

2016-2017 - Mr Martinus - English Language Arts

FIFTH HOUR

George
Joey Prince Mr Martinus
Hannah Elene Matthew
Lara Sean Patrick
Khushi Dylan
Ben Gigi CJ
Vinny
Jenna Carly
Maddie Luis Gabriel
Micaela

Mokena Junior High School

2016–2017 Martinus English Language Arts

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JUNIOR HIGH

It all started in sixth grade
Haha we don't talk about that
Or the horrible mistakes I made

Then came seventh grade
Wow that was just an entire mistake as is
It was dull and boring

Ah, good 'ol eighth grade
It's been enjoyable for the most part, I guess
Although I have terrible regrets, we won't talk about those
either

Junior high was okay if you ask me
Who knew that joining band wasn't a good idea?
Certainly not me
Who knew that replacing friends could be so easy?
I didn't know that either
And who knew that people could change so much?
I had no idea
Well, now I do
And I certainly won't miss it

-Gigi Mifflin

The Jungle

By: Hannah Sheehan

He was walking through the thick jungle leaves and he saw it again. Something was watching him. He took one step forward and the net swallowed him whole.

He was hanging from a tree and it walked out from behind the tree he was hidden in. It smiled.

He knew why it looked so familiar at first... it was his. It was his dinosaur he had created in the lab.

MY REJECTED REALITY POEM

BY: GEORGE RAY

CANCER IS A VILLAIN
PURE, EVIL, AND ROTTEN
ITS POWER HURT MY FAMILY
WE CAN'T DEFEAT IT
WE WON'T ESCAPE

CANCER IS A KILLER
RUTHLESS AND MERCILESS
WE NEED A CURE
WE WANT LESS CASES
WE WILL DURE PEOPLE
WE MUST STOP THIS

I REJECT YOUR REALITY, MR.CANCER AND WILL SUBSTITUTE
MY OWN.

Ode To the Dazzling Stars

*Under the stars light
has shined from the top of the sky,
light
like a diamond
pattern on rings,
glittering
on every finger,
shining like the beautiful
night sky.*



*An angel adds
her astronomical anger
high into the dazzling night sky.*

*The world is
a galaxy overflowing
with stars.*



*By: Khushi Kathiria and
Pablo Neruda*

Private Depolo's World War 1 Trench Warfare Journal

Day 1 Scared and Scarred

September 18th, 1912

Gun fire everywhere I look around to some of my best friends as they lay motionless on the ground. I hear from behind me "GET IN HERE DEPOLO"! It was a man I have never seen before but I listened to him knowing the enemy was right behind us. I was shoved into a trench with about 15 other guys. As I got in I looked behind me and saw a young man around 18 years old run for the trench screaming "WAIT UP, WAIT UP"!! Then BAM! The young man was gone. It was the worst thing I have ever seen. Without hesitation the man who called me to the trench shut the door.

Hello, my name is private Depolo, and I was just thrown into a trench during a battle. I have been in here for what feels like days, but you can never know. It has been very cramped, hot, and smelly in the trench so far. I am scared after seeing that young boy die right in front of my eyes. I am scared that the enemy might find us, or if I'll ever get out of this alive.

Day 2 Itchy, and Disgusted
1912

September 18th,

I didn't know anybody I was with but got to learn all of them. One man around 23 years old started to get nervous and started yelling. We all tried to calm him down but before he could get calmed down I heard a man scream "GAS"! Most of us put our gas masks on. My gas mask was very hard to breath in, and also hard to see through. I could see some men who couldn't get their gas masks on and ended up dying. Before some of them died they threw up. I was very disgusted but I understood. After the gas had cleared up I went to take my gas mask off but my skin was stuck to the mask and started to tear off because of the sweat. So I kept it on. This was horrible and only getting worse.

Day 3 Paranoid, and Delusional

September 20th, 1912

I was woken up by a rat squeaking in my face. I swatted it away. A few more people had died. After a certain amount of time I started hearing things. I could hear men screaming for help, rats picking away at the remains of me, and my friends. I didn't know if what I was hearing was real or not. I turned around and realized that there was no more food left.

Day 4 Sick, and Dying
1912

September 21st,

When i woke up I started coughing out blood. I knew I didn't have much time left. But there was no way of me getting anywhere I was too sore, and didn't have enough strength to go out and fight. I started to close my eyes but the men around me kept me awake and told me that help was coming. I didn't know if I was dreaming or awake but I saw my wife sitting next to me. She was telling me a story about my parents. I started to cry knowing that I wasn't going to make it. I closed my eyes and when I opened them I saw my wife again, but in a different environment. I looked around and my whole family was there. I was in a hospital bed with my family. They all gave me a hug and told me what had happened. We were rescued by a rescue team.

The Prisoner

All but dead
 In the padded room
Screams for freedom
 The horrifying doom.

All but dead
 In the bloody sky
The cursed soul
 Must quietly die.

All but dead
 In the dark sky
The fires of hell call
 On his way by.

All but dead
 These three to me
So, dead to the Grimm Reaper
 I must be.

Prince Ikerodah and Walter de la Mare

MORNING RUN

I'm running, I usually like to run in the morning. The fresh air, the scenery, and the greatest part is being alone. Except this time I wasn't enjoying my run, and the worst part is I wasn't alone....

Reject Reality and Substitute Your Own

Lara Abuata

VIOLENCE IS A TRAFFIC JAM

NOISY AND UNNECESSARY

ITS TRAGEDIES KILL ME

ITS WORTHLESSNESS STOPS ME

I CAN'T IGNORE IT

I WON'T LET IT GO ON.

VIOLENCE IS A CROCODILE

EATS AND MOVES ON

I WANT MORE PEACE

I NEED LESS KILLINGS

I WILL MAKE IT STOP

I MUST END THIS MADNESS.

A man and his wife

By: Micaela Cesta

“Hi Mary.”

“Hello honey. Why are you driving so fast?”

“I really miss you.”

He started driving faster. As he approached the cliff he started going even faster.

The car flew right off the cliff and as he hit the ground, he saw his wife again.

Beep , Beep , Beep !

-- Gabriel Cazares ---

I sprinted as fast as i could, out of this cavern. It growled and snarled behind me. Its coming closer! It can't get me! All of these thoughts distracted me from seeing my surroundings. A rock, not any bigger than my head, lies in front of me. I tripped. As I was falling down, I knew that it was all over. I hit the ground hard and I gave out a scream.

The massive and terrifying creature approached me with a victorious look in its eyes. It's razor sharp claws raised above my head. My entire body shook with fear except my brain. My brain was somewhere else, remembering all my good memories from childhood from adulthood.

As I suddenly returned to reality, I was alone in the cave. I felt safe and scared at the same time. The creature was gone but I was alone in a dark place.

I began to cry, wanting to get out of here. I suddenly heard a faint noise coming from somewhere i couldn't explain.

It got louder and louder.

I realize that it's coming from inside my head. I crawl into a ball and close my eyes, begging for it to stop.

"Beep Beep Beep!"

I open my eyes. My alarm was going off.

Sean Patrick Merck & Pablo Neruda

Ode To Oxyclean

Under Ben's Oxyclean
Has dropped from the top of the Burj Khalifa
Oxyclean
Like a anxious
Billy Mays of Bleach
Gagging
On every soap
Sparking down like dark
Green grass

A shack sends
Its shelters song
High into the poisness air.

The world is
A fire over-flowing
With ash.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ROBBED HUMAN

By: Joey McConnell

As watching the hockey game in the rink, Matthias my son was getting investigated by the Police. My other son scores and the police get distracted so Matthias escapes.

The police are looking for him, no luck!

20 minutes later they spotted him and caught him.

They asked him if he robbed someone.

“Maybe.”

Unusual Information

By: Jenna Stillman

Click! As I was going through my emails, I saw an unread message. The message was titled “We are coming.” So I opened the message and it said, “Hello my fellow companion! We are aliens and we are about to land on earth.” I was thinking how could they type in english? Then I got an idea that they must have learned english. At first I kept on re-reading the message. Then I thought, could this really be happening? I started freaking out. In my head, I was thinking should I tell someone or keep it to myself. After long hours of thinking, I decided to tell someone. The first person I told was the United States government because I thought they would know what to do with the aliens when they got here. Hours later they finally responded. They said, “Really? We’ll send some investigators to investigate the message from the aliens.” As I was reading the message, I heard a really loud noise by my house. My ears were buzzing and the house was shaking. That’s when I realized they had arrived. There were so many questions going through my head. Will the investigators be here in time? Am I going to die? Are they taking over the earth. What do they want from us? These questions will be answered soon.

ATARI

By: Ben Bergman



“What are you doing in there Drew? You’d better be working on your homework or you’re grounded... Again!”

“I am ma, don’t worry.” said Andrew to his mom. This was everyday life for Andrew Sanchez. The regular routine... getting up, going to school, coming home, the dreaded homework, and going to bed. Yes sir, twenty four seven. Doesn’t get much better than that. Sometimes he awoke sick or had an appointment but summer was drawing near as Andrew was at his final moments before three months of anything, literally! As the bell finally rang and everyone filled out, Andrew and his friends stayed behind to talk.

“Me and Austin are going to the see that new Ferociously Fast movie, should be pretty fun huh?”

“Yeah, come on Drew, its not like you've got a TV.” said Michael, one of Andrew’s many friends. But Andrew let this statement sink in for awhile as he forgot what a TV was for a moment.

“I’ll give it some thought though, I'm going over to my grandparents when I get home, he told me he had something to show me, so of course I'm curious we'll talk later okay...” Andrew said.

Andrew was riding over to his grandparents and abruptly remembered what a TV was. That's right, Andrew had only seen those things in museums. He had arrived at his grandparents while in this daze as he walked in.

“ Good afternoon Andrew! Hows my boy?!” Bellowed Andrews grandfather. He towered over Andrew with big but gentle and forgiving eyes.

“ Good, thank you grandpa”

“ Good, good but we don't have much time so please, follow me.”. Andrew was curious about what was to happen. Not much time? What could he have meant? His grandpa went upstairs in the hallway and pulled down a little door with a ladder attached to it leading to what was presumably the attic.

Andrew asked “Why are we going up here?”

“I have to give you something, Andrew. No you have to listen close before I show you now you must promise not to tell anyone.” said Andrew’s grandfather “Either I just give it to you and tell you what its does, or ill tell you how I got it.”. Andrew wanted to hear the story. He proceed.

“ When I was about your age, I wanted to have a game console for my TV, all my friends had an Xbox or a PS4 so my parents, your great grandparents talked to my grandpa, your great great grandparents decided to get me my own. It was nothing like what my friends had. My parents recognized it right away. It was called an Atari. One of the coolest gaming systems.... of 1977. Yet I was hooked. Countless hours of Galaga, Space invaders, and Pac-man.”.

“But how do I use it if I don't have a TV?” Andrew said has he already knew what was about to happen next. Andrew’s grandfather pulled out a box no more than the size of his radio at home, a TV.

“ It’s all yours but, you have to promise to take good care of it. Also, explain to your parents what this is. I know they'll be angry with me but I can handle it. Be careful how much your use it because this takes up a certain amount of power only a TV can intake. You know that TV's were outlawed when I was in high school right? So don't screw this up it might cost me and you.”.

Now Andrew was frightened. He didn't know what to do other than say... “ Thank you” and “Goodbye”. He peddled home as fast as the bike allowed him. He ran inside cleaned it up, set it up and turned it on.

What the Dickens: Writing Like Charles...

His uncle was lost at sea

The rough waters flew onto the elderly fellows bright cloth, which caused him to be overthrown into the deep, dark, and deadly waters. His only options were to grasp for his last breath, for which he was eternally lost at a place that frightens many.

By,
Matthew Markham

All but Imprisoned

All but Imprisoned

In his prison cell

Gasps for freedom

When he found hell.

All but Imprisoned

In the dark sky

The prison guard

Walks swiftly by.

All but Imprisoned

In the burning day

The other prison mates

Try to find there way.

And Imprisoned as are

These there to me

So crazy to life

I must be.

By: CJ Tulk and Walter de La Mare

School

-- Luis Valdez --

“Ring, Ring” I was in class already before the bell.

“Today class we are going to learn about graphing,” said Mrs. Hazer “Now take out a piece of pa---.”

“Graphing paper or printer paper?” said one of my classmates.

“ No, just printer paper!”said Mrs. Hazer.

Then I heard my name being called, but when I looked around the whole class was silent.

Jake.

Jake.

Again and again.

Huh? What?

“This is the third time week;now get out of my classroom!”

Trashy Trump

By: Carly Alvers

Donald Trump is trash
Dirty and smelly
His hair makes me puke
His skin makes me faint
I can't stand him
I won't let him win.

Donald Trump is a burden to society
Too much to carry and too much to handle
I want more Hillary
I will kill Donald Trump
I must stop him.

I reject your reading Mr. Trump
And will substitute my own.

A Terrible Short Story

-- Elene Yassin --

This was a big mistake. Walking alone in the dark streets was never a good thing. Suddenly, I felt someone walking behind me. Quickening my pace , I searched for a place to disappear. The loud footsteps behind me made it obvious that someone was definitely following me. I searched for a place to hide, but all the local shops were closed, and the streets were empty.

“Stop,” the voice said behind me.

I froze. I could recognize that voice anywhere. *It was him*. Hesitantly, I turned around, face to face, with my ex bestfriend.

“What do you want?” I snapped. I would never forgive him for embarrassing me in front of the whole school and then *leaving me* afterwards.

“I just want to talk,” he said calmly.

Without thinking twice, I took three long strides towards him and slapped him across the face.

“Go find someone else to bother!” I spat. Without even waiting for his response, I turned around and left him stranded in the road.

School Through the Years

By: Maddie Fogle

6th grade

A year that we don't talk about

A year full of stories about stairs

Gigi created all of those

That was not Gigi's best year

7th Grade

A year of realization

A year of wanting to give up

Homework didn't help any

That was my least favorite year

8th grade

The last year at the school

The year that counts

The thought of leaving everything I know behind

I'm ready to move on

