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The Rainstorm - Cecilia Holodak

Raindrops fell from the sky,
 Splattering on the ground.
 Forming
 puddles
 by the side of the road.
 Making the world
 wet
 wet
 wet
 Wet
 WET!
 Until,
 Dry
 was just a figment,
 of one's imagination.
 The parents
 of this Rain,
 the Clouds,
 turned the world into
 one
 boring
 smudge
 of gray.
 Except, of course,
 the Mud,
 the brown
 gooey
 sludgy
 stuff
 that would crust
 and peel
 off your shoes,
 once this world
 of sludge
 and mud
 and gray
 and wet
 ENDED!
 But it was still,
 just a mess,
 where Sun
 was less
 than a whisper
 of a memory.

My Shining Light - Jack Duesterdick

I could spend nights thinking about your incredible smile,
 You make everyday special and worthwhile.
 Although I worry about losing such an amazing girl,
 I still want you to know that you're my entire world.

It hasn't been long, but it feels like a lifetime,
 When I'm with you I feel so alive.
 We spend hours talking online and over the phone,
 But all I want is to have you alone.

I'll never hurt you or ever walk away.
 You've always known how to brighten my day.
 Ever since I met you, right from the start,
 I knew you'd be the one that would steal my heart.

Some guys will say things, that they don't really mean,
 What they say, is not always as it seems.
 You can count on me to always be true,
 Because we both know, that all I want is you.

You really are perfect in every single way,
 I love you more with every single day.
 You are the only girl in my sight,
 You have always and will always be, my shining light.



Alanna Deery

There is Such a Thing as Destiny - Jack Gallo

"There is no such thing as destiny!"
 The boy cried to his friend, trying to make a point
 The boy turns left
 Scaring away a squirrel
 There is no such thing as destiny

"It's something adults made up,
 Just to give us kids a fright,"
 The boy turned left
 Scaring away a squirrel
 Then a crazy, plump dog spotted the squirrel, and off he
 ran to catch it
 There is no such thing as destiny

"It isn't true, none of it's true,
 I can do whatever I please,"
 The boy turned left
 Scaring away a squirrel
 Then a crazy, plump dog spotted the squirrel, and off he
 ran to catch it
 And an elderly, impatient man swerved his car out of the
 way to miss the running dog
 There is no such thing as destiny

"The science says it's not real,
 It can't be, it just can't,"
 The boy turned left
 Scaring away a squirrel

Then a crazy, plump dog spotted the squirrel, and off he ran to
 catch it
 And an elderly, impatient man swerved his car out of the way
 to miss the running dog
 Then the rusty and wretched car smashed a young girl off her
 bike
 There is no such thing as destiny

"As soon as we are born,
 We make our own choices,"
 The boy turned left
 Scaring away a squirrel
 Then a crazy, plump dog spotted the squirrel, and off he ran to
 catch it
 And an elderly, impatient man swerved his car out of the way
 to miss the running dog
 Then the rusty and wretched car smashed a young girl off her
 bike
 And the girl and the man were no more
 There is no such thing as destiny

But the boy turned right...
 The squirrel stayed put, gnawing on its nut
 The dog relaxed, laid down and took a nap
 The old man slammed his brakes; the little girl safely crossed
 the street
 No one died, all is safe and sound
 There is such thing as destiny



Kim Kaucic

I Am From - Mary Maceachern

I am from opening my eyes under water
To me, friends are life!
City noises are music to my ears
I am from New York City with big
Buildings and fantastic food.
I can't even imagine life without books
or reading
Traveling is something I truly love
Clam chowder is the best food I ever had!
I don't know what I would do
Without my brothers.
I am from sipping hot cocoa slowly after
a cold winter's day at the ski mountain
These things are what make me who I am!

If I Could... - Megan Black

If I could be a basketball I would score the
winning basket.
Being passed around through the sweaty
hands of exhausted kids.
Then bolting myself towards the ground and
bouncing up into a grubby hand.
Bounce, Bounce, Bounce, as I drop to the
ground
and back up into my players fingers.
Power dribble and up I go flying through the
net with a single swish.
The crowd was roaring so loud I felt myself
blush
I was the winning basket of the game.
The screaming, chanting and cheering.
The ups and downs, I'd been through it
all and now it all started over again.
The fans in the gym started to file out.
Then suddenly boom...boom...boom
I echoed through the room as I pounded on
the ground.
My player had dropped me.
I was standing on the scuffed floor
waiting for another person to pick me up.

A Winter Poem - Reid Montgomery

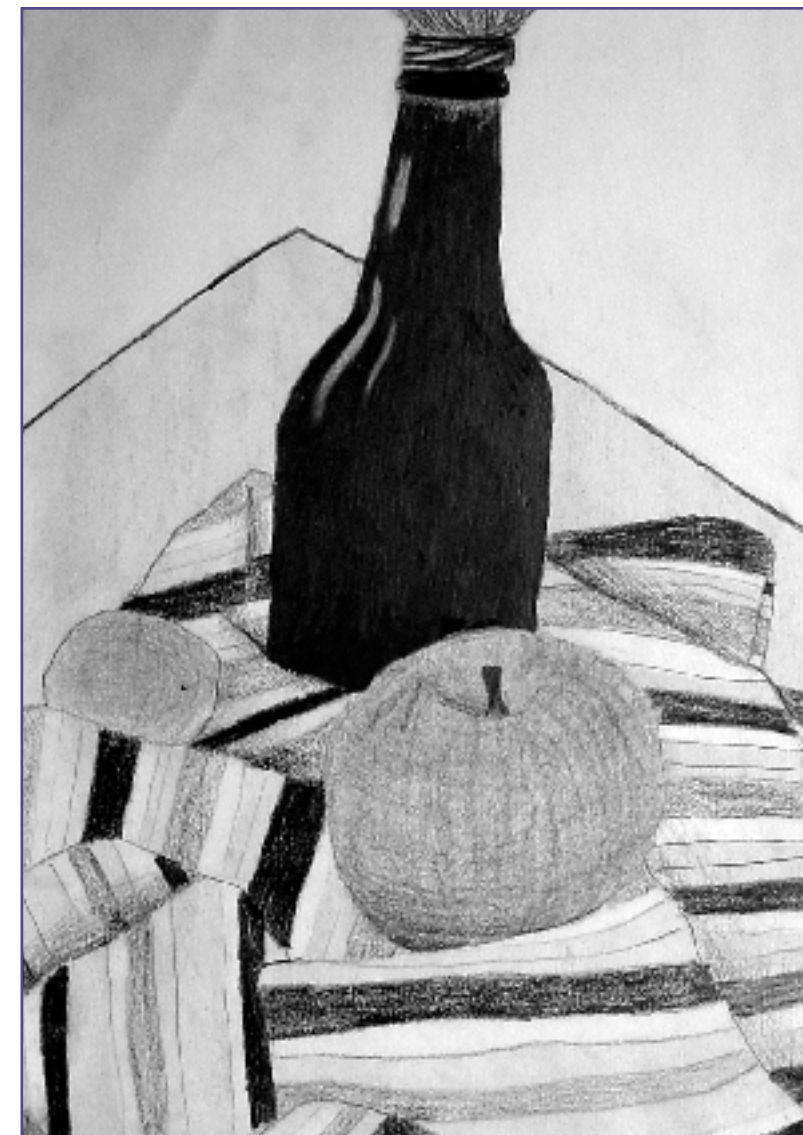
REMEMBER DECEMBER
AND ITS COLD, COLD NIGHTS
I PULLED UP MY BLANKET EVER SO TIGHT
I LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW
AND SAW SNOW ON THE GROUND
I TRIED TO LISTEN CLOSELY
BUT I HEARD NO SOUND
THE STARS IN THE SKY TWINKLED SO BRIGHT
AND I THOUGHT TO MYSELF
WHAT A PERFECT DECEMBER NIGHT
WINTER IS MY FAVORITE TIME OF YEAR
I THOUGHT OF THE MEMORIES
AND STARTED TO TEAR
AND I THOUGHT TO MYSELF WINTER IS HERE

Fenway Park - Sarah Connolly

The rusty, bronze gates that
Stand around the legend
Like security guards,
Protecting the memories,
Of the elderly men with their
1950's Sox Hats, gray hairs,
Peeking out.
Or the young toddlers,
Waiting to be the next Kevin Youkilis
Imagine these men,
Coming to Fenway,
Imagine their memories,
They aged here, through Bambino,
Watching as each banner soared high,
2003...2007...so on.
Green Monster makes these home runs impossible.
Yet we can do it,
John Hancock's sign burst with ecstatic lights,
Daring the teams,
"Hit the ball, this way, home run."
Sweet Caroline,
"Good times never seemed so good."
Drinks held high,
Peanut shells crushed on the cement,
The field groomed to perfection,
The grass criss-crossing
Like the top of
Home-made apple pie.
Not one dirt speck out of place.
Or when a foul ball goes into the stands,
And the whole section
STANDS UP,
And some idiots,
Start the wave.
Fenway Park,
Where the rusty, bronze gates,
That stands around the legend,
Like security guards,
Protecting the memories.
Of the elderly man,
The biggest fan for the longest time.

I Am From - Adiba Bukht

I am from a tree in the woods,
The one that I take books to.
Wonderful friends that will always stay
at my side.
Beautiful starry nights, the nights I spend
under the stars, camping outside
From the breathtaking views from
the top of the tree, that I love to climb.
I am from all those memories from
back when I used to live in India.
Those magnificent, exciting dreams that
will one day come true, that I think of every
single day.
From my family and friends who inspire
me to do great things in the world.
I am a Muslim, a proud Muslim.
Thrilling exciting, rare, interesting and scary
books I love to read.
These are the things that make me
what I am today.



Mackenzie Litz

A Town of Mayhem – Joseph Parisi

Troubled warriors suited on pins,
Await their capturing feat,
Smash! Crack!
Knocked out completely,
Imprisoned in boxes,
One by one they creep back into the wilderness,
Popping of bombs forces them to push forward into this
battlefield of sorrow,
Injured warriors hop past soaked in their dull red blood,
Some blood is blue from oxygen depletion.
Others are covered in dirt and moss,
Peasants surround the battlefield huddling and clumping
in strings
Starved you can see their gray twisted bones,
Some have turned green with sickness,
Flattened and buried within,
Few crumbs are scattered along the town,
Which are soon gobbled up quickly by eight legged de-
mons,
Hiding in the dark crevices of the Nation,
Few are well,
They carry axes and crowns,
Draped upon them is colorful satin thrones,
Diamonds protrude from their layer,
They are safe within their rectangular domes,
Past Faithful Leaders are mended into green portraits,
Bad ones have been buried,
Along with past more primitive civilizations,
Ones who portrayed from the plentiful,
Boxes full with halos from which they emerged,
Brought nothing and died out form exhaustion,
Their colorful coverings have peeled away,
Adding more to the earths thick crust,
They pray for the day that God will shed through the end-
less darkness,
His light may shine on all,
The day he will provide neatness to this Town of May-
hem,
The day the unforgiving prejudice and war will end.

Bryan Colby

Backstage Performance - Jean Deaton

Gracefully swirling and twisting,
Nimble leaping and jumping
Glittering under the lights

Dutifully holding back
With strength and persistence
Those glossy, golden locks of hair.

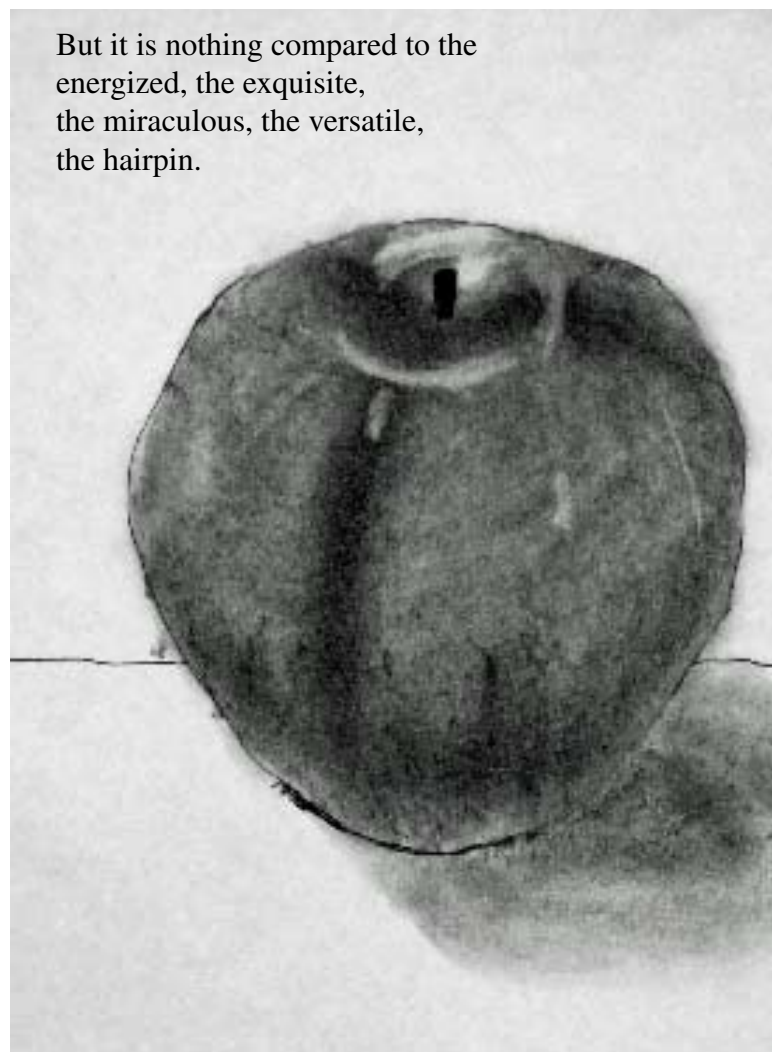
Meticulously coated with hairspray
Courageously flashing a metallic sheen
To a silenced audience

Strategically placed
Embracing the crown of the head
Withstanding every swift and sharp turn

It stands tall and proud
So slender and elegant
Along with the star of the show.

Her dress flutters out
Fluidly, like water, gently flowing
As she flickers across the stage

But it is nothing compared to the
energized, the exquisite,
the miraculous, the versatile,
the hairpin.



Short Story - Alta Fox

I panted as my legs flew, my bare feet
slapping down on the ground. I was
very hungry.

I cut through the fog like a knife through butter. The morning dew in the forest coated my feet in slick water. Trees whirred by me, a haze of green. I spotted something run by. Breakfast. I chased after it, my face elongating into a snout, my hands and feet becoming paws. Fur sprouted all over me. My ears pointed. I had morphed into a wolf. I sped up, my paws thudding against the forest. I smirked and let a beastly roar rumble through my chest, making the animal stumble and speed up. I pounced- missed. I pounced once again and clawed at the animal. It was a deer. I clenched it between my jaws and killed it. Mother and Father would be proud. I smiled as I pranced back home.

I stood in front of the door and let my body morph back to human. My snout shrunk, I stood up straight as my back paws formed into feet and my front paws morphed into hands. The fur banished from my skin as it returned to normal. I held the dead deer around my neck.

I opened the door and bellowed, "Breakfast!"

I was greeted by my mother and father, who smiled proudly at me.

My mother parted her lips to say, "Oh, honey! I'm so proud of you!"
Father just nodded.

They welcomed me in and served me tea and cookies as a special reward for my hard work at hunting. My dad started to cook the deer as I lay back and licked the icing from an Oreo. My mother squeezed the living daylights out of me.

Your very first hunt!" she smiled with damp eyes.

I giggled.

"Breakfast is served!" Dad said.

"Mmm!" my mother and I said in unison.

We ate our breakfast. My mom wouldn't stop blabbing about how proud she was of me. I started hunting when I was sick, secretly, but they didn't know.

Mother would die if she knew. Morphers are only allowed to start hunting at the age of ten. What can I say, I have a gift. I can morph into any type of animal, even objects. It's awesome for hide and seek. I can grow talons and sprout feathers and become a hawk. Or I could gain over two tons and become an elephant. But I'll tell you, it's hard to lug around more than 2,000 pounds.

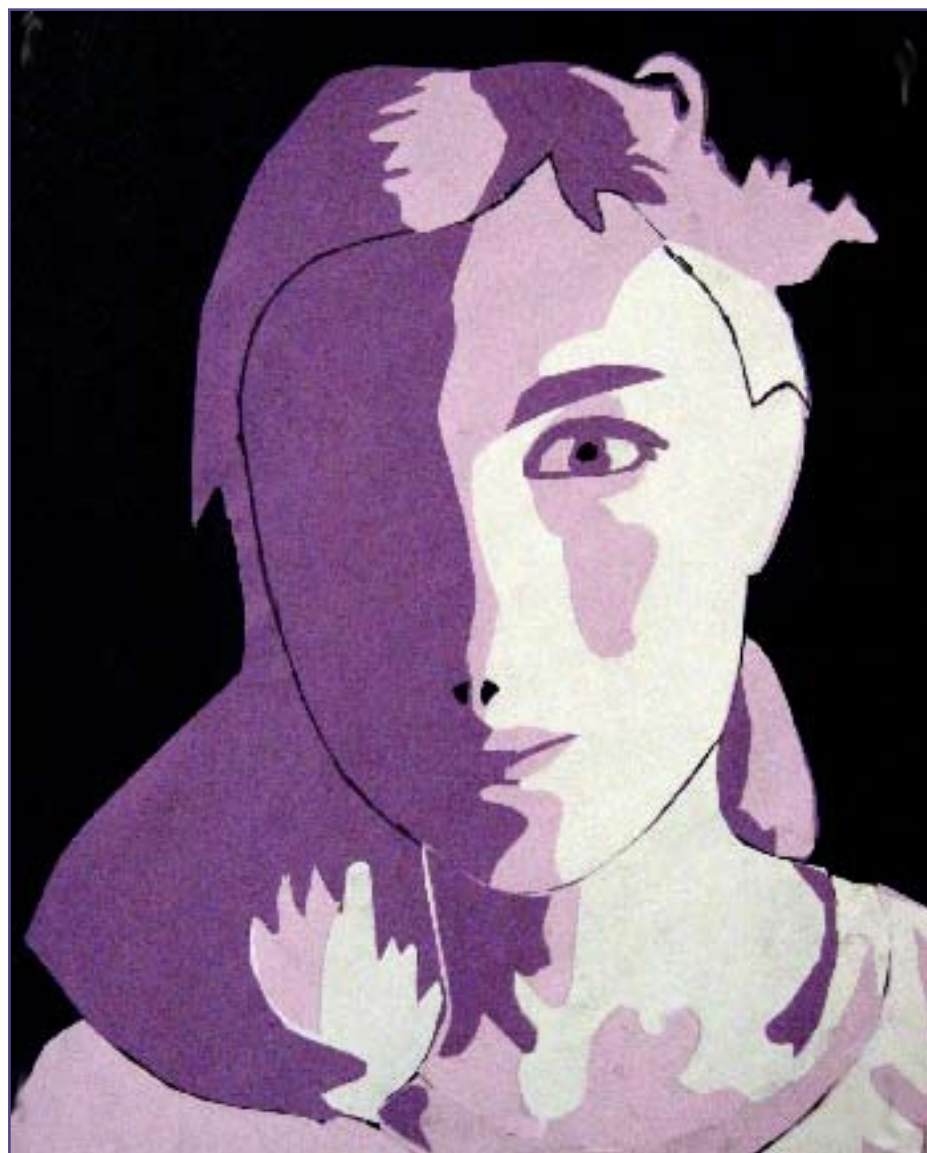
I took the last bite of my deer and my last sip of my milk. I finished my breakfast and got ready for school. I jumped into the shower, lathering my red hair in shampoo. I stepped out of the shower, wrapped myself in a towel, and ran a comb through my hair and parted it. I carefully smoothed purple eye shadow over my lid. I jumped into my jeans, pulled on a jade shirt to match my eyes, and slid my feet into my favorite pair of flip flops.

The school bus pulled up and my father shouted, "Your limo is here, Miss Beauty Queen!" he joked.

I ran downstairs, kissed my parents goodbye, and boarded the bus.

My name is Holly MacDonald, and I am a Morpher.

Mini-Bike - Tom Horan



Sara Bobok

My favorite part is going fast
 The wind rushing through my
 Helmet
 Riding up to my neighbors house
 Into his back yard where there is
 Tons of mud
 Full speed right through
 Sometimes getting stuck loosing your balance
 and
 "splat"
 both feet stuck in the mud past your ankles
 I get the bike un stuck and
 Its time to bring it home to give it a
 Bath
 Pull it into the driveway
 I go unravel the hose and pull it over
 Give it a quick rinse and
 Cover it with suds
 Use the tiny toothbrush to get in the
 tiny places
 once I am done I dry it off with a shammy
 nice and sparkly clean almost
 squeaking
 after riding it all day its time
 to put it away for the
 night and start all over again tomorrow

Nature - Allie VanHoesen

It was a warm sunny day. I knew it was going to rain that day. My dad grandpa, and I were up in the Adirondacks and we were about to hike up Poke-Moon-Shine one of the smaller mountains.

We were standing by the back door of the black '09 Durango. We had our backpacks and our hiking sticks and off we went. At first the trail started flat on the ground, but after a few minutes of walking it started to incline. There were so many trees and so many different shades of green. I didn't want to rest on a tree trunk because I didn't want to make a big bug angry or get bug guts on my t-shirt. There were twelve levels of the mountain. I wasn't tired. When I got to the eleventh I was ready to sprint the rest of the way and I could because it got much flatter. When my dad, grandpa, and I got to the top my brother was already there, he likes to get ahead of things.

We all sat down on the nearest rock that wasn't covered in red fire ants, and we looked at the beautiful view of all of the Adirondacks; the green forests, all of the other taller mountains that were a darkish blue from a distance, and lake Champlain. I took many pictures to show my mom and other family members who didn't go on that fun trip. We were all hungry and my grandpa brought his special trail mix that consisted of M&M's, Chex mix, raisins,

and assortments of nuts. He also brought PB+J with white bread, I wasn't hungry, but a peanut-butter and jelly sandwich didn't sound so bad. I was sad to leave the mountain, but I was kind of happy we got go home.

When we started going down it was much harder than going up The rocks and the dirt were all very slippery. When we were on level five there was a huge rock, bigger than me. It was split in two and we had to jump over the rock to go down. My brother and I got to the bottom first so we waited for my dad and grandpa to walk down. My grandpa didn't have a hiking stick so it made it been harder to walk. They made it down and we got to the car and put our stuff away. We made sure we had all of our stuff and then we left. There was a rest stop on the way back down and we stopped there to get some snacks and drinks. A little while after it started to rain and all we thought about was the walkers who were going up when we were coming down. I fell asleep in the car and I remembered my day at Poke-Moon-Shine.



Annie Stoessels

Competition - Lydia Liu

Climbing onto the daunting starting block,
 Anticipating the deafening beep,
 Flex your muscles 'til your as hard as rock,
 Go for the medal that you want to keep.
 Jump off that platform as fast as you can.

Swim until your muscles are protesting,
 Until your bones crack and your limbs fall off,
 Look left to see how fast he is swimming,
 Pray to God you are first or they will scoff,
 Touch the wall and look up to see...you've won!

Bicycle Ride - Stephen Davenport

Sitting there, anticipating.
 The hill about to be conquered by me.
 My tool of choice,
 A contraption constructed for fun and use.
 As I looked down the horrifying slope.
 I see a familiar shape. Much like
 an upright pencil.
 I am off.
 Soaring through the thin air while barely
 in control.
 I can see the figure.
 It's my mom.
 Cheering me on as I am unsure of myself.
 I come to a jerk of a stop,
 Where I see what I have conquered.
 I am being praised and in my mind,
 I am the one who is unstoppable.

Looking Closer - Felicia Dodge

I feel the rush of the waves,
 Crashing against the sizzling sand.
 Hearing the wind,
 Whoosh across the sea.

Smelling the salt waters,
 Tickling my nose,
 I wait for something to appear.

There it lies.
 Lonely and helpless.
 Forcefully being tossed onto the beach.
 Standing out from all the others.

It sits there alone,
 On the middle of the beach
 Longing for a friend.

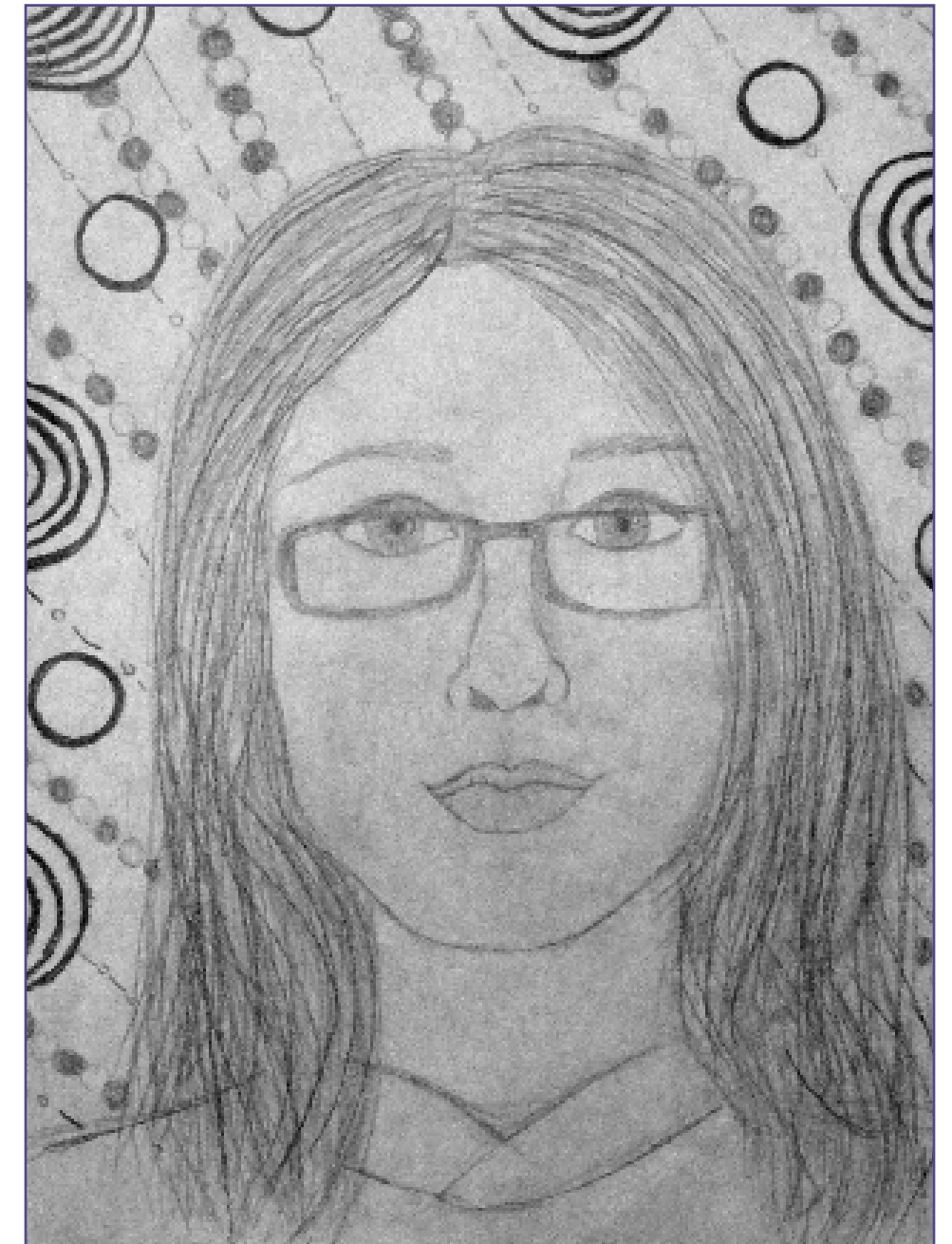
I walk over to it.
 Feel it in between my toes.
 Sharp, yet comforting.
 I carefully pick it up.

Ridged around the edges,
 But if you look on the inside,
 You find a whole new part of it.
 Smooth and pristine.

A part that people can't see,
 From just a quick glance.
 But if you look hard enough,
 You'll discover something extraordinary.

Hawaii - Jessica Lee

Feel the warm breeze and watch the palm trees sway.
 The ocean is as blue as the sky.
 The smell of the fresh salty air soothes you.
 As you surf, you feel the fresh ocean spray.
 You will taste exquisite fish.
 As you pass the shops, you see beautiful glass sculptures and jewelry.
 When you enter the hotel, you feel the true aloha spirit.
 A chill runs down your spine before you jump off the 30 feet Waimea Rock.
 You can feed tropical penguins that think they are human.
 You can hear the sweet tune of the ukulele on your way back to your room.
 The fish are colorful and the turtle is slow and wise.
 You weep when you go home.



Megan Bobio

Snowboarding - Ben Green

I look up the mountain getting myself pumped for the snowboarding
I am about to do.

I go up the chair lift on the lookout for trails I might want to ride down.



Alexa Belcastro

doing tricks and spraying powder
everywhere.

I wait in line for the chair lift and then I start all over again.

When I get off I head towards the glade
trail I picked out on the windy peak
of the mountain.

I'm going with the wind so I go even
faster than usual as snow flies on the
outside of my blue tinted goggles
I fly into the glade then stop and sit in
the powder to see what I am up
against and pick my line.

As I sit there in the soft fluffy powder I
catch a whiff of the pine trees
surrounding me.

I stand up and lean forward to start
going down.

I start going faster and faster.
Every turn I dodge a tree and powder
flies everywhere.

I go off a jump and do a trick while I
am suspended in midair for the
short period of time.

While I am in midair I feel exhilarated,
feeling the cool, crisp breeze flowing
past my face.

I near the bottom of the trail and see the
light beaming into the exit of the glade.
I carve my way out of the glade straight
into the
light.

I am blinded for a short period of time
because my eyes are adjusting to the
light.

I glide all the way down the mountain

The Field - Tyler Hanft

Flags flying across the outfield. Neatly packed dirt and shortly cut fresh
grass. The sweet delicious smell of fries amazing tender chicken fingers

getting caught in my nose. Cold, heavy,
metal bleachers that will soon be filled with
screaming parents and siblings cheering on
their sons and brothers. This is the baseball field.

The baseball field is where I die to go every
day and escape all of my problems. It's where I get
a hit and make a terrific defensive play. It's where I
watch that glorious white ball fly over the high and
long green fence with a towering homerun. It's where
my friends and I play pickup games and sand-
lots. It's where my weekends and summers
are graciously spent. The baseball field holds
some of my most precious and glorious memo-
ries. This is where I met and know the people
that became my best friends. This is the place
where I found something that I deeply love and
will love forever. This amazing place is where
great and depressing games have been held.
Walk off wins, huge homeruns, devastating
strikeouts and quickly stolen bases. This field
has been through tough and great times.

Still, out of everything, the field of-
fers one place that will always be closest to
my heart -- the black, meshy, ripped and torn,
old, rusty batting cage. This is the place where
players truly get better. It is where players
work and work, and they never ever quit until
they reach perfection. It's the place where good
becomes great, where singles become doubles,
and where strength becomes power. It is where
everyone works to make his batting skill as
close to perfect as humanly possible.

The batting cage is where I practice and
work for hours and hours, before games, after
school, and during practices. That raggedy old
batting cage and the coaches inside it helped
me become the hitter that I am today. Although
there's the fantastic dirt field with its bright
white bases and pitching rubber, the glorious

dugouts where cheering happens, and the big spa-
cious outfield of the Niskayuna Majors Field that
put many in awe, my favorite part of the baseball
field is that old, rusty batting cage.



Amelia Lombardo

It's War - Olivia Cox

A war hero, my mother
 Always struggling,
 But never giving up,
 Living life in a medical tent
 On a battlefield.
 Confidence,
 Like an officer in his troops a bond like no other,
 Knowing she will always have someone behind her
 if she get shot.
 Breast cancer,
 An enemy like the Japanese at Iwo Jima,
 At 39
 Always knew it was going to be a long road to victory,
 Had to live,
 And regally march down the aisle
 Of her daughter's Weddings like the victors after
 A hard,
 fought war.

Ruin - Aniket Tolpadi

ugly, destroyed,
 breaking, crushing, demolishing,
 debris, remains, renovations, structures, mending, rebuilding,
 remaking,
 beautiful, fixed,
 Improve



Joe Dickinson

If I Could... - Ramsha Zaman

If I could go in a book for a day
 Descry the amazing and distressing characters like in Maybird.
 Explore the magnificent world like the woods with monsters.
 Pick up more about the characters and what they do,
 Get a better understanding of the book.
 Go on adventures with the characters like in Maybird,
 Talk to them about things they like to do in meager time.
 Meet their friends and family, but mostly the kitty.
 Sit down with them and have a meal.
 Distinguish the monsters that are in the book,
 Act like the characters do in the book.
 Look for ensconced things in the book.
 Some books are more than a valuation than you think.
 Oh no, too many monsters, ABET!



Albert Dohring

“TAG” - Matt McDermott

The chase was on. My tireless pursuer ran onward; I was caught in a deadly game of cat and mouse. He had the advantage in size, even though I knew I was quicker.

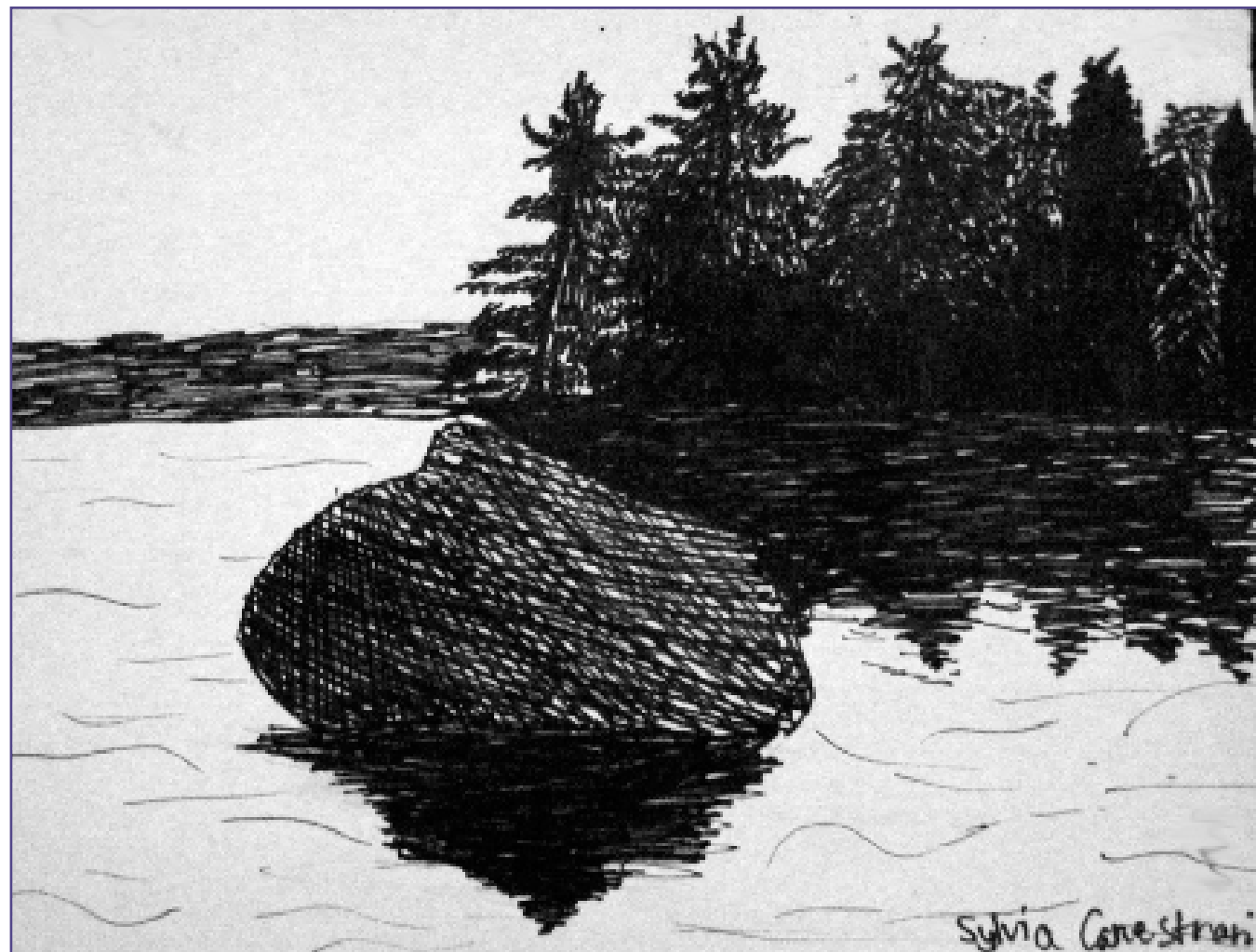
Sprinting through a labyrinth of poles and platforms, desperately trying to evade my pursuer, I dashed out into the open. I was taking a gamble. If I could make it to the oak tree thirty yards away I would be safe, but until then I was vulnerable. I strode out away from the structure at great speed. My chaser had seemed to fall back. Ten yards from the tree now. My heart stopped.

From behind the tree, another grinning child stepped out, looking like a spider that had just caught a particularly succulent looking fly. Time froze, I could see sweat dripping down his neat pudgy face. For a moment our gaze connected as I barreled uncontrollably nearer and nearer to him.

I dug my heels into the ground, desperately trying to stop, but my momentum carried me on. I had come to a stop, but it was too late. He jolted out lazily towards me and grabbed me on the shoulder.

I knew it was over. It was curtains for me.

My capturer glared down at me through dark, merciless eyes. Savoring the words, he yelled, “Tag you’re it!”



Sylvia Canestrari

For Us All - Carolyn Guo

Amazing awaits for us all.

Not just for the Olympian
Or the celebrity,
The one that everyone hears
About and wants to be; Not the one
Who has their face plastered on shirts and
Giant billboards across the nation.

Not just for Michael Phelps when
He won his eighth gold and broke the record,
Not just for the Black Eyed Peas when their singles
Made it to the top spot again and again,
Not just for all the CEOs who
Make millions an hour.
But for us,
The people behind the scenes.
It is for us too.

And it awaits
When we believe in ourselves,
Do what we think is right.
Step over that invisible line,
And light the way for others,
When put our whole self
Into what we are doing.

Amazing is for us too,
When we finally understand that math problem
We spent hours on.
When we discover that the one thing we couldn't figure out
Is not impossible after all.
And when we don't stop trying, even though
The world is telling us no.

It's for you and me,
When we work through the pain
Of loss and broken promises and
Learn to fly solo again.
It's when we see the one that
Everyone ignores,
And hand her our friendship.
It is when we break free
And show the world
How to really shine.

It's when we know,
Somewhere within us all,
That we are amazing too.

Iambic Poem - Stephanie Macri

Dandelion Dream is a little horse
She can be as stubborn as a large rock
But maybe sometimes she will crash the course
It will send many people into shock
She will go jumping around with great force

Dandelion lives in a giant field
She lives with a miniature pony
Their sisterly love is forever sealed
The pony will never be lonely
It is so good knowing she'll never yield



Bridget Wooley

Gore Mountain - Claire Karafanda

Carefully setting our ski equipment on the table
and preparing to bundle up
Choosing whether to take the gondola or the chair lift
because of the weather
Sitting on the chair lift or gondola as it
magically goes up the mountain
Harsh wind blows in my face as I reach the
chilly wind tunnel
Beautiful views everywhere you look,
especially at the summit
Finally going in for a delicious smelling lunch break
with steamy soup and hot chocolate
Spectacular tasting and huge cookies and brownies
are my favorite treats at Northwood Lodge
Freezing weather calls for frostbite
so I layer up to prevent that terribly feeling on my skin
Quickly after lunch, my family and I
race up the mountain
to get a few more runs in before leaving
Swiftly and smoothly is how we slide down the mountain.
As we slide down the mountain,
I always hear the whistling wind beside me.
Once 4:00 comes, it's time to go home
and get ready for another ski day.

The Gods Come to Play - Natalie Puccio

The whispering wind fills the valley.
Happily calling greetings as it passes over the mountains.
Rushing through the bushes and trees.
Disturbing their peaceful slumber.
Two young maidens walking barefoot,
Feeling the cool grass brush their feet.
The wind sweeps down from the sky.
Ruffling the bottoms of their dresses,
Dances at their feet
Tickling their arms
Entwining in their hair
Blowing it out behind them.
The girls laugh and jump,
Dancing with the wind together.
All around birds are calling,
Mountains laughing.
Then it stops.
The calling of two mothers in the distance.
Still laughing the girls join hands and run.
Waving goodbye to each other as they reach the village.
Promising their friend the wind to come back tomorrow.



Mary Perlee

Halloween - Hailey Golub

The sun setting
Everything comes to life
Laughter of children
Twinkling like a collection of bells
Crazed parents in need of a nap
Glistening costumes,
Shimmering in the moon light
Candy wrappers cover the ground like
Freshly fallen snow
The different door bells ringing like
A symphony in your head
Your mouth watering
The cool breeze flowing by
That eerie feeling....
Following
Every step into the gloom
Haunting
The candy warms your stomach
Which happens to be the only thing warm
Glowing dances Jack O' Lanterns
Night and creatures both lighting up
Lurking around after all children pass
They creep around collecting left over candy
Then Halloween is complete.

With the Current – Brian Fahey

Scales glint in the stream.
The fins flap towards the body,
On with the current.

Scales sing through the air.
The pick strums towards the body,
On with the current.

Scales weigh your options.
The gears turn towards your body.
Live with the current.



Aleyna Sarap

Under the Bushes – Lily Li

I was playing on the front porch, kicking and bouncing a few tennis balls while my dad mowed the front lawn. I drew back my foot, zeroed in on the target, and fired!

Oops, too much force. The ball rolled over the edge and dropped with a thud into the messy tangle of bushes that grew next to the front side of the porch. I pawed at the fuzzy, green plastic that covered the stone porch like a horse, angry and frustrated. This wasn't the first time a ball had rolled away to the back of the bushes, a black hole for stray balls and other abandoned items left on the porch. Groaning, I jumped over the side and walked down

my driveway to the garage. The door was open, due to the fact that my dad had taken out the lawn mower and hadn't returned it yet. I cautiously stepped into the musty, dark garage, afraid that the door would fall and crush me. I quickly hopped over the line separating the garage from the driveway. Peering through the dusty air, I searched for the rake. There! In the back corner. I picked it up gingerly, releasing a cloud of

dust into the air. Coughing while holding my nose, I got the heck out of there! Back outside I gasped for fresh air. As I examined the rake, I noticed that it was in worse condition than the last time I had seen it. Almost one third of the metal claws were missing; broken off, leaving jagged spikes behind. The rest that remained were rusty; its original cover of green paint chipped off. I dragged the rake towards the front porch, the rake screeching behind me. Luckily, Dad had just finished mowing the lawn, the

lawn mower wheels groaning in protest as Dad pushed it into the garage. Now, it was time to retrieve some tennis balls.

I dragged the rake to the front of the bushes. Then, I crouched down low and stuck the rake underneath the bushes. There were always some old tennis balls down there, sometimes as many as eight or nine! I would rake beneath the bushes, hoping to "rake" one out. Sometimes it was hard to reach the balls, hiding behind thick tangles of branches and needle-like leaves.

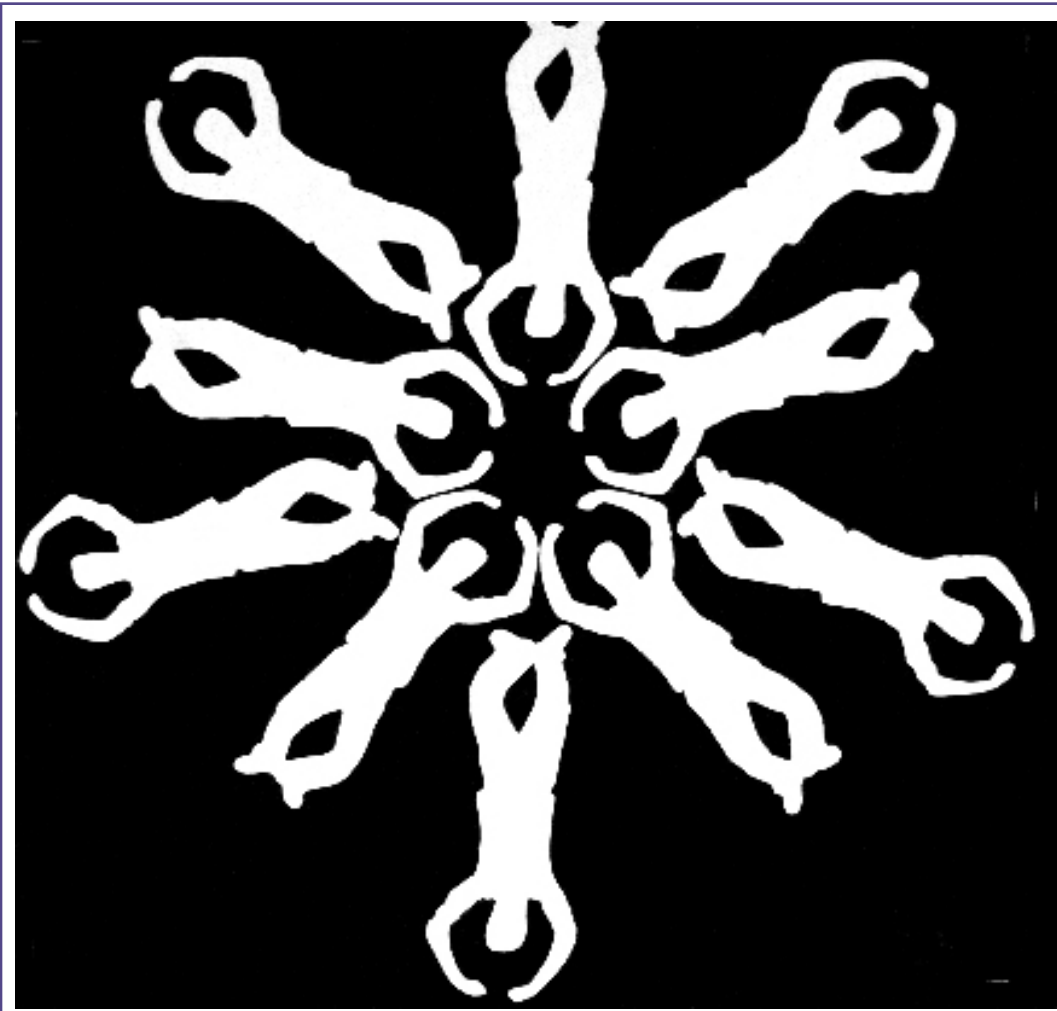
Other times, I could get one or two quick.

I raked through the course, dry, hard brown dirt, aiming for a bright neon-green tennis ball. That was when I noticed the baseball glove. At first, my eyes swept past it, its brown leather camouflaging with the parched underbrush. But then I focused in on it. Abandoning the tennis ball, I aimed for the baseball glove instead. Placing the rake spikes behind the glove, I pulled as hard as I could. The glove wouldn't

budge. I pulled harder. It still

wouldn't move. I pulled a little longer before I accepted the fact that the glove wasn't going to budge. Disappointed, I dragged the rake back to the garage and got a baseball glove from inside my house instead. I played catch by myself for a while.

Even though I didn't get it all those years ago, I know that that black leather glove is still down there, being engulfed by roots and plants, dragging the glove down deeper, deeper.....



Megan Stevenson

The Ocean Above My Head – Megan Wagner

The sun reflects off the smooth waves

Spreading as far as the eye can see.

Purple, blue and white

Blending so perfectly together.

Like a pastel painting

So fresh that you can still

Blow the soft dust from

The dry chalk.

The only creatures that swiftly maneuver through

The deepest depths of the ocean are the blue jays

The crows, the geese and the doves.

An occasional frightening appearance of a white stripe

Destroying the sea

Causing a storm to arise.

When the storm clears,

So does the ocean.

Mother Nature's Mona Lisa is

Gone.

I don't worry about it,

I don't miss it,

I don't care that it's gone,

Because I know that tomorrow

There will be another mystical
Sunrise.



Liza Carrigan

Cape Cod - Megan Black

Take a walk by the harbor
 where everyone knows your name
 Eat buttery homemade melts-a-ways
 at Bonatts while you wait hours to get in
 Shop from store to store in Chatham
 as you walk into the Black Dog
 Drive back to your beach house
 and fall asleep on your hammock
 with the sun beating on your face.
 Take a stroll to Harwich Port Beach
 where you try to swim out to the buoy.
 Then take your sister with you
 to walk barefoot to the rocks and
 your footprints in the sand get washed away.
 Climb onto the rocks and feel the breeze in your hair
 as you stand side by side next to the lighthouse
 where you smell the salty water.
 Watch the seals dance at the Chattam Bars Inn
 while you sit in a cabana and eat a lobster roll.
 Pull on your bathing suit and join the rest of the family
 at the boats where you team up on some show-off
 Come back to your house and cool off
 in the outdoor shower while you wait for
 a home-cooked dinner to be served.
 Enjoy an appetizer on the back deck
 while playing "keep it up" on the roof with your cousins.
 Eat a two-pound lobster on your family's lobster night,
 when everybody gets a lobster.
 Taste a chocolate ice-cream cone for dessert
 at Sundae School
 Listen to your family talking on the deck
 while the kids zanily run around in the dark.

The Grandfather - Josh McCullen

The Grandfather
 The Archer
 The Man.

The Grandfather
 Shows me the way
 To the perfect technique
 The technique starts with the feet
 Then the back
 Next the chin
 With your feet you have to straddle the line
 Your back must be straight
 Your hand must go under the chin.

The Archer
 The one who
 Can shoot that perfect shot.

The Man
 Only I can tell the time he spends with me
 The way he shows me
 The pride he tacks
 In watching me
 Grow up to be like
 Him.

The grandson
 The archer still learning
 The soon to be man.

Kinley Sinkus



Outside My Window - Rea Mittal

Shifting my gaze from above the relatively dull floor up the closed window, I gazed outside into the world. The first thing that catches my

attention is some small movement outside and I feel my eyes darting towards it. It was only the quiet wind blowing the emerald green leaves to the right. That, of course, was with a few exceptions of a yellow green or dark orange leaf here or there. A dark mahogany leaf gently floats to the ground, taking its uttermost time. It swayed on its way to the ground, drifting towards a small tawny clubhouse, which is what my mom likes to call it. It is basically an average tree house on the ground with an upper deck you can climb onto. I remember painting it a few Fathers Days ago with my dad and my younger sister. That one day I accidentally got tan paint all over my jeans which I later got scolded for by my mom. The small windows seemed so far away from the second room story room I was in. The windows reflected the olive blades of unkempt grass. Five great trees loomed over my backyard. Three of those large trees were nearby each other, seemingly forming on unusually large tree. The other two were also nearby each other, creating another image of a rather large tree. A light green smoke moss covered the trunk of the tree nearest to me. A thin white string was tied between the two trees.

That one single string emits many strong memories to me. I'm not quite sure, but I believe its initial use was to hold up a piñata for my little sister's birthday party on that one tree. Time moved on and the string was so long and alluring that my sister and I simply had to tie it around a nearby tree. As time progressed my sister liked to use the string as a makeshift volleyball net. Of course, she'd have to imagine a net was under the rather low string. It didn't help the game that whenever my little sister attempted to hit the ball it flew in every direction except towards me.

A long vibrant green disk swing hung from a high branch near the clubhouse. I remember pushing people back and forth on the swing on my little sister's ninth birthday party. Most kids

though were near underweight and therefore easy to push. I flexed my arms to reach up to the window's clasps and undid them with little struggle. With my annoyingly weak arm strength I pathetically pushed up the window, doing a sloppy job of it mind you. Almost immediately as it opened my ears perked at the sound of a light pitter-patter of early morning rain. The light pitter-patter of the rain nearly intoxicated me. A cold chill intruded the warm house from outside the window, making my body shiver uncomfortably. The scent from outside was much purer from that in my house. The cool wind was too much for me this early in the morning so I had to muster the remaining energy from my body and close the window, clasping it shut tight.

Olivia Pilato



If I Could - Veronica Barczak

If I could fly away with the breeze,
 To be able to go anywhere, anytime,
 watching the scenery down below.
 Soaring and swaying,
 the wind cradling me as I go.
 When darkness comes to call,
 whispering its sorrowed secrets
 With the wind that surrounds me
 like a blanket.
 Breezes going here and there,
 whispering my name to haunt
 My thoughts and dreams.
 To perch upon a tree branch,
 to rest my wings and catch my
 breath.
 The wind whipping through my hair,
 being as free as free can be.
 Soaring across the hidden valleys,
 listening to their secrets.
 Graceful dives and turns,
 each filled with care and glory.
 Each and every feather embracing
 secrets of their own
 Whispering to myself
 it's great to be alive!
 Flying out into the sunset
 mysterious pastel colors
 Gleaming off my wings, exceeding
 all imagination.



Sonja Dahl

The Cold, Hard Truth - Lauren Litz

Although the sky was blue and the sun was shining brightly that day, it might as well have been rainy and gray.

I had lied to my mother for one of the first times.

It was over homework or something; to this day I cannot be sure. It's as if the memory has blurred in my mind, off to wherever lost memories go.

But I can remember that day, that beautiful day, being wasted.

I was sitting on the couch reading as usual, but my mind could not concentrate on the book.

Why had I lied?

What was it worth?

I thought my little secret was safe and secure. I didn't believe that anyone could find out about my little white lie.

But I remember being wrong.

Oh so very wrong.

My mother walked into the room. She wore a glazed expression, and seemed as if she couldn't concentrate on her task either.

My body stiffened automatically. The guilt was starting to build up inside of me, constructing those giant, sharp-black towers in my gut. I kept my eyes on my book, trying to look casual.

My mom walked slowly into the kitchen, almost as if she were gliding right across our white tile floor. She opened the refrigerator door, only to close it again. She appeared confused like she was unfamiliar with her surroundings.

I didn't mean to tell on myself. I really didn't.

As I pretended to read, with every word those towers got higher and higher until I thought that if I kept the news in any longer, I thought I might suffocate.

"Mommy, I lied," I blurted out, and as soon as the words escaped my mouth, the glinting-black Guilt towers started to demolish.

My mom leaned on the counter for support. She closed her eyes for what seemed like forever until they opened again. "I know," she whispered, fingering a stack of envelopes that were on the island's counter.

I gulped down a lump in my throat. "So what's my punishment?" I asked nervously, bracing myself for a grounding, room banishment, or worse.

My mother looked up at me and stared me in the eyes. For the first time since she walked into the room, I saw the wispy clouds clear from her hazel eyes with insight.

"The truth," she said simply, padding over to the pots and pans cabinet to get a pot. "I've got to get dinner started," she muttered to no one in particular, shuffling over to the pantry to

get macaroni.

As I watched her bustle around the kitchen preparing dinner, I stared off into space. Now it was my turn to be confused. "What do you mean, 'the truth'?" I implied.

My mom stopped her rustling for a minute to give me what our family calls "The Hairy Eyeball".

"The truth is what you will live with," she began. "You may think that nobody will ever know, but you will. And believe me, that is the worst kind of knowledge there is," she explained, pausing to take a sip of water from the tap. Then she continued.

"If I can't trust you because you lie to me, then I won't be able to trust you to go anywhere, or let you do anything that you think is fun."

As she was spelling this out for me, it was all beginning to make sense.

"So this is my warning?" I questioned, relieved that she still loved me.

"This is your warning," my mother said, pouring some homemade spaghetti sauce from the container in the refrigerator into the pot. She suddenly stopped, and turned around to smile at me warmly. "But that doesn't mean I want you to purposely lie again," she added.

"I can't make any promises I can't keep, but I will try," I promised, getting out of my comfy chair to run into her open arms. I remember looking into her eyes and thinking that our special bond can never be broken.

To this day, I try not to lie. I still do, but the love between my mom and I will never be forgotten. On that day a few years ago, I learned a valuable lesson. That sometimes the best solution is just the cold, hard truth. The lesson of truth and honesty.

"Mom?" I asked, snuggling up to her chest.

"Yes?" she murmured, stroking my hair.

"I love you, Mommy," I said, and I meant it with all my heart.

"I love you too, baby girl."

"The truth is what you will live with."

Ode to Chocolate - Zach Collisson Imagination - Courtney Smith

Ode to chocolate
 Oh chocolate, how I adore
 your irresistibly wonderful
 taste.
 Melted or drizzled,
 Dark or white,
 As obtuse as a bar or
 as acute as a kiss.
 In every form,
 magnificence can be found
 in every bite.
 Your possessive magic
 Captivates my taste buds and
 melts between my cheeks.
 The crunch heard
 with every Bite
 can only be described
 as unique and amazing.
 I can not even ponder
 a world lacking the creamy silky,
 Soft, warm being
 Of Chocolate.

She walks with pride; her dress made of clouds,
 carrying a purse of pure water.
 Tied to a leash is her unicorn,
 shining in its glory.
 She walks over the lake,
 and straight under the ground,
 coming up with a necklace of diamonds.
 As I walk by, I notice her nails flashing different colors.
 And although some call her imagination,
 I call her my friend.



Julia Sinkus

A Different Place - Alicia Bernson

Every year, every summer,
 Maine reels you in.
 West Point Island, Boothbay Harbor-
 All favorite places.

Beaches in Maine are different:
 Beaches in Maine are cold.
 Water frigid,
 Liquid ice pierces
 Pins and needles
 All throughout your once roasty toasty body.

Beaches in Maine are different:
 Beaches in Maine are not calm.
 Tides strong,
 Currents drag you
 From your sturdy place
 With your feet
 In the coarse, warm sand.

A rocking dock with chipped white paint-
 Is never out of sight.

A dinged up, red, Old Town canoe-
 Always inching to the safe shore.

Inviting homes with no matching furniture,
 Hour long bike rides,
 Laughs that last a lifetime,
 Are always found.
 And once found,
 They never leave the heart.

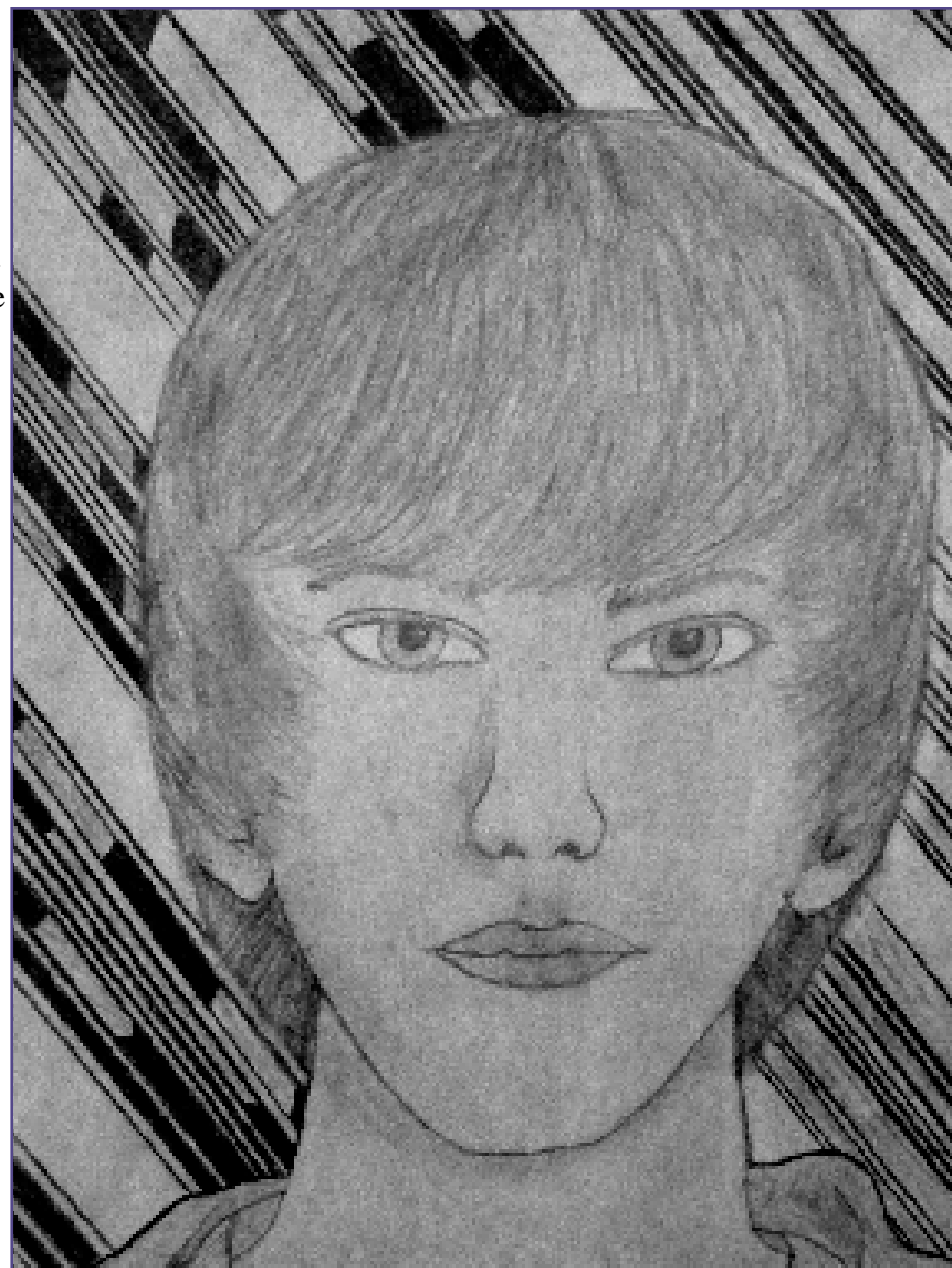


Jackie Bodner

A Reflection in My Window - Jessica Webb

There's not much to see outside my window. There's a layout of grass with two trees. They aren't huge, but my size. Not literally my size, but the way I like it. One is a pine tree, right beside my window. The branches are just out of my reach. I've had dreams about jumping from the sill of my window and landing on it, letting the branches catch me like arms. But they are just dreams. Underneath the broad arms is a small circle surrounding the base of the tree where there is still green grass, and the snow barely touches. The thought of lying there, protected by the tree, comforts me in a way that I rarely can feel. I could lie there and watch the snow fall for hours. I prefer to look at the tree at night. It is the only thing I see that isn't swallowed by the darkness. There is another tree. It's a lot smaller and bears some sort of berry. They are reddish-pink and look like cherries. I've never been close enough to tell. It makes me feel vibrant and I suddenly want to go outside. This is the rarest of feelings for me. I want to go outside and play with a bunch of people that I don't even know, or run around playing childish games, like hide and seek with old friends; and I would enjoy every moment and cherish the memories. During the summer, I love to watch the little kids play with each other. The boys show the girls how "big and strong" they are by swinging from the branches. The girls don't like to be outdone and try to follow them, but are too short to reach even the lowest of them. They play scattered games of soccer and kickball, and ride on their red and yellow tricycles. Sometimes, when they have nothing else to do, they just run. This is when I long to be like them the most. The tree only looks like this during the day, because its colors reflect so well off the sun. At night the beautiful tree turns into a dark figure that makes me think of October. I often forget how wonderful it is until the morning. Summer exaggerates its colors and makes it even more beautiful. I imagine myself lying on the thick, bent branch, basking in the sun like a kitten.

At first glance at my window, you see cars, houses, trees, people, and a street. But because I am not blinded by the ignorance of others, I see not only this, but an entire world, just outside my window.



Brennan Colby

Alone - Kayla O'Brien

The warmth of the sun
The mist of the waves
The sand on my feet
I sit alone.

I pack up my umbrella
I pack up my towel
I pack up my books
I leave alone.

I take one last look at the sparkling ocean
And realize that
I wasn't alone.

You were there with me,
But now
YOU are alone.

The Perfect Fit- Isabella Varno

Isabella Rose Varno, my name. In Italian, Isabelle means beautiful. My mother chose this name before she had me, before she knew she was having a girl. It was the first name she saw when she opened the Baby Name Book, and she just knew in her heart she was going to have a little girl...and her name would be Isabella. My middle name comes from both of my great-great grandmothers: Rosalie Varno and Rose Civitello. I wouldn't change my name for anything in the world...it is me, and fits me perfectly.

Concrete People , Glass People & Mirrors - Jessica Webb

I wonder what the glass people see, looking in their mirrors so happily.
I wonder if they see that they are perfect.
I see them walking proud and I wonder if it's worth it;
Spending all their money on the perfect clothes they wear,
Using so many products to get the perfect hair,
While all everyone else does is stare.

I know how the concrete people feel,
Wondering everyday if they're even real. Trouble is their name and they're treated as if they were insane.
Everyone walks right by them, even though they are the most beautiful of all.
They look in the mirror and see something close to a monster.
Being looked down upon constantly taunting her.
Every day has twenty-four hours and since we don't have super powers,
This will remain the same
And just because we're in the dark, doesn't mean that we're not tame.

My days seem to go on forever, but nothing is ever long enough.

I'd like to lift the moon back up, but it seems that I'm not strong enough.

The sun burns deep and hurts to visualize, acting as if we're not good enough to look at it.
I've never told someone that I'm there, so I guess I'm not that great.

My birthday party's always dull, 'cuz I'm nothing to celebrate.

I'm good at being concrete and I know that I'm not glass,
So I turn to my magic mirror and ask it of my class.

I always get the same answer:
Blind your eyes and see with your heart.
Get rid of your greed or it will tear you apart.
Let go of your mirrors and throw them away,
Because you may not be blessed with the breathe of the next day.



Rosaria Conti



Anabelle Apa

Veteran's Day Haiku Poems

We salute the past.
We won't forget the brave ones,
Or the ones that passed.

-Valerie Ann Luttmann

Time to remember
Those brave, strong soldiers who fought
On Veteran's Day

-Alexander Wei

Red, white, blue, I wear,
Flag hangs on my door,
They have saved our lives.

-Ashley Groesbeck

Ode to Saturday - Mark Rotondi

A magical day
filled with long hours of fishing at the lake
and countless episodes of mindless cartoons

A magical day
where noon is the break of dawn
and midnight is a friend
rather than an enemy on a week night

A magical day
where time stops
and homework fades from our racing minds
because we know we have Sunday
to solve all our problems

A magical day
that slips through our fingers
and lingers out of our reach for the work week ahead



Hannah Christian

The Library - Maddie Noel

When I Was Young in Idaho - Teddy Arcidiacono

Recess – Megan Bobbio

As soon as I push open those glass double doors, a rush of relief mounts over me. The tall shelves with almost every book under the sun, A-Z are standing at attention in front of me. The four computers sit to left, all tucked away in their own wooden boxes. To the right is the check-out desk, where the smiling, soft spoken librarians sit. The big, round clock that sits dead center of the room up on the wall looks like it came from a train. Have you guessed where I'm taking this? You're right. I'm in the library.

The library is my Querencia. I love to read and with all those books, I just have to read at least one. From the older books that smell mysterious and antique, to the brand-new hardcover books, the ones that smell like they're fresh off the printer, I love them all. This is where I can relax.

Friendships change so many times. But your friends in the book stay true to you. They make you laugh when you want to cry. They have deep friendship relation with you that will last for a lifetime. With a book in my hand, I loose track of time. Librarians are like matchmakers. When you are feeling down, they match you with a book that will ease your troubles for a while, like a comedy. When you read, your troubles are no such thing. They are invisible. That's why I love the library. It can remind you that all of life isn't that bad, even though what happens to Cinderella or some other fictional character who isn't real probably won't happen to you. But hey, a girl can dream, right?

Alright. I'll see you in school.

Sincerely,
Maddie Noel

When I was small in Idaho I would wake-up every morning and see the mountains in the horizon. The mountains were always covered in snow spring or winter, summer or fall.

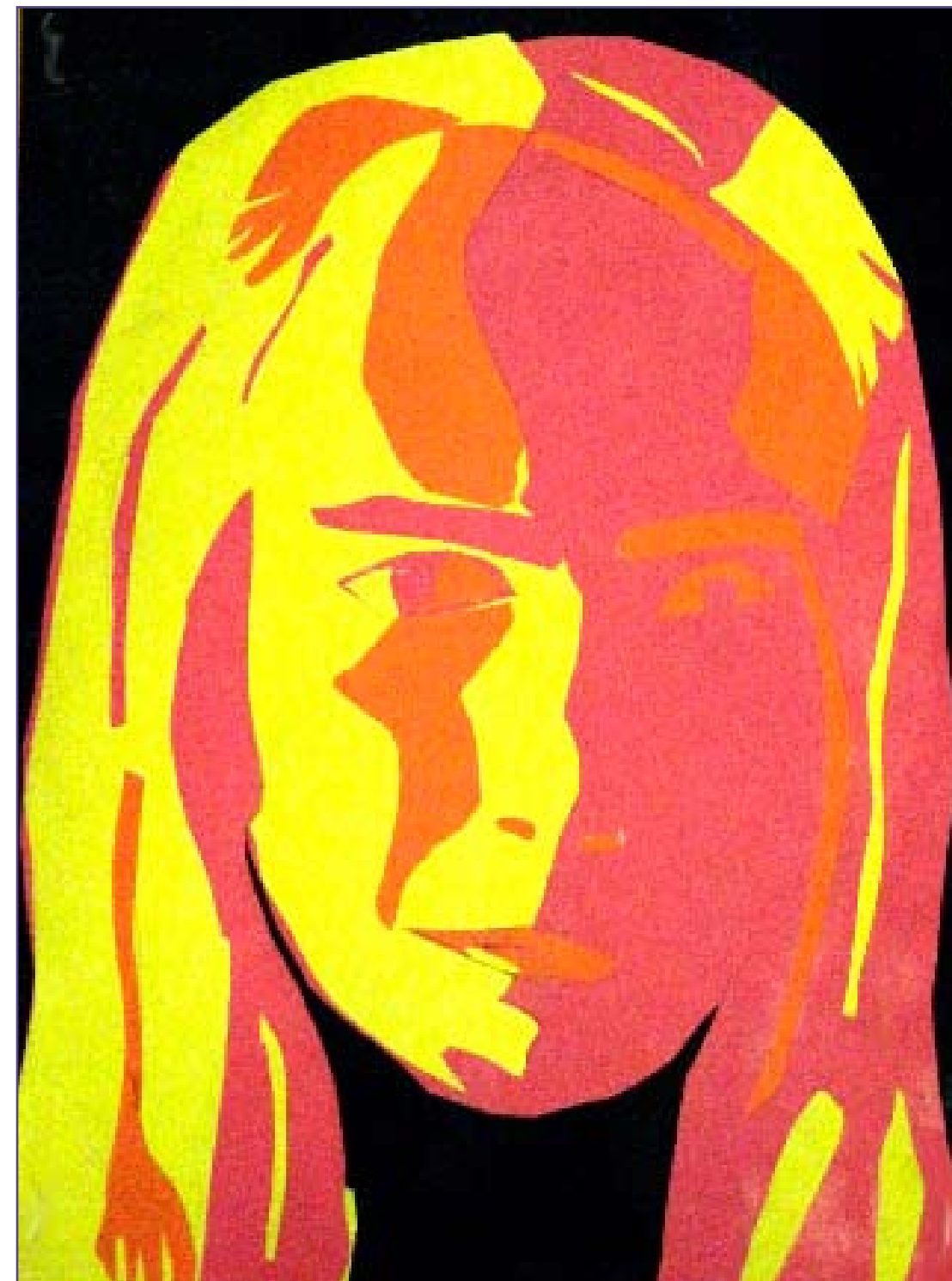
When I was small in Idaho I would wear shoes only to school. When I walked outside the pavement was warm and the grass was soft. And the sun kissed my face so softly it was as if a thin layer of warmth came over me.

When I was small in Idaho I would zoom out of the driveway and down the street on sunny days. I would ride to my friends house and I would ride to the park or even to school some days. When I was small in Idaho there were no busses going by my house. We all walked to school. The school was smack dab in the center of the neighborhood. When I was small in Idaho I was almost never hot or cold. In the basement it was cool in summer, but warm and cozy in the winter on cool summer nights I loved being down there

When I was small in Idaho I would love both my living rooms. I would play and dance to music in the large, 2 story upstairs room (surround sound). And I would have late night camp outs in the in front of the TV in our tent in the downstairs one When I was small in Idaho nothing and everything mattered.

When I was small in Idaho, I fell in love with home.

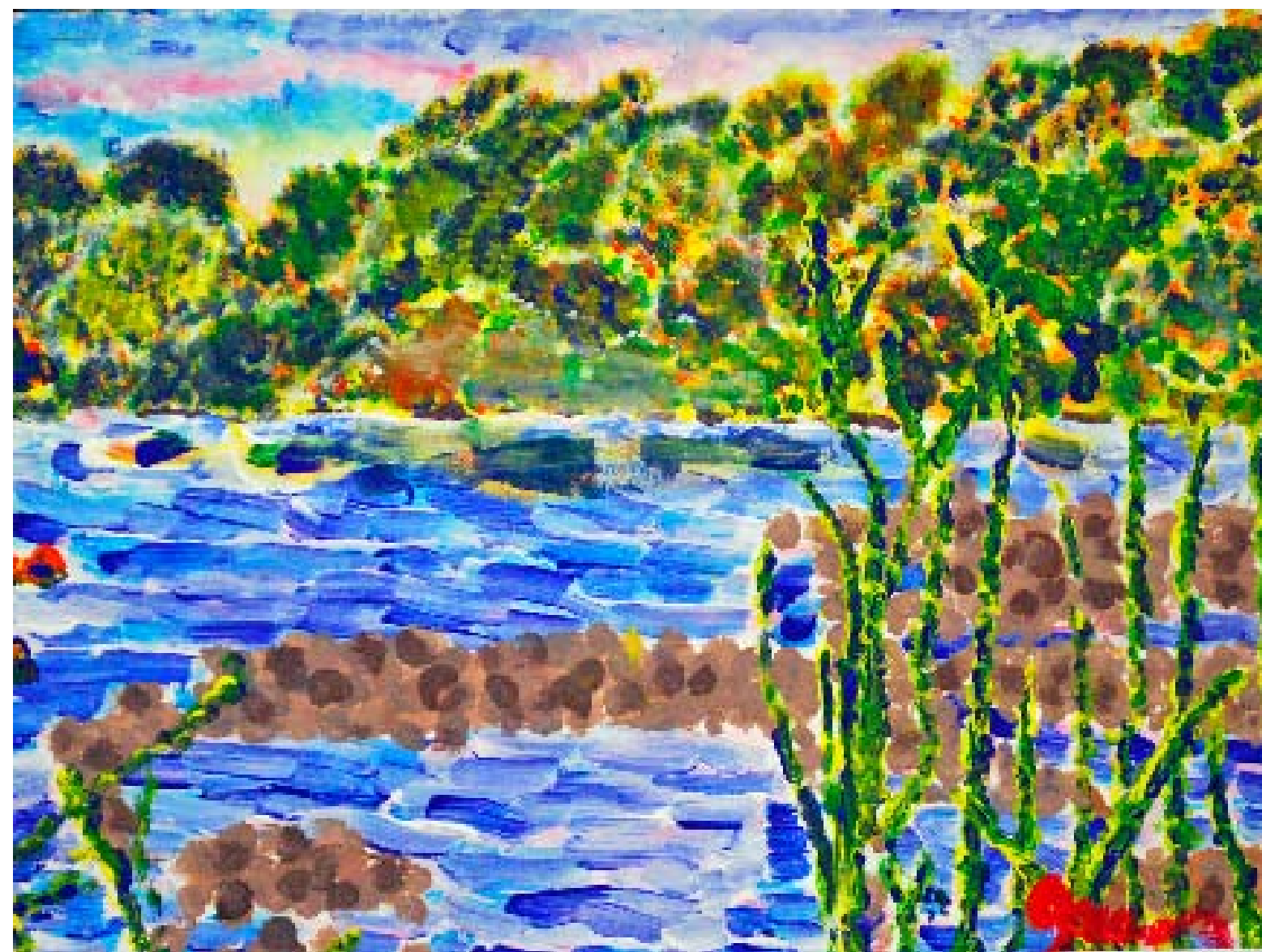
Blisters on my hands and panting like a dog,
All of it was worth it.
I had recess!
Swinging on the monkey bars,
Swirling through a slide.,
Up high on a swing, hanging upside down,
Playing jump rope,
Screaming and running like a maniac,
All in one recess,
The best part of the school day.



Eva Hoskin



Micah Cutler



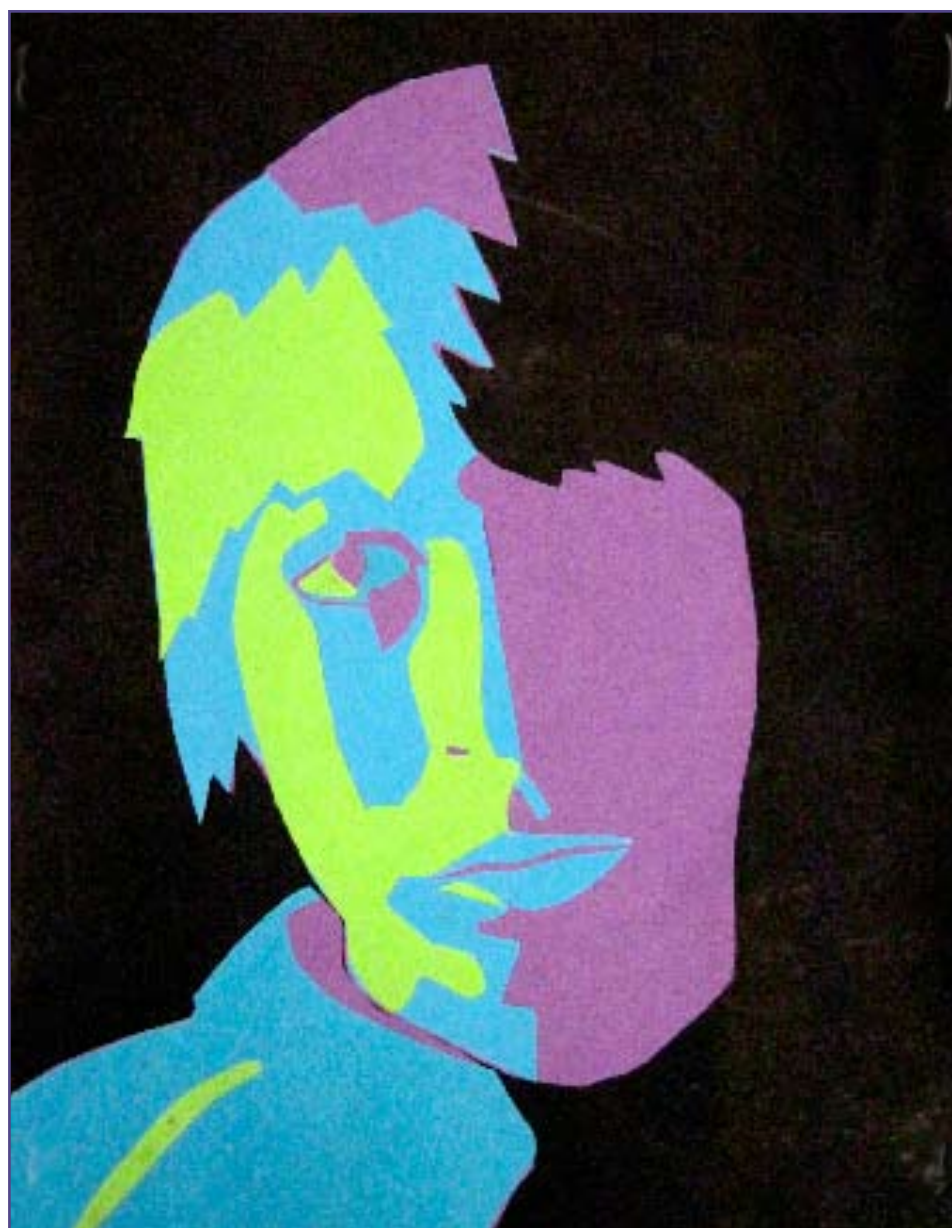
Jason Tang



Alex Young



Andrei Akhmetov



Ryan Azer



Chelsey Glidden



Erin Catuccio



Brianna Kwiatowski



Ode to a Pomegranate - Seth Farkas

*The juicy flesh,
A sweet surprise to a tongue
that is waiting for a treat.
The arils are jewels,
which are never disregarded...
Because it's hard to hate a pomegranate,
or its taste.*

*When you open a pomegranate,
It cries red,
like blood from a dying swan,
So pitiful to watch,
because it's so innocent.*

*When you open a pomegranate,
A mystical,
extensive labyrinth will appear,
Every pathway leading to a treasure.
So you can look around,
and find the perfect pathway to follow.*

*Savor the sweetness,
and tartness.
The taste provides so much...
Physical nourishment,
and an inner happiness,
Resulting from the many characteristics of
a pomegranate.*

*A pomegranate provides...
Optimism,
a great happiness to the lucky devourer.
Compassion,
to suggest to others,
the wonderful experience resulted
from eating a pomegranate.
Pleasure,
from great taste.
Yet there's hate,
from the one drop,
of blood red juice,
that escapes the mouth.*

*Its little soul gives us so much,
and more...
Yet we give it so little,
simply feasting off its power.
Weakening it,
while it strengthens us.
A pomegranate lets us enjoy...
Its sweet and sour juice,
the pleasure of eating it,
and the beautiful treasures that lay inside.*



Carissa Jesmain

A Good Dog... Patrick Holmes

In my decisive opinion, the definition of a good dog is one who has his own personality, is loving, affectionate, and gentle. Seagram, my family's first dog, fulfilled all of these requirements and much more. Thus we were so upset the day my father returned from the vet, carrying the corpse of our fourteen year old dog.

For nearly a year beforehand, Seagram had clearly been sick. He could not control his bowels, and was eventually confined to a smaller part of the house due to this unfortunate dilemma. Seagram's eyesight was poor to the point where he didn't recognize us from a short distance away. He also lost much of his hearing, so when we said "come," he would simply continue what he was doing, contrary to his usual bound to the outstretched biscuit in my hand. We all knew he was sick, but nobody anticipated what was to come.

In the last month of his life, Seagram ceased his ravenous eating, and instead lay in small crevasses for hours on end, never coming out into the open. We could see the pain in his eyes, and could tell that he was suffering in a cruel and unfair way. We couldn't bear to see him in pain any longer, so my dad took him to the vet.

My sister and I acknowledged that Seagram might have to be put down, although it didn't really register in my optimistic heart. My father was gone nearly two hours, and the stress throughout the household was intense.

After much waiting, I finally saw our family's Oldsmobile drive into the driveway, my dad's face unreadable. The glimmer of hope never dimmed in my heart until I saw my dad's glistening eyes, the tears sparkling in the sinking sun. As the white sheet was revealed, I knew what had happened: Seagram was gone.

My sister stumbled into the house, tripping on the porch steps on her way in. I heard a large sob emanate from beside me, and saw my mother's puckered face covered in tears. I embraced her, feeling my eyes swell with concealed moisture.

We buried Seagram under a young bush along with his collar and other personal items. Seagram deserved this extravagant ceremony, and I will always believe that. A piece of my heart still resides in Seagram's grave, always with him...always.



William Moore