

Ink and Imagination

Schalmont Middle School Literary Magazine presents

We have to dare to
be ourselves,
however frightening
or strange that self
may prove to be.

May Sarton

"When you stop living
your life based on what
others think of you real
life begins. At that
moment, you will finally
see the door of self
acceptance opened."
— Shannon L. Alder

Authenticity

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Volume I, 2025-26

Cover Artwork by Robbie Lombardi,
Grade 8

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**Ink and Imagination
Schalmont Middle School's 2026 Literary
Magazine presents**

Authenticity

Noun: the quality of being genuine and real in order to align our actions, words, and lifestyle with our values and beliefs. Authenticity requires us to be self-aware, honest, and courageous.

Ink and Imagination Writing Club

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Thank you to the ELA teachers and to the art department for the encouragement they've provided to these student writers and artists.

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About *Authenticity*

Schalmont Middle School's Literary Magazine

Welcome to our collection of creative writing from talented middle school students. Within these pages, you'll discover stories, poems, and reflections that showcase the power of young voices. Each piece represents hours of imagination, drafting, and revision—a reminder that great writing begins with a single stroke of the pen.



Every student has a story to tell. This publication celebrates the creativity and courage it takes to put thoughts into words. From poems and narratives to nonfiction and art work, our Schalmont Middle School students have poured their hearts onto these pages. We invite you to read, reflect, and be inspired by these young writers. Their words remind us that imagination knows no bounds, and that our best writing comes from the heart. Thank you for supporting our students' creativity.

Mrs. Rogotzke and Mr. Urbanski
Co-advisors

Staff Highlight

Remembering Mrs. McGarry: Never Withering

by Ifra Khan & Alexis Berhapt

Mrs. Deborah McGarry, former Schalmont Middle School main office secretary, died July 23, 2025 over summer break. Before becoming Shalmont's school secretary she was part of the PTO. She's remembered as a kind and loving person, baking goodies for the teachers of Schalmont and never looking down on students.

One of the 7th grade students, Maya Harding, when asked about Mrs. McGarry she had a positive outlook on her despite only meeting her a few times. "She was determined and very kind. I didn't interact much with Mrs. McGarry but in the few times that I have she was very sweet, always willing to help and extremely determined and helpful." Harding stated the word determination many times aligning with the statement from an anonymous student "She was smart and got things done fast." showing how this determination played in her career.

Students were not the only ones affected by Mrs. McGarry! Teachers were affected positively as well by her actions. Teachers who responded stated that Mrs. McGarry often brought baked goods or food for teachers due to her love of baking and cooking. Mrs. Rumbaugh stated "Mrs. McGarry was a coworker that touched so many lives. She was always there to lend a supportive hand to all. She was the type of person who you could count on. She often helped in ways far beyond the scope of her job. Her personality was one of the things everyone loved about her. She took time with the staff and the students in the building."

Mrs. Scotti stated "As a co-worker, she made sure all of the teachers had everything we needed to do our jobs. She loved to bake treats for us, and loved to laugh and have a good time, even with such a busy and demanding job in the main office. She always made sure that everyone felt included and this really was special to me when I came to the Middle school from Jefferson." This stated her love for making foods, this also showed how she took her job seriously but also saved time to laugh, to love, and make sure everyone who stepped into that office felt happy.

The community of Schalmont planted a tree sapling in July in memory of Deborah McGarry. This tree was planted by the front doors after making a collection. Dr. Reardon, the school's superintendent, states, "...over the summer, we as a school community took up a collection, and were able to purchase a tree and plaque (planted right by the front door) that is dedicated to Mrs. McGarry. A donation was also made to one of her favorite charities, and the staff hosted a first day of school lunch in her honor as she loved cooking and hosting." This shows her memory will live on even after her life has passed.

The Heart Of Play

I was too young and too naive
to realize it would mean to me.
Then it was a toy.
Now it's a milestone for how far I've come in life.

Years ago I'd go on my tunnel slide.
My hands would breeze the sides of its hollow inside,
my hand would shoot with a harsh static tingle,
as I slid down with grace.
Me and my little brother would yearn for the top of our light green slide.
We'd climb with bravery and courage
in our pockets.
When we'd reach the top we'd feel like olympians.
My little fingers would grip a white rope.
My hands would pull and pull with all of my
might.
I'd pounce on my tiny bridge.
The bridge would dance as I stomped my tiny feet,
I had no fear of falling.
I was fearless.
I'd pretend I was a pirate sailing a ship
who'd look out of a telescope
destined for treasure.
Those days were fun!

But now that rope has faded to
grey,
with tons of dirt stains.
The tunnel slide still has the same static,
but it only feels like a tiny tingle.
The toy telescope has become covered in fog.
The playground's wooden structure has become covered with chalk
from my little sister's artsy hands.
Now the paint on the swing has started to peel.
Climbing up the tall green slide
has become so
easy.
No longer a fight.

As my little siblings have grown,
the playground has become less important to them,
but for me, the playground
has become my temple.
A place I will always love.

But I don't play
anymore.
I sit on the swings and read my book,
while listening to the wooden structure's song,
as I enjoy my playground.

- Luciana Camelo, grade 6

The First Day of Summer Break

I peak into my parents' room
and realize they are still
sound asleep.

I quickly run downstairs
It's very sunny out
and I fly out the door,
touch the wet grass.
I'm feeling proud of myself
I finished the whole school year w

I go inside
It's 8am on a Tuesday
and I feel relief.
NO 6am ALARM!

I immediately start watching YouTube shorts
I love having time to scroll on my phone
Scroll, scroll, scroll
knowing that I basically have a whole two months
to do whatever I WANT!

My parents are just getting up
I have breakfast
I love having breakfast without rushing to get ready for
school

I go back outside
Fast as a lightning strike
I swim for the first time in 2 days
The waves jump as I jump in
I go back inside and realize it's already 3pm
I eat a whole bag of Cheetos
I play on my phone for four hours straight

Even though it's seven pm
it is still sunny outside
and this makes me think that
I still have 2 months of no
waking up at 6am
No riding a bus
No wanting to burn my math homework
and I start watching YouTube shorts again

I am ready for the rest of this summer!

-Lucas Gentile, Grade 6



Tamia Chamba, Grade 7

The Starting Friendship

As the bumble bees buzz through the hills of flowers.
I, with my new friend, picked through the strawberries.

Then I asked her.
Will you be my first best friend?
After I asked, she smiled and said the word.
Yes.

The flowers began to become smelly and the sun started to
shine at the happy moment.
Finally the flower was starting to become a beautiful smelly
paradise.
Showing its love for the starting friendship.
I then realize this is the starting friendship.

- Haley Wilson, Grade 6

The Stars And the Moon

As I look up at the night sky I think to myself,
the dark is the prettiest.
Maybe it's the deep blue night sky,
but i think it's the moon that ignites the sky and makes it look
like a beautiful painting.

i can't help but wonder what the sky would look like if there was no moon
would the stars feel lonely,
or would they make friends with the dark clouds in the sky?
I wonder if they would feel left behind,
Like a broken friendship that never healed.
or maybe the stars would feel peace with out the moon,
Maybe they'd finally be seen,
be noticed,
be cared for.
maybe they'd make friends with a storm,
even though they know it won't last for long.

maybe they'll long for the storm to come back the next night,
but they know the storm won't come back and if it does
it won't be the same.
even if it comes back every night it will never be the same again.
and if the storm ever looks back and sees the stars still longing for them
will they come back,

or will the storm watch the stars suffer in silence as they say nothing,
but secretly long for the storm and the moon.
will the moon forever hate the stars or will the moon find new friends
or does the moon secretly long for the stars too.

maybe the moon feels bad for the stars and wants to make up
but the stars know the moon is right and always is
The moon was right about the storm leaving
and the moon was right about the stars losing their spark
And the moon was right about the stars being burnt out
the moon was right about it all
and the stars always knew about it
they just didn't want to admit it.

but once again
as I look up at the night sky I think to myself,
the dark is the prettiest.
because the stars will forever have the moon.

- Dakotah Coolidge, Grade 6



Robert Lombardi, Grade 8

You

Im a horrible person
I'm not smart at all
If you think that then we need to talk
You are awesome, your splendid
You're cool, you are a schooler, a ruler
Anything you like.
Like a singer
A scientist [any kind]
You are and you should be proud of that
Like I am of you. Step in this world
and show them you and all you got.

- Madie Davenport, Grade 5

Learn To Listen Closely

If I listen close enough
to the world around me,
I'll realize how much sounds
this world of mine,
can make.

Noise is a natural occurrence
in this planet I live on,
with no such thing as complete silence.
If there was,
I would have to stay constantly still and not breathe.
But to survive in
this world of mine,
I have to keep my mind
on the echoes bouncing off the walls.

I try to focus on the noises
outside the normal sound barrier,
listening closely,
as I sit down in my chair, close my eyes,
and think...

Being born with the ability to hear,
isn't just a normal thing,
It's like a gift.
The type of gift to visualize things that others don't,
the type to hear how the world and others
express themselves,
the type to make me able to listen to the
slightest, slightest sounds,
that this world of mine
can make.

- Amber Krutz, Grade 6



Hannah LeRoy, Grade 7

The VCR

I heard the click of the VCR
It was like there was a clock inside my VCR
clicking
endlessly
I thought it was the sound of a broken tape, but I was wrong,
so I looked inside the tape but nothing was wrong
I got worried that the player would break
But, I wanted to save the old VCR because I enjoyed old stuff
so I did what I do best and took it apart

I took out the old dirty screws and let them soak to clean
there were dirty components everywhere
so, I got my tools and got to cleaning

I got a piece of paper and IPA
and put the paper and the Q-tips in the little dish of IPA
then cleaned the components inside
and then the cleaning was finished
but, it didn't work
there was a sea of colors with black and white static
everywhere
taking over the screen
making it hard to see

so I tried again
I scrubbed the big circular metal drum even harder til it was squeaky clean
until it shined like a mirror
I scrubbed the small rubber wheel til there wasn't black gunk on my Q-tip
and I scrubbed the small shiny audio block in front of one the chips to make it sound
crystal
clear

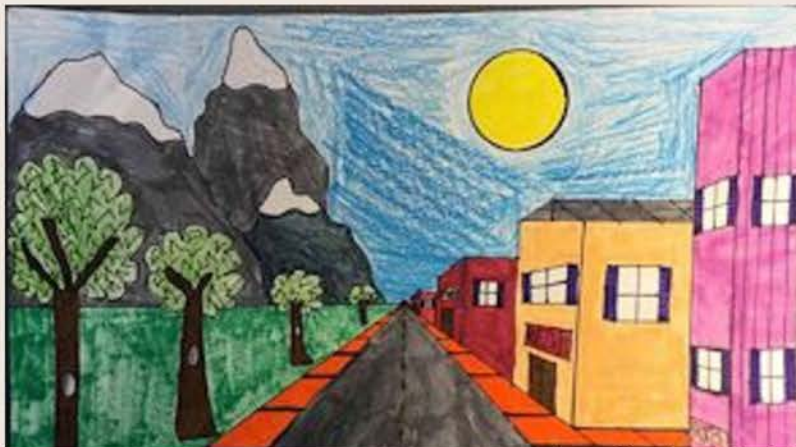
and I am glad I do what do with my time and trusted myself it would work
so, I put it back together and waited
and waited
til it was dry
and I put in a tape and it played perfectly fine
no more click
no more worry

- Sienna Stuart, Grade 6

THE DAY IN SUMMER

This day was different
It was nice
but it did feel really different
and not just a little different
but I left my house anyway
me, my mom, and brother
drove for days
well that's what it felt like to me
that's when it hit me
that my brother was going to college
and he wouldn't be just in his room
now he wasn't just some fourteen year old boy that annoyed me
he was a grown up
he was eighteen
and he was leaving
but this time for good
and not just to his dad's house
and there was nothing I could do
And even if i did he wouldnt listen
why would he
like I said he is eighteen
so it wouldn't matter anyway
I could have done more
like a lot more
but at the end of the day
he would have had to leave someday
so no matter what i did that day
he would not be one door away
but i will always remember the days
when he was one door away
it was like he was fourteen yesterday
and now i am not mad about are stupid fights
like who the moon was following at night
because it never mattered
and it never will
now we don't talk much
but at one point
we talked everyday
because he was only one door away

- Annabel Anselment, Grade 6



Anna Catalano, Grade 8

Beam

I walk down the beam
and feel my heart pound inside of my chest,
as I reach my hands down towards the beam,
ready to flip.

I take one last deep breath in and out,
and push off.

I feel the breeze brush on my skin in the few seconds I'm
in the air,

as all the little things that could go wrong,
Race through my head.

My hair tie coming out
to me missing
the landing.

I see all the lights flash before my eyes
like lightning bolts,

then my feet hit the
Cold, airy, mat

I keep myself steady,
as my arms go up.

feeling like I could have fallen but,
I did it

-Chloe Daviero, Grade 6



Mia Palluti, Grade 7

The Spring

Spring is here.

I feel so happy in the sun.

I feel the sun on my face.

I feel the wind on my hair.

I hear the birds chirping.

The trees danced with the wind.

I see the green grass. It is greener than ever.

My dogs look like pigs from the mud.

I suddenly feel so happy to have the sun

Shining on my face.

~ Aubree Pushee, Grade 6



Payson Stevens, Grade 7

Sunset Seconds

the sun sets as if my eyes close
the colors fill my head
Red
orange
yellow
all blended beautifully
hints of pink barely seep through the dusk
I feel the wish of love even though no one is next to me
only that sunset could answer the world's questions
not a cloud in the sky to block the sun's power
nor a blue or purple to disrupt the mystifying hints of color
twilight begins as the day memories fall
as the seconds of time pass
the brisk of night fills me
quiet darkness becomes
like I turned off the lights
but the darkness has more fade
colors of day are gone
only darkness is visible
the feeling of spook creeps upon me
unable to see the distance
only the moons glow lights my path
I stand wondering in the night if I will ever see a sunset so powerful
wishing I could freeze time and live in that sunset
forever

- Avery Quivey, Grade 6

A Thought

Stuck On A Ferris Wheel

stuck
on a ferris wheel
high in the sky
as high as the birds
at the tippy top
120 feet high

I feel the wind blow
on my face like
a beast blowing
harder than ever
I feel all the weight
of pear pressure
on my shoulders pushing down
on me

I look down
and see people
but I am so high
they look like ants
scared for my life

I prepared to fall
waiting for something to happen
then I hear a sound
boom, bam, crack
the ferris wheel is fixed
everyone and I
cry with happiness
back on the ground
safe and sound
now all I could
do is remember
the time when

I was stuck on a ferris
high in the sky
in great escape

- Ricky Berhaupt, Grade 6

What ever happened to you?
The thought pounds in the back of my mind
screaming
to get out
be heard
be free
The thought keeps me up at night
Crushing me till I cry

You just left
No warning
No reason
You just left
No one knows why
You just

Left

The word is your safe and ok,
You are just a lingering thought in my head
A thought that will be haunting me
Till I know those words are true.

What ever happened to you?

- Anonymous



Kellen Wood, Grade 8

Art Competition

Ready.

Set.

Go!

I hear the wild crowds scream.

I start to think about what I want to draw

so I draw a dot

then move my hand wherever the pencil takes me.

drifting my hand

side to side,

up and down.

I feel like I am going to faint

when I look at the clock and we have 5 minutes left.

then I remember what my dad says to me

when I am nervous about art.

“Don’t rush art or it’s not art.”

I see him in the crowd and he can tell that

I am nervous.

then he smiles and mouths

“Don’t rush art or it’s not art.”

I smile back to him,

I close my eyes,

take a deep breath,

and go back to drawing

the timer goes off and it roars in my ears like a lion.

the judges looked at all the papers.

then they start to talk.

my heart stops.

hundreds of thoughts going through my head.

who is going to win?

did I do good enough?

me and the girl I was going against

stood side by side with the one of the judges between us.

both of us are as still as statues.

the judge is going to raise the hand of the winner.

my heart pounds a thousand times and

then my hand flies in the air.

I’m the winner and I can’t believe it and all I had to do was

Relax,

Draw,

Win.

- Sofia Reyes, Grade 6

Wolf Love

as people see a beast in their eyes
I see soft gentle eyes
like a warm blanket
in front of me. In the frosty
snowy woods.

their razor-sharp teeth
there strong grip of a claw
There bone chilling body shape

just might make your skin crawl
however I see a wolf like a pup just
desire to play with people.

wolves' different colors of black,white and
shades of grey and brown make
wolves beautiful like they howl in the beautiful
purple blue sky with
all the stars waiting to be wished on.

it is the inside that counts for the bad
people who think wolves are always
awful sometime their more

Loyal than others.

- Ava Donis, Grade 6

Everything I See And Do

I close my eyes and count to ten,
I feel a heartbeat in my chest.
I look outside and see birds flee.
I close my eyes and count to nine,
I listen to the air going in and out my spine.
Then I see a dancing clown!
I close my eyes and count to eight.
Then I see a dog jumping a gate.
I close my eyes and count to seven.
And dive into the sea while the turtles
watch me.

I look around and see a
boy riding a skateboard in the park.
I close my eyes and count to six
and reach the mountain peak
while eating trail mix!
Then, I see a bunch of ticks!
I close my eyes and count to five
and wave my cousins goodbye.
I hope to see them again.
Then I close my eyes and count to four
and hear the ice cream
truck outside the door!
I get a scoop but I want some more.
I close my eyes and count to three
and see some guys chopping down a tree.
It's my favorite tree so now I'm sad.
I close my eyes and count to two
and see a lady say "I do!"
Now I am happy and in a good mood.
I close my eyes and count to one
and I have some more summer fun!

- Emma Kelley, Grade 5

The Level Up

When I stomp to do my chun-ge.
When I throw my punches and throw my kick.
It makes me feel like I can fly.
I breathe hard keyup loud and work like I have never worked before.
When I have to break the board, I go to my pink spot
and stand as if I'm a statue
and I close my eyes,
take a deep breath
and then loosen up like a worm.
I throw a kick and hear
clapping
and my face
lights
up.
I broke the board.
I go back to my spot,
praying that I get my yellow belt.
My life flashes before my eyes then I
hear it.
I got my
yellow belt!
I felt as if I was on top of the world and now I can finally
reap the reward.

- James.D'alessandri-Greenough, Grade 6



Katieana Juarbe, Grade 7

All Through the Year

Twisted trees and summer breeze
Falling leaves and Halloween
Sparkling snow and ornaments aglow
Rainy skies and sunflowers arrive
All through the year we smile and cry
Until the new year, rise and shine!
New day, new year another chapter
Of your life.

- Audrey Goodwin, Grade 5

The Soccer Game

I step onto the field
with the pride of a mighty lion
ready to play

as the sun beams down on me
the net of the goals dance in the wind

the whistle blows
I burst forward after the ball
as it is kicked around every where
corner to corner
goal to goal
side line to side line

the whistle blows again
I chug down on my water
panting from the heat

as I walk back on
with sweat pouring down my face
in the blazing hot sun
the whistle blows

down to the last minute
I steal the ball
shoot it
score it
win it.

- James Valois, Grade 6

The Battle 🤪

The one night...

The one and only Munch steps Into the
ring

Shortly after

I follow in.

“You ready?” Munch says

You bet I am!

The lights start screaming in excitement

3...2...1...

GO! GO! GO!

The screen get brighter,

My eyes get wider

Munch ran straight towards me,

like a ram ready for take off.

I press the left trigger on my controller To

punch munch in the face,

right as he was about to attack

I slam the buttons on the controller.

I hit a combo!

I grabs him

over my shoulder

and throw him, letting go of the Y on my
controller.

And he falls, as if time itself slowed down.

Last.. one.. standing

The words “YOU WIN!” Shine bright on my
screen

confetti flying everywhere!

I won the victory for the first time!

But there's more rounds to go...

Better get prepared to fight!

- McKaylan Compoli, Grade 6

5 Things You Should Know About Basketball If You Play 🏀

by Greyson Loiacono, Grade 6

1. One of the most famous basketball players is Michael Jordan

You need to know because if you know basketball you should know him. For example he has won at every level like in the olympics, college basketball championship, and even NBA championships. Also he has multiple NBA championship MVPs from his career and also normal MVPs. If you know this famous player then you know about some basketball.

2. You need to know 4 basic skills.

If you want to be good at basketball you need to know how to dribble, pass, shoot, and play defense. These are important because if you don't know how there is no point in playing. Off this if you can dribble to break a press and be able to shoot shots with the game on the line and be able to make the tough pass to be up by 1 point, and play defense so the other team doesn't score to win. Now if you know these skills to play you can probably be a really decent player.

3. You can't be scared.

For example if your team is being pressed you can't be scared to bring the ball up if you are a guard. If you're a big man then it is a different story. Still sometimes you might have to help to bring the ball up. Also you can't be scared of bigger players because sometimes they are not as good as you think. For example when I played a team in an AAU tournament all the kids were bigger than me and I was scared at first, but when the game was over I knew I should not have been scared. Also by not being scared it really applies to any sport that you play because you just can't be fearful of anything. Just have to focus on the game. If you can not be scared then you will play a ton better.

4. You need to practice.

Some players think they are so good, so they think they don't have to practice. Well that is wrong because you can always get better. For example you could be the best player in your area but you are probably not the best player in a different area.

When you are not practicing and getting better someone is working harder and becoming possibly better than you. Also, have you heard of a local that went to Glens Falls who scored 4,763 points in his career he practiced all day everyday. His name is Joe Girard. If you can get 100 shots a day, I guarantee that you will get better in 1 or 2 weeks.

5. You need to be mentally tough.

For example, have you ever heard of how Kobe Bryant tore his achilles mid game on a foul and still shot his free throws. That just proves how tough he is. Another example is if someone says something to you don't get upset they are just trying to make you worse. If they are saying something just block it out of your head. Finally off all of this if you can do all of the things and know all the things I said you know basketball.



Alex Cirilla, Grade 7

The Night

The train whispers
to me as I step
outside, sending a
shiver down my spine.
I look up at the sky.
I see a deep blue
with hundreds of
thousands of big,
bold, stars.
I see eight airplanes
flying above.
As I gaze up at
the enormous sky,
at the tippy top of my head,
I wonder how they don't
crash into each other
while flying the
long distances they do.
I notice how the clouds
peak out, making the
long sky look grey
in some spots.
The ground is full
of rocks, big and small,
small and large;
but in some way possible,
they are all similar and
different in their own ways.
It is so dark the
trees are black,
blending in with the
large shadow
of my house.
They move and dance
with the wind, as it rushes
to my ears, singing me a
beautiful song.
I look up at the sky again.
I finally realize,
the moon is gone.
I shiver from the cold breeze
that hits me,
it's time to go inside.
I walk inside, still thinking
about where the moon went.

- Avalyn Bevis, Grade 6

The Clouds

I looked up as the
Clouds cried out rain drops
And thought when will it stop,
as i sat there
And thought about it
And i also said why
cry out rain
When can you
Give me sunshine?
I asked can you always
Give me the gift of
Sunshine clouds, no rain please?

- Jayce Couball, Grade 6



William Bowen , Grade 7

Bad Pencil

by Mackenzie Rose, Grade 5

Once upon a time a bad pencil was sitting on his couch one day. Then there was a knock on the door. It was... bad pencil's friend who was even meaner than bad pencil. Bad pencil's friend scratched at the door all night long. He kept scratching and scratching until the door got knocked on. The bad pencil's friend didn't move away from the door in time so he got hit right in the face with the door. That very day he never scratched at the door again. He never went in front of the door to scratch again. The end.

Bye Fourth Grade

The dust mites dance in the slant of the sun.
While the golden spotlight hits just right. on the worn out wood chips.
I am outside on the tire swing.
People pushing me
back and forth
swinging side to side.
Send me tumbling through the sky.
The birds sing in the sky
as they land on the wire above our school.
Suddenly, I feel like I am going to
flip off.
My hair is swaying in the air.
Taking that one step to the ground.
feeling like I just got taken by the head and spun around into another planet.
As my foot touches the ground I
lose my balance.
I feel that one
sharp wood chip
seams a path into my shoe.
It makes me feel like a
sharp needle
the one my grandma used to fix all of my brother's stuffies.
I ache in pain.
As I see the black whistle in slow motion going to her lips. That black whistle is my enemy.
Like the end of freedom.
It is time to go inside.
I take my pink sweater that my
Mom forced me to wear it because she said it was too cold.
Little did I know that was my last recess day on that playground.
Bye fourth grade
whispered in the breeze
As I ran back to the school.

-Jade Pisani, Grade 6

5th Grade Noise In The Hallway

During 9th period,
the fifth graders get
super Loud.
SLAM
their lockers
YELL at the top of their lungs.
They stomp
and screech.
I can not hear the teacher speaking.
When they all rush to leave it sounds like a marching band,
and they never stop
They yell random words and noises.
They sounded like a herd of cows stomping in the fields.
I wanted to tear my ears off.
I especially wanted to go home.
even when the teachers get enraged.
Once it is finally quiet, it is already
the end of the period.
But then we realize that we did the same in 5th grade.
and realize how the 6th graders before us felt,
and I'm sure they would not be doing that if they knew.
They will most likely feel the same way next year.
They will think to themselves
"During 9th period the fifth graders are so loud."

- Devin Poland, Grade 6

Growth

Boredom always knows how to attack.
Boredom knows how to strike unexpectedly.
Boredom knows how to control kids the best.
It knows how to make what used to be fun
a thing you
NEVER
want to do again.

I pressed the buttons on my keyboard.
I wished it could be a cure for the sickness I had.
But it didn't cure boredom.
Almost nothing can cure boredom.
That's why so many people hate it.

There was a lone flower in the corner of my eye,
but the flower was wilting.
Saying its final goodbye as the flower
did one last sway.
as it left a mess of petals around the cup
the flower
resides in.

The flower gave me an idea for the cure,
the cure for boredom.

I decided to try and write one thing,
I couldn't.
I realized it was too late to write when the moon
pushed the sun away to the exit.
Boredom had foiled my plan.
It always does.

When I woke up,
the sun was waving to me.
Although I didn't care right now.
The kids screamings flooded my ears,
but I just hopped onto my computer.
I wasn't going to forget about that topic that easily.
This writing piece was a flower infection,
and nothing would stop me.
Not even boredom.

The first one I started to write I put as 'immumne'.
I started to write more and more.
My spare time being devoted to the story
completely.

I thought the writing was the cure so many
people tried to find.
That writing about is a cure,
but then boredom came creeping back.
It always comes back.

My friend was next to me when I was trying
to think of more ideas,
but boredom is a lock with no key existing.
I knew they liked writing, and I also knew
they could help.

I told them all about it, my original idea,
how it's set up, and what I need to write.
I then asked them if they wanted to help.
I could tell boredom wanted me to fail.
That boredom was breathing down my
neck,
waiting for me
to be the next puppet.

Thankfully they agreed.
The thing failed.
We decided to start writing.

After a little bit
I thought of a name for it
Toon's Paradise
That's the name it shall be,
and that's the name it shall stay.

almost nothing can cure boredom,
but I found the cure for myself.
For one last time,
I tally up all my writing pieces and if I still
work
on the writing.

Boredom 3
Me 2

I may be losing,
but my writing pieces gets
better
and more addicting
with every attempt.
So, thanks boredom.

-Evelyn b. Zyniecki, Grade 6

Underground Law
by Frankie Salluzzo

Bangor, Maine

I've been stuck in this inn for about a month waiting for things to cool down between our crew and our friends in New York. If I had to guess everybody else was dead, the guys I worked with on the heist, I mean. That makes three, at least. And I'm sure that I'll be number eight if the other guys don't stop this war soon.

All all because of a bookie joint.

Saratoga Springs, New York

Me and Bulldog led the way inside after he pried open a window. Curly, and Dante were right behind us two as we crept through the dark room, checking for where this guy kept his cash. This place belonged to a guy named Doc Travino. Apparently he was an old fella who decided to start now, for whatever reason. It doesn't matter why; what matters is this guy wasn't paying tribute to us. That's rule number one of this thing; You pay those above you, in this case, us. We figured tonight we'd make him start tonight, and maybe take a little more for the time he hadn't been paying too.

"Guys!" Bulldog said, pointing his flashlight at a safe. "We found it already." He continues. Looking at his roughed up face in the light, I hoped for his battery to die so I wouldn't have to look at it again. Ugly mutt.

"Ugh, really? Already? You think I could go look for another?" Asked Curly. He was a kid trying to pull in a big score, I think he tagged along because he thought this was it. He talked and talked on the way here about how he'd be boss some day, and he'd make sure all of us were given a good raise. I don't think he gets this whole life yet. But he was a good kid. I appreciate the sentiment, at the very least.

"Why don't you look for code, huh kid?" Dante asked, pointing to a corner with a large stack of papers on it. Curly nodded eagerly and walked over this an odd spring in his step. "And be quiet, will ya?" He practically shouted over to the kid, now maybe five feet away. Old guy didn't have the best hearing, so he shouted quite a bit.

"But you're—" Curly argues, getting cut off. Another rule broken, don't talk back to your superiors, even if they're wrong.

"Shut up! Do I gotta bask your head in or what?" He shouted, raising his fist at the poor kid. Why anybody decided to have him tag along for something like this, I have no idea. Curly was actually being relatively quiet. I think Dante just wanted someone to pick on. Probably compensating for something.

Then, we hear the agonizing sound of a door creaking open somewhere in the complex. We all raise our guns, awaiting some bodyguards or the police— something.

Another door opens, then another, and another. And in walks an old man. Looked like Doc Travino to me. I think we scared him into freezing. Bulldog tackled him and shoved his pistol up against his forehead, and before he fired, Doc shouted "I'm with Gerimaldi!"

Birds of Freedom

One by one, we flew out the window
Into the dusk of the coming night, we flew
together in a flock night coming, day leaving

Tirelessly we flew together never leaving
each others sides; we stayed together like peas in
a pod, flying as fast as a paper airplane soars

We see the other birds going to bed for night
has come, day has gone, whispers of sorrow, time
feeling wallow

Us leaving, never returning,
never returning, for we have found our freedom,
we shall never give it up.

- Adalie Collingwood & Avalyn Bevis, Grade 6



Mahendra Mohan, Grade 5

By the Creek

As I sit by the creek, time seems to slow.
The dewy grass touching my finger tips,
The cold clear water on my feet.
If you look closely, you will see tadpoles dancing
near the surface of the creek with not a care in the world.
A crisp air blows my hair in the wind.
Alone but not lonely,
I sit in the tall grass by the creek as time
waits for me.

- Marlena Sturgess, Grade 6

That Little Stray

By Ella Viscusi, Grade 5

Hi. In April, I'm gonna tell you a little bit about my dog Missy. It was just last summer when I met Missy, my dog. It all started when my mom told me to go to the local farmers market to get some apples, tomatoes, and grapes. I must have not been paying attention because I almost knocked the grumpy store owner Mrs. Lenen over. She had gone mad. I guess I didn't notice the oranges and grapes(hey, some grapes. Exactly what I need) rolling around on the floor.

“GET THAT DOG OUT OF HERE!!!!!!” She yelled.

That's when I noticed the dog. Yup that's a stray I thought to myself.

“ GEORGE, CALL ANIMAL CONTROL. HE'S GOING TO THE POUND!”

“No!” I yelled. “ Don't call animal control.She's my dog.” What did I just say! Oh no. “ Come here girl, come here missy.” The dog looked up at me and came trotting to my side. Looks like I just found myself a new friend.

Where did I find the name Missy, well, me and mama just moved to Mississippi. I didn't really have any friends. The Hillerys my neighbors did have 2 children. Margo and Lenny. But boy were they snobs. Margo is my age. Mama always says to go hang out with them but I don't think she knows how much of a bossy know it all they are. I always just sit at home and play on the Wii or go to the library and read. No matter how much mama wants me to hang out with them, I never and never will. But now I have missy. I hope mama likes her.

“ Hey April- April, why is there a dog in the house?!!!!” Mama tries to keep as calm and nice as possible. “ Ya, about that, Ummm... when I went to the farmers market Mrs. Lenen was going crazy about a stray dog that got into the store. She said she was gonna call the pound and I couldn't let her do that so I may have told her that it was my dog and that I was responsible for her getting into the store.Can we keep her. She already has a name. Her name is Missy.” “April, she's a stray. She could have fleas and ticks.

“ I'll give her a bath.”

“OK. You can keep the dog on 1 condition. She doesn't do to the bathroom in the house, doesn't rip apart the couch, and she has food.”

“Mom, that's like 3 conditions. You said 1.” I complain.

“ You want the dog, don't you, April?”

“ Yes.”

Then she's your responsibility.She does something, you pick it up. She has to go for a walk, you walk her. She has to go to the bathroom, you bring her. Ok?

“Ok, fine. Missy, you have a home!”

I'm proud of my work!!!!!!!

A Nice Spring Day

I Feel the breeze tickle my skin as I swing
back
and forth
the cotton candy clouds cover the blue sky as the sun beams down on me
the creek slowly on the move as I wish
I could just take a dip
in the nice water
as the trees wave to me
in the breeze.

As I swing I see my sister and the neighbors run up the green grassy hill in my Backyard,
I can't help but notice looking in the window my Parents cook dinner inside
about to call us in
I smell the yummy scent of what is already cooked inside from here
And run as fast as a cheetah to get inside to eat
I can't help but think I am so lucky to have all of this in my life,
I'm as lucky as I can get on this nice spring day

- Emily Male, Grade 6

Sharks

The swish of their tail
the little curve on their backs
the rough bumps they have on the side of their face
their glassy eyes,
the gentle yet so harmful bite they have

sharks are just as gentle as a sloth
They swim gracefully like a swan in the water,
They swim as if dancing with the waves

Why even mess with such a majestic creature such as a shark ?
Why judge them? Is it because they are big? Or is it because you're scared?
Sharks are really just gentle giants no need to be afraid of them ,
They are just misunderstood animals if you don't
bite,
Nor.
do
they.

- Bella Skinner, Grade 6

My Last Score Of The Season

*I can feel the wind hit me
as I run up and down the court
score after score
turnover after turnover*

*we bring the ball up and stop...
we pass it around
then it finally gets to me
but this time
I don't pass
I'm a little nervous, and I think to myself,
what do I do?*

*I drive to the basket
and put the ball up
as I'm falling
from getting hit in the arm
I watch the ball drop and I make it
My whole team shouts "And1!"
I'm at the free throw line
and I have one shot
I dribble it twice
and then I take a deep breath
Breathe in, breathe out
I try not to think about what could happen
but it always gets in my head about airballing
or bricking*

*then I get set on the line and I shoot
I stand as I watch the ball drop it looks good
but it's short
and it finally drops
I missed it
I hear it echo as it hits the rim and bounces off*

*In the end we won
and even though I missed my free throw
I'm happy I tried because that's all
that matters*

-Joel McTighe, Grade 6



Avery Quivey, Grade 6

Out the Window

Want to know how I ended up in this tree? I jumped out my window to try and avoid my vet trip, I was terribly wrong, out the window was not the answer to this problem.

I'll start with the moment I heard the word Vet, on the phone. It was early in the morning and I was minding my own business, while the birds taunted me.

Then I heard the dreaded awful word, Vet. This was the second time this word has been in my head, The first time I stuffed myself into the big clear pitcher on the table. Unfortunately I overlooked a thought, It was see through. Today I was daring, I jumped out the window into the giant oak to get out of the house. Again I overlooked another thought, cats can climb up, but not always down.

I should mention I'm a two- year-old tabby cat named Sir. Flufadoodle, but my owner calls me Doodle.

The tree was rather big enough to conceal me from the window, but at this point I just wanted in the house, and now that I overlook it they give me freeze dried salmon. Then that was the moment my brother, Princey, started calling my name.

“ Doodle-Doodle-Do!” He called “ What'd ya get yourself into now? Not all cats can climb down, Doodle-Doodle you're in trouble!” He taunted me all morning, before my

The owner had the bright idea to look out the window.

“ Doodle, how did you even manage to get in the tree? Come here,” She held her arms out, and I jumped, and my brother yelled,

“ Cock-A-Doodle-Do! Great idea!”

I landed right in my owner's arms, I thought I was going to be hugged, but I was stuffed unceremoniously right in my cat carrier.

Unfair!

- Adalie Collingwood & Addison Donis, Grade 6

Last Second

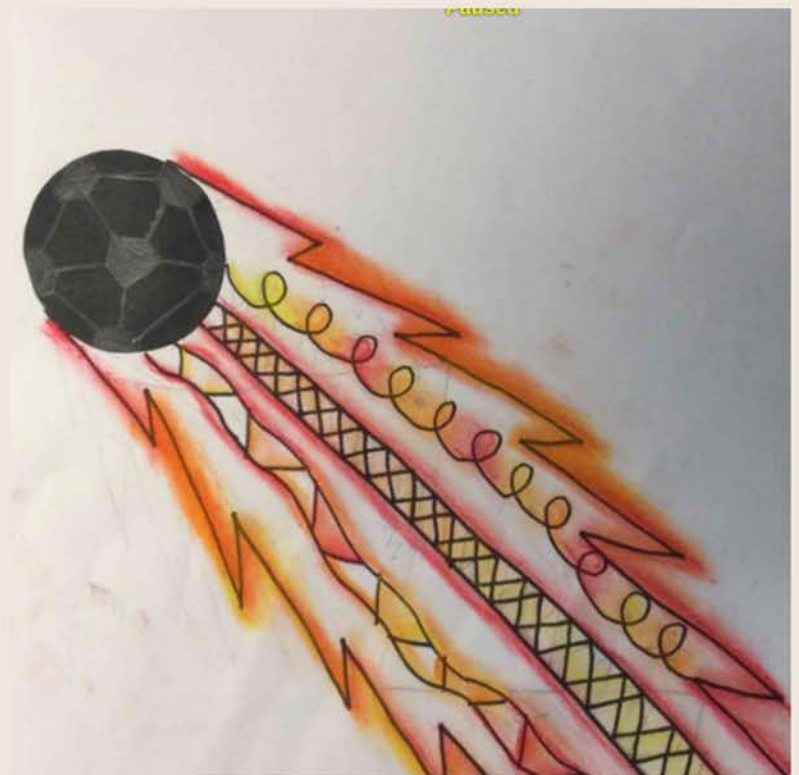
A cold day
clouds crying down
on the field,
I can feel the breeze,
falling on my skin.
On the grounds
of the cut perfect grass.
It is three to three
last minutes of the game
they have the ball,
outside the box
they shoot
they score
four to three.

It must be my bad luck.

Kick off,
I have the ball
I pass it to Kiki for a wide
open shot
the crowd goes wild,
like a big pack of wild dogs.
Four to four, one minute left.

Maybe it isn't my bad luck.

They have the ball
Luca steals the ball,
Luca pass it to me,
I passed it back to Luca
we are tough on goal.
Five second left,
Luca passes it back to me
the pressure is on
I feel the breeze aging
but this time,
all over my skin,
it was the sign of luck,
so I power up and then
I shoot.
It is a rocket flying through the air,
everyone holds their breath.
As if they were a fish,
but could not breathe in water.
GOAL
We win
It was my game.
I guess it wasn't bad luck



Noelle Iyer, Grade 5

Phantom of a Submarine

By Dawson Lawrence, Grade 5

Day 1: Lucas

Day 1 of being out on a speedboat with Levi and me. I never thought we would never get peace and quiet. "Finally," said Levi. "All alone."
"Yeah," I said. We're just staying out in the ocean for 5 days. We got all the food and drinks we needed. "Man I hope these 5 days count," said Levi. "I got yelled at by my boss 3 times last week!"
"I know." I said. "It feels nice out here."
"But what if something happens?" asked Levi. "Like we get surrounded by a giant squid?"
"Dude, come on!" said Lucas. "Let me tell you something: NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING, will ruin our life."

Day 2: Levi

The next day comes by and I feel a little bored. "Yo Lucas," I said. "I'm gonna go for a swim."
"Sounds good." said Lucas. I put on my wetsuit and went for a dive. Swimming felt nice, but I saw something. I blinked. I blinked again. And what I saw was a submarine. I thought our peace was alone. But I waved. But no one waved back. That's because no one was in the submarine. Then, the submarine hit me. Then again. And again. It kept hitting me. And then, I knew it: it was trying to kill me. I quickly flew up to the bottom of the speedboat.
But the submarine flew up. In a couple of seconds, the submarine would smush me into pieces. But I flew up and the submarine hit the speedboat. I was on the speedboat with Lucas questioning "What was that?!"
"It was a submarine!!" I yelled. "It tried to kill me!!"
"Yeah right!" said Lucas. "Like I said: NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING, will ruin our-"
Suddenly, there was a bang under the boat and Lucas saw the submarine.
"DRIVE!!!" yelled Levi.
"Okay!!" said Lucas. Soon we lost the submarine.

Day 3: Lucas

So now we are now going to die from a submarine. So that absolutely stinks. What are we going to tell our family? We're about to die from a submarine?? We would be dead! Me and Levi needed a plan. But right when we started, our boat shook. It was back. It was pushing us. We started wondering what was going to happen. Then, we saw it. A gigantic rock that we were going straight into. He is pushing us into the rock. As we got closer and closer, we started screaming at him. "HEY!!!" Levi yelled. "STOP!!!!!"
"GET OFF OF US!!" I yelled. But nothing worked. So we could only do one thing: jump off. When we were out of the speedboat, it was destroyed. We swam far away from the submarine. Soon, we were away with nothing. But soon, we saw something in the distance. It looked like a boat with someone on it. "You guys need help?" the man called.
"Yeah!" I said. We hopped on the boat. "Didn't catch your name..." he said.
"Levi." Levi said.
"Lucas" I say. "What's your name?"
"Me?" said the man. "My name is Declan."

Day 4: Levi.

"So what are you guys doing out at sea?" asked Declan

"Well," I start. "We were just going in the ocean on a speedboat for only 5 days, but a submarine came and attack-

"Hold it" Declan said. "A submarine?"

"Yeah" said Lucas.

"You are lucky to be alive," Declan said. "I have seen it."

"What do you know about that submarine?" I asked

"What I know is that it's no ordinary submarine." said Declan

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Let me explain," Declan said. "You see, I was out on the speedboat and I spotted the submarine. It was cool but there was a problem: No one was inside the submarine. So I was wondering so much that I dived in the water and went inside the submarine. I saw nothing... but what I did see was the controls of the submarine moving... by itself. I got nervous and then the controls stopped moving. I knew it was a ghost, or as I like to call it, a phantom. I knew it spotted me because I felt something around my arm trying to strangle me. Somehow, I escaped it. When I was on the speedboat though, I heard a bang. There the submarine was. Under the speedboat, it was the submarine hitting the bottom of the speedboat. I acted quickly and turned on the speedboat, and soon, it was gone."

"So it all makes sense," I said. "It really does."

"How do we stop it?" asked Lucas.

"Well," said Declan. "If it strangled me, it means you can't go through it. So that means it may not be a phantom, it's just an invisible man that has gone mad."

"So we strangle him back!" I said. But Declan shook his head. "Won't work." he said. "He is too smart to catch."

"I think what we have to do is go in," said Lucas. "But we aren't as skilled as Declan is."

"Don't worry," said Declan. "I can do it by myself."

"But how do we know where the submarine is?" I asked.

"I put a tracker on it," Declan said. "So I can see where he is. It will arrive in about 23 hours."

"Let's do this." I said.

Day 5: Lucas

We needed to make sure the submarine could see us. So someone had to dive down to make sure the submarine was there. So that person was me. I got myself a suit and dived in. I tried finding the submarine and there it was. It was right there and it was coming right towards us. I went back up to tell them. "It's here!" I said. Then, it started banging the bottom of the speedboat. Declan dived in the water, and met with the submarine. There was only one thing to do: he smashed the glass on the submarine. Soon, the submarine sank all the way to the ground and Declan flew up to the boat. We were shocked but... Levi started laughing. We all started laughing and we went home.

WIN

One...
Two...
Three...
"Strike, you're out" my cousin says.
I Play outside with
my cousins and friends
as the sun glares down at me
do I care
No!
Because all I care about is
Winning!
I catch the ball.
I wait by the dirt pile as the home base
and use bushes as the bases, but
I always seem to get an out
but then I'm up!
I run like the wind
First base,
Second base,
Third base,
I think to myself
"Don't mess this up!
You have to run to home"
I run I...
WIN!!!
my team cheers for me
people walking
in the neighborhood
stare at me
like I'm crazy,
Do I care
No
because I
Won.

- Maysen Velazquez, Grade 6



Emily Monroe, Grade 7

Wet Socks

Wet socks suck.
They suck because
my day can be great but when I step
In a puddle my day gets ruined.
While I could take off the socks to dry,
I might not be
Able to take them off.
When and I'm
No able to take them off,
the socks just marinate in the water
Like a Thanksgiving turkey.
When I'm able to take the soggy socks off,
I'm greeted with a treacherous smell.
the smell is so bad I throw my socks.
After that,
my feet get so wrinkly
It looks like an elderly man's face.
Wet
socks
suck.

- Amaan Folmsbee, Grade 6

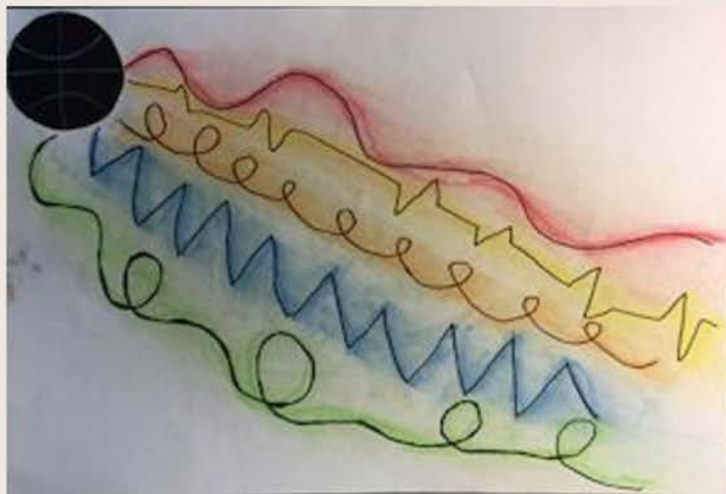


Ludovico Rossi, Grade 7

The 2025 Soccer Win

The sun was shining down on my face
Nervousness filled my body
scared I would mess up
the last 15 seconds
I took a breath.
And another breath, and ran on the field.
My coach put me in the middle of the offense.
The ref blew the whistle,
GO, GO
the ball flew from other teammates' foot,
over my teammates heads, Over the ref's head,
whoossssh it goes.
I got my leg up and got the ball to the ground
Go,go,go!
I ran and ran until I got to goal
I ran to the ball and I kicked as hard as I can
the ball went flying over my teammates heads
The goal tried to get it but missed
And landed in the corner in the goal
the screams from the crowd filled my ears
joy filled my teammate's eyes
we all screamed and jumped up and down
over and over again and again
I made my team win
I did that..
The sun was shining down on my face,
I felt like I was going to burst into a bubble and fly away,
I was still nervous after I made the goal and that day was one of the
best days ever
but again....
No-one else did that.
I .. did...that

- Ava DeMartino, Grade 6



Lucas Mayne, Grade 5

Dreams

I was sad that day, tired from all the stress on me.
I drifted to sleep.
more tired than a baby
but I felt like I was floating when I closed my eyes.
I opened my eyes and saw a heavenly place.
It looked like the world beyond earth.
Silent.
Perfect.
I walked across the clouds.
I walked more and more.
The clouds hugged my feet as I walked.
very.
very.
warm.
I saw the world below.
Lovely and green.
I saw the green, the beautiful green.
I walked endlessly.
No end in sight, but I hoped I could walk forever.
Then I saw my bed.
I stepped closer to it, feeling worried I would not fall back asleep after I awoke.
But I trusted myself.
I let myself sleep.
And then I woke back up.
In my bed.
My cozy.
Cozy.
Bed.
The warmth of the bed made me snuggle deeper into my blanket.
It was like a campfire.
I wondered why I had that dream.
The room now felt better.
Cleaner.
But it wasn't the dream.
So I fell back asleep.
When i opened my eyes again i wasnt in my bed
I was back in the heavenly place.
The clouds cleaned themselves, making them pastel.
The pastel white beauty.
It made me feel tired.
So I laid down on the clouds.
closed my eyes.
When i opened them next
I was in my bed.
And I felt amazing.
I felt no longer sad.

- Avery Roddy,, Grade 6

The Immortal

Empathetic as all can be
There for all to see
For all of history
Lived through every civilization
Watching their loved ones pass on

Slowly the empath grows cold
They stop caring
They stop loving
They become distant
They become an empty shell of who they once were
Though they're dead inside they can't be killed
Even when they try for themselves
Slowly they forget who they are
They forget their own flesh and blood
They forget their home where their language was just grunts
Forgetting the people they swore they never would
No matter how much time had passed
Despite them growing cold
Not caring
Not loving
Not moving on

They stumble into a museum
Seeing the ancient figures who students just learn about through class
It's seems like looking through a time glass
Seeing friends and family that took them in
Seeing their lover
The one they felt a fleeting joy for
Their dim light shining on them once again
Sensing their presence
The hope they gave them
Their essence

The Immortal
Once an empath grown cold
Careless
Reckless
An empty shell of what they once were
Slowly growing back into themselves
Realizing that maybe not all hope is gone
That it's time to move on

The life of the Immortal
Traacherous
Everlasting
From the beginning to the end
The curse of immortality
The Immortal.

Earwig

I sit in the yard,
my finger tracing the dirt,
as I listen to the sound of the warm air
before I'm interrupted by the sound of tick tick tick.
I look around and I see it comes from a nearby rock.
I move over and pick it up
and as I lift the rock up from the soft moist soil,
a brown and orange earwig crawls out from under the rock,
its pincer-like tail snapping behind it as it's raised high towards me
tick tick tick
follows as if a crab snapping its claw rhythmically.
I pull my finger back and flick it as hard as I can
its small body flying through the air as if gravity itself was inverted,
and just as fast as it was in the air
it dropped back to the ground disappearing into the tall thick grass
like a soldier hiding in the mud,
it disappeared into the thick grass,
its small brown and orange body helping it blend in
as if it was a part of the soil itself
it disappears,
but its rhythmic tick lingers in the air
as i am left with my thoughts
and the sound of its rear clicking,

tick tick tick.....

- Treyvon Speanburg, Grade 6

The Tree

I watch the tree sway as it follows the wind
following the path of the breeze,
with a few leaves falling off.
But it never falls down
even after every hard gust,
after every heavy rain,
the tree never
falls down.
The tree still stands strong.

Maybe a few branches or twigs comes off
but the entire tree never falls down.
I've seen a tree in my old houses yard
that's older than a few people I know.
The tree still stands strong.

To this day I watch it from the view
of my window as it still sways to the
rhythm of the wind, still a few leaves
falling off. I wonder when it is going
to fall down
3 hours?
3 days?
maybe 3 years?
The tree still stands strong.

This tree gets pounded by rain
struck by wind, and gotten snow thrown
at it. It still stands and stays strong.
The tree still sways to the wind as it
pounds on every single window in the
front of my house.
The tree still stands strong.

I remember how at my old
house I used to get chased
by my siblings as I ran in circles
And i'd always get dizzy and
be out of breath from laughing
and giggling. I always felt like it
Was never important at all but
Now I realized it meant a lot
because If it were never
there id have nowhere to run
And I'd get carried and thrown
into the pool.
The tree still stands.

- Jeremy Khelawan, Grade 6

5 Things You Should Know About Playing Hockey 🏒

by Nolan Wood, Grade 6

1. It can be hard to play hockey. 📦

Hockey is one of the hardest sports to play. You have to learn to skate on thin blades and it's hard to maintain the balance. You have to learn to keep a small puck on your stick and slide it across ice also having to balance. You have to learn to lift your foot and shoot at the same time. Hockey is a hard sport to learn.

2. It can get rough. 🏒

Hockey can be physical with lots of big hits and fights. Hockey is one of the most physical sports in the world, alongside football. A lot of fights have caused some major injuries that can end a season or even a career. But you don't always have to hit someone you can poke check them to. Hitting isn't supposed to be direct but sometimes, it can be. That is why you have to be careful who you mess with.

3. Practice can help you be more fluent. 📦

Practice makes perfect. Practice is very important for hockey to master a bunch of stuff like shots and stickhandling. You have to flex your stick to get a max power shot. When you stickhandle up the ice you can't have your head or you will get a big hit right your way! That's why it can be hard to carry the puck down the ice with defenders on you so that's why we practice it to get better at getting around defenders.

4. Positioning is really important in games. 🏒

Positions are hard to master as well. There are 5 main positions in hockey such as Center, rightwing, leftwing, left defense and right defense. The center is where you take faceoffs and can go anywhere. Leftwing you have to stay on the left side of the ice, Rightwing is the right side of the ice and defense is you stay kinda back from the play.

5. Hockey gear is very important. 📦

Gear is the stuff that protects you from getting hurt. The gear contains a lot of stuff to put on like shin pads, elbow pads, pants, chest protector and helmet. Then you put on your team jersey and socks and you're good to go. Also sticks can look all the same or different like you can tape them and wax it so you can puck handle better.



Parker Wagner, Grade 7

Times Have Changed

Way back then I had no sense
My mistakes didn't matter
There was always a smile on my face
When my only problem in life was what barbie i would play with that day
Now the times have changed
I still have no sense of what I do
Now every mistake is watched
My smile is hidden
Now I cant count my problems
And the times are still changing
But I wish I could go back
I wish I could stop changing and growing but oh times have changed

- Sameera McKeon & Anna Silvestri, Grade 6

Mindful
Resourceful
Sweet
Respectful
Open-hearted
Grateful
Optimistic
Thoughtful
Zooty
Kind
Energetic

- Sameera McKeon & Anna Silvestri, Grade 6

The Night's Stranger

I had an eerie feeling of something watching, waiting.
I felt a cold breeze rush beneath me, "Rush Rush Rush".
I knew my covers couldn't protect me from the shadows and whispers.

I shuffled around, "shuffle shuffle shuffle" and a "rustle, rustle, rustle."
My eyes struggle to stay open. My eyes have closed.
It was dark.
Too dark.
The shadows leapt over my bed.
I thought I must have hit my head.

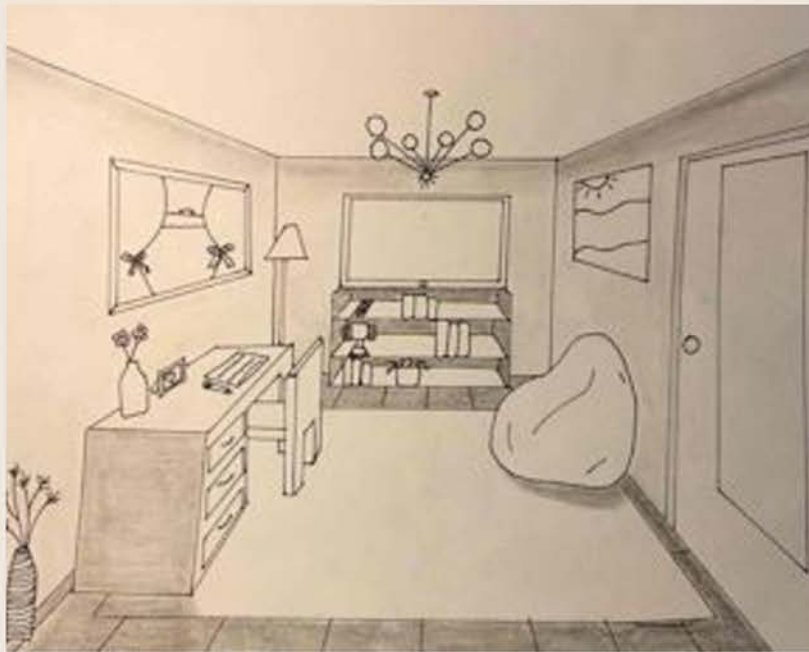
Is this a dream?
Surely I was dreaming.
My lungs breathed heavily as I saw the shadow appear more clearly.
The shadow finally crept up.
His face finally showed up in the dim moonlight.
I lay my head back down under the covers.
My breathing got heavier.
Way heavier.
Shivers went down my spine.

My body froze as the shadow finally came face to face with me.
Tears start free falling on my face.
The wind howled louder with the rain crashing down on the roof.
"Well hello, little one" the shadow whispered.
I couldn't even speak, fear was hitting me in the chest over and over again.
It was as dark as a cave in my room making the situation worse than it was.

My eyes kept scanning the room as the shadow leapt over my bed and started hovering over me like a swarm of mosquitos.
"W-who are you?" I asked quietly.
"Oh silly child..." the shadow whispered blankly.
His raspy voice made chills go down my spine.
"I'm not afraid of you!" but I really was.
He could smell my fear from miles away.

As I watch him leave the room I shiver and get under my blanket scarcely.
The sun comes up but I lay there, staring, waiting

- Emberlynn Townsel, Grade 6



Allie McLear, Grade 8

Never Truly Over

The moon knocks on my window
as I sit on my bed,
sorrow climbing up my throat.
I think about the first time I heard about it,
about the first time I saw the cast list.
I think about the first days I practiced,
the days spent in the cafeteria.
I think about the first time I heard the songs,
about all the people I met.
All the time we've spent together.
All of it is over.

Wait.
It isn't over.
I will still see them in school.
I have memories
burned into my brain.
Those won't go away easily.
I have all the pictures,
and videos.
I am not left alone.
I have everyone.
Right here,
standing with me.

A Storybook Portal

The blue spine,
as dark as the night sky
glints in the late summer sun
as I lay on the couch,
book on my face,
and breathe in the scent of old stories.
A whole other world within five hundred pages.
The covers part
and I'm gone,
kidnapped into a land of wonder.

Within these pages
my mind is contempt.
I know this world.
Every gnome and fairy,
each queen, and every prince.
I've climbed trees with Rappunzel,
raced pumpkins with Cinderella,
and had pillow fights with Sleeping Beauty.

Each story is my own personal portal to a different world.
Another forest with soft mossy ground
and glowing mushrooms,
another kingdom and castle to explore.
Another tale of wonder.

I know this book and its stories inside out.
Their weight in my brain
feels like a comforting blanket.
The letters on the pages
whisper my name.
So when the cover is shut,
the pages all lay flat,
and the gold spirals on the spine
glint by the evening sun.
I still know their stories.
After all,
I do know their world

- Beth Macpherson, Grade 6

Staff Highlight

Schalmont's Future: Welcome, Mrs. Riano

by Ifra Khan & Alexis Berhapt

This year Schalmont Middle School was introduced to the new face, Mrs. Rachel Riano, who is now the school's secretary. Mrs. Riano was interviewed by the Ink And Imagination Writing Club to get to know her better and ask how she plans to impact Schalmont. Mrs. Riano shared how she loves that in the Schalmont community, especially because it's easy to get to know the students and staff. Because it's a small community, she likes how she can easily remember almost everyone's names.

We know that being a school secretary is a lot of work and can be challenging sometimes with all the tasks that have to get done. If you ever go to visit her in the main office, you might notice all the sticky notes she has decorating her desk. Mrs. Riano finds that sticky notes really help her remember all the small, but important, tasks that have to be done. When a lot goes on, it's easy to forget simple things. Because she can get busy in the office, she sometimes multitasks. We also asked Mrs. Riano on how she manages her time and she responded by talking about how she starts with tasks that have to be done first such as the morning announcements or like what classes need substitutes and then do the other tasks.

We have also asked Mrs. Riano some questions about what she likes and what she does outside of school. As you may know, if you have ever visited her in the main office, you would know that she likes to decorate her desk (not just with sticky notes with reminders on them) and her favorite colors are pastels. Just like every other teacher, she loves to drink coffee. She also really loves animals (specifically dogs and cats). She currently owns two cats named Petal and Clover and a German Sheppard named Bear who weighs 105lbs.

Mrs. Riano also talked a bit about her family. Her kids are currently in 7th and 10th grade. She loves going places with her family like Cape Cod, the movie theater, and going to eat at restaurants. Other things that Mrs. Riano shared with us is in her free time she likes to read, go to craft fairs, go shopping and bake.

She knows that every student is different and some of them have a hard time being in school so she wants to have an impact on them and to make them feel comfortable when they talk to her. She really loves to have conversations and help students. One of her goals is to stay until she can retire.