

Chantilly

CONNECTION

Fair Oaks ♦ Fair Lakes

Children's Connection 2016

Geovanny Pardo, 5th grade,
Brookfield Elementary.

DECEMBER 28, 2016 - JANUARY 3, 2017

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ROCKY RUN MIDDLE

A Dozen Ducklings

Sitting in the car
Heading to a birthday party

I cannot be late or the cake
Will be gone

Annoyed and anxious
I roll down the window poking my head out

Spotting a dozen of small
Ducklings

A family of ducklings waddling across
In a hurry

Maybe
The ducks are late too!

Forgetting about the cake,
I smile.

I cannot be mad at
Such tiny, busy ducklings!

— RACHEL CHAE, 13, 8TH GRADE



**Daniel
Zhang, 13,
grade 8**

Cellphones

The little bright screen
That fits in your pocket
That keeps you from working hard
You use it all the time
Connecting with friends
Playing Games or
Watching videos
The little bright screen
Keeps you up late at night
Whether you're bored or not
The little bright screen will always be there
Like the heart inside your body
You will have it
No matter the place or the time
The little bright screen
Called a phone

— DAVID BAE, 13, 8TH GRADE



**Angela
Chen, 12,
grade 7**

CHANTILLY HIGH SCHOOL

Stapler

Bind us together
With your strong metal
arms
Don't let us be sepa-
rated
Help us work as one

Binding papers and
words
As well as cities and
communities
Friends and families
And love and hope

A light click
A simple touch
Creating
An interminable bond
Warning

You can staple my work
My documents
And ribbons to a present
Red, white, and blue
But you can't staple
My dreams or wishes
And love or freedom

To dream is to wish
And my wish is to dream
To love is to be free
And to be free is to love
So don't staple me
Don't even try

— YUJIN SON, 16,
GRADE 11



Welcome

Dear Readers:

This week, the Chantilly Connection turns over its pages to the youth and students.

We asked principals and teachers from area schools to encourage students to contribute their words, pictures and photos for our annual Children's Issue.

The response as always was enormous. While we were unable to publish every piece we received, we did our best to put together a paper with a fair sampling of the submitted stories, poems, drawings, paintings, photographs and other works of art. Because of the response, we will continue to publish more artwork and writings through-

out January.

We appreciate the extra effort made by school staff to gather the materials during their busy time leading up to the holidays. We'd also like to encourage both schools and parents to mark their 2017 calendars for early December, the deadline for submissions for next year's Children's Connection. Please keep us in mind as your children continue to create spectacular works of art and inspiring pieces of writing in the coming year.

The children's issue is only a part of our year-round commitment to cover education and our local schools. As always, the Con-

nection welcomes letters to the editor, story ideas, calendar listings and notices of local events from our readers. Photos and other submissions about special events at schools are especially welcome for our weekly schools pages.

Our preferred method for material is e-mail, which should be sent to chantilly@connectionnewspapers.com, but you can reach us by mail at 1606 King St., Alexandria, VA 22314 or call 703-778-9415 with any questions.

— EDITOR STEVEN MAUREN

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BROOKFIELD ELEMENTARY



Aarya Ghimire, 5th grade



Daniela Saco Montesinos, 6th grade



Kendall Muir, 3rd grade



**Khang Nuyen,
4th grade**

GREENBRIAR WEST ELEMENTARY



Reshmi Balakrishnan, 11, grade 6 — The Wonder of Nature

What Makes A Good Friend

Well, to me a good friend would need various ingredients. A good friend has to like you for your personality and for who you are not for the way you look or other characteristics. A good friend has to be honest and truthful. You need to be able to rely on him or her to tell all of your essential and personal secrets. A good friend has to be kind and supportive when times get hard. A good friend has to know exactly what to do when you get sad, and how to get you up and energetic. These are all the ingredients a good friend needs.

— NITYA YELAKANTI, 11,
GRADE 6

A good friend is someone who you can trust and believe is telling the truth. They stick by your side and cheer you up when you're sad, you help friends find things you know about but they don't. My friend recently started looking for a 3DS for Christmas and I have been looking at them since summer so I'm currently helping him pick one out. I have also been helping him find a good price for it because I'm getting a limited edition one he can't because it's extremely expensive so I'm helping him find one that's way cheaper so he can get one for Christmas.

— FERNANDO ALARCON,
GRADE 6

Something that makes a good friend is they have to be honest. No one likes a dishonest friend. They have to be able to keep all your deepest, darkest, secrets no matter what (kind of like a secret spy). They can't be bossy, and most importantly, they have to have your back, no matter what happens. If you trip and fall and everyone makes fun of you, BAM, your friend helps you up. All of these traits are traits about my best friend Kaavya. She is the best.

— EMMA TAN, 12, GRADE 6

A good friend is someone who is supportive, who's always by your side, honest, kind, and funny. When you're depressed, your friend should make you happy again. If someone is making fun of you, they should come and defend you. If you have a friend that lies, then how do you know that he is even your friend. He may be lying to you that he is your friend. You don't want a friend that is mean to you. You need a friend that is truthful, caring and laughs with you for jokes. This is what a friend should be like.

— KARTIK CHOKKAVARAPU,
11, GRADE 6

A good friend is a friend who is kind and considerate towards everyone, but sometimes disagrees. If you disagree and go over your disagreements, then your friendship will be stronger. A good friend listens to what you say and stands up for you. Your friend should laugh with you and not at you. But the most important characteristic of a good friend is that your friend should always recommend good books. Books are the foundation of amazing friendships. Friends and books will always be with you no matter what happens. That's what makes good friends.

— SNEHA VERMA, 11, GRADE 6

A friend is a kind loyal person that will never bail on you. My best friend Emma has been in my class since 1st grade. Sure we had a few fights. We are best friends because we can forget about fights. Emma is a good friend because she is understanding. She doesn't get mad if I cannot go to parties. She is organized too. I am very messy and she keeps me cleaner. My desk was a mess in 4th grade. Emma made me clean my desk. After that I made sure my desk was always clean.

— KAAVYA KARTHIKEYAN, 11,
GRADE 6

What makes a good friend? All of the traits that are listed below.

What makes a good friend? A good friend is there when you need them. What makes a good friend? A good friend is someone you can count on. What makes a good friend? A good friend is always on your side.

What makes a good friend? A good friend never starts a fight.

What makes a good friend? A good friend keeps secrets well.

You should always be a good friend.

— JASON LEE, 11, GRADE 6

What's a good friend? Good friends are as important as going to college or working. It is a life skill. Being a good friend results in happiness.

Being good friends have requirements. Reliability is one key to friendship. If there isn't trust, everything crashes. It's a two way relationship and if the other is hurt, you help. That forms strong friendship.

Another thing that helps is staying in touch. Doesn't matter how but it's vital. If you don't keep up it feels

SEE GREENBRIAR, PAGE 13

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GREENBRIAR WEST ELEMENTARY

The Trip of My Life

The most amazing trip ever was visiting Europe during summer of 2013 with my family. We explored England, France, Belgium, and Italy for two weeks. It was fascinating to experience four different cultures including food, architecture and history in such a short time. The most interesting fact I learned was that the Vatican City is the smallest country in the world. The two weeks zoomed by so fast! I was thrilled to hear that we would be visiting three more countries in Europe this coming spring break. I can't wait to go sightseeing in Switzerland, Germany and Netherlands in April.



James Lee, 12, 6th grade



Alexander Yu, 8, 3rd grade

A Fantastic Day

Today was a fantastic day. In the morning we went to Shenandoah National Park. As we drove on the winding road, my mom exclaimed, "What is that?" My dad quickly pushed the brakes and opened the window. To our surprise we found two little baby bears next to the road. One of them was standing by a tree. The bear stood up to observe what we were

doing. It had shiny coat of black fur and little round eyes. I felt the bears are so cute and plump like my baby brother. Meanwhile my dad took tons of pictures. Then the bears scampered away. My dad made funny noises. Each time he made one the bears turned back to look. Everybody stared out the window in awe.

As we got back on the road I told my mom, "Today is the best day of fall!"

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We "help the child to act, will and think for himself."

— Maria Montessori

COLIN POWELL ELEMENTARY

What Makes A Good Friend?

“Friends are like stars. You don’t always see them, but you know they’re always there for you.” — Unknown

Good friends are **F**aithful
Good friends are **R**espectful
Good friends are **I**ntuitive
Good friends are **E**ager
Good friends are **N**ice
Good friends are **D**evoted
Good friends will be cordial to you and lift your spirits when they are down and take them off the ground them. Good friends will stick to you like peanut butter and jelly.

Are you a good friend?

— HANNAH KIM, 11, 6TH GRADE

Storm

A loud booming crackle, soon followed by a flash of bright light. Rain chases thick drops to the damp dripping ground. The wind howls as I ask “will it ever stop?” I glance outside and dark grey clouds are swallowing the sky. Rain starts to slow, it’s ending.

— ELENA ABRIL, 11, 6TH GRADE

Darkness ...

Darkness is a thing that can bottle up emotions and cause one thing ... fear

Darkness can cure one thing, fear
Darkness is like a potion that wipes out your memories

Darkness is as fast as an energetic deer
Darkness waits for one thing to capture your feelings

But darkness is a bad thing that happens to you
Darkness can take over all your good in you
Darkness is a tiny thing that gets bigger and starts to brew

One thing that can defeat darkness is the good inside you

Good always defeats evil and the good inside of you can destroy darkness

You must embrace the feeling when you are good

If you defeat darkness, then it will be starkness
Darkness is bad but you can be the hero

Darkness is a unique thing that won’t come back any more times, zero

— SACHITH MANKALA, 11, 6TH GRADE

Hot Chocolate

I adore hot chocolate! It is my favorite drink in the winter! It is so easy to make! I like the marshmallows in the hot chocolate. When I taste the marshmallows it is soft as a bundle of clouds. It tastes so good as the marshmallows dissolves into the hot chocolate making it sweeter. I take a sip



Debbie Kim, 11, 6th grade



Alexis Blake, 12, 6th grade — Drawing on Tree

and it feels like the scorching sun! I drink the hot chocolate when I come back from playing in the snow. Outside felt like a freezer. My whole family drinks the HOT chocolate so we can get some energy. Hot chocolate is my favorite drink!

— RIA RAMPURIA, 11, 6TH GRADE

Christmas Morning

It is 9 a.m., my eyes open abruptly. The day is here! The day is here! It’s Christmas! I get out of my bed anxiously to wake up my family. I wake up my sisters by jumping on their beds. We then go on to wake up my parents. We all go rushing downstairs to the Christmas tree where all our presents are eagerly waiting to be opened. All of the gifts Santa brought for us looks incredibly AMAZING just by their gift wrappings! The gifts are screaming “Open me! Open me!” I was pleased by all the amazing gifts I got.

— SIA RAMPURIA, 11, 6TH GRADE

When I went swimming ...

The water was screaming at me. My body was shaking. As soon as I touched the water I was frightened! Kind of expected for a 6 year old. The Swimming teacher yanked my hand and I fell in. Clunk, Splash, Splash. After a little while I got used to the water but when we went a little deeper and did freestyle. When it was my turn my teeth were chattering. My mom told me I could do it, so I tried. As soon as I pushed off the ledge I started splashing like a hippo. When I stopped I found myself drowning. My heart was racing as fast as a race car until the teacher came to help me. After that I am always careful. That is a moment I will never forget!!!

— SALONI BODAS, 11, 6TH GRADE

Marshall's Incident

Smack! “Ow! What’s your problem? Geez.” The angry-looking yet, furious man yelled. “Sorry” muttered my sister, Nadia. I stood there, laughing as hard as a hyena. Gradually, my laughter turns into giggles, until everything is quiet, but the screeching of the carts. So I decided to replay the event in my mind. It all started in Marshall’s, when

my mother was shopping for clothes. Nadia and I were extremely bored. “Hey Wacuka, can you do this?” Nadia smirked, trying to act cool. She hooked herself onto a racket, and kicked herself straight into a man passing by.

— WACUKA NGATA, 11, 6TH GRADE

Nature

When I’m out in nature, I use my 5 senses to describe nature. I feel the sun’s warm, heat as if the sun is giving me a nice and cozy hug. And the rough, rumble tree bark against my hand. I can taste the sweet honey like flowers melt inside my mouth and the rich earthy soil making my taste buds tickle. I see the red juicy berries bunched up into groups and the colorful leaves that is ringing in my head that autumn is here. I hope these things will never change as this world is changing every second.

— HANNAH KIM, 11, 6TH GRADE

Behind the Door

Behind the door, behind the door, what’s behind the door?

Will it just be tile floor? What’s behind the door?

The ice cream man? Some ladybugs? A closet full of magic rugs?

I have to know! I’ve got to learn! I guess

I’ll give that knob a turn ... WOW! Look what’s behind the door!!!

— ELIZABETH BERNAT, 10, 5TH GRADE

My Book

I read my book all through the day I read it through the night it’s thrilling and adventurous but can give you a fright! I tried my best to close it up and set in on the floor, but when the pages made a close I had to read some more. When finally I’d finished reading every line of text I closed my book and hopped right up in search to find the next.

— ELIZABETH BERNAT, 10, 5TH GRADE

SEE COLIN POWELL, PAGE 7

Colors of the Rainbow

Red

Red is the color of a red delicious apple. The shiny red surface glistens in the sunlight and lets out an illuminating glow.

Orange

Orange is the color of an August sunset. The sun lets out a radiant orange flare that lights up the whole wide world.

Yellow

Yellow is the color of a buttercup flower that smells like a bottle of perfume.

Green

Green is the color of a meadow. A meadow where whimsical creatures come and play and where you can sniff the flowers all day.

Blue

Blue is the color the splashing waves that tickle my toes as I read.

Indigo

Indigo is the color of a shiny smooth seashell that gleams and glows in the sunset.

— KATIE KIM, 11, 6TH GRADE

The Tortoise And the Hare

In the Tortoise and the Hare,
The Tortoise won.
The lazy hare,
Took a great long nap
But the tortoise still kept going
He never stopped,
And never gave up,
Until he crossed that finish line
But what if the hare never took that stubborn old nap?

The he would have won,
Fair and Square
There would be no moral of the story,
Instead, a happy ending
For those who have an evil heart
And wanted the cunning hare to win
But I guess the author
Wanted to teach a lesson,
To never give up,
Until the end.

— ELISA AHN, 11, 6TH GRADE

Color in life

Color, the vivacious elegance,
Shimmer, glitter a twinkling beam,
Saturated, it’s a delightful glow,
Rainbows are magnificent dashes,
Hue pops like soda,
It’s as bright as the sun and the stars combined,

Color is a charming grace it pleases everything from your clothes to nature!

Never fading it is like light,
Luminous it is so bright,
Dullness will never pass your eyes,
They’re no words to describe colors sight,

Color is the essential of life without it joy wouldn’t come easily.

— MELINA NEJADIAN, 11, 6TH GRADE



Ethan Clayman, 11, 6th grade — Dark Knight



Anika Sharma, 11, 6th grade



Chelsea Koo, 5, kindergarten — Daddy and Mommy

COLIN POWELL ELEMENTARY

FROM PAGE 6

Kings Dominion

“Warning: This ride may roll backwards ... Are you sure you want to do this?” I exclaimed!

“Yes!” Cried loudly my younger sister Eden.

We were buckled in our seats waiting for the operator to start the ride. Clickety- clack!

“Uh oh.” I said dreadfully. “This is it. What’s th-” whoosh! “Ahhhhhhh!” Eden and I were shrieking. Boom! “What was that noise? Ow. Oh, it’s the fire.” Up we went rolling around and I felt sick. Finally, we went back into the volcano ... chhhhhhh ... shhhhhh ...

“Yes, we did it!” Screamed Eden. “We did it.” I realized to myself.

— DANIEL ENWIYA, 11, 6TH GRADE

Dreams

(A free verse poem)

I was walking along the ocean when I came upon a prodigious hot ball of gas. It was setting down over the ocean.

I was walking upon the amber tide over the rainbow of colors. The moon came up with a thousand mini suns in the sky. It was a place called tomorrow, because tomorrow’s going to bring in hope.

I continued walking along the shore, when I stepped on a rough, wooden, log. A crab succeeded in biting me, the waves were trying to capture me! But I never lost hope, for tomorrow’s going to bring in hope.

I was in light, bright, spaces, never alone in the dark. I always knew where to go, unlike my real life at all. Dreams take you to wondrous places

I was running across the thick, green, forest, bright with sunlight. The trees were talking to me, tripping me up to my path. They said lose hope but I never did, for tomorrow’s going to bring in hope.

My dream told me that this dream is turning to reality, so you better remember this dream, for it’s going to help in your life. Remember, tomorrow’s going to bring in hope!

— PARVI CHADHA, 10, 6TH GRADE

Be Thankful

If there was nothing to be thankful for, what would you look forward to? There are so many things to be thankful for in the world.

I’m thankful for friends who are like shooting stars whom I can always look up to, teachers who give me knowledge like the stretching branches of trees. I’m also thankful for families who are like a pack of wolves to me. Including, my one and only sister who is like my milk for my cookies.

Be thankful when you’re laughing, for the happiness that you have. Be thankful when you wake up, for the new fresh day that you received.

But, just remember one thing

There is always something to be thankful for.

— SARAH KANG, 12, 6TH GRADE

What I Want To Be When I Grow Up

When I grow up, I want to be a teacher for deaf children. Many things inspired me to make that decision, like books and articles. As soon as I had decided upon my future, I knew it would take loads hard work to make it real. For one thing, I had to learn sign language. I checked out a book the size of my pillow from my school’s library, and had set to work right away. I brought it everywhere. I even brought it to lunch, where I shared my knowledge of sign language with my friends. By the end of the first day, I had learned the alphabet. My sisters wanted to learn too, so I taught them. We sent hand messages to each other at the diner table, made sign language shadow puppets on the wall, and wrote secret letters to each other, replacing the ABC’s with hand signals. But soon, It was time to take the book back, however I intend on learning more sign language in my later schooling years.

— KATHERINE BERNAT, 12, 6TH GRADE

The Mannequin Challenge

Have you ever heard the song “Black Beatles” by Rae Sremmurd? Well, this song is blowing up because of the Mannequin Challenge! Every time this song plays, people freeze, and act as if they’re a mannequin! This new trend is blowing up on all types of social media! Most of the time when someone is seen doing the Mannequin challenge, it is usually recorded. So, if you ever hear the song “Black Beatles”, freeze in action, and act like a mannequin!

— LILLIE AYOUB, 11, 6TH GRADE

Snow

As the snow falls down I see the elegant snowflakes,
it comes glistening down freezing the lakes.
I burst into joy as I see the white beauty,
It puts a smile on my face as I smell it truly.

The brightness, the freshness,
It’s all a treasure just so precious!
As I close my eyes,
I hear the snow twirl and glide.

As I sit down near the Christmas tree,
All I can think about is how, I will have a blast when I ski.
I look at the ornaments that are as shiny as gold,
Then I see the snowflakes, that make my tree look so bold!

Winter is here,
It’s full of holiday cheer!
The snow makes it an adventure.
trapping us inside, and keeping us together.

— RIYA SHAH, 11, 6TH GRADE

Snowflakes

Snowflakes sparkle and glisten
Why at school I try to listen
Snowflakes fall like loops
When I fall it’s as loud as a chicken coop
Snowflakes in winter are a must
They are as crumbled as pie crust
Cuddle with something cozy yet soft
As I snuggle on my loft
Snowflakes silently fall
Piling up the snow very tall
Every snowflake is special like you and me
Just go outside and you will see

— LEILA LAJDEL

That Man

“Yay, we are going to the homeless shelter!” My sister said screaming into my ears.

Ugh, I don’t wanna go. I shoved my headphones into my ear. When we arrive my sister goes bashing out the car, “Whoop, we’re here!”

I roll my eyes, gosh. For most of the day I stand outside giving out snacks and drinks to strangers. I really want to go back home and snuggle in bed. I was about to go for a break but this old man stops me in my tracks. “Uh, hello, how can I help you? Snacks are over in that area.” I said pointing to a table in the distance.

He laughed. “Why do you seem down? Turn that frown upside down.” he said smiling.

I was so surprised! He didn’t have any teeth! I chatted with this interesting man man for awhile. He told me the world needs more positive people. I smiled and before I could’ve said thanks to him he left. How could a man like that be homeless? I wonder what happened to him. Till this day I love going to the homeless shelter but I’ve never seen that man since then. I always think of him.

— KIMANH TRAN, 11, 6TH GRADE

Just a Dream

You know when you have a dream and it’s so beautiful you don’t want to wake up? That’s what happened to me. Okay, so just imagine a beautiful periwinkle sky and a huge crystal blue pond with fish swishing. A crisp smell is in the air of sweet apples. There are outstanding purple swaying trees. Monarch butterflies flapping their wings and humming birds searching and searching sweet juicy nectar. Then after searching for hours they find a wonderland of violet and magenta colored orchids. After that there is a beautiful waterfall covered with dandelions. My dad woke me up. I still wonder what I didn’t see in my dream. I will try to dream of that beautiful meadow I was in again.

— TALIA NEOFOTIS, 6TH GRADE

Friendship Bracelets

No matter what, true friends are always there. They’re the ones to pick you up when you’re feeling down, to be your rock when you feel that you’ll explode. They’re the ones to keep you together. Like the threads of a string. Without the threads, the string would unravel. There would be nothing. That’s why friends exist. The more friends you get, the better. The threads will make more strings which will make a stronger bond. A bracelet, if you will. A bangle of fun. A circle of trust. A friendship bracelet. And just like friends, if you take care of it, it will last for the longest eternity.

— GRACE DE LA CRUZ, 12, 6TH GRADE

WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

They Will Not Touch You

The night is cold and the moon is dark,
when silence is broken by one loud bark.

A little boy named Clyde
lies in bed, with eyes open wide.

The boy tries to count sheep,
But cannot sleep.

He imagines monsters behind the walls,
And creeping through the halls.

Looking for their next lunch,
They would eat him in one crunch.

Clyde gasps and almost cries:
In the corner, he sees two pairs of eyes!

Quick! He grabs his blanket and covers his head,
To hide from the eyes that glow dark red.

“Where is he?” the monsters wonder.
They do not see the blanket he is under.

Uh oh. In his throat, he feels an itch.
It does not go away, not one smitch.

Clyde trembles and his heart beats fast
How long is this going to last?

Then he coughs. Oh no!
The hungry monsters all know!

Clyde whimpers and soon hears,
From beside his bed, the sound he most fears:

A squeak, and then a creak.
No, Clyde does not dare peek

The monsters have all come.
They see him and say, “Yum!”

Something touches his knee
Clyde screams: “Don’t eat me!”

A voice says “But little boys taste good!”
Clyde thinks to run. If only he could.

He needs to escape some way.
Too late! His blanket is pulled away.

Two hands grab him and pull him close
Clyde cries but then smells the scent of a rose.

The monster is not eating him, it seems.
Instead it says, “You’re having bad dreams”

Clyde opens his eyes and sees, not claws or fangs,
But his mother’s glowing face. Over him, her long
hair hangs.

“Clyde, it’s okay. I’m here.”
She says softly as she holds him near.

He hugs her tight and again begins to cry.
She wipes his wet cheeks and the tears dry.

“It’s alright. I have felt what you now feel.
The monsters seem to be so real.”

Clyde nodded and looked around.
But there was no trace of them, no sight or sound.

“I learned to not fear them and you will too.
Besides, I will protect you: they will not touch
you”

In her arms and in the light,
Clyde knows the monsters are now full of fright.
— BETSY OSINAGA. 12TH GRADE

Something Sweet

He said meet me at two
As I put on my shoes;
To run out the door
I could have sworn
That as I left
I felt the breath
Of something sweet coming my way.

The creek was low
As I should have known
He would be waiting for me,
Under our sacred tree

Greeting me with a smile,
We always had a while
And I knew of something sweet coming my way.

We walked to the shores
Shrouded by thorns
Covered in dust
We knew we must.
Food we ate
Under the sun we baked
And something sweet was coming our way.

Finally at last
As we laughed
We splashed and played
And were merry all day
Not a care in the world
Happy at our core
Something sweet was near our way

Drying off in summer heat
Not too tired to be beat
Jumping over the trees
Not bothered by friendly bees
A tree a little too tall
And then a spectacular fall
And something sweet was in our way

Days like these
Beneath the trees
When all was fun
Under the sun
To him I’ll commit
And I shall never forget
Of how something sweet had come our way.
— LAUREN PETERS. 12TH GRADE

The Bell Breaks The Silence

I see them running.
Up and down the playground stairs.
I sit by the whistling trees.
A notebook by my side,
Pencils and pens scattered along the rocky soil.
The entertainment from the constant, overrated
drama.

My curiosity takes a hold of me.
The small, black ants on my light up sneakers.
The dead, colorful leaves from the scattered
branches,
fall onto my lap.
The cold wind blows on my doodle covered note-
book pages.
My imagination comes alive on my pages where
my art is expressed.

It’s peaceful,
Until the loud ringing of a bell breaks the sweet,
tranquil silence.
My once quiet mind is now dragged back into the
stressful equations of math,
And the loud chatter of people who don’t pay
attention.

— RYAN RODRIGUEZ, 10TH GRADE

My Childhood

My childhood was a place full of thousands of
ideas that I could call my own. (They felt bright and
shiny and new, as if the world was hearing them for
the first time.

My childhood was a place where being vulnerable
was normal,
when you’re young and defenseless, all you can
really do is trust and hope
that people will not hurt you.

My childhood was a place where I was not afraid
to cry in public over (the teddy bear at home goods
that my mom would not let me get
because it was ripped but I swore I could fix it but
she wouldn’t listen.

My childhood was a place that I grew tired of at
age 12.
So, I stepped out the door and hid away the key
deep down in my pocket.

My childhood was a place I didn’t miss until I was
13
when a man with brown eyes cut a hole in my
pocket.
— RYLEE RUSSLER, 10TH GRADE



**Jake
Fugate**



**Salem
Alhussaini**



Kieren VanPelt



**Kristen
Blersch**

Courage

I walked into the building confidently and faced
the other people at the mall. I was told not to leave
my house after what the terrorist did in France.
Everyone in my family told me not to go to the mall.
In France, Muslims were being hurt and the girls’
hijabs were being ripped off. After World War 3,
Muslims are at the brink of extinction. I was walk-
ing into a scarf shop to buy a new hijab when I was
hit in the head harshly with a metal rod. Well that’s
what my mother said.

I awoke to find myself covered in bandages and
looked into a mirror. I found myself with the word
terrorist written across my forehead and one of my
eyes was turning purple. My ears rang and my head
throbbled. I looked at myself and wet my hand in the
sink. I slowly pulled my hand up to my head, wiping
off the word from my forehead. I returned to the
bed and sat down. I kept sitting and thinking of
what I did when the doctor came in. He hurriedly
checked if I was ok. I asked him what was wrong.
He said I was in a coma for 8 years. I looked at him
in shock and told him to continue. The doctor said
I changed the whole world from their thoughts of
Muslims and we now have a new understanding of

— RACHEL HALL



Muslim people. He called my mom and the rest of
my family. We exchanged hugs and cried for a long
time. My mother looked a lot older than before; she
had wrinkles in new places around her face and bits
of her white hair popping out of the hijab. I was
happy that my courage brought peace to the world
of Muslims.

— AYAH MIRZA. 9TH GRADE

Civil Rights Explored in Westfield's Art Gallery

The artwork in the Westfield Art Gallery focuses on civil rights, inspired by the summer reading book "March" by U.S. Rep. John Lewis.



Civil Rights itself has different meanings depending on who you ask, and that diversity is shown in Westfield High School's art gallery. Given the theme "Civil Rights," Westfield High School artists delivered stirring depictions of the issues associated with Civil Rights: today, tomorrow, and yesterday. The artists took the topic and ran with it, providing pieces that made statements about everything from religion, women's rights, social issues, the civil rights movement led by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and beyond.

The variation in interpretation, intensity of the topic, and strength of the artists' passions on the subjects combined to present the audience with pleasantly jarring pieces. Though different stylistically, they all firmly asserted ideas concerning the artists' version of civil rights. Commonly addressed were current threats to or changes that need to be made in order to ensure these rights. The artists each had a message to get across to their peers. Whether it was about the school's dress code, Black Lives Matter, or religious freedom, the emotions behind the art are astonishingly deep and tangible. Clearly, the students are well informed, both about current events (detailed in the art referencing today's social issues: racism, homelessness, income inequality, etc.) and past (referenced most often in photographs depicting the racism of America in the 1950s or 1960s).

Sundry textures and mediums make the gallery available to all art fanatics, even the pre-fanatic. Photographs, crafted beautifully in black and white, make strong declarations about memories and race. One other photo makes use of color to draw emphasis to the central figure, a young woman making a statement about body image.

Even amongst a common medium, there is incredibly strong variety in interpretation and artistic choice. Newspaper was used frequently in these projects, but the voice of the artists kept each one singular. Some projects had newspapers as backdrops for their central idea. Others used cut-out or drawn-on words and images to make their arguments. An example is a project that had flowers arranged in a peace symbol over top of a news and black paper backdrop, with three people holding hands at the bottom (one woman, with men on either side of her). The rights this artist wants to support are gay rights.

One image that I found especially powerful was "Dress Code," a piece of artwork that was simple, yet boldly called out the school system (within the walls of a school, mind you) on its unfair dress code policy. Set atop a black backdrop, a single pink camisole is laid, crumpled. Strewn across the image are words: appalling, outrageous, desperate, inappropriate, shameful, disgusting. In addition, two phrases are shown: "she's asking for it ..." and "put a jacket on ..." This is not the only art that addresses gender inequalities, but it is the one I believe did it most powerfully. Not only did the artist make his/her topic easy to understand, but he/she chose words and phrases that make you connect with his/her intentions and sympathize with young women within the school system.

The most heart-wrenching part of this type of artwork is that so many people relate to it. We can all see the pain behind the art and that is what we feel a connection to. Our hearts reach out to the hurt of the artwork and we discover that we are not alone in our emotions.

At the base of it, everyone has a stake in civil rights, which is why this topic is so perfect and invited such versatile products. Everyone has had the feeling of discrimination, suffered due to flaws in our current society, though some admittedly more than others. These flaws and feelings find their home in the gallery, a neighborhood of anguished representations of civil rights. This is why a trip to the art gallery, a small promise of time, is so very necessary.

Not all galleries can claim to be current, reflective, and relevant all at once. Moreover, not all art has a meaning that can be found with ease, especially not by the casual aesthete. The intentions behind these pieces are clear, and the emotions they evoke are reflective of what we all feel we have experienced or have seen someone else experience: inequality. The "brush strokes" of these artists paint a picture familiar to us all, bring form to the feelings we all keep inside of ourselves, mostly unspoken but forever felt. To have your emotions captured beautifully within the heart and art of another is an incredible experience, one I recommend to readers everywhere.

Whatever your preference, whatever your opinion, the group of work put together by the artists of Westfield High School captures a certain desperation prevalent in the civil rights movements of any generation. Bring your parents, grandparents, younger or older siblings, and yourself down to the Westfield High School Art Gallery to experience the rich, gritty impressions of civil rights.

— HAYLEY SHANKLE, 10TH GRADE



From Westfield's Art Gallery

"Can you please go in there for me?" I ask.

"Sure what are besties for?" says Mary. She goes into a shop, and brings handfuls of candy. Mary and I giggle and start to eat the candies. But I couldn't stop having the uneasiness in my stomach.

"Mary, I hope I'm actually free," I say siddily.

"Don't worry you will be soon," says Mary.

I smile. Even though we are best friends, I can't help thinking we're so different. We go to different schools, different restaurants, and even different public restrooms. The only reason is because she is white and I'm not. I arrive home, and see my mom busy cooking food. My mom works as a helper in a white person's house. She doesn't earn much money. My mom is always sorry for not doing more for me.

Next morning, I head for school. Mary doesn't go to the same school as me, and I always think that is the saddest thing. My school doesn't have many classrooms. We have to squeeze in. I can't even properly walk in there. Today, the kids are excited

about some news. They say that some kids in our school will actually riot by riding in the front section of the bus. This is a very risky thing as they could get arrested. But I couldn't help but feel a thrilled by the news.

Next day, the kids rioting in the bus didn't come to school. Kids say they got arrested. They are only 13 years old.

"Hey Mary," I say.

"Hey ... um, I have to tell you something," Mary says.

"Yeah, what is it?"

"My mom told me not to hang out with you anymore."

This words from Mary hurt me so much. "What do you mean? But why?" I ask.

"She says we're different. And she even says that I could fall into wrong path when I'm with you,"

"OK," I murmur. I walk toward the playground, feeling the loss she just had. There are white kids in the playground, pointing at me. I just head home.

I felt angry at this society. The society that parts the people into two. And treating them differently. I wanted to change it.

Next morning, I head to school with full preparation. I gathered some people. We are going to have a riot in a restaurant. At the end of the school, we go into a white only restaurant, sitting there, ordering food. The people in this restaurant look startled. The waiter isn't even coming, instead a manager comes and tells us to get out. We refuse.

"We have the authority to be treated like a real human sir," I say.

The next day, we come to the same restaurant and start our riot. There are less customers in the restaurant. The restaurant people called the police, and they take us away. After we're released, our story spreads. People are angry that 13 year olds got dragged out by police for going into a restaurant. After this, many people started the riot of going into the white only restaurant. This would bring some differences I thought. I'm always waiting for freedom.

— AMY HONG, 9TH GRADE



The Westfield Art Gallery features a wide array of intriguing artwork that represents the creative nature of all of its students. However, the gallery lacks diversity of technique and message as is common among most student galleries. Walking around it was apparent that the artwork featured was the result of a handful of assignments with one overarching theme. This is not a negative point necessarily; it makes sense to have a common thread connecting the ideas presented in the same gallery but those ideas lacked a sense of organic origins. Again, this was neither surprising or disappointing in a student gallery and it is not say the pieces did not show impressive technique, original thought, or sincerity. However, very few students

broke the mold of the expectations resting on their work. What I find most fascinating about studying a piece of art is the inspiration that began it. It is difficult to be given an assignment and then search for inspiration within those confines. What I like to see in response to strict guidelines is rule breaking and different interpretations of the prompt. This is why I found the piece featured above so invigorating. It took the given topic, engaged multiple techniques to create a work of art that speaks clearly and boldly without the aid, or hindrance actually, of cliches, and separated itself from the other pieces beside it. To me it was by far the most unique and thought provoking art piece featured in the gallery.

The piece is composed of a photograph printed on a distressed cloth bound in an embroidery hoop. It is abstract in nature and relatively open to different interpretations. I see it as a statement on gender equality and the struggle of woman in a society that does not value the individuality of the human spirit. The photo depicts a person covering their face with their hands in apparent shame or hopelessness. The embroidery hoop is locked around the photo, trapping the individual in their moment of distress. I was initially drawn to the piece by its texture and emotional appeal. It is framed on every side by pieces of similar substance and depth to one another. The surrounding works are all featured on the same allotted rectangles of paper, and while they do demonstrate careful thought and good technique, they do not have a strong voice as the piece above does. This piece of artwork displays a heightened level of emotional maturity and cultural awareness of the artist who created it. The artist was able to take their idea and realize it in a way that it could be appreciated by others in many different ways. Whether it is coincidence of matching tastes and opinions or a true discovery of artistic potential, I found this piece incredibly moving.

I am proud of all the artists at Westfield and the support our programs offer to all creative individuals and their endeavors, and I hope I don't come off as arrogant or conceited when I chose to highlight a particular piece over others. Art is a tricky thing to judge and my interpretation and personal influence should not be taken with absolute importance. Perhaps my opinion was influenced by my perceptions that art should be attractive to the eye. There were many pieces that I overlooked because they did not appeal to my superficial tastes or my expectations of what art should look like. I hope that any artist who reads this article challenges my views and continues to strengthen their voice in the process. I too am in the process of creating my own voice as a fellow creator so I understand the difficulty of forming unique ideas and the sting of critique. However, good art and good writing are forged by the same hand of constructive criticism so it is of value to every artist, of any medium, to accept criticism as part of the creative process.

This exhibit and art as a whole should be a celebration of our differences, including our artistic or ideological differences. My point of disappointment with the artistic ideas presented in the gallery was not actually with any specific piece or number of pieces disagreeing with my tastes too much. It was with the lack of differences presented between pieces. I did not feel many pieces of artwork reached out to me to change my views or opinions. I think anyone else who values creative endeavors will share my belief that one of the most important roles an artist fulfills is being a catalyst for ideological change. This is a message to all people who wish to create something meaningful: no restriction is absolute, no topic is so finite, no rubric holds enough weight that you should put your unique perspective aside to fit within it. Art starts from a point of original perspective and personal meaning and the finished product should reflect that.

— RACHEL HALL, 12TH GRADE

WILLOW SPRINGS ELEMENTARY



Angela Guo, 11, grade 6 —
Running with a Pet



Ashley Hwang, 10, grade 5 —
The Library

GREENBRIAR WEST ELEMENTARY

Four Unrelated Poems

Limerick:

There once was a frog called Wug
He lived under the castle's rug
But then came a lizard
And a blue robed wizard
Who ate the frog in a coffee mug

Haiku:

I'm writing haikus
They are very hard to write
So I won't write them

Cinquain:

Home
Friendly, warm
Laughing, playing, working
Smell of love in the air
Home

Free Verse:

The crispy crunch brings sweet, wa-
tery juice down my cheek
And it looks so tasty, red and sleek
You can hear the crunch, like a storm
of thunder
The fresh and sweet bite soothes my
hunger
You can feel the smoothness of the
lush green shell
Everyone likes it very well
And they always go back for seconds
Watermelons

— AMIT ERRAGUNTLA, II,
6TH GRADE

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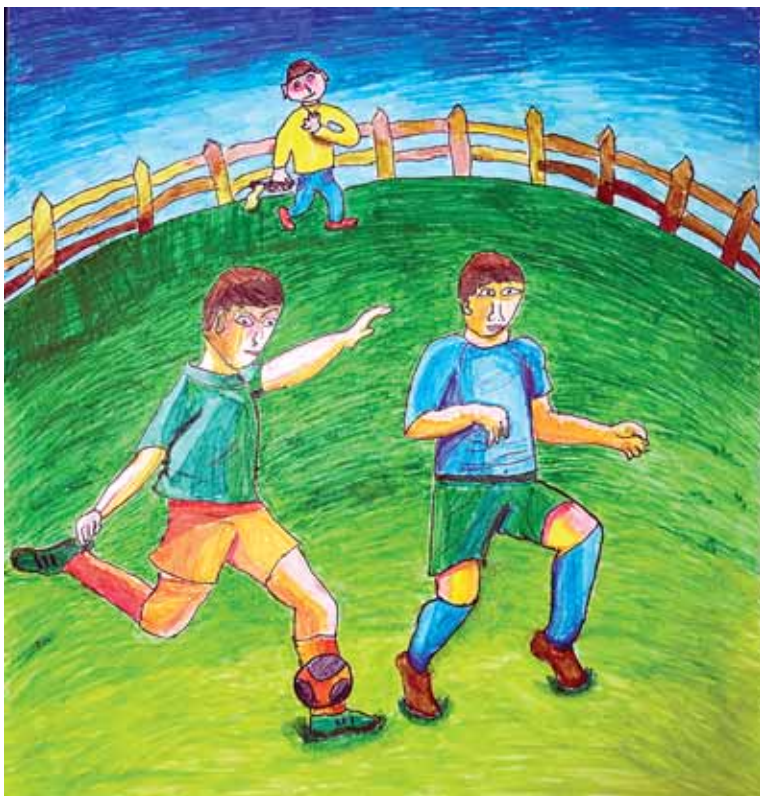
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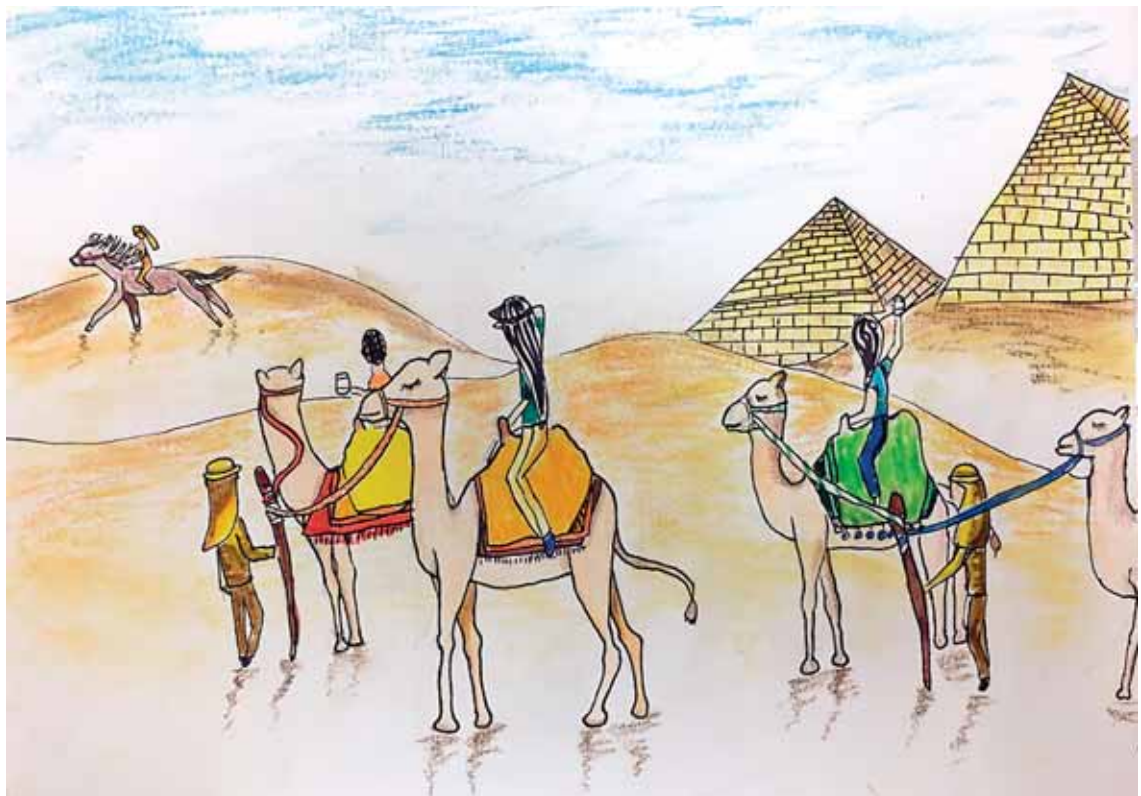
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OAK HILL ELEMENTARY



Brayden Ziheng Wang, 11, grade 6 — Soccer Game



Vivian P Liu, 10, grade 5 — inspired by a recent trip to Cairo, Egypt



Winston Wang, 9 — A Raining School Day



Jolie Zhu, 8, grade 3



Samantha Chu, 9, grade 4 — Vacation at Half Moon Bay

DEER PARK ELEMENTARY

What Do I Want To Be When I Grow Up?

When I grow up I want to be a gymnast because sometimes instead of walking I do cartwheels. And sometimes instead of walking and doing cartwheels, I do walking handstands. When I do gymnastics in front of people they clap and they say, "Well done!" And I say, "Thank you." My favorite time to do it is when I am happy. My parents encourage me to be a gymnast and my family does, too. When I go anywhere I do anything I can that's acrobatic. Gymnasts are amazing!

— LANEY NEWBORN,
3RD GRADE

ones that I can make. It would be just for my great parents because I love them as much as I love God. My parents love homemade presents by us. They would be very, very special presents.

— ABBIE KO, 3RD GRADE

What Do You Want To Be When You Grow Up?

When I grow up I want to code because I want to make video games. I want kids to have fun. The game I'm going to make is basically about strategy and tracking the enemy team. I want kids to play a game so that they can learn how to code like me.

— BENNY LUCAS, 3RD GRADE

If I Could Give My Parents a Gift That Doesn't Cost Money

If I could give my parents any gift that didn't cost money, it would be a bracelet, a scrapbook, a card, or a picture. I like crafts and those would be special

My Favorite Animal

My favorite animal is a cheetah because they look nice and peaceful. They are also the fastest land animal on the planet. I also like their spots because they are black and black is one of my favorite colors. To me, cheetahs also have a nice way of living. When they hunt, they look amazing. Cheetahs also

THE NYSMITH SCHOOL

Done!

A Palindrome
Puzzles
Forming pieces fallen down
Cast shapes, curved edges
Incite vision fitting together then
Forming pictures
Colors separate ...swirling, defining clouds of colors in each Corner
Each in colors of clouds defining,
Swirling separate colors
Pictures forming then fitting together
Vision in sight
Edges curved, shapes cast down
Fallen pieces forming
Puzzles ...

Done!

— JOHANNA BERRY,
6TH GRADE

look awesome! They are fast and I'm fast. I think cheetahs should also be pets, but they are too dangerous.

— OLIVER HUH, 3RD GRADE

LEES CORNER ELEMENTARY

Sophia Wang, 7, grade 1 — The Awesome Circus in the Whole Wide World



GREENBRIAR WEST ELEMENTARY

FROM PAGE 4

more distant and that's dreadful.

Friendships are great for work or support. It's amazing, so keep it going.

— ABRIL TELLO CORNEJO, 11,
GRADE 6

What makes a good friend? Many things make up a true friend. One of those is that they have to be able to argue with you without breaking your friendship. Another thing to consider is that sometimes people want to be friends with someone only to gain popularity, that is mean and cruel. True friends shouldn't abandon each other which some people do if they want more popularity and one of their friends makes them less popular. You shouldn't leave your friend unless you are forced to. My 5 friends felt bad about me being left out of one of their favorite games Pokemon because I didn't have a 3Ds so they made a plan. Their plan was that instead of each of them getting me a present they would pool their money together to get me a 3Ds. That really is true friendship.

— BEN LIEBER, 12, GRADE 6

Extend Recess

I think increasing the recess time is better for 6th graders. Only 20 minutes is given for recess now. This time is too short for physical exercise. We play many games like football, soccer, kickball, etc. By the time we select teams, five minutes of our time goes and if a problem comes then again we will spend maybe 10 more minutes wasting valuable time. Now, only 5 minutes left over to play. I don't think that's enough time to play. We should be given at least 40 minutes to play. Then, I think we will have fun and exercise with a guarantee of 25 minutes play time. So my sincere request is to give more time to recess so that children have healthy and joyful time in school.

— ANISH GANGU, 11, GRADE 6

A Fresh Start

I am really looking forward to 2017. First of all, we get to graduate from elementary school and we will feel more important. Second of all, we get to go to middle school! Then, we can make new friends and experience a new lifestyle. We will finally get lockers! Most of us (like me) have been wondering what it feels like to have a locker, but the truth is that they aren't a big deal. I am one of those people that want a locker, anyways. Even though, as the years go by, life gets harder, I'm ready for something new.

— NIRJA DIVEKAR, 11, GRADE 6

Crazy for Koalas?

Which animal lives on a diet of eucalyptus leaves and can detoxify the poisons in the leaves? Koalas! They are also my favorite animal. Koalas are one of the few animals that can consume eucalyptus leaves daily. Koalas aren't considered endangered. Much like koalas, who sleep 18 to 22 hours a day, I am very lazy. If I had the option to have a pet koala, I would take it. In my opinion, koalas are very cute and they intrigue me. I think this marsupial is top koala-ty.

— CHRISTIAN MIN, 12, GRADE 6

My Opinion on Modern Art

Modern art these days is very complicated. Some art pieces look great and are worth thousands of dollars. On the other hand some pieces look plain and boring, but are still worth the same amount.

Some modern art pieces can just be random squiggles and still be worth thousands of dollars; maybe even millions. One example of a "Modern Art" piece that is overpriced is a piece that is a plain white canvas; there are many more examples of pieces like this that don't make sense. All in all I still respect artists, but I believe that the prices of some "Modern Art" pieces are a little bit over the top.

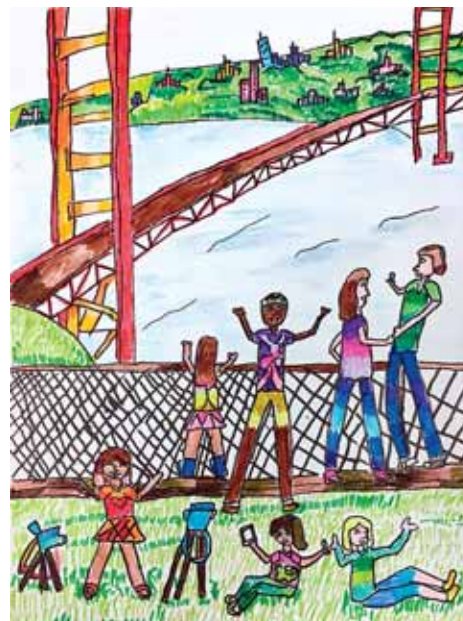
— TIFFANY LEE, 11, GRADE 6



Pragna Tangirala, grade 1



Pratheek Tangirala, grade 5



Sathwika Prasad, grade 3



Jessica Chen, 11, grade 5

Modern Diseases

Every kid seems to want a phone these days. If kids want phones, it's usually because they want to fit in or look cool. Even adults can use phones irresponsibly. Employees can be looking at their phones on work time and would be not trusted any more. Adults can make kids feel neglected by not listening to them while on their phones. Kids and adults need to use their phones wisely so that is my opinion about phones.

— CATHERINE CHOI, 10, GRADE 6

Top Opening Desks

We have desks that have an opening from the side, but we should have the ones that open from the top, like a box.

Desks get messy, and they get hard to clean. But if they open from the top, you can just open it up and take everything out without your desk exploding. They don't let anything fall out, and everything stays hidden. You can also hide things, and they look clean to other people! We really should change our desks.

— RHEA SETHI, 11, GRADE 6

The Best Gift

The best gift that I have ever received was my Chromebook. My brother and I were the only people that were awake. We woke everyone up and told them it was Christmas. My brother got two presents because he was little. He got an oil pastel coloring set because he was big on drawing things. He also got a fish, which still lives to this day. I got a Chromebook, which was really unexpected. I screamed in excitement. My sister got a new pair of shoes that she had been saving for a long time.

— NIHAR XAVIER, 11, GRADE 6

When I Grow Up ...

At first I wanted to be a doctor, no specific field, I just wanted to be a doctor. After a decent amount of time, I saw a very fictional show that had a scene with an eye surgery. Of course, everyone thought it was gross, but me. I thought it was cool! Then, I wanted to be an eye doctor (ophthalmologist). Even after that, I eventually wanted to be a physical therapist. They help people with injuries or strokes. I get injured a lot because I am a little clumsy so I can relate, especially to people with broken bones (I had a broken hand). That is still what I want to be now.

— SAMANTHA CARLY SMITH, 11,
GRADE 6

When I grow up, I would like to be a computer engineer. I would like to be a computer engineer because I think it be a lot fun. Also, I get to work with computers and other technology; which I have been interested in for a very long time! As a computer engineer, I could help with the advancement of technology today. I could build faster computers, helpful robots, and much more if I can put my mind to it! Finally, I could meet other people in the computer engineering field that have the same interests as me! Being a computer engineer would be so much fun!

— ISAIAH BUMGARDNER, 11, GRADE 6

What do I want to be when I grow up? Well, I would want to be a lawyer. I want to be a lawyer because when something bad happens and I witness it, then I can report it and try to prove them guilty. Also, my mom is a lawyer too.

I also want to be a computer engineer. If I can manage to even make a device, then I have somewhere to start. I can keep on improving it and maybe even give it to my family. Also, if I can make a computer, I will get some fame!

— AUSTIN SONG, 11, GRADE 6

When I grow up I want to be a surgeon, but not any regular surgeon, I'm gonna be a neurosurgeon, a neurosurgeon is a surgeon who medically fixes the brain and helps the brain get better. I want to become a neurosurgeon because I've wanted to be one for over six years now and I think it's interesting to learn about the brain and study how it works and find new treatments to help find more cures to fix different brain disorders and diseases.

— AARAV RAWAL, 11, GRADE 6

Seldom Wrong But This Time I'm Write

By KENNETH B. LOURIE



Because of the change in some of our publication deadlines for December, I have had to write multiple columns weeks in advance, somewhat unusual for me. Typically, I write my column five days before publication, so time-wise, I'm fairly current and emotionally present as well. Writing ahead, as December dead-lines (it's nothing new. I've been managing to accommodate these deadlines for years) is still a bit off-putting. Though I want to think ahead and live like I have a future; as a cancer patient, it's difficult not to live in the present. Thinking, feeling, projecting ahead, seems presumptuous almost.

This is not to imply that I have to somehow presume a future and write about cancer subjects — or not, which have not yet happened. Hardly. My columns are rarely time-sensitive or date-specific. Still, my columns are generally better written when I'm writing from current feelings, facts, circumstances, etc. And though many of the feelings, facts and circumstances relating to my condition don't exactly change on a daily, weekly or even monthly basis (thank God!), surprisingly, my reaction to them sometimes does. Moreover, writing multiple columns at one time also forces me to pile onto myself emotionally the effects of my disease. Which, if you must know, I'd rather not do. In fact, if there's any way I can not think about my situation, that's a 'way' I'd like to be.

Not that I moan and groan or woe is me about my age 54-and-half-terminal-diagnosis, as those who know me or have regularly read my columns likewise know; but sometimes I'd prefer not to have my hand forced. And even though reading or hearing about other people who have been diagnosed with lung cancer, or who have succumbed to its ravages, doesn't bother me — too much, really (I've matured); occasionally, I'd rather be blissfully ignorant.

Although I readily admit that being ignorant too long concerning my disease is hardly penny-wise but it is most definitely pound-foolish. The trick is, somehow not getting consumed by one's circumstances and maintaining an optimistic point of view. And since I'm a funny guy (though not really fun), I am able to humor myself — and others, so these less-than-ideal circumstances under which I attempt to thrive are not overwhelming, except when forced to confront my demons and focus on myself when newspaper deadlines are advanced and jumbled and I'm having to write four columns in two weeks instead of writing one column in one week.

Though it's not exactly trouble, it is to quote Jerry Seinfeld from a long-ago Seinfeld episode, "something." 'Something' I could likely live without, but 'something' unfortunately I must live with, every December. But I'm a "big boy," as my father used to tell me, with "broad shoulders" (figuratively speaking to my ability to handle the load), so I'll manage. In fact, in another paragraph, I will have completed the task and the presumptive weight of it will be off my 'broad shoulders.'

Now I can relax a little bit, exactly what one (especially this one with cancer) needs. Between the holidays and advanced deadlines, the column-writing and the ad-selling; I'm living and learning with my ever-evolving circumstances (further from the beginning or closer to the end; I never know).

Nevertheless, I am extremely happy to have been there and finished doing it yet again. I hope to see you all back here next year. Happy Holidays!

Kenny Lourie is an Advertising Representative for The Potomac Almanac & The Connection Newspapers.

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PUBLIC HEARING FOR TOWN OF CLIFTON PROPOSED CHANGES TO THE TOWN CODE JANUARY 3, 2017

Notice is hereby given that the Town of Clifton Town Council will hold a Public Hearing on Tuesday, January 3, 2017 at the Town Meeting Hall, 12641 Chapel Road, Clifton, VA 20124, at 7:30 P.M. to review and implement proposed changes to the Town Noise Ordinance and other items pertaining to the control of noise in the Town Code Chapter 5. The proposed changes are available for review and downloading on the Town's website at www.clifton-va.com and a hard copy may be examined at the Clifton Post Office, 12644 Chapel Road, Clifton VA, 20124. All interested parties are invited to attend and express their views with respect to the proposed changes to Clifton's Town Code.

PUBLIC HEARING FOR TOWN OF CLIFTON PROPOSED CHANGES TO THE TOWN CODE JANUARY 3, 2017

Notice is hereby given that the Town of Clifton Town Council and the Town of Clifton Planning Commission will hold a joint Public Hearing on Tuesday, January 3, 2017 at the Town Meeting Hall, 12641 Chapel Road, Clifton, VA 20124, directly after the Town Council's public hearing at 7:30 P.M. to review and implement proposed changes to the following: 1) Fee schedule for applications and other items pertaining to the administration of ARB applications in the Town Code Section 9-23 f; and, 2) Regulation of mobile temporary structures Section 9-17 a. The proposed changes are available for review and downloading on the Town's website at www.clifton-va.com and a hard copy may be examined at the Clifton Post Office, 12644 Chapel Road, Clifton VA, 20124. All interested parties are invited to attend and express their views with respect to the proposed changes to Clifton's Town Code.

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I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate.
-Arthur Wing Pinero

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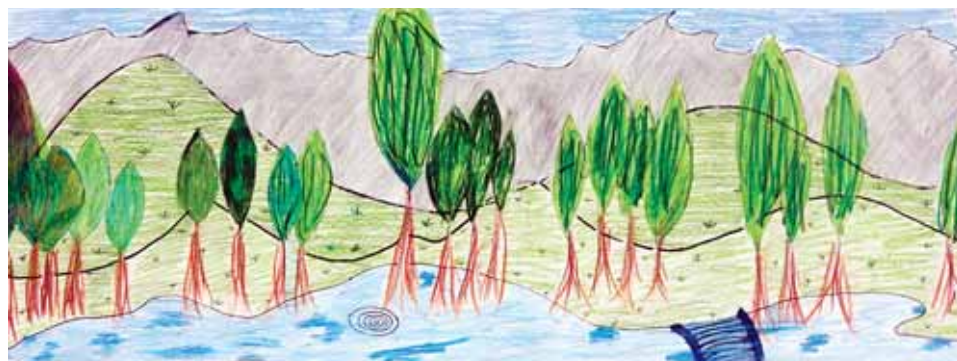


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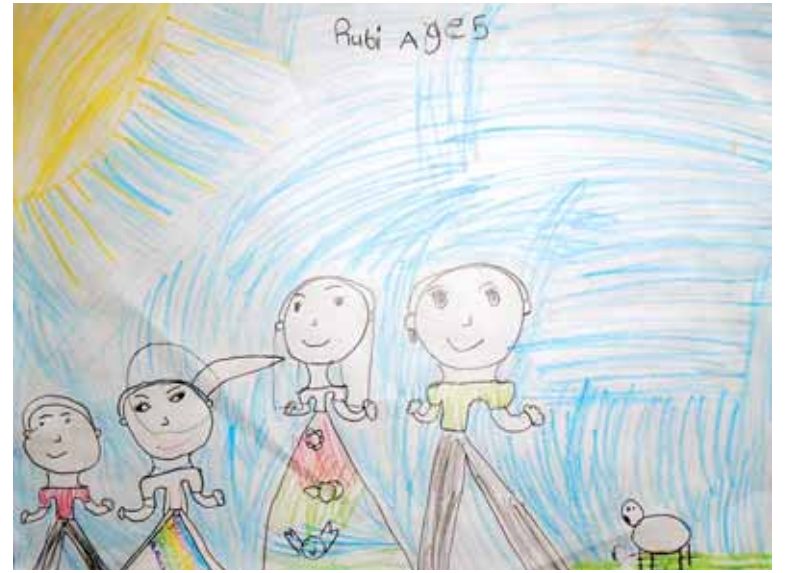
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