

Centreville ♦ Little Rocky Run CENTREVIEW



DECEMBER 27 - JANUARY 2, 2018

25 CENTS NEWSSTAND PRICE

By Carson L., 1st Grade,
Union Mill Elementary School



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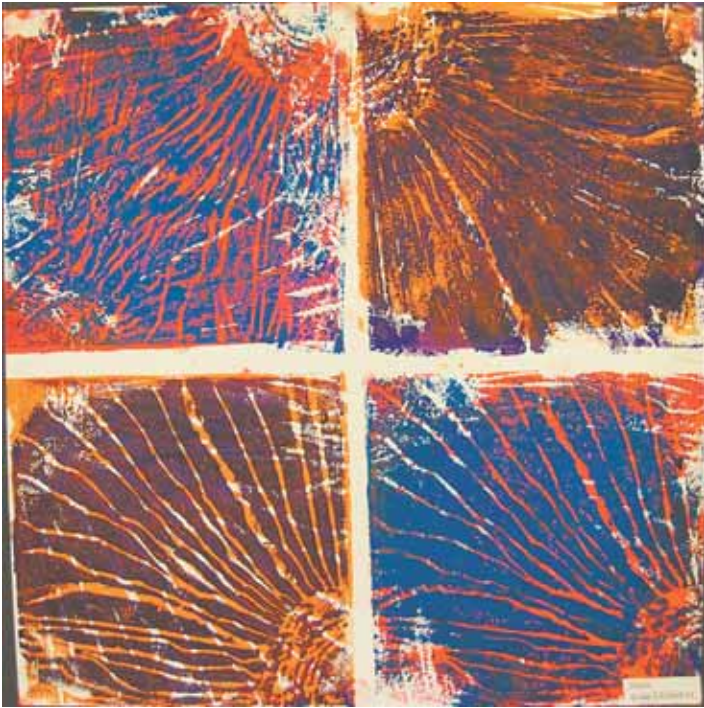
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CHILDREN'S & TEENS' CENTRE VIEW



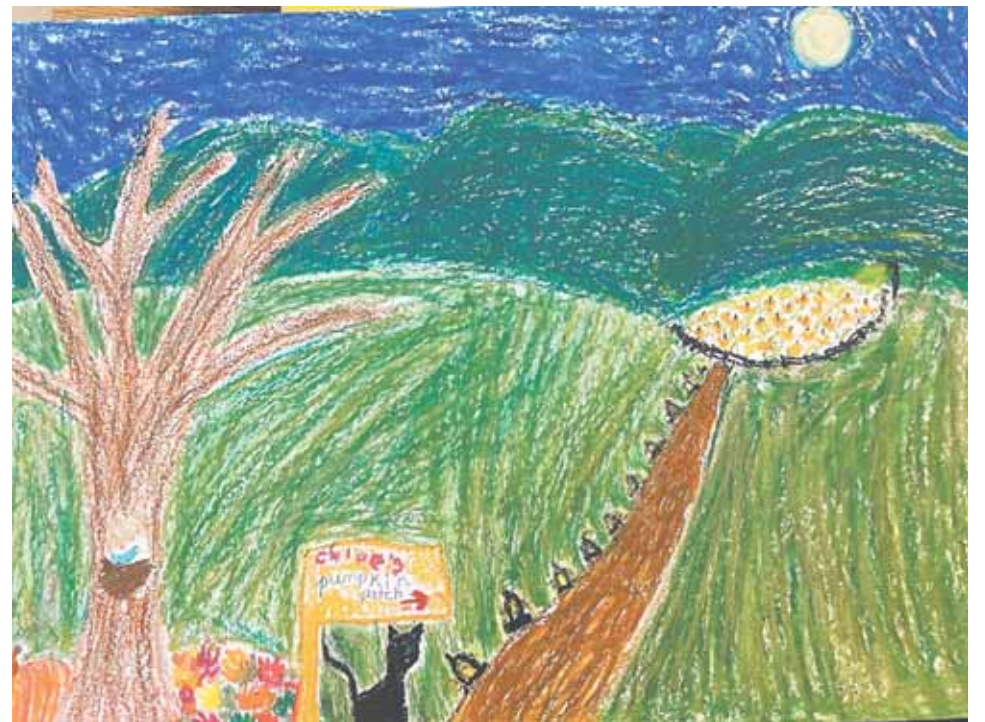
By Alanis, 5th Grade, London
Towne Elementary School



By Bailey L., 4th Grade, Union
Mill Elementary School



Frog Pond by Anthony Yu, Age 6, 1st Grade, London Towne Elementary
School



By Chloe Shulsinger, 6th Grade, Deer Park Elementary School

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Welcome

Dear Readers:

This week, Centre View 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 re-

sponse, we will continue to publish more artwork and writings in January.

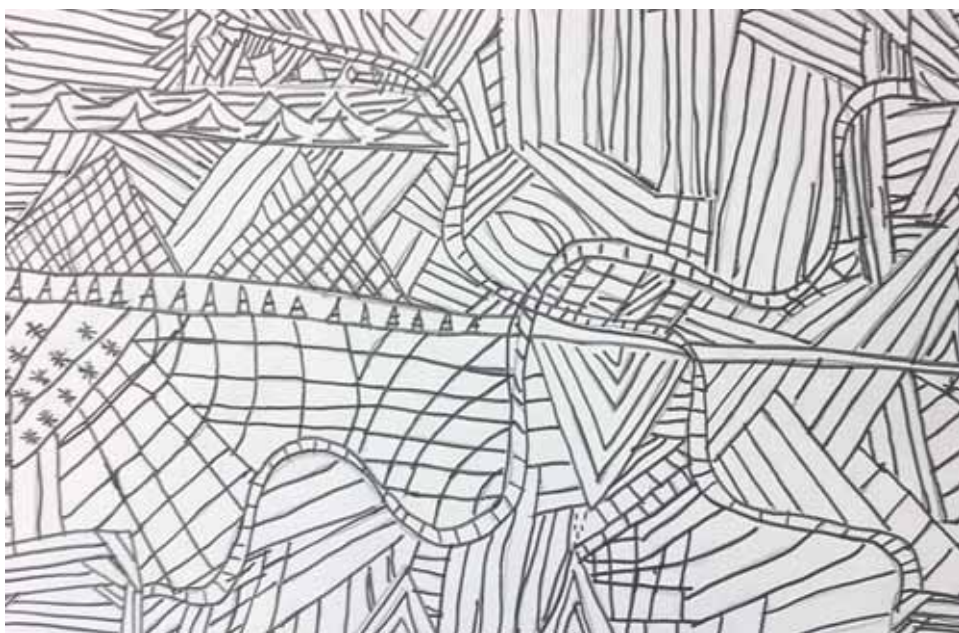
We appreciate the extra effort made by school staff to gather the materials during their busy time leading up to the holidays. We'd also like to encourage both schools and parents to mark their 2018 calendars for early December, the deadline for submissions for next year's Children's Centre View. Please 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, Centre View 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 schools pages.

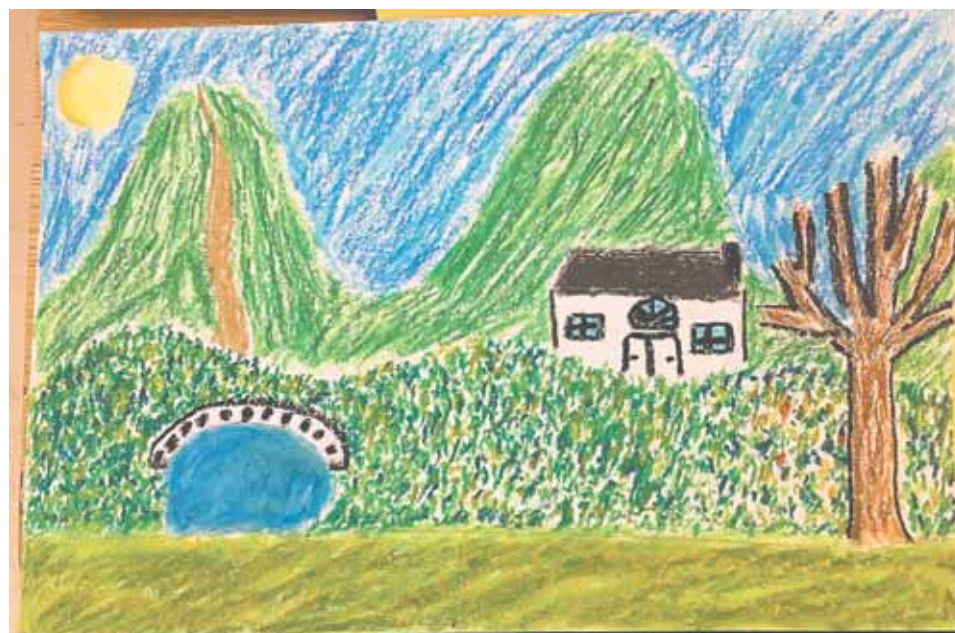
Our preferred method for material is e-mail, which should be sent to centreview@connectionnewspapers.com, but you can reach us by mail at 1606 King St., Alexandria, VA 22314 or call 703-778-9415 with any questions.

— EDITOR STEVEN MAUREN

DEER PARK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL From students of Precious Crabtree, Art Resource Specialist



By Aaliyah Adams, 5th Grade



By Brianna Duong, 6th Grade



By Addison Cook, 2nd Grade



By Annabelle Campet, 1st Grade



By Ella Ryason, 2nd Grade

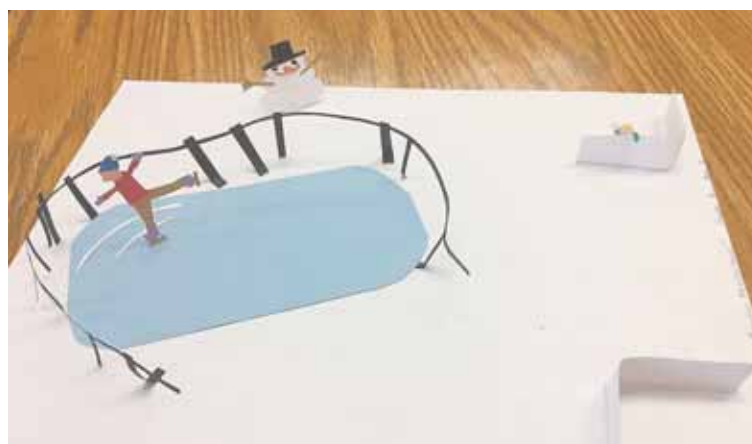


By Lilly Davidson, 1st Grade

By Joshua Bonta Reavis, 5th Grade



By Jackie Larsen, 5th Grade



By Lily Olson, 6th Grade



By Tyra Smith, 6th Grade

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WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Our Last Dance

I wasn't her first pair, but at the time it seemed like I was the only pair on earth. On the surface, she was grace, beauty, and loveliness. A perfectly poised ballerina. And I, her shoe. After each class she would place me in the passenger seat and she and I would drive. She'd sometimes get fast food, which she would place next to me, warming my ribbons, loosening my threads. Sometimes we would go there. THERE, there. And she would be gone for small increments of time, coming back with a scowl and a slammed car door. I didn't like seeing her angry. I liked seeing her dance. Practice until I could barely contain her feet much longer.

One day she forgot to take me off. She forgot to set me in the passenger's seat. She forgot to check for ripped seams. She forgot how the asphalt hurt my sole. I drove that day. I had never driven before. It might've been more fun if she hadn't been so angry. If she wasn't slamming the pedal so hard. We stopped. We stepped out. We were THERE.

The grass was prickly and the gravel threatened to poke holes. I wasn't made for gravel. I think she forgot, though. I was okay though. Because soon we stopped on a spiky mat and then onto a floor that was smooth again, and cold. And so hard. Nothing like the soft wood in the studio. She walked in and someone came rushing around the corner. The stranger's barefeet were older and had thick black hair and jagged toenails. They stopped when they saw me. A shout from her. A shout from him. She stomped her foot. Another pair of feet joined. The feet of a woman, slender with chipped red paint. She stood close to the man with the foot hair.

We stepped forward. Red chipped paint stepped back. Black hair stepped forward. Toe to toe, I could see suddenly. Betrayal. His tone told of anger but his feet told of fear. He wanted us to leave, but she and I, we stayed. She told him her mind and I pinned his jagged toenails with my stare.

Then we left. And she slammed the car door. But she waited before she turned on the car. She finally saw me. She pulled off with the car when I was once again in the passenger seat. She turned the music loud, but it didn't stop me from seeing the tears. She wasn't sad. Angry, I thought. It was then when she started repeating that word that would haunt her and I. Dad.

What did it mean? That was not a ballet term I heard in the studio. Perhaps it was There. Perhaps it

was jagged toenails or chipped red paint. I didn't know. What I did know was that she and I didn't dance the next day. Or the next after that. Or for the rest of that week.

It was four days later, Sunday, when a pair of pink tights and slip-ons came into her room. I could see the familiar feet from my seemingly permanent spot on the bedroom floor. She pulled my ballerina off her bed and onto the floor. They hugged for a long time. Pink tights and black slip-ons made my ballerina smile. They talked. They laughed. They cried.

I'm not sure what pink tights and black slip-ons said to my ballerina, but a long time later my ballerina picked me up. Cupped in her perfect hands, I looked directly at her and she smiled, her puffy red eyes crinkling in the corners. She said, *I'm sorry.*

And I tried to tell her, *I forgive you.* It passed between us in a wave of emotion. I could never be mad at her. And by the tear that fell I could tell she understood that. She then looked to her friend and together they grabbed their bags and left. Pink tights and slip-ons drove. For the first time I got to rest in my ballerina's lap in the passenger seat.

Our instructor didn't miss a beat, merely told her off for not getting to her position fast enough. Things were back to how they used to be, or so it would seem to an outside observer. But there was a change in her that day, a fire. Ballerinas weren't traditionally meant to possess fire, but its burn seemed to be mending and molding as if she were molten and dance her artisan. She pushed her whole body into it, she leaned into it, calling to it, reaching out to it. She was heavy as an elephant's stomp and light as hummingbird's wing beat. She was slow as a sloth and fast as a cheetah. She was changed, remolded. Wielding her newfound fire like it was attached to her very limbs.

The music ended.

But the spell was not broken. She did it again. And again. And then again once more and the fire still lived. And she left the studio dripping in sweat with a smile plastered on her face. And in the car she checked me for ripped seams. Then we didn't go to fast food or to THERE, we went somewhere new.

She took me to a hill where we could see all of the small town. Where the sunset was the most beautiful shade of orange and pink. And she sat on the hood of her car with me in her hands and said, "I don't think I'm going to forgive him," She looked down at me, "and I think that's okay."

I had the distinct feeling 'him' was THERE.

And so she and I danced. And for two months straight, even on her worst days, she danced with the same fire. The instructor noticed. So much so that she was placed in the front row. And then in the center. She was the one whom all eyes were drawn to. She wasn't going through the movements, she told a story with her body. She was exaggerated. She was dramatic. She was entertaining. Dance became more than

mere movements to her, it became an expression of her soul. Her fire.

On opening night she was still front and center. She walked out onto the stage: back straight, arms soft but poised, chin up. She wore much more makeup than usual, but then again, so did all of them - including pink tights and slip-ons (though she wasn't wearing slip-ons that night).

She had been on the stage many times but never had she felt so *sure*. Her footsteps *sure*, her attitude *sure*, her mind *sure*.

Up on stage the dancer can't see much more than the front row, the rest of the theatre drowned out by the stage lights. However, I couldn't help but think that she saw something that day when we were waiting for the music to start, and her foot twitched, ever so slightly. Ever so unsure.

Then sure again. The music started. And her body did what it trained to do. From the outside, she was exaggerated, she was dra

SEE WESTFIELD, PAGE 8

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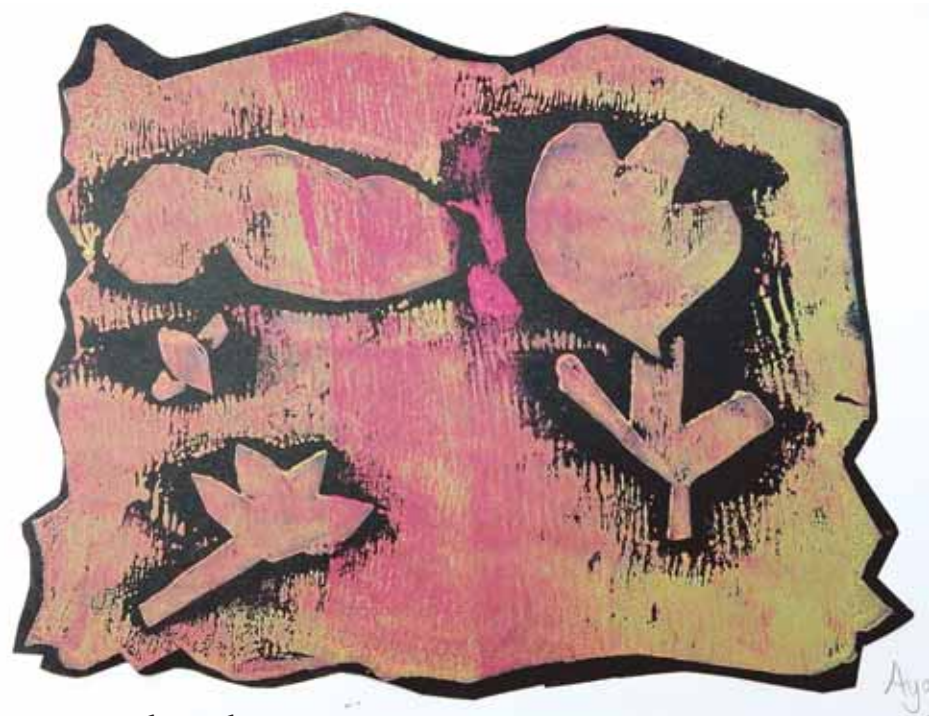
From students of Shawn Heller, art teacher



By Angelina G., 2nd Grade



By Joeli C., 2nd Grade



By Aya E., 4th Grade



By Lucia, 5th Grade



By Javier M., 4th Grade



By Rebekah Y., 5th Grade

WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



By Grace Blevins

Mrs. Anneliese Bernard's Nighttime Walk

8:15 p.m. Night had fallen on the city of Metropolis and all seems well. Curfew will start in approximately ten minutes and the citizens are scurrying like timid mice to reach the safety of their homes. Rebellious teenagers seeking to avoid yet another reprimand from the local police. Working mothers with sweet pralines and beignets tucked away in their leather handbags for their children.

The daily commute home could make anyone feel a little antsy.

One young mother in particular, Mrs. Anneliese Bernard, was only a block away from her home when she was interrupted by an officer with a serious message to deliver. The officer, with a troubled expression on his face, walked up to her and said, "Madame, I regret to inform you that, um,

a creature, a very dangerous creature, is —"

Mrs. Bernard looked up and snapped, "Would you stop with your rambling and just get to the point? I must get home." She just didn't have time for these foreign officers and their nonsense i.e. meaningless curfews at 8 and "dangerous creatures."

Looking slightly embarrassed, the officer continued, "A cloned dinosaur has escaped from the Institute of Paleontology down the street. We believe that it's currently somewhere in the English Quarter."

"Uh huh, right. Of course. Whatever will we do?" Mrs. Bernard laughed mockingly. "Okay Officer, this has been very entertaining but I would like to reach home before that clock strikes 8:30 and you're escorting me to God-knows-where with handcuffs."

Curfews could tether her whereabouts at night but they were weak and powerless against her spirit. She smoothed out the wrinkles that had formed in her skirt, adjusted the brooch loosely pinned onto her shirt collar, and briskly walked around the officer before he could utter a protest.

He didn't attempt to follow her; there were hundreds of citizens who would hopefully be wiser than that impudent woman. After walking for a few minutes down the cold, almost isolated streets, that were usually bustling with people, she felt a subtle pang of guilt ... How could she have been so brash in front of an officer?

SEE MRS. ANNELIESE, PAGE 12

WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

John Cena: The Barbarian of the Wastes

Long ago, when battles were won with blood and steel, and everyone's body was coursing with excess testosterone. Tyrants ruled the lands, and great, evil warlocks used their powers for self-gain and destruction. One man and his alligator would rise as great warriors, heroes who would throw aside the yokes of despair on the human race. His name was John Cena, and by his side the flute playing alligator Angus.

Cena himself was a strong man, with eyes like flint and a mind to match their sharpness. Angus was just an alligator with some musical talent and a flair for the dramatic. But despite their magnitudes of differences they were a team that could outwit the wildest of wizards and outmuscle the stoutest of warriors.

They entered legend first at the town of Tyran, a dusty, scum-infested city ruled by a man known as the Blood Tyrant. When they first entered the city they were harassed constantly by the guards, at least until Cena the Barbarian issued a restraining order. The Blood Tyrant was furious, as he had intended for the guards to drive the heroic duo out of his town. Cena and Angus were looked after by a sympathising elderly couple, who were systematically caught and executed for treason. In a rage that would scare the red nose off a clown the two heroes charged the stronghold

where the tyrant resided, all the while screeching in fury and cutting down any tyrant's pawn in their path. When they caught up to and challenged the boss, the villain entered into a monologue that is too lengthy for the time we have.

After politely letting their opponent talk about his daddy issues and origin story, the companions began their relentless assault. Angus began his off-key funeral dirge, while Cena flexed his well-trained muscles, decreasing the morale of their opponent drastically. Soundly and quite graphically beaten, the villain revealed that he was working for a powerful warlock, who lived in a tower deep in a desert. He then promptly sued the two heroes for assault and to this day the lawsuit is pending in the courts.

Off they went, to create their second legend. Though the desert was treacherous, filled with poisonous beasts and plants, and hounded by the wizards conjured demons, they made it to the wizard's tower. They defeated him by dressing Angus in drag, distracting him, while Cena destroyed the crystal which was the wizards source of power. Similarly to the Blood Tyrant, the wizard said that he too was under the command of an even greater foe: a demon with a Masters in Soul Stealing and Seducing the Weak, a recent graduate from Tartarus State University.

After they defeated the demon by explain

SEE JOHN CENA, PAGE 12




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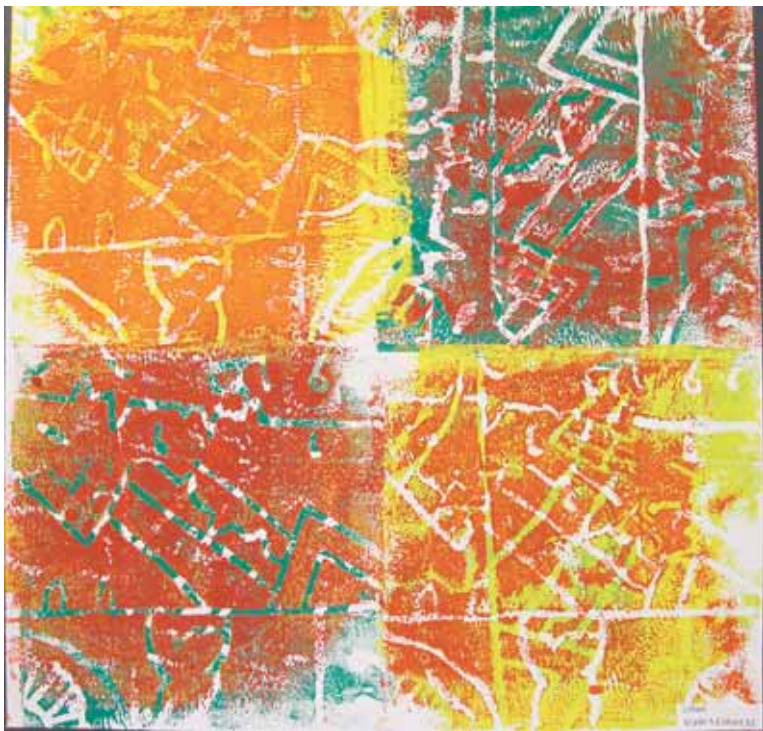
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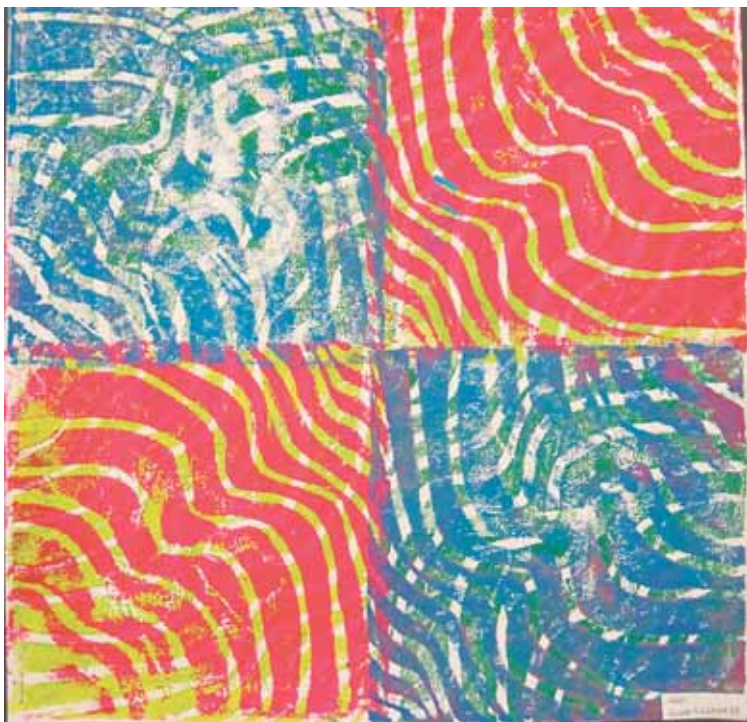
From students of Joe Fischhaber, art teacher.
An ink printing project where students visually depict sound.



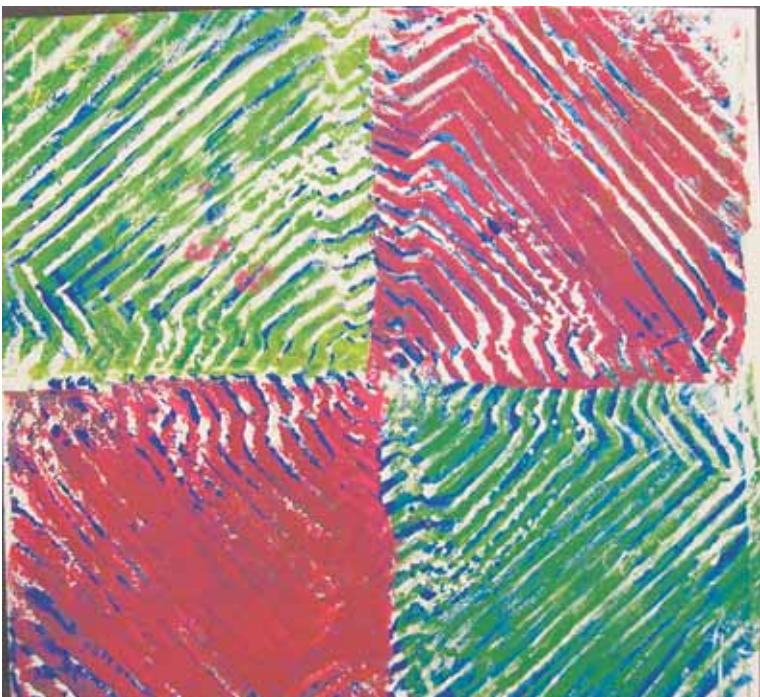
By Lillian, 5th Grade



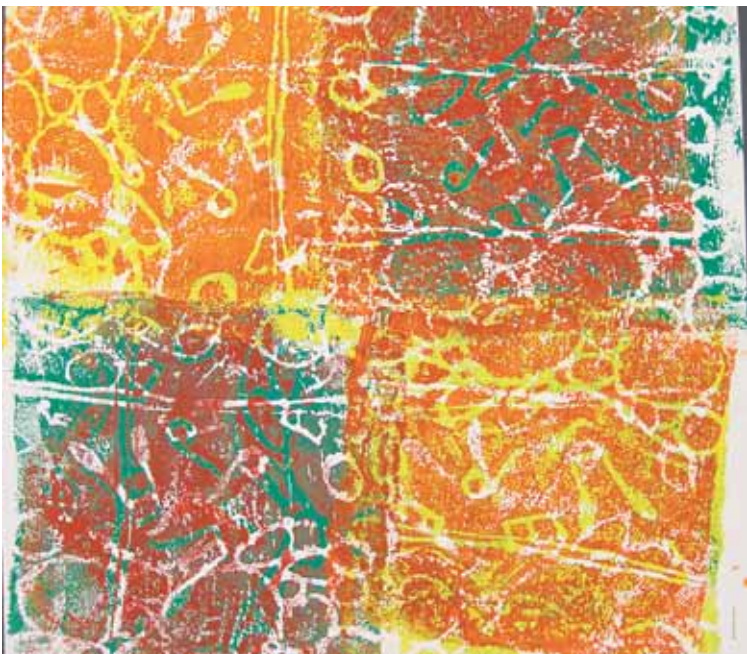
By Blessing, 5th Grade



By Abel, 5th Grade



By Jair, 5th Grade



By Alice, 5th Grade

GALLERY



Food Everywhere
by Anthony Yu,
Age 6, 1st Grade,
London Towne
Elementary
School



Flower Fairy by
Alexander Yu, Age 9,
4th Grade, Colin Powell
Elementary School

WESTFIELD

FROM PAGE 5

matic, she was entertaining. But she told me, not with her words but with her feet, that she was not there.

She wasn't trying to best herself or spew her fire everywhere. She was trying to get out of her own head, her own wandering head, back to the dance. I knew it from the flashes.

The flashes of intense emotion where the fire created a halo around her entire body and then she'd turn back to the audience and in a blink she'd be gone to the lost again.

And then the music was over and she walked off the stage. Then the usual happened. Flowers, analyzation. Hugs, questions. But then the usual didn't happen.

Walking. We were walking out the door again. To the car again. A call. We stopped.

"You danced beautifully to-night."

"I thought you weren't coming."

"I want to make this right."

At this point a droplet fell on the pavement next to me. I had the distinct feeling it wasn't raining.

"I don't forgive you."

"I'm not asking you to."

A hug. Those hairy feet were in nice shoes.

The dance was finally over.

BY TAYLOR LANE
11TH GRADE

UNION MILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL From students of Jennifer Martinelli, art teacher



By Moises J., 5th Grade



By Angye A., 5th Grade



By Amelia S., 2nd Grade



By Parsa I., Kindergarten



By Rebecca M., 6th Grade



By Hudson M., 1st Grade



By Matthew D., 1st Grade



By Jacqueline N., 3rd Grade



By Sydney M., 4th Grade

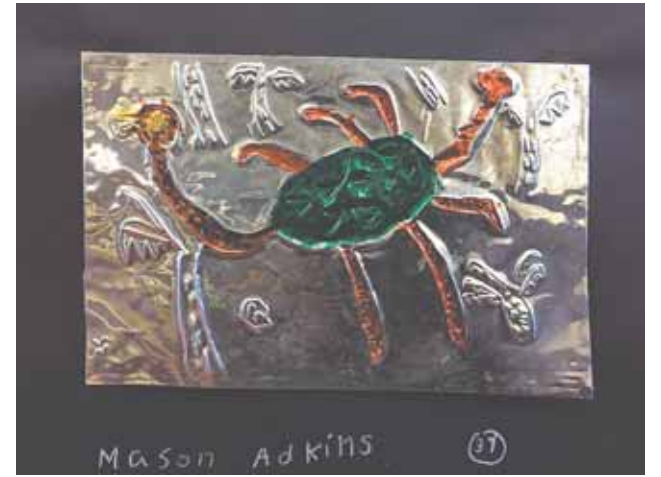
UNION MILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL From students of Anne Hollis, art teacher



By Sholka E., Kindergarten



By Bisaj S., 1st Grade



By Mason A., 3rd Grade



By Hibah F., 4th Grade



By Carter R., 4th Grade



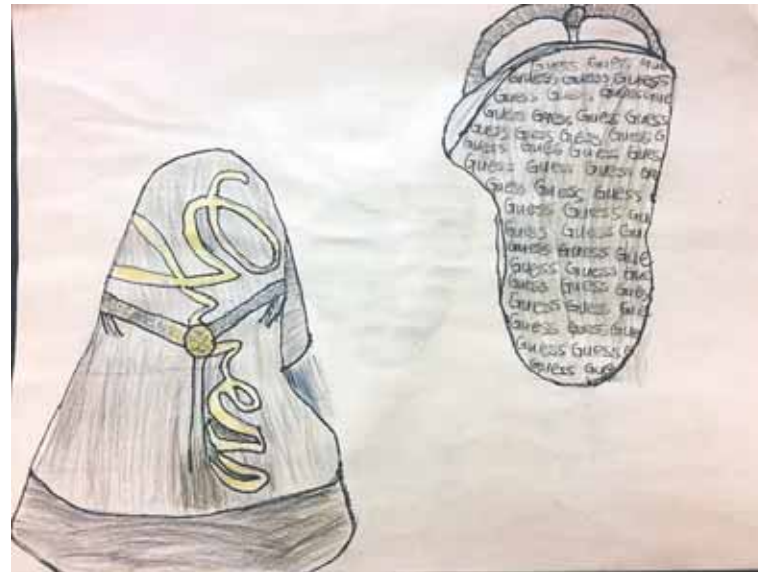
By Mosawir R.,
2nd Grade



By Grace S., 1st Grade



By Ashley R., 5th Grade



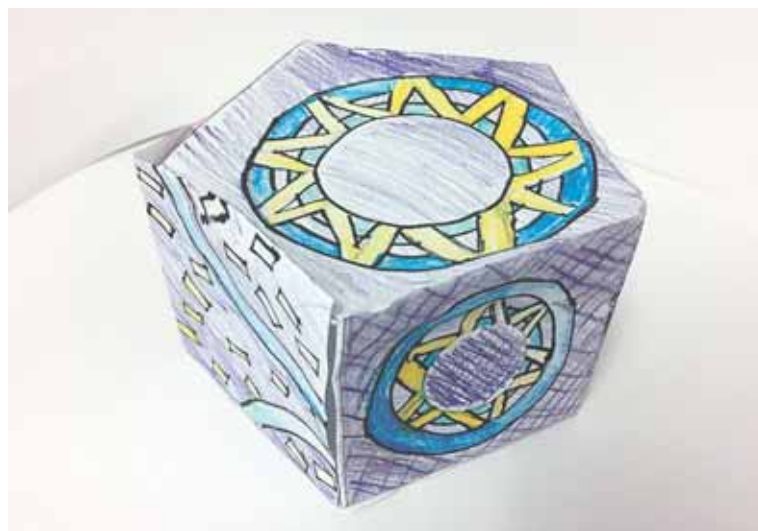
By LaMara L., 5th Grade



By Molly V., 3rd Grade



By Luke V., Kindergarten



By Anu S., 6th Grade



By Ester C., 6th Grade

COLIN POWELL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

My Dream Job

Being a teacher has always been my dream job. Teachers have endless possibilities. I can imagine myself in a classroom teaching students not only about history but about their future. I love to learn and the best way I can see myself using that love is to share it with young minds. Being a teacher has many jobs put together. One of the biggest roles is to be a trainer, not the type to do pushups or run, but the ones who help students create goals and accomplish them. I would love to be a teacher!

BY LAUREN KIM
AGE 11, 6TH GRADE, MR.
BUSCHENFELDT

In Winter!

In winter I see the pretty white snowflakes swirl in the air then softly fall to the ground.

In winter I taste the cool peppermint flavor of a candy cane swirl all around my mouth then I wash it down with the warm taste of hot cocoa.

In winter I touch the wrapping paper and the pretty bows on shiny packages.

In winter I hear the sounds of families coming together to share the joy of the season.

In winter I smell the warm, delightful smell of sugar cookies baking in the toasty oven.

This is what I see, taste, touch, hear, and smell in winter!

BY RAELEEN STUMP
AGE 11, 6TH GRADE, TARA
CARLSON'S CLASS

The Race

On a bright, balmy summer day there was a race held at Colin Powell ES. Ten mins until the next race, I heard the speaker yell. That message got me more edgy. I was at the edge of the seat.

"Why are you trembling?" asked my friend. "You are so prepared."

"You think!"

"Well, yeah!"

The next race will be starting in less than 5 mins. Racers come to the platform. We heard the speaker say.

"I guess I have to go."

"Good luck and I will be at the finish line ready to congratulate you for winning."

"Thanks."

But somehow I had bad feeling about this race.

When I reached the platform. I saw the others players stretching

out. Then the one with the blue hair tie and red shorts came up to me and said "I am going to win."

"I replied saying, 'in your dreams.'"

We all became silent when we heard the speaker saying "racers get to you positions."

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

I ran with full speed. I looked back and saw the rest of the racers back of me. Thud. Thud. My heart was beating, faster than the sound of light. I was scared, "could I make it or not" a few more steps then I can cross the line. But I guess my legs had other plans. I slipped and fell down, hard. As I closed my eyes, I could see the racer who said she could win, cross the line. I told myself to get back up. But my body didn't listen to my command. But then I was jolted awake by the sudden ringing of my alarm clock.

Then I realised it was only a dream. But my back was hurting. Then I got a text from my friend saying "how are you? Does your back still hurt? I know you are really sad you didn't win. You can try again next year." Then I dropped my phone because I was astonished. Did my dream come

true?

BY NANDITA SUGASI
6TH GRADE, MRS. CARLSON

Thunderstorm

On a cold, stormy night, the lightning strikes and then a split second later, it rains. The lights in my house start to flicker on and off. The wind outside goes swish and swoosh. The leaves on the trees are dancing as they make their way to the floor. When I look outside the window, I see a gray long blanket with some big gray cotton balls as clouds. I hear thunder as loud as a lion. When I open the window, I smell the crisp soil and grass. I close my eyes and imagine the stormy Earth back to the peaceful Earth. Then a gust of wind goes up my face, almost knocking me down. My eyes shoot open as I see the horrendous thunderstorm still there. I run upstairs and pull my blanket over my face, telling myself to sleep. I hope that the Earth will be back to normal tomorrow.

As I finally close my eyes, I am jolted awake by the sudden ringing of my alarm clock. I run over to my parents room to go and snuggle in bed with them but it

was empty. I notice that the ceiling was leaking. I rush downstairs, and I see that there is a huge puddle in my house. I look outside the window and it is flooding! I scream "mom, dad." I don't hear a reply. So I go out the door and glance around. I start to shiver. Out of the corner of my eyes, I see my mom, dad, and brother helping my neighbors, standing in water that is knee-high. When can the world turn back to normal?

BY NANDITA SUGASI
6TH GRADE, MRS. CARLSON

Eraser

I am an eraser
I like doing pacers.

You erase me all the way,
I hate it all day.

It's like the pencil is my enemy
He stares at me like I am crazy!

You erase, erase, and erase,
While I pace, pace, and pace.

But wait a sec ... I am not done

I like erasing words on paper
Cause I am an eraser!

BY NANDITA SUGASI
6TH GRADE, MRS. CARLSON

Fall

As I perch upon a grand oak tree like a mother bird on her nest, strings of thoughts chug through my brain like a clamoring train. I sit and gaze some more at the perfectly precise grass when I decide to pluck one miniscule thought out of my impossibly crowded mind.

"What will it be," I ponder. I searched and excavated my mind like an archaeologist and my thoughts were the fossils when I stumbled upon the most spectacular of thoughts: fall. It may seem utterly promiscuous to investigate such a thought but unlike a young evolving tree, I couldn't be swayed.

I focused hard and I focused well in my grand oak tree and that is when I began to think.

Fall is such a wonderfully whim

SEE COLIN POWELL, PAGE 15

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WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Shadows

Sweeping across the room
Hovering under my feet
Anchored to the form
Dividing dark from light
Over the ground it stretches
Without any thought or mind
Staying long after my soul is gone

BY SARAH HARVEY
10TH GRADE

Grey

In the world of grey
Everyone was grey
Their eyes. Their hair
Their lips and their nose
From the clothes they bought
To the car they drove
Everything was
Grey

In the world of grey
There were no differences
Everyone was the same
There was no war
Or hate
Or discrimination
Everything was
Grey

In the world of grey
You couldn't be blue
When you were sad
Or pink and red
When in love
Or a glowing yellow
When happy
Everything was
Grey

In the world of grey
Even their blood
Is grey
Even their art
Is grey
Even their tears
Are grey
Even their screams
Are grey
Everything is
Grey

In the world of grey
Everyone
Was
Grey

BY SARAH HARVEY
10TH GRADE

Shadow (ABC Poem)

Abandoning the shadows position
Betraying the one he followed
Cut at the seams
Disappearing into the night
Escape its dark home
Freedom almost at its fingertips
Going to find a better life
Happiness to be found somewhere
Isolation holding the shadow
Just wanting a chance
Kicked around all day
Laid down on the ground
Maybe one day
Not today though
One day the owner will forgive the shadow
Possibly
Quite doubt it though
Right now the shadow has no way of escaping
Sunlight creates it
Till night falls
Under the stars it lays
Very curious about the world around it
Wondering what more there is
Xaerning its place in life for so long
Yawning at everyday that goes by
Zacrete job all in all

BY PAIGE JEFFERSON
CREATIVE WRITING, PERIOD 1, MRS. TAYLOR

Just a Weed

It was never planted.
It was just a weed.
Growing amongst the grass.
Not a care in the world.
Unknowing is life's cruel actions.
And then it met floods,
And droughts,
And lawn mowers,
And weed killers.
And despite its circumstances,
It lived!
It lived and grew and thrived.
Yellow petals emerged from the green leaves.
Beautiful and brighter than the sun.
But still,
It was a weed.
Even then, it stood tall and strong.
And then it met heat waves,
And frosts,
And children's feet,
And animals paws.
And despite its circumstances,
It lived!
However, it did not grow or thrive.
Yellow petals fell to the ground.
Disfigured and dead they laid.
The other plants watched,
As it slowly fell apart.
They watched and watched,
But could not fight.
They were rooted down,
And they could only observe.
The leaves closed up,
And started to fall.
It sunk defeated.
It was truly only a weed now,
And nobody likes a weed.
Dead and ugly and a waste of space.
The other plants just continued to watch.
They watched as the sun shone,
Or storms raged,
Or children and animals ran about,
Or temperatures changed.
And they watched,
As the little weed stopped fighting.
Until one day,
The shriveled leaves started moving,
Then falling off.
And in their place,
Seeds started to grow.
A new form of life.
The little weed started growing,
Growing tall and strong again.
It was not dying, merely changing.
But by being different from other plants,
It was automatically labeled a weed.
Unwanted.
Unnecessary.
Bothersome.
A burden.
The little weed was hurt,
Hurt by the destructive hand of life.
Yet, the little weed bounced back.
The little weed rose above life,
The little weed took what it was,
And used that to its advantage.
The little weed found happiness and love,
In itself.
That's all the little weed will ever need.

BY CAITLIN MACLER
11TH GRADE

The Power of a child's mind

polka dot polkadot go fetch im the mind of a
child Me and the kids next door rule this land one
day we will leave this land and shall not return
some will and will be mocked for it grownup exist
here but few do not many return but who who do
know the mind of a child is more stronger than the
eye can see know polkadot go fetch

BY MANOLO J. MOTA-FLORES
11TH GRADE

Dreamful

She closed her eyes and began to dream
She dreamt of a life without food scarcity
She pictured quiet hills and not starving faces
Wondering if they even existed

John Cena

FROM PAGE 7

ing that the world is a terrible place and
no fancy degree guarantees success, the de-
mon broke into tears and said his scholar-
ship was given to him by a pirate captain.
Who was also a ghost. That ran a racketeer-
ing job in New York.

And so it went that every time they de-
feated a great foe the loser would tell of a
greater foe behind the strings. They created
even more legends by defeating The Not
So Sexy Succubus, The Vampire of Waverly
Place, a clown, a random goblin, five goats,
and 50 ogres that failed on their audition
for the position of Shrek. Finally, the final
confrontation, the last battle that would
decide the fate of the world.

The Overlord was a crotchety old king,
whose jowls sagged immensely and smelled
of dead skin and applesauce. The only prob-
lem was that he was rigged to a magical
throne, that made him immortal and pro-
tected him from outside threats. Historically,
great kings sat upon this chair, bringing
great prosperity to their empires until they
retired and inevitably the inheritance issue
got everyone important killed and some
random person was put on the chair. The
old guys still had a blast playing golf as the
world burned around them though. This
king, however, was not meant to sit on the
throne. The chair would electrocute any
unworthy fool who dared to sit on it. The
current “king” was one such fool. He stayed
in power by using a wooden board to sit
on, while still granting him the effects of
the throne.

A party was being thrown in the king's
honor, but he knew that Cena and Angus
were coming for him, and barred the gates.
Angus once again dressed in drag, while
Cena disguised himself as a clown, but with
the addition of a full-body fat suit. They
entered as a pair of musical performers, and
they entered with no consequences.

Angus went first. Following the plan, he
played a terrible rendition of Justin Bieber's

BY JOHN ARPIN
12TH GRADE

Mrs. Anneliese

FROM PAGE 6

“Je ne regrette rien,” she reassured
herself. The dimly lit window of 135
Moonstone Lane, her home, was clearly
visible.

She heard a soft, steady pattering of
footsteps and sharply turned around. Her
first instinct was to bolt towards the glass
doors of the apartment's main lobby,
sprint up the stairs, and slam the door
behind her, but that just wasn't the logi-
cal, adult reaction.

A large shadow loomed over her from

behind

It's nighttime. There's always scary
shadows at this hour she thought ner-
vously. A foot, larger than any foot she
had seen in her 30 years of living, pushed
forward. The officer's warning immedi-
ately entered her mind. The monstrosity
strided towards Mrs. Bernard, revealing
his huge, bird-like head and long shark
tail. “Oh, for the love of God,” she
breathed.

BY SHREYA BOLLA
9TH GRADE

They wept their unlucky fate
Now the girl hates to sleep
Because nobody likes impossible dreams
Her humble house got smaller
And she herself got thinner
Now she wakes up in the early morning
Slowly doing her chores
Because dreams are for hopeful people
And the dreamful old girl is no more
Instead she is a quiet angel
Who owns a broken soul
Living in poverty is never easy
Just ask this young girl

BY HUSBANA NOOR
9TH GRADE

MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

“Voice for the Voiceless”

I should be glad to have a voice
My thoughts they can be heard.
I should be glad to have a voice
The ability of forming words.

I should be glad to have a voice
Since out there some have none.
Their cry for help is all ignored
They die one after one.

I should be glad to have a voice
And make the people listen,
To make them change of what is wrong
And do better for a difference.

I give my voiceless peers my hand
Their eyes are filled with fear.
I, with my voice, will raise awareness
The people need to hear.

I should be glad to have a voice
And let their thoughts be heard.
What they can't say themselves for all
My mouth says word for word.

By DUC MY
AGE 20, GRADE 12

“Shower”

Hot and steamy,
a burning against my neck
streaming
d
o
w
n
my
back,
all
the
way
d
o
w
n
Pattering
onto my feet.
The running water
like the ticking of a clock
giving me time ...
Time to think, time to ponder,
Time for aloneness.
Am I alone?
Surrounded by ghosts of steam;
Ascending they are;
The blurry view unreal;
Enveloped in the warmth,
I am dazed; I am gone.

By DUC MY
AGE 20, GRADE 12

Frozen Waffles

I hate how some items at the grocery store can be discontinued. It would be interesting to take a poll and see how many people have been upset by the absence of a good item that used to be a staple in their weekly grocery list.

My grandma shops at a commissary in Fort Riley, Kansas to save money. She goes every Thursday at 9 a.m. When I visit her, I tag along and I have tagged along with her quite a few times.

I love frozen waffles. I love microwaving them or putting them in the toaster. There was this one brand I only ever got at my grandma's house and they were so fantastic and huge. They came in a plastic blue bag; it was about the size of these laptops really. There were four waffles in this one big square and about 8 big squares. You're supposed to break a few off the square and only eat one or two, but when I went to my grandma's house I always ate a whole square for breakfast.

These fantastic waffles have been discontinued for quite some time now, but I miss them so much. That is a lot of love for just some frozen waffles, isn't it? I'm sure though that if anyone else had tried these

waffles they would get it. I know my brother gets it. This summer when visiting my grandma we went to the commissary like we used to, and I picked up a box of Eggo brand toaster waffles. They're fine and they taste good but they just aren't the same.

It is Thursday at eight in the morning; there's a knock on the flimsy basement bedroom door. My grandma walks in asking if I'm going to be ready. This is quite honestly not how I prefer to wake up, especially in the midst of summer. I open my eyes and look at my grandma, I manage to say is, “Yeah.”

She smiles, I think, and shuts the door again. It's cloudy outside from what I can tell from the window, so leaving the cold basement shouldn't be too bad knowing it won't be an inferno upstairs in the windowed walls of the kitchen. The room I have a large and there is plenty of space to do nothing.

I get out of bed fully dressed as the night before I had snuck out to hang out with my half-brother who lives in town. This is sort of common; it's also the reason why I typically sleep in till two in the afternoon. Unless of course it is a Monday or a Thursday, like today. It was also Sunday last week, but I'm not really a big fan of organized religion. I can't exactly tell my grandparents that though. They brush it off as just me being a lazy teenager.

I make my way to the connected bathroom and I check myself in the mirror, I look exhausted but that's typical. My toothbrush is then assaulted by my grimy teeth, then put back into the holder. Oh, there's also a sauna in the bathroom connected to the basement room I'm staying in, but it is and most likely always will be infested by spiders. I ignore the sauna and I also ignore the feeling that something might be hiding in there amongst the spiders watching me. Leaving the bathroom, I almost trip over my Chucks. I pull them on and grab my wallet.

I slowly make my way up the stairs and into the foggy glow of the living world where two very special people have already had their coffee and breakfast. I'm greeted every morning with some personalized salutation. Today my grandpa says “Good morning Madam Blueberry!” to which I reply something along the lines of “Good morning grandpa.” It wasn't until I left Kansas did I realize Madam Blueberry is a Veggie tales reference.

I make my way to the pantry which smells like dog food for obvious reason. There's also a toilet in the pantry area, as well as the laundry machines and a sink which I've had to wash my shoes in on many occasions. Anyway, no one uses the pantry toilet. I dig around for my array of tea's and find the box I'm looking for. I take it out and place a bag in a mug that's white with purple lettering “Kansas State.” I don't have my tea kettle here, so I microwave some water and pour it over the tea.

I've just had a sip of tea when my grandma bustles into the kitchen suggesting I put my tea in a thermos. For some reason I don't like using thermoses, so I ended up not replying until I've chugged down a good amount of peppermint tea. The visual I get when remembering this is not pretty. I put the cup down and turn to my grandma, “I'm ready to go.”

Writing this out I feel like my grandparents must have thought I was a super odd kid, and this was just this summer. Anyway, my grandma asks if I wanted to eat anything for breakfast, which, I did not want to eat breakfast. I said no. I opened up the front door and the door harp did the thing it always does, it doesn't sound like a harp it's just very pleasant. I can't really describe it in a way that would do the door harp a justice.

Once we are all out in the musty garage covered in sharp tools and broken kites my grandma shuts

SEE MOUNTAIN VIEW. PAGE 14

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MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

FROM PAGE 13

the door and presses the garage door button. Now, I want to say my grandma drives an old boat from the '70s, like an Oldsmobile, however, she drives a 2013 Jeep Grand Cherokee. I have to squeeze between the side of the garage covered in camping gear that'll probably never be used again by my grandpa at least.

I get comfortable in the car and my grandpa pulls out of the garage and turns on the absolute worst radio station. The station is called K-Love and it's a Christian pop station. Christian pop songs make me want to go back to bed.

The drive to the commissary is sort of a longer drive. We go through a few small towns on the way there. One particular town has been caught up in a lot of meth usage so they put up a fuchsia sign with big yellow letters and a pocket watch that reads 'Meth Watch.' I love that sign. So we drive past this little town of Ogden, the place is littered with thrift shops and buildings filled with so much junk you can't tell if it's a thrift shop or not.

Past Ogden, we get to Fort Riley. I had to get a picture ID to get onto the base. The picture honestly looks quite awful. I pull the ID out of my wallet and give it to my grandma to give to the military officer, post man, or whatever. He looks it over and looks at me and then hands them back. We drive into the base.

Fort Riley is a pretty neat place. Military bases are always neat to me. I'm completely antiwar and the aspect of being around tons of men and women who have been overseas and killed other people is unsettling, but these people are super kind. We pull up to the commissary now next to a PX which I have no idea when they put that up there. Anyway, my grandma asks me to pick up the grocery bags and we exit the jeep.

It's incredibly hot out as usual; this dry Kansas heat that makes you burn to a crisp instead of melt in a puddle. Once we get through the doors of the commissary, my grandma leaves me to go pee. Sort of like my mom, both of them can't go 20 minutes without having to pee. I make sure to put that on my list of "what happens to you if you decide to have a child." Unsettling.

I roam around a display of new cereals and Chex mix. Nothing too promising. My grandma appears so I ditch the mix.

We have a long grocery list and I would be lying if I said I didn't want to see if I could write out everything we bought on this particular day. First we got

fruit for the week. I try and stay healthy most of the time so having fruit around as well as some hummus and pita chips is always a good idea. This week I pick out a bag of apricots and a few white peaches. I have pretty much free reign of the store, my grandma lets me get anything so when I don't pick out a ton of unhealthy foods she is impressed.

When my brother came home from his time in Kansas he had gained 20 pounds; I'm not even joking. This horrified me. My grandma occasionally asks me to get something in an aisle back that we forgot. I go and get it; this time it is pickles.

After a good 30 minutes of following the list we arrive at the beverage aisle. This is where the store has the Red Bull. More specific to me, the sugar free Red Bull. I go to grab the biggest can they have which is pretty big. My grandma then gives me the look I only get in this aisle and says "You already never sleep at night, that can't be healthy for you. Maybe go down a size?" I sigh "Yeah, okay. You're right." I grab a smaller sugar free Red Bull.

Every week I am allowed 1 Red Bull. One week I slept in and missed going to the store and my grandma still bought me a sugar free Red Bull. It is times like that which remind me how much I love my grandma.

The next aisle is the frozen food section, I get pretty melancholy in this aisle once we pass the frozen peas and are met with an array of frozen breakfast items. The waffles are not there. I miss them. My grandma has no idea how much I miss those waffles. I grab the Homestyle Eggo waffles. They're great, I know this. But they are not fantastic.

Next aisle. This trip is not over. The refrigerated butter substitutes and cheese aisle is also where the Pillsbury rolls are. This reminds me of orange rolls. They're cinnamon rolls Pillsbury used to make and it had a tube of orange glaze to frost them with. My grandma knows I love these and that I was under the impression they were discontinued. She zooms over and picks up a tube of Pillsbury orange rolls. I choke back tears. Holy s***. These rolls are so bomb. Obviously we get them.

On the way home the Christian pop station plays on, but I am less salty about it because now the car is filled with the conversation I'm having with my grandma. Yes, we are talking s*** on other members of the family. No I don't have anything against these people, but my grandma loves gossip so I engage because we had a great time at the commissary.

BY IRENE RICHARDS
AGE 17, GRADE 12

WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



By Lola McGavely, 9th grade

Pretty, Pretty People

I see pretty women in pretty houses in pretty lands with all pretty people.

They are embraced with warm fabric and vibrant strands of silk.

Engrossed by the eyes of the unfair and unfit, captivated by the way their hair coruscates with the morning sunlight.

The way their voices are synthetically smooth and subtle, the grace of their movements, the enchanting abilities that they yield with ease.

But what renders them perplexed, is that I'm pretty. Rasp, hoarse, yet the voice is humble and wise. A concoction of a spontaneous combustion that spills words before imploding.

Audacious, courageous, and kind. Thousands of these chemicals mix inside me.

It bends their ankles backwards, on how an ugly could be pretty.

Now, ugly has become the new pretty.

BY GEORGIA GARY
9TH GRADE

COLIN POWELL

FROM PAGE 11

sical season if you don't see it through the bashfully tinted lenses of a sweltering summer lover. The way the stiff statue like trees relinquish all worry and stray from their routine lives in the calm serene wind.

The feeling of the cold icy chill in the air having contact with your innocent skin sending a spine tingling freeze to resonate throughout your body. I sit and stare perched upon my grand oak tree the next day and wonder, "what else is there?"

I gaze and gaze at the shimmering gold and maroon tinted horizon, trying to focus and think but came to no avail. I am about to leap off my grand oak tree and saunter with a desolate and downcast countenance when a small leaf of crimson fiery hues lands in my lap.

I pause, then begin to think.

Previously, my mind had simply been a fogged up windshield doused by pattering droplets of water, but that leaf, in the light of the rain, became the windshield wiper to make everything crystal clear. As if my mind was the track and my thoughts the runners, ideas began whirring past the finish line.

This little leaf, although so small, reminded me of the days my mom and I would bake crisp sweet apple pie. I could practically smell the warm enlightening scent of cinnamon saturated apple wafting through the backyard.

The hearty and flakey crust, each layer another experience of joy and warmth. I marveled at how this little leaf opened the door to such fond memories, evoke such emotion.

As another soft breeze brushes by my face, it makes the hairs lying delicately on the front of my forehead bob up and down like ballerinas but that fall nutcracker is short lived. I turn my head slightly and notice the ruby red cranberries shine regally through their entrapment of dark tangled branches and curled up leaves of mystery. The breath of life echoes from everything in the backyard. The rugged bark of the trees, the luster of the royal cranberries, even the whistle of the breeze that produces yet another performance in the rustling silky and emerald leaves.

Everything has a life, a purpose, and they are all anticipating the harsh winter to come.

They are all ready to silence their song of life and lay dormant while dreaming of the cycle of seasons yet again. All waiting for fall to return to their resting souls. The majesty of fall is unlike no other and never ceases to amaze me.

The consistent flow of warmth coursing through my veins. The flood of jubilant memories crashing in my brain like a twinkling shore at high tide.

Most of all, I love my grand oak tree. The grand oak tree that I perch on like a mother bird on her nest.

The grand oak tree that I gaze, focus, and think from. The grand oak tree that has made me love fall most of all.

By RITHA M. IGOUT

AGE 11, 6TH GRADE, MRS. CARLSON

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"Cansir"



By KENNETH B. LOURIE

Though I want to treat the disease — and my having been diagnosed with the disease, with respect, I don't want to treat it with the utmost reverence. I mean, it's not the Pope. It's an affliction, not an affection. Certainly not one worth embracing anyway. But definitely one which needs engaging.

Treating and living with lung cancer shouldn't be a vertical-type, up or down, either-or set of options. There should be more integration with non-Western, holistic and alternative approaches rather than, as has been my experience: you're on your own; and your oncologist, generally speaking — or potentially legally-liable from speaking, knows/say less about it than you the patient.

I've tried to straddle this line going on nearly nine years now. Adhering to the conventional wisdom/treatment didn't seem like enough. Perhaps hearing the extremely grim prognosis that I received on Feb. 27, 2009: "13 months to two years," affected my thinking. Perhaps hearing the equally grim likelihood — statistically referencing, of living beyond five years (low single digit percentage); heck, even living beyond two years, might have given me pause as to what course of treatment: chemotherapy, I was starting and why. But what did I know? I had just been blindsided and then bewildered as to why and how I was going to live the rest of my life.

Yet here I sit, nine-years old, so to speak. Some days I believe my amazing good fortune has to do with the treatment and care I've received from my oncologist and staff at the Infusion Center. Other days, I think it has to do with some of the alternatives I've assimilated into my life. Though I can't honestly include exercise in that life, I have modified my diet somewhat and most definitely can mention vitamins, supplements, alkaline water and apple cider vinegar, among a few others; along with a positive attitude with mostly good humor, as important elements. It hasn't been easy, but it has been me. Meaning, I am proud of how I've managed a bad situation and so far, not made it worse.

Though I am somewhat unique, statistically measuring, in how long I've survived (however, I'm not exactly 108-year old Paul Edgecomb/Tom Hanks from the movie "The Green Mile"), I don't know that the varied steps I've taken and the humor and attitude with which I've put one foot in front of the other are likewise unique.

Of the many patients/survivors I've met along this way, many, if not all, have exhibited similar good humor and more of a can-do attitude quite frankly, than I. I've always been happy to make their acquaintance and eager to hear their stories, as they have been interested in hearing mine. Although cancer is not exactly catchy, I've found that, in speaking/sharing with fellow cancer survivors, what goes around comes around. And what 'that' is that is going around is, to invoke The Beach Boys: "Good Vibrations," and that is catchy and healthy too!

When I was first diagnosed — and caught up in my own circumstances, I was not interested — too much, in interacting with other lung cancer patients/survivors. I was more concerned with my own fragile emotional state and was afraid that exposing myself to more bad news: other "terminal" lung cancer patients' stories would weaken my resolve.

I don't recall how many months or years it was before I realized how wrong I had been. Weaken? My involvement with fellow lung cancer patient/survivors has only strengthened my resolve. Has that openness and appreciation for my fellow lung cancer patient extended my life? I'd like to think it has.

But if it hasn't, I guess the jokes on cancer. And that's a laugh with which we can all live.

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



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