Children’s & Teens’ Connection 2018

By Jessi Kaminski, 18,
Grade 12, Madison High
Where I’m from
I am from games, electronics nature woods sleeping Sports TV Books
Super Mario
Yep - that’s all about me.
— Demetrios Demetriou

What am I?
I’m round and orange
I’m quite smooth
I scare the little ones away and I glow
I have very very triangle eyes I have
a round nose
And I have a scary smile.
You can make pie out of me You can
smash me up
You can technically make anything
you want out of me.
— Mira Dunn

It’s Halloween!
It’s Halloween, It’s Halloween

Fire
You roar like a lion with your mane
so bright,
you keep me warm on this cold, winter night.
You might give people a fright but I know that you want to make things right.
You glow in the dark as you start as a little spark.
You do so many wonderful things as you go help others in the snow. You get bigger as you grow.
I love you and I hope you know Fire is what you are, from a spark you are born a star.
— Olivia Parham

Red
Red is as red as a tomato.
Red smells like a raspberry.
Red look like red twirlers.
Red sounds like a war raging on.
Red feels like a strawberry in the sun.
Red tastes like a juicy watermelon.
Red is a strong color.
— Ben White
Welcome

Dear Readers:

This week, the Vienna and Oakton Connection 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 & Teens’ 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 2019 calendars for early December, the deadline for submissions for next year’s Children’s & Teens’ Connection. 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 Connection 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 email, which should be sent to vienna@connectionnewspapers.com, but you can reach us by mail at 1606 King Street, Alexandria, VA 22314 or call 703-778-9414 with any questions.

— Editor Kemal Kurspanic
Children's & Teens'

Madison High School
Teachers: Sydney Carr, Johanna Little, Julia Bargo, Matt Dunn and Brandy Carter.

By Luke Pohlman, 17, Grade 12

By Matt Howatt, 18, Grade 12

By Alexandra Matthews, 15, Grade 9

By Bela Vilardo, 17, Grade 12

By John Kustra, 15, Grade 9

By Scout Sullivan-Fielding, 17, Grade 11

By Shelby Burns, 18, Grade 12

By Sammi Buttecalli, 16, Grade 11

By Tyler Johnson, 15, Grade 9
Children's & Teens' Young Artists' Gallery

My Pumpkin
Family by Phyllis Wang, 6, KG, Vienna, Flint Hill Elementary

By Cynthia Yuxin Huang, 12, of Oakton, Grade 7, Luther Jackson Middle School

By Jack Kang, 9, of Vienna, Grade 4, Congressional School.

Nature, by Vivian Yu, attached is my drawing. I am a 7th grade student in Thoreau Middle School, Grade 7, Teacher: Yanshun Sui.

Family Party in Farm by Emma Huang, of Vienna, 7, grade 2, Laurel Ridge Elementary (Mr. Leonato)

My Family Farm Eva Huang, of Vienna, 7, grade 2, Laurel Ridge Elementary (Sra. Cordova)

Winter Wonder LAB

DIY Snow
Snowflake Symmetry
Winter Animal Scavenger Hunt
Snow Slime Piano

In the LAB, science is glistening!

Dec 15 - Feb 15
Open daily
10 AM - 6 PM

world.ConnectionNewspapers.com
The Dark Night
No moon no sun just darkness all around.
I can hear birds chirping in trees like a chorus.
and rain dropping down
Plopping, plunking as they go.
Footsteps going by and ears whooshing by me.
I am all alone with hard and smooth objects by my side.
But then the plopping and plunking turns to splashing.
Then I hear bees buzzing around.
There are flowers smelling nice and sweet.
Then the clouds start to go far away and the moon shows itself.
Then I see a door
no fancy handles
no designs
just a plain brown door.
Then I smell something sweet as a hummingbird and flowers.
I open the door and I see apple pie just for me.
I can see the sun raising up high
well I eat
and I feel happy like I won a game.
Now the day is done.
I get in my soft bed.
And I feel great inside.
— Kai Lindroos,
Grade 4,
Flint Hill School, Oakton

The calm day
The light blinded my face,
It was gloomy,
The sky was dark blue
the clouds were dark gray
Splashing, Splashing,
The sun was leaking behind the clouds
Chirp chirp,
The birds soar through the sky like a fairy
getting a tooth,
The rain hits the ground
I feel the rain on my hair,
I see the sun coming up
I am happy again.
— Justin Amankwah,
Grade 4,
Flint Hill School, Oakton

The Beautiful Day
The second I got outside,
I smelled the calm, fresh smell of rain,
I saw the beautiful, shiny puddles,
that the rain made.
The puddles I saw were
Big,
As big as a lake,
I felt the green grass
The grass had rain drops the size of a ladybug.
It was like the birds were having a great time playing their happy songs
together I feel warm. The world is growing as I am getting smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller
I am calm.
— Lucy Lieberman,
Grade 4,
Flint Hill School, Oakton

Rain
When I went outside
the cold wind was blowing through the trees
and the gray clouds ready to rain hard.
The sun is tucked away in the dark clouds.
Then all of the sudden
I hear plop plop and it starts to rain.
It started off as a drizzle
But then BOOM crash!!!!
The rain is cold and hard,
it felt like bullets on my face.
My friends and I ran
through the wet grass
Finally we made it inside.
We were soaking wet
I sat exhausted at my desk
I will not go out there again!
— Sonia Jackson,
Grade 4,
Flint Hill School, Oakton
Flint Hill Elementary

By Charlotte Zhong, 6, Vienna, Grade 1 with Yanshun Sui, art teacher.

By Scarlett Zhong, 10, Vienna, Grade 5 with Yanshun Sui, art teacher.

Parents, you are invited to participate in our 2018-2019 Children’s & Teens’ Connection, which is dedicated to providing a well-rounded arts education for all Vienna/Oakton school age children. We believe that art, music, dance and drama are essential tools for learning and personal development, and are proud to offer these programs during the school year.

We are committed to offering students a well-rounded education, including ample time for the fine arts. Speech, drama, music, and art are infused throughout the curriculum in addition to our musical and three annual concerts.

Preschool - Grade 8 Co-Ed, Independent School In Falls Church Contact us about our Infant and Toddler Program

Vienna/Oakton Connection Children’s & Teens’ Connection 2018-2019 7
Colvin Run Elementary

Artwork submitted by Art Teachers Lauren Grimm and Rachel Wiseman.

By Carolyn Li, Reston, Grade 1
By Rania Virginkar, Vienna, Grade 1
By Tadas Stanis, Grade 3, from Vienna

By Alex Hurd, Vienna, Grade 6
By Amy Key, Great Falls, Grade 6
By Maeve Christie, Vienna, Grade 6
By Alexander Coultas, Grade 2, from Vienna
Louise Archer Elementary

By Chloe Chow, 9, of Vienna, Grade 4 at Louise Archer Elementary in Mrs. Harris’ class.

Cunningham Park Elementary

Writings by Cunningham Park Elementary second graders from Ms. Heyer’s class.

My First Yearbook

I was really happy when I got my first yearbook! It looked so cool. I thought I looked so weird. It reminded me of my sister, not that she looks weird, but that she was in it! So I flipped to third grade. I found Ms. Brazie’s class. I looked at Ms. Brazie’s class for a little while. I finally found Abby! I felt as happy as a &! Abby looked cool. I wanted to look at her forever. She looked like my aunt. She had long brown hair. Peach skin. Bluish greenish eyes. A nose that looked like an upside-down t. Then the teacher told us to shut our books.

Bear Hunting

I went bear hunting with my Pappy. We went to a burned down house. And there was a big hole. A hole that was big enough for a bear! We went past the hole. And looked for one. And we did not find a bear. We went past the hole again and I looked in it and I saw a bear sleeping. And it was as still as a popsicle. A question I asked about the bear, he didn’t know. I wanted to know so much I kind of felt blue inside.

— Sophia Steiling

The Park

I was at the park. The breeze felt like a mermaid’s tail fanning me. I never felt anything like it. I ran to tell my mother but she was not there. I looked around. She wasn’t there. I quickly ran around. Be she wasn’t there. Finally, finally, I heard a voice. “Ellie, I missed you!” It was my mom.

— Ellie Sarapu

Here’s What’s Happening at MCC!

Closing Notice

New Year’s Day
MCC and The Old Firehouse will be closed on Tuesday, Jan. 1, and will reopen at 9 a.m. on Wednesday, Jan. 2.

The Old Firehouse

WINTER BREAK TRIPS

Snow Tubing & Ice Skating
Wednesday, Jan. 2, 8 a.m.-6 p.m.
$60/$50 MCC district residents

Laser Tag & Indoor Paintball
Thursday, Jan. 3, 8 a.m.-6 p.m.
$60/$50 MCC district residents

Upscale Bowling & Movie
Friday, Jan. 4, 9 a.m.-6 p.m.
$65/$55 MCC district residents

MCC is Newly Renovated
We’re Showing Off!

Community Open House
Saturday, Jan. 5
11 a.m.-2 p.m.
Free admission.

Presented by The Alden

Martin Luther King Jr. Day Celebration, “Liner Notes”
Sunday, Jan. 20, 2 p.m.
$25/$15 MCC district residents

www.twopoorteachers.com

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Cunningham Park Elementary

Be A Colonist by Sabrina DeWitt, 10, with Ms. Trivoulides

Come With Us by Edward Lee, 9, with Mrs. Orndorff

Business Adventure by Madison Moseley, 10, with Ms. Mancuso

Lost (adj): 1. unable to find the way. 2. not appreciated or understood. 3. no longer owned or known

Adopt/Donate/Volunteer
www.lostdogandcatrescue.org
Holiday stairs
I woke up at 8:30 a.m. excited for today, not any type of day, Christmas day! The excitement rushed through my body, as my parents walked down stairs to grab the camera. Nathan and I always think it takes forever, mostly because we’re anxious to see what we got.

My parents said we could walk down the stairs. Creak, crack, I thought about that annoying staircase but that was the least of my worries. I finished walking down the stairs where I saw my Mom and Dad taking my worries. I finished walking down the stairs where I saw my Mom and Dad taking the staircase but that was the least of my worries.

I woke up at 8:30 a.m. excited for today, not any type of day, Christmas day! The excitement rushed through my body, as my parents walked down stairs to grab the camera. Nathan and I always think it takes forever, mostly because we’re anxious to see what we got.

I love the snacks at cotillion and I thought it would be terrible but it wasn’t. Ok you all are probably wondering what I’m talking about. I’ll tell you the story from the Garrett’s Christmas.

— Lauren Garrett
Grade 6, Ms. Vail

Cotillion

I love the snacks at cotillion and I thought it would be terrible but it wasn’t. Ok you all are probably wondering what I’m talking about. I’ll tell you the story from the beginning. So I was getting dressed when I hear the doorbell. “JACKSON,” I say excitedly. “Ok, Charlie, my sister told me some tips, first don’t load up on snacks, next stand and hear the doorbell. “JACKSON,” I say excitedly about. I’ll tell you the story from the beginning. All are probably wondering what I’m talking about. Ok you all are probably wondering what I’m talking about. I’ll tell you the story from the beginning.

By Nina Babounakis, 10, Grade 4

By KENNETH B. LOURIE

Now that the drama of the last five weeks — and the last three columns — is mostly over, life can return to its previous/usual ebb and flow of cancer highs and lows.

For the moment, what I don’t know: the effect on my “Adam’s Apple” tumor (as I will call it of the aggressive, every-three-week-infusion schedule I’ve been on since early October, is definitely not hurting, though I am under no delusions about what my next CT scan might show. I also have no confusion as to the road ahead: stay positive and remain engaged and live life with the least amount of focus and concentration on the dominating fact that I was diagnosed with an incurable form of cancer: non-small cell lung cancer.

平稳 and positive about the diagnosis which came with a “13 month to two year” prognosis.

By accounts, I shouldn’t be writing this column — or doing anything else for that matter. I should be somewhere else — doing absolutely nothing, so that’s what I’ve been doing. Because, as amazingly fortunate as I am to still be anywhere nearby 10 years post diagnosis, there’s a part of me that believes not as much in what I’ve done to support my chemotherapy/conventional treatment (non-Western alternative as in thinking I’ve fallen through some crack somewhere and have been forgotten by whatever reason is sewering these things.

Granted, he/she/it has a lot of work to do and an incredibly long list to get through, still, as the centuries have confirmed, eventually, everyone’s die is cast.

Having survived so long when so few of the thousands of similarly diagnosed cancer patients have not, certainly gives this one pause. But the pause passes quickly and is taken over by positivity, as I must remain positive and not allow any semblance of “woeing” about me or meaning and grasping about what I’m able to do or disabled and unable to do. Never!

I have been given the gift of life and I see no point in looking that gift horse in its mouth. It is my joy, if it could even be characterized as such, to keep my head down and keep moving forward, figuratively speaking. There is no point in thinking backwards or wondering who, what, where, when and how. The point is the future, not the past.

Unlike the country music song by Tim McGraw, “I’ve Like You Were Dying,” I don’t want to live like I’m dying, I want to live like I’m living. A living which takes into account the good, bad and the indifferent.

If I stay from what I perceive to be my usual path, I will know that I’m doing so for a reason: cancer.

And since I never want to reinforce a negative, let alone give it room to roam, I will continue to try and take it all in stride and be grateful along the way for the life I’ve been granted and try not to weaken in my resolve to not let others be adversely affected or diminished by my situation, I pretty much do whatever I want to do anyway. Though there may be things I can’t do (particularly, bending), there are still many activities I am able to enjoy.

To quote Spock from Star Trek: “The good of the many outweigh the good of the few.” A bit of a stretch I know, but I hope you get the point.

For me to survive the ordeal of cancer requires taking the emotion out of it. The highs and lows must become even. And the levels and test results which occasionally have become odds, merely moments in time and subject to change.

If I am to finish this race, time cannot be of the essence, time must be what I make it.

Kenny Lourie is an Advertising Representative for The Potomac Almanac & The Connection Newspapers.
THANK YOU for your continued trust and support! HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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