

Potomac ALMANAC



Children's & Teens' Almanac 2017

"Wild Thing" by Giulianna
Najarian, Kindergarten,
Potomac Elementary School.

DECEMBER 27 - JANUARY 2, 2018

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CHILDREN'S & TEENS' ALMANAC



Initial with patterns by Callie Deng, 3rd Grade, Potomac Elementary School



By Josie O'Rourke, age 12, 6th Grade, Potomac, The Woods Academy



By Daniel J. Quiros, age 2, Rockville, Geneva Day School



By Mireya Graff, 3rd Grade, Bells Mill Elementary School

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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. Because of the re-

sponse, we will continue to publish more artwork and writings in January.

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 2018 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 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 St., Alexandria, VA 22314 or call 703-778-9415 with any questions.

— EDITOR STEVEN MAUREN

BELLS MILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL Sophia Wang's 3rd Grade Class



By Ally Zuba



By Catherine Howard



By Anderson Fan



By Kaleb Mesfin



By Meera Patel



By Seba Mocchi



By Ryan Stolker



By Avery Wang



By Sophiana Jiang

HOOVER MIDDLE

Poems by Mrs. Bryant's Sixth Grade English classes after reading "Holiday Dinner" by Felice Holman

Holiday Dinner

Arriving at the table,
We're all at our chairs.
Butternut-squash-soup,
My mom ladles with care.
Getting comfortable in his seat,
My grandfather declares
"Oh how thankful I am,
To be part of this family,"
"I agree!" we all say
As we dig into the food
Laughing and chatting and eating
away
Until we are stuffed
But secretly ready for more
Cakes, cookies, pies, and breads galore
Again, the commotion starts
How I love Thanksgiving!
And even as it comes to an end
I will always cherish the time together
we spend

BY JULIA LEVI, AGE 11

Untitled

As the guests walked through the
front door to my house,
Smiles formed on our faces,
Then my sister arrived with her future
to be husband
and yappy yappy yorkie "Zoey,"
And the unstoppable bladder that
came with her,
Never before had I eaten so much
food,
For dessert we were going to make
s'mores by the fireplace
But before we could Orlando de-
stroyed my gingerbread house,
Well it was already falling apart,
But he still ate it,
Before the night came to an end
we all started a Secret Santa of our
own,
We kind of defied the secret part,
But oh well,
We'll miss it surely.

BY ISABELLA DAMA, AGE 12

Thanksgiving Dinner

The whole family was there,
eating turkey,
Laughing hard,
and giving gifts.
The room seemed to be overflowing
with happiness.
We are all in the celebration,
And everything is festive.
The shining lights so bright.
It's like they are shining with all their
might.
Yet they keep on going all night.
Then there are desserts.
Cakes,
Pies,
Tarts,
and cookies flashing before my eyes.
The chocolate turkey looked so sleek.
They are passed around and gone in
a blink.
Everybody happy to be there.
And everything is perfect.

BY GIOVANNI ALAVI, AGE 12

Thanksgiving Feast

Family talking excitedly,
almost time to eat,
they lick their lips ready until silence,
We say thanks before,
Chitter chatter,
"Pass the bread please, pass the sweet
potatoes,"
Until another pause of silence, every-

one is stuffed,
Then someone says "Can we have
dessert now,"
Everyone laughs as they clear their
plates.
This is what we call a family feast,
Pumpkin Pie, Blueberry, Apple, Pecan
and vanilla ice cream.
Finally, we go to the couch,
My brother about to pass out, we all
sit there (on the couch)
It was a good Thanksgiving, oh I can't
wait for next year

BY EMILY CONWAY, AGE 11

Ice-Cream Pie

Thanksgiving dinner was always the
same
But this year had a slight change
Two people made an ice-cream pie
It was good
That is a fact no one can deny
I knew the guy who made the pie
He had come every time
But he wasn't the only one
Who had made the pie
Another girl helped him
And she wasn't very shy
I thought
Are friends or cousins
Then I looked the two in the eye
I asked about their relationship
They said they were husband and
wife

BY ALIZA GEORGE, AGE 11

Family Nightmare

Fighting cheeseburgers,
With pickle tongues,
In a daydream,
Heard a voice,
No time for a choice,
As reality swept me away
Cousins teasing
Elderly scolding,
And babies eating with greed,
Shouts of joy and hunger,
Bouncing in my head,
Giving me a headache,
Oh how i wish i was home ...

BY SEBASTIAN M., AGE 11

Holiday Dinner

We're sitting at the table
Licking our hungry lips,
The salads is as green as it can be,
The bread is piled up high,
The potatoes are baked and steaming,
The gravy is overflowing,
The pumpkin pie is radiating sugary
smells,
The corn sweet and well,
The cranberry sauce is ripe and pink,
The the beets are pickled,
The salsa is mixed
But something is missing,
What could it be?
As we dig into our dinner,
My thoughts fade away.

BY ERIC LI

Holiday Dinner

As the TV roared
And the meat sizzled
My family was happy
Well They aren't all my family
But if they are eating Thanksgiving
With my family
They have to be very special
As my stomach growled
And as I heard the converse
of my close friends and family
I felt like I was the one being cooked
on the stove And the amazing aroma
Of meat and potatoes was
all my worries melting away
Leaving behind a world of luxury and
peace.

BY BENJAMIN ZIFCAK, AGE 11
SEE HOOVER, PAGE 14

JANUARY 13TH REMODELING + DESIGN SEMINARS

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THE WOODS ACADEMY

From students of Charmaine Taverner, art teacher



By Alek Bakelar, age 11, 6th Grade, Rockville



By Beckham Thompson, age 6, Kindergarten, Bethesda



By Dexter Britton, age 5, Kindergarten, Kensington



By Lily LeBlanc, age 8, 3rd Grade, Bethesda



By AJ Harper, age 10, 5th Grade, Washington, D.C.



By Sibel Ozan, age 10, 5th Grade, Rockville



By Greta Sun, age 7, 1st Grade, Bethesda

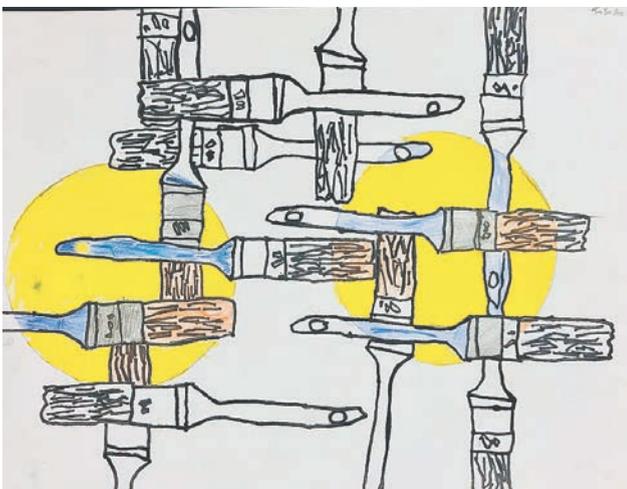
POTOMAC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL Tori McDaid, K-5 visual art teacher



Paper collage by Brandon Williams, 1st Grade



Mood painting by Gavin Tang, 2nd Grade



Paintbrushes by Ton Ton Shen, 4th Grade



Calligram Portrait by Noor Aly, 5th Grade

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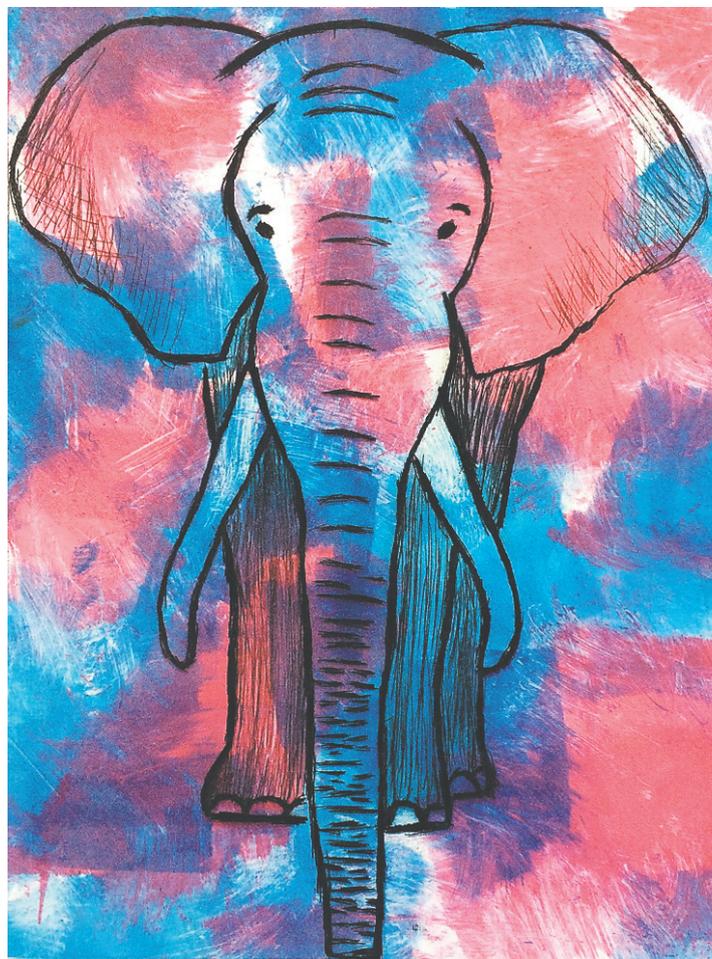
NORWOOD SCHOOL



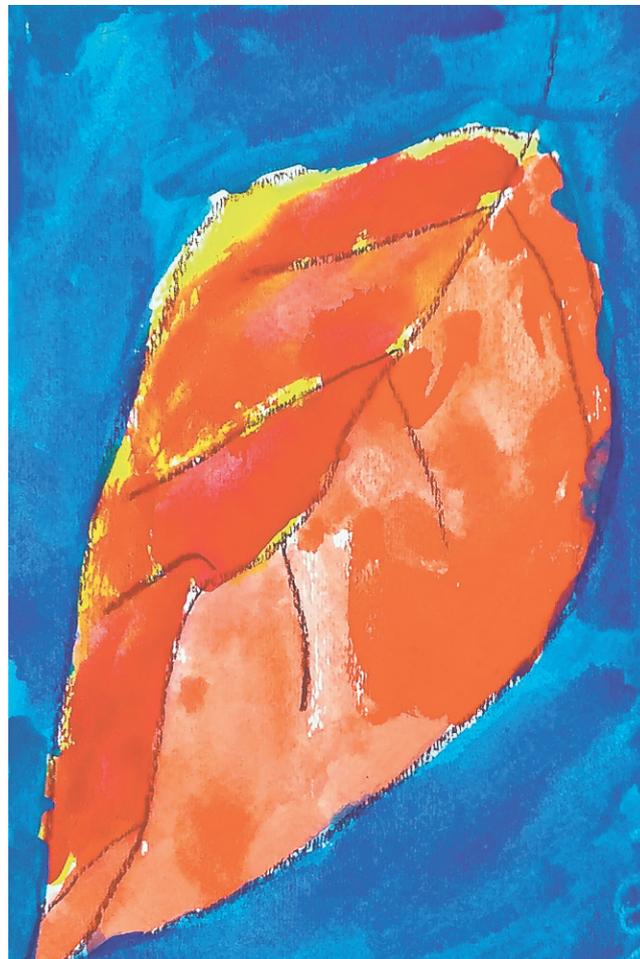
By Akash, 2nd Grade



By Anna, Pre-Kindergarten



By Anna, 8th Grade



By Aubrey, Kindergarten



By Cameron, 2nd Grade



By Derick, 7th Grade



By Evelyn, 4th Grade

A Beautiful Fish

It was a hot summer. I was at the beach picking up shells when I saw a beautiful fish. It was yellow, pink, and blue. I touched it! It felt smooth and wet. I wonder why it looks so sad. I think it was lost and hungry. I hope it finds its family.

By NICOLE, 2ND GRADE

Almost Drowning

It all started when we received an invitation to a pool party. We weren't close friends but I didn't care. I loved the pool. I was only about five and wasn't very tall. The important thing was I didn't know how to swim but as a little kid I just wanted to go to the pool. All day I was so anxious to go that I kept asking my mom, "When are we going?" When are we going?" which I could tell was annoying her. When finally we were getting ready to go I threw on my bathing suit, got my towel, smudged on sunscreen, and slid on my flip-flops. Once my whole family was in the car we drove off.

When we reached their house I had to put my sunscreen on but I ran off because I was so excited. I was walking into the shallow pool when my brother said, "Come here, I'll take you into this pool" which was four feet deep. As a kid I went along with it. My mom would have stopped me but I guess she had her back to us and was talking to her friend. I was holding my brother's hand as I walked down the stairs. When we got to the bottom, my brother picked me up but then he dropped me right next to a wall. I couldn't breath. Gasping for breath I held on to my brother and tried to pull myself up. Instead of helping me he just pushed me back down. I WAS SO SCARED. I thought I was going to die. Thankfully my friend's dad saw me and jumped in to save me. I was so mad at my brother but I guess it wasn't his fault. Anyways, I relaxed in the shallow pool and I never left my mom's sight for the rest of the day. I was happy about that. It wasn't the experience I was hoping to have but turned into a memory that will be hard to forget.

By MEGAN, 5TH GRADE

Elijah's Birth

On a very dark night, on Monday, Aug. 24, 2015, my Mom was rushed to the hospital. I was a scared 8-year-old girl who didn't know why in the world we were rushing so quickly. I didn't understand at the time. I went to go spend the night at my friend Tahlia's house because my mom was going to have a baby. When I got there, I was up for about 30 minutes, thinking about my mom and soon-to-be-born brother. I couldn't sleep. I tossed and turned because of anxiety and excitement. Thoughts raced through my head. "Will the baby like me? Will my mom love the baby more than me?" Then the answers started coming in. "Of course the baby will like me! I'll be an awesome big sister, and he wouldn't have any reason not to like me!" And more answers. "Even when the baby is born, mom will love both of us equally the same. Parents don't have favorite children."

The next morning, when I woke up, Tahlia and I walked downstairs to have breakfast. When we were done, Tahlia's mom had something to say to me. "Leila, I have to tell you something." "What is it?" I replied. "You know your mom is at the hospital, right?" At that moment, I immediately knew what she was saying. "She had the baby?!" I exclaimed. "Yes, Leila, she had the baby," Tahlia's mom answered. I excitedly did a short happy dance and then sat back down at the table.

On our way to the hospital, Tahlia and I were in the car having fun. We talked and sang and even laughed, a lot. When we finally got to the hospital, I went up the elevator with my step-dad, Rodger, and walked down the hallway and into my mom's hospital room. As I stepped through the door, nerv-citedness rushed through me like a waterfall. I saw my mom in the hospital bed, and I ran over and hugged her tightly. I saw that she was holding something small wrapped up in a blanket, wearing a blue and white hospital baby beanie. I knew at once that this was my newborn little brother, Elijah. I held him in my arms, and said to him softly, "Hi, Elijah! I'm your big sister." I lit up like a Christmas tree.

This story is for the light of my life, who also happens to be my little brother, who this story is

SEE WRITINGS, PAGE 9

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NORWOOD SCHOOL

POETRY



By Brianna, 8th Grade



By Kate, 1st Grade

Where I'm From

I am from the biting cold of the pool in my grandma's backyard.
I am from sizzling summer days,
I am from shucking corn.
I'm from the tickling feeling of the tall grass swaying against my bare ankles.
The sweet smell of salt drifting through the air, as well as the bitter smell of gasoline in the harbor.
I am from grilling burgers and goulash. I am from Snack Bar Frappes and Sundae School Ice cream.
I am from bubbles and kitchen closed.
The walrus, SHYC, HPTA.
Bell- buoy. We didn't make it.
I am from Christmas Meadow with wind going right through my jacket. Smell of snow in the air.
The ball rockets out, lands next to the white line. I lose. They won. Better luck next time.
Riding my bike, we are in a bike gang flying down the sidewalk. Dr. Gravity's.
Home. I'm happy but I'm sad, things are so ... different.

BY OLIVIA, 6TH GRADE



By Nick, 4th Grade



By Lucas, 8th Grade

Where I'm From

I am from snowy forests
I am from sandy beaches
I am from the cherry tree in the yard
Watching the deer happily chew on the green grass
This is where I'm from

I am from my family
Thinking of my grandparents and ancestors
Playing with my siblings
Listening to my aunts and uncles
Throwing a Frisbee with my dog
Feeling his dark, soft fur under my hand
This is where I'm from

I am from blue-green eyes
From brown hair and freckles
Football in the yard and biking on the street
Leaf piles and snow forts, flower planting and apple picking
This is where I'm from



By Luana, 2nd Grade



By Rohan, 7th Grade

I am from the long trips
The flights in and out of the airport
Getting home, and flopping into bed
Tired, but happy from the adventure
This is where I'm from

I am from good meals
Thanksgiving turkeys and Hanukah latkes
Apples and honey and Dunkin Donuts
This is where I'm from

I am from the tales
Told by my grandparents
My ancestors and their fight for their country and beliefs
For their family, their siblings and children, and us
This is where I'm from

I am from the synagogue
The services on the high holidays
Listening to the Hebrew chanting
This is where I'm from

BY ADAM, 6TH GRADE

WRITINGS

FROM PAGE 8

about. I love you, Elijah!

BY LEILA, 5TH GRADE

Facing My Fear

It was a bright, sunny day as we walked to the spooky-looking house in the woods. I saw the instructor, Solo, helping Caitlin onto the zip line. I saw that she was really, really nervous. *I am not doing this*, I thought to myself as Caitlin went down the zip line. When she was finished, it was our group's turn. I quickly found Solo and whispered, "I am really scared, and I do not want to do this. I do not even want to put the harness and helmet on."

She smiled and said, "Let's just take this one step

at a time." Which is what all the instructors at Calleva say. I knew she wanted me to put my gear on.

A few minutes later, I was climbing up the stairs of the spooky-looking house. I had my helmet and harness on, but I was still very, very, nervous and I did not want to go on the zip line. The stairs in the house were made of wood, arranged in a spiral pattern, and seemed unstable to me. "Are these stairs stable?" I nervously asked Solo.

"Yeah, they are," she said, which reassured me, but I still did not want to go on the zip line. I watched as the first few kids went down the zip line. My heart raced in my chest because I was so scared. I ran to the back of the house near the stairs and started crying. Solo noticed me and came over to comfort me.

"But what if it's not safe?" I asked her with a

worried look on my face.

"I've sent a kid on this who can't walk or speak," she told me.

"Was he ... okay?" I asked.

"He was fine," she said. That gave me a little more confidence. I got in the back of the line.

Five minutes later, as Ben Y. went down the zip line, I knew it was my turn. Watching the other kids get down safely gave me more confidence. Once I was harnessed onto the zip line, I took one last look at the world below me. I got a boost of confidence as I turned over to Solo. At that moment, I knew that if I chickened out and didn't do it, I would be regretting that decision in the future. A big grin slowly formed on my face. I turned towards Solo. "Okay," I said. "I'm ready." Then I closed my eyes, counted to three, and stepped out of the window.

I opened my eyes and looked around. I couldn't

believe what I saw. I saw all of Calleva below me. It felt like I was flying, but I could never, ever fall. I turned 180 degrees and waved to Solo with a smile on my face.

She smiled and waved back. When I saw the net 15 seconds later, I was disappointed that it was over, but I was happy that I had faced my fear. "Grab the net!" my friends yelled. I reached out and grabbed the net. Because of all the equipment I was wearing, it was hard to climb. One of the instructors offered me his hand and I climbed up to the top of the net. I saw the third group coming over to the zip line.

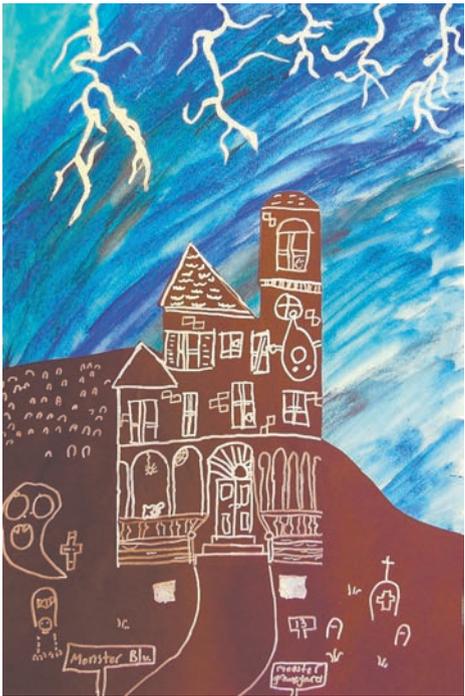
"Hey guys!" I called to them.

"Did you go on the zip line?" someone asked me.

"Yeah," I said. "It was awesome!"

BY BEN T., 5TH GRADE

MCLEAN SCHOOL OF MARYLAND



Lucy C., 6th Grade

Alyssa P.,
1st Grade



Eli E., 2nd Grade



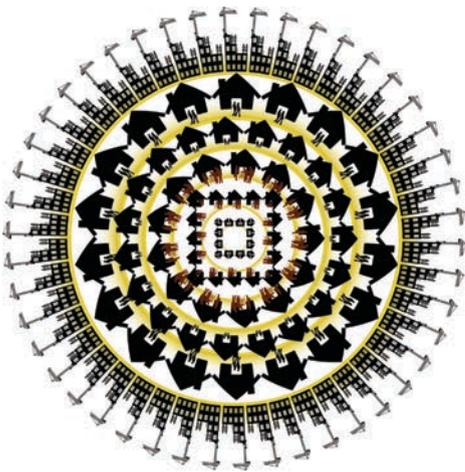
Tamar S., 8th Grade



By Grayson J., 12th Grade



By Jess S., 10th Grade



By Kyle R., 12th Grade



By Leander G., 8th Grade



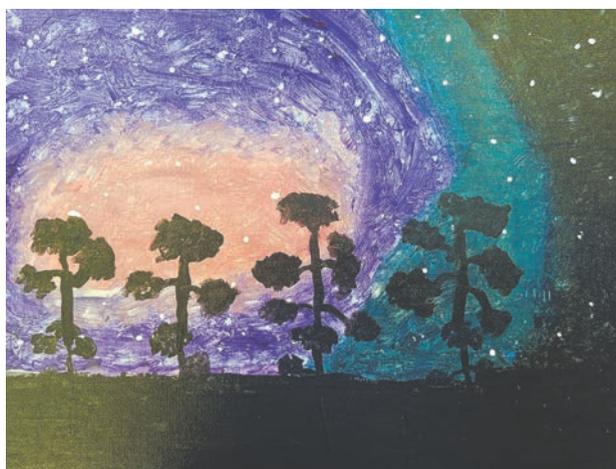
By Maddy S., 8th Grade



By Michael W., 8th Grade



Ellie D., 8th Grade

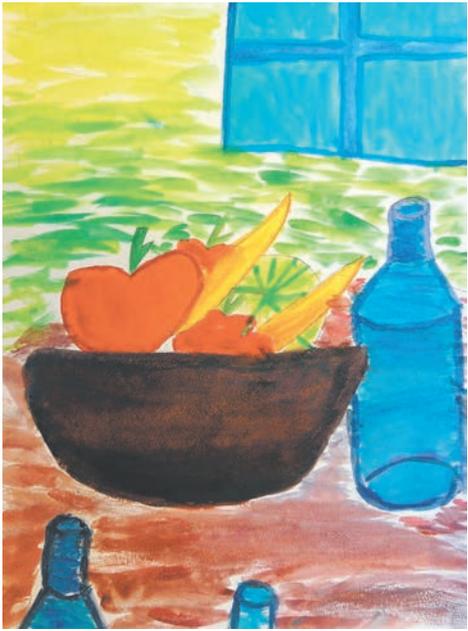


Jayla D., 7th Grade



Katie W., 6th Grade

MCLEAN SCHOOL OF MARYLAND



Anna S., 7th Grade



Ella S., 7th Grade



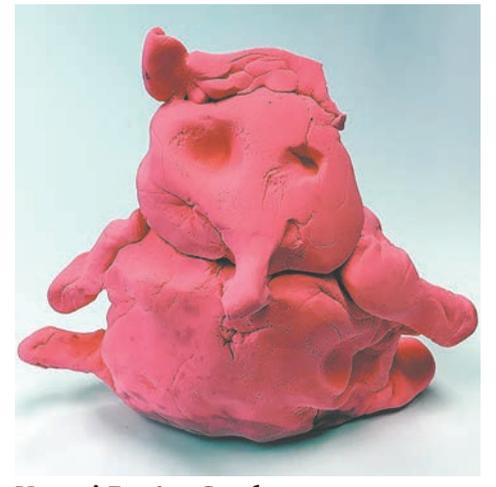
Quinn M., 5th Grade



Bella Z., 7th Grade



Rebecca L., 5th Grade

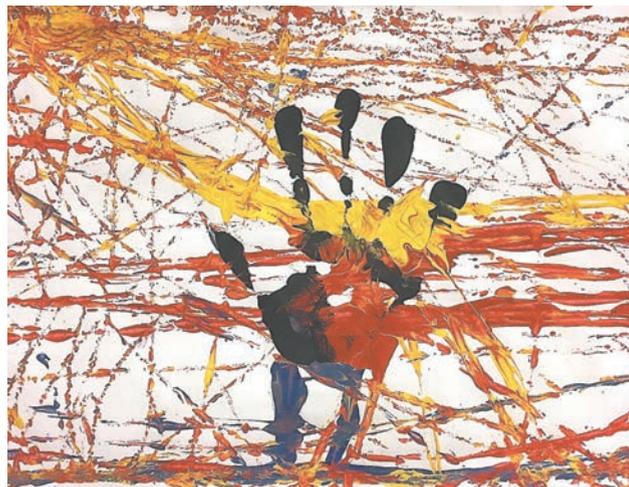


Naomi B., 1st Grade



Cole H-S., 8th Grade

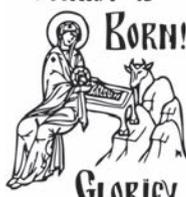
Nicholas,
Kindergarten



Brendan W.,
5th Grade



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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
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“Space City” by Alejandra Bou, age 10, 5th Grade, Gaithersburg



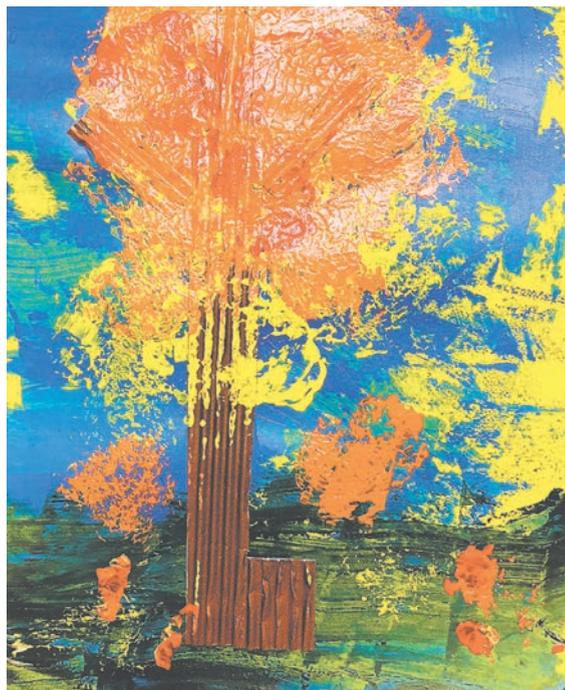
“Mixed Media Elephant” by Najwa Melki, age 7, 2nd Grade, Rockville



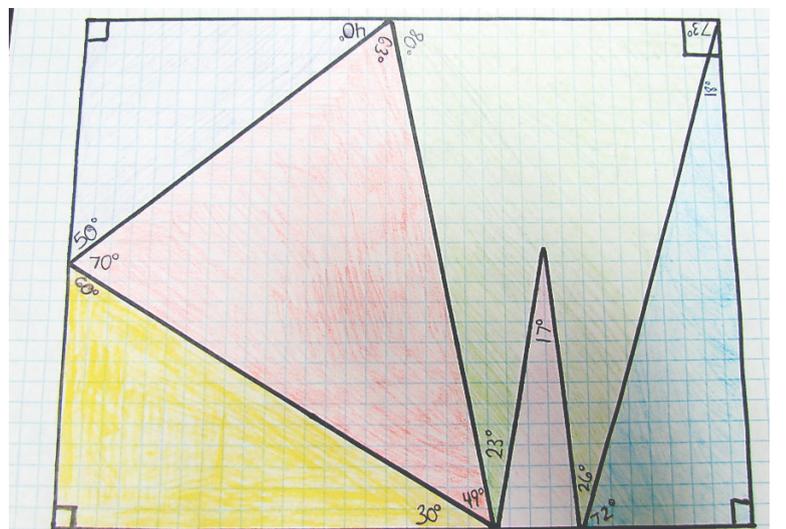
“Space City” by Morgan Bialecki, age 4, “Bears” Class, Mt. Airy



“Cathedral” by Caitlyn Lee, age 12, 6th Grade, Gaithersburg



“Fall” by Amy Lopez, age 4, Pre-Kindergarten, Rockville



“Initials with Measured and Labeled Angles” by Cindy Wang, age 13, 8th Grade, Rockville

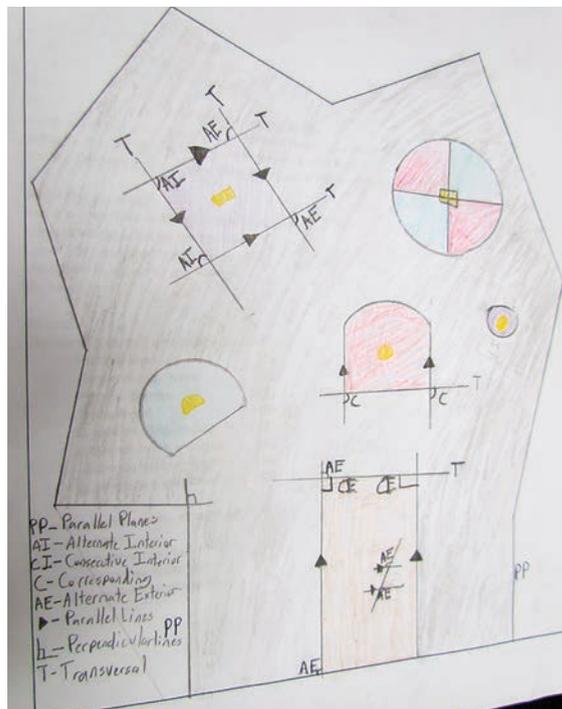
FUSION ACADEMY



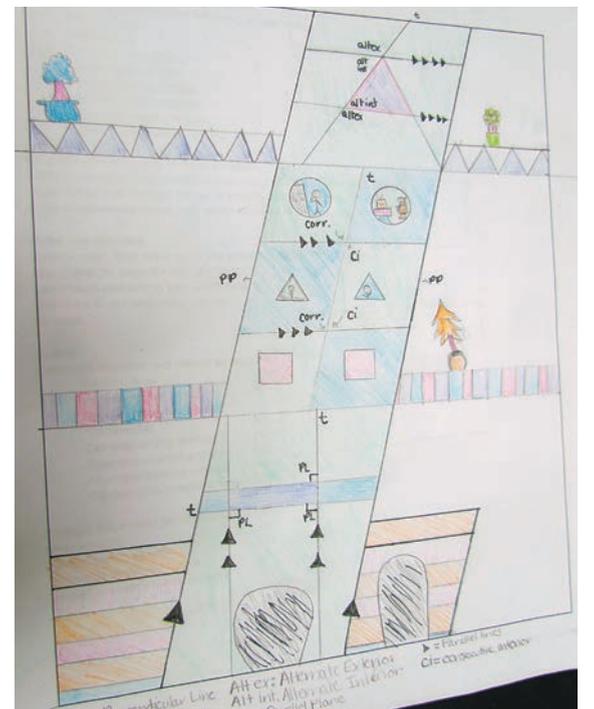
Community Mural by Kaela Helton, age 14, 9th Grade, Fusion Academy

From the Artist

This mural was inspired by the contemporary artist Libs Elliott. Fusion is a school for grades 6-12 that recently opened in Rockville. All the teachers and students, including me, created about two of these squares. Once everyone created their squares, I arranged them into a composition and then glued them down. I used the colors purple, orange, green and yellow because those are our school colors and symbolize how all of us individuals – staff and students – came together to create our Fusion community. After this project was completed I was proud to say I led this project.



“Futuristic City incorporating Parallel Lines and Transversals” by Alexander Barlow, age 13, 8th Grade, Latonsville



“Futuristic City incorporating Parallel Lines and Transversals” by Madison Jackson, age 14, 8th Grade, Darnestown

GENEVA DAY SCHOOL



By Isabelle Sivak, age 3, Potomac, All Day Class, Ms. Franzetti



By Josh Edlavitch, age 5, Potomac, After Care



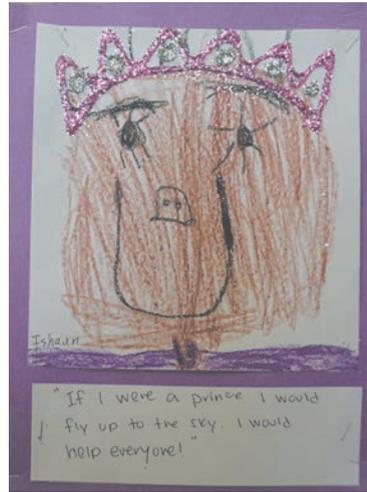
By Julia Wong, age 4, Bethesda, Kindergarten, Art History, Barbara Korb



By Claire Nesbitt, age 5, Kensington, Kindergarten, Art History, Barbara Korb



By Jack Edlinski, age 4, Potomac, 4s Enrichment



By Ishaan Shetty-Menon, age 5, Bethesda, Kindergarten, Art History, Barbara Korb



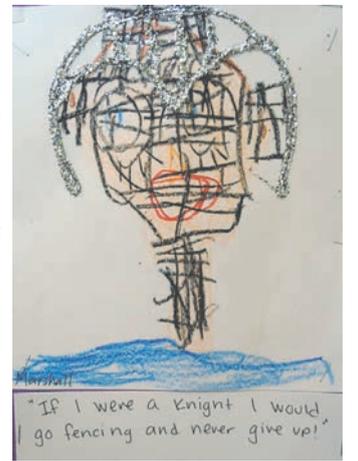
By Kaelyn Huang, age 4, Rockville, Open Classroom, Ms. O'Donnell & Mrs. Cali



By Karsyn Taylor, age 3, Bethesda, Ms. Lizama



By Katherine Rogstad, age 2, Potomac, Ms. Lizama



By Marshall Wolf, age 5, Potomac, Kindergarten, Art History, Barbara Korb



By Sofia Badillo, age 4, North Potomac, Open Classroom, Ms. O'Donnell & Mrs. Cali



By Shiori Yamazaki, 4, North Bethesda Geneva Day School, Open Classroom, Ms. O'Donnell & Mrs. Cali



By Tanya Mostofi, age 5, Gaithersburg, Open Classroom, Ms. O'Donnell & Mrs. Cali

HERBERT HOOVER MIDDLE SCHOOL

FROM PAGE 5

Holiday Dinner

Friday dinner
The food so fine
It makes my stomach grumble
As the grownups drink their wine
Sip sing slurp
Around and around
Eat munch crunch
Bless without a sneeze
Hands on the our heads
Feels like a squeeze
Then you start to get tired
And want to go to bed
But you know that you will miss it
The next morning

BY KAYLA MOLKNER

Holiday Dinner

At the thanksgiving table,
The noise was unstable.
We settled in,
Our faces with grins.
As we gaze at the food
It sets the Holiday mood.
Some of the dishes differ in size
Especially the pies,
Although some are small
They fill us with awe,
Our stomachs waiting for a pleasant surprise.

BY AMENA GIBRAN

Holiday Dinner

The table is groaning
Under a burden of food
And the holiday scent
Perfumes the air.
The adults begin to chatter
About their little worries
As the children sit by themselves
In a far off corner.
The little girl begins to blabber
About her silly adventures
Our stomachs begin to fill
And get bigger with
Every delicious morsel
Yet the youngest
keeps going on.
We patiently listen
Because it would not be Thanksgiving
Without her.

BY ELISE HUANG, AGE 11

Untitled

Another day
Of Thanksgiving
Then we say
Around the table
“Cheers!”
The clinking sound
Of new glass cups
Has drowned
All the tears
That have been
In the years
As everyone
Smiles purely
For another year
We would
Miss it surely.

BY ANNE WANG, AGE 11

Untitled

We were sitting at the table
with our aunts and uncles.
Food was all around us,
mashed potatoes, salad,
stuffing, and
turkey most importantly.
The baby was screaming
so loud it made our ears
work poorly.
But if she was not there
we would miss her sorely.

BY ANNE SEFEN, AGE 10

Untitled

At the kids' dinner table, Fisher (my brother), Charlotte (my friend), Sean (Charlotte's brother), and I were about to say thanks. The adults were in the other room eating. I got one of the turkey legs, our turkeys are the freshest. We celebrate Thanksgiving on a farm so we have fresh turkeys. Mount Joy farm is the best farm and we go every year. Before dinner we went on the sheep field to play the Mount Joy football game. It was a tie 28 to 28.

We started eating and the food was delicious, although I kind of regret a couple of things. The day before Fisher, my grandparents, and I made Cherpumple. Cherpumple is cherry, pumpkin, and apple pie baked into three different cakes baked into one cake and it is huge. I regretted eating a whole slice of that for dessert. At 8:00 Charlotte, two of her older cousins in college and I went outside and played flashlight tag for an hour. It was fun especially in the pitch black. After that we went back inside and played chess for half an hour, then we watched and finished “The Last Crusade” (the third Indiana Jones movie) with my whole family and my friends.

When the movie was over my mom, my dad, Fisher, and I got in the car and went home. I always have the funnest Thanksgivings there and I love it. When we got home we went straight to sleep and in the morning, I went to the mall for Black Friday.

BY ALCI ORTIZ

Holiday Dinner

Cold and snowy,
About to go Black Friday shopping
But inside warm and toasty
The sweetest smell of turkey, mashed potatoes,
gravy and much more
Everyone talking
Watching football, playing football
Hoping the Redskins would win
and the Cowboys would lose
Slipping and falling on the snow and ice outside
Looking inside at the football game
Almost one foot of snow (but why not play?)
My first stores are
Gamestop, Nike, Under Armour and Gucci
I just wanna go to those stores then I'm bored
Forecasting up to 1-and-a-half inch by 12 a.m.
Friday morning
The good part for me and not for others is that
the outlets we're going to are outdoors
After we eat
We go shopping
There are security guards and workers
driving some types of ATV's
With the snow plows on the front of them
Some areas not even cleaned yet
People walking through one foot of snow in
those areas

BY HARMIT SINGH

Untitled

Sitting around a rectangular table, my friend's father, Mr. Alfred, at the head,
there is a strong smell of delicious turkey in the air.

My mother comes out of the kitchen, placing round platters of food on the table.

My friend's mother, Ms. Jen, comes around as well, carrying the king of Thanksgiving, the turkey.

The turkey is heavy, so heavy that Ms. Jen must rush quickly to the table

As not to drop it.

Once all the food has been laid on the table,

And all the prayers have been said,

It is finally time to dig our silver forks into

The juicy turkey,

Crunchy brussel sprouts,

Soft mashed potatoes,

Assorted stuffing

Sweet mashed potatoes

And thick, creamy soup

BY LAHNA SONG

Grandpa's Thanksgiving

We're all at the table
Food is being served
When it's on the table
We ooh and ahh
Then we start sharing
Our favorite Thanksgiving foods

I say mashed potatoes
My brother says pie
Sister says stuffing
Mama says the same
Mom likes the rolls
Grandpa says
“When I was your age in Europe
There was no Thanksgiving”
We look at him sadly
Knowing how difficult he had it as a child
Grandpa tells us many stories
All true, often sad
Some make us cry
Others make us glad

BY SARAH GOLDSCHMIDT-
HOPKINSON, AGE 11

Thanksgiving Meal

We were all getting some food.

I was pleading with my dad to sit at the ‘Grown-up Table,’

He said I couldn't because there was no room.

So with a pouted face,

I walked to the ‘Kid Table.’

There wasn't an exact ‘Kid Table,’

Because my little brother was sitting at one table,

And my older brother was sitting at another.

I went to the one where my older brother sat.

I told him,

“I am a tween,

A TWEEN!”

My brother answered with,

“Life is not fair,

I mean look at me!

I'm 13 and I'm still sitting at the ‘Kid Table.’”

BY PANIZ MANSOURABADI, AGE 11

Untitled

The plates of food,
Piled high
On the kitchen table
The smell of gravy,
And roasted turkey
Wafting through the room
The crab cakes all
The adults enjoy
While the kids eat the turkey and gravy,
The delicious cakes,
Staring at us,
Frosting dripping down the sides,
The mashed potatoes,
Smooth and creamy,
Salt sparkling on the top.
Grandma's thrilled,
Smiling at us
Asking if we'd like to come
Again next year,
When she knows
The answer is “Yes.”

BY KYRA WARMUTH

Super Awesome

I've almost always
Knew
how to
Speak
Two
Languages.
My mom
Is from
Ecuador
So she
Speaks
spanish
Fluently
and she
Taught
Me
Some
Spanish. My dad is from Egypt but I
Only know a few words in Arabic.

Since I was born in America I also know how
to speak English

BY ANNE SEFEN, AGE 10

Untitled

When I construct worlds out of Legos, it is fun
and interesting. You are in complete control over
everything that happens in your worlds. When I
create them I hear the clicking and clanking of the

pieces. I feel the bumps of the studs and the flat
edges of the building blocks. In order for me to
build with my legos, I need to have an imagination
....

I am King Kong when I destroy the Lego crea-
tions. I slam building after building to the floor
with a “crash!!” I hear car alarms going off in the
Lego City. Police officers shout orders. People
scream. I growl and tear their manufactured heads
off. Then I release my dog. He is Godzilla. He grabs
rubble in his massive teeth, taking Lego minifigures
with him. He bites their plastic limbs off leaving
them there.

Then I build a bunch of evil Lego minifigures and
give them epic weapons to flush out the remaining
resistance and finally the Lego world will bend to
my will! I am Lord Lego!!! All will feel my wrath!
“Brady? Is that you making all that noise?” my
mom asks. “Yeah. Just me and Cooper playing with
Legos!” I respond. “Okay honey” she replies.

Perfect. She doesn't suspect a thing. Click. Clack.
I hear buildings being rebuilt. The resistance is
worse that I thought. I will have to bring out the
big guns. I grab my scrap Lego bucket and pour its
contents onto the flaming devastated lego city.

As I sit on my throne, looking down on all the
chaos I have created, a thought comes into my
mind. I decide to get all the minifigures I have.
Then I equip them all with a weapon. The feeble
ones get good weapons while the strong and agile
ones get crappy weapons. I construct a humongous
Lego forest and play it out Hunger Games style. I
throw the fifty-some minifigures into the stadium;
all but one will perish. When the huge battle for the
supplies finally ends, I see 25 remaining figures flee
into the woods. After waiting for a couple minutes,
I decided it was time to make this fun. I grab some
neon red, yellow, and orange bricks and hurl them
into the arena, scattering lava everywhere. Then I
drop chests full of medicine and supplies. I see a
few war-torn figures limp toward the supplies, but
a stronger figure shoots them from the back. They
fall down and he shoves them out of the way. He
grabs the supplies and runs the heck back into the
forest. I count my tally chart. Twenty-one remain
alive.

I grab my Hulk minifigure and thrust a spear into
his fist. “Hulk, make me proud!” I say to him with
a glint in my eye. Then I guide him into the arena
to pick off the weak ones and the stragglers. After
my fun is over, I decide to go play outside. But
when I take a step, I wake up. I think to myself
“This all must've been a dream,” as I crawl out of
bed. That's when I see the arena on my floor. I
wonder if it was a dream after all. When I step out
of bed, that's when I notice that everything around
me is made of Lego bricks. And then I hold my hand
up to my face. It is a Lego hand!!

Then suddenly a booming voice yells “Hulk,
make me proud.” Then I hear a boom and that's it.
I ponder what this could be about. And then I re-
alize that that was the same thing I said to my toys
before put him in the arena.

Am I in the arena now? That's when I see it. A
giant green monster with a spear heading right
toward me!! I look around. I am no longer in my
bedroom. I am in the arena. I am no longer me.
Hulk is getting closer now.

I ponder my situation. As I think about what is
going on, I slowly turn my head upwards. I see a
giant Lego minifigure staring down at me. That is
the last thing I see before Hulk slams me against
the wall. Then it all goes dark

BY BRADY COHEN AGE 11

Untitled

Here we go,
Sitting at the table,
Listening to parents talk about politics,
Eating our chestnut soup in silence,
Mom begging us to eat while she finishes,
Everyone getting food,
Getting the second serving of casserole,
Everyone finishes and sits like a bunch of stat-
ues,
Migrating to the couches phones and all,
Uncle falls asleep muttering under his breath,
Everyone leaves,
And I miss it already,
I guess I'll wait until next year,
And I drift off to sleep.

BY JOSH COHN, AGE 11

SEE HOOVER MIDDLE, PAGE 15

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HERBERT HOOVER MIDDLE

FROM PAGE 14

Untitled

We're sitting at the table,
all of us,
we had fortune cookies and we opened them
And we had to read them but at the end,
We must say, "with a turkey."
We all laughed when we all said it
we watch TV with dessert all the time,
Brownies, corn bread, and more,
and more, and more,
we finally finished the movie, and we all cried,
it was a sad, sad ending,
I went upstairs to go to sleep when I remembered,
to brush my teeth,
I rushed downstairs before my parents turned off
the lights,
I made it just in time,
I brushed then when I was done,
I went back upstairs to go,
to bed.

BY COOPER SUNSHINE, AGE 12

Thanksgiving For Twenty

I waited at the table for the dishes to make their way to me while I admired the gel candles I had made filled with gold glitter.
Through the distorted image I saw my grandfather's homemade applesauce make its way toward me. Then it all came
Parts of the twenty-nine pound turkey to feed our twenty guests
The brussel sprouts with the yummy gruyere cheese top and then the cranberry sauce and bread then the eight cheese mac and cheese that my uncle had spent three hours making
All of it at once so good, so great.
All was delicious and homemade

BY SADIE HERMAN, AGE 12

Thanksgiving Poem

Thanksgiving a day to celebrate, thanksgiving a day to give thanks it was so sweet to have family round. But what don't know is how they love us. As much we fight we always find a way to play. Everyday is fun when we are all there but
when we see just one we have a stomach ache. Eating,
laughing talking we all like to say "We are happy for all." Even
though sometimes we are small, but we always make it work. When
We're eating we all laugh and cry but when we are so grumpy we try
and try. We always love our family but not always goes well, but we don't
worry because we never cry. When we are done they are going out the door we try to say goodbye and sometimes we can cry.
Happy Thanksgiving

BY KATHERINE ROSA, AGE 11

Untitled

We all went around and said what we're thankful for. My uncle is thankful for family. My auntie is thankful for food. We all went around and our gratefulness found, and then we all sat down and chewed. Lively conversation was sparked. Many different subjects remarked. It was such fun, until dinner was done, and we all fell asleep unremarked. Then after we went for a walk. We took a short route 'round the block. We talked for a while, our bonds reconciled, then we came home to a shock. Sweets, desserts galore! A menagerie just right through that door. We stuffed our faces, and all took our places, to go get Christmas gifts from the store.

BY ELIAS BERNSTEIN, AGE 11

Untitled

Sitting round at the table
All of us together
None look alike but are all of one kin
Kids look blankly on into the heavens
Parents sparking the consultation
Speaking of past times and present times

All of us looking flummoxed
Trying to pull the sentence apart is hopeless
We don't understand the direct words and sayings
But the concept is direct they are talking about home
Food, Tradition, and Instinct has brought us together
The extreme redolence is like a cloud of perfume
Potatoes of all kinds exhibited to show their delicacy
Turkey which has been executed in honor of his ambrosial innards
There is one thing in common though food, tradition, and kin has brought us here.

BY JOHN MCNELIS, AGE 11

Family Dinner

At the dinner table
Grasping the fork by my mouth.
Dad talking about business
Mom telling us kids to shush
But we can't we say, it's too much fun
Giggling and giggling over the gulps of milk
Oh how much we love our family dearest.
Mom serves us saying eat up, all of us very caring.
In the kitchen the Turkey roasts the smell takes up the kitchen.
Like the apples used to make some good apple pie, crust so thick.
The scent so strong, a dog could smell it from a mile away.
Together as a family taking pictures and talking about the amazing feeling of being together.
We stuff our mouths with sweet potatoes covered in marshmallows,
or the amazing brussel sprouts that we eat so much it makes us Full. Dinner was tasty.
But then there's still the desserts ... Chocolate cake, apple pie, cherry pie, pumpkin pie, sweet potatoes soaked in marshmallows, chocolate creme pie.
So good it's the apple to my pie.

BY DANIEL FREERKS

Christmas Gift Mess

Uh - Oh,
Here we go,
Santa is coming and I know
I've got to make 3 main gifts,
Or else sis will throw a fit!
I'm getting her a fidget cube,
I made myself with a plastic tube.
Mom is getting a DIY slay bag,
I made with my knitted rag.
Dad's getting a big surprise,
My very own 3D book about him.
It's gonna have pop ups every page,
I wonder if it fits his age.
Uh - Oh,
Here we go,
Santa is coming and I know
I've got to make 13 more gifts
I decided to make a wooden airplane out of a sand sift.
But now what? What do I do?
What about my 5 aunts, 5 uncles, and my 3 other cousins?

BY ALVIA NAQVI, AGE 11, 6TH GRADE

The Dinner

As I come through the door
I smell it,
The wonderful turkey grease
As well as the mashed potatoes
The green beans
All fusing in my nose to
Make the best scent ever.
After a while we sit down
We start to cut the turkey
I got the leg
I took 2 spoons of mashed potatoes
And devoured it
I felt full but there was still dessert

The pie, the little tart, the cake
Don't forget the tea
But then at last we all go home
With are bellies full.

BY NIKOLAY BYCHKOV, AGE 12

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"Cansir"



By KENNETH B. LOURIE

Though I want to treat the disease – and my having been diagnosed with the disease, with respect, I don't want to treat it with the utmost reverence. I mean, it's not the Pope. It's an affliction, not an affection. Certainly not one worth embracing anyway. But definitely one which needs engaging.

Treating and living with lung cancer shouldn't be a vertical-type, up or down, either-or set of options. There should be more integration with non-Western, holistic and alternative approaches rather than, as has been my experience: you're on your own; and your oncologist, generally speaking – or potentially legally-liable from speaking, knows/say less about it than you the patient.

I've tried to straddle this line going on nearly nine years now. Adhering to the conventional wisdom/treatment didn't seem like enough. Perhaps hearing the extremely grim prognosis that I received on Feb. 27, 2009 : "13 months to two years," affected my thinking. Perhaps hearing the equally grim likelihood – statistically referencing, of living beyond five years (low single digit percentage); heck, even living beyond two years, might have given me pause as to what course of treatment: chemotherapy, I was starting and why. But what did I know? I had just been blindsided and then bewildered as to why and how I was going to live the rest of my life.

Yet here I sit, nine-years old, so to speak. Some days I believe my amazing good fortune has to do with the treatment and care I've received from my oncologist and staff at the Infusion Center. Other days, I think it has to do with some of the alternatives I've assimilated into my life. Though I can't honestly include exercise in that life, I have modified my diet somewhat and most definitely can mention vitamins, supplements, alkaline water and apple cider vinegar, among a few others; along with a positive attitude with mostly good humor, as important elements. It hasn't been easy, but it has been me. Meaning, I am proud of how I've managed a bad situation and so far, not made it worse.

Though I am somewhat unique, statistically measuring, in how long I've survived (however, I'm not exactly 108-year old Paul Edgecomb/Tom Hanks from the movie "The Green Mile"), I don't know that the varied steps I've taken and the humor and attitude with which I've put one foot in front of the other are likewise unique.

Of the many patients/survivors I've met along this way, many, if not all, have exhibited similar good humor and more of a can-do attitude quite frankly, than I. I've always been happy to make their acquaintance and eager to hear their stories, as they have been interested in hearing mine. Although cancer is not exactly catchy, I've found that, in speaking/sharing with fellow cancer survivors, what goes around comes around. And what "that" is that is going around is, to invoke The Beach Boys: "Good Vibrations," and that is catchy and healthy too!

When I was first diagnosed – and caught up in my own circumstances, I was not interested – too much, in interacting with other lung cancer patients/survivors. I was more concerned with my own fragile emotional state and was afraid that exposing myself to more bad news: other "terminal" lung cancer patients' stories would weaken my resolve.

I don't recall how many months or years it was before I realized how wrong I had been. Weaken? My involvement with fellow lung cancer patient/survivors has only strengthened my resolve. Has that openness and appreciation for my fellow lung cancer patient extended my life? I'd like to think it has.

But if it hasn't, I guess the jokes on cancer. And that's a laugh with which we can all live.

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

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