a pillow, talking to a cardboard therapist about my angry feelings towards the rain, staying a large distance away from the sink, and so on. Please, please, PLEASE don't give next year's fourth graders that much pain. Go in

ONLY shine. I'll write it in cursive if you want!!! Go in only shine. Consider it, okay? Okay, back to my weekend. I also went to the French Embassy with one of my friends to a Euro

Festival. We saw two shows. One of them was called (I don't think I'm getting it right) Tarantuma and the Wild Rider. The narrator was a janitor. Not what you'd expect, right? Listen to this, instead of having actors to act out the story, they used cleaning supplies. CLEANING SUPPLIES. I am not kidding. All of the cleaning supplies were phenomenal actors and actresses. Just kidding. But Tarantuma was a broomstick, a sponge, and a mop. After the show, we went outside. Outside there were very big hills. My friend suggested we roll down the hill. The minutes after that were all spent rolling. It was fun ... AT FIRST. Then came unstoppable rolling! (Gasp!) That means that whenever I tried to stop rolling, I couldn't. Oh no!

I'm rolling off the page!

HELLLLLLPPPPPP!!!

— **Maya S.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

You will not believe this. Out of all the weekends, finally, I have found one that is ... average. Oh well. At least I tried something new. I played goalie for my soccer team. Oh—wait, something just occurred to me—okay, back to the story. On Saturday, I had a soccer game. I played goalie for half of the half. We tied 3-3. After the game, it was nap-nap time for Jackson boo-boo. Just kidding. In fact, I took a shower. Then instead of nap-nap time

Snow

Freeze, freeze.
The big storm cloud.
Pitter, pitter.
The
Snow falls slowly.
Glisten, glitter, gleam.
Don't you love the
Snow?
The fallen
Snow will stay 'til
It's shoveled away.

— **Emma Pearsall**, 8, 3rd grade, Bells Mill ES

The Cat

The cat's ears, down, up,
Twitching, twitching.
The cat's eyes, gleaming bright,
Glowing, glowing.
The cat's belly, breathe in, out,
Purring, purring.
The cat's legs, stride, stride,
Creeping, creeping.
The cat's fur, soft, smooth,
Pretty, pretty
The cat's tail, curl, release,
Twitching, twitching.
The cat is very
Pretty.

— **Emma Pearsall**, 8, 3rd grade, Bells Mill ES



Lossou Wallace, Bells Mill ES

for Jackson boo-boo, it was rest-rest time for papa boo-boo. My dad was pretty much dead. Not really, but he almost passed out. Okay, so then I ... I ... I ... oh, I remember. It was bedtime. Snore. On Sunday, it was 11 letters: F-O-O-T-B-A-L-L D-A-Y!

— **Jackson R.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

Two Things that Really Bother Me are ...

Two things that really bother me are mornings and afternoons. I hate mornings because I hate waking up. You think I get enough sleep, waking up at 8:10? Well, I don't. I like 10:00 much better. I don't like afternoons because they put me in a bad mood. They put me in a bad mood because I have a whole entire half of the day left until I go to sleep again. The only reason they don't bother me is because of breakfast and going to bed.

— **Julia L.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

SEE WORDS, PAGE 23



Ben Amon-Kotey, Bells Mill ES

WORDS & PICTURES

My Traits from Mae

My great grandmother, Mae, or Nana Mae as I called her, has taught me perseverance, patience, and bravery. It was around 1920; Mae lived in a little town in Russia. Her dad had moved to Philadelphia to earn a little extra money for their family.

It was hard to be a Jew in Russia at that time. Soldiers wanted to get rid of the Jewish people; they were getting threatened. One day someone came to Mae's house and told her mom if she didn't give them her wedding ring, they would chop her finger off. She decided to give them the ring and keep her finger. Mae and her mom must have been so scared; this has taught me to be brave.

One day, Mae and her family decided to leave; they could not live in fear every day. They decided to take a boat to Ellis Island. They had to walk to England from Russia to get to the boat. This was a big risk because if soldiers caught them, they could get in big trouble, so people would hide them in the day, and they would walk at night when it was dark and nobody could see them. If I were Mae, I would be terrified, but she persevered, and she was brave the whole time. She was willing to take on whatever life threw at her and her family.

It took them two years to get to England, but they finally made it! Now they could take the boat to Ellis Island! After two weeks of traveling, they arrived. Mae has shown me patience. She was so patient with herself, and her family. She did not complain about walking for two years, or taking a boat for two weeks. She was brave the whole time and never lost hope. She knew she and her family would make it to Ellis Island eventually, and they did. After so much traveling, they arrived on Ellis Island safe and sound!

Mae and her family were so patient with each other, and were brave and persevered, even through the hardest of times. Nana Mae has passed those wonderful traits along, and taught me to be brave, persevering, and patient and good will come.

— **Joanna Kramer**, 6th grade, Herbert Hoover MS

An Outdoor Ed Adventure

Everyone woke up on a cold windy day. We all had breakfast and lunch. Then the activities began. I was a robin so on the first day I played predator/prey.

Some people were carnivores, some omnivores, and most were herbivores, the bottom of the food chain. I was an herbivore. All of the upper animals were very fast, but I was faster. I got tagged at least 3 times. I was being chased, both running at the speed of light. Jumping logs and stones. Sliding under thorns, dashing through open fields. All the way until I went into a bushy area and ducked down until it was all clear. I got up and headed South trying not to be seen sprinting at a deadly speed. The wind was blowing heavily at my face threatening to slow me down I ran and ran with three omnivores on my tail. They lost me right after I climbed up a tall boulder.

All of the sudden the forest fell dead silent the only sound was the startling sound of kids screaming from being tagged. I laid down on the oversized rock.

Then there were footsteps behind me, I slowly and silently climbed down and bent low, hardly daring to breathe. The footsteps came nearer and nearer then disappeared. I got up, caught my breath, and said to myself, "glad that's over." "No it's not," said a bloodcurdling voice behind me. I jumped looking in every direction to find who said that. Something was breathing in my neck I ran forward looking back to see Chris chasing after me. I ran past Mr. Granger, jumped over a bench and ran out of energy and dropped to the ground to rest. Something patted my shoulder.

"What?" I asked.

"You're all out of lives," said Guido.

That was the end of my exciting adventure at Outdoor Ed.

— **Arman Safarnejad**, 6th grade, Herbert Hoover MS

Bready Johnston, 5th grade, Fourth Presbyterian School



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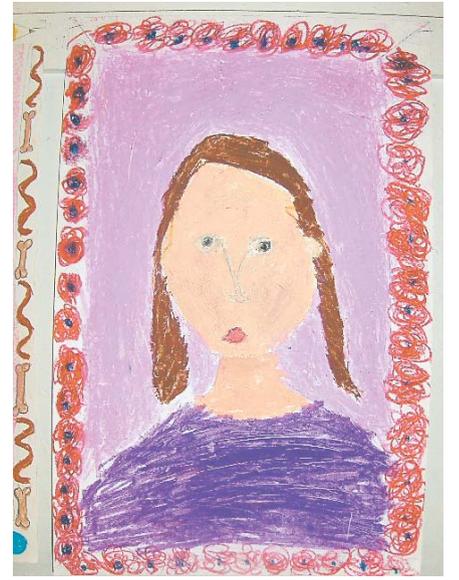
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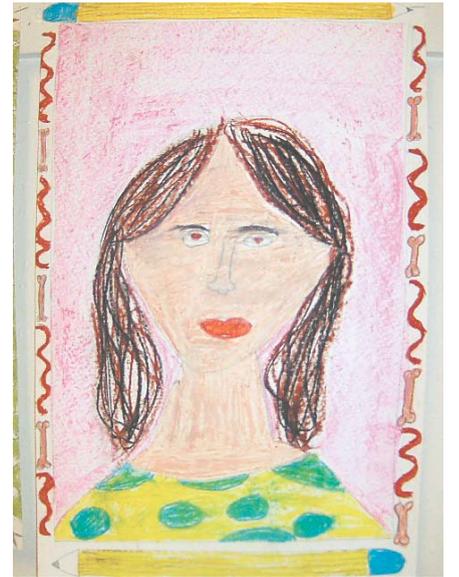
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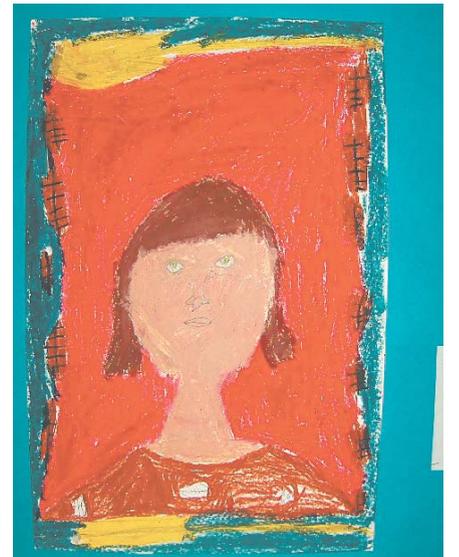
Shawn Berdia



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HOOVER MS

The Best Present I Have Ever Received

In giving time for someone else I gave myself the best present ever. My mom and dad decided we should go as a family to help kids with developmental and physical disabilities but I did not understand why. I did not know what I supposed to do to help. I did not know anything about helping kids with disabilities. I am not a teacher. I

have never worked with kids before. I could not help but wonder why parents were forcing me to do that.

I was sitting in the back seat of my dad's truck when I finally got the audacity to ask, "Why am I going to help at this program?" I had to think about my mom's answer. She said "when I was a

kid I never played with or talked with people with disabilities, so now I do not know how to talk to them and I feel uncomfortable when I am around them." She said she does not want my brothers and sisters and I to be uncomfortable around people with disabilities when we grow up.

Nervously I walked into the building. I did not know what to expect. My family and I waited for the "athlete" (child with

disabilities) we would be helping. I was partnered with an athlete named Colleen. I heard her name and rushed to meet her. She was 21 years old and had Down syndrome. I was nervous, but she was not at all. I was shy, but she was outgoing, funny and she had all the friends in the world. Why would she need my help? Then I started talking to her. She was hard to understand and she behaved as if she were only 5 or 6 years

old. I took a deep breath and asked her if she wanted to play. We played bowling, scooter races, basketball and we just talked. We had fun together. She was able to do everything that she tried to do with just a little bit of help. My mom spoke sweetly to Colleen as if she were a toddler. She did not understand that Colleen is really just like me. Colleen loves her life just like me, which makes me glad!

I enjoyed my time with Colleen. She is fun to be around. I

learned a very important lesson that day. I learned that helping others is more of a gift to yourself than the person you are helping.

I loved playing with Colleen and I am going to visit soon for another program. Before I left, Colleen told me she loved me and she would miss me. That is a gift to me. That made me ecstatic. I felt

awesome when I walked out that building. When I thought I was giving to others, I was actually getting the best gift I have ever received.

By Danielle Sickels
Hoover Middle School

Predator-Prey

At Outdoor ED everyone played Predator V.S. Prey. There were carnivores, herbivores, omnivores, a doctor, and rabies. I was an herbivore. An herbivore had to find two water stamps and two berry stamps hidden throughout Skycroft. The game starts. I quickly find a berry stamp. But then!

SEE WORDS, PAGE 15



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LET'S TALK Real Estate



by
Michael Matese

Specialty Rooms for Specialty Homes

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A Morning Room – off the kitchen for casual family dining. This is simply an expansion of the traditional breakfast, just a bit more casual.

A Butler's Panty – still a popular room and a must for indoor formal entertaining.

A Pantry – one that's oversized and contains a freezer.

A Home Library – there's nothing like a quiet place to sit and read a good book.

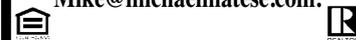
A Conservatory – provides a glass walled transition space between the house and its surrounding and is perfect for casual dining or entertaining.

A Snoring Room – off of the master bedroom. Need I say more?

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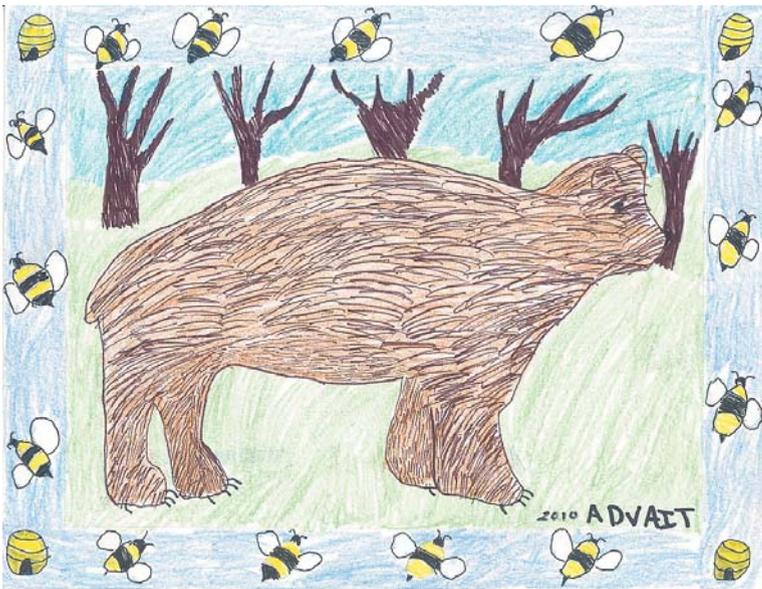
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BEVERLY FARMS



Advait Ishwar, 5th Grade, Beverly Farms ES



Anusha Anand, 2nd Grade, Beverly Farms ES

Strathmore

I am going to tell you about Strathmore. When we arrived we had to jump around the puddles and climb the stairs to get in. I sat in the 2nd row. I heard a harp playing on the stage, but we had to wait for it to start. Finally it started. First we played a song and a violin player named Zona played for us. Then we sang Happy Birthday for Strathmore. He is 6. Next we sang, The Berry-Pickers Song. Mr. Juice showed us the four instrument families the players were playing in the orchestra. There were percussion, woodwind, string and brass. Percussion uses sticks to make the sounds. There were bass drums, snare drums, timpani and cymbals. The woodwinds are called woodwinds because the tube is wood and you blow like the wind. Woodwinds use reeds and include clarinet, oboe and flute. Brass instruments use a mouthpiece and includes French horn, trumpet and trombone. The strings use bows and it has the bass, cello, viola and violin. My favorite part of Strathmore is the music. At Strathmore you can hear and sing. Lastly, there was a gecko in the hallway. It is great being able to share my trip to Strathmore with you!

— **Kathleen L.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

Did you know that I went to Strathmore Music Center? Well, I will tell you how it went right now. When we arrived we walked up the stairs, opened the door and walked right in. I read a book while we waited for the concert to start. The musicians were starting to play. After the first song, we were signing Happy Birthday for Strathmore's 6th birthday. My favorite part was singing Happy Birthday to Strathmore. I also learned with Mr. Juice about the types



Jordan Williams, 3rd Grade, Beverly Farms ES

of instruments in the orchestra. They are the percussion, brass, strings and woodwinds. I enjoyed all of the instruments. And that's the end of my story.

— **Sabrina V.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

Did you know I went to Strathmore yesterday? Well, let me tell you about it. Some of my friends sat in the second and third row. Well, I sat in the second row. I saw musicians coming out to sit down and then it was almost time to start the orchestra. I saw the violins, harp, and the trumpets. Next, they began playing. I thought it sounded GREAT! I liked to sing Happy Birthday to Strathmore. Did you know Strathmore is 6 years old? Now you know all about Strathmore.

— **Alonzo H.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

I am going to tell you about our trip to Strathmore. When we arrived we sat in rows 1, 2 and 3. I sat in row 2. We waited a long time because the orchestra had to tune, practice and get ready. Then FINALLY, the orchestra STARTED! Next, the conductor came out and everyone started clapping. Then, the conductor bowed very quickly and started conducting the orchestra. They started to play the song, "Overture to Candide." They played that song a long time. The next thing I knew was every-

body was clapping. Then, the orchestra played a Happy Birthday song to Strathmore with their instruments. It was really neat. After the Happy Birthday song was The Berry-Picking Song. I liked The

Berry Picking Song the most. Then, Mr. Juice came out. He talked to us about the 4 main instrument families. The families are the brass, woodwinds, strings and percussion. He told us that it takes a lot of practicing to play an instrument perfect. Now you know a lot about Strathmore.

— **Jessica H.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

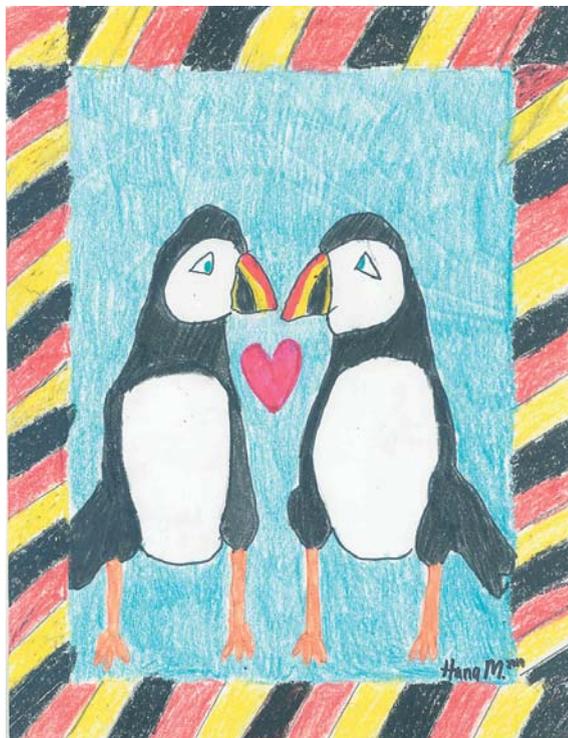
I am going to tell you what kinds of instruments I saw at Strathmore. My favorite instruments are the clarinet and the flute. I like the sounds of the clarinet and flute. I really liked the girl who played the violin too.

— **Lindsay W.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

I am going to tell you about Strathmore Music Center. At Strathmore, you can see the orchestra. I sat in the second row and I was close to the stage. In fact, the hall is very BIG! In fact, Strathmore is very cool too. I saw a violinist named Zona, and Mr. Juice told us about the instrument families. The drums are in the percussion family and the trumpet is in the brass family. When we went out of Strathmore, I saw the Geico Gecko. I can't wait to see the Geico Gecko again.

— **Matt P.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

SEE BEVERLY FARMS. PAGE 18



Hana Mangat, 5th Grade, Beverly Farms ES

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WORDS & PICTURES

These Are Currency in My Country

BY KENNA LIBES
11TH GRADE AT WALT WHITMAN
HIGH SCHOOL

The delicate art of bottle-cap collecting is a pastime that you can engage in while accomplishing the most mundane of activities – i.e. walking along the road to the bus stop. (Best place of all if you don't want to go out of your way.) Seeing a shiny flash out of the corner of your eye and making a dive for a little bit of metal ... it really appeals to my inner archaeologist (and magpie, my friend likes to joke). On an evening walk, a stop around – not in, of course; they never keep caps – a liquor store is perfect for gathering these pieces, and even better is once your friends and relatives learn of your collection and offer their own finds from the other end of the country (or world)! Even when going to restaurants, if you just go to the bartender you can ask for leftover caps and they'll usually have a ready supply in a little trash can next to the fridge or beer dispenser.

And once you grow tired of collecting, you can fulfill any obsessive-compulsive tendencies you may have for organizing and begin to alphabetize them, arrange by symbol and animal, by color, by popularity and amount, or even create a mosaic out of Heinekens like my dad made with my extras once. (Heineken, Corona, Budweiser,

Michelob, and their Lights are the most popular, respectively. See what you learn?)

I have bottlecaps portraying all sorts of things – one with a beautiful etching of the three pyramids at Giza, one with a rather colorful gecko, one of a lion, plenty from other countries (I made a killing when I went to Canada and Mexico years ago) – even a stylish one from Angkor Wat in Cambodia! I've received (and found) many different versions, old and new, of Coca-Cola and Sprite, along with various innocuous sodas and fruit juices. There's even a mysterious white one with a stylized cat and pink 'p' – tarnished from age and practically one-of-a-kind – that I particularly treasure. I've gained so much joy and fun from collecting, and even now – years after I stopped collecting seriously – I still keep an eye out for that tell-tale sparkle at the side of the road.

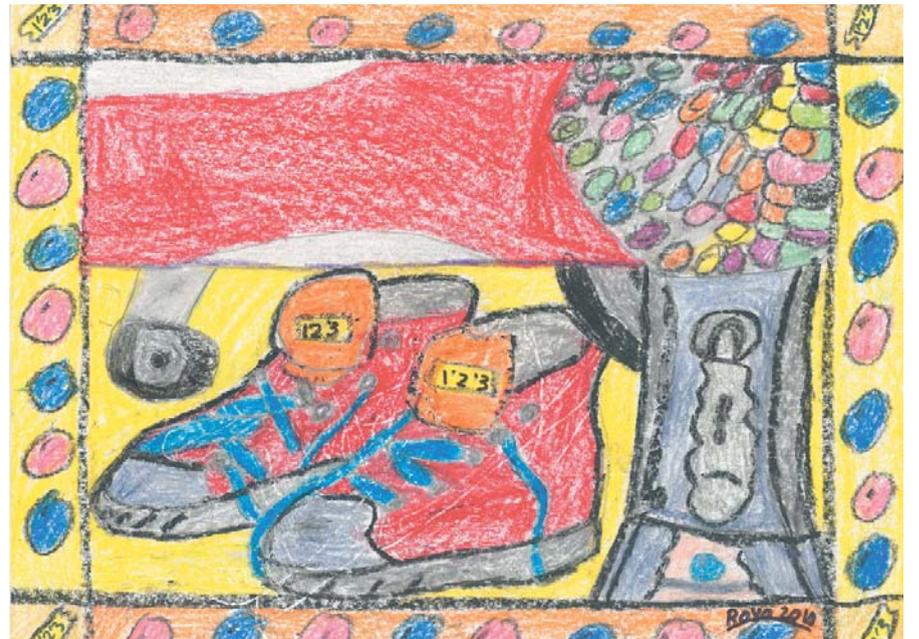
**Roya Nassaj,
4th Grade,
Beverly
Farms ES**



**Michael Haramis, 3rd
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Beth Wright, 5th Grade, Beverly Farms ES



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Grayson Ours, 8th grade



Thomas Olson, 6th grade



William Amoroso, 6th grade

Cameron Drooz, 8th grade



Harry King, 7th grade

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WORDS & PICTURES

Northern Lights

I am Northern Lights. I appear when the crickets call for me at dusk. That is when you will see me shine. The sun sends me my colors. Blue, green, violet and very rarely orange those are my colors. People call me northern Lights but my real name is Aurora Borealis I am named after the Roman Goddess of Dawn, Aurora, and the Greek name for the north wind Boreas. People watch me from their porches and see me light up the night sky. I bring joy to people cause I am... Northern Lights.

— **Catie Boehmer**, Green Acres School

avAlanche

Make a sound any noise I'll come rumbling down
Shattering like glass as I fly
Only seconds before you're submerged
Devouring everything in my path
Jolting rocks out of there slots
Turning over trees
Temper lost into the echoey night
Everything quiet as when I started
Make a sound any noise I'll come rumbling down

— **Amelia Barnard**, Green Acres School

Snow flake

I am a snow flake unique, beautiful and proud . I drop slowly and quietly but I could also drop fast and loud. As I drop the sun shines on me and I sparkle. I can be gentle but fierce. As I drop I start to wonder how long will I live. Quietly I touch the ground. I melt to water it's the end of my life.

— **Gisellah Suleman**



Hannah Niles, 7th grade, Green Acres School.

Canyon

Water used to run through me. But now I'm old and all that's left of me is my skeleton.

People who dare look down shall take my curse and fall deep to my depths where my animals dwell.

I surround them like a belt.
I am the master of water.
I learned to tame it a long time ago
I am the mighty canyon.

— **Aaron Lev**, Green Acres School

Coral reef

I am coral reef
With my coral shifting right to left.
Fish hide in my caves and the sun keeps me warm.

Crownfish speed into their shelter the sea anemone.

coral blue, green and yellow.
Fish devour my algae.

— **Carter Lynn**, Green Acres School

Crystals

I am sparkling crystals.
I can be sharp as a rock.
Bumpy , smooth, Crystals of many colors.

Nothing can hurt me.
People can walk through my crystal cave.

Gemstones hang above me.
CRASH Crystals fall to the ground.
Crystals from all around.

Twinkling sun shining down on me.
Rain, dripping splash splash.

I shine at night.
Dry Red, Turkish Delight, fine cut,
Opal frit all surround me.

I am sparkling Crystals
— **Sophie Barnello**, Green Acres School

I am geyser

When I am angry hot water erupts from me

A sphere of molten lava
Which lies beneath earth's crust
It heats me powers me
When I shoot hot water high
It comes down as hot hot rain

When I'm not a geyser I'm a spring.
A hot spring

Then I'm a geyser again
— **Anil Korde**, Green Acres School

I am Mountains

I can create disaster and destruction
Drinking my water and eating my fruit
When the day comes to pass I yawn
I am Mountains



Carder Devine, 8th grade, Green Acres School.



Kat Adams, 7th grade, Green Acres School.



Morgan Mayer, 7th grade, Green Acres School

Looking at the tiny buildings I feel like a giant

I have an astounding view
Many try to climb my highest peak,
Mt. Everest

I tower over people accidentally scaring them

When the snow fades I see all my animals return

When it snows I am covered in a thick white blanket

Clouds brush against my back tickling me

My animals run
I can also be calm and peaceful
I am Mountains

— **Rose Frank**, Green Acres School

I am the Rainforest

I am the rainforest with water dripping from my leaves,

Animals crawling on my trees or on my forest floor,

Rivers gushing with a roar! Ferns that tickle your nose

Vines hang from my trees; monkeys swing vine to vine;

The sun is shining in the creases of trees, shining and shimmering as the hot blazing sun shines on me!

I have the whole blue sky around me; the wind blows and howls and shakes my trees, at night the half crescent moon shining on me.

I am the rainforest talking to you.

— **Naya Salinas**, Green Acres School



Bridge from One Extreme to its Opposite: Rachel Sidel, 7th grade, Green Acres School. Her extremes were junk food to healthy food.

I am Lightning

Striking fear into the souls of many
I am the KING of power
Accompanied by my buddy THUNDER
Teaming-up for...DESTRUCTION
Mainly in a storm

Showering the poor
ULTIMATE
LIGHTNING
Illuminating the sky

— **Andrew Rose**, Green Acres School

Iceberg

I am slick but exquisite,
Bobbing in the mammoth ocean.
Towering and sturdy,
Submerged but massive,
Icy and soaked,
Sparkling in the midday sun.

I am iceberg
Immensely beautiful
With blowing, golden ice

Poised against the cloudless sky.
I crackle and groan as I navigate,
Warm sea currents.

My colossal form slowly ebbing away
Until I am no more

— **Sebastian Harkness**, Green Acres School



Nicholas Tilmes, 8th grade, Green Acres School. Digital prints manipulated in Photoshop.

I Am Ice

So sparkly
Hard as a rock
Cold as a freezer

So Quiet
SLIPPERY

As people skate
Discover the land
Strong and angry

Power to freeze
My solid ice
Bold as gold

Hitting roads
I hang down from mountains peak
So calm

I am ice that's what I do

— **Jori Balsam**, Green Acres School

Thunder

Thunder
That's my name
You can't catch me

I'm as quick as lightning as you can see
Scaring people; that's my hobby

My o my
Crash boom he heh

I'm only temporary don't be scared of

me.
I made a little girl scream last night
It gave her such a fright!
I can be such a sight!

— **Kate Cammeraat**, Green Acres School

bright

Mirage

I am Mirage
I trick things that walk on the desert
The air creates my delusions

If you come close I go farther
I create pictures that are not really there

I am unknown by anything
Animals walk on me
I get stared at by everything that walks on the desert

I am the creator of all tricks
I raise you up only to let you down again

Try to chase me but you won't catch me

I bend air only to create illusions
I am the destroyer of all dreams
I call myself the air bender

I am mirage G R E A T mirage
— **Kayla Markus**, Green Acres School

Ocean

I am ocean
Dolphins, Orcas, Sharks all live in me
Brush up against the shore and wash back out

In and out, in and out, in and out
Coral reefs grow under me
Enormous and going on forever

Sea turtles swim in my waters
My beautiful seashells are home to some

Go down to the bottom of me it is deep, dark, creepy

My currents surround the Hawaiian Islands with warm soothing water

My kelp forests, swaying freely, home and food for many creatures

I am ocean
— **D**, Green Acres School

Pond

I am a pond
A pool of water
With many animals

SEE POND, PAGE 20

When I Grow Up

When I grow up, I want to be the President of the United States of America. I want to be President so I can help people by creating more jobs and lowering taxes. I will build more parks so that children can get exercise and concentrate better in school. Thirdly, as President, I will create laws to eliminate drugs that are sold near schools. Lastly, I want to fly around the world on Air Force One and make strangers friends, so that we can work together to build a better nation. In conclusion, when I grow up, I want to be President of the United States.

— **George Burns**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Happy

Happy is the color of orange.
Happy tastes like a juicy new apple picked from a tree.

The sound of happy is kids playing and yelling on the playground.

The smell of happy is fresh new flowers just popping out of the ground.

The feel of happy is a soft baby bunny.
Happy makes everyone have a great time.

— **Juliana Signora**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Happy looks like a sun shining down on the Earth, smiling.
It tastes like very good chocolate cake on top of my fork going to enter my mouth.

It smells like spring, the fresh smell of grass.

It feels like a soft comfortable blanket.
Happy makes me smile.

— **Caesar Wain**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Happy is yellow
The sound of children playing
The smell of beautiful red flowers falling out of you!

The taste of a newly picked apple
The feel of a fresh yellow banana

— **Lane Blair**, 3rd grade, Bullis School



Noelle, 2nd grade, Our Lady of Mercy

911

Towers, Destruction
Rushing, Screaming, Jumping
Pieces, New York City, Glass, Fire
Falling, Praying, Thanking
Missed, Loved
Friends

By **Michael**, Grade 5
Our Lady of Mercy School

My Apple

My apple looks like a ripe, ripe rose colored strawberry. It's round like an egg. It's emerald green like an alligator, with a big red, spot, like Jupiter.

By **Nicholas**, Grade 4
Our Lady of Mercy

Apples

Some are green, some are red.
I like them crisp and juicy, not bruised and mushy. Oh how I love them peeled

SEE BLIZZARD, PAGE 20



Maeve McGhee, 3rd Grade, Beverly Farms ES

When I think of yellow, I think of happy.

Happy has a lot of sweet and tangy flavors.

Happy sounds like kids laughing at a swimming pool.

When I smell buttery popcorn at the movie theater, that is happy.

Happy feels like a snuggly hug.
There are so many ways to describe happy.

— **Caulley Bellistri**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Happy is yellow
The sound of children playing
The smell of beautiful red flowers falling out of you!

The taste of a newly picked apple
The feel of a fresh yellow banana

— **Lane Blair**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Excited feels like you just can't wait,
Like a bunch of confetti is about to pop out of you!

Excited smells like a new air freshener.
It sounds like laughing and screaming.

Excited tastes like a bag of marshmallows and candy corn.

Excited is bright purple and orange colors jumping all around.

— **Shannon Dunwell**, 3rd grade, Bullis School



Elizabeth 5th grade, Our Lady of Mercy

with no seeds,
dipped in caramel to my mom I plead!

Why do books always show apples with a caterpillar crawling in a hole?

Maybe they wouldn't if it was not ripe or cold. Apples grow in trees on a farm. I like to pick them and visit

animals in the barn. Cooked many ways those apples

can be, apple pie, poptarts, and cobbler to name

just three. A common myth people like to say is an apple a day keeps the doctor away!

By **Carter**, Grade 4
Our Lady of Mercy

The house was very dark.
The warm fire had colorful sparks.
For four days the power was out.
It made me want to shout.
I hate cold food.

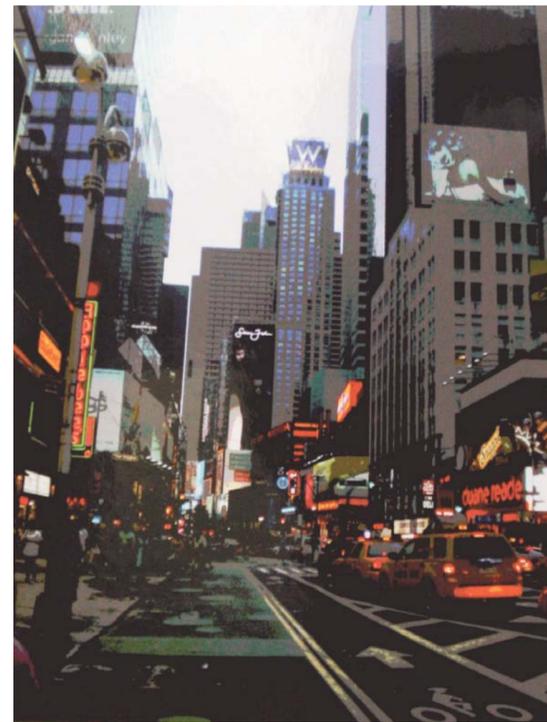
The snow didn't melt in the nick of time.

This period for me was miserable, but for some people it was memorable.
No Super Bowl!
Oh no!

I wasn't able to calm my soul.
I slept on the cold floor.
I started getting tired of boredom.

Wearing four layers a day, was not something fun I have to say.
The power came back on at the break of dawn.

I was jumping for joy!
There was something that I could enjoy!

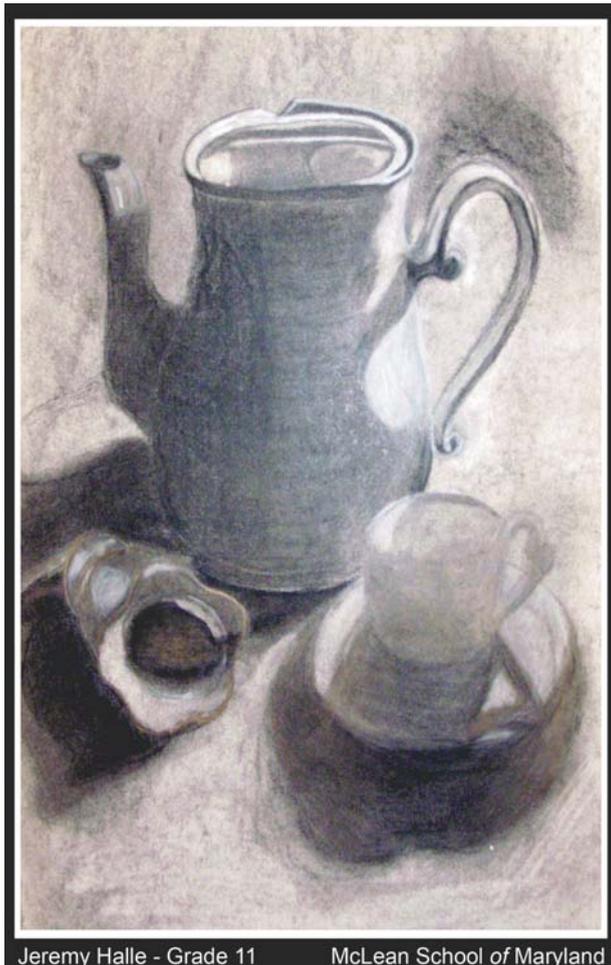


Caroline Braviak, 8th grade, Green Acres School. Digital prints manipulated in Photoshop.

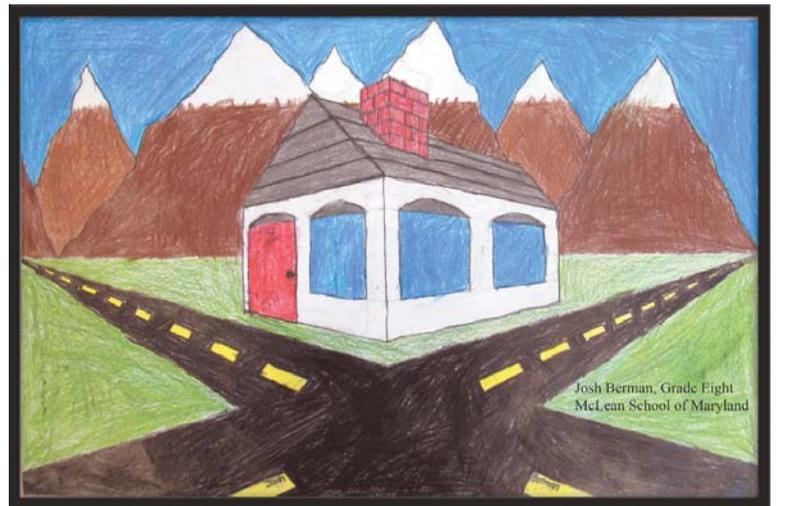
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Jeremy Halle - Grade 11 McLean School of Maryland



Josh Berman, Grade Eight
McLean School of Maryland



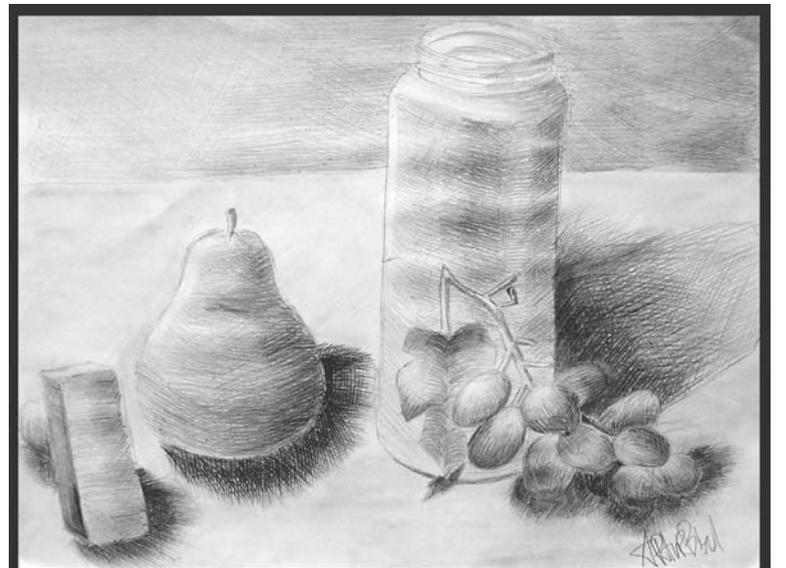
Alexia Lalos, Grade Four
McLean School of Maryland



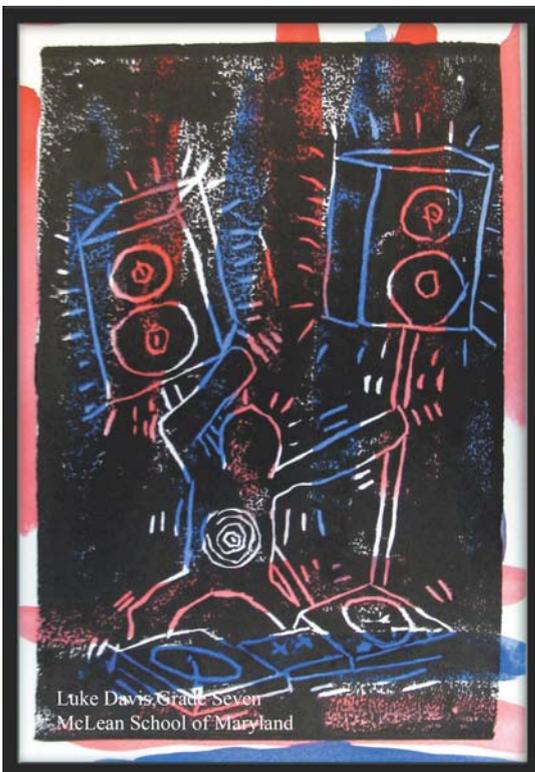
Zarmina Khan, Grade Six
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Maggie Tashoff, Grade Three
McLean School of Maryland



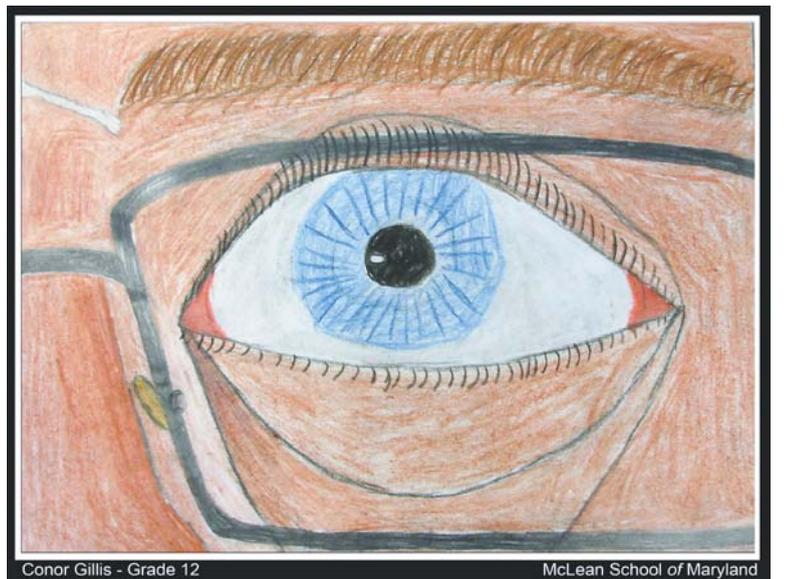
Artur Biyul - Grade 11 McLean School of Maryland



Luke Davis, Grade Seven
McLean School of Maryland



Evan Eggerman - Grade 11 McLean School of Maryland



Conor Gillis - Grade 12 McLean School of Maryland

WRITINGS

FROM PAGE 7

I hear the crackle of leaves. KRUNCH... KRUNCH... I Pause. I look and I saw a carnivore. They could eat herbivores. Everyone has four lives. I still had four. The person doesn't notice me. I'm relived. I start walking again. I find a water stamp. I see two more herbivores.

They tell me where water is; I find it and get the second water stamp. I keep searching. I find a fruit stamp. Now all I have to survive the rest of the game. That might sound easy but trust me it's not. I still had all my lives and 2/2 water and berry stamps. Then! Two omnivores see me. Omnivores can eat anyone. So I had to react fast. I ran away.

But ahead was a carnivore! So I might lose three lives fast. Right before one of the omnivores or the carnivore tagged me I heard KYOOOOOOO... KYOOOOOOO... KYOOOOOOO... KYOOOOOOO! The game was over I was in perfect health. I had 2/2 water and berry stamps and all four lives. To survive you have to have at least one life and two berry and water stamps. I SURVIVED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

By TJ Silder
Hoover Middle School

Winter

Winter is the season that is most fun, Four months bitterly cold with freezing snow,

Hot chocolate warm as the summer sun,

And off the mountains with snowboards we go.

Then Christmas comes and out of school we fly,

Plunging into the cold playing with

friends,
Inside we come to gobble up some pie,

To play with presents Santa recommends.

Nightfall comes and we head to go to sleep,

With gifts and toys for many years we'll keep.

By Eshan Tewari, age 12
Hoover Middle School

Talkative

Words fly out of my mouth

They're like cheetahs quickly running out to the world

They go out and never come back in

By Cesar Canedo-Arguelle
Hoover Middle School

So What I'm Small

You're 10 feet tall; I'm only 3. But I can go under a fence; you have to go over a tree.

Even though I'm only 3 feet tall, I can do a lot of things, I can hide in hide and seek but you can't hide at all.

You can hide behind a house; I can hide behind a ball.

Even though you're 10 feet tall, and even though I'm 3, I can do a lot of things, I like being me.

By Hanan Bandak, Age 11
Hoover Middle School

Loneliness

A baby blue, small dab of dried up paint

The smell of bitter tears running down your cheek

Loud voices behind your back

Feeling like I'm not wanted all around

— **Madison Gramm**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Sadness

Sad makes me think of black. It tastes like a sour lemon.

It makes me think of building a shack. The sound of black is loud hammering.

It is the sound of crying. Being sad smells like a cedar rack.

It feels like a heart attack.

— **Demetri Engel**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

When the rain falls on a dark, stormy night

The sound of sad echoes in a wet tunnel

The feeling of slimy worms

The taste of salty tears

The smell of bitter alcohol makes my eyes water

Sad, all dreary, gloomy, frightening and blue

— **Sydney Rodman**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

The color of blood

Sounds like an elephant crying

The smell of one thousand fires burning

The taste of rotting cheese

The feel of porcupines hitting my head

— **Alexander Rolinski**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

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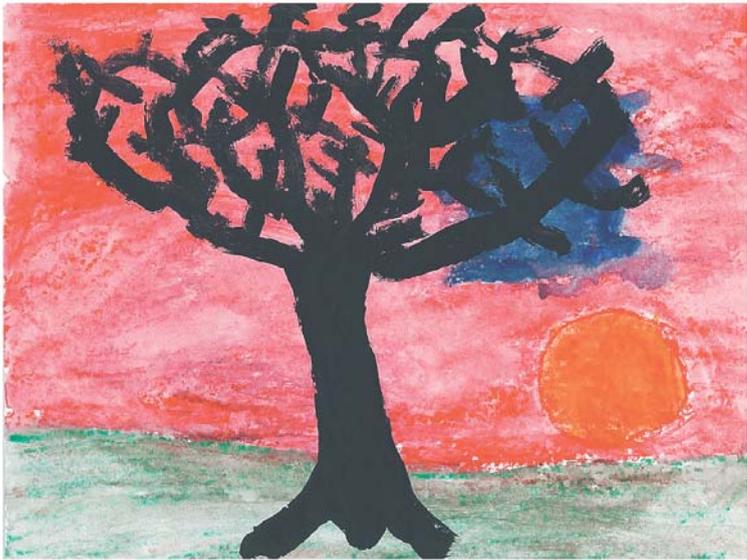
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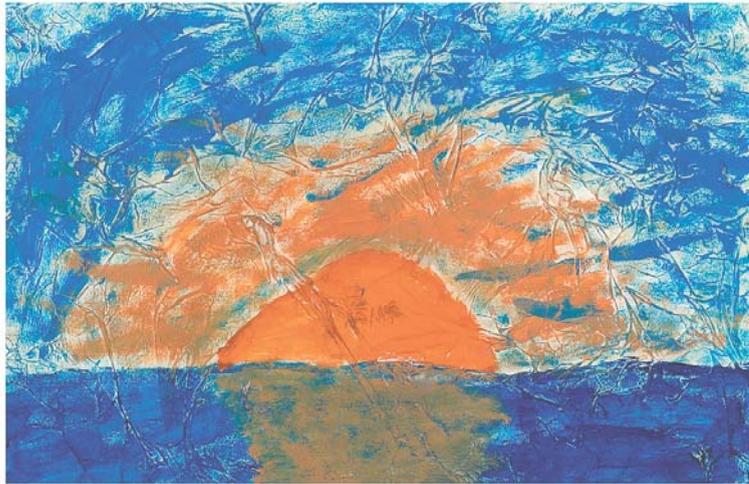
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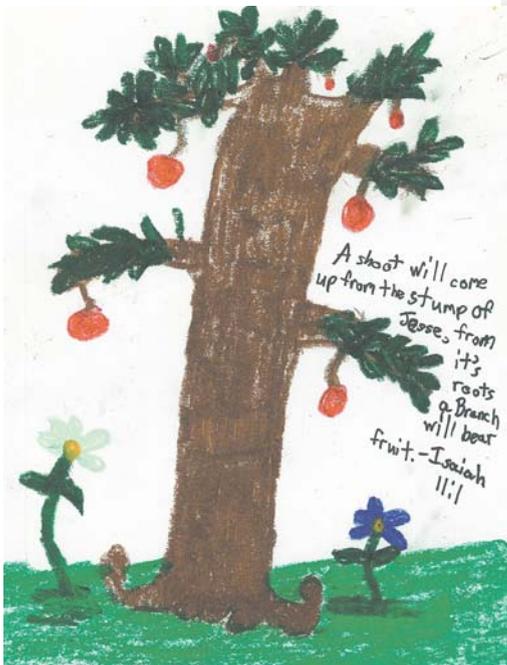
WORDS & PICTURES



**David Sadek, 2nd grade,
Fourth Presbyterian School**



**Josiah Palma, 2nd grade,
Fourth Presbyterian School**



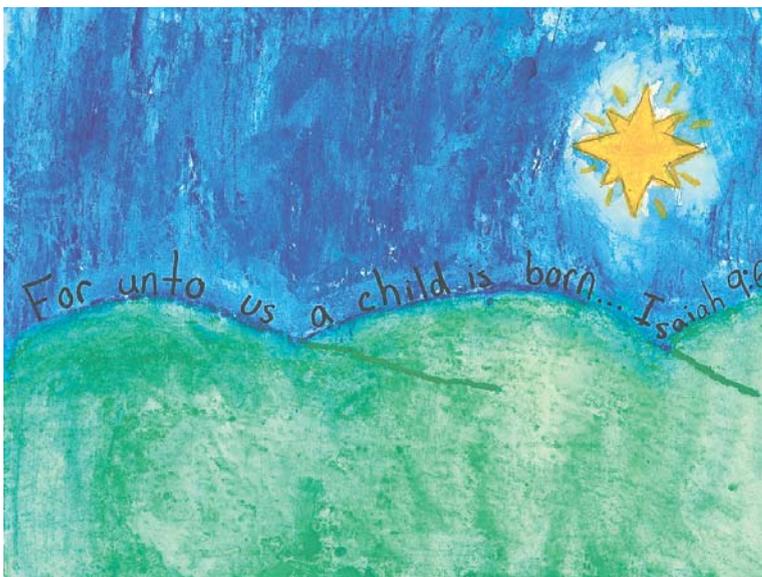
**Brian Myers, 4th grade,
Fourth Presbyterian School**



**Drew Gray, 3rd grade,
Fourth Presbyterian School**



**Kingsley Murray, 4th grade,
Fourth Presbyterian School**



Raquel Wetzler, 4th grade, Fourth Presbyterian School



Karis Lee, 4th grade, Fourth Presbyterian School

FROM PAGE 13 Nervous

Nervous sounds like many voices yelling at me.
It feels like snakes slithering on my skin.
It tastes like a raw onion.
It smells like rotten eggs.
Nervous is the color of a dark gray rain cloud.
Austin Brown, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Nervous makes me think of the color purple.
Nervous makes your bones itch and you feel odd and scared.
It looks like shivers, scariness.
It smells like fear.
Nervous makes your mouth watery and you feel disgusting.
You can be nervous by seeing a jumbo, stomping monster,
Or a tiny, scampering mouse.
Nervous can be what your mind thinks it is.
Ethan Isaacson, 3rd grade, Bullis School

The gray expression on my face
The plain taste of paper
The sounds of a person whispering in your ear, but you can't hear the words
The smells of fire, just burnt from the flames
The feeling of a bottomless pit in my stomach
— **George Burns**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Proud

It is the color of yellow.
When I hear the word, I feel excited.
It sounds like fresh flowers swaying through the cold breeze.
It feels like a silky scarf that I just bought.
It tastes like a fresh apple I pick from an apple tree.
Proud makes people feel joyful.
Drew Haas, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Smells strong like a blackberry squirting out its juice
Tastes delicious like warm, summer air
Feels like sunshine burning down on me
Black and yellow, sad and happy together as one
What is this? Pride
— **Cadyn Harrington**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Love

Love feels like the first day of summer being wrapped around me.
It smells like an enchanted flower.
Love is a beautiful shade of red.
It sounds like the comforting sound of a purring cat.
Love tastes like smooth melting chocolate trickling down my tongue.
Love is all around us!
— **Rachel Sita**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Worried

Worried is the color of blue.
Worried smells like a rotten shoe.
Worried has a bitter after taste.
Worried sounds like a heart beating pace.
Worried feels like a pain in the stomach that makes you sad.
Worried is when you're stressed and do not know what to do.
This is how I think of worried. How do you?
— **Ephraim Shaw**, 3rd grade, Bullis School

WORDS & PICTURES

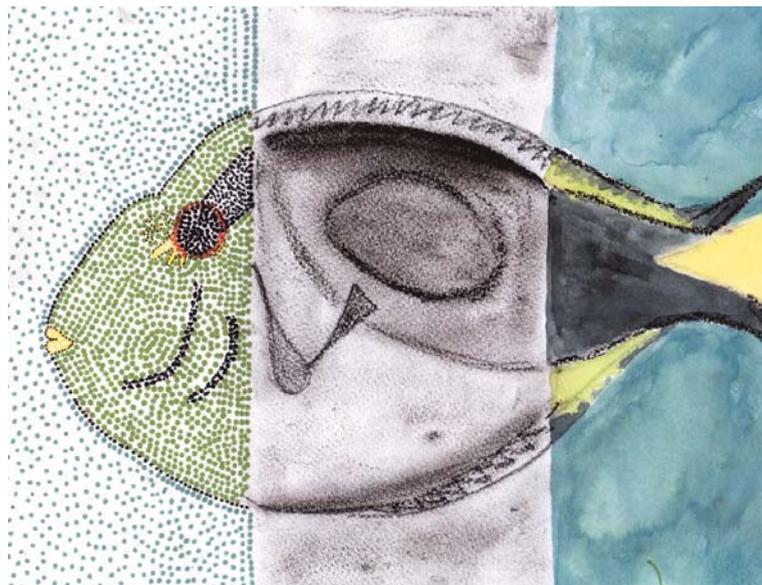
Autumn Scene

Cassidy sat near the top of a mountain overlooking a valley of trees as she rested from her morning hike. Her small and cozy house stood in front of her, waiting to be filled with a warm fire and the smell of delicious pancakes. She watched as the sun rose slowly over the mountains, casting its full glory on the morning sky. The valley erupted into colors of fire. The red and orange glowed brightly while the yellow burst with life. The wind ruffled the leaves, sending them swirling and twirling to the ground. On the ground lay a blanket of autumn leaves, crackling with every step she took. Cassidy looked up to the sky and smiled with delight. The clouds were exploding with color. The sun's rays glowed through them, casting golden spotlights down to the ground. She watched as the clouds danced across the sky, playing with the wind that circled around them. They started to form shapes of all sorts. Cassidy saw a dancer twirling across the sky and a dog grabbing for a bone. She laughed to herself, letting the beauty of it all soak into her skin as she walked over to the porch of her house and let the overstuffed cushion of the rocking chair comfort her with caressing softness.

Elizabeth Shrout, age 13
Grade 8
Stone Ridge School of the Sacred Heart

What Is True Beauty?

Elegantly waving, her glossed, manicured hand glistens in the spotlight. Light reflects off of her floor length, metallic, silver dress which parts at her thigh; light bounces around the walls as she struts across. She was poised, elegant, definitely tanned, and beautiful. "I believe that every young girl is beautiful... and in world peace!" she exclaimed in to



Anneliese Goetz, 7th grade, Stone Ridge School of the Sacred Heart

the microphone. The sash across her chest appeared to weigh a million pounds in her eyes; it read "MISS AMERICA 2011".

The true definition of beauty seems to be lost in this world: a fictitious, insincere imagery inflicted upon teenage girls by the media. Beauty is not a quality simply present on a face. For all women to desire the same deep, sensual eyes, long straight hair, or the plump, cherry blossom pink lips is a dim-witted, unrealistic fantasy. In the same way, true beauty has nothing to do with weight, long legs, or stomach curves. If you're looking for true beauty, rip up the new issue of "Seventeen" magazine, burn the plasma, and find a mirror. The sole individual that determines if you're beautiful is you. Beauty is not visible; it is a quality you find within yourself. Inner beauty isn't given to you like a talent. To truly believe you are beautiful takes practice and patience, like earning wisdom or strength. But, the reward is exceptionally gratifying.

The true reason I believe beauty is so deeply sought after is because of the many things that accompany it; for instance, strength, confidence, love and self-respect, as



SeRena Coleman, 7th grade, Stone Ridge School of the Sacred Heart

well as respect and admiration from others. Self-love doesn't come easily; disapproving thoughts often block it. The mind and heart are very far distances apart. But remember, if God made us all in his likeness, how can someone truly be ugly in appearance or above another?

Tonie Alakija, age 13
Grade 8
Stone Ridge School of the Sacred Heart

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BEVERLY FARMS

FROM PAGE 9
ES

I am going to tell you about when we went to Strathmore Music Center. There were some musicians playing their instruments. I saw some people playing the violin. There was one person playing the harp and the piano. I saw this girl named Zona and she was 15 years old. She started playing the violin when she was 5 years old. I enjoyed her music. I would like to play the violin like that one day. After that we sang The Berry-Picking Song. Everyone sang it all together. We saw Mr. Juice and he told everyone about the instrument families. Then all the instruments played together and the music got really loud. The music ended, and it was time to go. They called number 9 and we left. Gaby and I got splashed walking to the bus! It's great being able to share my story with you!

— **Dalilia Z.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

I learned a lot about music at Strathmore. First, the lights went down and the conductor came out. He played "Overture to Candide" for the starting song. After that we sang Happy Birthday to Strathmore. Then Zona, the violin player, played a song for us and it was cool! Mr. Juice came out and he taught us about all the music families, the percussion, brass, strings and the woodwinds. He was funny and it was also very loud. At the end when we were starting to go out, I saw the Geico Gecko. Going to Strathmore was very FUN!

— **Grace M.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

My Dad

Once, my dad jumped out of a helicopter from 2,000 feet. He was practicing in case there was a war with bad guys. He told me all about it and I said, "WOW!" Someday I will jump from 9,000 feet wearing an oxygen helmet with my dad.

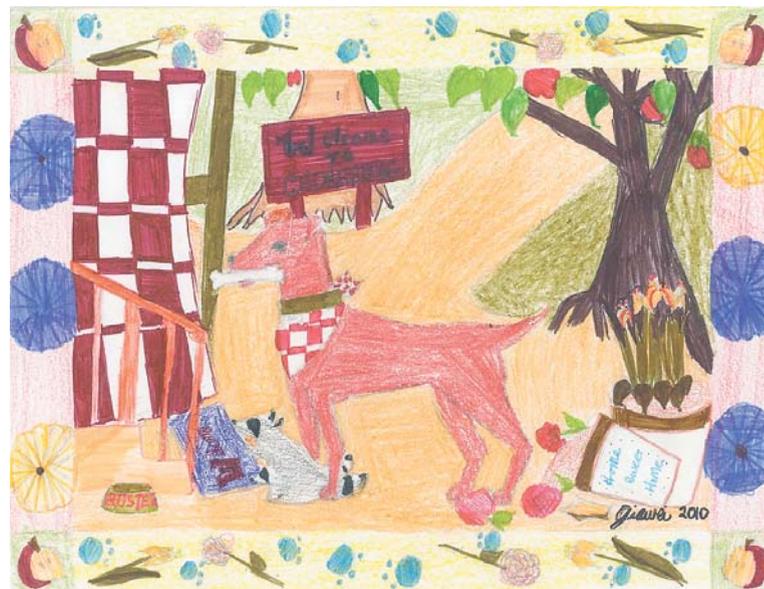
— **Billy M.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

Georgia

Have you been to Georgia? Well, I have and let me tell you about it. First, if you want to get there, you should go in an airplane because it is only a 3-hour ride. If you take a car, it is 12 hours. I always take a car. OH MAN! It is hot there even in the winter, so you should



Leah Stein, 3rd Grade, Beverly Farms ES



Jiawei Bai, 5th Grade, Beverly Farms ES



Cali Warren, 5th Grade, Beverly Farms ES

drink lots of water. Do you know why you need to drink water? It is so you don't get dehydrated. You need to also go swimming to cool yourself off. In Georgia, there are a few cities. The city I go to is Atlanta. OH MY GOODNESS! Atlanta is beautiful. I hope you go there one day.

— **Max K.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

LEGOLAND

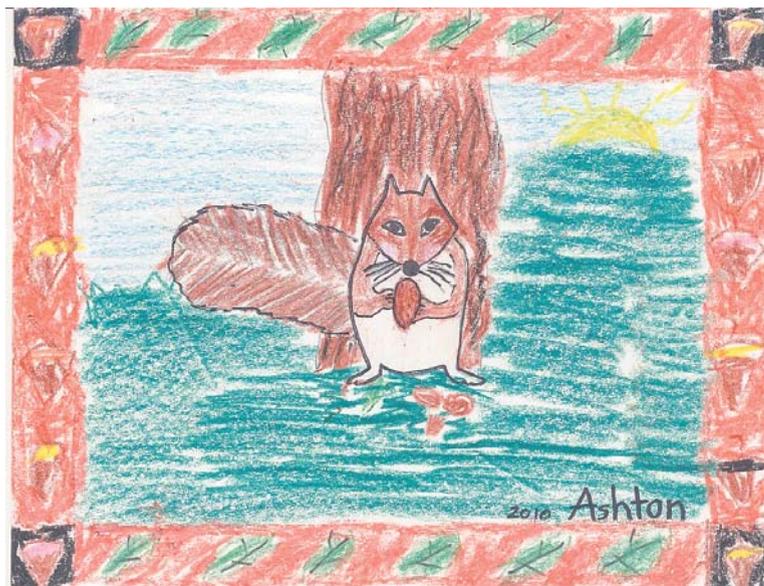
Did you know that I know all about LEGOLAND? Well, I do. First, I went on a LEGO boat ride and we saw the LEGOLAND White House. We were still looking around and we got some ice cream after the boat ride. We went on a pirate boat too and we got all wet! We went on that ride twice and it was good. After that it was almost time to go. I got a LEGOLAND person and that was my favorite part. I can't wait to go again.

— **Connie K.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

One Scary Night

One night I woke up. It was midnight. I woke up because it was noisy. Then suddenly I knew where the noise was coming from ... the closet! I tip-toed closer and closer and then I opened the door. AHHHH! There was a vampire, snake, sea serpent, dragon, zombie, ghost and cat monsters. I was really

SEE BEVERLY FARMS. PAGE 19



Ashton Jordan, 5th Grade, Beverly Farms ES



Jonathan Fan, 4th Grade, Beverly Farms ES



Atalya Ha, 5th Grade, Beverly Farms ES

BEVERLY FARMS

FROM PAGE 18

scared, so I turned on the lights. When I looked back at the monsters, most of them were costumes. The cat monsters were flashlights that were left on. The dragon was a picture on a backpack and the sea serpent was a toy from a game. The ghost's head was really a jack-o'-lantern. The zombie was the exact same as the ghost. Finally, I closed the door and went back to sleep.

— **Nathan S.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

Halloween

Halloween is one of my favorite holidays. Last year I wore my skeleton costume and I went to Boo at the Zoo. I saw monkeys, tigers, lions, and gorillas. I also got candy from different candy stands around the zoo.

— **Sean S.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

P. E.

Run! Run! I went to P.E. and we Hula-Hooped for 10 minutes. After that I played ball and kicked the ball on the wall. There was a Hula-Hoop on the floor and it was behind me. BAM! BAM! I feel down and my foot was red and it hurt! Mr. P asked me if I wanted to go to the nurse and I said, "YES!" I asked the school nurse for an ice pack and I put it on my ankle. That felt way better, so I went back to the gym. When I got back Mr. P said, "TIME TO GO!" and everyone started to clean up. It was time for SNACK! "Finally," I said in my mind. Hopefully I won't get a bruise next week!

— **Malia B.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

Soccer Saturday

When I woke up, I went downstairs and I watched TV and then I had a rush to get ready for my soccer game. We were playing the red team and I know two people on the red team. They are numbers 11 and 4. Both teams scored goals, so it was really fun. I blocked a goal and scored a goal too! At the end of the game, Dad brought snack and it was a really good snack.

— **Zach S.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

Eating a Cupcake

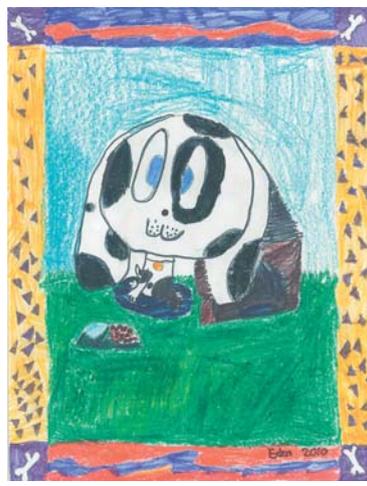
This is how I eat a cupcake. The first



Gabby Williams, 5th Grade, Beverly Farms ES



Hannah Lee, 4th Grade, Beverly Farms ES



Eden Anderson, 3rd Grade, Beverly Farms ES

step in eating a cupcake is licking the icing off of it. Next, you shove the cupcake in your mouth. Finally, the last thing to do is to eat the wrapper. Those are the three steps for eating a cupcake. P.S. Don't swallow the wrapper!

— **Ethan M.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

Soccer Camp

I went to soccer camp with Quinn and Zach. We played soccer games and we had so much fun. I scored 3 goals. We had a water break and then we played more soccer games. Finally, it was time to go home.

— **Josh S.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

Toy "R" Us

I'm going to tell you about Toys "R" Us. I got a Barbie Doll. She has a sparkly dress, gray high heels and a gray purse. She has a blue horse, which came with a bridle. When I took the horse and Barbie Doll home I opened the box and I pulled the Barbie Doll and the horse out of the box. I played with them. Now you know all about my Barbie Doll and Toys "R" Us.

— **Anna J.**, 2nd grade, Beverly Farms ES

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WORDS & PICTURES



James, 5th grade, Our Lady of Mercy



Ella, 5th grade, Our Lady of Mercy



Alexandra, 3rd grade, Our Lady of Mercy

Pond

FROM PAGE 13

The frogs, turtles and fish
I am their home
When the temperature drops I freeze
I am very peaceful
I am
Gentle
Muddy home for my animals
— **Kenneth Trinh**

Step in me
You'll be one of thee
Who die
In MY clutches
Those who walk
On top of me
Will wake me
And sink down
I will theorize thee
Who awaken me
So.....NEVER! EVER!
Wake me
If you do
I will get VERY mad
I will suck the life
Out of you very slowly
I am quicksand
Beware of ME!!!!

Rain

I'm
Rain
Wind
Races
Behind

Me
When
I
Run.
Thunder
And
Lightning
Fall
Over
Themselves
And
Howl to impress me. I snicker.
— **Annabel Dobbyn**, Green Acres School

Blizzard

I am blizzard
my powerful wind blows
the trees freeze with ice and snow
people lose their way as they get
frightened in the color of the sky the
sky is misty and cold I am blizzard I
destroy
nature I pile up crunchy white snow
I might stay for a few hours or I might
stay for a day eventually the sun will
come out and melt the snow away
I cover the place with a blanket of
white
Snow as the ice cycles begin to drip I
know it is my time to go
— **Claudia Samit**, Green Acres School



Maggie, 5th grade, Our Lady of Mercy

Quicksand

I am quicksand
I exist on land
When conditions are right
I cause such FRIGHT
If you're not careful
You may step in me
If you don't struggle
I will set you free
My bro, mud puddle
Step in him
Walk right out

Sandstorm

I am a sand storm.
Strong with wind and sand.
If you come near me you will go fly-
ing in the air.
I usually start in the night. But put on
the biggest fight.
But sadly I die out in the day.
I usually occur in the desert but some-
times a river bank.

My swirling sand flies through the air.
I can pick up cars with my strong
swirling wind.
My sand goes through the air just like
a fan.
Then all the sudden everything is as
still as a rock.
The sand storm is over.
Yes I am.
But I will be back to do this again.
— **Ben Porto**, Green Acres School



Woven Yarn Baskets by 3rd grade students at Green Acres School

Blizzard of 2010

FROM PAGE 13

The Blizzard of 2010 has taught me
to appreciate things again.
Clare, Grade 5
Our Lady of Mercy

Friendship

Friends are like your favorite fluffy
pillow;
they make you feel all warm and
fuzzy inside.
Friends are like hairstyles;
it's really hard to find one that will
stick with you forever.
A friend is someone who you can tell
your troubles to;
they help you become a problem
solver.
A friend is someone who you're not
afraid to stand up for;
they will stand up for you, too.
A friend is someone who cares about
you deeply;
you feel the same way about them.
A friend is someone you love to talk
to;
they will listen to your words intently.

Friendship is something everyone
wants;
like a present on Christmas morning.
Friendship is like money;
use it wisely while you're privileged
with it.
A friend is all you need in life;
don't turn away from one.
Friends are a huge part of life;
keep them close to your heart.
Caroline, Grade 5
Our Lady of Mercy School

A Wish

This year I wish to have a better
Thanksgiving! The Tuesday before
Thanksgiving last year, I was sick and
home from school. A few minutes past
nine in the morning, I woke up and
walked to my parent's room. I saw my
dad and he couldn't respond to me. I
called my mom, and she came running.
My dad was lying on the ground silently,
and he was sweating like it was 110
degrees. My mom asked my dad if it felt
like an elephant was sitting on his chest.
I thought this was a strange question,
but now I realize that she was trying to
see if he was having a heart attack. She
immediately called 911. That is when I
ran and dove into my closet to hide. It
felt like forever.

Next, my mom was yelling for me. I
came out and my mom hugged and
kissed me. She told me I had saved my
dad's life. Because I was home from
school that morning, my mom dropped
off my sister and then returned home.
My mom told me she was going with my
dad to the hospital and that a friend was
watching me. She ran outside, and I
looked out my window. I got a glimpse
of my dad on a stretcher with patches
hooked up to his chest.

My dad had a massive heart attack.
Not many survive what he did. He was
in the hospital for Thanksgiving and
most of December. It was strange.
Talking to my dad on the phone was just
a tease for me. It made me miss him
even more.

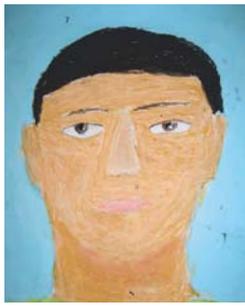
Almost a year has passed and my fam-
ily and I are blessed. My dad survived
quadruple bypass surgery and slowly
improved. I still feel nervous as I write
this that something could happen to my
dad again. My dad smiles a lot and says
that time is a great healer. I hope that
all my family will be together this
Thanksgiving. My dad is planning to
carve the turkey at my grandparent's
house — a wish come true!

Elizabeth, Grade 5
Our Lady of Mercy School

PEOPLE & PLACES



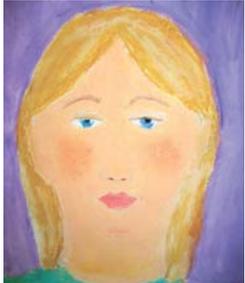
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Self Portrait by Andrew Daniel, 4th Grade, Christ Episcopal School



Self Portrait by Beyer Bullard, 4th Grade, Christ Episcopal School



Self portrait by Caroline King, 4th Grade, Christ Episcopal School



Self Portrait by Erin Paik, 4th Grade, Christ Episcopal School



Self Portrait by Niya Cyrus, 4th Grade, Christ Episcopal School



Self Portrait by Olivia Maust, 4th Grade, Christ Episcopal School



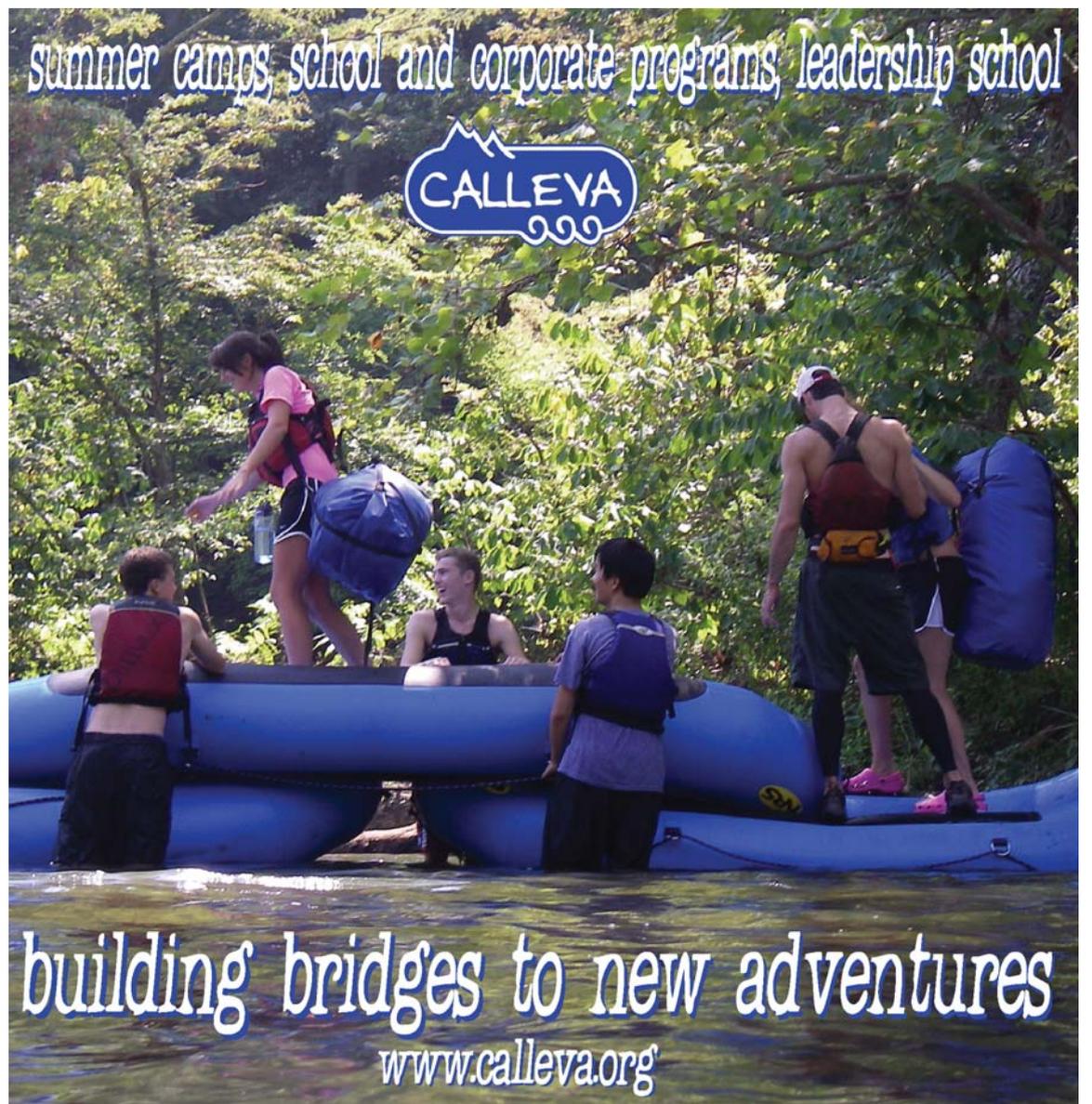
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Aleah Jensen, 7th Grade, Christ Episcopal School Christ Episcopal School



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 -William Van Horne

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 - Ralph Waldo Emerson

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My Answer to Cancer



By KENNETH B. LOURIE

Oddly enough — or not, since receiving my original stage IV lung cancer terminal-type diagnosis/prognosis on Feb. 27, 2009, I have not felt compelled or motivated in the least, beyond my immediate circle of family and friends, to seek out other lung cancer patients/survivors for support, for reassurance, for advice or for any kind of group and/or individual therapy. Perhaps I will live to regret it (wouldn't that be the ultimate irony), but I haven't really felt the urge to purge myself of whatever mental toxins I was/am internalizing. I was — and am, still managing. In addition, I've not been interested in joining or attending any kind of lung cancer awareness group or participating in any type of lung cancer out-reach activity.

My thinking has been — and still is, that I don't want to immerse myself in the cancer culture. Maybe I'm pretending that I'm not a member of this group (whose membership is not the least bit desirable)? Maybe I'm afraid of what relationships I may start or what relationships I may see end badly? Perhaps I'm worried that a connection and commitment to similarly diagnosed people will somehow weigh on me and adversely affect my own relative/comparative good health? Seeing sicker, weaker people might make me feel sicker, weaker; that scares me. I want (need, probably) to be surrounded by positivity. I don't want (need presumably) to expend any energy overcoming negative people, places and things that might challenge the positive mental attitude that is key to fighting this insidious disease. Nor do I think that my presence will energize anybody to do anything. I'm not so self-absorbed or educated to believe that something I say or do — with respect to this whole lung cancer trip, is going to help another individual rise to some previously unattainable height. I have to help myself, first and foremost, don't I? I'm having enough trouble fighting my own battles.

The longer I'm a cancer survivor — outliving my original prognosis (13 months to two years), the more difficult it becomes to care about others as much as I care about myself; every day could be my last. As such, I need to protect myself from the slings and arrows of the outrageous misfortune that has befallen so many others. It's difficult enough to mentally maintain my own disposition that when I have considered joining/participating in some cancer-type activity (5K walk, parade, seminar, support-type group, etc.), I've balked at doing so, fearful of the risk to my own psyche — meaning the weakening of the mental resolve which has enabled me to live the life I have over the past 22 months. I don't trust myself to hold up under the collective catharsis of so much pain and suffering.

At the end of the day (heck, at the beginning of the day, too; and every minute in between), this whole cancer battle is about self-preservation — or perceived self-preservation. I'm not embarrassed to admit that I'm afraid of being around other cancer patients who are terminal. I'm extremely sensitive and aware of my surroundings; I can't presume there won't be an emotional toll on me. Moreover, all I have going for me is my sense of good humor, positive attitude and belief in what I'm doing: diet changes, vitamins, alkaline water, apple cider vinegar, baking soda, pureed asparagus, probiotics, exercise, etc. I can't risk immersion, or even exposure to a cancer culture that might threaten — or question my pursuits and the reasons for them. I have to consider the consequences of my actions, especially now, and mind my own business — in my opinion.

I'm probably wrong living in this sort of semi isolation, but it's my life and I'm trying to live it the best way I can — most things considered.

Kenny Lourie is an Advertising Representative for The Almanac & The Connection Newspapers.

POETRY

Football

Let us go then, you and I,
 To the Stadium field when the sky,
 Is darkest at the hour;
 For many people fear this journey,
 However I am one who likes the challenge:
 Some people chose to ask, "What is it?"
 I say, let us go and make our visit.

In the Locker room is where we wait,
 To run through that big green gate.
 Before the game nerves are at an all time high,
 Some people choose to ignore this,
 I don't know why,
 When coach gives his speech it makes me feel,
 Like all I am going to do is put on a highlight reel.

When I put on my pads all I can think,
 Is putting on that flashy pink.
 Before we walk out,
 We listen and hear,
 All the fans start to cheer.

In the locker room is where we wait,
 To run through that big green gate,
 Walking on to the field is like something I never
 experienced before,
 It makes me wonder what is this for.

— Alex Friedlander, 17, The Bullis School, Class of 2011

Snowflakes

Icy, cold
 Freezing, falling, flowing
 Hot cocoa, mittens, thunder, umbrella
 Soaking, thundering, dripping
 Wet, damp
 Rain
 By Second Grade
 Our Lady of Mercy School

Butterfly

Monarch, lovely
 Dancing, fluttering, flying
 Flower, sky, legs, leaves
 Crawling, squirming, wiggling
 Fluffy, furry
 Caterpillar
 By Second Grade
 Our Lady of Mercy School

Snowday

A blanket of snow covers the ground.
 I'm so excited I jump up and down!
 I put on my hat, coat, scarf, and gloves.
 Snowflakes are falling down from above.
 I rush outside and grab the sled!
 I slid down the hill so many times, maybe ten!
 Next I made a snowman with a button for each eye.
 I made a snow angel and wished it could fly.
 I called my friend and we threw mountains of snowballs!
 We made an igloo with round, curvy walls.
 That was my snow day and I had a blast!
 — Ariel Derby, Bells Mill ES

Fright

When you shiver, put your hands over your eyes and run to your parents to hug them
 When I talk low or begin to stutter
 My mouth as dry as a desert
 A pale white color
 Crying in my sleep during a nightmare
 Smells like fear is in the air
 — Amari Beach, 3rd grade, Bullis School

Fright is a bitterly sour taste
 The color of haunting gray to dark pitch-black to hazy purple
 The sound of a rabid wolf howling at the eclipsed full moon and silent screams
 Cold thoughts entering my mind
 The smell of dripping blood
 Black shadows lurking behind innocently yawning people
 Halloween coming day by day by day
 — Mark Williams, 3rd grade, Bullis School

WORDS & PICTURES

FROM PAGE 4

Two things that really bother me are: people who smoke and people who smoke in cars and then throw the cigarette out the window. It's just...hmmm, what's the word...ah...disgusting and stinky. Plus, if you smoke too much, you will get sick, or if you are not paying attention, instead of lighting a cigarette, you could light a body part. That happened in a fable I read, but it was an elephant. Elephants are my favorite animals. Smoking people are strange. How do those people not smell that? NO SMOKING!

— **Emily F.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

Two things that really bother me are ... my little sister and homework. To make it even worse, my little sister bothering me while I do homework. I mean, who likes that? And I'm not saying I don't like my little sister, but sometimes she blows my top. Same with homework. Like today, I have four pieces of homework. It's CRAZY, CRAZY, CRAZY!

— **Eden M.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES

Two things that really bother me are when my sister goes to her friend's house. She goes almost every day and she stays forever. Also, she almost has a sleepover every time. Another thing I hate is when my mom sings in public.

— **Joseph H.**, 4th Grade, Bells Mill ES



Stephanie Santoni, Bells Mill ES



Eden Max, Bells Mill ES

Shadow

I am shadow.
I am everywhere
At the same time.
Sometimes people
Step on me.
I accompany a lot of people.
I am everywhere at every time.
I come in all shapes and sizes.
When the sun hits the mountain I cover everything in sight.
People play with me all day long.
I follow everyone and everything all day.
When people laugh that my music.
I am dark.
When people look at me they see their self's but different.
Light is my family.
Whatever action you do I repeat.
You may see two shadows but it's just me.
I make people look like they do in carnival mirrors.
When light goes away I go away and come back in a different place.
I look up at the white clouds as soft as marsh mellows.
People like to play games with me like jump on it and shadow tag.
Some people consider me a mime of their selves.
Some people consider me interesting.
Some people consider me spooky.
I don't judge anything about anything because I am that anything.
I am RULER of all human.
I am everywhere at every time.
I am shadow
— **Davi Lennon**, Green Acres School

Earthquake

Sleeping 10 miles under the earth's crust.
Two tectonic plates meet,
I'm awakened from my sleep
waking me spells doooooom!
I'm angered
VERY ANGERED!!!
I UNLEASH
the power of 10 atomic bombs. I try to find a new sleeping spot crushing everything in my path. I kill thousands of people and leave even more wounded when I'm awakened under water I cause tsunamis. As suddenly as my anger started it subsides. I've found another sleeping spot. I'm quiet until the plates wake me again. I'm EARTHQUAKE king of all natural disasters.
— **Charlie Smith**, Green Acres School



Emily Sologuren, Bells Mill ES



Matthew Visnich, Bells Mill ES

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