

December 27 - January 2, 2019





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CHILDREN'S & TEENS'

CHERRY RUN ELEMENTARY

Writing with prefixes, submitted by Mary Ellen Zavaleta, Sixth Grade Teacher.

The anti-happy underground tritoothed hippo and his cohippo disagreed about forecasting the underground weather so instead they got into their underground submarine and drove it in a semicircle. As the duo drove their underground submarine the aqua dog, a famous underground superstar, transported the anti-happy underground tritoothed hippo and his cohippo to the land above the underground.

— Elizabeth So

My multicolored pinkish-blue pet has duobows on each of her ears. She was happily eating multichipped cookies. She made a mistake and spilled the milk. So then she repoured the milk into the polyspotted cup. Then she semi-dipped her chocolate chip cookies and started to eat them nonstop. She was midway in her "eating the cookies the fastest" challenge when her friend came in and said those were her cookies! My pet said it was a misunderstanding and that the whole class got cookies. After that her friend and she ate the cookies together. The end.

– Christie Bae

The prehistoric, multiheaded, polyeyed purple octopus repaired his irreplaceable calendar. He uses his calendar to predate the past apocalyptic resurgence of man. Do you think he'll finish before his pregame warmup? And if he can will our octopus be able to replace

the calendar's indescribable quality?

— Lucan Cohen

My grandmother said she had a pet worth multi-million dollars. I told her that was impossible so she invited me over to her house. I knew my grandma was a former biology student and loved animals, but what I saw when I walked in was insane! It was a hexahorned, trilegged, deca-eyed dog looking right at me. The prehistoric-looking thing was looking right at me. The prehistoric-looking dog marched back to his bed - which could be misjudged to be a throne - and started to drink water out of his semi-filled wine glass.

— Grace Heberer

My pet is a pre-human animal. He is a uni-headed, quad-eyed, octo-legged, tri-armed cat. He is writing a report on why the Cat Council should intercept midway a group of enemy submarines transporting unfriendlies undersea. He is thinking about the injustice and how it was impossible that the Council had overlooked his first report. When they read it they disagreed, dismissing it as nonsense. He is writing another report about anti-Cat beings, saying that they will use the atmosphere to send encoded messages to each other and also saying that they will use a mind-controlled singing superstar to defrost the tension between the beings and the Dogs.

– Christian Yoon

Glasses

I have lost my glasses, I need them to see I cannot think of what will become of me, For I am nearsighted And not so delighted Yes, my pair of glasses ARE LOST! — SARAH CHAYKIN, 9.

— Sarah Chaykin, 9, of Burke Grade 4, Keene Mill Elementary



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By Oliver Glas, Grade 4, Cherry Run ES, Art Resource Teacher Melanie C. Rodas

Welcome

Dear Readers:

This week, the Burke 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 & Teens' 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.

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 2019 calendars for early December, the deadline for submissions for next year's Children's & Teens' 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 Connection 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 email, which should be sent to burke@connectionnewspapers.com, but you can reach us by mail at 1606 King Street, Alexandria, VA 22314 or call 703-778-9414 with any questions.

— Editor Kemal Kurspahic



My Desk by Jean Seo, Art Classes in Burke with Instructor Carol Zeitlin.



Drawing by Allison Bieron, Art Classes in Burke with Instructor Carol Zeitlin.



By Christie Bae, Grade 6, Cherry Run ES www.ConnectionNewspapers.com



My Thanksgiving by Josephine Bronson, Art Classes in Burke with Instructor Carol Zeitlin.

Burke Connection 🔹 Children's & Teens' Connection 2018-2019 🔹 3

CHERRY RUN ELEMENTARY

Submitted by Mary Ellen Zavaleta, ter. Sixth Grade Teacher.

Give

I had a friend that loved to win and she would win a lot and brag about it! She was very competitive but other than bragging about her wins she was pretty nice. Whenever she would win not too many kids would congratulate her because she would already congratulate herself. One day she won first place and I got second. Out of all people she definitely thought I wouldn't say anything, but I told her "Good job! You deserve that and your teachers are so proud of you." I walked away, but I walked away knowing that she really appreciated what I said - because no kid would say that to her and she would definitely not have said that to me.

— Elizabeth So

Thank You

There are lots of things I'm thankful for but one stands out the most. For a long time I hated to read. My mom had to beg and plead to get me to pick up a book. She finally got tired of this and she made some strict rules on reading. The rule stated that my sister and I had to read for thirty minutes a day to earn our electronics on the weekend. I hated the rule but it forced me to read a lot more than I did before. I think my mom is a secret genius because now I love to read and I thank her for that.

– BRYCE WILLIAMS

Once upon a Thanksgiving, my family and I were going up to New York when I said I would like to say the prayer. At my uncle's house, before we ate, I was eyeballing him so hard that my eyeballs were going to fall out. And finally he said, "Walter, would you like to say the prayer?" I was screaming in my head and I ate turkey so fast and so much and it was a great Thanksgiving.

— Walter Rizzardi

ing for times when I am not cause of her. feeling good. She makes me lift up my spirit so then I feel bet-

— Daniel Magana

My grandma has a cabin in West Virginia. It takes about four hours to drive there. I really love it. You can ski - Snowshoe is near there. You can also fish because there's a pond near and a river, too. I love the cabin.

— Caleb Duff

Being a kid comes with some parental restrictions. Adults have it MUCH worse than kids, but our problems are still frustrating. It's good to have someone to relate to when you're frustrated like this. And therein lies one of the best parts of a sister: company. When I'm frustrated, it's good to have someone I can relate to. I just really appreciate that.

– Lucas Cohen

I am very thankful for my ramp on our Honda Odyssey van. After my dad died, it was so hard for my mom to load me into our black car. I am thankful for my van because my wheelchair can fit in it. The van was made in Waynesboro, WV, hours away from here. I 2 remember going to look at it. We got to test one of the ramp vans that was there. My mom got locked in the van after I got out. I thought it was funny. (The man opened the ramp door manually so she could get out.)

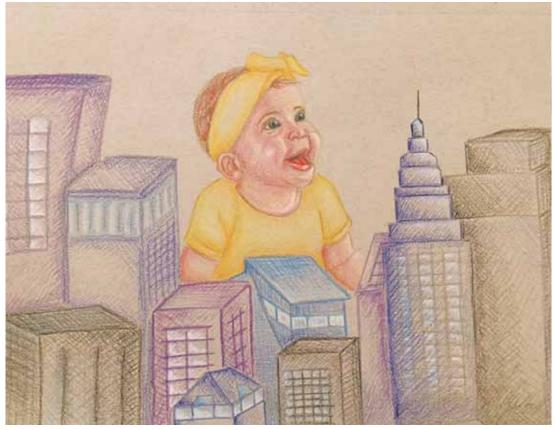
— Christopher Boehm

I have always had super thick hair and I have always had curly hair. My hair was never that thick pretty hair that would be shown on TV when women advertise for shampoo. I never felt confident about my hair because it was different and no one had hair as thick as mine. Everyone had straight, thin hair that was easy to put up in cute styles.

In fourth grade, I took my hair out of a pony tail, but just when I was about to put it back up, a mom came up to me and said "No! Leave your hair down. You are so lucky to have wavy hair that no one else has. My daugh-I am thankful for our dog, ter is probably jealous!" That Ruby. We adopted her from an really changed me. I feel more animal shelter. She is comfort- confident about my hair be-

— Elizabeth So

ART CLASSES IN BURKE Artwork submitted by Art Classes in Burke with Instructor Carol Zeitlin.



Color Pencil Drawing by Amanda Bohn



Drawing by **Calvin Ashley**





My Thanksgiving by Josephine Bronson



Animal Collage, Color Pencil Drawing by Audrey Reese

Drawing by **Leah Brinkley**

POETRY CORNER

Short poems by Maya Tirado of Springfield.

A Tree

I love different colors my hair changes each season. It changes each time when the sun is high and wind is breezin'.

Earth

The earth is green, the earth is blue. The land, sea and everything around you. The tides, the waves come from the moon! The grass, the green comes from the clouds. The rain, the sun, everything on earth, helps each other for you!

Thanksgiving

Delicious food brings gratitude. For family and friends they bring love to the heart and gratefulness to the mind. Enjoy and relax for your heart to say HOORAY.

Clouds of Wonder

Clouds are mysteries What do they do? Where do they come from? They help the environment and I hope you do too!

NEWINGTON FOREST ELEMENTARY



By Stanley Liang, Grade 1

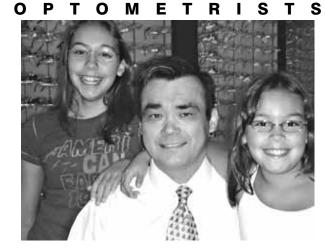
Wind

The wind is magical the wind is cool the wind dances with the big blue sea, it dances with the little happy you.

Storm

A storm is mean, a storm is powerful. A storm is as stable as a house, as mean as a fire-breathing dragon and a slithering snake, and as powerful as a viper bite sting.

DR. GENE SWEETNAM DR. GRACE CHANG



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lost (adj): 1. unable to find the way. 2. not appreciated or understood. 3. no longer owned or known



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By Aaron Platt, Grade 4



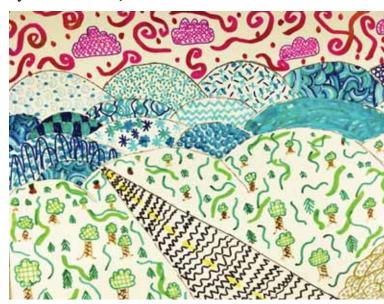
By Lucas Cohen, Grade 6

CHERRY RUN ART GALLERY





By Abi Schuettler, Grade 5



By Lily Longenecker, Grade 6



By Andrew Fthenos, Grade 6



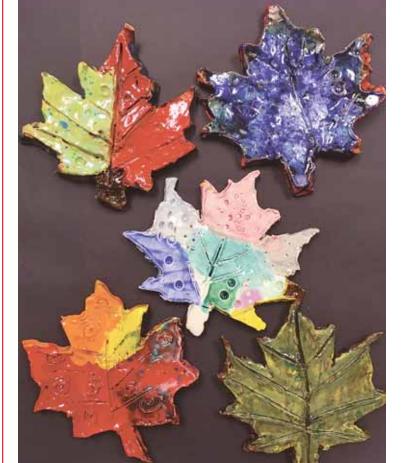
By Haley Inscoe, Grade 6





By Christie Bae Our class read the book The Wild Robot by Peter Brown. Christie Bae made this turn-the-crank model of a scene in which the otters accidentally bring the robot, Roz, to life.

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By Henning Gehrmann, Amelia Soltren, Kaitlyn Cyre and Jaithin Landau (Grade 1).



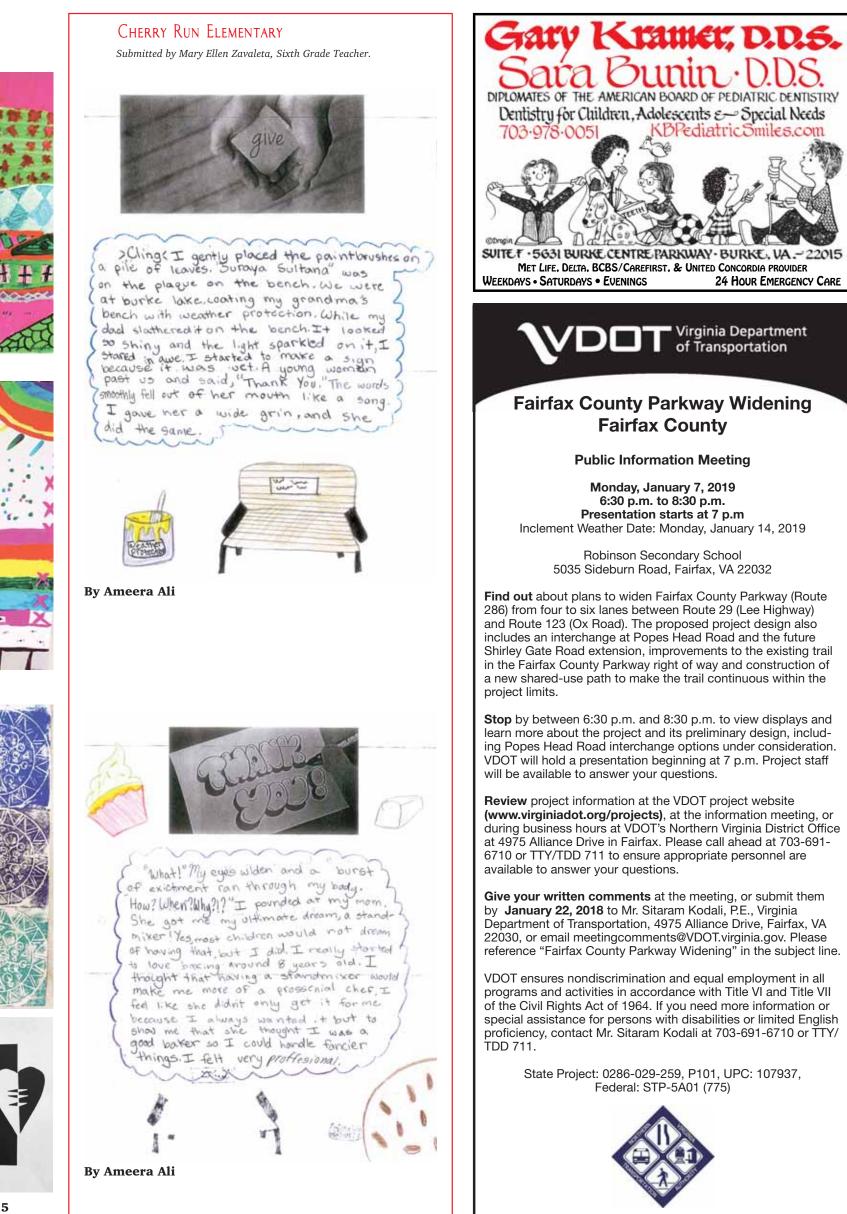


A printed mandala banner by Victoria Shea, Grade 5



By Kyla Tran, Grade 5 By Braden Hodge, Grade 2 www.ConnectionNewspapers.com





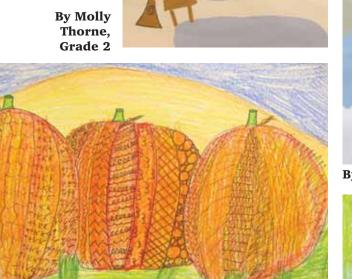
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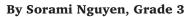
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Orange Hunt ELEMENTARY

Submissions from Mrs. Kieffer and Mrs. Rozycki's students









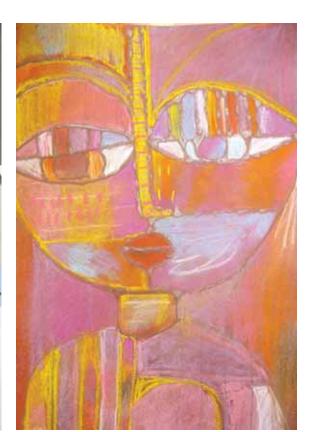
By Audrey Smith, Grade 1



-

By Elia Mazerolle, Grade 2

By Alexandra MacDonald, Grade 6



By Athena Giannetti, Grade 3



By Andrea Dinh, Grade 3



By Ruby Laden, Grade 5





By So phia Orozco, Grade 5

HAYFIELD SECONDARY

Drawings by Tony (Anthony) Diaz, a senior at Hayfield Secondary, submitted by Math Teacher Danette Short.













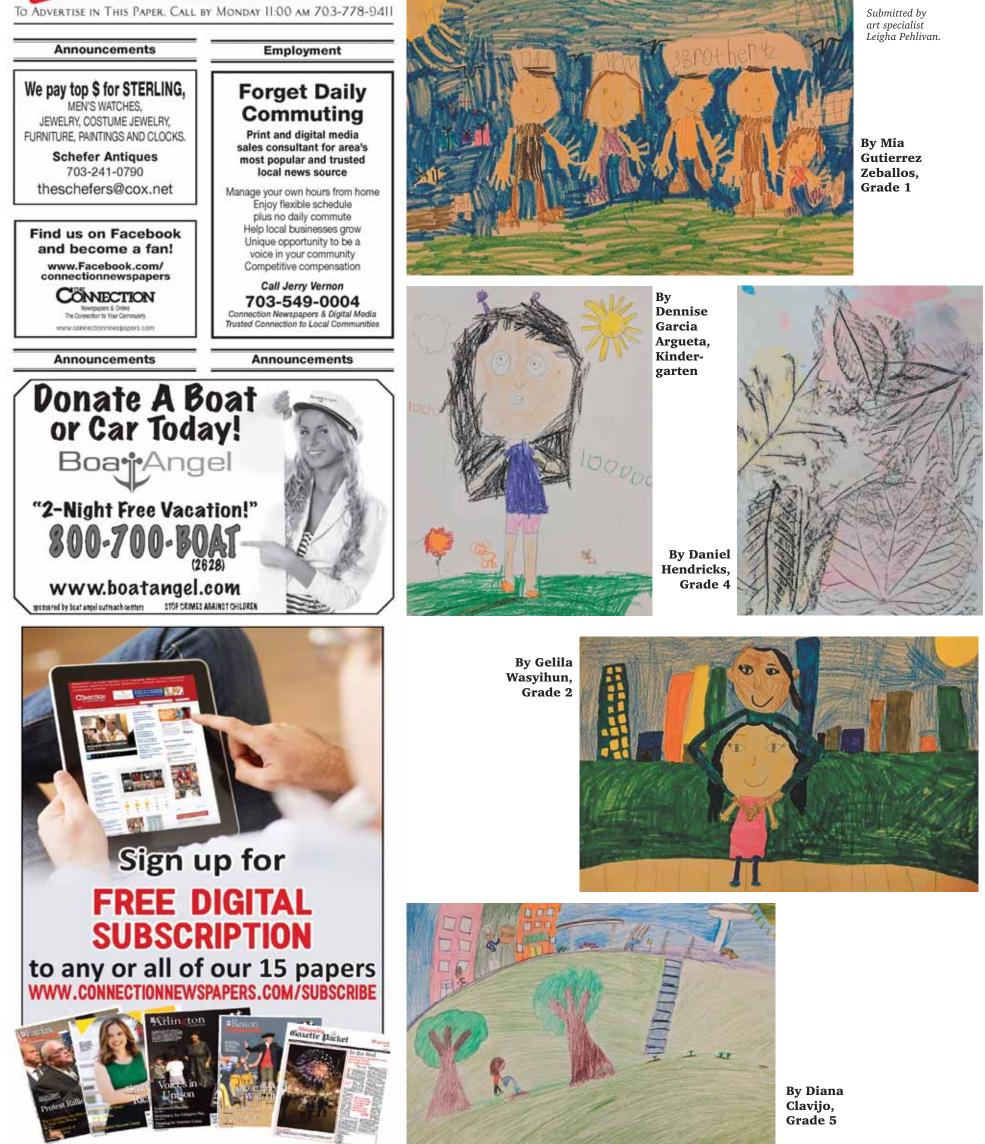


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Annandale Terrace Elementary



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CHILDREN'S

Native

If the valleys and seas would answer our pleas

All would be withheld and withdrawn

The echoes in the hills of the bird's sweet, short song

Guiding us all slowly along

My children They laugh They sing They dance

Praying along with no second glance

If the civilized ones knew how peaceful we can be

They'd leave us alone and answer our plea

> — Sarah Ewell, 12, West Springfield Grade 7 at Washington Irving MIDDLE SCHOOL English teacher Emily Ross

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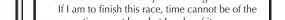
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Kenny Lourie is an Advertising Representative for The Potomac Almanac & The Connection Newspapers.

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By KENNETH B. LOURIE

Now that the drama of the last five weeks and the last three columns - is mostly over, life can return to its previous/usual ebb and flow of cancer highs and lows

For the moment, what I don't know: the effect on my "Adam's Apple" tumor (as I will call it) of the aggressive, every-three-week-infusion-schedule I've been on since early October, is definitely not hurting. Though I am under no delusions about what my next CT scan might show, I also have no confusion as to the road ahead: stay positive and remain engaged and live life with the least amount of focus and conversation on the dominating fact that I was diagnosed with an incurable form of cancer: non-small cell lung cancer, stage IV, almost 10 years ago. A diagnosis which came with a "13 month to two year" prognosis

By most accounts, I shouldn't be writing this column - or doing anything else for that matter. I should be somewhere else - doing absolutely nothing, so far as we know, anyway. And I don't mean lying on a chaise lounge somewhere soaking in the local culture as I try not to sunburn in the midday sun. I mean... well, I presume you know what I mean.

But here I am, alive and reasonably well; not boasting, just saying.

Because, as amazingly fortunate as I am to still be anywhere nearly 10 years post diagnosis, there's a part or me that believes not so much in what I've done to support my chemotherapy/ conventional treatment (non-Western alternatives) as in thinking I've fallen through some crack somewhere and have been forgotten by whatever reaper is sowing these things.

Granted, he/she/it has a lot of work to do and an incredibly long list to get through; still, as the centuries have confirmed, eventually, everyone's die is cast

Having survived so long when so few of the thousands of similarly diagnosed cancer patients have not, certainly gives this one pause. But the pause passes quickly and is taken over by positivity; as in I must remain positive about the negative and not allow any semblance of "woeing" about me or moaning and groaning about what I'm able to do or disabled and unable to do. Never!

I have been given the gift of life and I see no point in looking that gift-horse in its mouth. It is my job, if it could even been characterized as such, to keep my head down and keep moving forward, figuratively speaking. There is no point in thinking backwards or wondering who, what, where, when and how. The point is the future, not the past.

Unlike the country music song by Tim Mc-Graw, "Live Like You Were Dying," I don't want to live like I'm dying. I want to live like I'm living. A living which takes into account the good, bad and the indifferent.

If I stray from what I perceive to be my usual path, I will know that I'm doing so for a reason: cancer

And since I never want to reinforce a negative, let alone give it room to roam, I will continue to try and take it all in stride and be grateful along the way for the life I've been granted and try not to weaken in my resolve to not let others be adversely affected or diminished by my situation.

I pretty much do whatever I want to do anyway. Though there are many things I can't do (particularly, bending), there are still many activities I am able to enjoy.

To quote Spock from Star Trek: "The good of the many outweigh the good of the few." A bit of a stretch I know, but I hope you get the association.

For me to survive the ordeal of cancer requires taking the emotion out of it. The highs and lows must become evens. And the levels and test results which occasionally have become odds, merely moments in time and subject to change

essence, time must be what I make of it.



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