

Stories, Rhymes, and Good Times!

Volume 18, 2008-2009

Writing in Middle School

In middle school, students complete a number of writing assignments. They write narratives, essays, and a research paper. Several types of poetry are also written. Students wishing to be published choose their favorite piece of writing from the year to submit for this publication.

Christmas

By: Keelin McKenna

Christ came to earth to save me!

Having a family that loves me very much

Relatives that I visit and have fun with

I-pods that give me good music to listen to

Sleeping in shelter each night

The food that I get to eat

My friends that are always there for me

Aunt that is awesome

School that makes me intelligent

A Day in the Life of Houdini

By: Matt McMurray

Jumping to the top of the dresser and banging the mirror on the wall, I force my human parents to wake up. They are not happy with all the commotion I am making, but it works every time. I am Houdini, a male Norwegian Forest Cat, who lives with the McMurray family. For those of you who are not cat lovers, I am a large, long-haired cat with a white face and white feet, and a blue tabby body color. I like to jump high and sit where I should not be.

After I wake the humans up, they let me out of their room. I run to the kitchen and wait to eat. After I finish eating, I slink down the hallway and into my human brother Matt's room. I jump on the bed, rub my wet nose on him, and wake him up.

When Matt's mom takes him to school and his dad goes to work, I run around the house looking for Kiwi. Kiwi is my cat companion, a female Himalayan Blue Point. She has beautiful blue eyes and long, white fur with markings of grey on her ears, feet, tail, and face.

From underneath the kitchen table, Kiwi appears. "Hello Kiwi," I say as I walk toward her.

"How are you, Houdini?" Kiwi asked. "Do you want to play with the sparkle ball?"

"I would love to!" I exclaim. We begin hitting the ball back and forth until it rolls underneath the couch.

"Oh no," Kiwi cried, "my little sparkle ball is gone!"

"Do not worry, Kiwi", I meow. "When the humans come, home they can get it out from under the couch. Let's go and nap for awhile in the sun; and

when we wake up, maybe we will have more ideas for play."

Kiwi and I walked over to the window in the family room where a sunbeam shines through on the carpet. I curled up by the wall, she lay on the floor, and we drifted off to sleep. When I woke up, I was hungry. I stood up and stretched my front legs out. I walked to the utility room and ate my tasty dry cat food. After eating, I returned to the family room where Kiwi slept. I walked over to her.

"Get up Kiwi," I demanded.

She woke up startled and asked, "What is wrong?"

"I want to play tag," I purred. "Let's have some fun."

Kiwi jumped up, and I began to chase her around the house. Before long, the tables turned, and I raced away from her as fast as my long limbs could carry me. We ran all over the place. Around tables and chairs, through hallways and rooms, we jumped and sprinted. Suddenly, tragedy occurred.

A vase fell to the floor, breaking into a thousand pieces. I had knocked the vase wobbly when I bumped the table it was sitting on. "Now what will I do? The humans will be angry!" I thought to myself.

I was so worried about my situation I began to get drowsy again. This is something every cat understands. This time I jumped up on the fireplace mantle and stayed far away from the mess on the floor. Kiwi watched me from below because she cannot jump as high as I can.

Kiwi said, "We need to hide the vase so we don't get in trouble." I was about to help Kiwi hide the broken vase under the rug when suddenly we heard the garage door opening. It was the humans! We were in serious trouble now.

My human mother walked into the room and screamed. Then my human brother, Matt, ran in to see what the problem was.

"Whoa! What happened here?" Matt questioned.

"Go get the broom!" his mother yelled. She began cleaning up, and Kiwi and I bolted out of the room.

Hours later, I emerged out from under the bed. The humans were all sitting around the family room watching television. I approached them cautiously. They all greeted me warmly, so I knew I was off the hook. Behind me, I heard Kiwi entering the room

too. My human father threw the rescued sparkle ball towards us, and we began to race around as if nothing bad had happened earlier.

The humans got ready for bed. My human mother picked me up gently and brought me to her bedroom. Kiwi was already waiting there on the bed. It was time to cuddle with the humans and to rest up after such an exciting day. As I floated off to sleep, I thought about how lucky I am to be Houdini in this wonderful life!

A Day in the Life of Humphrey

By: Rebecca Troast

My name is Humphrey, and I'm a hedgehog. Today I am making an escape from my tank. I have been planning this for months, and I now have an escape plan. Although it will be difficult, I am determined to get out of this confinement. My plan is to pile up all of the mulch in my tank to one side and climb on top of it. Then I will go into a ball and roll down off the dresser. Next I will roll to the stairs and down them. From there I will roll through the doggie door on the back lanai; then it will be smooth sailing.

I will begin my trek in twenty minutes when my former owners leave. I am finally going to make it to the wild, a place I'd never seen. I have been longing to see the outdoors for my entire life, ever since the older hedgehogs would tell tales in the cage at the pet store. I myself have told those tales to many anxious hedgehoglets. I am finally going to see if the tales of raw, untouched food or the one about animals of all different sizes and shapes, are really true.

Sam and Hannah are gone, and now is the time to make my move. I start piling the mulch to the right side of the tank. I scrape every last bit of that mulch into the corner. I realize that I had overestimated the size of the pile. I am going to have to struggle to pull myself up and over the glass wall. I ready myself and leap into the air to the top of the tank. I get hold of the edge and use my upper body strength to force myself over the barrier. I hop down to the top of the dresser and am overwhelmed by an enormous amount of knickknacks and gadgets. I almost trip and launch myself over the edge. I do not want to jump off this dresser without my temporary parachute (one of those little army parachute guys). I make sure the parachute is ready to catch wind, and I scoot off the dresser.

Now on the ground I feel more at home, although there are clothes, toys, and who knows what on the floor. I decide that to get through this rough terrain I would need to roll up into a ball. I roll up and speed toward the door, rolling over various items. I am closing in on the door when I go under

the bed. This place is like a graveyard of old toys, socks, and other trends that have already been forgotten. I have to make my way through the debris. I weave in and out of various items until I see a clearing. This is a safe spot, so I rest. I am way over my head (literally). When I catch my breath, I start going again. I can see the door now, so I pickup speed. Yes! I am out the door.

I round the corner and see the stairs. Those stairs are my second most difficult challenge. I don't know if my spines will protect me or not, but I figure it is now or never. I roll up into a ball and inch to the steps. I am free rolling and loving it. It feel like I am rolling down a rocky hill. Then suddenly it stops, and I unroll from my ball. I see that I am on the first floor.

Now, the hardest task, getting past the dogs. The dogs are great guard dogs, named Penny and Bella. I would have to be stealthy and lucky. Lucky is perhaps the greatest element. With that, I sprint to the right. I am about halfway to the door when I look over my shoulder and see Bella coming for me. I know soon Penny would come. When I turn back to the door, I hit a shoe and stumble. That's when I know I am in trouble. I can see the open door. I dive for the lanai and make it.

I am free as soon as I go out the doggie door. I make my way across the lanai, and I push open the door. Then I tentatively reach out my paw and touch the grass. It is soft just like the stories said it would be. I put all four paws on the grass. I hear a squawk, and I look up to see a murder of ravens. I am so scared, I roll up into a ball. I look around at this strange world, and I decide I don't like it. So I go back to my tank and live monotonously ever after.

A Vacant Land

By: James P. Harris

The swirling white clouds
The massive bright crowds
Only disrupted by the motor
And the all important tail-rotor
I shifted through clutter
In the noisy helicopter
I looked out the window
To see the shifting shadow

Haiku

By: Talia Vechazone

Mountaintop, white with
Glistening snow. Your beauty
Is magnificent.

The Mountains I Love

By: Emily Gear

Out in the west,

There is a place I like best.
With snow all around
That falls to the ground.

We all like to ski,
Even my dad.
It makes me feel free,
And we're not that bad.

The scenery is amazing.
I just can't stop gazing
At all the things I find.
I can't get it off my mind.

Ronnie Brown

By: Brian Baker

Ronnie Brown can run the ball.
It is hard to make him fall.
He makes it look fun
Out there in the hot sun.

Because he is the best,
Players refer to him as a pest.
He can jump over the defense;
That is no nonsense.

Down Underneath

By: Jack Thomas

Oh, look at the marvelous goat.
Maybe I should feed him some delicious oats.
Oh, no! What's happening? I'm slowly sinking.
My lifetime is now shrinking.

The goat will maybe try to help me.
Could he pull me out of the ground,
Or push me down farther only will he?
Under the surface forever I am bound.

Soccer Ball

By: Alyssa Swett

So intimidating is the big foot.
Over me it swings,
Crushing my round body.
Counting down the time I spend being kicked
Even when I am out of the field, I am sore.
Rotating up and down the field, I go.

Bouncing down the field,
Above the heads of the children am I.
Loud parents scream, while
Little children laugh at them.

Family

By: Emily Campbell

I was two years old
I wanted to be bold

I knew what I wanted to do
But for then I just watched Pooh

I have always had one dream
To have a family like a team
We would never be apart
Each member in my heart

My parents taught me this
Having a family is pure bliss
Each member so unique
With words you cannot speak

The Morning Sky

By: Elisabeth Cossu

The sky is blue
The Earth wakes up
You can see the morning dew
Filling a leaf cup

You gaze at the sky
Sitting still as a rock
While birds fly by
In a flock

Purple

By: Danika Thiele

My favorite color is purple,
But I am not sure why.
It's not the color of the grass
Or the azure sky.

But it is the color of Barney;
And when I'm angry, my head.
Purple's my favorite color.
It is made from blue and red.

The Earth

By: Tori Cook

Around and around
The earth goes. We are living
In a gorgeous place.

Cherry Blossoms

By: Taylor Trettenero

Both white and pink leaves
From the Cherry Blossom fall
So elegantly.

Pets

By: Cyril Kurland

Look into a cat's eye
It looks as if it wants to cry
If you go to pet the cat

It will run away fast like a rat

Look at the puppy bark at the sky
It almost seems it wants to fly
Too bad it's not a bat
It must just dream and sit on its mat

Jealousy

By: Catherine Hackler

Jealousy is an awful disease.
Everyone comes across it
At one time you'll see. Whether it be among a
Love, a friend, or a family member,
Oh, it can hurt if you don't
Understand that everything isn't as it
Seems. God has a plan! Saying that--- how can
You not agree?

Shortcake and Tuti

By: Cali O'Mailia

Shortcake is one of my favorite dogs.
He doesn't like cats and bad people.
Other than that, she loves good people like her
family and
Really loves playing fetch and tug-of-war with Tuti:
Tough and "ruff" when playing tug-of-war with Tuti.
Cupcake was her original name. She
Always comforts the family and
Keeps running around or, as my Dad calls it, "Crazy
Dog".
Especially when Jay or Dad gets home.

A "Crazy Dog" is when a dog runs around the
house non-stop.
Nothing can stop Shortcake and Tuti, even when
we ask them,
"Do you wanna go outside?"

Tuti is another one of my favorite dogs.
Usually she doesn't do anything except play.
Tuti loves my brother Jay, but
I really love both Shortcake and Tuti.

The Moon

By: Devin Ritrosky

Ever changing moon
Brightness alone in darkness
Like the sun of night

Darkness

By: Alexis DeCarufel

Darkness falls on
An eerie cold night.
Readily I wait,

Kneeling beneath the starless sky above.
No need to be afraid of what lies in the dark,
Everything is covered by the velvety black night.
Standing still I breath in
Silently as the darkness consumes me.

Christmas Shoes

By: Stephanie Gemme

Children alone on Christmas
Hearing the
Ringing bells
In their room
Sleeping because
Their
Mom has been taken
Away by God. Her
Shoes are the only things that

She had. Just the ones that
He, her son, had brought for her
On Christmas
Eve – Just her
Shoes.

The Bum That Was Once a King

By: Marco Böhm

Do you think you know
How to get through with no bow
To see one's self with no gloat
Or to go through life with no moat
There is nothing to hold you back
Making you someone with much slack
Mommy and daddy get you toys
You act like a group of first grade boys
I see you working a late night
And it's a pitiful sight
You had so much you could've done
But took the wrong roads for fun
But look where you are right there
Not even money to cut your hair
You are out on the streets
Living with a dog with nothing to eat

Snow

By: Daniel Benson

Sparkling snow so white
What an astonishing thing
Oh such a wonder

Deception in the Darkness

By: Trey Dougherty

While hiding in the gloom
I thought about my silent doom
In the shadows lurked a beast

And it was not from the east

It slowly crept up on me
Close enough for me to see
It startled me with a cry
As I thought I was about to die

It suddenly pulled out a tray
From where I cannot say
On it was salami
Then I realized it was my mommy

Who?

By: Savannah Chandler

Who makes the sun shine
Or the rain fall?
Who makes a fire burn
Or the grass grow tall?
My God gives the light.
His sorrow brings the rain.
His anger is a fire,
But His love grows grass again.

Fire

By: Kyle Burrell

The flames were so bright
They lit the night
The fire in my hand
Fire in the sand
Fire on my mind
That just makes me blind
Fire in my eye
A fire that just won't die

The Beach

By: Lindsay Hoop

The beach is so beautiful
So spacious and free
The trees blow in the wind
Please don't get lost at sea

Fish in the water
Footprints in the sand
The sun is shining bright
You can make exquisite castles by hand

You can look for shells on the shore
The ocean is shades of blue and green
I love going to the beach
It's quite an amazing scene

Time of Year

By: Sarah Roach

I know that feeling in the air
I feel I am without a care
Everyone seems to spread the cheer

I simply love this time of year

All the smells are so familiar
Even if some are quite peculiar
Cookies, cake, and sweets galore
It makes me want so much more

The music seems to lift my soul
Even if it sings of getting coal
I am reminded when each artist sings
Of the happiness this season brings

The presents are great under the tree
But none of that can compare to thee
Sitting with my family in front of the fire
Christmas is surely what I desire

Butterflies

By: Samantha Petrozzi

Beautiful wings
Underneath the sky
Towards me
They always fly
Every day
Remember the sky
Filled with
Lovely butterflies
Yes, they're even called flutter-bys!

Where I Feel Free!

By: Samantha Alechko

Hear the *swoosh* as I go.
Beneath my skis is freshly fallen snow.
My scarf follows behind
On the hill that I decline.
Ten miles of new trail,
My will is not to fail.
At a time where I feel free,
This is where I want to be!

Baseball

By: Zach Belcher

Baseball is great
All of my friends love to play it
Sometimes my dad does too
Every time I play I hope I do great
Baseball has two leagues for my age
AAU and
Little League
Leagues like these help me succeed

Peace, Love, and Happiness

By: Samantha Sestito

Peace, love, and happiness
Are three things the world seems to miss.
Peace gives us hope of a brighter tomorrow,

Even though that hope sometimes turns to sorrow.
 Love fills our hearts with warmth and joy,
 But sometimes it's crushed by some silly boy.
 And finally happiness, which puts a smile on our
 faces,
 Although many times it's nothing but fake.

Christmas

By: Mason Taylor

Candy canes are my favorite.
 Houses that are gingerbread are also good.
 Rudolph is the leader of the sleigh.
 Imagine all the presents you can get.
 Stockings are filled with delightful toys and candy.
 Take care of all your Christmas shopping early.
 Mary had our Savior Jesus on this day.
 Always be thankful for the presents you get,
 So you have a great Christmas Day.

Christmas Trees

By: Whitney Letourneau

They come in all shapes,
 All sorts, and all sizes.
 Presents sit under them
 With all kinds of surprises.

Lights hang all over them,
 Making them colorful and bright.
 If you see a tree in a window,
 You are in for a beautiful sight.

Ornaments cover them,
 Usually from the bottom to the top.
 Some are even made of glass.
 You must make sure they do not drop.

Christmas trees are great.
 They smell good, too.
 You should go and get a tree.
 One is waiting for you.

Evil Unicorns

By: Claudia Gesiotto

The trickery of unicorns has rooted itself deep.
 To many, their nature seems to be quite sweet.
 The truth of the matter, though, is actually
 frightening;
 But never the less, it's extremely enlightening.
 Unicorns make me smile
 Because they are so vile.
 Do not go near them,
 If you get the chance;
 For the closer you get,
 The more likely you will join them in an uncanny
 dance.

Christmas

By: Jenny Shotwell

Christmas time is here!
 It only comes once a year.
 It is the best holiday of them all.
 Christmas comes right after fall.

Santa Claus brings lots of toys
 For all the little girls and boys.
 Everyone is in the mood
 For lots of yummy Christmas food.

While everyone is waiting for the big day,
 People are hoping the Christmas spirit will whisk
 them away.

Christmas is so much fun!
 I wish it would never be done!

Prancing Unicorns and Dancing Butterflies

By: Tara Howard

I dream of unicorns
 In my dancing endeavors.
 All day and all night,
 Oh, how it is such a marvelous sight!

The unicorns prance
 While the butterflies dance.
 All day and all night,
 Oh, how it is such a marvelous sight!

They make circles around me that glisten like stars.
 They take me on a magical journey to Mars.
 All day and all night,
 Oh, how it is such a marvelous sight!

I wish I could stay in this dreamland forever
 Where I never heard, "No" – never ever.
 All day and all night,
 Oh, how it is such a marvelous sight!