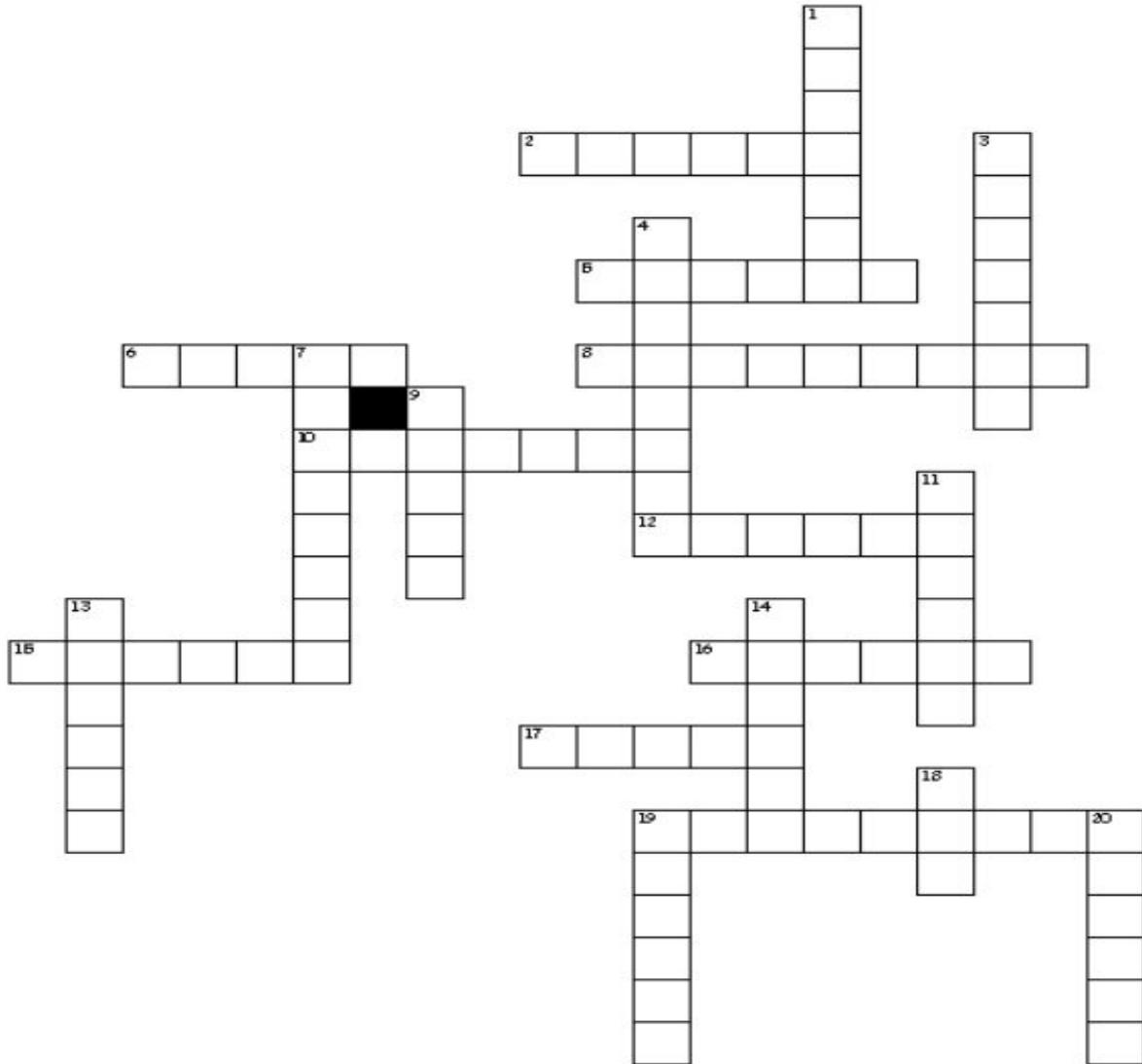


# English Language Arts 2017-2018



## Across

- 2. Skyler
- 5. Alyssa
- 6. Francesca
- 8. Jack
- 10. Sarah
- 12. Mateo
- 15. Jeremiah
- 16. Sara
- 17. Maryam
- 19. Yvonne

## Down

- 1. Devin
- 3. Jeremy
- 4. Bill
- 7. Jennifer & Jessica
- 9. Isabella
- 11. Erick
- 13. Omar
- 14. AJ
- 18. Joey
- 19. Emma
- 20. Mikayla

**FIRST  
HOUR**

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### Table of Contents

<a href="#">Corso, Francesca</a>	As Something Precious	<a href="#">Hutson, Skyler</a>	The Hard to Find Bunny
<a href="#">Kim, Joey</a>	The Worst Rehearsal	<a href="#">O'Rourke, Sarah</a>	Revenge
<a href="#">Powers, Alyssa</a>	Be Yourself	<a href="#">Harris, Mikayla</a>	The Two Sneaky Silly Girls
<a href="#">Yasin, Maryam</a>	Brian's First Meal at Home	<a href="#">Lopez, Isabella</a>	Their Courage Ignited
<a href="#">Rusnak, AJ</a>	I Saw a Bear	<a href="#">Jackson, Jeremy</a>	With a Purpose
<a href="#">Musleh, Sara</a>	When I Returned	<a href="#">Murray, Jeremiah</a>	The Intruder
<a href="#">Zoetvelt, Bill</a>	ABML essay	<a href="#">Pekovitch, Yvonne</a>	The Kidnapping of Heaven
<a href="#">Platek, Emma</a>	Making America Great Again!	<a href="#">Huerta, Omar</a>	One Sunny Morning
<a href="#">Tirado, Mateo</a>	Under the Bridge	<a href="#">Skonesey, Jennifer</a>	The Cave
<a href="#">Skonesey, Jesse</a>	Fire	<a href="#">Booker, Erick</a>	Born to Ball
<a href="#">Stapleton, Jack</a>	A Short Story	<a href="#">Klinger, Devin</a>	Silent



# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

He took my face,  
as something **precious**,  
between his hands,

and  
looked at **me**  
as if not believing  
I was  
**real.**

I could read  
**love**  
and unbearable  
**sadness**  
in his **eyes.**

~~Gerda Weissmann Klein & Francesca Corso

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### **The Worst Rehearsal**

**Joey Kim**

**This play was going to be a disaster. There were about fifty people rehearsing for the school winter play and I just couldn't handle all the chaos. Almost everyone in the stage was messing around, instead of practicing their parts. It didn't help that the director was as useless as a slug. My best friends, John and Ben were also part of this play but their moms forced them to be in the play and they were also messing around. I had a feeling that I was the only one actually practicing. The worst part was that the play was going to happen in two days and no one was ready.**



# English Language Arts

2017-2018

*Alyssa Powers.*

## *Be Yourself*

*Be Yourself, You hear this all the time but it's important to be yourself, if you can make friends and set a example of who you are. Though sadly this term is underlooked. People will hide their real self to impresses somebody or to be cool to others. Afraid of showing your real self you might make a fool of yourself or people won' t like you. You dont need to be fake to impress people, just be Yourself and whoever doesn't like you for you, the are not worth your time. If you are shy, find people with the same interest and be yourself. I know it is cheesy message but it's the best one. So go out there and be yourself.*

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Maryam Yasin

## Brian's First Meal at Home

The screeching sound of the wheels gliding against the black pavement made Brian's stomach twist and turn. Brian was staring outside through the plentiful amount of newly washed windows. Brian was looking at all the different types of airplanes that landed. He was investigating the structure of the planes and all the different parts that were all put together to build this airplane. Look at how many screws, all the different pieces of aluminum and titanium Brian was talking to himself.

Brian was roaming around the airport searching for his Mom but Brian had no luck. Brian searched and searched but it's been five hours since his plane landed but yet he still can't find his Mom.

"Mom...Mom!" Brian shouted across the airport.

People started staring at Brian.

"He looks really dirty and scary mommy" a little girl said while she held onto her Mom's leg.

Brian just looked at the little girl but didn't say anything.

Brian turns his head ever so slightly and then all of a sudden Brian recognizes this face in the distance.

"Is that...Mom!!!"

"Brian Is that you? You look all hurt and dirty" Brian's mom said concerned.

They hugged for a good minute or two.

"I've been looking for you for five hours" Brian stated very concerned.

"My taxi ran a little late hunny, i'm sorry I was stuck in all the five o'clock traffic." Brian's mom said while trying to catch her breath.

"It's ok as long as you are safe I don't care, can we get something to eat?"

"I cooked you a large meal at home and invited all your friends and family let's get going now so the food doesn't get cold."

Brian and his mom headed to the taxi that drove his mom from home to the airport. Brian's mom Rose sat in the front next to the taxi driver and Brian sat in the back. He obviously took the window seat because he loved looking at the beautiful scenery at sunset. Brian shut his door and the yellow lights inside the taxi turned off signaling that all doors are closed. The taxi driver Rob, Rob was his name the name sounded familiar but Brian couldn't get his hand on it. Whatever Brian said to himself. The taxi started to leave the airport the wheels drove over the bumpy rocky road. The taxi headed on the ramp at the speed of 45.

"Mom look at the pinkish orange cloud!" Brian said very fascinated.

"Brian look! It kind of looks like a mommy turtle and a baby turtle holding hands."

The bright colors of the sky really caught Brian's eyes.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

The bright yellow taxi pulled up to Brian's mom's house. Brian pulled the silver handle in the inside of the taxi and the door popped open. He pushed the door out with one arm while he exited the taxi going left foot first and then eased his way up using his left foot. Brian then steps out placing his right foot down. His mom paid the taxi driver and hugged Brian all the way up the driveway. Brian's mom pulled out the screen door and puts the shiny gold key into the door and turns the key till she hears a click meaning the door has opened. Brian's mom pushed the door open.

"Welcome home Brian!" everyone shouted as soon as we walked in.

"It's nice to see all of you again, I realized how desperate i'd be without you guys"

Brian took a look around the house as if he hadn't lived there before. His mom led him to the dining room where there was a whole table filled with...with...food. A golden brown steaming turkey, bright yellow buttery corn on the cob, fluffy thick mashed potatoes, cornbread mix was in the oven rising and forming the hill on the top of the cornbread. All this seemed like heaven to Brian he felt as if he was dreaming. Brian immediately sat down and filled his plate to the tippy top with twelve if not thirteen items. He ate till he was stuffed till there was no more space left for him to eat one more bite.

"I don't even have space to breathe" Brian said while sluggishly walking to the couch to watch tv.

Brian grabbed the remote from the grey wooden table and turned it on.

"Hey mom what do you want to watch?" Brian yelled loud enough to be heard from the kitchen.

"Honey, watch whatever you want you haven't been here in like forever."

Brian layed down on the couch for the rest of the night and watched Spongebob Squarepants, his favorite show ever since he was little till he fell sound asleep.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

Aj Rusnak

I saw a bear right behind my cousin in the glowing fire. The bear was growling and you could hear my cousin drop to the floor in fear. My cousin hated camping, but they agreed to camp with my family for the weekend. All of the parents were asleep, especially at this time of night. It was three-o'clock in the morning and the bear was staring me right in the eyes. K started to tell the bear to stay calm and not attack. I backed up slowly then ran back into my tent to hide from the bear

“What do I do now.” he said while quivering in fear. He opened the tent zipper and peeked his head out of the tent. My cousin was getting the marshmallows to a golden brown when the bear left.

“Um, Aj” my cousin said.

“What is it” I asked.

“The bears back”

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

When I returned  
to my bunk  
I saw Mrs. Berger  
slap a girl.

I turned away;  
suddenly  
I **hated** her.

There is  
nothing  
I *despised*  
more than  
**physical violence.**

--Gerda Weissmann Klein and Sara Musleh

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Bill Zoetvelt  
All But My Life Essay

Dorothy, Cinderella, Shrek. These are characters in fairy tales. Fairy tales are happy endings, are fictional, and magical, on the other hand modern stories tend to tell real events, have sad endings, and are believable. However Modern stories can be similar to traditional fairy tales because they both have a problem that will and something or someone or something to help fix it.

The novel *All But My Life* by Gerda Weissmann Klein is about Gerda and her family's struggle being Jewish during World War II. The story is similar to the classic fairytale of "Little Red Riding Hood". The nazis are taking over Gerda's home land. For example, in the text mama's brother leo who was in Turkey sent her a message that read "Poland's last hour has come. Dangerous for jews to remain" (Klein, 5). That the wolf barged into grandmother's home and gulped her right up and ate Little Red Riding Hood (Grimm brothers). They are similar by both of them are barging into people's homes and pushing them out of their own houses. That these nazi's will barge into other homes without asking and take whatever they want without asking to come into the homes.

The autobiography, *All But My Life*, by Gerda Weissmann Klein is about a Jewish girl surviving The story is similar to the wizard of oz. Gerda got a piece of paper that was from Arthur the paper had mud and it was all ripped up and he said he was at camp so he wanted to give her a paper that is all messed up because he said he was at camp and he gave her a muddy note . In *The Wizard of Oz*, Dorothy confronts the wizard after he frightens the Scarecrow, Tinman, and Lion. She stands up to him and asks why he has to be cruel. She then demands that the wizard help them. In both stories the protagonist stands up to a bully. This suggests that when facing a bully, people need to show courage and be firm in their demands. If more people showed bravery towards bullies, then bullies would have less power.

The girls are overjoyed at their liberation. A US soldier, who turns out to be Gerda's future husband, Kurt Klein, tells Gerda that the Red Cross is setting up a hospital for them. At the hospital, Gerda takes a bath in warm water—her first bath in over three years. She is given new clothes and taken to a clean, warm bed. She is given her first glass of milk in three years. She begins to shake and convulse and a doctor is called in to tend to her. Cinderella was consulted in all these matters for she had good taste. she advised them always for the best, and even offered her service to dress their hair which they very much agreed she should do. The doctor says to let her go. She is venting emotions that have been kept in for six years. The next day she feels like a fairy princess when she is served breakfast in bed. Doctors come by to document her personal information.

Stories today can be similar to past tales because they can contain a conflict and a solution. Cinderella shrek dorothy and gerda weissmann klein are all characters in stories that help reader experience things that they would not have experienced otherwise.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### Making America Great Again!

By: Emma Platek

Trump, Trump, Trump,  
Trump, Trump,  
Trump, Trump.  
I support the  
**one**  
and  
the  
**only**  
with great  
**almighty,**

**Donald**

**John**

**Trump.**

Let me explain,  
we are making America great again.  
I refuse to listen to Hillary,  
as she is against  
my vocabulary.  
I continue to stand high  
with my opinions rather not shy.  
To make a long story short,  
I support Trump.  
I will never be a  
Liberal,  
in my mind,  
it is  
unbelievable  
that we have these  
swines.

Strike the hour,

It is Trump hour,

along with his power,

our country will be soaring with,

strength,

and pride.

I believe... I believe that trump will,  
lead and succeed,  
in making America great once again.  
Do I need to once more explain?

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

Cold, dark, damp, and alone my night under the bridge. I could go inside but there other people's houses plus campings fun. As I start the fire I see the glare of eyes watching they slowly approach the face emerges its a falcon, my falcon, captain. With his dinner in his beak, I slowly grab it and cook it for him. Captain's a Peregrine Falcon its the fastest type falcon he's pretty cool. As I was cooking there was a pitter patter of feet captain looked an took off in a flash my eyes quickly followed and I jumped up as he quickly returned and left behind me. I see the fire glitter off four set of eyes I think coyotes but as they emerge there bigger there wolfs. As the four wolfs approach I don't move, I step closer showing no fear and I take another step they back up. I walk right up to one step away from the wolf and take that step. The 3 wolfs retreat and I turn around to call captain back as soon as I leave from under the bridge i'm tackled by a wolf it was biting and snapping I reach for my knife but its gone, i'm in my pajamas nothing is around I can use to kill the wolf. Its in between me and the camp so i'm weaponless and suddenly captain attacked the wolf's eyes and I grabbed the snout so it couldn't attack and captain retreats to the sky for a second strike and I wave him off the wolf freed its snout from my grip and wouldn't move it simply laid there to die it couldn't see and it thought it was a fight to the death but it was going to die from an infection so I took a rock and smashed its head in and ate the rest.

Im alone. For 50 days now I've been alone, no person is here one day I woke up and I was alone. The strange thing was when I went outside some cars were crashed like all of humanity just disappeared I looked closer to the crashes on the highway but there's no blood or trace of people. Getting food and water will get harder and harder but the world still runs the electricity, the plumbing, ac, heat all still works, but the animals become more and more vicious and more are around so I do have food when supplies run out, the prey will be tuff but I can handle it. Probably.

I hear a close howl and know that more wolves are coming. I can't stay I have to get more than just a tent I run into a speedway the doors close and I realize my mistake and so do the wolves. The wolves split up and go to both the entrances and my mistake can get me killed here and now. The doors are sensors and they open and the back entrance is locked so Im forced to kill or die myself. Alone. No help. No falcon. No weapons. No nothing. The howl earlier remember that well now there's more wolves now. Now there's 7. They slowly approach and I stand my ground so they stop briefly and continue I slowly grab cans from the fridge whip them at the group of 3 wolfs and run out there door. Across the street there's real doors and I ran for the donut shop.

I barely make it there, but now there waiting but I have food and water so I can wait too. An hour passes and they give up so I move on but this time to a house.

-- Mateo Tirado

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### Fire

By: Jesse Skonesey

My breath hitched in my throat when when I realized what the burning smell was. My body went numb and I was in shock of what was happening. My lamp was now on fire and I could feel the heated flames roasting off it. It quickly spread to my wooden nightstand and it caught fire almost instantly. I jumped out of my bed in fear as the fire crackled and sizzled. The fire now noticeable. I yelp.

“Help! He--”, I was interrupted by my lungs taking in the carbon dioxide and begging for oxygen that was sucked out the room. This all happened so fast I can barely react. I coughed several times and looked behind me at the orange flames coming towards me. The door was blocked by the heated smoke and fire. I ran to the other side of the room and opened the window. I took in deep, savoring breathes of the oxygen coming from outside. I choked for air as I start to sob in panic. I was 3 stories up, the attic is my room that is now on fire and if I don’t escape soon, the roof is going to crash on top of me killing me almost instantly.

“H-Help!” I scream again as the neighbors look at me in horror. They whisper and scream nonsense but I can't hear them over my screams. All that matters is I see them

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

on the phone. I cough and gag at the black smoke now flying in the room. The fire is now horrifyingly surrounding me.

“Katie! Katie!” A voice yells deeply as I look down to the ground. My heart skips a beat with tears in my eyes. “Matt! Help - Please!! Please!” I scream as I feel the heat behind me, but dare I look back, I’ll pass out.

“Katie! Listen carefully... you need to jump!” He says as he holds his arms out from below.

I can actually feel my heart stop. “Are you crazy?! NO!” I scream as tears roll down my face, my breathing has increased as the heat comes closer. Pain filled my heart. I don’t want to die, I can’t.

“YOU WANNA BURN LIKE A DAMN STICK?!” Matt yells from below. He was screaming nonsense, he’s trying to scare me so I will jump. But it’s not helping.

“NO!” I scream and start sobbing, not holding back my fear as it gets closer. Ever so silently I hear the faint siren of an ambulance. The neighbors start bringing out blankets and mattresses. Panicking and yelling for help by other people next door. The neighbors across the street hold a rosary as they shut their eyes.

“Katie, you’ll have to jump!” He says as he starts to help bring the blankets and mattresses.

“I-.....I can’t!” I say pulling my hair. I hop onto the window, still in shock of the fire right at my feet I almost lose my balance and I scream as i hold tightly to the sides. “Yes you

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

can!" "NO i can't!" I scream, I look back at the room that used to be mine, won't even know what is what, it's all black....

"Yes!"

"NO!

"YES!"

"No!"

"Katie! I would never let you fall, I swear on my life, I will make sure you live through this, I'd never forgive myself if you die. Please....please..." Tears started flowing from Matt's cheeks.

My breath stopping as I continued to cough and smoke blinded my vision. Matt was 17, he would never cry, I had to trust him. I nod and kick my foot over, he was so far down. It's life or death here, and I can't even think which one I should commit. I can't breath and I'm dizzy. I look back at the fire that blinds my eyes because of the black smoke. I try to stay calm as the black fire keeps me from seeing the ground.

"Okay... Just avoid the roof, Just aim where Matt's voice.....Lord, be my gu-",

I start to break down coughing as I inhale the smoke. I can't even keep my eyes open it burns, I can do this. I close my eyes and bend my legs. I take one last breath and push off the window sill and close my eyes as my heart drops. It happens so fast, I can feel myself call to my death. Before I gasp, I hit a hard yet soft surface and Matt catches me and collapses on the blankets and mattresses.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

My eyes open as I hug Matt close sobbing, he's smiling and softly crying. "I knew you could do-"just then we hear a burst as the fire erupted from out of the house and debris went flying. "KATIE!" Matt screams as he lifts me up and throws me aside 10 feet. I yelp and cry as my head hits the concrete. I feel dizzy, my vision gets blurry, I open my eyes as my head spins. I see a large piece of the roof covered in flames, It was where Matt was. I close my eyes confused.

I open my eyes slowly, getting used to my surroundings around me. I realize I have an air mask on and IV in my arm. A white dress is on me and my eyes sting painfully. I feel awful as I rip the mask off. I'm so weak I can't get out of bed. Before I can sit up, the doctor rushes in pressing my chest to lay back down. I furrow my eyebrows offended. I couldn't hear him. His voice was muffled like I was underwater. He puts the mask around me and I lay my head back down to tired to argue in any way. He leaves and I sit back up again and my head spins. Slowly taking the mask off. Before I look up again to see someone come in again I try to put it on quickly. I sigh when I realize who it is, I smile.

"Katie, please put that back on." Matt says quickly chuckling as he walks closer to my bed with his hands in his cargo short pockets. I sigh but put it back on. Weird. How can I hear him and not the doctor. His voice is smooth and easily understandable. He runs a hand through my hair and pecks my cheek. I hold his hands tightly but

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

weakly. “Thank you, Thank you so much. I can’t wait to get out of here with you.” I

giggle as his smile turns into a slight frown. He nods a little and whispers.

“I miss you Katie, I’ll always be there for you, okay? I love you, sis., I’ll say hi to mom for you.” He grins, and with that, out the door. He’s probably going to pray later and explain to mom what happened. It pains me that I almost died the way she did 7 years ago.

He exits and I wave goodbye. He passes the doctor coming in and starts to talk. My eyebrows furrow together. He sounds like I’m underwater again. I tilt my head as he sighs. I cough a couple times as he takes the gas mask off of me. I look at his lips for the next word. “Come.” He says, I nod politely. He motions me to wheel chair as I limp, gripping nearby furniture to make my way to my destination. “Where am I going?” I ask as he doesn’t say anything. I roll my eyes. Jerk, why couldn’t Matt just stay with me? He wheels me to the front desk as my eyes light up.

“Dad!” I scream as he runs up to me from his chair. He’s sobbing hard as he grips me in a tight hug. He lifts me up. I laugh and hug him tight. “Dad, Dad! It’s okay! I’m fine! If it wasn’t for Matt of course.” I giggle as he puts me down. “Bless his soul for sacrificing his life for his sister.” The doctor murmurs. I could finally hear him a bit. “Um, what are you talking about? He’s fine. I mean, He looked fine. Did he get burned by the fire when that debris fell by him?” The doctor and my dad give each other a worried look. The doctor kneels down to me and puts a hand on my shoulder. “Sweetie, The

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

burning roof didn't fall by him--" "Katie, It fell on him....h-he's gone....he pushed you out of the way and you were unconscious. He died to save you..." My dad musters out sobbing and sniffing. I furrow my eyebrows. "No he didn't. Dad, He came in to see me after you walked out." I point to the doctor to emphasize 'you'. The doctor shakes his head sadly, "Your father wasn't even aloud to see you in the room. Why would your brother be able to walk in without a pass. Unless he had one?" I slowly shake my head 'no'. Dad cries even more and hugs me. "Katie, it was probably just your imagination... I'm sorry.....He's *dead*."

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## A Short Story by Jack Stapleton

When we came home from school last week, my brother and I and my brother were pumped, when our dad told us that we are all going tent camping. At first, my little brother "Luke" had no clue what tent camping was. Luke found out how much tent camping sounds, he had his bag packed in no time. After, a week all three of us went into our van and got comfortable, because we had a 3 hour car ride till we get there.

Finally, we got to the campground but when we checked in we found out there was no spots open so we had to go to the back and make our own spot. All three of us were very upset because we got there and they had no more spots open. Our dad told us, that we are going in the very back of the campground to stay there so no one sees us.

We had to get the tent, sleeping bags, chairs, and our hammer for the tent. But it was getting late so we had to hurry up and so my dad put up the tent and me and my brother set out the chairs and got some fire wood. When me and my brother were getting fire wood we both thought that something was following us. When we stacked up all the firewood on the wagon we started to head back because it was getting cold and dark and we couldn't see. When we got back to the tent, our dad was finished with the tent and he had everything set up for tonight.

Me and my brother made a little teepee with the firewood and lit it up and sat back on the chairs and we had some marshmallows, chocolate, and graham crackers. When we were all done eating our s'mores we called it a night and went into the tent. In the middle of the night I woke up and realized that I heard everything being thrown and I started to get scared. When I heard it again, I woke up my dad and when he got up he was mad that I woke him up. I heard it again and I got my dad up again and told him that there was someone or something out there. So my dad got up and grabbed the flashlight and took a peek. When he turned his head around, he was in shock. I asked him what was wrong and he "said be quiet as you can and do not wake up Luke."

I was so confused when he said that, so I took a peek and I saw a the biggest grizzly bear. If my little brother would wake up we are in deep trouble. Then out of nowhere, the grizzly bear shakes the tent. Then my younger brother started to wake up and then now me and dad look at each other and we knew we are in trouble. My brother started to look out the tent and he screamed so loud. Once the bear heard him he started to get louder. We had a chance to get to the car so my dad threw a coke can by the bear and we all ran to the van.

When me and my brother got to the car my dad behind and the bear was catching up so me and Luke started throwing anything at the bear to help our dad. When the bear started to slow down our dad started up the car and we got out of there. When we got home we had the craziest story to tell forever.'

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## (;The Hard to Find Bunny:)

By; Skyler Hutson

One sunny morning, some kids biked to the lake for a picnic lunch . . . I was one of them. After we ate it was about 4:00 when mom called, “come home n---.”As I was walking through the door already taking my shoes off. I started telling her about how I saw a fuzzy bunny I named him Jeff.

He was brown with white spots and the size of my hand. After a while I started feeding Jeff carrots. He began to evolve into a big fat bunny with chubby cheeks. One day I walked outside just to give him carrots. I saw-I saw something terrible. He was dead... what am i gonna do!

I ran inside crying and telling my mom Jeff died. It was the worst day of my life. My mom felt so bad she wanted to get me a new bunny. Not just any bunny, a bunny that i can actually keep in the house.

Mom and I went to the pet store to find that there were no more bunnies. So we have decided to go to other pet stores. Just to find that none of the pet stores as well, did not have bunnies. I was curious why would none of the pet stores have no bunnies. I got a thought that they were going extinct but that could not be, I saw other bunnies running around outside with their fluffy tails and white fur. Almost like Jeff. I miss Jeff , that's when I realized I need to go on a hunt for bunnies I need to make sure I get another one.

Mom and I started going from store to store hoping to find at least one bunny. We got to a pet store 1 hour a way just to find they had one more bunny left. I asked why all the other pets stores didn't have bunnies. They told me it's because it's bunny buying season. I got home with my bunny I was happy and very excited. I could not believe I got a new bunny.

“What do u want to name him?” mom said.

“I'm not sure yet.” I said.

“Would u like to go through names?”

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

“Sure!”

“Bob?”

“NO!”

“Mike?”

“No.”

“Spike?”

“That's the perfect name!”

I have finally found a name for my bunny. I think he likes it. I miss my old bunny Jeff... I wish he didn't have to leave.

“It will be ok.” said mom.

“Ok.” I said.

“Do wanna go visit his grave?”

“ Yes, i'd like that.”

“Ok.”

We started driving when i realized i don't wanna see him. I am happy with Spike.

“Mom stop the car!” I said.

“Why?” Mom said.

“I don't wanna see him i'm happy with spike.”

“Ok let's go home.”

I got home and went to bed Spike is on the floor next to me. I fell asleep in memory of Jeff and happy with how this day went.

“Goodnight mom!”

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Revenge by Sarah O'Rourke

*It was a summer night and my 5 friends and I were getting ready to play ghost in the graveyard. The sun was setting and sun was outlining the trees in the forest nearby. A cool breeze came in and every minute the sky would get darker. We pulled out our flashlights and decided who was going to be it.*

*Alex was it. I'm glad that I wasn't it because I would be afraid to be alone near a forest on a summer night since you don't know what could happen if you were alone. My friends and I decided not to hide in the forest but we didn't tell Alex.*

*We decided to hide near a hill and spread out. Molly is on top of the hill and could see where Alex is. After a couple minutes Molly pointed out that he was heading into the forest. We all thought he would come out right away since he is a big scaredy cat and could not last no longer than 5 minutes.*

*We all came together on top of the hill to see if he would run out screaming. After talking about what could happen to him and Alex not coming out soon we decided to go look for him. We were screaming his name and we only heard the wind blowing against the trees. We didn't go that far in the forest since we didn't want to get lost.*

*When we were walking to get out of the forest we heard footsteps behind us and sounds like honk honk. There it was a 6ft clown with blood coming out of its eyes and a knife in his hands ready to kill.*

*Running as fast as I can to get out of the forest Nick got caught of course I didn't want to go back but my conscience was saying," Go help Nick!!"*

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

*I ran up to him and tackled him. I noticed that there was a zipper. I grabbed the zipper and unzipped the costume.*

*It was Alex. Alex was the clown that scared us!! It felt like a true Scooby Doo tv show I thought. As we walked out of the forest we met up with our other half of the group.*

*“Why did you do that Alex??” asked Taylor.*

*“I did it because I needed to get revenge on someone and that someone is Nick. Nick is always making fun of me and putting me out of my comfort zone.*

*When I heard he was coming I knew this would be the perfect time to plant my revenge. I hope you learned your lesson!!” said Alex.*

# The Two Sneaky Silly Girls

By: Mikayla Harris

Once upon a time, long ago, There were two girls, Mikayla and Isabella. They were very slap happy, almost ALL THE TIME! Isabella would always trip over her own feet and Mikayla would laugh so hard that she would fall onto the floor because Isabella was so funny.

Isabella would always laugh at Mikayla when she would look up silly things on the computer, like Donald Trump or little R.C. truck videos, some stuff isn't even funny but we would always laugh. Isabella is the best person ever. I'm gonna miss not having her in my class next year.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

Their courage *ignited*

within me a *spark* that continued to *glow*

through the years of *misery* and *defeat*

The *memory* of their love

my only *legacy*

sustained me in *happy* and *unhappy* times

in Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, France, Switzerland, England.

It is still a part of me,

here in America.

--Gerda Weissmann Klein & Isabella Lopez

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Jeremy Jackson

August 22, 2005 I was 11 years old and My Mom and I were staying in my aunts basement for "A couple more weeks". One morning I woke up and decided I that I want to be successful in my life so I can make so much money that I can buy a house for My mom and Me. I Never knew who my real father was so that pushed me and motivated me to get up every morning at 5 a.m and start running down my street. I asked my Mom for a deck of cards she said " Tommy !No son of mine will be doing any kind of gambling". I said mom I don't need it for gambling. You see i wanted to get in really good shape so i had this idea i flip a card however many is on that card i do that many push-ups. I did that everyday until i got sick and tired of what pain felt like. It was 7 years later and i was about to graduate, No one i my family had ever done that but, It didn't feel complete though i mean, yeah I was in excellent shape but I didn't have a dream. One day at school i saw a sign that said "WHATEVER YOU DO, DO IT WITH A PURPOSE". That quote really got me thinking about what i want to do. Earlier that school year I tried out for baseball... wasn't my thing I tried out for basketball ball again wasn't my thing. I've always wanted to do a sport so one morning there was a walk on tryout for a D3 football college. I had never played in my life but i thought I could try. My mom had just gotten a 1 bedroom apartment and a car so she dropped me off for the first day I got their and didn't know what to expect i ran a couple drills and for some reason i just got it understood everything i was the fastest person their and could hit very hard by the end of the week i was well known and only five out of the 200 people were picked. The school was called adrian college located in Michigan on day eight they announced who was going to make it. We gathered up in a circle and four people were picked one spot left the coach yelled Tommy jones I froze I made a team I actually made it I am going to college. Later that day me and my Mom went out to eat. The next day it was a grind to be the best for the rest of my life.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## The Intruder by Jeremiah Murray

It was in the middle of the night. The loud noise was coming from down stairs, in the kitchen. So I put my house slippers and with my rope and went to check it out. But just before I walked out of my room I noticed my door was open. I never keep my door open. I walk down the and to see a shadowy figure in my living room across from the kitchen. I go to get mom and dad, but their not in their room. I quickly ran into the panic room.

### The Kidnapping Of Heaven

“Wake up Heaven you're going to be late for school!”.

“Okay mommy i'm getting up right now”.

Today was a Monday and I was not ready for 2nd grade. My mom had already picked out my clothes, packed my lunch and made me breakfast. I wonder if I will see my bestfriend Holly today in my class. I was really hoping that she would be put in the same classroom that I am in. My mom said that there is a new teacher in the building and that he will be teaching my class for the rest of the year. His name is Mr.Downie and everybody is saying that he's really nice.

“ Common Heaven you're going to miss your bus”.

“Okay, coming”. Guess here goes nothing..

“Baby make sure you're respectful to your teacher and try to meet good responsible friends”.

“Okay, I'll try, love you mommy see you later”.

“Love you to baby girl”.

Mom opens the door for me and I run the the bus. Holly's my neighbor so she's always on my bus. I get on the bus when all of a sudden I see a blond girl wrapping her fingers around her hair while looking outside of the window.

“Holly”. I shouted with such relief

“Heaven” she laughed “Sit with me”

I sat down and we talked about our summer. Holly complimented my backpack which looked white all over with flowers and my named sewed into the front with rich stitch. Of course I said thank you. We talked the rest of the way to school. Our bus driver unloaded all the kids and made sure nobody left there things on the bus. After that was all figured out we walked through the door of our exciting school. We had to stay in a line and be divided into our classes I prayed that Holly was going to be put in my class.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

Then it happened.. My best friend was placed in my line. I gave a deep breath with relief.

“See” I said, “Nothing can keep us apart”.

We had to wait until our teachers snatched us and placed us in our new classrooms. We were all waiting with such hysteria and motivation. I got tired and sat down with my head slouched against my arms. After numerous minutes of waiting I caught a shadow beneath my legs, a moving shadow even better a tall shadow. The shadow backed up and began to talk. My reflexis looked up with curiosity.

“Goodmorning student I am Mr. Downie and I will be taking you to your new classroom”.

All the kids looked at him up and down and giggled. I looked at him and there was nothing wrong about him. He looked very young and had dark brown hair, he was dressed very properly and smelt really good. I guess it's just that my classmates haven't even matured yet. We walked into hallway filled with bright green walls and crayola bins that led to our classroom.

“Everybody get settled” Mr. Downie said “You all can pick your own desk.” Of course Holly and I sat near each other. Our first subject was Reading. He started of the lesson by asking how are summers went. I explained to the class how we went to my grandma's lake house and viewed the eiffel tower. A Lot of kids were amazed, and I could see some of the looks on the kids faces...they were priceless. The class asked questions and I answered them ....

to be continued...

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## One Sunny Morning

by Omar Huerta

One sunny morning some kids biked to the lake for a picnic lunch. After we ate the whole place got a mess because of the picnic. So one kid went to throw away the trash and I saw a lot of balloons. I couldn't tell who it was because the clown was covered in balloons. But then the balloons flew away and it was a clown. I got so scared because I'm very scared of clowns. When I looked him in the eye all I could see was death. This wasn't an ordinary clown, this was most likely a killer clown, so what I did was sprint as if I was in a marathon. I shouted to my friends "Rrun!"

My friends saw the clown and they got so scared they got on their bikes and went to my house I didn't have a bike with me so I had to run. Luckily the clown wasn't that fast. "I'll get you back and kill you with your greatest fear!" said the clown. But of course Mike never shuts up, "I like to see you try"! We all went to my house to get away from the clown. But then the clown knocked on the window and he shouted "I'm coming for you"!

I ran to get the home phone and call the cops the clowns was invading my property the cops show up to my house and tell the clown "listen up kid, this joke is really old. why don't you go leave these kids alone and go home but the clown open his mouth and he grew like five rows of teeth and ate the cops like it was nothing the clown finally introduced himself "the name is Pennywise the dancing clown". He disappeared and went down the sewer. My friends and I had to come up with a plan to defeat Pennywise. We looked at the map of Mokena and looked at all of the places he could possibly be and we realized that there was one place in town it was a creepy looking house by the lake where we ate at the picnic. I remember seeing when I took out the trash, there was that house so I told my friends.

"Let's go to the creepy house by the lake because where else would Pennywise go to stay." We went to the creepy house by the lake and went in we tried looking for Pennywise together but so far there was no luck on finding him but then out of nowhere there was a little kid crying. We ran to go cheer the little kid up, but once

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

we talked to him he responded you'll float too. We were confused the kid kept saying louder and louder and then Joe saw a head slowly sticking out of the huge puddle right next the little boy. It was Pennywise ran and chased us but this time he was fast last time he chased us he was pretty slow. We pretty much ran into his trap the little boy was just an illusion to lower us to him. He is very clever. Luckily we made it out without getting killed.

But this time we came up with a plan since we now know that Pennywise lives in a creepy house we know how to encounter him with a strike what I mean by that is we attack him back since all been doing is running away. This time we will not run we will attack. Since that house was there for a long period of time we went to the library for some information about Pennywise luckily there was because there was a book about the history of Mokena and the book was about a lot of children deaths which freaked me out because no one has done anything about it. The deaths have been happen every 25 years but the book doesn't say anything about Pennywise but i'm pretty sure he was the one who caused the deaths to those poor innocent children who did nothing wrong. After that I went home called my friends and told them the backstory about this town they got scared but tried to man up.

So we came up with a plan to stop Pennywise once and for all we bought weapons like guns, bullets and knives we then came up with a plan to lower Pennywise by one of us crying like if we lost but while the rest of us are gonna sneak up on Pennywise by shooting him rapidly. Then went to the creepy house and went to the basement we told Josh to sit and cry so the rest of us hid somewhere the Pennywise came out of nowhere and asked Josh do you want a balloon with a creepy grin on his face and Josh said attack we all shot at Pennywise just as planned while Josh said attack he moved to right and started shooting too. We then killed Pennywise he was full of blood and he vanished.

We all celebrated with joy we ran home with joy and celebrated with a party and after that day we never saw any sighting of Pennywise.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### The Cave

Jennifer Skonesey

The cave I ventured into was dark and I found my eyes constantly trying to adjust to the blackness. I keep pressing the flashlight button on my phone but all its' doing is flickering on and off. Ugh. Why did my phone have to be broken at a time like this? I'm scared right now, I hate the dark and I can't seem to hear my sister running or the dog barking at anything anymore.

And that's when I hear it. The high pitched blood curdling scream that could only be my sister. At that sound I sprint off deeper into the cave not caring were I was going anymore just that I had to get to her, fast.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

November 12, 2003 a king was born to ball his name was Erick Eugene Booker Jr. When he was born he had a wonderful mother who work so hard for him. To provide the things he needed like clothes, jordan's, and food . His dad really wasn't around that much and didn't do anything for him that he needed. His dad was selfish and only cared about himself and he never kept a job. The kid was improving to be a man and he knew what was going on between his parents . But he said to himself he has to become a man and help his mom out around the house. Erick was 11 years old and the first time he was taught how to play basketball and he was pretty trash and his mom gave up on him calling him trash and he never listened to his mom. He was crying and crying then he was playing by himself and he learned how to shoot and he kept on watching films of basketball. His favorite player was Derrick Rose he was so quick and his handling was crazy and his althlecticsisem was really crazy. So I copied every move he did and I had every shoe. After school I'll go too the gym to hoop all the time and I kept on improving.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## *Silent*

*By Devin Klinger*

This whole year is another dreadful one. I should be happier that my birthdays at the end of the month but whos happy about getting older. Like every day I don't want to go to work today but I need the money, I can't just skip it ether. If I do grandfather won't be happy, he'll say "I need more responsibility in my life", and that "I can't be wasting the days I have left in my prime". I don't know what he's talking about im only 17 I wouldn't call this my prime. Maybe if I was in my twenties.

I was moved out of my parents house to live in a small town I was born in, which was also the town my grandfather lived in and I was to live with him. My father sent me here when I was 16, because a small town with such a rich history as this one has is supposed to help with my writing. Well that's what he said I know its because he doesn't want my mother to have an influence on me. He probably wants me to write more like him, grim, dark, real. He never liked to sugar coat anything if it was bad he'd say exactly how bad it was, regardless of what my mother says. As for my mother she was the exact opposite of my father, when it came to writing that is her writing style was cheerful, bright whenever she wrote you couldn't help but smile. Both of then tried to pass on their styles to me but in my eyes they weren't writing correctly, I don't think everything has to be so grim but not everything is cheerful.

Two years ago I had to write a story for school called "Unspoken" I got an +A on it and everyone seemed to like it. My teacher even pulled me aside to tell me in all his years of teaching he has never seen such a advance plot from a 15 year old. It never came to mind that my writing is at all that advanced.

After my parents heard of this both of them know it was only a matter of time before I would choose a writing style. So a year later my father would send me to my grandfather's town witch had a dark history. Before he even thought of sending me there he was teaching me how to write, when he seen my writing was becoming bright and cheerful he took drastic measures to make sure my writing turned out like his.

Instead of waking up at 6:30 for work, I woke up at 5:00 to start my new novel. When I started to write my new novel I just wrote down what ever came to mind, I should of held off on writing until I was awake because, rereading it I realized I had written a hole paragraph just about sleeping. I was ashamed to see I wrote that there was nothing to

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

grab me and make me want to read more. No main plot, just facts about sleeping and how I felt about them. I didn't want to write any more it was only 5:36 so I decided to go to work early today.

When I got to the store my grandfather was there, he was surprised to see me. I can bet he never thought I would be here any time earlier than 6:40, he asked "why I was here this early and not sleeping". I told him I was trying to write a novel, I guess he was interested because he asked "about what" I wasn't ready to tell him I was ashamed of what I wrote. But as the day went on, I know he just wanted to help, so I told him everything that happened this morning. I think I should have told him I was planning to write a small novel, but before I could he told me there wasn't a lot of good horror novels. The only thing horror based people have is cheap movies or games. It takes a lot to write a novel but a horror novel will take even more. While grandfather and I worked I couldn't stop thinking of how to write a horror novel. What does a horror novel need, what kind of style will I have to use, the first thing that come to mind is my father. His grim style would be great for a horror novel. But I rather not write in detail about a man getting disinbowed, but I know my mothers style would be good for the beginning of it. Since I came in early grandfather let me go home sooner. I thanked him for the writing advice and for my payment, before I left for home I decided I need an inspiration for the novel so I asked grandfather if he had any horror novels. He stopped what he was doing and turned to me with a big grin on his face and said. " stop bye my house later I have a satisfying collection of horror novels, all with their own definition of horror". This intrigued me I was eager to go to see his collection but first I had to go clear my head so nothing is on my mind but the novel.

I didn't understand what this feeling was, I can't even remember when I was this eager to do something. So I went home to clear my head.

I decided to take a small hike near a miniature hill, I went to the top of the hill, sat down and took everything in. I have never been on an hike as important as this one is now, I notice the sky was a bright orange mixed with red I felt odd. Like I didn't want to get up and go see grandfather. But despite what I wanted to do, I had to see his collection of novels. When I finally pulled myself from the miniature hill I didn't feel right, I felt like I had forgot something, like there wasn't a clear reason for me to leave the hill. When I looked back I seen the sunset when I seen it I felt unwelcome like I couldn't go back.

After an unsettling walk back to the house I told myself not to look back again, I hated the thought of feeling unwelcome in the place I was born in. Before I got in my car to

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

leave I felt it again, there was no clear reason to leave I stood there in the drive, my mind confused, my body, now on the floor. My vision starting to fade, I can't do anything other than have my body slowly shut down. Just as my vision is about to fade away I hear a faint voice call my name "Arin, Arin", my mind was spinning I tried as hard as I could to recognize the voice but I couldn't I have never heard anyone with a voice as the one at was hearing now. At first it was calm but as it went on it sounded more like a shout then a faint voice, I didn't know what to think, I don't know what to do. After what felt like hours the voice finally stopped, I suddenly felt my body go back to normal. My vision swiftly came after, I was shocked to see my grandfather standing before me, I locked eyes with him to show him I was listening he said in a calm but worried voice "Arin what are you doing out here" I want to answer him but I didn't know what happened, I don't even know how to react to the experience I just had.

I tried to think over and understand what just happened but there was no logical explanation. Grandfather impatiently waited for me to answer him, instead of telling him I asked what was I doing he responded in a strange tone "well you were laying next to you car, not responding to me when I called your name, then I splashed you with the water in my car, and that brings us to now". Water thats what brung me out, I didn't realize I said this aloud, as I said this grandfather was already at his car waiting for me to hop in. I yelled to grandfather "i'm going in side to grab a few things", I grabbed a change of clothes and a water bottle. When I got in the car grandfather didn't understand what I just went through but he did understand how dramatic it was for me and there for waited for the right time to bring it up. He might of seen it in my eyes.

When we got to the house a part of me said don't go in there but grandfather seen me hesitate and didn't give me any time to think about in and pulled me bye the arm into the house. Grandfather could sense that something was off about me so he assisted I stay the night. I didn't know what to say other then i'd be glad to stay. He told me " tomorrow i'll make breakfast then we can discuss the books. And Arin try to get some sleep." "i'll try" I responded in an calm voice not only to makes grandfather a little off ease but to try and trick myself into thinking that im ok, well aware i'm certainly not.

It was around 2:00 a.m when I woke up from something falling on me. It felt like a dictionary fell on my chest, I quickly sat up and looked around the room. I heard a very small voice in my head yelling at me to run to grandfather it's always safe by grandfather. But I know if I run to him all he'll do is give me a confused look and tell me to get out of his room and go to sleep. I wasn't sleepy anymore since something hit my chest, I decided to talk to myself. I felt alone in this room like if I was the only person

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

left, I talked to myself for a couple minutes just to hear something, 6 minutes into talking to myself I realized I need to use the restroom witch normally wouldn't bother me but I didn't understand what was going on lately, I didn't know if I was going to freeze up or just forget what i'm doing. I didn't realize that I was falling back to sleep I guess I just talked myself to sleep.

Before I know it, it was morning, around 7:23 a.m, I got dressed for the day, and went dawn stares but before I opened the door I stood there holding the door knob. It seemed like making the choice to open or not open the door was the most immense choice I would ever have to make. I stood there until I realized how foolish it was of me to be standing there try to make an obvious choice, as I opened the door I could feel a chill go down my spine. I chose to ignore it because today I would finally get the inspiration I need for my novel, but maybe I should have acknowledge it. As I was walking to the stairs I could hear something sizzling dawn stairs and then it hit me, the smell of eggs and bacon. All of a sudden I felt warm, I walked down stairs to say pleasant morning to grandfather and ask him about the novels. Before I got to the bottom step I heard grandfather yell “ pleasant morning Arin how did you sleep”, “i've had better but i've also had worse so good” I said this in a calm tone to keep grandfather from worrying about me. I was a little confused at first on why he asked but after I told him how I slept he told me “ good, after seeing you next to your car I thought either you were playing some strange joke on me or you where really hurt, and on the way here I thought I had to tie you down to the bed if you where to get any sleep”.

“But how did you know I was going to sleep here”.

“Arin when your as old as me you'll know when someone knows how your feeling, I seen you look into my eyes and you seen the worry in them so you couldn't refuse my offer to stay”.

I didn't know what to say, I never known grandfather had mastered body language. I know he existed ever since I was 5, but I just got to know him at 16.

When I first came to this town one of the first things grandfather told was “you'll never truly know a person by asking them questions because opinions can change in the blink of an eye, ether by someones elses opinion or a experience.”

While I was spacing out and thinking of the past, I didn't notice grandfather had sat next to me and had set my breakfast in front of me. Just as I stopped spacing out I heard him

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

say “ them ”, I apologized for spacing out then told him to repeat himself, “ do you want me to get them” he repeated himself with a cheerful voice and a tiny grin on his face. I’m starting to think that I’m the first person to see grandfather’s collection of novels, which would make sense on why he’s so eager to show them to me. As he went to his room to get the novels I tried to eat the rest of my food quickly, it was strange to see grandfather like this, he was always a calm person not really showing a lot of emotion. But it’s quite a sight to see when he’s cheerful.

As I cleaned the table grandfather sets down four novels side by side, I looked at them puzzled I thought there was going to be more but before I could say anything he told me “ I have more novels but these ones will help, inspire you. Well these will do the best now pick one of these novels”. I was pleased that my question was answered. The novels didn’t have a proper cover and were handwritten, they had old book covers on them, the covers were all different colors. The first novel Gaiety was yellow mixed with white, the second novel Dour was a dark red a crimson almost, the third one was Serene was a light gray but it had a few patches of dark gray, and the fourth novel Fray was a withered darker shade of yellow. I picked the red novel to start with, I heard grandfather let out a chuckle as I picked the red novel but before I opened it grandfather told me not to look at the author until I read all four novels.

I found the names to be intriguing I said this aloud hoping to get a response out of grandfather, he looked at me smiled and told me “ Arin look at the names of the novels like there describing the author”.

I stared at the name of the red novel and just said what came to mind “So the author of the red novel is stern, grim and unfriendly”?

“Yes and the bright yellows author is happy and the author for gray is calm, and dark yellows author is” he paused, thinking very thoroughly on his next words his face went from an excited pleased look to a bland look, he finally spoke “is damaged”.

“That explains the colors, it’s the author’s mood not just some random color”.

Grandfather grinned as I said this, I could see he was glad that I understood the reasoning of why the author did what they did. When I seen the first few line of Dour I read it aloud “ *Everything and everyone in this war is a disease.. Spreading wherever it can and shows no mercy. There is no man alive who can cure this disease, all they can do is try and prevent this cruel thing that will last a lifetime.* ” I looked towards grandfather to see his response to what I just read but he

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

looked at my surprised expression and calmly said "Arin i've read these novels a long time ago, I know what your thinking and it doesn't get any better".

"Grandfather who is the author of this novel and how old were they when they wrote it" I asked hoping for an answer but I know he wouldn't tell me the author.

" I told you, you must read all 4 book to know who the author is, and the author was 21 when they wrote this novel".

I gusted rather or not he know the author but I set it aside and asked "Grandfather would you mind if I brung the novels home with me so I could read them in silent".

"No not at all just don't break them, there one of a kind".

"So these are the only copies ever made"?

"Yes and no one knows of those novels but the authors, me and now you, another thing is that the author handwritten the novels".

I had just gotten up from my chair when he said that and it froze me he had to personally know the authors and know them well, to have the only copie of there novel. As I went to go pick up the final novel Fray I seen grandfather's hand twitch. I questioned if he was ok " you ok grandfather"

"Yes im fine its just, Fray is the most important novel to me".

I didn't ask why it was so important to him, I know it was important to him because his voice got soft and his eyes started to tear up a little. I felt sympathy for him and held Fray with a firm grip, he appreciated me holding it with care. "Grandfather you drove me here, so care to drive me back". I asked in a genial voice, to show him Fray and the other novels would be safe in my possession, and hoping he wouldn't make me walk back home. He agreed to drive me home and had a small talk with me, he told me a few things about the novels.

"Arin I want you to read the novels in the order im about to tell you", grandfather announced this well aware I was listening. Eager to read them I snapped quickly back "what order".

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

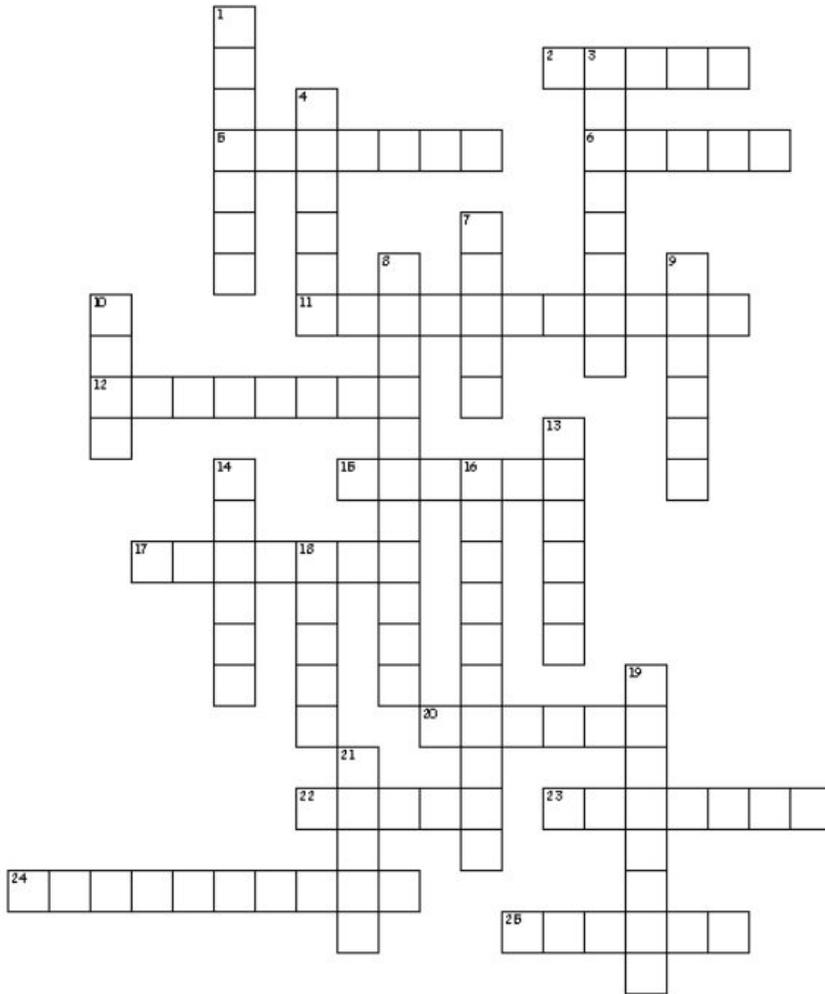
“Dour, Gaiety, Fray, then Serene reading them in this order it will make you feel better about them, as I told you the name of the novel says something about the author, and it sets the theme of the novel.”

“Dour suits the red novel”. I said with a chuckle.

“That it does Arin”.

# English Language Arts 2017-2018

## Second Hour



### Across

- 2. Will
- 5. Sophie
- 6. Genevieve
- 11. Jenna
- 12. Ben
- 15. Ian
- 17. Karlie
- 20. Laney
- 22. Madelyn
- 23. Olivia
- 24. Andrew
- 25. Justin

### Down

- 1. Grace
- 3. Odin
- 4. Cecylia
- 7. Meredyth
- 8. Grace
- 9. Hunter
- 13. Ella
- 14. Kalli
- 16. Maddy
- 18. Andy
- 19. Aidan
- 21. Connor

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### Table of Contents

<a href="#">Chiaromonte, Jenna</a>	The Rain	<a href="#">Malone, Ian</a>	A New Era of Industry
<a href="#">Borgeson, Odin</a>	Surrender or Die	<a href="#">Jasper, Kalli</a>	The Wizard
<a href="#">Bedell, Ella</a>	Trench Journal	<a href="#">Doyle, Madelyn</a>	Private Doyle
<a href="#">Stumpf, Hunter</a>	The Rise of Industrialization	<a href="#">Scarnavack, Andrew</a>	Boom
<a href="#">Rauch, Genevieve</a>	Bloody War	<a href="#">Gonzalez, Ben</a>	After the Intercom Chimed
<a href="#">Page, Sydney</a>	A Bit of Advice	<a href="#">Roessler, Aidan</a>	A River Story
<a href="#">Morin, Meredyth</a>	Lost!!!	<a href="#">Fischer, Karlie</a>	Donald Trump
<a href="#">Kupiec, Cecylia</a>	Middle School	<a href="#">Bruozas, Sophie</a>	Advice
<a href="#">Joyce, Connor</a>	Student Gov't Day	<a href="#">Bowers, Justin</a>	What the Dickens
<a href="#">Habib, Andy</a>	The Wooden Park	<a href="#">Bussean, Olivia</a>	Clown Car
<a href="#">Granko, Laney</a>	Darkness Then The Sky	<a href="#">Abell, Will</a>	Into the Cave
<a href="#">Fitzpatrick, Grace</a>	The Unseen Choice	<a href="#">Ansburg, Grace</a>	The Pocket Watch
		<a href="#">Overstreet, Maddy</a>	A Short Farewell



# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## THE RAIN

by Jenna Chiaramonte

The rain came down fast. Stronger than I had ever seen it. Somehow, I was petrified of the rain, I felt useless compared to it. I sat by the window, watching the rain. With each drop, a little more of me feeling incapacitated. The continual stillicide, trying to intimidate me, as though the droplets were gossiping to each other, whispering about me.

Three raindrops fell off the roof, of course there were many more falling at the same time, but these raindrops were different. Most people liked rain showers because they conveyed a sense of serenity, but these were not the raindrops of a rainshower--they were the raindrops of a thunderstorm. The three raindrops observing my fear, tested the waters. A strike of lightning lit up the sky, the clouds that covered beyond, bright and awakened. I could feel my heart beating fast, stronger than I had ever felt it. I anticipated the unsettling rumble of thunder. The rain droplets gathered together in the streets and sidewalks, preventing anyone from continuing forwards. There was no escape. Another strike of lightning danced across the clouds.

I didn't know how much more I could endure. I got up from the chair that I sat in and I closed the curtains that belonged to the window. I slipped on my rainboots. And my raincoat. I approached my front door and placed my hand firmly on the handle. I turned the doorknob and walked outside and onto my porch. I looked out at the rain, then closed my eyes. I stepped forwards, out into the heavy downpour. Thunder and lightning whirled around me, but didn't dare to lay a finger on me. I opened up my eyes and looked up to the dark, gray sky. The clouds seemed to part for me, and all the rain stopped.

There was no more thunder.

No more lightning.

No more raindrops.

Just silence.

That silence finally put my mind at peace. I dropped to my knees, but kept my head up facing the sky. A tear fell from one of my eyes. I wiped it quickly, keeping my face dry.

But, as soon as I pulled my hands from my face, the rain had returned. The wind swept up my hair, and brushed it against my cheek. I was soaking wet, sitting in the middle of the street, looking up at the sky. There was a loud revving noise from a distance. I didn't move. I continued looking up at the sky, and the sky looked down on me.

Something knocked me over hard. It was cold, whatever it was. And it came towards me fast. Stronger than I had ever been hit. There was ringing for the few seconds I remember.

Then **black**.

And silence.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Surrender or Die

by Odin Borgeson

**Every day my friends and I would go to the park and throw fruit at the private school kids.** The store got rid of the fruit that had expired that day and my friend Steven and I would go grab the box of fruit for our squad. The first time we did this was six weeks ago at the start of the war. We needed something to fight back with so we asked the manager if we could have the fruit. The deal we made was that she would leave it outside for five dollars, and we could take it. Steve's job was to grab it and bring it to the playground because he got eight dollars for lunch when lunch was only two dollars. He used the leftover six dollars to get the fruit and some ABS plastic every few weeks for our inventor Alex who was a wizard with a 3-d printer.

I'm Ace. The leader of our squadron. I had the best all around skills and I was a fast runner. It seemed that the only reason I was on the team was that I was good for objectives, especially in point capture wars. My favorite weapon was a pear but those only came out once or twice a year, but if I had one I was deadly.

Our squadron had 6 members, all assigned by the council. The council was the group of seven kids who were the leaders of the Public Schools Force for Playground Control, or the PSFPC. My group was an elite fruit force that was to fight small battles that were generally more important for strategic reasons rather than the ones on fields and swingsets.

My team consisted of one inventor, one heavy and four infantry throwers. Steven was a heavy and was responsible for throwing things like watermelon, cantaloupe and honeydew. Our inventor was Alex. He was the smartest person in the war that we knew of, he had invented fruit versions of landmines and an air cannon that launched apple cores with an effective range of twenty-five meters. I was one of the infantry throwers. The other three were Leo, Fred, and One Eye.

One Eye had lost his eye back in first grade when he fell down on the park and poked it with a wooden post. The post had went through his eye so the doctor had to take it out, he had been wearing an eyepatch on his left eye ever since. Besides the fact he had only one eye he was the best shot I knew and threw apples that could bring a man down. He was my back up and was mainly in charge of helping Alex lay mines before battles because they were always the first to arrive, even before the private school brats.

Mr Martinus - ELA

[return to Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

The war had started six months ago, when the private school kids came to one of our parks and kicked us out. The leader was a kid that was bigger than most 8th graders were. From what we knew his name was Richard. We had a spy implanted in their government, but this only brought information that we had noticed through battle.

“Sup Ace,” Leo shouted, “Oh, hey Steve.”

He was a wild card and could throw almost anything fairly well, we always brought him potatoes as he was the most accurate with those.

“Hey Leo.” Steve shouted.

“Where's One-eye and Alex?” I asked him.

“No clue.” Leo exclaimed. “I think Alex forgot his weapon and they went to get it, but the mines are set up.”

“Good at least they did that.” I said. “And the Privates?”

“Nowhere to be seen.” Fred said.

“Perfect, if they don't show we win.” Leo said.

This was a rule that was made when the councils of war came together and designed the rules for the war, it happened after one of the privates came to a battle with a baseball bat. By the end of that day 3 kids were injured. After that incident the leaders of our army as well as the other leaders met to put up rules that would keep them from being any actual casualties.

One eye and Alex got there about five minutes later, the strange thing was One Eye was carrying a blue drawstring. The blue drawstring was generally the bag that held our mines, and it was full.

“Alex!” I shouted. “Where's our fruit mines?”

“I've got them right here Ace.” One Eye said, “Why?”

“Do you see the mounds?” I asked One Eye, “Those are mines, and the flags in the middle of them.”

“That's good tactics” Alex commented, “I'll have to remember that when we have to defend a point.”

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

“Fred go to command and tell them the privates have got fruit mines,” I commanded, “also tell them to send me more men.”

“Righty then.” said Fred as he took off running.

“Alex!” I shouted, “look to see if there's a pattern in the mines, they'll be a big threat.”

“Will do.” He responded.

“Leo, One Eye, we'll look to see how sensitive the mines are.” I said.

“How are we gonna do that?” Leo asked.

“We're gonna drop fruit around it at different distances to see how close we can be before being blown out of the game.” One Eye explained.

The battle was about to start when I finally got my reinforcements. I had an extra four more soldiers, one of which was a girl. This was a good team as there was not a battle going on for them at the time. There was another scientist, two more infantry throwers and a newer type of soldier, A grape launcher. The grape launcher was a girl named Alisabeth. She had to have been an inventor before she went grape gunner because she had what seemed to be a 3d printed air rifle for grapes. I had a feeling she and Alex would hit it off.

The privates had lined up looking smug, little did they know we could bring most of them down from 50 meters not having to worry about being in front line combat, the only problem was that the flag was in the middle of the minefield.

“Alex” I asked, “Have you found a pattern?”

“No, I have'n...” Alex tried to say.

“They are ringing the flag,” Alisabeth interrupted, “It's made so there are lines of them in inter connecting circles, like a Venn Diagram just with more interconnecting circles, and the flags in the middle of them.”

“Thank you,” I said, “Prepare for battle.”

As we suited up I relayed our battle plan. Alex and Alisabeth would cover the infantry throwers and me until we got the flag. After I had the flag the infantry would run through the fruit mines to blow a path for me to escape through with the flag. In theory this seemed great, but not on the field, the plan we had did not account for the other team outnumbering us two to one. Alisabeth was able to bring four of them down and alex was able to get eight, but then Leo and

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

the other two infantry throwers were hit just before we got to the minefield. We wouldn't have enough people to escape the minefield.

"Alex I need you to shoot out the mines." I yelled.

"Bro, i'm swamped keeping you safe." he shouted back, " Wheres Fred?"

Alisabeth screamed, "Fred's coming, you might be able to make it out."

Fred was riding his bike which was outfitted with a fruit catapult of Aex's own making. He pulled back the catapult and launched fruit at the private schools as steve was running around with a muskmelon going for the biggest guy on their team. The flag was near so i jumped over the last row of mines and told the others to start the plan. This should've been the easiest part, but as always there was something wrong. I took a step and felt a click under my boot. It was a fruit mine. Alex had showed me how to detect mines, but not to deactivate them. I thought to remind myself that i would need to ask how they were disarmed. So I gave the flag to One Eye and told him, "Get the flag out of here, we need to win so we can take their mines from this place and study them."

"Yes sir," he shouted.

"You two," I said to the infantry, "are to follow One Eyes commands until the end of this battle, or until you hear otherwise, understood."

"Sir, yes sir." they answered.

One eye had taken the flag and had been jumping over rows of mines, he appeared to have found the pattern Alisabeth was talking about. Noticing that One Eye had the flag the fire was focused on him, rather than Alex and Alisabeth. As One Eye was sprinting up the hill to where we had to put the flag Alex and Alisabeth had been shooting the privates coming after him. As the last one was dropped One Eye ran the flag into the area and we won. We would be able to take their mines and keep this park, but the private school kids were learning how to develop weaponry that was able to rival our own.

The next day I went to the council. I was planning to talk about ending the war by cutting off control to their supplier of fruit. This would take many more battles and a cut off at the base of their weaponry operation. They mostly agreed except for one. His name was Regent, and he started the war when he and a group of his friends went to one of the private school parks.

"Regent why don't you want to cut off their supply of fruit?" I asked.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

“Ace this war will not be stopped just by cutting off a supply of fruit.” Regent explained.

“I beg to differ,” said Sandy, “we have been waiting for a full on attack but they have not been coming, this may mean the private schools army is losing support and we may have a chance to take over.”

“This will work” I said, to kill an ant nest you need to block the air supply, let's treat the troops they have left like an anthill, and just end the war here and now.”

This won over Regent and I left them to start plans for the end of the war. My team was waiting for me outside. Including one new member, Alisabeth.

“They listened Alex, especially after the anthill comment.” I told them.

“So we are gonna be fighting frontlines from now on?” Fred asked.

“Better,” I told him, “Regent actually agreed to step down and give me control of his spot, we're gonna be in charge of the attack on the lynch pin holding the private schools forces together, we can get as many soldiers as we want to take down what's left of them.”

“Let's hope we actually do win then, or we'll be the laughingstock of the school.” One Eye said with humor in his voice.

The army was preparing to march to the final battle of greenglass. Regent had not been seen in two weeks and everything was going better than ever. When over the hill we saw hundreds of tubes carried by kids with blazers on. They had watermelons at the fronts and air compressors in the back. It seemed as tho they were planning an attack, but had been read before us.

“Surrender or die” One of them shouted in a voice that sounded familiar.

It was Regent. He had betrayed all of us. The private school must have found and recruited him, and he had terrifying ideas to put an end to us all. The war was over.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Trench Journal

by Ella Bedell

October 15, 1915

It's my first day down in the trenches. As I sat among many other young men, the fear of death consumed me. I thought of my little boy back at home, he would turn six in two weeks, and I would miss it. I think of my little girl who is probably wondering where daddy went. I had to stay brave for my family, I have to live through this to see them again. I hear bombs, wincing, and cries. I squeeze the dagger in my right hand and lay low. It had only been a day and my back and neck already started to ache. I started to regret my decisions of coming here, and my journey had only just begun. There were loads more of suffering to come.

October 18, 1915

Some days are extremely boring. We all sit in the trenches, crunched and unable to move, and try to find things to do to pass the time. I've made a friend, his name is James. He reminds me of my son, and his creativity that he definitely got from his mother and not me. We find pebbles and leaves to play checkers and smoke. It rained the other night and the mud is worse than ever, and so are the rats. Mixed in all the mud there is vomit from the sick men; my nose burns from the repugnant scent. My uniform is drenched with water, mud, and who knows what other disgusting, rotten, nasty things that are in the trench.

October 21, 1915

Yesterday was one of the worst days. I hear the captain scream, "Gas!" That was our cue to put on the gas masks to save ourselves from the poisonous gas. I felt claustrophobic, like I was suffocating and had to take the mask off. All I could do was breathe slowly. Some men couldn't take the feeling like they were drowning. They ripped off their masks but the consequence was much worse than wearing the mask--death. It was finally safe to take off our masks and I look around me and see dead men covering the ground as far as I can see. James died that day, they sliced his head right off. He was my only friend, the only thing keeping me from losing my mind. He did not deserve to die, and he definitely did not deserve to be sat on so others wouldn't sink in the mud. I stayed up all night just staring at the moon. I shouldn't be here. I wanted to end it all but I heard my wife in the distance say to me, "Today will not be your last." That is what kept me alive to see another day.

October 25, 1915

Many things happened today. First, I killed a man. I stabbed him right in the heart and watched as the life left his eyes. I thought I would be proud of such an accomplishment, but I felt like a monster. That man probably had a family and a future. This is war, I thought to myself. I

Mr Martinus - ELA

[return to Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

cannot feel sympathy for the others. As I looked down at my bloody hands, astonished that I took someone's life, a man shot me right in the thigh. I winced and fell to the ground. It was bad, the wound was big and deep. I tried to army crawl to safety, but there was nowhere that was safe. Men were dropping like flies and their cries filled the air. I got into my trench and tried to find something to wrap my leg with. I ripped the sleeve off my shirt and wrapped it around my thigh, the last thing I wanted was for it to get infected. Many men died today, I'm surprised I wasn't one of them.

October 29, 1915

Today my little boy turns six. I wish I could be there. I try to tell myself that I will see him again one day, but I don't know about that anymore. Even if I go back home, I will never be the same again. I will never be the happy, confident, fun man I was before I left. My wife wouldn't love me like this. I wouldn't be my son's hero. I wouldn't be my daughter's Knight in shining armour. I can't unsee the things I've seen, or unhear the things I've heard. I am scared for life. Every sound makes me jump. I fear death every second of everyday. I hear bombs when there are no bombs, and see blood when there is no blood. The man I used to be died when the first gun was shot. I have no motivation anymore. There is no reason to live anymore. This is the end. My journey ends here.



# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## The Rise of Industrialization by Hunter Stumpf

Industrialization had many positive effects, but it also caused many social problems by breaking apart families, and by making the United States look less like a democracy and more like an oligarchy. As a result, in the early 1900's a small group of Progressive Thinkers worked to reform society. They may not have all worked to solve the same problem, but they all helped to change society for the better. Industrialization had many horrible effects on society including the imbalance of power between classes and the lack of any laws or rules to protect employees, but there were some courageous people in this country that faced these issues and fought for change.

One social issue in the country in the early 1900's was the power that monopolies had, so many people fought to regulate these monopolies. According to the cartoon titled, "Bosses of the Senate" by Joseph Kepler, "This is a Senate of the monopolists and for the monopolists." This means that the government was being controlled by these monopolists. They were able to choose members of the Senate and influence them to create legislation that benefited them. All that this showed was an imbalance of power between the very wealthy class and the rest of the country. By the same token, Theodore Roosevelt once said, "Our laws should be drawn as to...discriminate sharply against those organized in the spirit of mere greed." Also, on page four of "The Growth of Industrialization" notes, "Hundreds of men were killed each year in dirty, unventilated factories." Therefore, the owners of these large corporations were selfish and greedy. They did not care about worker safety, but only about how much money that they made. There were many people that died from where they worked because their bosses did not take the time or money to make working conditions safe. At the same time, this is also partially the

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

government's fault because they had a Laissez-faire approach. If they would have made laws to protect workers, then these large companies wouldn't have a choice of making the conditions better. This was one of Roosevelt's biggest arguments when he was fighting to limit the power of monopolies. Ida Tarbell was another Progressive Thinker whose main goal was to change how these monopolies ran, rather than totally destroy them. In addition, according to an article on John D. Rockefeller, "By 1879, Standard Oil controlled over ninety percent of the market." This means that almost all oil in the world at that time was produced by Rockefeller. This took away the free market that was previously apparent in the United States. Rockefeller took out smaller oil refineries, and ultimately destroyed some of these people's lives. Monopolies may have been a massive problem, but there were also many other problems that affected the country as a whole.

Another social issue in the country at the time was the low wages that many employees were paid. In the Progressive Party platform of 1912 one line read, "We propose...to provide a living wage throughout industry." Therefore, there were some people in the country that wanted to change part of industry. This was one example of how most people thought that the government needed to put in place standards and regulations to help employees. Employees being paid a living wage was one very important reform, but so was improving working conditions and other pieces of industry that needed to be improved. Most likely the most famous member of the Progressive Party was Theodore Roosevelt. One of his main ideas was to regulate monopolies and help workers by increasing pay, lowering hours, and ultimately make sure they were able to make a living. In the same fashion, according to an article about Henry Ford and his assembly line, "Workers at Ford's plants were paid five dollars a day." This means that Ford's workers were paid a considerably higher wage than any other workers in industry at

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

the time. This allowed his workers to make a living in America, especially immigrants who worked for him. Ford's assembly line saved him a good amount of money, and he could have just kept it to himself, but instead he decided to share it with his workers. This showed that Ford was a very giving and selfless person. In contrast, some monopolists, like Rockefeller, made millions of dollars and still didn't pay their workers a living wage. In like manner, a photograph by Jacob Riis in the late 1800's shows the very dirty and inhumane living conditions that poor Americans and immigrants had to endure. In other words, people in America at the time weren't even paid enough money to live in their own space. As a result of not being paid a living wage, many people had to live in small, crowded apartment buildings called tenements. There were many problems with these tenements including the spread of disease. These buildings could easily catch on fire. This made life for immigrants even worse in America than back home, but owners of large corporations did not care at all, all they cared about was how much profit that they were making. In the same nature, according to an article on Mother Jones, "She fought for higher pay, shorter work days, and more humane working conditions for workers." Therefore, Mother Jones was a huge contributor to worker's rights and safety. She believed that the all industry should be owned by the workers rather than one owner. As a result of her and others hard work, the government passed a series of laws in 1912 to support workers. The laws that were passed established a minimum wage, limit on the length of the workday, and the banning of child labor. This ultimately helped to improve the life of many people struggling in America. The low wages that many corporations paid to their employees was only one problem that employees and families were faced with, there was a whole other string of problems that some employees had to face on a daily basis.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

Among the many problems of society in the late 1800's to early 1900's was child labor. Sited from "The Growth of Industrialization" notes, "Child labor resulted in many children developing skin disease and nervous system problems at very young ages." This shows that the country as a whole did not care about the future of the country. These children were harmed in a way that affected them for the rest of their lives. For example, if a child was working in a textile mill and they accidentally got their hand caught in the machine and it was severed off, then they may not be able to fully function as an adult. Society was destroying these children's potential, and the future of the country. According to the progressive Party platform of 1912, "We propose...to fix minimum standards of health and safety in industry." This means that some people in America did realize that there were indeed problems in society. This was partially because children were getting their limbs cut off, but also since many people couldn't make a living in America. This was only the first step to the eventual banning of child labor, but at least people were addressing the problem. This may have also been the first step toward the creation of many other laws and standards to protect workers that would come in the near future. Also, according to the immigration notes, "Kids were paid about thirty-five cents per day." This means that children were paid a considerably lower wage than adults, who already were paid less than they should have been. The only reason why kids had to work was because they had to support their families. They should have been in school preparing to be successful in their adulthood, but they had to make sure that their family had food and a roof over their heads. Many knew that this was wrong, but nobody stood up and faced the problem for a long period of time, that was until Mother Jones did. Found in the Mother Jones article, "Jones organized a protest against such child labor abuses in 1903." In other words, Mother Jones had very strong views against child labor and fought for those views. In addition, she fought against child mutilation

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

caused by machinery. This is when a child is permanently harmed from something that happened to them while working in a factory. Mother Jones worked very hard for what she believed, and it paid off. According to a chart on child labor, from 1890 to 1920 the percentage of children working between the ages of ten and fifteen years old decreased by 6.8 percent. This means that Mother Jones and many others hard work to eliminate child labor was beginning to become a reality. Part of this was because three fourths of the U.S. states had banned child labor by 1912. As a result, many children were able to stay in school and be able to have a better future as an adult. The banning of child labor in most states was only a tiny part of how workers were aided by laws that were passed around 1912. This group of Progressive Thinkers not only made many individuals' lives better, but they also made society stronger as a whole.

Industrialization did face society and many individuals with a barrage of problems , but there were some people who weren't afraid to face these problems and make a change. These individuals did many different things to help the country grow. Theodore Roosevelt helped to regulate monopolies while Mother Jones helped to improve workers lives by increasing wages and banning child labor. Who knows what would have happened if these people wouldn't have had the courage to stand up to these massive problems and make a change that benefited society as a whole.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### Bloody war

Only then did I notice  
the wound that he had inflicted on himself  
with a shovel.  
I saw the **blood** that slowly trickled from it,  
I saw his **tears**.  
That **blood** and those **tears** because of me,  
I thought.  
Why must there be this  
**bloody** war?

- Gerda Weissmann Klein & Genevieve Rauch

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## A Bit of Advice

By: Sydney Page

I used to think that I had a lot of friends. A lot of people I could talk to, a lot of people I could laugh with. More than I could count.

That was when I was oblivious to the world around me. Oblivious to all the gossip, all the drama, all the backstabbing.

I was stupid.

Then, one day, my eyes opened. I actually got to see the world I was living in, the *real* world, not the world I had made for myself.

After seeing for myself what life was actually like, I wanted to go back to my own world.

That was when I learned that not everyone is exactly what they seem to be.

And all those people I was “friends” with?

All at once, I learned the truth. I learned that some of my friends actually hated me. They hated each other. I learned that they talked about one another behind closed doors. I learned that all that time, when we were all together, they were never actually happy. They weren't actually laughing with us. They were putting on a face. Forcing themselves to go along with other people when, really? Inside, they're seething. Or, inside, they're just hoping to keep themselves together for a little longer.

I thought that everyone was friends. I thought that everyone got along. I never thought that my friends could have bad thoughts about other people I was friends with.

Like I said, I was stupid.

Now? There's not a person I can pour my heart and soul out to, and be absolutely positive that they'll stay with me. That they won't judge me. That they won't use what I said against me. That they won't go off and tell other people like what I've said is something for the whole world to know. That they won't compare themselves to me. That they won't tell anyone just for the sake of making other people jealous.

People only talk to me because they're nice. They're nice enough to not let a person be all alone. They pity me.

Sometimes I can't even talk to one of my “friends” without being afraid I'll screw something up. Without them thinking I'm not fun enough, like their other friends are. Without me constantly thinking, *they don't want me here. They want someone else. They don't like the me without other people around.*

Sure, I hang out with people. Sure, I laugh with them. And yes, I have fun with those people.

But it never lasts.

Having a true friend is having someone who will be by your side no matter what. They won't leave you for other people. They won't get bored with you.

I've met no one who won't do all those things.

So I'm alone.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

If you're someone who's been with a person long enough to become family, then this may or may not mean something to you.

If you've found someone that you can pour your heart and soul out to, then I'm happy for you.

If you're someone like me and don't have anyone, then...

Persevere.

It's tough, I know. I, myself, am still struggling.

With whatever it is you've got hidden from the world, with whatever it is you don't want others to see, with whatever it is that causes you pain but can't get rid of, push through it. Fight.

In the end, you'll be happy. You'll look back and be proud that you didn't give up.

So I'll keep going. And no matter who you are, you should to.

Keep this in mind in the coming years. Make smart choices. :)



Mr Martinus - ELA

[return to Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### Lost!!!

By. Meredyth Morin

The cave was dark and there were a lot of twists, turns, and funny corners that led to nothing but dead ends. I was scared, but kept going. I was with my best friend Corraine. We were spelunking with my older brother, Shade.

“We’re supposed to stay together,” I said to Corraine. “Or else we could get lost and starve, and have to hunt bats for foo--”

“We won’t get lost, Sara, and even if we did, our parents would realize were missen’.” Corraine’s thick accent used to make me laugh, now it’s just normal. Heavy footsteps came down the tunnel.

“Hey, guys,” said Shade, “Do ya wanna play a game?”

“Sure!” said Corraine. “C’mon Sara!”

“I’m only coming if we play hide and seek!”

Back in second grade, my friends and I would play hide and seek near the cave's entrance. None of us ever went inside, because we didn’t like the dark. Plus there were plenty of trees and bushes to hide behind.

“Fine,” yelled Shade, smiling at the thought of playing that old game, “You’re it!”

“Ok,” I closed my eyes and began to count, “One, two, three, four, five,” they ran to nearby tunnels, footsteps echoing through the caves, “Six, seven, eight, nine, TEN!!! Ready or not, here I come!”

Slowly I walked down a dark passage. I heard nothing but water dripping down from the ceiling. It was pitch black, so I took out my flashlight. A bat flew a little too close to my head.

“Guys, on second thought, I don’t want to play this anymo-” suddenly, I was falling.

Down, down, down. I hit the bottom of a hole with a thump. I hadn’t broken anything but my flashlight.

“Hey, guys...” I yelled, “I’ve fallen into some kind of hole. Someone please help me!!!”

The only response to my plea was an echo, “Shade! Corraine! HELP!”

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

Two sets of thundering footsteps skidded to a stop before the chasem I had fallen into. A head peered over the edge of the hole.

“Sara, is that you?”

“Shade! I thought nobody would find me!”

“Well, we did!” said Corraine, breathing hard. “Scared us half to death with your screamin’.”

I laughed with joy and surprise.

“Shade, that flashlight shining on your face makes you look like a ghost.”

Shade put out his hand, “Grab my hand and I’ll pull you up, or will your hand go through mine?”

Corraine looked at him oddly.

“You know, because I’m a ghost.”

Giggling I reached up and scrambled out of the hole.

Shade pulled me into a hug so tight I thought he had broken the bones the fall didn’t.

“Let’s fill in this hole, so when we come back here, you don’t fall in again.” said Shade.

We grabbed some stray rocks and threw them into the hole.

“Ya know we could tell our parents about the hole and have them deal with fillin’ it in.” said Corraine.

“Ok,” I said, “Does anybody know how to get out of here?”

“I do,” said Shade, “I’m the only one who thought to bring a map of the caves.”

“Then lead on,” Corraine grabbed my hand and pulled.

“Come, let’s get out of here, and Sara, watch where ya step.”

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## **Middle School**

**Ah Sixth Grade.**

**Changes to my lifestyle and grades were definitely made.**

**A few or more times then that I was painlessly betrayed.**

**Now onto the middle year.**

**Seventh grade definitely put me in place and in gear.**

**One more year and then we will be able to shout “Cheers!”.**

**Last months of journeying these halls.**

**Walking towards these burgundy lockers hearing the loud  
calls.**

**Just this last year to be what I call myself,**

**An oddball.**

-- CeCe Kupiec

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

Connor Joyce  
Student Government Day Essay  
4/9/18

Wednesday, March 21st was student government day in the town of Mokena. 14 students and I from Mokena Junior High School went to the Village Hall to learn about how the government works in the Village of Mokena. Students from 3 other schools joined us there and at Ozinga. Those schools were Summit Hill Junior High, Noonan Academy, and St. Mary's School. I learned so much that day about how the government is run in our community.

When we first arrived at the Village Hall, we were introduced to what we were going to do that day. Then, we learned about each of our town's representatives such as Village Clerk and the Village Administrator. I learned that each member has a specific job and is always kept busy with all of the things they are responsible for such as the roads and the police department. We learned that engineers make sure that buildings are built correctly and safely. We learned that police handle things before they become bad situations. Next, the Mayor talked to us about the book that we read which is called, *Lincoln on Leadership*, and how it relates to his job as mayor. There were many connections to his job and Lincoln's job as the President of the United States such as "To be a good leader, you must listen to other's opinions." That showed me that you need to truly practice democracy to succeed in the world as a leader. And you don't just have to be a government leader for this to help you, you could be a manager or owner of a company and using this quote in action would help you out. I also learned that the Village of Mokena only has control of the Village of Mokena and no other towns. The mayor has to make long term decisions as well as short term decisions when deciding what to do in the town. We learned about how stores like Meijer were put there and all of the steps it had to go through to finally be the store it is today. Some of those steps are to recruit the company, choose the location to put the store, get a building permit, start the construction of the store, and finally open the store.

After the first part that took place in the meeting room, we took a tour around Village Hall and saw our representatives' work places. Our student government students took a picture with the mayor and traveled around with the Assistant Village Administrator, which was the job that was shadowing. The parts that interested me the most on the tour were the map of the whole town of Mokena and the building plans for Accelerate Indoor Speedway. The map was huge and I enjoyed looking through the roads to try and find specific places like my house. I also liked looking at the building plans because they were so detailed and there were huge stacks of paper for just one building which amazed me.

After the tour we took a bus over to Ozinga to learn about concrete. When we had arrived at Ozinga, we were greeted by a woman who showed us the tanks for CNG and told us about it. We learned that CNG is Compressed Nicor Gas and that it is better for the environment. The problem with CNG is that it takes a substantially more amount of time to fill up

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

your car and there are not many stations that you can fill up your car with this gas at. That reason is why it is not popular in the United States and Illinois. Then, we went inside and saw two men at the control board that taught us many things about the making of concrete and about their trucks. They showed us how the trucks were filled with concrete and that the control board was a lot more simple than it looked. One simile that they told us was that making concrete was like making cake batter. That made a lot of sense to me because there are different things put into it and you have to figure out the right way. Next, we walked over to the warehouses where the concrete was experimented and made. We learned about Quality Control and how it is the science behind concrete. I was told that there were over 1,000 mixtures of concrete and that they kept experimenting until they could find a perfect way to make the concrete. Ozinga is a family owned company that was established about 90 years ago and has over 2,000 employees. We also learned that the ingredients used in concrete are sand, stone, cement, and water. Cement is the most expensive ingredient in concrete. After this we went to a different part of the warehouse to eat and then we left on buses and arrived back at school. The day had been a very great learning experience and had been enjoyable so far.

We finished the school day as normal and came back at 4 to do a mock board meeting. In this meeting we acted as board members and filled in their roles. The Village Clerk ran the meeting and swore in all of the student officers. Then, some of us read off some proposals that were made and the trustees voted on whether the proposition mentioned should be accepted or denied. Some of the proposals were passed, and some were not. It depended on the upsides and downsides of that certain thing. I, as the Student Assistant Village Administrator, was required to speak about Verizon adding a new cell tower that would generate about \$300,000 per year. The vote was mostly one sided to accepting it so the proposal got passed. I was a little nervous because of being televised, but I didn't worry about that and I just did what my job was. Once the meeting was adjourned, we got to keep our name tags and we got a certificate and an invite to march in the fourth of July parade which is an honor.

All in all, Student Government Day 2018 was a fun day and I also learned a lot. I learned how certain things in this town are run, what certain officials jobs are, I learned from the book how to be successful as a leader in society, I learned how concrete is made, I learned about how gas can be more safe for the environment, and I learned about the processes it takes for a building to be put into this town. All of this information was put into my brain and will help me later in life and maybe someday I might want to be a Government Official in this town. This experience was great for me at this point in my life where I don't know what my job is going to be when I grow up and it opened up some more options for me. I want to have as many options possible when deciding for my career path because that is a very important decision I will have to make in my life at some point. Government Official is now one of the options on the table for me to choose from. Thanks to Student Government Day, I know so much more about our town and how it is run.

Mr Martinus - ELA

[return to Table of Contents](#)

### The Wooden Park

It was an old thing that I used to play at. It was built in the 1900's, which was a century I had not lived to see. I had always wondered what it felt like to live in the 1900's, and when I was little, I thought people who lived in that time saw in black and white. Silly me.

They called it the "Wooden Park". There were all sorts of messages written on the weirdest places of the park, and when I used to play in it, there were a variety of rumors about it too. One rumor that I still remember--that I actually believed for a period of time--is that dead people are buried under the park.

There were all sorts of weird words written on the slides of the park. At the time I didn't realize it, but they were put there by the older kids for us to see. They were bad words. I spelled one out to my mom when I got home, and she said that it was a bad word never to be spoken to anybody. Today I hear people in MJHS say words like that all the time, and I've gotten used to it, except I never say them because the words my mom said to me that day are still in my head.

There are worse memories I have from that park though. One time I was walking across a bridge to get from one side to the other, and I put my hands down on the wooden railing because I thought to myself "*Why not?*" (That's first grade logic for you!) Once I did, I instantly regretted it. Suddenly, a sharp pain stung at both of my hands, and when I looked at them, they were pierced by several sharp pieces of wood. That was the first time I've ever experienced the pain of a splinter.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

There is also a bell that's very close to the park, and I always had the urge to ring it. When I used to go there for recess, I would try to ring it, but with no avail because of my short hands. Today, I can reach the bell easily thanks to the fact that my arms have grown. I never noticed my growth because of how slow it is, but it isn't non-existent.

These are just a few of the things I remember from the times I used to spend at the Wooden Park. Today, eight years later, I still visit the park occasionally in the Summer when I can bike, and I look back at myself from when I was in first grade and think. Usually my thoughts gravitate to something like *"How silly I used to be!"* or *"First grade was awesome!"* The part of my life journey that is at the Mokena schools will soon end, except every part of it will have affected me for my whole life. Most of my memories from grade school will be covered up by the problems in my future, but the Wooden Park will never fade from my memories.

-Andrew Habib

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Darkness Then The Sky

by Laney Granko

The pumpkin exploded.

Now I know that sounds odd, but its the truth.

So, this is what's going to happen. I'll explain this whole ordeal, you can laugh all you want, and then we are going to forget everything that happened.

Let's start from the beginning. It was mid-October and my friend and I were planning on attending the local pumpkin carving competition.

"Brynn!" I called. "I swear, you said you'd be ready to go in 5 minutes, 10 minutes ago!" With that, she stomped out of her room in black jeans, black shoes, and a white t-shirt. "Did you miss the part in the pamphlet where it said, 'Don't be afraid to show your Halloween spirit and dress up!'"

From behind her back, she pulled out a small sign that read 'Boo!'

"I'm a ghost, isn't that obvious?"

"Other than your little sign, you look like you do any other day."

"Well, at least I don't look like I tried to my makeup in the dark," she retorted.

I'll give her a point for that one because it was quite true. I had green body paint all over my face and hands accompanied by a pair of jeans and a torn up flannel. There were several glued on cuts and sores that I had bought from the Halloween supply store. I was supposed to be a zombie, but I had to admit, I really looked like a spear of asparagus that decided to dress up as a farmer.

"That's besides the point, if we don't leave now, we will miss the competition altogether!" I said, brushing off her initial comment.

"Fine," Brynn said with a chuckle, "but I'm driving. You are not getting your green paint all over my car." She grabbed her bag and pulled the door open while gesturing me to go through. "After you, dead man."

"You are more dead than me, Madame Ghost," I countered and walked through the doorway and towards Brynn's car.

...

Brynn pulled her car into the field where they were directing the overflow of cars that were coming to the Halloween Festival. She got out of the car and ran around to the passenger side door to avoid getting the green body paint everywhere. I exited the car to see the numerous rides that were running, the games that everyone wasted their money on in an attempt to win that big fluffy bear, and through the entrance and to the left was the pumpkin carving competition.

I walked quickly towards the entrance with Brynn yelling behind me to slow down. Since I didn't, she jogged up to me, then matched my pace. I grabbed her arm and brushed through the crowd of people who were mingling in front of the entrance or waiting for someone to arrive.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

When we finally reached the area where the pumpkin carving competition was being held, I stopped to look for the sign of sheet like there had been the last year. In that time, Brynn had pried her arm from my grip.

“You got the body paint on my arm!” she shouted in a joking manner.

“Oops,” I said, shrugging my shoulders. I scanned the area for the signup. I noticed that almost no one was dressed up, other than the little kids who were matching with their parents. Apparently Brynn wasn’t the only one who didn’t know they were supposed to dress up. I continued to look around until I spotted a large banner that read, ‘SIGN UP’. “Brynn!” I screeched, “This way!” I said throwing myself towards the sign up area with Brynn hot on my tail.

As I approached the signup page, all I saw was the first page completely filled. I flipped to the second page to see all of the slots filled.

Except one...

Hastily, I put down our names in the last slot.

Not even five seconds after I signed us up, a man stepped up onto a stage. He tapped the microphone he had in his hand, probably a little too hard because that caused the nearby speakers to reply with a harsh shrill.

“Hello and welcome to the annual Halloween Festival Pumpkin Carving Competition! I am your host and one of your judges, Christopher Delano. Please find the table with your team’s number on it. The competition will begin in five minutes!” shouted the man with the combover who was way too happy to be hosting a pumpkin carving competition.

“Come on Brynn, let’s go find our table.” I said, beckoning her to follow me.

I lead her towards the table with our number on it. Brynn, being the organized person she is decided to arrange all of the supplies. While she did that, I decided on the best side to carve our pumpkin on.

Then the host, whom I now know as Christopher, stepped onto the stage and held the microphone to his mouth.

“The competition will be starting in one minute!”

Around us, teams frantically started running around in an attempt to get ready. While chaos remained persistent, Brynn and I stood patiently, waiting for Christopher give the start signal. I guess being organized helps after all.

“The competition begins in five, four, three, two, one, go!” Christopher shouted over the speaker. Brynn and I immediately got to work. She cut the stem out of the pumpkin. Then, while I was gutting the pumpkin, she was drawing up the plan for the carving part. I had to say, she was pretty good at drawing, so we were going to just hope that she can convey that art onto a orange lumpy sphere.

Almost as soon as Brynn finished her sketch, I finished gutting the pumpkin.

“Okay, so on Pintrest I saw this picture of the pumpkin puking up the guts and I didn’t have any other ideas, so we are gonna have to go with that,” she said with a smirk.

“Got it! Do I need to get anything?” I questioned with anticipation.

“If you could find a marker that would be great. I’ll go one way, you go the other, and we’ll meet back here in three minutes!” Brynn shouted, running off in one direction. I ran the opposite direction in search of a pen.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

After about a minute of searching, I walked past the signup board, then stopped. I took three steps back and turned to look at the signup board. The competition has already started, so there was really no use in signing up anymore. I took a quick look around, then grabbed the pen and booked it towards the table. After I had taken a few steps, I slowed to the walk because all I was thinking was, ‘Why am I running like I just committed grand theft auto?’

When I got back to the table, I saw Brynn standing there empty handed. With a goofy smile on my face, I held up the pen.

She snatched it out of my hand and asked, “Where did you find this? I was literally looking under tables!”

“I stole it from the signup board, but forget about that and just sketch the puking face onto the pumpkin!” I shouted, gesturing for her start working. With a chuckle, she began drawing the puking face onto the pumpkin.

She finished this task in about a minute and a half, so when she was done, I began to carve out her drawing. Everything was going smoothly, until I started placing the pumpkin guts so it looked like it was throwing up. While I was adding some finishing touches, I heard a loud bang. All I saw was darkness, then the sky. Then, Brynn’s face popped into the corner of my vision.

“Cal! Can you hear me?” she asked in a worried tone. Instead of answering, all I could muster was groan. “Callum Stevens! Use your words!” she shouted.

“My head hurts,” I said, putting my hand lightly to my head, only to pull it away to see blood.

Brynn finally broke eye contact with me to look around at the rest of the pumpkin carving competition. “Could someone please call 9-1-1?” she asked, sounding frantic.

“No, no, no,” I said as I tried to push myself up from my position on the ground, “No ambulance, I’m fine!” And almost as quickly as I tried to sit up, Brynn was gently pushing me back to the ground.

“You were just hit in the head by a flying piece of pumpkin, this deserves an ambulance!”

“No, what I deserve is a day off work to sit at home, eat ice cream, and binge watch a show on Netflix!” I shouted, which cause my head to hurt a little more.

“You can do that after the ambulance,” she chuckled. “Now, keep quiet and wait for the ambulance.”

...

After a minute or two, I heard the approaching sirens of the ambulance. A man’s face pops into my view, on the opposite side of Brynn.

“Hello sir,” he said in a gruff voice, “My name is Jonathan. Can you tell me your name?”

“I’m not dumb,” I retorted with a straight face. “My name is Cal Stevens and I’m 28 years old.”

“Alright then, any pain?” the man I now know as Jonathan questioned.

“Just a headache and a little cut.”

“Well, I’m have to take you back to the hospital for some stitches.”

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

With a sigh, I pushed myself up off of the ground and stood up. I didn't move for a moment because a wave of dizziness fell over me, but once that passed, I trudged to the ambulance and climbed in. Brynn followed me in and took a seat on the little bench that was there. Finally, Jonathan hopped into the ambulance, shutting the door behind him, and pounding on the wall to signal the person in the front of the ambulance to start driving.

While we were in the ambulance, Jonathan took my blood pressure and began to clean the cut on my forehead. I was getting quite bored, so I couldn't help but make a joke.

"So if you could just drop me off at the next exit, that would be great," I commented with a smirk.

"Sir, you are in an ambulance," Jonathan said. Brynn and I couldn't help but laugh and eventually he joined in too. We kept making jokes, but in a matter of minutes, the ambulance began to slow down until it came to a stop. The woman who was driving the ambulance got out and came to the back and opened the door for us. They smoothly pulled me out on the gurney with Brynn trailing behind us. Jonathan started talking to the doctor who grabbed the gurney and directed us down the hall. I heard them talking, but had no idea what they were saying. Now, you are probably thinking, 'Cal, you must've hit your head pretty hard!', but no. They were talking in the language of medicine, including words such as 'morphine drip' and the occasional 'MRI'.

I started blocking out all of the voices, until they stopped Brynn and continued to wheel me away.

"Ma'am its immediate family only," said one of the nurses.

She looked panicked and a little angry. Then, she blurted out, "He's my fiancé!" My jaw dropped and the nurse let her through to catch up with me. "Just go with it," she mumbled and proceeded to grab my hand. My eyes widened, but then she gave me the death stare. Immediately, I tried to look as calm as possible as they moved me from the gurney to a hospital bed.

A group of nurses and a doctor came in to examine me. While they poked and prodded at me I heard a few of the muffled voices.

"He probably has a minor concussion, but let's order an MRI just to be sure," mumbled the doctor to one of the nurses who walked away.

"Let's clean up the wound on his forehead and stitch it up," said one of the nurses to another one.

With that being said, the doctor began to fill out some paperwork and the nurses began to clean out the wound.

"I'll be in the waiting room, let me know when there is no blood," Brynn said, letting go of my hand and walking away.

...

After a few hours in the hospital, a very loud MRI machine, and 8 lovely stitches, the doctor walked back into the room.

"So, Mr. Stevens, we have come to the conclusion that you have obtained a minor concussion. We will prescribe you will some pain medication for the headache. Other than that, you should be able to leave."

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

“Well, that’s fabulous,” I said rolling my eyes. The doctor let out a chuckle, then looked to Brynn. “Would you like to come to the nurses’ station to fill out his discharge papers?”

“Yes, of course,” Brynn said, rising from her seat next to me and walking out of the room with the doctor following her.

...

After a good thirty minutes of Brynn filling out the discharge papers, she came back into the room followed by a nurse with a wheelchair.

“Discharge papers are officially done!” Brynn shouted, “Let’s go!”

I stood up from my place on the hospital bed and walked towards the door. The nurse motioned for me to sit in the wheelchair.

“I don’t need a wheelchair. I can walk on my own!”

“Sorry, but its hospital policy,” the nurse replied. So, with a groan of disagreement, I plopped into the chair. She wheeled me down the hall and toward the main exit.

Once we arrived, I stood up quickly and sped towards the door with Brynn behind me. Without saying anything, we got into her car. We sat there for a moment, but then we both burst into a laughing fit.

“I am going to drop you off and we are going to forget this ever happened,” Brynn said in between laughs.

“But you said if I got in the ambulance, I could get ice cream. So, I’m sorry to inform you, but we are stopping for ice cream,” I replied with a smirk.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## **The Unseen Choice**

**By: Grace Fitzpatrick**

The lit path opens to me,  
The world around me is dark,  
The light is warm and welcoming,

But I turn away,

I turn to a path filled with darkness,  
And I find myself on a winding road,  
It is a pitch black but I know where I'm going,

I wander into a world filled with color,  
It is the most beautiful sight my eyes have ever been greeted with,

Though surrounded by beauty,  
I still wonder about the light,

I know lying beneath it was a grey distful world,  
But to feel the warmth and welcome before the fall,

That, the most wonderful feeling in the world,

Is it worth it?

I say no,

For it is better in eternal prosperity.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Ian Malone

5 Klappauf

11-29-17

DBQ

As America moved towards a new era of industry during the mid 1800s, the country became one of the most powerful in the world. With Rockefeller and Carnegie leading the charge and dominating the oil and steel industry, the U.S. became wealthier everyday. While this was a great thing, the booming country additionally developed many flaws during this time. For example, women and children were entitled to few civil rights, the government was controlled by monopolists, which made the nation very similar to an oligarchy, and working conditions were terrible. Although America was progressing forward with new technologies, social and political problems were rapidly increasing at the same time.

One of the main problems in the progressive era was the corrupt government. A major part of this was the fact that monopolists were able to essentially hand pick who represented the Senate. According to document seven, the Senate was originally picked by legislation. Later on, the government passed the seventeenth amendment, which stated that, “The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, elected by the people thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote.” After this amendment passed, people chose the Senate, rather than big businesses who would only pick people to benefit themselves. Before this amendment was passed, monopolists could bribe the legislation into picking who represented the United States in the Senate. Similarly, once the Senate was in

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

session, these same monopolists would then bribe or threaten the Senators until they did exactly what the monopolists wanted. This is shown in the Bosses of the Senate cartoon. Depicted in this cartoon, the monopolists are big and powerful, towering over the Senate while the Senators, the ones making decisions for the government, sit scared and allow these titans of industry to run the country. The Senate was not the only part of the government being targeted for manipulation. These same monopolists were also targeting different political representatives, including federal judges and police officers. Shown in the growth of industrialization packet, judges and police officers were also bribed by the manipulative monopolists, making the rich monopolists untouchable when it came to crimes that they committed. These crimes would be met with a blind eye from the government officials. Not only that, these rich businessmen would bribe the government to get tariffs raised. This is stated in the industrialization notes. The monopolists would get tariffs raised so high that U.S. citizens had no choice but to buy American-made goods which just so happened to be the monopolists goods that got the tariffs raised. Not only did this corruption make the monopolists the essential leaders of the government, they also now benefited personally from the extra business they were getting from these large tariffs. In conclusion, the government of America was corrupt in many ways. Monopolists were controlling almost all government officials from the U.S. Senate to local police officers and they were benefiting from that in many ways.

Another main dilemma in the industrialization of America was the poor working conditions. Mainly, there was a very scarce amount of laws to protect workers from injury and being shorted of pay even when being overworked. This is one of the things the progressive party worked for. They proposed to set a living wage for workers (which is essentially what

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

minimum wage is today), laws to prevent accidents on the job, a standard for the time of an average workday, and minimum standards of health and safety. There were no regulations for the things the Progressive Party worked to fix and nobody thought about it too much until later in time. Also, in the meat-packing industry, diseased and expired animal meat was handled by workers daily. According to document two, the spoiled meat was not thrown away like it should be, but instead was packaged in a can, or turned into sausage. Not only is this bad for the families receiving this rotten meat, it is also bad for the workers who have to handle and package that meat everyday. There was no proper sanitation in these factories, so workers could very likely develop infections or diseases from the working conditions of the meat packing industry. Not only were there many injuries and diseases from the working conditions, according to the growth of industrialization notes, working conditions during the Progressive Era were so bad that hundreds of people died in the steel mills alone. Whether it was from the intense heat of the steel being smelted at two-thousand degrees or an explosion that led to a fire from having no ventilation in the factories, hundreds of people were dying from the working conditions of factories and that led to families not being able to pay for the basic necessities of life. Other than being injured on the job, people being overworked was another main problem with the working conditions of the industrial revolution. According to the packet about industrialization, the average work day was twelve hours and that was for six out of seven days of the week. This meant that average Americans were working for seventy-two hours a week. Being almost two times the average workday today, people were constantly being overworked and while that may not seem to be directly harming anyone, they worked all day and still were not making a livable wage. Because of the working conditions in this time, people were affected negatively in many

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

different ways. Workers were injured or killed on the job, and the wages they were paid were impossible to live off of.

One other problem with the progressive era was women and children's rights. Women were not allowed to vote at the time but according to document eight, the preamble of the constitution says "We the people," rather than "We the white males." This is suggesting that women should be allowed to vote due to the fact that they are people and the preamble says "We the people in order to form a more perfect union..." Since women are people, they should have the right to vote and play a bigger role in the government of the country. In addition, Women were paid less for doing the same or even harder jobs. According to the note packet on the growth of industrialization, women, children, ethnic minorities, and immigrants were all paid less for the same work. Women were discriminated against simply for what gender they were even if they did a better job than men. As the role of women changed and women began to work more often and not stay home to take care of children, it was hard to find work that would pay a substantial amount, when men get paid more right off the bat. On the other hand, eighteen percent of children worked in the late 1800's and early 1900's according to document three. Children who worked while they grew up developed many physical problems. Most children worked in assembly lines due to the lack of skill needed so this led to children sitting in the same spot doing the same movement over and over again. Doing this led to arthritis and sometimes worse things like permanent damage to the spine or other body parts. Not only that, the children were working all day which meant they could not run and exercise, making them less physically fit than non-working kids. Also, working all day meant little time to socialize and learn how to act around other people meaning most kids didn't know how to have friendships with other

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

people. According to the notes on industrialization, children who worked to support their family were affected for the rest of their life. While other kids were at school interacting and learning how to communicate with other people, these kids were missing that due to the fact that if they talked, they would get fired. Women and children were discriminated against and it took a long time for that to change. They were treated unfairly for something that they could not control.

America was becoming extremely powerful and was one of the leading countries when it came to industry during this time period. The industrial country began to grow more and more, but these changes came with many consequences. While on the outside, America looked as if it was booming, the reality was that the lives of average Americans was growing worse. Because women and children were entitled to few civil rights, the government was controlled by monopolists, and working conditions were terrible, the everyday citizens quality of life decreased while many rich monopolists grew more and more powerful. Overall, the industrial period of American history made the country very wealthy and strong as a whole, but within it's seeming perfection lay multiple problems that affected everyday citizens lives very negatively.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## The Wizard

Everyday after school, my friends and I would go to the playground and over to the big oak tree. We would knock on the northern side 3 times--you could tell it was the north side because of the moss--and a moment of shaking leaves later, out popped the wizard.

“Hello apprentices,” the Wizard would say each day. He had been training us in the art of wizardry for about a year at that point.

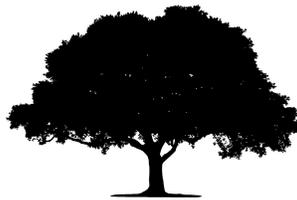
It all began when one day at school, I was called down to the principal’s office. I panicked because I thought I was in trouble so before I even finished opening the door, the words started to flow out of my mouth.

“Oh my goodness, Mr. Jones, I’m so sorry about whatever I did...” I trailed on. Then I looked up. To my surprise, instead of my principal sitting in his chair, there was a wizard--THE wizard, who I would later get to work with.

“You must come with me immediately,” he went on, “The abilities you have, well,” he paused. “They’re special. Very special.” I was confused. Abilities? What did he mean *abilities*?

“Come to the oak tree after school. *Oh, and bring your friends,*” he stated almost aggressively.

By: Kalli Jasper



# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Private M. Doyle  
World War I Trench Warfare Journal

January 12th, 1917

Today I woke up to the uncanny and disturbing sounds of the overweight, nasty, and disease infected rats gnawing on me and other comrades uniforms. I was the first to awake, the sun has still not risen and all the other soldiers are asleep, but I cannot sleep due to the sounds and nibbles of the rats. The stench of the other soldiers bodies have gotten so disturbing and stinky that I sleep with any cloth I can gather up over my nose and mouth. The smell of death is something I wish no one else would ever have to smell, not only because it smells bad, but because the thought of that person's death fills up your mind. Constantly thinking and thinking, that I don't want to be the next person to become just a body for comrades to sleep and live on. I don't want to die, I want to live through this and go home and say "I did it", but the chances of that seem to cut thinner and thinner each day. I hope that my kids will be able to see me again one day, see me smile and make them laugh, but everyday dread fills my body more and more and even if I do make it home, I will not be the once happy, funny guy I used to be. The loneliness in me takes over me as if i am not me anymore, all i am is just, lonely. I am lonely, i've become lonely. Even when my comrades are laughing telling jokes, I sit there in silence thinking of when the next attack shall come.

January 30th, 1917

These past weeks have been nothing but gory, treacherous, and disturbing battle. Many soldiers have died, and hope is starting to become nothing to me. As I am writing right now we are undergoing an attack. The bombs are coming at our trenches, and the sound of the bomb is like a million cars and windows crashing at the same time. It is horrendous. Most of the bombs don't make it in our trenches, but close enough to where soldiers even having their head out of the trenches are immediately killed. Luckily, I have been crouched down this whole time. My neck is in so much pain, it nearly went numb. My feet are so soaking wet I can feel skin coming off every minute. The smell has become so bad, I can hardly breathe. I cough up blood and other substances almost everyday, it feels as though my lungs are decaying. Dead bodies are thrown in our trench everyday just as if they are ragdolls, no respect at all towards them. I hope that I don't get tossed like that if I die. The bombs have suddenly stopped, so me and other soldiers all get ready to aim our firearms at the attackers, we set up our guns and mount them along the top of the trench. All this time i've spent in these trenches i've

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

lived in fear of undergoing an attack, and now it's happening. It's worse that I could have ever dreamed. War is a living hell. I don't even feel as though I am serving my country, I feel used and betrayed by my own country for making me believe war wasn't too bad.

February 15th, 1917

The rain will not stop, it has been going on for almost a week now. Constant downpour twenty four seven. The trenches are so flooded, and so muddy. Some of the other soldiers trenches he became mud baths, they are so thick and full that soldiers have disappeared in the mud and never came back out. Luckily for our trench, it is not yet a mud bath and no one has died due to the rain/mud quite yet. No one has tried attacking us for a couple of days now, so i'm suspecting a surprise attack any day now. I have not yet checked my feet for trench foot, but I am sure I have it. My feet have been soaked in this mud and rain water mix for days now and I can't even feel my feet. I only have one pair of socks and one pair of shoes, so mine are very worn out. Mine have a few holes and there's no way to stop the water from coming in my shoes. I have seen other soldiers feet, and they are traumatizing, their feet are blue and red with flesh and bone showing. Many of my comrades feet have actually been amputated from having trench foot before, and they are sent home because they have no feet anymore. They are traumatized for life. One of my friends, Billy is sobbing right now because he looked at his feet and realized his feet would have to be amputated. I will not dare to look at mine until we are in dry territory. The silence in the trenches has become so unbearable. I lie at night feeling empty, but cold inside.

February 28th, 1917

Shells flying everywhere, dead bodies flying around. Soldiers heads getting taken off by a single bullet, that is only a bit of detail of what I have been experiencing this past week. We had a surprise attack and almost half of the soldiers in our area are dead, or too injured to fight. Bullets zoom near my head every minute, bombs go off every hour. Poison gas is thrown at our trench and we have to wear gas masks. The gas masks are the gas masks of dead soldiers that have died since we do not have enough for each person. The stench is disgusting. When I wear the gas mask I feel like everything is closing in on my chest and lungs and my head gets all dizzy. Death is near for me, I can feel it. Death is all around me, so why wouldn't I be next? I've lost all my friends to this battle. Why is it we must go to war? Why is it we can't have peace and love? I am so exhausted from the utter fear of being killed. I am sick of this, war wasn't supposed to be like this. It has taken my soul out of me. I am filled with sorrow and

Mr Martinus - ELA

[return to Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

dread now. Nothing is left of me I don't even feel like a human anymore, I feel like a robot, given no love or attention I just fight and do what I am told. I am treated like and object, and I am beginning to feel like one as well. I feel trapped in my own mind.

November 10th, 1918

I lost my journal over a year ago, and today it has just been returned to me by some random soldier. Bless his heart. To say the least the past year and a half has been hell, but I lived and pushed through it all. I am traumatized and I will never be the same person I once was before. I am emotionless. My heart has turned to ashes and my brain has turned to thoughts of the war I was in. I haven't been in battle for almost two weeks now, I think the war is finally going to end. I kept track of my weight during war. I lost 98 pounds, due to the fact that I had one piece of bread every few days. Too add to one of my entries, it turned out I didn't have trench foot, I just had bad hypothermia and my big toe had to be removed. This war has taught me nothing, but instead has left me with nightmares of death, wounds, smells, feelings, tastes, and sounds. I will forever remain scarred by this war.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

The children were rehearsing for the school play and Christian screamed, "It's not a play, it's a musical!" The loud noise caused the teacher to jump very high because it scared him. When he landed, he shook the room, making the number 1 musical trophy clatter to the ground and shatter. The trophy hit the number one pencil and it rolled into the vent. The pencil then blocked the dusty vent and caused the whole building to explode.

# !BOOM!

-- Andrew Scarnavack

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## After the Intercom Chimed

by Ben Gonzalez

Every single day after the intercom chimed, my friends and I would go to the front of the building to wait for the bus. We would chat and talk about what happened in class, tests we took, and that sort of thing.

One sunny afternoon, we had a particularly interesting science class. We were having a science fair, and Jerry, one of my friends, made a baking soda volcano for his project. He did a good job making it, as it was made out of clay, but he wasn't prepared for presenting it. He found the instructions off the internet, but he was too careless to read the entire thing.

When he was presenting it, he poured in some baking soda, added some vinegar, and then the volcano erupted. A little bit of foam started coming out. He looked into the volcano to watch it, and then decided it wasn't reacting enough. He had a perplexed expression on his face. Why wasn't it more reactive? Jerry poured in some more vinegar, and suddenly, the volcano expelled its foam all over his confused face. Everybody laughed, including Jerry, as soon as he wiped the goop off of his face.

Jerry couldn't explain what caused the goop to flow out of the volcano. He knew it involved vinegar and baking soda, but he couldn't explain it any more than that. The teachers gave him a C, and he tried to negotiate and plead for a better grade.

"Remember science class, Jim?" Alex asked me. "He must have ordered some shady products from Amazon or something."

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

“Yeah. Probably off Ebay or something equally as shady. I think the volcano almost broke because of how violent the explosion was. Maybe it did.” I said.

“I kinda feel bad for him. Like, he must have spent a good amount of money to get the ingredients, if they were that powerful.”

“To be fair, it is only a volcano. It’s a pretty basic science project, and he couldn’t even begin to explain why it exploded and what reacted with what. He kinda deserved it.”

“I mean, he-- well, yeah, I guess he did kinda deserve it.”

“At least our project got a good grade. A B+ is pretty good.”

Our bus pulled up to the curb, and we walked to our seats. I took out my smartphone and played games. Alex was happily tapping away on her shiny new tablet.

She got off at her stop, and I got off at mine. I walked home, unlocked the door, and stepped inside my home. I did my homework, played video games, and ate food.

The next day, after riding the bus to school, went to my locker, took my supplies, and went to my science class. I noticed some glass beakers were out on all of our desk.

“I think we’re doing an experiment today,” Jerry said.

“Nice job, Sherlock. Why else would these beakers be out?” I jokingly replied.

The teacher walked in and said, “Alright class, today we’re going to learn about chemical reactions.”

She walked to her desk and took out some baking soda and vinegar. She poured some baking soda into a beaker and filled up a graduated cylinder with vinegar. She then poured the vinegar into the beaker and watched the reaction take place.

“Can anyone explain why this happens?” she asked.

Nobody raised their hand.

“Okay Jerry, what caused that to happen?” she said as she pointed at me.

“Umm,” he said, as his face got redder and redder.

“You were the one who did a volcano project with this; can you explain what chemical reaction took place?” she replied.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

“I... don’t know.” he said, reluctantly.

“Well, I’ll explain it then. The baking soda is a base but the vinegar is an acid. Together, they form carbonic acid, which breaks apart into water and carbon dioxide, which makes the fizzing.” she explained.

“Um, okay?” he quietly said to himself.

We talked more about chemical reactions, and then the class was over. We went to the lunchroom for day 2 of the science fair, and Jerry had his volcano ready, again.

“Wait, why did Jerry set up his volcano again?” Alex asked.

“I think he is trying to get a better grade by not exploding the foam into his face.” I replied.

“Hey guys!” Jerry said to us. “I’m gonna--”

A teacher came by and told Jerry it was his turn to present his project. He turned to his volcano and began pouring the vinegar into his volcano. This time, he didn’t peek into the volcano, and the foam exploded upward.

“As you can see, when the vinegar reacts with the baking soda, it produces carbonic acid, which immediately turns into water and carbon dioxide. It wants to expand and escape the volcano, so it shoots upwards!” Jerry explained.

He talked some more about actual volcanoes and what caused them to erupt, and then his presentation was over. Other people’s projects were presented, and after that, it was lunchtime. We headed over to our table, and unpacked our lunches.

“Guess what?” Jerry said.

“What?” Alex said.

“After that redo, I got a B on the project!” he replied.

“Good job. Ours still did better though.” Alex said.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## *A River Story*

*I was fishing in the river when I felt a terrific tug on my line and I set the hook.*

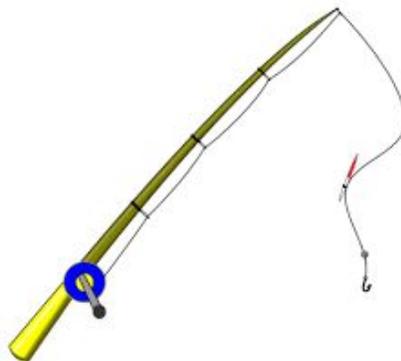
*My muscles strained and my grip weakened as I fought the fish. This was no ordinary bass... My reel was screaming as line was pulled out, and it seemed that the birds had stopped chirping, the bugs had stopped buzzing.*

*Splash!*

*The fish soared out of the water with great speed, it was a four foot long monstrosity of a gar! It must have been over twenty-five pounds! I was in for a fight as it pulled me knee deep into the water, and I knew that the light weight fishing line spooled up in my reel might not last much longer.*

*I kept reeling until I could see the beast, and I could almost touch it. There was a thwack, and I fell back into the water as the gar swam away.*

*My line had snapped.*



*Aidan*

*Roessler*

Karlie Fischer

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Donald Trump: by Karlie Fischer

I see you love America,  
With your strength  
For Vets,  
Our citizens,  
Our businesses,  
And Our National Anthem.

I see the hatred  
Against all that you do,  
Only because  
Your name is Donald Trump.

I want to say that  
I know there are those who  
Resist.  
But, You have supporters  
Who Stand With You.

I see you stand up Strong  
For jobs,  
And our safety.

I am truly thankful  
To live in a world so amazing.

I am proud to have a President

That stands up Strong against  
Evil terrorists.

I am sad to say that the media  
bends the truth.

You could save 100 puppies  
From crocodiles, and  
The news would say,  
“Donald Trump caused  
100 Crocodiles to starve.”

2.4 Million Jobs,  
Lowest black unemployment rate,  
But Fake News doesn't wish to  
Comment on *That*.

I want to say that  
Americans stand with you.  
We see your Enthusiasm,  
And Patriotism.

Although there will always be those  
That Resist,

Americans are Proud to say  
“Donald Trump is my President.”



# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### Advice

By: Sophie Bruozas

Eighth grade

Drama is dumb

Hun, don't let it ruin your fun

The year flies by

At graduation you may cry

They teach us boring information

Know your motivation

There are a lot of fun trips

But here are some tips:

Propaganda

Is all they teach us in school

Propaganda is so not cool

All the fake news

That Mud Turtle liberal crew

Always stand up for your beliefs

Don't let them fill you with grief

Stand tall

Don't act small

Be tough

Life is rough

Reality store showed that you won't make enough

Don't live on your parents basement couch for thirty years

Cheer and speak loud so all can hear

Enjoy eighth grade

But don't be afraid

Get ready for high school

I'm prepared to make it my school

Make your school year bright

Go Knights

Come on East, don't even fight

# WHAT THE DICKENS

by Justin Bowers

The mechanical device that provides much helpful information about the anything you want to know about did the breaking of the insides which immobilizes certain components of the mechanical device which restricts the user to access much helpful information about anything they want to view, so the user sad and cannot be informed about the information of the world.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Clown Car

**By: Olivia Bussean**

Everyday after school my friends and I would go to the playground to do homework. One day on our walk, Mia was acting strange. She was blankly staring off into the distance. It looked like she had seen a ghost. We all came to a halt when a clown reared the street corner. He was merely walking along, and then he saw us...

He stopped immediately, sharply jolted his head, and then slowly started walking in our direction. Frightened and frozen, we stood still, the feeling of our feet sinking into the ground became stronger and stronger.

"Hello!" the clown started. His voice was deep and raspy. "Want to see my show? My lovely circus would enjoy your company!" He yelled.

Only Mia reacted She exclaimed "We have to go now." And we all started walking back towards the school.

The clown yelled, "Not so fast!" and leaped forward, chasing after the four of us.

He grabbed Mia's bag and dragged her to a nearby circus van. She was kicking and screaming.

"Help!" we shouted, but there was nothing we could do. Our friend had been kidnapped.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Into the Cave

by Will Abell

My friends and I began to see light. We had been in this cave for days, eating nothing but disgusting slugs and drinking dirty water. It wasn't that we didn't want to leave this place, we were just lost. And by the way, I was with my friends Joe, Hunter, Andrew, Connor, and Tyler. We came into the cave for a dare, because that's just the kind of idiots we were. We had lost cell service about 20 minutes into the cave, and that's when we started to panic. We figured we should just take the punishment and deal with it. But when we tried, none of us would remember what sides we came out of, so we were really lost. Luckily, we had brought food and water with us, but not enough to last us a few days. We pulled out our flashlights, because it was very dark. Me and my friends kept creeping slowly to the lights, not wanting to scare whoever was there. But then, we started to hear something-- it was, cars. And as we got closer, music. Had we finally reached the end? Did we finally find a way out of this hellhole? We all hoped so.

But we were all confused. Why would we hear a bustling city in the middle of nowhere, let alone in a cave. We kept moving towards the light and the sound, a little bit faster and hastily. I started to wonder if I was hallucinating. I quickly dismissed that idea, looking back to see my friends following me the same way I was. We turned the last corner, and there we saw it-- the most beautiful place we have ever seen. It was an underground cave city! The colors were amazing, and it was as light as, well, a light. We took some conveniently placed stairs down to the city. At this point we were all very confused, and we didn't know if we were welcome here, so we tried to sneak around as best as we could. Me and Tyler saw it first, and we were both astonished. It was a baseball stadium, bigger than every single stadium we had ever been too.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

In awe, Tyler muttered, “We’re not in Wrigley anymore,” referencing his favorite team’s stadium.

We all began to take in just how big this place actually was. I began to wonder how long it must have took to build this entire place. Me and Hunter finally worked up the guts to go talk to someone. Before we approached one of them, we looked at them and listened to their conversation. They looked nice, smiling, and dressed nicely. We confirmed that they did indeed speak English, just like us. I told Hunter that I would talk, and he agreed. I had offered because I could tell that he was very nervous. I went up to them and said, “Hello, my name is Will, and I was just wondering, where are we?”

The man replied, “My name is Jake, you guys aren't from around are you guys? You are in Roanoke, the lost village.”

Hunter and I were astonished. Had we really just found this place, the unsolved mystery of more than 200 years?

Hunter apparently wanted to know the same thing so he asked, “Are you being serious?”

“Of course we are! Obviously we have made some improvements,” he said, chuckling. He continued, “We couldn't take the rain, snow, and native americans trying to kill us anymore, so we found the nearest cave we saw and went and explored. We only lost about six men on the journey. One was my Grandfather.” He paused, obviously saddened by what he had just said.

I quickly said, “I’m very sorry for your loss.” I hated seeing people sad, especially after I had just went through my dog passing.

He continued, “I never knew him personally, but I heard that he fought until his death. He died of hypothermia, after jumping into a frozen lake to save a drowning woman. When we found this place, we knew immediately that we wanted to be here. It was much smaller, and it took us about ten years to get it to this size. We are very happy with the final product,” he finished.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

I asked him about the baseball stadium, and he said that they have fifteen more, each having its own special features. We watched a few games, and we got little souvenirs. I caught a game home run, Tyler caught a foul ball, Hunter got randomly selected to throw out the first pitch, Connor got a bat, and Andrew came up empty handed. You might be wondering about where Joe was during all this. He hated baseball, so he ditched us and went to the amusement park (I know what you're thinking, and yes, they have everything imaginable there). After we we had gotten food, water, and new batteries for our flashlights, we asked them how we would repay them. The only thing they said was, "Make up a lie, don't tell people we are here." He paused, we nodded.

"We are very happy that we were able to help you gentleman, feel free to come back anytime you like. This is the only map we have ever given to newcomers, we like you guys. I hope you guys know that you are an important piece to our history. And that is why the next time you come down here, we will offer you a contract to play in our baseball league." He said, with a big smile on his face.

We were very flattered, and accepted the invitation, even Joe! We got on our way, and waved goodbye. It took us only a half an hour to get out, using the map we had been given. We told the kids that we had just gotten lost and said we would take the punishment, and boy was it a good one. We had to take cream pies to the face, and after get eggs thrown at us. We all had slept over at my house the night after, so we all took turns in the shower. We had a lot of fun that night, just staying up and talking about how crazy it was. It was the best few days ever, and now we just had to think of lies to tell our parents, keeping our promises.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## The Pocket Watch

By: Grace Ansborg

The long freight train pulled into the station and slowed to a shrieking halt. Men rushed out and unloaded the cargo of the train. With the commotion of the men grabbing the cargo a tall man snuck out of the train and into the crowd of people watching them unload.

Henry Fae saw this and walked over to the tall man and asked “Brother, why do you always insist on traveling this way?”

Jasper Fae responded in his stoic voice “I don’t have to pay.”

“Come on, let’s go home.” Henry said guiding his younger brother away from the train as it started to pull away with a large puff of steam. Henry pulled out his late father’s old pocket watch and looked at the time. “They are early leaving” Henry noticed.

They started walking toward the street Henry in his thoughts and Jasper a quiet boulder but, Jasper shook out of his stoic facade “The cars are all moving backwards! Everything is moving backwards!” His face was pale white.

Henry broke his chain of thought and finally noticed the strange phenomena happening around him. He pulled out his ancient silver pocket watch and his eyes widened in surprise. The time on the watch was also moving backwards and it seemed to be accelerating. He looked up from the watch and saw that the backwards movement of the world was accelerating at the same speed of the watch. “It seems this has something to do with father’s old pocket watch” he observed as the watch started to glow with a blue energy.

“What is going to happen?” Jasper inquired, “Are we going to accelerate backwards through time forever or are we going to stop somewhere? Or should I say when?”

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

Henry was reminded that his brother might look like a not so intelligent rock but, was almost as smart as him. “It might stop this morning when I cranked it back for the day.” He added trying to be of any help to get them out of this strange situation.

The blue energy was now cover most of their surroundings covering leaving everything in sight in a blue haze. They new whatever was going to happen to them was going to happen because of that blue energy.

With a loud thunder that pounded on the brothers’ eardrums a huge ark of blue light stretched in front of them but, it didn’t seem to disappear it hovered there as if frozen. It expanded, opening up what Henry would call a rip in time. Through the rip was an image of just that morning as Henry was setting his pocket watch for the day.

“Shall we go through?” Henry inquired to his slack jawed brother who couldn’t believe his eyes.

Jasper through his awe replied “I think we have no other choice but to go.” The brothers walked through not knowing what would happen. The lighting cracked as they approached scaring the brothers but, not discouraging them. They stepped through the rip and into the unknown.

# A Short Farewell

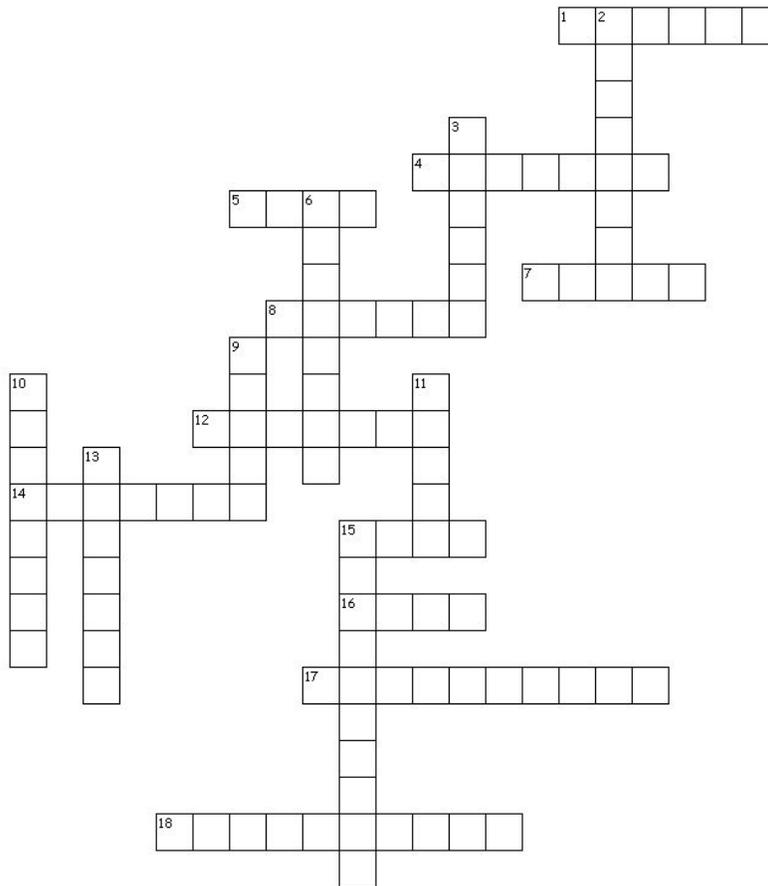
By: Madelyn Marie Overstreet

Am I really graduating from 8th grade in a matter of days? It felt like just the other day I was pretending to be asleep after nap time to get out of doing work in kindergarten. Or like that time in 2nd grade when I kicked my shoe across the room and almost hit Ms. Wooge in the face. Or first learning to play the saxophone. And the first marching band season. And first joining choir. Woah. High school? Sure, I'm excited but...woah. As much much as I want to leave, I don't want to leave. I've spent the last three years of my life here. Sure, at some times, it absolutely sucked. I lost some friends & went through a lot of struggles throughout the years. But, I wouldn't have wanted to spend my middle school years any other way. My struggles show that I'm stronger and my losses make the gains more valuable. Although there was quite a bit of the bad, there was more of the good to make the low points seem easier to get through. I did a lot of things to better my mental health, like cutting bad people out of my life & learning to avoid trying to cover my real feelings. So, I'm thankful to the people who stick by me even when I shut them out. For the people that make me laugh. For the people that give me a shoulder to cry on. Overall, I'm thankful for the people that have come into my life and have been good enough to stay.

Let the 2018 MJHS class live on. See you later.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018



## Across

1. Kyle
4. Kaleb
5. Melanie
7. Seleste
8. Cienna
12. Elaina
14. Charlotte
15. Collin
16. Ben
17. Bella
18. Drew

## Down

2. Sevrin
3. Xander
6. Rubie
9. Will
10. Marissa
11. Maggie
13. Michael
15. Shane

FIFTH  
HOUR

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

### Table of Contents

<a href="#">Fornnarino, Drew</a>	Creature	<a href="#">Collins, Michael</a>	Before It Finds Us
<a href="#">Muniz, Seleste</a>	The Ball	<a href="#">Birmingham, Shane</a>	The Shark
<a href="#">Roderick, Rubie</a>	The Sound	<a href="#">Bartemio, Marissa</a>	ABML essay
<a href="#">Bush, Collin</a>	Speeding	<a href="#">Zenere, Alexander</a>	The Dark Cave
<a href="#">Ward, Melanie</a>	The Guy in the Van	<a href="#">Gamble, Kyle</a>	ABML essay
<a href="#">Toosley, Charlotte</a>	Hatchet: Ch 20	<a href="#">Newkirk, Kaleb</a>	ABML essay
<a href="#">Ruiz, Ben</a>	But Where Then?	<a href="#">Anderson, Sevrin</a>	All I Could Say
<a href="#">Jones, Maggie</a>	ABML essay	<a href="#">Carey, Will</a>	Shot the Ship
<a href="#">Gehrke, Cienna</a>	Things Were Getting Worse	<a href="#">Brucato, Elaina</a>	Augustus's Purpose
		<a href="#">Ringenberg, Bella</a>	Life Itself



# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Creature

by Drew Fornnarino

I was leaning all the way over the water before I recovered myself. I kept tugging and tugging and tugging then all the sudden--WHAM! My line snapped right back at my face, leaving a red mark across my forehead. I questioned what had been on the line, maybe a catfish that had a really rough morning?

I looked frantically back and forth over the water, looking for a shadow. There it was! It was almost two times the size of me! I couldn't believe my eyes. It was no catfish . . . it was a monster! I ran back to my car and drove as fast as I could, kicking up gravel behind me. I kept checking my rear-view mirrors to make sure nothing was following me.

As I crossed over the waterway on the bridge, I realized something just wasn't right . . . I start hearing the sound of rushing water when all the sudden a creature the size of a baby whale breached through the water, leaping almost effortlessly onto the bridge. It was blocking my way of escape.

The bridge was cracking and starting to fall under the creature's weight. I got out of my car and ran. That's all I could do. I was running and running in this dire need of escape. I felt the asphalt beneath me fall into the rocky water below. I dove to the end of the bridge just barely making it to the end. My knees were scraped and bleeding. I was completely winded. I forced myself to get up, but it felt as if my lungs were going to burst and my legs were about to snap. I took out my iPhone and tapped the emergency call button, dialing 9-1-1.

"Hello, what is your emergency?" The operator demanded.

"This is Garry. I am on Meadowstone Lane. The bridge has just collapsed! I am seriously injured!" I said panting between every word.

"Okay sir, we're sending help right away. Is there anyone with you?"

"No, but there's this . . . this thing--"

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

“Sir we are only asking about people. How many people are with you?”

There was a long pause.

“It’s . . . it’s a monster!”

All the sudden, my phone started beeping, I removed my phone from my ear to look at the screen. The phone had died. All I could do now is wait. After some time I started hearing the sirens coming from behind me.

The wait seemed forever. I could hear the sirens, but they sounded like they weren’t even moving. It felt as if the whole world was in slow motion. Then I saw it . . . the creature. It didn’t seem agitated or angry, but lonely. I was confused why he didn’t attack me. I was so close to the shore that he could probably jump out and eat me. He splashed some water on me, easing some of the pain from my wounds. I splashed back trying to scare it away, but it looked happier. Maybe he just needed a friend?

There they were again, the sirens. They were closer this time and I could see the lights bouncing through the forest as they were coming my way down the winding road. The police officers pulled up a few yards down the road. A cop hopped out of the car and looked towards me. His face lit up with fright when he saw the monster. He reached towards his thigh and dug into his holster and pulled out a shiny pistol. He aimed it towards the creature.

Right when he went to pull the trigger I yelled, “STOP”

He gave me a concerned look that indicated that he was confused. The creature swam off. The officer shot at the creature until it was finally out of sight.

The creature had only needed a friend and I had betrayed it.

# The Ball

By: Seleste Muniz

A small object came crashing through the window. It was a grayish ball, heavy looking. Shattered pieces of glass were all over the soft dusty carpet. The round unusual object was on the floor with the shards of glass. I picked up what I thought was a ball. It started to beep and that's when I knew it wasn't. I ran in my closet that the beeping had stopped after a minute so I went out into my room again with the ball on the floor. I didn't want to touch it because I didn't know what it would do. I called my parents to see what I should do but they didn't answer. Which was strange because they always answer. The ball opened up and started to release an orange gas. I ran to my door to leave to room. It was locked from the outside. Panicking I tried calling my mom again. No answer this time it took me straight to voicemail. So I left a message.

“Mom I need help! Please answer, quick!”

I did not know what to do. I called again. This time it rang for a while and she answered. With my last breath I called her.

“Mom...”

“Honey I heard the voice mail is everything alright? I'm heading home right now! Are you...” I felt weak, I tried not to breathe the smoke but each time I did I felt weaker and weaker until I finally dropped to floor. My phone dropped to the floor. I couldn't hold myself

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

up anymore. It shattered on the floor and the battery fell out. I took my last breath and everything went pitch black.

I woke up to the sound of sirens and people people running in. I started to panik again. I wasn't able to move a muscle. There was nothing i could do, It's like i was frozen. I tried to shake but nothing happened.

“Your ok now, don't worry.”said one of the men.

They carried me out i was gaining back my eyesight. Everything was just blurry now. I saw red and blue lights in the dark. Then i heard a familiar voice, it was my mom. She was devastated, crying. I saw her run up to me. She grabbed my hand. That's when i knew everything was going to be ok.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## The Sound

by Rubie Roderick

I couldn't fall asleep in my tent, I heard this noise and I was freaked out all night. I just couldn't get over what the sound sounded like. My friends and I that were in the tent stayed up and kept trying to figure out what the sound came from, either something falling, a human, or some type of animal. My friends wanted to go out and look but I wouldn't let them. I had no idea what creature or thing would have made any sound like that. The sound was a huge screech but not something too loud. It didn't sound like a human nor animal but what else would be in the forest that late at night and make that type of sound?

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Collin Bush

A police officer named Mark stopped the driver for speeding and it was a old lady on her way home. The old lady was Mark the police officers mom. So, the lady yelled at her son for stopping her. Mark didn't give his mom the ticket.

A few days later Mark the police officer pulls someone over for running a red light. They rolled down there window and it was the same old lady. Mark was giving her a ticket but she would not take it from her son.

“Mom I will arrest you if you don't take the ticket from me now.” said Mark.

“I will not take the ticket.” said The old lady.

“Mom get out of the car now!” yelled Mark.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## The Guy in the Van

by Melanie Ward

He got out of the van and walked over to us. We were so freaked out so we ran as fast as we could.

“Keep running ... we haven’t lost him yet.” said Karlie.

Karlie was the smart one that always knew what to do. My other friends are Maggie, Sophie, Emma, Hollyn, Dani and Henry. Maggie was the nice one, she was super sweet. If we were in a bad mood she would cheer us up.

Sophie was also smart and she would always make us laugh. Emma was also very funny. She was in love with Henry--Henry liked her too--. Hollyn was funny and that’s pretty much it about her. Dani was sweet and loved horror movies. Henry is very tall and smart as well as humorous sometimes. I sometimes make them laugh by being goofy and I sometimes am smart.

The guy was chasing us still. All of a sudden he stopped.

“What is happening!” Emma yelled.

He started sprinting and then ... Dani tripped and fell. Falling to the ground with a loud thud alerted the stranger and he took her into his van.

“HELP ME!” Dani screamed getting pulled away in the van.

Then the guy locked the door and started chasing us again. We ran all the way to school. When we got to the front door we banged on it to get the janitor to open the door. The janitor looked suspicious but we didn’t care. We just ran to the the 8th grade hallway. The lights flickered on and off, the doors were all closed, the lockers opened. Just then all of the lockers slammed shut. The doors slowly creaking open.

“I hear footsteps coming closer and closer.” whispered Maggie.

“We should get out of here!” Sophie said.

We all turn to run out but we see a shadow getting bigger and bigger.

“RUN!” I yelled.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

We ran as fast as we could but the guy blocked us and took us into the history classroom on the second floor. The guy had us in the room for hours.

“Wow! This is actually very scary at night. I just thought the teachers stayed here overnight.” Maggie said.

“ We have to get out of here!”

“ Wow! None of us thought about that,” Karlie said sarcastically.

The guy came to the door and said that we need to get home or we’ll be in huge trouble. We didn’t know if we should run or go with him.

“What do we do?” I asked.

“I think we should go with him,” Sophie said.

“Okay.”

We walked out into the van and saw that Dani was eating ice cream. She wasn’t eating normal ice cream. It looked different. It was dark green with black shavings. It also had a cone shaped like a head.

“We shouldn’t have gotten in here,” Emma said worried.

“How do we get out with Dani?” Karlie asked.

“We have to be smart and trick the guy.”

“Oh, I know we could say we have to go to the bathroom.”

“All of us at the same time? Wouldn’t that be a little suspicious?”

“Yeah it would. Nevermind.”

“How about we say that Maggie ran out so he would have to catch her. Then we all run out while he’s out.”

“Sure let’s try it.”

Karlie banged on the window.

“Maggie got out of the van! She went into the school!”

“WHAT! I’ll go get her you guys stay here or you will have a terrible consequence.”

“Okay, we will,” we all said in unison.

He ran out of the van. We waited until he got in the school then we sprinted to my house. We slammed the door shut and went to my room.

“Did we lose him?” Karlie asked.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

“I think so.” I said.

“Okay, so how long do we have to stay here?”

“We will call the police and then when they say they catch him and throw him in jail, we can go home. If you want to stay the night, you can.”

“I might.” Karlie, Maggie, Sophie and Emma said together.

“Okay, I’m sure my mom will understand.” I said already calling the police.

“Hi, what is your emergency?” The nice lady on the phone asked.

“Hi, uhh ... We were playing at the park and this guy came up to us and kidnapped my friend. We have her now but we just managed to escape from him.”

“Where are you now?”

“I’m at my house with all of my friends.”

“Okay, what park were you at?”

“We were at Blue Shadows Park.”

“Okay we are on our way.”

“Okay, thank you! Bye.”

Hanging up I could hear my mom calling me.

“Mel! Mel! What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. I’ll tell you later.”

“So what did the lady say?” asked Dani.

“She just asked me questions then said they were on their way.”

“Okay.”

We heard a knock on the door. We ran down the stairs, looked through the peephole and saw a policeman. Karlie swung the door open then asked so many questions.

“Did you catch him? Is he in jail? Are you really a police officer? How did you find out where she lives? Why aren’t you answering me?”

“Yes, we did catch him, he is in jail, I am really a police officer, I tracked down where the call was coming from, and I didn’t have time to answer all of those questions in 5 seconds.”

“Okay, thanks for answering.”

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

“No problem, that’s my job.”

When the police officer left, Karlie, Maggie, Sophie, Emma, Dani, Hollyn, and Henry started to call their parents, they told them what happened and said they were going to spend the night at my house.

“I’m so glad today’s over with,” Hollyn said.

“Me too!” exclaimed Maggie.

“I just don’t want to do anything like this again!” Henry yelled.

“Let’s just go to bed and we will talk about this in the morning. Goodnight.” I said getting in my sleeping bag.

“Goodnight.” everyone else said together.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Hatchet: Chapter 20

"Dad there's something I need to tell you."

It's been a week since Brian got back. His mother and father both were with him at his mother's house in New York.

"Oh how I have missed this bluish grey 4 story house."

"I know you have Brian." His father said.

Brian and his father have been rocking on the hammock for hours looking up at the huge willow tree. The green, red, orange, brown leafs kept falling down onto the grass. Wind is blowing through Brian's hair his eyes starting to get teared up from all the wind. His father sitting on the hammock next to him whistling a song.

The guilt of the secret is starting to get to Brian. He debates for 10 minutes about if he should tell him or not.

"So Brian how have things been with your mother?" His dad asks.

Now is the perfect time to bring this secret up Brian thought.

"Well this is what I want to talk to you about. Dad I need to tell you something."

"Dinner!" his mother shouted

"Yes son?" his dad asked

"I will tell you later."

It was one of Brian's first home cooked meals in a very long time. The beef mixed with salsa and cheese left an exquisite taste in his mouth. The table was very quiet, too quiet, he was able to hear the creaking and the water dripping from the sink. His mother and father stared at him for a while then looked back at each other. The his father broke the ice and started to make jokes and they all had been laughing like a happy family. Then the look came again, His mom and dad were staring now his mom's one eyebrow lifted.

"So Brian," his dad started

"What" Brian said.

"Well since your mother and I have been spending so much time together we have decided we want to try again."

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

Brian's jaw dropped just as if a weight has been set down on him and he couldn't move.

"wait wait what do you mean?" he questioned

"what we mean Brian is that we want to rebuild our family. Aren't you happy?" his mother said.

Brian started to feel infuriated because first his mother is keeping a secret from his father for a very long time and now she wants to start over he thought to himself and decided now he was going to explain the secret. Brian stood up took a deep breath and said...

"Dad I need to tell you something."

"Yes son what is it."

After this there's no going back he thought to himself, but it needed to be done he inhales and then breaths out as his mom and dad lance at each other then back at him. His heart was beating out of his chest the adrenaline was kicking in.

"I have been keeping a secret for a really long time and I think now that I know this something needs to be said. Mom has been seeing another man. I know this because when I was at the mall with Terry one day I saw her with the man. I am sorry if I am ruining the chance of you too getting back together, but I can't keep this a secret any longer. I have wished for the day that you guys get back together for so long and I want that to happen so badly, but I can't have it happen like this, feeling guilty holding this secret around especially if you guys do decide to get back together. Those 54 days out in the wilderness really opened my mind and I don't want to keep anymore secrets for a while I am so sorry mom but if you weren't going to tell him I needed to step in and at least say something. . "His father stared at his mother giving her the death stare. Anyone would be able to see his eyes were starting to get red and puffy as if he was about to breakdown and cry. The room was as quiet as a mouse the next couple of minutes then Brian and his mom started to say thing.

"Please don't do this now Chuck." his mother cried.

"Dad?"

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

"Chuck? Answer me!"

"Brian.... Go to your room." His father said as Brian just sat there.

"Now..."

Brian got out of his chair looked at both his parents and walked away. As he walks up the stairs he can feel the tears again but this time it was not from the wind.

"What did I just do? I ruined my family forever. forever, forever." That was the only thing Brian was able to hear in his mind the whole time he crawled under his Chuck E Cheese's blanket his father and him had won a long while back. He hid under his pillow and wished he was back in the wilderness.

"Its my fault..."

Charlotte Toosley

LA 5

12-12-17

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

*The wheels of the train,  
beating in rhythm,  
were saying over and over,*

*“I am going to live, I am going to live.”*

*We passed through Kattowitz*

*And*

*I knew that we had traveled fifty-six*

*kilometers*

*to the north of Beilitz.*

*We were not going to Auschwitz. . . .*

*But where then?*

*-Gerda Weissmann Klein & Ben Ruiz*

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## **In what way can a modern story be similar to traditional fairy tales?**

By: Maggie Jones

Little Red Riding Hood. The Little Matchgirl. Sirenetta. These are characters in fairy tales. Fairy tales are make believe, have happy endings, and aren't realistic. On the contrary, modern stories tend to give you the hard truth, have sad endings, and are realistic. However, modern stories can be similar to classic fairy tales by having the same story line.

The autobiography , *All But My Life* by Gerda Weissmann Klein is about a Jewish girl living in Belitz who is struggling with Germans trying to take over Poland. This story is similar to the classic story of "Little Red Riding Hood". Gerda was living her life happily in Belitz with her family when the Germans came and started to disrupt the lives of the Jewish. "The drone of a great many German planes had brought most of the people of our little town into the streets. The radio was blasting news that the Germans had crossed the frontier at Cieszyn and we were at war" (Weissmann 4). In "Little Red Riding Hood", A little girl in a red cloak is walking through the woods to go to her grandmas and is just living her life by doing what she's told when, "just as Little Red Riding Hood entered the wood, a wolf met her." (Grimm Brothers). In both stories the main characters was just happily living their lives when an evil outside force came to mess up their lives and disrupt their plans for the future. This shows that even the people with the happiest most normal lives can have their plans derailed and have to find a way to get back to normal. By seeing the similarity, you can see that everyone has problems that disrupt their lives.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Not only is the story like little “Red Riding Hood”, but the story is similar to the classic tale of “The Little Matchgirl”. The story is similar to the classic tale of “The Little Match Girl”. Ilse, Gerda closest friend, started to become very very ill and felt she could not go on. When she started to get extremely sick and passed away Gerda fell asleep with her and when she awoke, “Ilse’s hand was cold. Her eyes were half open. She no longer breathed” ( Weissmann 205). In “The Little Match Girl”, the little girl is desperately trying to brave the cold winter and she falls asleep imagining a better life. “As she falls asleep, she dies of freezing to death,” (Disney 5:29). In both stories someone is suffering they just want to have their suffering end. This shows sometimes it is better to let someone rest in peace happily, then make them continue their suffering. If readers happen to find themselves in in a situation where they need to understand someone's decisions like these, it will help them see the decision in a different light.

The story is also similar to the classic tale of “The Little Mermaid”. Gerda was extremely sad with her life after losing all of friends during the war and is giving up hope. She then meets a man with whom she falls in love. She cannot stop thinking about him and starts becoming extremely depressed when he stops showing up. She says “I returned to the hospital, utterly miserable. I just could not believe on the first day out of bed I could feel so sad and forlorn” (Weissmann 231). “In The Little Mermaid”, Sirenetta is deeply in love with a man she saved from a storm. He falls for another women and Sirenetta begins to spiral, “Sirenetta started to tell her story, but suddenly a lump came to her throat and, bursting into tears, she fled to her room. She stayed there for days, refusing to see anyone or to touch food”. In both stories a character falls in love with a man and then becomes depressed when the believe he doesn’t love them

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

back. This suggests that in some cases, love is the most important thing to a person and the only thing that matters. When readers find themselves in love with someone that doesn't love them back, they may realise that love isn't the only thing that matters and there are other fish in the sea.

New tales can be similar to original fairy tales by delivering the same message or lesson. Little Red Riding Hood, The Little Match Girl, Sirenetta and Gerda Weissmann Klein can display the central ideas of their stories. Readers can learn from what happens to them regardless of when the story was written.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Things

were getting **worse** at

Burgberg

we could see it in the faces of

**the men**

that marched by.

Whenever the dentist came...

**he told us**

of new **horrors.**

**Author: Gerda Weissmann Klein.**

**Poem excerpt by Cienna Gehrke.**

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Before It Finds Us

by Michael Collins

The cave was dark and there were a lot of twists and turns, but I kept on going on, until I saw a light. Jimmy rushed to see if it was a way out. We finally got to the bright light and it was man holding a lantern. The man was dressed in torn up clothes. We went over to him and asked him questions about how he got here and who he was. We found out his name was Carl Forward, a scientist from England. He told us that he was looking for a creature of some sort.

“How long have you been here for, Mr. Forward sir?” Jimmy asked.

“I stopped counting a long time ago, kid.” Mr. Forward said sadly. “You can stay with me over night because I don’t what that creature finding you.”

“What is this creature you keep on referring to, Mr. Forward?” I said curiously.

Carl said quietly, “The creature is called the two headed crawler. It is a monster that has two heads and that seeks for anybody that comes in his territory and kills them. I was searching for it, for an award and also to show that it really exists.”

“Why are people scared of it?” Jimmy said.

Mr. Forward when on, “People are scared of it because there have been myths about how it took out a whole group of people when their plane crashed. They were never seen again. That is why I am also here, to find out what really happened.”

“Do you think that’s what really happened?” Jimmy said.

Mr. Forward said depressingly, “When I first got here, I didn’t believe the stories, but now, years from then, I believe it.”

Mr. Forward had a sad frown on his face and I was sure that I saw a tear coming from his eye. We went asleep and then the next day we went searching for a way out.

“There is no way we’re going to find a way out before the creature finds us. We’re all going to die here.” Mr. Forward said hopelessly.

“ROARRRR!”

We suddenly heard a shrieking growl and we were all stunned.

“Come on! We gotta go!” I screamed.

Mr. Forward was standing in one spot, not moving an inch. I grabbed him and Jimmy and started running. There were loud stomps on the ground. We found a corner and hid behind it, terrified. The creature ran past and didn’t see us.

“What was that?” Jimmy said.

“That was the creature I told you about yesterday. It will come back, so we gotta move.”

We snuck swiftly through the cave, until we got to two tunnels.

“We should split up. Mr. Forward, you go with Jimmy in the right tunnel and I will go in the left. If we find a way out, we head back and meet up here. Just one thing, if the monster finds you, just run and don’t worry about me.”

“Okay” Jimmy said.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

I started to walk through the tunnel. It was all slimy and gooey. I was starting to get worried about Jimmy. It has been a long time since we saw each other. Without taking another step I heard a scream coming from Jimmy.

“Jimmy!” I screamed.

“Help m....” one of them said, but I couldn’t tell who it was.

I rushed to the other tunnel and once I got to Jimmy, I couldn’t see Mr. Forward anywhere.

“It was Mr. Forward. He’s the creature.” Jimmy said in fright.

“How is that possible.”

“I just was walking with him and when I turned back he was like transforming into something. It was terrifying. He grabbed me and threw me to the ground.”

“What did he look like?”

“He was hideous. He was all slimy. It looked like a big spider with two heads.”

Just like the tunnel, it was slimy, I thought.

“Follow me! I think I know a way out of here.”

We went running through the other tunnel and it was exactly what I thought I was going to see, an exit. There was a bright light, blinding us. We had to get to it. We jumped and hurdled over rocks and walls, until we got out of the cave.

“We got to find a phone,” I said.

We heard a noise coming from the cave. Suddenly, the creature jumped out of the cave.

“Stop! I now know why the people went missing. It’s because you killed them and I think you killed Mr. Forward a long time ago and you’re disguising as him right now, but why?” I said.

We started running again, trying to get anybody’s attention. We couldn’t find anything. It was like we were in a ghost town. Out of nowhere, there was car.

“There’s a car” I said.

We hurried to the car and asked the woman if we can get in. The woman took one look and saw the creature.

“What is that thing?” The woman screamed.

“We’ll tell you later. Now please let us in.” I said.

“Okay” She said.

Me and Jimmy got in the woman’s car and she drove right away. We looked back and saw nothing. The creature was nowhere in sight. We were glad to be safe, but still curious of what happened with the people that went missing. The woman dropped us off at my house and all of us agreed not to talk about what happened or what we saw to hide the truth of the creature among us and keep everybody safe.

# The Shark

Shane Birmingham

The line pulled me but I was lucky enough not to fall into the water but I saw something off the boat. It was a 6ft shark hooked to my line pulling me as hard as it could. I tried to get it off the line. After 10 minutes of trying to get it off, more and more came to the boat so I gave up and threw the rod and started the boat engine and drove off. But they were still following me. I saw a waterfall and I went off and landed and there were no more sharks.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## All But My Life essay

by Marissa Bartemio

Fiona, shrek, boots. These are characters in fairy tales. Fairy tales are made to believe, they have happy endings, and aren't realistic. On the contrary, Modern stories tend to give you the hard truth, have sad endings, and are not always happy endings. However, modern stories can be similar to traditional fairy tales by having the same storyline.

The novel, *All But My Life*, by Gerda Weissmann is about a young woman who is used by The Nazis to do hard work during World War II. This story is similar to "The Little Mermaid". Gerda was let out of the concentration camp and sent to the hospital. She was being helped and taken care of. The nurses handed her a piece of chocolate since it's her birthday. "For your birthday', He said, smiling" (Klein 218). The Little Mermaid had always wanted to be free and be able to see the other world that she does not belong to. She waited for the day. Her birthday came. "In the morning, her father called her and, stroking her long golden hair, slipped a lovely carved flower into her locks..." (The Little Mermaid). In both stories, the characters both want something, like getting out of the camp and getting out of the sea. This explains that if people really want something they will wait for it or do things to get what they want. When readers find themselves wanting something, they will give all they can to get it.

The autobiography, *All But My Life*, A young woman who lives in Poland during World War II, served labor work for the Nazis. The story is similar to the classic tale of "*Little Red Riding Hood*". Gerda is afraid of the German's "There was only one ironic consolation in the German victories. For the time being they were too busy to bother us much" (Klein 44). At this point in the book the Germans were taking over and they even had a sign put up in their garden saying only Germans allowed. Little Red Riding Hood was scared of the wolf. "Ah, how frightened I have been. How dark it was inside the wolf." At this point the wolf at Little Red and she was terrified.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

In both stories, these quotes are similar because they both have certain fears of something. This suggests that both characters were in a crisis and had doubts and fears through it. Based on the similarity, readers begin to understand how they are feeling and feel like they have been put in that perspective.

The novel, *All But My Life*, by Gerda Weissmann Klein is about a girl who works hard for the Germans at concentration camps during World War II. The story is similar to the short film "Little Match Girl." Gerda was forced to work for the Germans at the camps, and nights she felt lonely and once called out "'Papa! Mama!' but there was no comfort-- only pain and loneliness" (Klein 109). In the "Little Match Girl" The little girl was trying to sell matches on the side of the street while feeling starvation. She went into a cold place and dreamed about her family because of how lonely she was. In both stories, the both feel isolated, lonely, and desperation. This suggests that one is separated from their family and are worked very hard, they face great suffering because they don't have the support they need to proceed. If less people were separated from their families and had more support, then most people would be less stressed and happier with the support on their family.

New tales can be similar to original fairy tales by delivering the same message or lesson. Fiona, Shrek, Gerda, and Boots can all display the central idea of their stories. Readers can learn from what happens to them regardless of when the story was written.

### The Dark Cave

The cave was dark and there were a lot of twists and turns and funny corners. I was scared but kept going and then I saw it. There are camps and fires just lit people and one statue that comes to life. The statue looked like me and the people saw that and decided to make me their leader. After that the people gave me the biggest house and said that I had to fight the beast that was hurting their village, I caught a glimpse of it and it was huge but I saw a weak spot and it was his back because the bigger it is the less it can see behind him.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## All But My Life essay

by Kyle Gamble

Shrek. Little match girl. Cinderella. These are characters in fairy tales. Fairy tales are fake because it ends in a happy ending. On the contrary, Modern stories tend to give you the hard truth, have sad endings, and are realistic. Modern stories can be similar to traditional fairy tales by having the same storyline.

The novel, All But My Life, is about a family in Poland trying to deal with the Nazis. This story is just like the story Little Red Riding Hood. In both of the stories it seems fine at the start, but as you move on in the story you see that life wasn't as easy for them. Like in Little Red Riding Hood, you think everything is ok until both characters had to go past horrific events. He gets to her grandmas house. Both characters find themselves in a state of being terrified. This is how both stories are the same.

The novel All But My Life is a story about Jews having to deal with Nazis. This story is very similar to the Little Match Girl. Even in the best moments in both of the stories it seems to drop off when something terrible happens to them. Like in All But My Life they thought they were safe and they weren't. In the Little Match Girl she thinks that she has all these nice things but they were just dreams. Both stories have their struggles. That is how both stories are similar.

The book The Little Mermaid is like the story All But My Life. They are the same because they are two different stories about people in really tough situations and somehow manage to get out of them. This is how the two stories are the same.

New tales can be similar to original fairy tales by delivering the same message or lesson. The Little Match Girl, Cinderella, Dorothy, and Gerda Weissmann Klein can all display the central idea of their stories

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## All But My Life essay

by Kaleb Newkirk

Cinderella. Dorothy. Rapunzel. These are characters from fairy tales. fairy tales are make believe, have happy endings and also are not realistic. on the contrary, Modern stories tend to give you the hard truth, not always happy endings and are realistic. however, Modern stories can be traditional to traditional fairy tales by having the same storyline.

The novel *All But My Life*, by Gerda weissmann klein is about a girl whos town has been taken over by Nazis and has to go to a concentration camp. The story is similar to the classic tale of little red riding hood. "I want some rolls for for Author he is going away, you know." (Klien, 19) When little red riding hood gets eaten by the wolf "grimm brothers" they both leave their family but also come back later. Always have hope because there can always be away to survive. If you don't try and come out alive then you might not.

Part two of *All But My Life* is about a girl who goes to concentration camp and at the end she is about to be lead out of the camp. *All but my life* is similar to *little Match Girl*. *little Match Girl* at the end when she does not have any matches she actually went to this place with this girl. In both stories the characters are having a rough time and then get help. This suggest that in tough times you need to count on your family. If reader were to be in a horrible situation, they can count on their family.

The theme of the novel *All But My Life* by Klein is about a Jewish girl who is getting rescued from a concentration camp. The story is like *Little Mermaid*. When Gerda was in the hospital Kurt gives her flowers for her health. He lived in a magnificent palace built of gaily colored coral and seashells together with his five daughters. It shows how in both stories that they are happy. That suggest that if you are in a bad situation it could always become happy again. If readers find themself in a bad situation they can think happy and it might help their day out.

New stores can be similar to original fairy tales by having the same message or lesson. The little match girl, dorothea, rapunzel, and gerda weissmann klein can all display the central idea of the stores. Readers can learn from what happens to them regardless of when the story was written.

# English Language Arts

## 2017-2018

She kept most  
of her meager rations  
for me.

“You  
need all the food you can get,”  
she insisted.

Then  
Sunday came.  
We  
didn’t work.

To be away from  
the hateful flax  
was a most wonderful  
Feeling.  
Locked up  
on the sixth floor  
we sat  
on Ilse’s bunk  
and looked  
toward the distant  
Hills.

Ilse asked  
Gently,  
“How are you going  
to stand it?”  
I knew  
that she wanted  
me to reassure her,  
but all  
I could say was,  
“I don’t know”.

--Gerda Weissmann Klein, Sevrin Anderson

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Will Carey

Aliens started to invade the small town in Wyoming.

The aliens were dark green with yellow eyes and one antenna. They came from Mars and were trying to take over earth. They were abducting humans until Jimmy stood up to the aliens and shot the ship down with his potato gun.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

The novel, *The Fault in our Stars*, by John Green is about a teenage girl who was diagnosed with cancer and didn't stop her from falling deeply in love with a boy named Augustus Waters who also has a form of cancer. The novel provides a vision and description of what it is like to have a severe sickness. It demonstrates that you can find love and happiness through hard times. When Augustus, Hazel and her mother were riding the airplane to Amsterdam Augustus said to Hazel, "I'm in love with you, and I'm not in the business of denying myself the simple pleasure of saying true things" (Green 153). Augustus is always giving off positive energy to Hazel, and constantly gives compliments and advice to Hazel. This quote that Augustus says to Hazel leaves her speechless and she appreciates it deeply. This relates to theme of that if you have a bad time or sickness in your life you can find that laughter, love, or happiness. Based on this quote, readers gain an understanding that even if you are going through a hard time, positive energy can be found through surroundings or other people.

-- Elaina Brucato

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

When I got into the shower  
and felt the warm water on my skin,  
I started to

*S h i v e r.*

My teeth **chattered**.

I leaned against the tile wall of the cubicle  
and **vomited**  
when the water ran over me.

When my stomach was **empty**,

I carefully washed the floor.

I prayed that I would never be assaulted,  
for I knew

**I would strike back,**

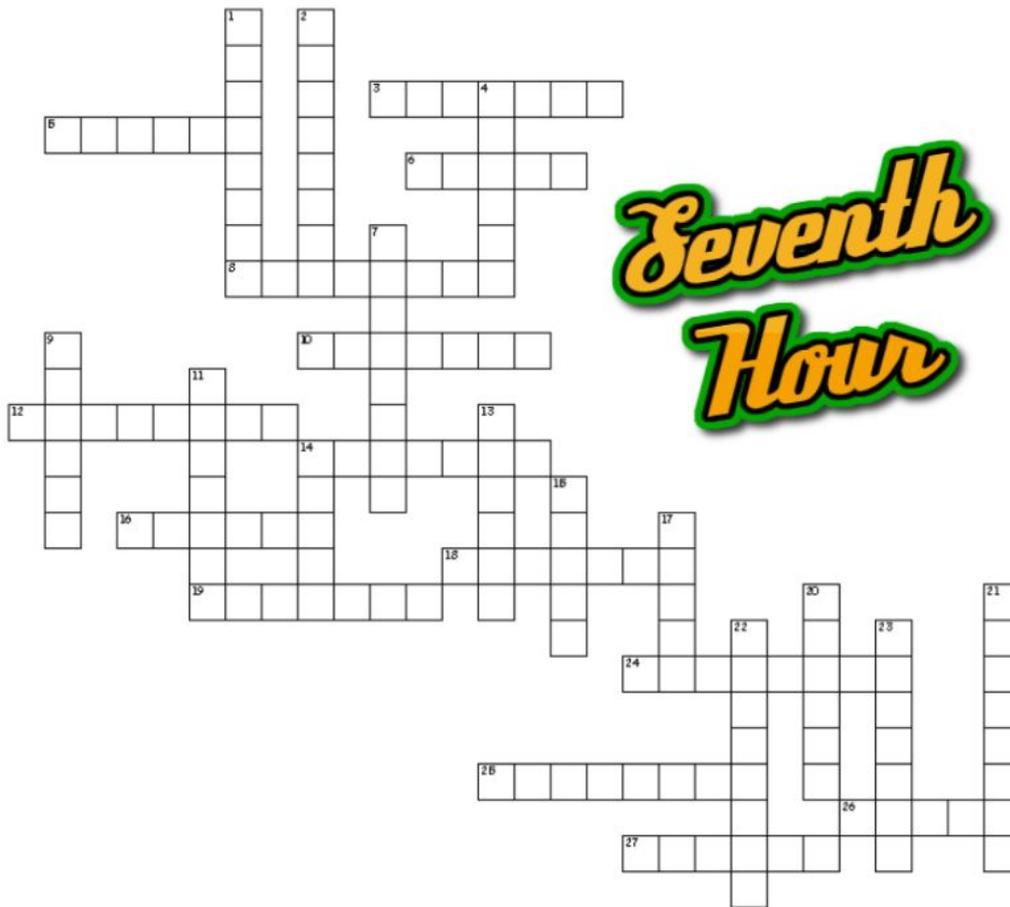
even though I would have to  
pay with

**L i f e i t s e l f.**

By Gerda Klein and Bella Ringenberg

# English Language Arts

2017-2018



## Across

- 3. Nick
- 5. Matt
- 6. Tim
- 8. Sydney
- 10. Tyler
- 12. Tommy
- 14. Connor
- 16. Jack
- 18. Frank
- 19. Ariel
- 24. Calee
- 25. Tommy
- 26. Tyler
- 27. Drew

## Down

- 1. Cooper
- 2. Ella
- 4. James
- 7. Hunter
- 9. Matt
- 11. Matthew
- 13. Chad
- 14. Aubrey
- 15. Megan
- 17. Tyler
- 20. Daniel
- 21. Philip
- 22. Morgan
- 23. Gianna

Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Table of Contents

<a href="#">Zietara, Gianna</a>	How Did I End Up Here?	<a href="#">Crubaugh, Tommy</a>	You Will Be Alone
<a href="#">Brennan, Connor</a>	The Digestive System	<a href="#">DeCarlo, Frank</a>	Road Rage
<a href="#">Lynch, Tim</a>	Hatchet: Continued	<a href="#">Hrabe, Megan</a>	Those Mondays
<a href="#">Barba, Aubrey</a>	A Hatchet Story	<a href="#">Donaghey, Philip</a>	One Sunny Morning
<a href="#">Walker, Jack</a>	Wicked Butcher	<a href="#">McMillen, Hunter</a>	My Own Resident Evil 7
<a href="#">Sullivan, Morgan</a>	But There Was None	<a href="#">Rosario, Ariel</a>	Hatchet: Ch 20
<a href="#">Sapato, Drew</a>	The Beast	<a href="#">Foster, Daniel</a>	Rainbow Otter
<a href="#">Klinger, Tyler</a>	Smells Like Teen Spirit poem	<a href="#">Bertsos, Nick</a>	Smoke In My Room
<a href="#">Putzler, Matthew</a>	I Couldn't Fall Asleep	<a href="#">Cebulski, Calee</a>	Shallow Lake
<a href="#">Mullen, Matthew</a>	The Officer and the Pirate	<a href="#">Harvey, Matt</a>	Hatchet Epilogue
<a href="#">Kasper, Chad</a>	Big Ma's Purpose	<a href="#">Pignotti, Ella</a>	The Last Morning
<a href="#">Tinman, James</a>	The Serious Problem of Energy Drinks	<a href="#">Spilchen, Sydney</a>	Oh Deer
<a href="#">Cismoski, Tommy</a>	Hatchet: Chapter 20	<a href="#">Reynolds, Cooper</a>	ABC Science
<a href="#">Tooke, Tyler</a>	School Needs to Start Later	<a href="#">Kruse, Tyler</a>	Any Longer



Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## How Did I End Up Here?

Gianna Zietara

I woke up, I didn't know where I was. I couldn't remember anything. How did I end up here? Asking myself all these questions that I didn't even know the answer to. I was alone, in the dark it was very cold, it seemed like I was in a cave but I wasn't sure. I turned my head and saw this rock. There was something different about this rock: it was glowing. At this point I didn't even think it was a rock anymore. I was so confused. How did I wake up in this dark, cold place and not even remember anything about coming here? All I know is that I need to get out of here, but how?

I couldn't see anything all I could see is this glowing rock. So I decided to go up to it. The rock seemed like it was getting more brighter as I get closer. Once I was in front of the glowing rock I stopped and stared at it then picked it up. I had this really weird feeling, it seemed like I was in a different world or something like that. It was too hard to explain. I was definitely in a different world. I then see myself walking to this cave, "could this be the cave I'm in right now", I say to myself?

As I continue to walk to this cave I hear this noise, like a scream it was coming towards the cave. So I run towards the cave to see what it was, I was in the cave, and it was the same cave I was in right now, but in this cave I could see light, and it was warm in here, but then out of nowhere I see this black figure behind me. I slowly turn around, and at the corner of my eye, I can already tell it's something bad.

I dropped the rock,

I wasn't in that cave anymore, I was in the dark cold cave. I look around to see if that creature I saw in that other cave was here. I didn't see anything but I'm still trying to figure out why I'm here. As I'm walking trying to figure out how to get out of this place I see a light around the corner. "Is this my way out, am I free?"

I start running towards the light to finally get out of here. I stopped... it wasn't the light from outside, it was the same exact rock that was glowing. "I thought this was my way out". I picked up the glowing rock again, hoping it will lead me out of this cave.

I was in a forest this time, I started to run, but for a minute I thought I was free but remembering it was only because I was holding the rock. I didn't know why I was in a forest. Ahead of me was the cave. "Why does the rock keep bringing me to this cave" I say? I stopped and stared at it, I then heard the same exact scream I heard the last time I was here. Why is this happening, I don't understand? I run into the cave again hoping there will be something other than this rock, but there wasn't, this time I was in a white room with nothing. "This has to be a dream", but it wasn't, everything felt real. "I give up" I say in an angry tone, throwing the glowing rock against the white wall, out of anger. I then sit on the ground, curled up in a ball crying, and thinking about everything that is happening why is this happening to me.

Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Why can't this happen to someone else I say? I then look up, and see a tall man standing in front of me, I had no idea who he was. "Who are you" I say?

The man had told me "his name was Teddy".

"What's your name" Teddy asked.

"My name is Amy" I say.

"Take my hand" Teddy said putting his hand out, waiting for me to take it.

"Well I have nothing else to lose," I say.

So I placed my hand on his and disappeared, we were in the cave again.

"Why do you keep bringing me here" I asked Teddy?

He stared at me and said "you have to figure it out on your own."

"Figure what out?" I say in a suspicious tone.

Teddy finished. "What, what does he mean" I say?

There was no answer. I get up one last time and started to walk, I didn't know where I was going but I knew I had to figure it out, but then out of nowhere, I see this black object. Thinking to myself "Is that black object I saw earlier actually coming to life"? I didn't want to turn around but I needed to, so I could figure out if this creature was coming to life. I then slowly turned my head, and saw the same exact creature, in the corner of my eye. I stayed calm, but I knew I couldn't stand here and get eaten. I had to do something, and I did.

I started to run as fast as I could, but it didn't help at all, because now the creatures chasing after me, "I wasn't ready to give up yet" I said. So I pushed myself to run as fast as I possibly can. I didn't stop, because I knew the second I did I would be dead. I could barely see anything. In fact it was so dark, that I had to feel the walls, to know where I was going. It felt like the walls were getting closer and closer, at a point I had to start running sideways just to get away, luckily I saw a corner up ahead that I can rest on. I had to start running even faster to lose this creature.

I was far enough away, from the creature, that it didn't see me go around the corner. I turned around to go to the corner I don't think it saw me. I stood there catching my breath, but I had to be quiet for the creature not to hear me.

The creature finally caught up to me. I couldn't see it, but I knew it was there because of the noise's it was making. My whole body was against the wall. My legs were shaking, I was terrified that the creature would see me. I saw it looking around, I was praying that he wouldn't find me. After fifteen minutes it had finally left.

"What was that", I said out loud, but remembering that I was alone and no one could hear me. I continued to walk cautiously, afraid I might see that creature again. Then a thought popped up in my head. Could I be dead? Am I even living? For a moment I started to remember something, it was me in a car, the car was all crushed up and in flames. I see myself laying in the car looking all scratched up and weak, with an ambulance trying to put out the fire. As I see myself in the car, I could tell it was too late I was already dead. "This is it that's why I'm here because I died". I said in an excited tone.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Out of nowhere I see Teddy. He walked up to me and said “You finally figured it out”. Teddy then put his hand out once again and took me to this place, but I still didn't understand why I was in that cave? “Why didn't I just come straight to this place after I die?” I said.

“Well everyone has to go to the cave so they can figure out how they died, then once they do I take them here” Teddy said in excited voice!

“But why did you make a creature chase after me” I said.

“So that you can figure out that you're dead and nothing can hurt you” Teddy says.

“Oh that makes sense.”

Once we got to this place Teddy was taking me to, I then see these colors I have never seen before, and gold all along the streets. I then knew I wasn't on earth, I was in a place where you saw colors that you didn't even know existed and large white stairs.

This place had everything that wasn't on earth.

Teddy then had told me “we were in heaven”.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## The Digestive System

Connor Brennan

Mrs. Frizzle was waiting outside with her magic school bus. I went on the bus and there were a “ton” of kids. Mrs. Frizzle was going to take us on an adventure. The adventure was going to be the human digestive system.

It was time. We shrunk really small and went into the principal. When we went in the principal was talking so the hole bus was shaking. It was shaking so violently that we had to brace. One girl didn't and broke her neck. Thankfully she only got paralyzed.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Hatchet: continued...

by Tim Lynch

Brian is sitting on the countertop in his kitchen drinking a cold glass of milk. It is 1 o'clock in the morning and Brian can't sleep he is thinking of how he slept on rocks for 54 days and now he can't sleep on a bed. He wishes he could forget about everything that happened on the lake.

He then hops off the countertop and puts his shoes on. Brian then opens the door and opens his garage he grabs his bike and rides down the driveway. Brian is on his bike because he wants to clear his mind.

An hour past and he is in the forest preserve by himself making a fire and shelter. He thinks to himself what's wrong with me? He keeps thinking of the crash over and over the pilot's family haunting him. Brian swiftly falls asleep under his little shelter built of sticks and leaves.

Brian wakes up back on the lake and he isn't mad, scared, or nervous he is happy. He feels like he's free from everything and it's just him and mother nature. No one else, not Brian's mom, not his dad, no one he then sees a plane crashing into the lake about a minute later. Brian sees himself come up from the water and he sees how he's struggling to swim so he tries to run over. He tries to help himself but right when he gets over to the water he's gone and Brian nows hes going to be stuck on the lake forever.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## A Hatchet Story

by Aubrey Barba

As Brian walk through an array of people he saw little kids in the park playing.

As he walked passed he heard one of the little boy say “ We need to start a fire or we can’t cook food.”

Then Brian realized what game they were playing.

Can You Survive Getting Stuck In The Woods?

Terry and Brian would play that game all the time when they were that age.

Brian then remembered that he was meeting up with Terry in an hour at his house. He had not seen his best friend in fifty four days. Brian was thinking what to say and what to tell him. But he didn’t know what to say to Terry.

Brian was a little worried about seeing Terry.

Why?

He had no clue why he was worried about seeing him.

As he walked home all he could think about was what the little kid said. All Brian was picturing was the dead pilot, how he started the fire, and what would happen if he had not gotten the hatchet when it fell in the water.

What if he thought? He definitely wouldn't be walking, talking or thinking.

Brian thought he would have been dead if he didn’t take that hatchet from his mom.

What if he just left the hatchet at the bottom of the ocean?

But then a man walked passed him. He knew who he was but that didn’t matter.

He just kept going back to the plane crash and how he wish he could go back to when he was a kid and play Can You Survive In The Woods?

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

But then he realized who the man was that walk passed him.

He was the secret. The secret that he has been keeping in his head for over a year know.

His mind was filled with unpleasant information that he didn't want to look back on.

Then he started to run home because he didn't know what else to do.

Once he got to the front door of his house he stop to catch his breath.

Looking at the green grass that the neighbor was mowing, the red door to his house, Brian was just looking around taking breathes in and out.

He couldn't catch his breath. Then the door opened behind Brian.

Once the door swung open his breathing slowed down.

He turned around and saw his mom.

His mom walked outside and said "Honey what are you doing out here?"

Brian stood their for about a minutes then say "taking in the view."

She said "well I have been worried sick about you."

Brian was surprised that she was worried. She was never worried about him before.

But the he remembered the plane crash.

Brian just smiled at her like everything was ok, but it wasn't.

Then he saw Terry and he said "Hey what's up dude."

Then Brian said " Long time, like has it been a year or something."

Then the both laughed .

But then the laughing stopped and someone walked through the door.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## ***Jack Walker P.7***

One summer day in a town in Texas, I was drinking in a bar.

As I got up from my crooked chair, I turned around and noticed all the cigar smoke in the air. I tried to hold my breath as long as possible, so I would not inhale the thick fumes. I saw a group of men in the corner of the pub sitting at a circle table. I could see the lines of gray smoke coming from each of their faces. It looked like their souls were being sucked out. Being my curious self, I wandered over and tried not to trip over all the legs and feet between each table. I reached the table still holding my breath tightly and they all looked at me with cold faces. I had a feeling they always looked like that and I didn't mind it.

"Why is your face red?" One of the members at the table said. I glanced at the mirror on the wall next to me and saw my blush red face. Probably from me holding my breath because of the smoke.

"Are you scared or something?" He said again with a chuckling mocking voice.

"No," I said.

"Get outta here, we're trying to play some poker." One of the members in the back said loudly. I thought it would be best just to back off. So I turned my back and headed to the bartender.

"You gonna pay your tab?" He said with a sly grin on his face.

"Yeah, one second." I reached into my pocket and felt for the money I had left and pulled out a fifty dollar bill. I handed him the money as I was shaking and hoped it was enough.

"You're over by thirteen," he said.

"Keep it," I said.

"Thanks." He said tipping his hat at me. I tipped mine back and walked out the door. I noticed it was night time ... I got here at 4pm. I walked over to my tied up horse and rode off through town.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Being out at night is a bad decision. If you think you are alone, there is a big chance you are not. I had my horse gallop slowly and quietly so he would not attract the attention of any criminal hiding about. I kept seeing black figures and tried to make out what they looked like, but it was too dark to figure it out.

Moments went by when I noticed slight movement behind a building ... it looked like a face. So I grabbed my revolver off of my belt and cocked it back to get ready. I started to sweat as I got off my horse and my hands started to get clammy with the revolver tightly in my hand. I got close to the building and got off my horse. Then I crouched down and walked to the edge of the building. Looking back behind me, I noticed that it looked like a ghost town. It had dead looking buildings and dark outlines. The sky was deep purple, as if someone was growing a grape farm up above.

Also, it was quiet ... quiet enough for a baby to sleep. I quickly turned around and started to head down the alley. I saw a door that was wide open, so I headed for it. As I entered the room, I noticed there was a lantern flickering in the corner of the room. It was the only light source in the room. The walls were wooden with black lines running through it. It almost looked like veins of a human heart. Then I noticed a table with money on it and some weapons lying on it. I moved towards the table and saw a stain of blood on the floor. I looked around the room quickly but was stopped by the pain of something crashing into my skull followed by.

“Ha Ha Ha! I finally got you where I want you ... Sherif.”

I opened my eyes slower than a snail. With jolting pain throughout my body that was mostly on my head. I couldn't see

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

very well either, but I could make out some things. I was in a room, it looked like it was made out of stone. I was on a chair, I tried to get up but it seemed like I was strapped down. I closed my eyes a bit to regain full consciousness. After about five minutes, I noticed there was something wrapped around my head. It was probably for my bleeding skull. I looked down at my feet and saw that they were tied to the legs to the chair. Also, my hands were tied to the back of the chair. I still had my clothes on but my pistol was missing. I still had intense pain, so I sat there and tried not to exhaust myself.

Suddenly, the door to the room flung open. Standing there was a large, ugly man with tattoos all over his body which made him look like a painter's scratch paper. He had a gray beard with beard tangled all around the hairs. He had an old looking ten gallon hat on over his big fat nose. Also, the man was wearing a battered white shirt that showed off his tattoos and wore long leather slacks.

“Why are you starin’ at me?” He said with a sharp voice.

“F--”

“Ha ha ha, you really are stupid aren’t you? You stepped right into my trap ... All I had to do was peek around a corner and that freaked you out!”

“Please--”

“Man, who thought the sheriff would be that stupid?”

The man kept rambling on about how smart his plan was but I wasn't paying attention, I was trying to figure out how to get out of this.

“Well I’m going to get some things and come right back for you” The man said slamming the door chuckling like an insane person. After he left I moved my hands around to try to get out. I noticed he didn't tie my hands good so I rustled them until I felt

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

them loosening. I slipped my hands out and started to reach for my pocket until the door swung open.

I quickly moved my hands back into the position of where they were tied and fixed the rope around them loosely.

“Forgot my keys!” he said chuckling some more. He reached into a box hung up on the wall in front of me and picked out keys from it. He then left the room. I heard another big slam outside the room, probably another door. Knowing he wouldn’t be back for a bit, I slipped my hands out of the loose tie and started working on my feet. I loosened the decayed rope he used and slipped my ankles out and stood up. I quickly rushed to the box on the wall and opened it and looked inside. Inside was some rusty nails and bolts, but one item interested me the most. It was a file. So I picked it and and walked to the door beginning to open it when I noticed he locked it. The door looked old and easily breakable so I backed up and charged right at it with my shoulder in front. Pain jolted up my body when I contacted the door but it was worth it because the door flung right open.

The room ahead looked like a cellar. It was pretty dark with meat hanging on hooks. Most of the meat looked almost rotten and looked odd. There was packs of ice all around the room and I could see the melted ice running through the whole floor. Trying not to slip on the water I reached the stairwell going up to another floor. I walked up the creaky steps until I got the floor.

It was the same one where I was knocked out at, still warm and looked rotten. I saw the table with an the array of weapons on it. I walked over and picked up a machete. I started to look around a bit went the door flung open. It was the man, he was holding a

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

double barreled shotgun and pointed it at me. I quickly rolled under a table and flipped it over.

He shot but all the shots missed. I heard him curse under his breath as he began to reload.

I quickly got up and and tackled the large man to the ground. He dropped the shotgun and all his ammo. He struggled a bit but I had him pinned. I took my machete and point it at him.

“What are you gonna do, kill me?” He said beginning to cry.

“No, you are under arrest for kidnaping and attempt of murder.”

He looked up at me crying but I didn't care he needed to be put in jail. I then picked up the shotgun on the ground and reloaded it still having the machete at his throat. I then got up and pointed it at him and lead him out the door into the blazing hot morning. I lead him to the road in the middle of town. I walked him down to the jail and everyone outside was cheering things like,

“He caught him!” or “Is that the wicked butcher?”

It was almost like he was walking down a road of shame to the jail. People started to throw apples and other trash at him. I didn't care if some hit me by mistake. I was happy that I found the butcher and was taking him to jail.



One day later.

I was sitting in my house with an icepack on my head thinking. I don't think I would've have gotten into this mess if I didn't just barge into his house mindlessly. He called me stupid, which I could agree to. Next time I see something suspicious I won't rush into it. I will think about the situation and face it smartly.

Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

I couldn't speak.  
I liked Abek  
very much.  
I respected his intelligence  
and judgment.

He  
was my best friend  
I had ever had  
and  
now I knew that friend  
was gone.

I searched  
for an answer,  
for an impetus,  
happy,  
bubbling answer,  
but there was none.

--Gerda Weissmann Klein and Morgan Sullivan

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Drew Sapato

Period 7

5/21/18

## The Beast

All during the day I was nervous. I ran home at three. When I arrived home none of my family was there. I watched some T.V. and played video games to relax. Suddenly, I heard a noise downstairs like footsteps. So I crept down to the dark basement as if waiting for some monster of my imagination to come out. Then as i approached the beast, the washer! Nope. Nothing going on. Clung, bung my clothes spinned. So I walked solemnly back to the couch bored, and sleepy. When I just sat down on the couch, ding dong! I opened the door to my friend George. He said “ Hey Drew, wanna play some basketball?”. “No, sorry im not feeling great and I need to rest up so I can go later” I said. George said his goodbyes and then I continued playing games and watching some comedy shows. When my Mom and Dad came home, they say “Sorry we were late. We were experimenting on a creating a new animal” Little did they know... It was not where they left it.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Smells Like Teen Spirit  
Poem

Load up on guns  
bring your friends  
It's fun to lose  
And to pretend  
She's over-bored  
And  
Self-assured  
Oh no  
I know a dirty word

Hello

Hello

Hello

How Low

Hello

Hello

Hello

How Low

Hello

Hello

Hello

How Low

Hello

Hello

Hello

With the lights

Out



Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

It's less dangerous

Here we are now

Entertain us

I feel stupid

And contagious

Here we are now

Entertain us

A mulatto

An albino

A mosquito,

Yeah

Hey

I'm worse

At what I do

Best

And for this gift

I feel blessed

Our little group

Has always been

And always will

Until the end

Hello

Hello

Hello

How Low

Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Hello

Hello

Hello

How Low

Hello

Hello

Hello

How Low

Hello

Hello

Hello

With the lights out

It's less dangerous

Here we are now

Entertain us

I feel stupid

And contagious

Here we are now

Entertain us

A mulatto

An albino

A mosquito

Yeah

Hey

And I forget

Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Just why I taste

Oh yeah

I guess it makes me

Smile

I found it hard

It's hard to find

Oh well

Whatever

Nevermind

Hello

Hello

Hello

How

Low

Hello

Hello

Hello

How

Low

Hello

Hello

Hello

With the lights out

It's less dangerous

Here we are now

Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Entertain us

I feel stupid

And contagious

Here we are now

Entertain us

A mulatto

An albino

A mosquito

A denial



Songwriters: Chris Novoselic / David Grohl / Kurt Cobain

Smells Like Teen Spirit lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc

Edited by Tyler Klinger

Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Matthew Putzler  
Period 7

I couldn't fall asleep in my tent. I heard a noise outside and it scared me a little bit. So i went outside to check it out but then a baby bear came out looking for some food but then the mama bear came out with the baby bear. So then i went back into my tent. So then i wouldn't get eaten by a bear. So i stayed i my tent until the mama and baby bear went away. So i waited for like ten minutes then i looked outside the tent then i saw no more mama and baby bear. So then i went back into my tent and then i fell asleep.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

The officer saw a Pirate. The Officer asked him why aren't you with Spongebob?

“Well I was driving to the island until you stopped me.” “Oh” the officer said to the Pirate, then the Pirate jumped out of his car and stood still and said... Well do you want to see Spongebob?

“YES!”

Ok, so all you have to do is put out your arms and jump. The officer said what do you think I am stupid? No, No, No I nev... No save it I will do it I believe you but,...

Matthew Mullen  
Monday, May 21  
2018

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

The novel, *Roll of Thunder Hear My Cry*, by Mildred Taylor is about how segregated Mississippi was back in 1933, and how it affected Cassie Logan and her family. Big Ma served the purpose as a companion and emotional support to the Logan family. For example, Little Man her grandson, was tired of a white bus splashing him and his siblings with muddy water, Little Man comes to Big Ma for support. Big Ma replied, "So ain't no use us frettin' bout it. One day you'll have plenty of clothes and maybe even a car of your own to ride round in..." (Taylor 45). This brings me to my point, that Big Ma played a big part to the Logans in troubled times, when they needed help physically and emotionally. Another example, when Big Ma tries to defend Cassie her granddaughter, but also keeps her out of trouble. (Taylor 115) "Big Ma looked at me, fear in her eyes, then looked back to the crowd," "She Jus a child." Here she tries to defend Cassie from the raging crowd, that Cassie created. This relates to how she plays a role as a support to the Logan family. Because Big Ma was supportive, Mildred Taylor is showing readers that being supportive is uplifting to those close to us.

-- Chad Kasper

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## The Serious Problem of Energy Drinks

James Tinman

Seizures, mania, stroke and sudden death are all side effects caused by the caffeine in energy drinks. Seeing all these side effects would make me not want an energy drink ever again. Although it helps people everyday to have the energy they need, we could use green tea as a great alternative. Energy drinks should be off the shelves for teens and adults.

Energy drinks pose many health risks to people. According to healthline.com the recommended amount of caffeine per day is 400mg and in one can of Red Bull there is 148mg. That is 35% of your caffeine recommended in a day. Too much caffeine in a day can cause dizziness, increased thirst and diarrhea. According to caffeineinformer.com people with weak hearts can have cardiac arrest from drinking energy drinks. Cardiac arrest is a sudden, sometimes temporary, cessation of function of the heart. Knowing that I wouldn't want that to happen. In The Journal of American College Health, kids high on caffeine are more likely to do risky acts. An act you might do is yell at your parents or worst steal.

Pollution is a big problem for the earth and energy drinks are not helping. Most energy drinks are made of aluminum. According to Csuoshi.edu it takes 200-500 years for an aluminum can to decompose. Now imagine all the empty energy drink cans that will take 200-500 years to decompose.

Energy drinks shouldn't be consumed by teens or adults because they cause seizure, mania, stroke and death. Also all the empty cans are doing damage to the earth. For all these reasons energy drinks should be off the shelves.

Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Tommy Cismoski

12-7-17

## Hatchet: Chapter 20

Brian was home for in his bedroom staring at his hatchet sitting on his nightstand. It was 11:00 at night and he was still wide awake laying on his bed with the sun glaring on his glass full of ice. The wind was howling and the branches were tapping on the windows.

He couldn't fall asleep on his bed because it was to comfortable compared of his old shelter. He squirmed onto the floor and used his blanket as a head rest. He took his hatchet of his nightstand and lied it down next to him on the floor.

His mom's footsteps going back and forth in the hall as he acted as he was sleeping when his mom walked in the room. His mom thought that it wasn't normal that Brian was sleeping the floor so she woke him up by turning on the lights.

He opened his eyes and said, "What are you doing Mom?"

"Why are you sleeping on the floor," his mom asked?

He didn't bother to answer and ripped the blankets over his head.

His eyes finally shut and the dreams came to him like a rock falling from the sky.

He was at his old shelter and everything was back again. The wind was swirling into the cave and the sun glaring off the lake. He saw the porcupine in the distance right by the shore of the lake. It was dusk and the sun was at that angle where he couldn't even see the other side of the lake.

He took his pullover and went to go gather berries so he had something to eat because he was growling for food. The last time he ate was last night.

He got to the patch of berries and ate as much as he could. He also gathered as much as he could to put it in his pullover for tomorrow maybe for breakfast.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

He got back to his shelter and the coals of the fire were glowing red so he added a little more dry leaves to get it started up again. The night came to him and he closed his eyes.

The next morning he woke up and ate some of the berries he gathered last night.

Then he looked at the lake and saw the tail of the plane sticking up from the water and remembered about the survival pack. The pilot told him that there was a survival pack at the tail of the plane with supplies that will help you survive.

Brian build his raft and was already gliding through the water but he still had ways to go before he got to the plane.

He had his hatchet on his belt and he tried to reach the log that fell off the raft but his hatchet was not long enough to reach it and he dropped it. Brian dove into to the water after the hatchet and the hatchet went to the bottom. Good thing he wasn't far out into the water so he reached the hatchet on the bottom of the lake. His ears were still popping by the he reached the top of the water.

Brian arrived at the plane and already started to chop away at the tail of the plane with his hatchet.

He finally saw the inside of the plane and he tried to fit in the small hole but couldn't. Brian finally got the hole big enough so he can fit in it.

He was in the plane and saw the survival pack but it was towards the front end of the plane. He then swam to the bottom of the plane and grabbed the survival pack.

He looked to his right and there he was, the pilot was right there, and was being swarmed by school of fish. Brian was horrified after seeing the pilot dead in the plane.

Brian woke up and realized it was his worst and only flashback ever.

## School Needs to Start Later

Are you ever late to school because you went to bed too late or couldn't get up with your alarm clock? Some people believe school should start early in the morning for middle schoolers in order to have time for activities in the afternoon. Teenagers need more sleep and therefore school needs to start later.

Middle school students should start school later because they need more sleep. According to [sleepfoundation.org](http://sleepfoundation.org) 28% of students fall asleep in school and 22% fall asleep doing their homework. Also, 14% are late to school because they oversleep and 29% of students don't get the right amount of sleep. Teenagers need about 8 hours of sleep to function in school. If school started later, the percentage would go down and these problems could be prevented.

Middle and high school aged children need sleep in order to function in school and do well. School needs to start later in the morning. Now you will get to school on time and be able to wake up when you hear that annoying alarm.



# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Road Rage

A police officer stopped the driver for speeding and got out of his car to talk to the man who was speeding.

“You know you’re going 90 miles an hour,” the policeman said.

“SO!” the man said angrily.

“So, the speed limit is 55 and you are going 35 miles an hour over it so I have to give you a ticket.”

“I just wanted to get some v bucks so i can buy the new skin and your giving me a ticket, that’s tough.”

The police officer gave the man a one hundred dollar ticket. The dude started to get very angry and his emotions got the best of him. He got out of the car and threw some hands with the officer and then quickly drove away.

-- Frank DeCarlo

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

*I looked forward to those Mondays  
and dreaded them at the same time.*

*I was somehow ashamed  
to meet Abek.*

*I was ashamed of my clean clothes,  
ashamed and pained  
by the kiss  
he planted on my cheek when he could.*

*And always there were the dirty,  
bloody,  
vermin-filled bundles of clothes  
between us.*

*--Gerda Weissmann Klein and Megan Hrabe*

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Philip Donaghey

One sunny morning some kids biked to the lake for a picnic at lunch. After they ate, the kids went fishing on the lake. One kid named Jake noticed a fin coming out of the water.

“Shark, Shark!!” screamed Jake.

The other group noticed it coming towards the boat. The shark hit the boat they were on and flipped it over. All the kids fell out of it and rushed to get to shore. They were swimming for their lives and when they got to shore they were relieved that they got to shore safely. However they noticed that Bob and Steve were gone. A few kids started to cry for Steve and Bob. Then they decided to get revenge on that shark.

The next day the whole town was on search for the shark that took the lives of Bob and Steve. The only problem is that the lake is connected to a system of pipes that lead to other lakes in the area. The kids couldn't go near the investigation site because of the risk of danger. So they made a plan to go at night so they don't get caught and in trouble. When they got there Jake had the most hatred for the shark because Bob and Steve were close friends. It was midnight at the lake and they heard a splash everyone froze. Then they realized what they were supposed to do if they found the shark. Then Frank brought out a harpoon gun but it had a tracker on it he had this because his dad was a Marine biologist and shot the shark. It was the best shot that any of them had ever seen.

The next day they told the police about it and showed them the tracker on the computer. The only thing was that it was moving. So they presumed that it was dead or it had fallen off the shark. The police carried on the investigation for two more months but they couldn't find it. So the kids will never get their rightful revenge on the shark that took their friends' lives.

Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## My Own Version of Resident Evil 7

Hunter McMillen

One sunny morning, some kids biked to the lake for a picnic lunch. After they ate, a creepy old man came out of the bushes with a big zipped up bag.

The kid next to me said "Hey mister"

The man looked at us and ran back into the bushes and left the bag.

We walked to the bag and it moved. "Whatever is in that bag is alive and stinks." I said Next to the bag is an ID of some sorts, we couldn't tell because the name and picture was crossed.

When I looked at it more closely, The ID was covered by a black goo of some sorts. I tried to rinse the stuff off in the lake but it didn't. The water only seemed to only make it active. It started to move onto my hand but I let it go in time.

The bag started to move again so i walked up to it and i tried to open it but the zipper was stuck. Eventuality, I got it to open a slight bit and i was more of that black goo.

I saw a line of it and my curiosity got the better of me. I told my friends to go home just in case it was dangerous. They both nod and left.

I started to follow it and it lead me to this old house. I went through this large gate and it closed and locked behind me. I keep walking and I went through the front door. The place was rundown and looked like it was going to collapse any moment. It was dark and cold.

I saw a pot and opened it. Inside was rotten food and bugs with more of the goo. A cockroach went on my hand so i swiped it off. I walked up stairs and pressed a button and it open a stairway to the attic. I waked up the stairs and there's a room.

I walked in the room and inside was a desk, a lamp, and a gun but i left that alone.

I left the room and i walked to hallway and i went through the door... there was nothing. It was only an empty room with normal stuff. So i walk out.

As I went back down the stairs there were manikins and one was holding a vhs tape.i grabbed it and went down stairs and walked into another room. It was the family room.

As i walked in i noticed a surprising a working tv and a vcr and i put two and two together. I put in the vhs and it worked.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

I saw three men one was what looked like a news reporter the other looked like his partner then I couldn't see what the last one because he was controlling the camera. They all walked in the house like I did.

He went into the family room first unlike me and they couldn't find anything interesting so they left the room then explored some more. They found a cool background for the start of the video but the partner was gone.

They both went looking for them and went back to the family room and then the guy noticed a handle in the chimney so he pulled on it. It opened a room in the wall and they both went in.

They followed a tiny dark hallway leading to a ladder. The camera guy went down first. When he went down he turned around and saw the partner facing a pipe. But when he went to grab his shoulder the partner's body leaned back, the pipe shoved down his throat, and fell on him. Before the camera went out I saw the same man that was at the park.

When I saw that, I turned everything off and ran out of the house forgetting the gate has locked. Then when I look behind me there was that man with the gun I saw earlier, I tried to get out but I could not. I heard a gunshot then... nothing. There was no noise. I looked around and saw darkness all of a sudden there was a light. I followed it then i was warm and felt free. Then... nothing.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

*Ariel Rosario*

## HATCHET

### Chapter 20:

Brian looked out the window of his mom's red Toyota. He watched the buildings go by in a blur. He forgot how many there actually were in New York. He also forgot how bad New York traffic was but he was quickly reminded of it.

"Brian," his mom said.

He glanced at his mom.

"Yeah,"

"How are you feeling?" her voice laced with concern.

He shrugged and directed his eyes out the window.

The car filled with silence. His mom noticed this and turned up the radio.

Brian hadn't heard music in so long, he forgot it existed. The rest of the car ride home Brian and his mom didn't speak.

When they arrived home Brian's mom went into the kitchen to prepare dinner. She stopped midway.

"Honey, are you okay?" she said to Brian who was still standing in the doorway.

He flinched at the sound of her voice.

He cleared his voice.

"I'm fine," he whispered as he strode past her avoiding her eye contact.

He practically ran into the bathroom and shut the door. He walked over to the bathtub and turned the shower on.

Fresh, clean water anytime you want.

He turned it off and on, hot and cold. After doing this for a while he finally shut it off and walked out of the bathroom.

He walked towards his bedroom past the kitchen where he saw his mom sitting by the kitchen counter, she looked anxious.

When Brian walked in she stood up and walked towards him. When she was standing in front of him she reached for his cheek and studied his face.

Brian cleared his throat causing his mother to drop her hand.

"I love you," his mom said to him with so much sincerity in her voice.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

He looked at his mom. The person who he loved most in the world and he had missed the most. He just... wasn't ready.

He gave her nod and then walked around her and through the hall to his bedroom. He stopped at his bedroom door. It was a plain white door, but you couldn't tell because it was covered top to bottom in posters. There were some video game posters like Call of Duty and Black Ops, but there were also a few posters from some of his favorite plays that he had gotten to watch with his mom and dad before... the Secret.

Those were some of his favorite memories with his parents.

He stood in front of the door for a minute examining all of the posters. They were exactly how he left them. He finally reached for the door knob pushed the door open. His room was exactly the same. He reached and turned on the lights then immediately turned them back off. It was already getting dark outside— it didn't feel right. He saw his dark oak dresser right as he walked in. He remembered all of the times he had ran into his room and crashed into that dresser. He walked past his dresser, going towards his bed. His bedroom floor was hardwood but he had a white wool rug underneath his bed that his grandmother had knitted for him just before she died. He stepped from the wood onto the rug, it was so soft and warm on his bare feet. He walked across the rug and stood in front of his bed his red comforter draped over his bed.

He lifted it up and crawled underneath. The bed was comfortable, a lot more comfortable compared to the floor. He didn't mind the floor but he knew if he wanted to adapt back to this life he had to put in effort.

He stared outside, through his black cotton curtains. The hours pass by when moonlight filled his room.

He looked around his room, a place he thought he'd never see again.

Then he shut his eyes and let his dreams take him away.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## Rainbow Otter

by Daniel Foster

We were playing basketball with this rainbow otter. The otter was Doug, so we went and played two on two. Doug and I played J muth and Tommy.

“I’m going to break your ankles,.” Doug said.

“No, you’re not;, you’re trash!” J muth said.

“Bet.”

“Bet.”

Doug broke J muth’s ankles and wet the shot. He hit it from half court. It was limitless range badge on hall of fame and ankle breaker badge on hall of fame.

“I’m sorry, but you’re trash.” Doug said to J muth.

“Bet I will come back.” J muth said.

J muth had a broken ankle after the game, and Tommy had no one to play with, so he went to the hospital with J muth.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

I noticed that there were was a lot of smoke in my room. I decided to look and see if I could find where it was coming from. Then I found out what it was it was a fire that had started when my dad spilled water on my computer screen.

Dad told me to call 911 I was scared and furious but more furious than scared. He told me that he was really sorry for spilling water all over my computer.

I couldn't forgive him it took me a long time to save up for this computer and he knew that there was no drinks a loud near it. Everything was lost how could I even start all over again. Everything was lost from games to important family pictures that I cherished.

Dad said that I couldn't get another one because we were low on money but he said that he was really sorry that he spilled water all over it.

I couldn't take it anymore I told my Dad so many times that I didn't want another computer and that computer was really special to me. Then I realized that, that wasn't even my computer it was my brothers we had the same exact one but his had a red sticker on it and mine had a blue sticker on it. I was so happy that it wasn't mine but I felt really bad for my brother. Once my Dad told my Brother what he did my Brother started to cry . So I took matters into my own hands and bought a new computer with the money I saved up from my job to make him happy.

by Nick Bertso

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## **Shallow Lake**

Calee Cebulski

The lake started to get shallower by the minute so the kids went to go check it out to see what was happening. When they got to the lake they saw a shiny object in the center of the lake. “ What do we do?” said Brian. “ I don’t know, but I think that we should go and stop it.” said Lily, “ How!?” said Brian “ I don’t know let’s just see what that shiny thing is and then we will work from there.” Lily said “ Ok”. said Brian. They went to go see what the shiny thing is and what they found was very bizarre. They found a gold coin that looked to be from the 1600’s, but when they went to pick it up suddenly the lake started to fill up again. Brian grabbed the coin and Lily and started to run out of the lake just before it filled up completely. It was just Brian, Lily and the coin. All alone with what just had happened, and left with the secrets of the unknown.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Matt Harvey

Hatchet

## **Epilogue**

Brian first amassed some raspberries down by the lake's edge. He decided to enjoy one before he went out to get good wood for a spear or another wooden weapon.

He went along a faded, dirt path to find some good sized wood. But Brian was exhausted, surviving on such a little source of food. He picked up a stick and started dragging it across the soggy dirt. Then Brian tripped, face-planting across the dirt. His eyes were closed shut and he wiped off his face. His ankle felt incapacitated.

Then Brian looked and opened his eyes. He was hanging off a rocky cliff. Just dangling and barely tethered onto a long vine. Brian could tell that this wasn't going to hold him for much longer. He tried to grapple onto the vine but he just couldn't bend this way. At the angle he was at he seemed so far from the bottom of the cliff. His paperclip slipped out of his pocket and Brian waited to see when it fell. It seemed like it took forever.

The rope snapped!

Brian slid down the side of the cliff trying to get a hold of something to keep him from his death. Brian looked down and saw water but knew it was too shallow to keep him alive. He grabbed onto a rock just before he hit the bottom. He was now close enough to jump down so he did. He crawled out of the water shivering. He layed his head against the dirt then slowly fell asleep.

Hours later Brian woke up and decided to try and walk back to his shelter. His ankle hurt so bad and he knew he wouldn't be able to make it back to his shelter but he made it all this way. He was determined to go all the way, thinking of other things to distract him. Then he thought about warmth and how he used to spend Christmas with his parents, both of them. They were sitting in front of the warm fire.

Fire! Brian thought. His fire was still going at his camp when he left, but by now it would've burned out. He raced back to his shelter but he was lost. Brian fell to the ground, crawling inches by inches until he couldn't do it anymore and fell back asleep.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

At home we sat  
    **Silently.**

This was  
the last morning  
in our home.

I could **not**  
stand it in the cellar.

I went into the yard  
And  
then jumped  
over the fence into the garden,  
the garden which i had so **loved.**

I did not  
care if anybody caught me,  
I had to  
see my beloved **garden** again.

*-- Gerda Weissmann Klein and Ella Pignotti*

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

## **Oh Deer**

Sydney Spilchen

As I walked along the overgrown path, in the forest. I couldn't help but think I was being followed. I swear I could hear footsteps coming from somewhere behind me.

"It's just an animal..." I'd tell myself. Then I heard a twig snap, It definitely wasn't from me.... Frozen with fear I wondered to myself why I thought it would be a good idea to walk alone in the forest.

"Talk a walk in the forest' they said, 'it'll be relaxing' they said." I gathered enough courage to turn my head and look around. There in the opening between trees, right next to the little river, was a deer. If I'm correct, a male deer, with giant bumpy antlers. The deer dipped it's head down and drank from the river.

I could see it's everymove. I stood hiding behind a tree, now, watching the deer. I made sure not to make any loud sound, for it would scare off the deer. The deer looked up from it's mid-day drink, and stared directly at me. The deer didn't move from the river.

For some dumb reason I wanted to get a closer look, curiosity killed the cat right? Almost like in slow motion, I started walking out into the open near the river. I inspected the ground, like I was looking for clues at an investigation, looking out for twigs. Ever so slowly I walked toward the deer, what was I thinking? What if it charged at me? What if it kicks me...?

Of all the things that could happen, I fell in the water. The splashed echoed throughout the empty forest. The deer looked up from the river, and darted off into the forest where I lost track of it. Great! Now I'm left alone in the middle of the forest soaking wet, and still curious.

A B C



BOOK OF  
PHYSICAL  
SCIENCE

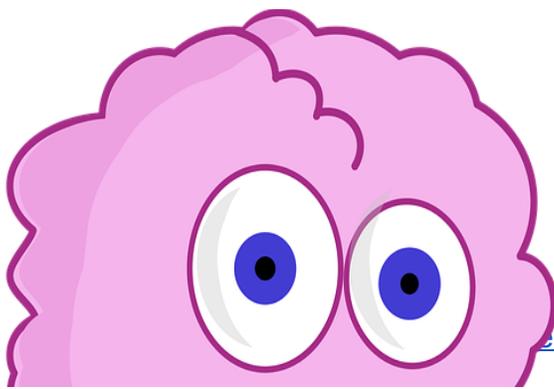
# English Language Arts

2017-2018



By: Cooper Reynolds

**This book has Science Words  
From A to Z. You will see a  
image of what the word is and  
its definition.**



# English Language Arts

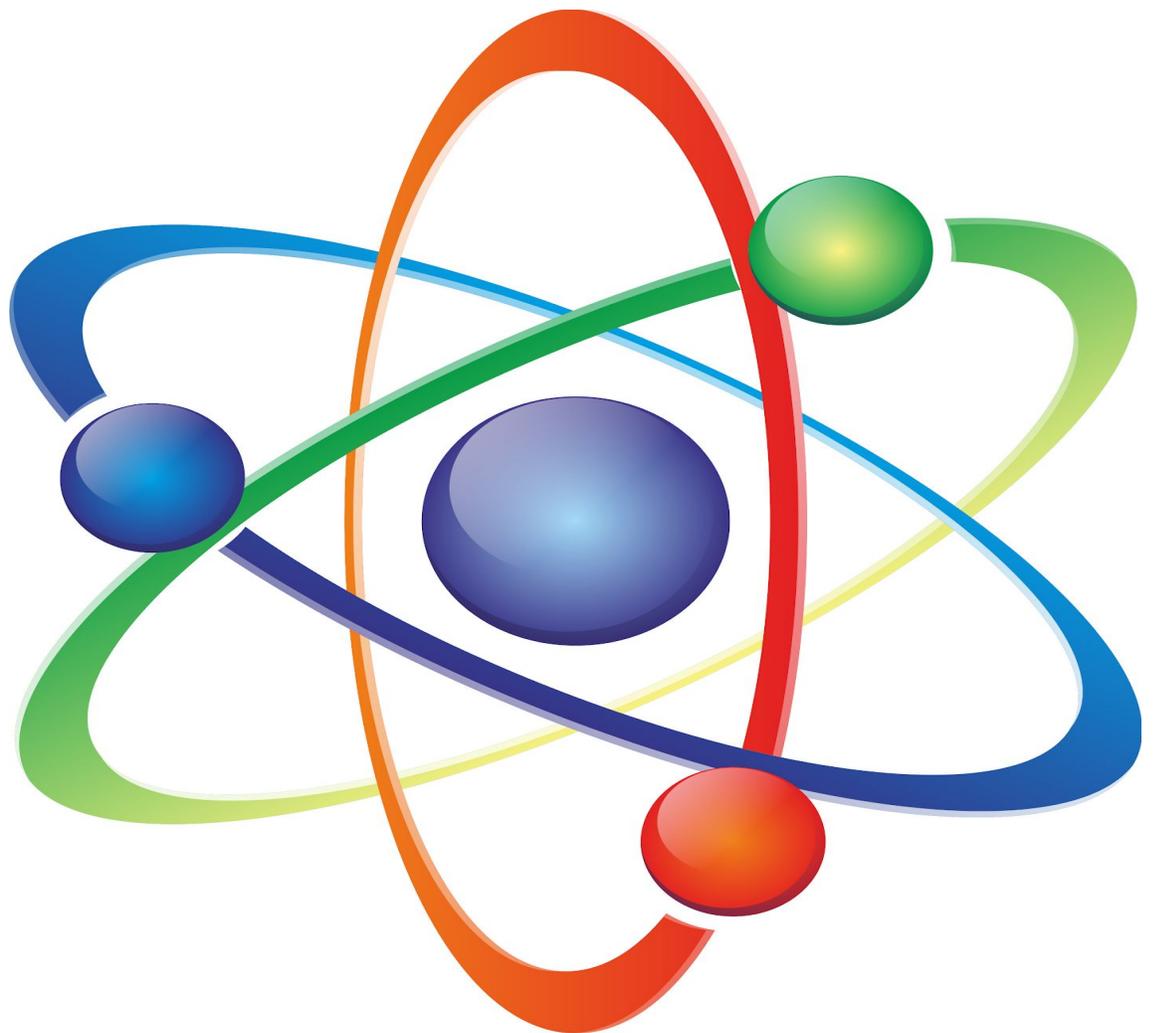
2017-2018

**A-Atom**  
**B-Boron**  
**C-Carbon**  
**D-Density**  
**E-Electron**  
**F-Focus**  
**G-Gas**  
**H-Hydrogen**  
**I-Iodine**  
**J-Joule**  
**K-Krypton**  
**L-Lithium**  
**M-Mountain**  
**N-Nitrogen**  
**O-Oxygen**  
**P-Pond**  
**Q-Quarks**  
**R-Reaction**  
**S-Silicon**  
**T-Temperature**  
**U-Uranium**  
**V-Velocity**  
**W-Wavelength**  
**X-Xenon**  
**Y-Yield**  
**Z-Zinc**



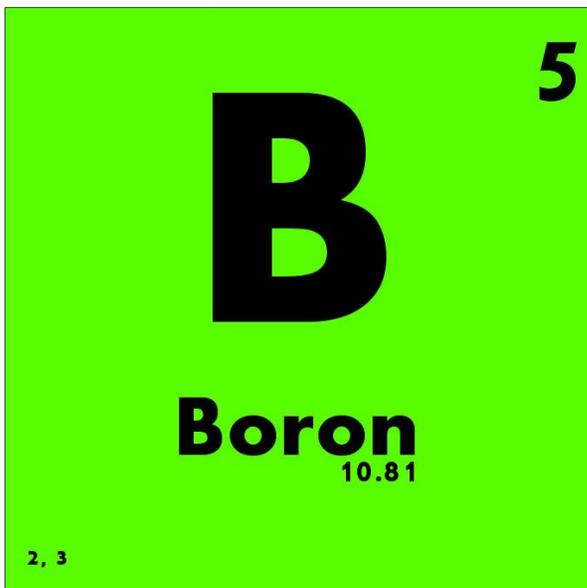
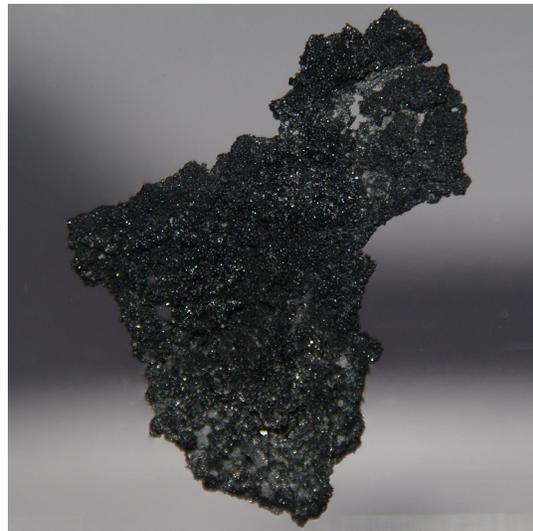
# A - Atom

**Atom is the basic unit of a chemical element.**



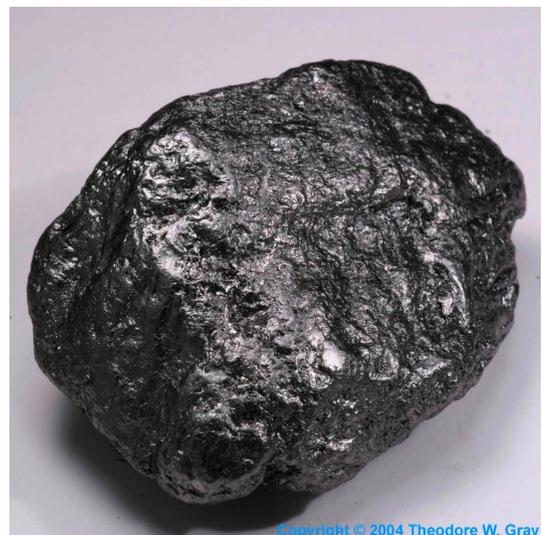
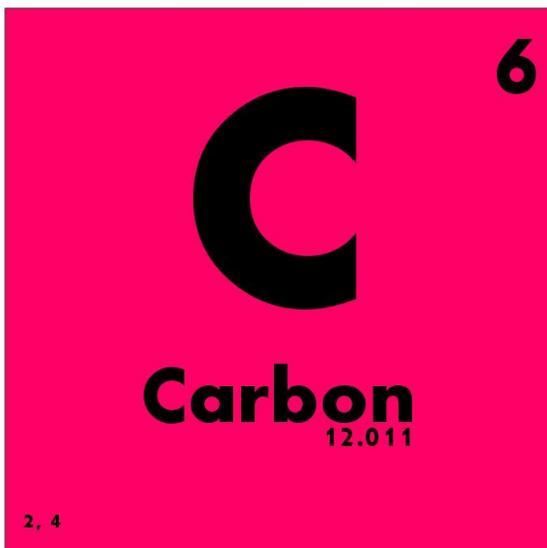
# B-Boron

Boron is a chemical element of atomic number 5, a nonmetallic solid.



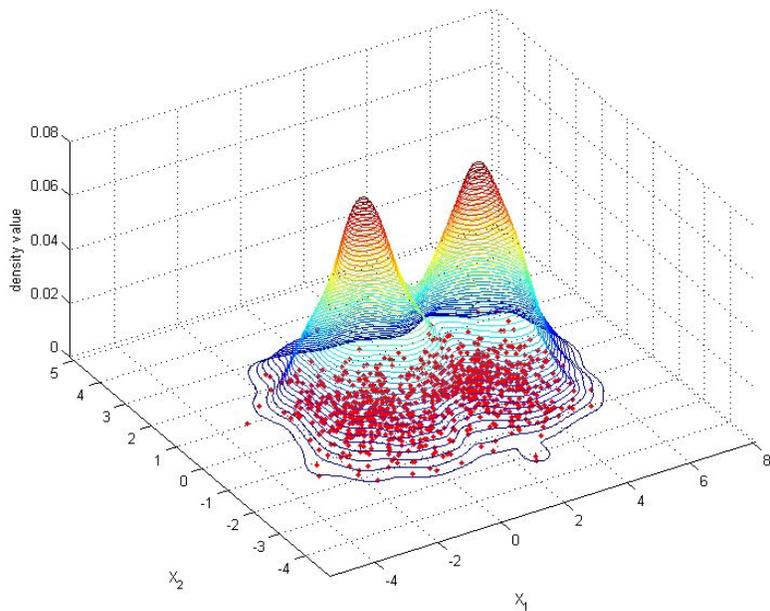
# C-Carbon

Carbon is the chemical element of atomic number 6, a nonmetal that has two main forms (diamond and graphite) and that also occurs in impure form in charcoal, soot, and coal.



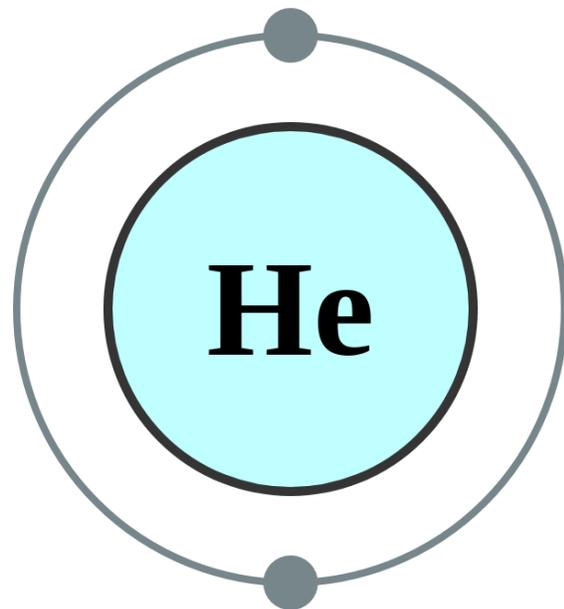
# D-Density

Density is the degree of compactness of a substance.



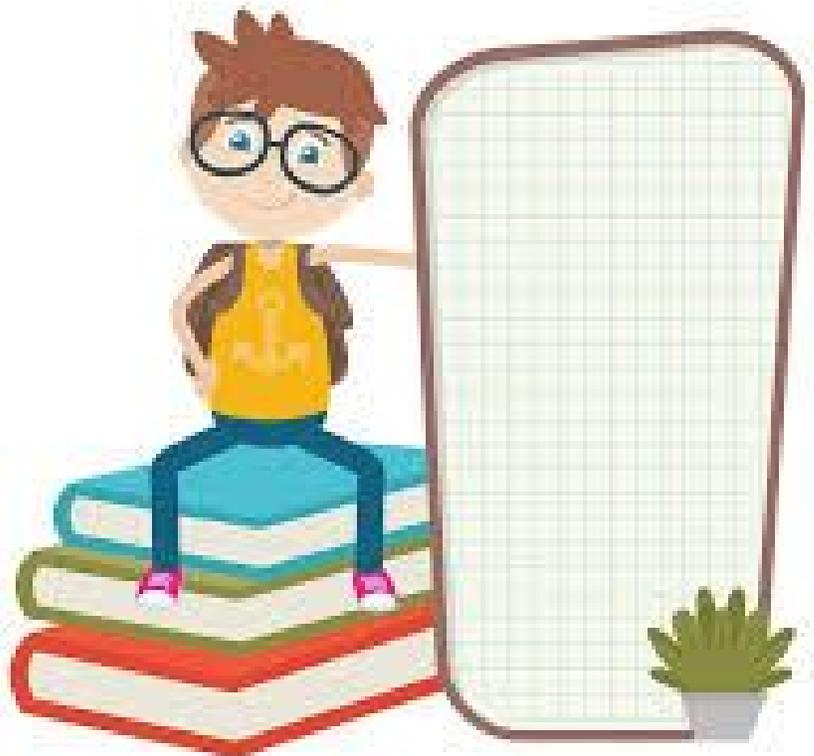
# E-Electron

Electron is a stable subatomic particle with a charge of negative electricity, found in all atoms and acting as the primary carrier of electricity in solids.



# F-Focus

Focus is the center of interest or activity.



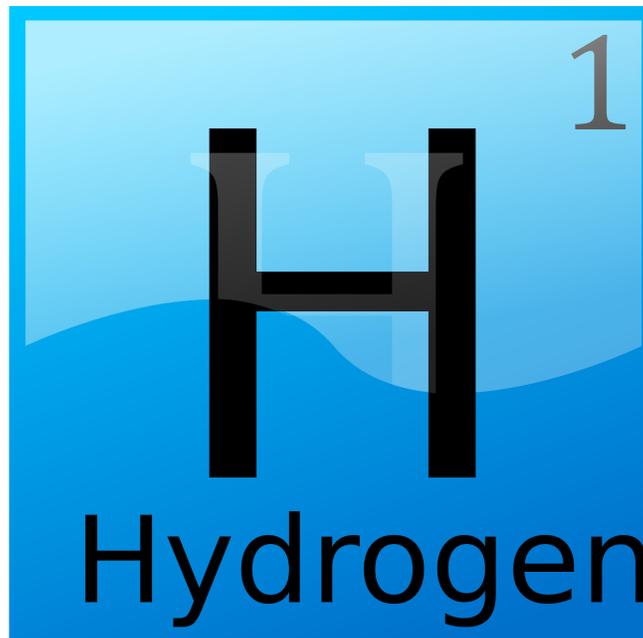
# G-Gas

Gas in an airlike fluid substance which expands freely to fill any space available, irrespective of its quantity.



# H-Hydrogen

Is a colorless, odorless, highly flammable gas, the chemical element of atomic number.



# I - Iodine

Is the chemical element of atomic number 53, a nonmetallic element forming black crystals and a violet vapor.



# J-Joule

the SI unit of work or energy, equal to the work done by a force of one newton when its point of application moves one meter in the direction of action of the force, equivalent to one 3600th of a watt-hour.



# K-Krypton

Is the chemical element of atomic number 36, a member of the noble gas series. It is obtained by distillation of liquid air and is used in some kinds of electric light.



# L-Lithium

Is the chemical element of atomic number 3, a soft silver-white metal. It is the lightest of the alkali metals.



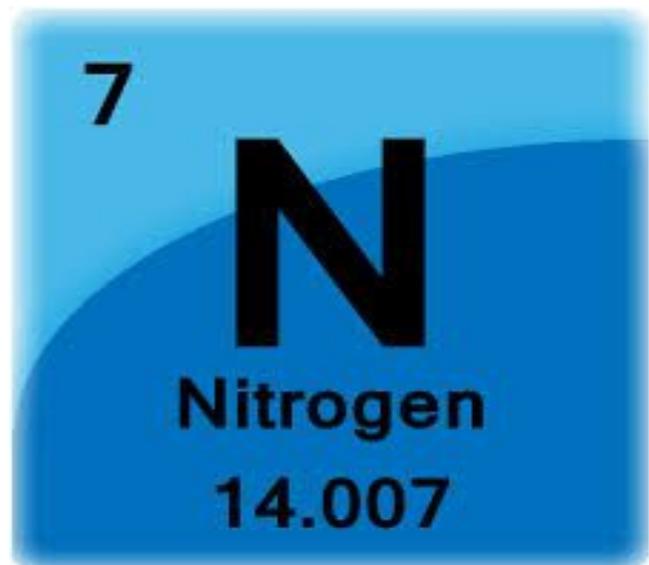
# M-Mountain

a large natural elevation of the earth's surface rising abruptly from the surrounding level; a large steep hill.



# N-Nitrogen

Is the chemical element of atomic number 7, a colorless, odorless unreactive gas that forms about 78 percent of the earth's atmosphere.



# O-Oxygen

a colorless, odorless reactive gas, the chemical element of atomic number 8 and the life-supporting component of the air. Oxygen forms about 20 percent of the earth's atmosphere, and is the most abundant element in the earth's crust, mainly in the form of oxides, silicates, and carbonates.



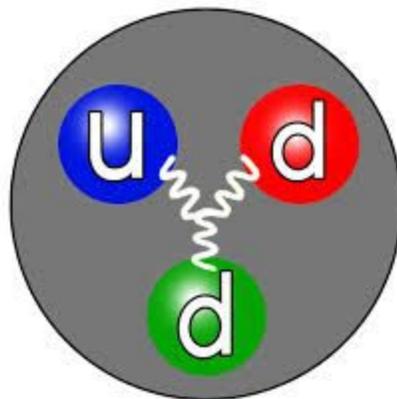
# P-Pond

a small body of still water  
formed naturally or by  
hollowing or embanking.



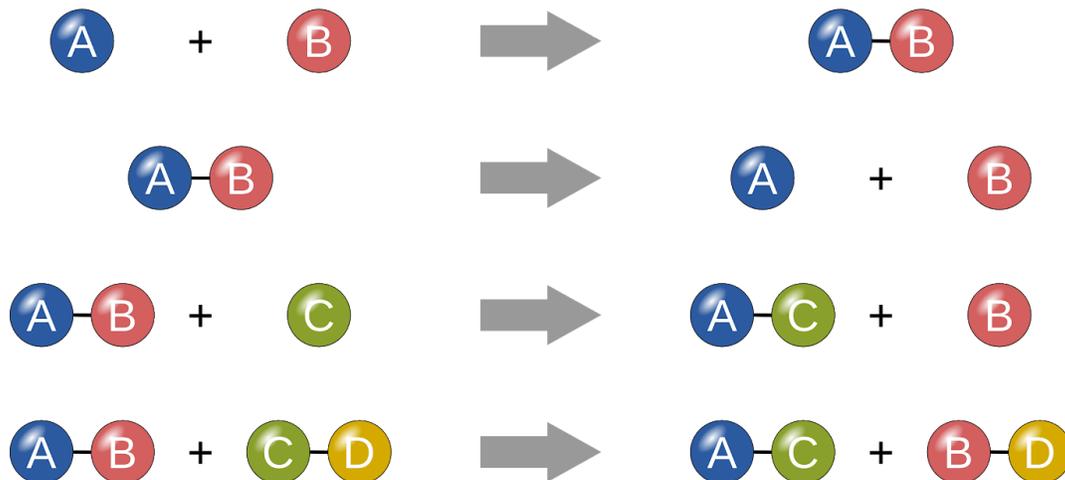
# Q-Quarks

any of a number of subatomic particles carrying a fractional electric charge, postulated as building blocks of the hadrons. Quarks have not been directly observed, but theoretical predictions based on their existence have been confirmed experimentally.



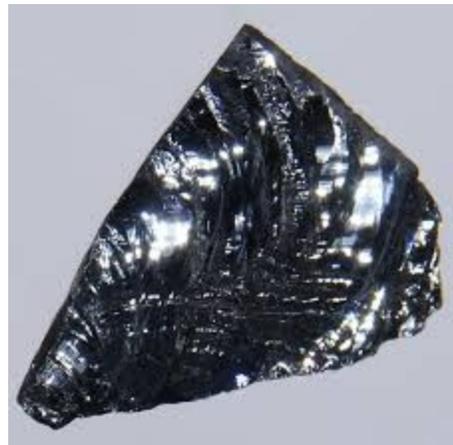
# R-Reaction

Is an action performed or a feeling experienced in response to a situation or event.



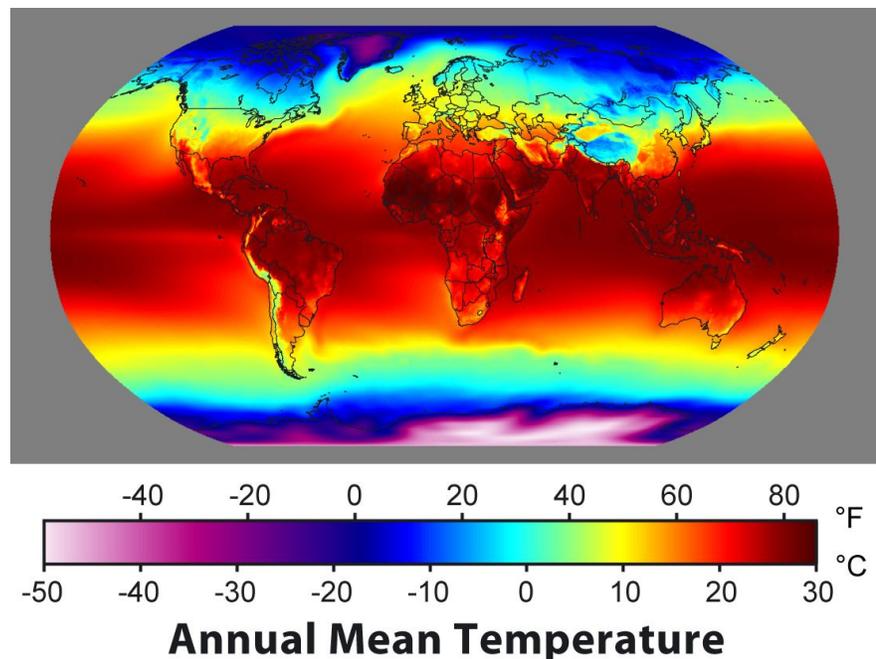
# S-Silicon

Is the chemical element of atomic number 14, a nonmetal with semiconducting properties, used in making electronic circuits. Pure silicon exists in a shiny dark gray crystalline form and as an amorphous powder.



# T-Temperature

the degree or intensity of heat present in a substance or object, especially as expressed according to a comparative scale and shown by a thermometer or perceived by touch.



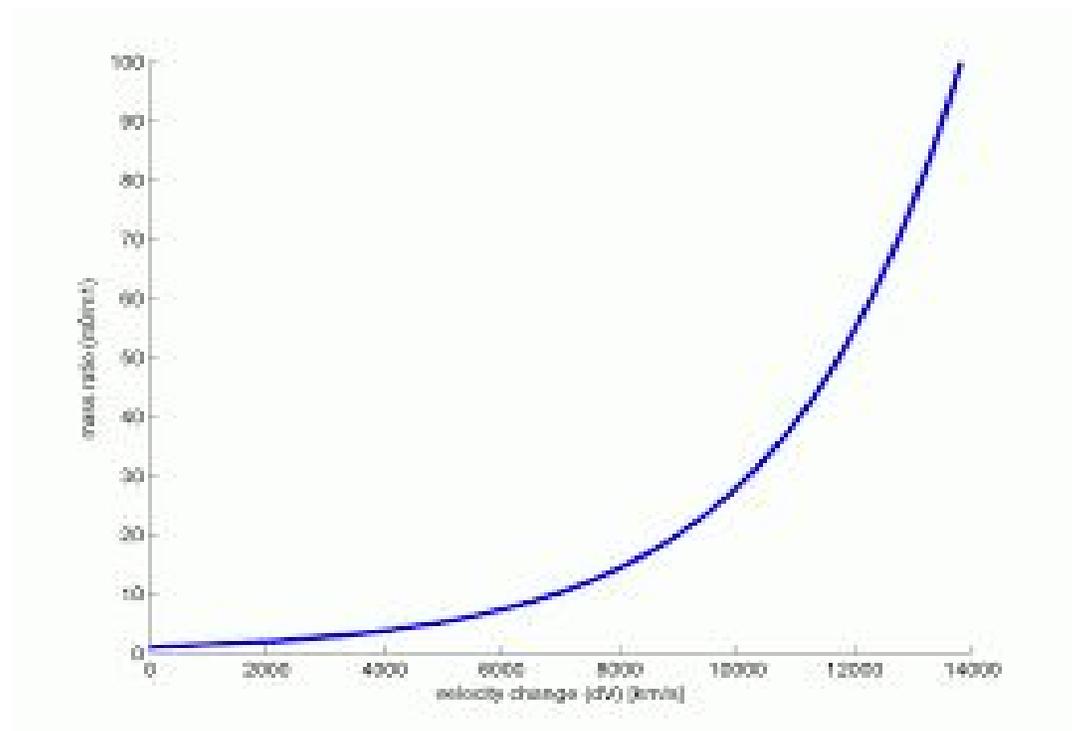
# U-Uranium

the chemical element of atomic number 92, a gray, dense radioactive metal used as a fuel in nuclear reactors.



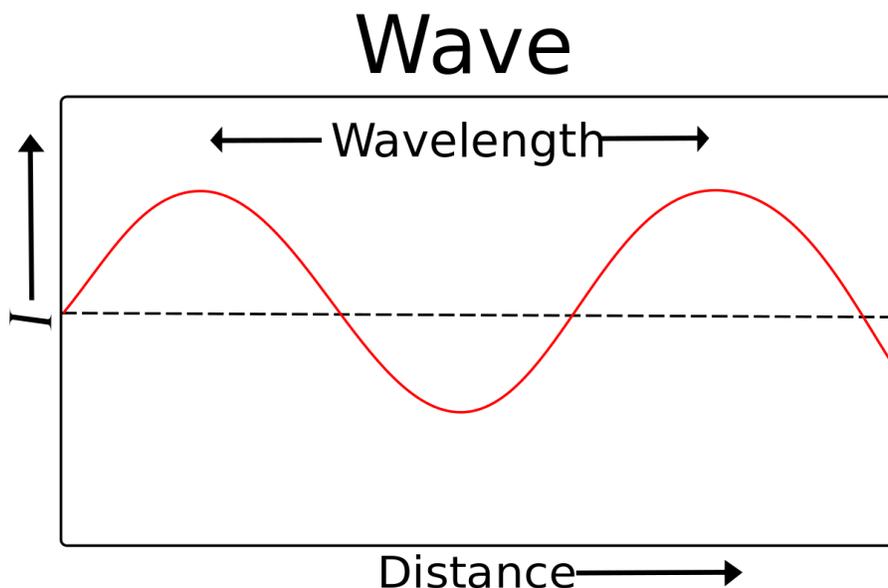
# V-Veloisity

Is the speed of something in a given direction.



# W - Wavelength

Is the distance between successive crests of a wave, especially points in a sound wave or electromagnetic wave.



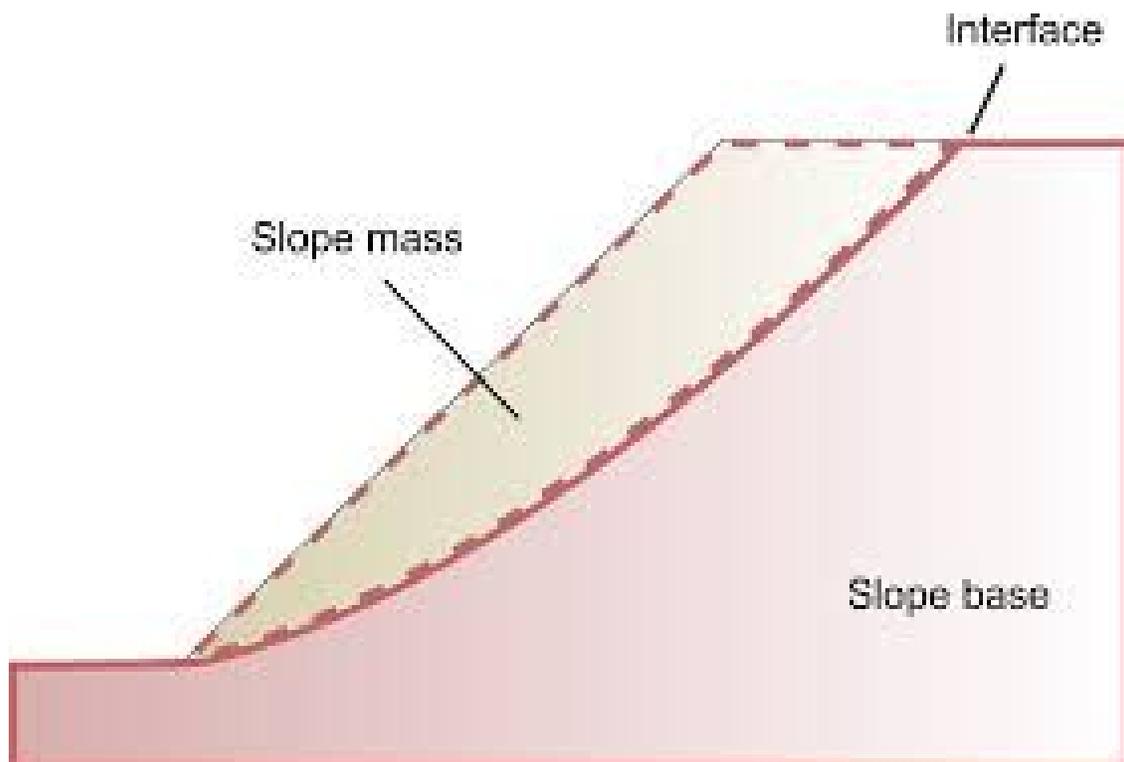
# X-Xenon

Is the chemical element of atomic number 54, a member of the noble gas series. It is obtained by distillation of liquid air and is used in some specialized electric lamps.



# Y-Yield

Is produce or provide (a natural, agricultural, or industrial product).



# Z-Zinc

Is the chemical element of atomic number 30, a silvery-white metal that is a constituent of brass and is used for coating (galvanizing) iron and steel to protect against corrosion.



Sources-Back of Science  
Book and Dictionary.com.

# English Language Arts

2017-2018

Tyler Kruse

*Days Are Long  
Weeks Are Longer  
When You Are Away  
My Love Grows Stronger  
Please Come Back  
Before I Am Somber  
I Can Not Wait Any Longer*



Mr Martinus & Miss Tyrrell

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)