



LEGENDA

22ND ANNIVERSARY, 2018

HARRISON MIDDLE SCHOOL, YARMOUTH MAINE

Dear HMS Students:

Harrison Royale will be eliminated in 24 hours, *UNLESS...*

Well, please read on, dear those who care about dragons and about literature... or even those who care about madcap plans or sibling rivalry.

Hello to those of you who love Harrison Royale, the infamous and esteemed dragon behind the legendary Legenda magazine. Unfortunately for him, something inside me has finally snapped. I have given in. The same dragon who has driven me crazy.

As in, crazy.

Harrison Royale is gone.

Harrison Royale is not available to write this column.

Harrison Royale has been kidnapped – or drag-napped – by... me.

My name is John. I am Harrison's sister-brother.

You can't believe what a drag it's been, listening to that poseur for this many years; twenty-two, in fact! This is his 22nd year of serving as the author of this column, and I shall keep him for 22 more... unless you act.

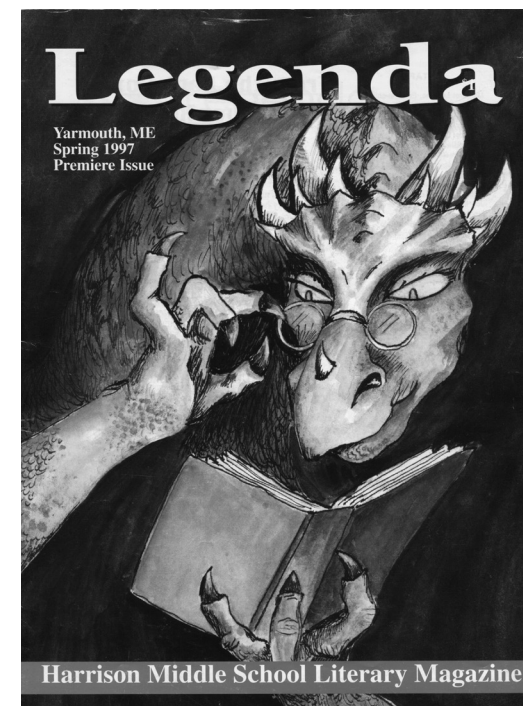
The only way to save Harrison, whose picture is to the right, is to memorize this entire magazine, or to color it in using your darkest colors – colors like black and blood, or to care very, very deeply about dragons.

You choose.

(Ignore the grumbling of epic proportions you may hear in the background. Ignore the furnishings being burned to cinders.)

Here's the artwork and literature. Enjoy, if you like that sort of thing. Harrison does, the foolish nuisance. (Maybe I do, too.)

Yours truly,
Harrison Royale, Literary Dragon



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FUN FACTS ABOUT LEGENDA:

- We received over 240 poems and stories.
- At least 4 people read and rated each one.
- Ms. Agell removed the names so pieces were read "blind."
- The multiple scores on each entry were averaged. The highest scoring pieces got in.
- There were so many stories and poems and pieces of art that did not make it in that were beloved by staff members. They thank everyone who submitted. Keep creating art and writing!
- Legenda, the word, has Latin roots and means a collection of materials to be read.
- The Harrison Royale column is a tradition. Harrison Royale is the dragon who lives in the ceiling vent. Her visage was the very first cover, now 22 years ago!!!
- If you are a rising 8th grader, consider being on staff next year!

OUT OF THE DEEP: A MEMOIR

Georgia Herr
Grade 8

The ocean is never calm. There is always swirling seaweed, torn from its roots, the life and color leaching out of it as it is bashed over and over between the slamming waves and hard-packed sand. Sediment somehow pulled from the solidified bottom never gets the chance to sink as the endless surging plays with it, tossing it up and down, throwing it onto the shoreline and seizing it back. The churning mix is topped with driftwood strangled by the debris taken to the water by the outgoing tide, faded bits of something never meant for the ocean. Today is no exception. Although the water is somewhat warmed by the beating sun, I am hesitant to enter such lawless shallows. But the beach and waves are one of the main reasons I love this place, so I plunge forward through the mess towards the deeper water. My friend is already ahead of me, clutching her boogie board with both her bony arms and plowing through the waves, bits of seaweed clinging to her legs. The sun it plays with her blonde hair, sparkling off the bits of salt already entangled in it. I catch up to her by the time neither of us can touch the bottom anymore. We both grin as we bob up and down. The waves are excellent. Julia has been one of my closest friends for most of my life. She is the most agreeable person I have ever met, constantly finding ways to keeping peace and happiness between others and able to

like some part of almost anyone. She knows when to listen and when to speak up, has a knack for understanding social situations to the point. What I believe is her best quality though, is how easily she changes her views of the world to fit what happens in it. She rarely shares these changes in personality, but they most definitely happen, as I first learned that day. Julia has never liked what hides beneath the water, slithered under muck and rot and remnants of the world above, concealed from the murky light that grasps for the bottom. I have never especially enjoyed that feeling of something lurking below me either, so I always push those notions away, filling the front of my head with what I can see, what I do know. With these thoughts I can wonder about the cold water tugging at my feet from below, allow myself to sink. Sometimes Julia would also forget what lay beneath us, sticking her own hands into the muddy riverbank behind her house to look for bits of forgotten pottery and glass with much more enthusiasm than me, unafraid to be cut, arms covered in mud to her elbows, but she would never completely throw away caution. Julia never throws ideas away. My own slip through my fingers before I even realize they are mine. When we were eight, we spent three soggy days in a small camp on a northern Maine lake. But the

rain did not bother us as we woke up the first day and raced outside to the water, dragging a sleepy parent behind us. Jumping off the half-sunken dock, we splashed and yelled and chased away the morning quiet, diving into the dark water and exploding up into the heavy mists. We were both truly happy. We passed hours like this, joined by our brothers as the silver fog lifted and was replaced with charcoal rain. The circles it drew on the water's surface must have been what called the catfish. It was large and black, with feeling antenna and a eery way of moving. It rose from the mud between our feet, biting at the surface, black body sliding through the brown water. I did not see it until Julia was already out of the water, warning me of the big fish, just a blurry shape beneath me. I splashed out after her, terrified, but watched it, curious about what it was. For several hours the catfish patrolled the shallows. Julia refused to go in the water again that day. But today, I am not thinking of any of this as I race waves to the shore with my friend. We are bashed and beaten, bruised, salt-encrusted, the taste of the ocean in our mouths, stealing our words and leaving us hungry for more. Every time we come here ends this way, forgetting everything but the waves and the breakwater slinking ever closer to us that we had been told a million times to avoid, that it will pull us to it until we are stuck in the endless battle between its stone pillars and the roaring ocean. Then, for some reason, the water quiets just a little, enough to pause our game of wave riding. I float next to Julia, Looking back towards the beach where our brothers sit, having already left the water more than an hour ago.

My gaze shifts from them to the dark blue water, streaks of brown seaweed interrupting its singular color. But as I watch it, suddenly it is no longer just blue. There are dots of red, purple, pearly white, floating around my feet and out towards the horizon as far as I can see, drifting to the open water. Jellyfish, I think, hiding below us, is too indistinct to be sure of what it is they are. Most are big, red and circular with lacy edges to their bodies crinkling around them. The rest are smaller, less vibrant, speckled tops with tentacles twirling behind them in their more purposeful movement. They rise from the calm depths to the now gentle surface, appearing beneath my feet, drifting up towards my tingling arms. Although surrounded by them, the space directly around Julia and I remains empty, our presence possibly felt and acknowledged by these strange creatures. They are so beautiful, so much a piece of the water that you can see it traveling through their delicate bodies. They are almost seaweed, yet they worry me. I was not afraid to be stung, it has happened before, but that Julia will leave if she sees them. I look at her, watching our brothers on the beach, completely unaware of what circles us. I think she will never be able to see their charm, only their gelatinous, dead bodies, trailed by ghostly strings to wrap around her legs and drag her down. Julia never throws away ideas. "I'm cold. Want to go back in? The waves are dead anyway." I ask her, deliberately keeping my gaze above the water and on her. She gives a brief nod of agreement and we wade through the seaweed back to the shore. We gathered our brothers and leave, bare feet burning on

asphalt as we walk back. The jellyfish still dance in my head. We reach Julia's grandparents house, tall and green with almost no width, siding falling off the edges and paint flaking onto the smooth deck that faces the ocean. It is easily distinguishable from the identical houses of the neighborhood that had been built around it years after its own construction. The clouds drift above, reaching for the ocean. Following the sky. The jellyfish. As the sun sinks I sit with Julia on the deck, soaking up its heat and playing Parcheesi. The ocean hums it's evening song in the background. As my elephants travel the board, once, twice, I ask Julia absentmindedly if she enjoyed the water. "Yes," she says, knocking away my elephants with her giraffes, "The ocean was beautiful. I thought I saw some of the jellyfish. They had such amazing colors. It didn't even occur to me to move out of the way."

This surprises me, a lot, but I don't mention it and neither does she. I lose horribly to her in Parcheesi, chatter mindlessly with everyone and no one at dinner as our brothers complain loudly about the mysterious welts on their legs. The ocean's sound gains strength as the night's silence tiptoes into the old house. Much later, I crawl into the bed in the closet-like guest room and force the window open. If I stick my head out far enough, I can see a glimmer of the water, a deep blue. But I know it is not just blue. It is red and purple and pearly white. I thought only I could see it, but that's not true. So can Julia. Although she does not throw away ideas, she also forms new ones.



Maddy Corson, Grade 8

IF TIME WERE MINE

Maya Faulstich
Grade 5

If time were mine,
and I could control it with a clap of my hands, or a
stomp of my feet,
Make a gap in my life, where I could go meet
Anyone.

If time were mine,
and it was controlled like a TV or a toy,
I would make room for any girl or boy
To have fun.

If time were mine,
and I could make it slow, or speed it up fast,
skip long conversations, and make good moments last.
If there were me, the Queen of Time,
I'd share it with everyone.
If time were mine.



Lilia Sawhney, Grade 7

SONNET - A MEMORY

Milo Wiebus
Grade 8

Flying through the sky, weightlessly falling
The snowflake lands upon her amber coat
She is sitting there, the storm still squalling
The town where they sit shant be more remote
She sits next to her brother and best friend
They wait on a bench looking down, not up
The one on the left thinks this is the end
His fingers are gripping an empty cup
Their car is stuck on the side of the road
It won't start back up, so they will stay there
She is sad, their hope begins to erode
Their toes are freezing in this cold, cold air
The thing that they've been waiting for is here
They hop into the car and disappear



Ana Borda, Grade 7

MEMOIR

Amelia Marjerison
Grade 8

Feet wobbled
As pebbles danced under my feet
And dried seaweed pickled my toes

A strange symphony it was;
Obnoxious seagulls
Voicing their opinions.

Waves lulled me,
Matching my own slow heartbeat.

Tiny laughs
Sprinkled into the mix
Like little dots of happiness,
Or freckles on someone's face.

And my heart swelled
Like the waves,
Getting more intense every time.

My family and I were all alone together
On a crazy adventure.
And nothing else mattered but them.

THE SEA

Tristan Hardel
Grade 6

The Sea
Endless legions of white and blue horses charge forth
Smashing into rocks and shores until they give way
Rocking fishing boats and oil tankers alike
Then lightning strikes, thunder booms,
and the rain comes down in
sheet after sheet.
Boats and sea scum are tossed to and fro,
And then everything is still.
Everything is
Still.



Megan Estabrook, Grade 6

TRUTH OR DARE

Josephine Nicholas
Grade 7

They say the ice will hold
of that I am sure
I don't know whether just their words
will be enough
to carry me as I cross the river though

Just the thought of turning down the
dare makes my eyes burn
I would never
That would mean turning down my one
opportunity of friends
and slumber parties
and birthday celebrations

Suddenly, I am racing against the wind
the snow crunches crisply
under my rubber boots
Then I hear it
a scream from the riverbank
I don't know what they say
but in my mind
as
the ice
cracks
beneath me
all I hear is
"Truth or dare!?"

YOU CAN WRITE ABOUT ANY FEELING IN POETRY

Kadin Davoren
Grade 6

Dear God of Poetry,
I have no idea what to write about for my most
perfect little poem.
What do you want me to write about?!
You tried to give me ideas but they are all too
covered up, and forced.
You don't actually want me to share my anger
from my parents horrid divorce, do you?
You think pushing me to retell the heart wrenching
truth of my cousin's death is pretty bad, aye?
You wouldn't even think about taking pride in
forcing me to spit my deepest insecurities and
worst nightmares, yes?!
What's up with that, poetry, hm?
Oh, I'm sorry, my bad, I get it now, I'm supposed
to write about some beautiful sunset, or eating ice
cream, right?
Well part of poetry is telling the truth. Well that's
part of life, too, you know?
Do you get it now, my dearest Poetry God? In both
real life and writing we can cover up reality, but
they are the best messed up things to express.

A Candy Spell

Nell Shamel
Grade 8

It was the middle of the day
And I was sleeping my problems away
When from outside I heard a crunch
And saw the little devils munch
The stupid boy was on the roof
Clearly he was aloof
That he was eating up my house,
Like it was cheese and he a mouse.

I let them in but to my horror
The little girl licked the floor,
Then asked me if they could stay,
And I cried out No Way!
But the children wailed and cried
Until I would abide.



Sarah Dressel, Grade 7

I was kind and I was good
I filled the boy full of food,
But the little girl's manners were poor
And she was such a bore,
So I made her mop the floor,
And help me with my daily chores.

Soon I started to despair,
Each day they were getting harder to bare,
It was like my worst nightmare,
Until one day I lost my mind,
Oh yes, I began to swear,
Which gave the children quite a scare.

I locked the boy in his room,
And told the girl to get a broom,
But alas,
The foolish girl began to fume.

I trusted the girl to do as told,
So I asked her to hold,
The oven door open wide,
So that I could climb inside.

But when I stuck my head in there,
I smelled the scent of burning hair,
The oven had been left on,
The door slammed and girl cried,
"Oh dear brother, the witch is gone!"

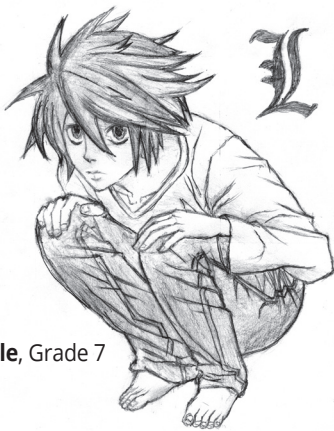
A GREEN MAN'S REGRETS

(A PARODY OF DR. SEUSS'S 'THE LORAX')

Maddy Corson

Grade 8

Joquin
Peterson-Bonville, Grade 7



At the far end of the bay
where the sea grass grows
and the current tastes slow-and-sour when it flows
and no creatures ever swim except old minnows...
is the Wreck of the S.S. Unless.

And above this place, some fish say,
if you look close enough you can still see today,
where the Unless once sailed
until the ship failed
and the current swept the Unless away

What was the Unless?
And why was it there?
And why was it sunken and swept-to somewhere:
the far end of the bay where the sea grass grows?
The old Twice-ler lives near.
Ask him. He knows.

He lives upon land,
if you're willing to search,
In the small grubby shack
on the hill, by the church!
And on special dank nights
you may see him peek
out of his shutters
and sometimes he speaks
and tells how the Unless
was sunken away...

Back in the days when the sea grass was still green
and reefs still healthy
and the water still clean,
and the laugh of the herring gulls rang out in space...
one morning, I came to this glorious place.

And I first saw the sea;
miles and miles of glorious sea!
As I stood there, in my suit, in the salty sea breeze,
and I thought to myself,
who then yearned for wealth,
My! This is the key!

I will build a large ship
and sail miles out,
I'll construct a large platform –
succeeding, no doubt –
as I drill past the ocean,
and into the earth,
For the valuable oil,
which now has high worth!
In no time at all, I had built a large rig,
with gizmos and gadgets and all sorts of things.
And there, in the center, a big shiny drill...
little did I know that my plan could kill.

Then all of a sudden, there was a noise:
a crunching, a swirling, a schlurp-ing of sorts

As I covered my ears to block out the din
I saw that the drill had begun to spin!

But over the ruckus, there was a large thump,
from the ocean arose an interesting clump
of critters and creatures of all different kinds,
none of which you'd see along the coastline:
seals, dolphins, swordfish, and whales;
some little as crabs and lobsters and snails!
I raced to the edge as one started to speak;
I'll admit I was startled, I let out a shriek...

"Mister," said one with a wet, salty sneeze,
"We are sea creatures. We speak for the seas.
We speak for the seas, for the seas have no tongues.
And I'm asking you, sir, at the top of my lungs" –
she was very upset as she chattered and wheezed –
"What's that THING you are doing with our seas?"

"Look, creatures." I said. "There's no cause for alarm.
I drilled just one hole, I am doing no harm.
I'm being quite useful: I'm drilling for oil!
All that I'm breaking is your deep-sea soil."

They looked unconvinced, oh, they were giving me
cramps!
So then, at that moment, I went on a rant:
"Oil is useful, yes indeed!
Oil is something that everyone needs!
This substance is used in all sorts of machines:
heaters, planes, lamps, and trains –
really, you creatures, there's no need to complain!"

"I repeat," cried the dolphin,
"we speak for the seas!"

"I'm busy," I told them.

"Shut up, if you please."

And, ignoring their pleas,
ten more rigs were built!
My employees
were working full tilt.
We were all drilling down,
just as busy as bees,
to the sound of the whirring
of drills in the sea.

But, some drills malfunctioned the next week –
the oil leaked!
The spill turned the water
all brown and dirty
but I'd earned lots of money
so I wasn't worried.
Then my employees started dumping their trash
into the ocean with a great splash!
I truly wish I had come to my senses;
I hadn't realized the consequences.

Sooner than later, that dolphin arose,
to complain again, I then supposed.

She snapped, "I am a creature who speaks for the seas
which you seem to be destroying as fast as you please.
But I'm also in charge of the sea's coral reefs,
which are creatures, too – a common misbelief!
Now, thanks to your messes, I will clarify:
our coral reefs will wilt up and die!
Not only that, but when the reefs pass,
so will fish, mammals, and the sea grass!

What's more?
Biomes rely on each other-what about that?
Those creatures will die, too, you disgusting, greedy rat!
And those with jobs in nature, I mean the humans-
they'll lose their jobs because of you and your crew-
men!"

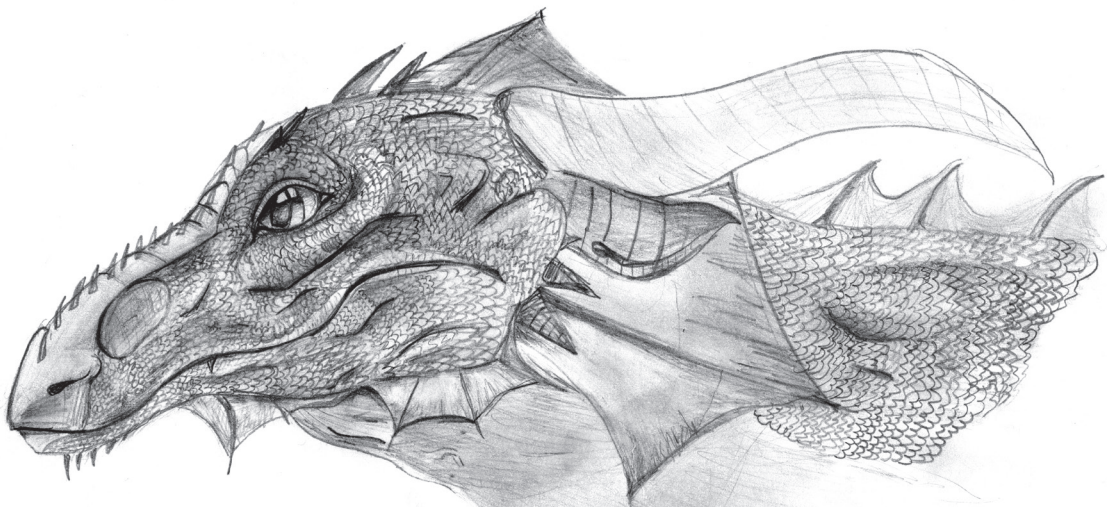
I meant to no harm, I most truly did not.
But I had to grow bigger. So bigger I'd got.
I had went on biggering, drilling more oil.
And I'd biggered my money, for which many toil.

Then, hoards of sea creatures surfaced from the deep;
I was so stunned that I could hardly speak.

Said the dolphin, "They loved living here. But they can't
just stay.
They'll have to find food. And I hope that they may.
Good luck, friends," she cried. And she sent them away.
Then, hundreds of birds descended from the sky,
and I noticed they struggled to steadily fly.
"Twice-ler!" cried the dolphin with a cruffulous croak.
"Twice-ler! Your plastic's causing these poor birds to

choke!
No longer will you hear the herring gulls laugh,
as their numbers have dropped by nearly a half!
And so," said the dolphin,
"-please pardon my cough-
they cannot live here.
So I'm sending them off.
And, Twice-ler, I'm being fair
in saying you're spilling oil without any care.
Now, us creatures are woefully weary,
so we're all going off. Oh, how our futures are dreary."

And then I got mad.
I got terribly mad.
I yelled at that dolphin, "Now listen to ME a tad!
All you do is yap-yap and say, 'Bad! Bad! Bad! Bad'
Well, I have my rights sir, and I'm telling you,
I intend to go on doing just what I do!
And for your information, I'm figuring
on biggering
and BIGGERING
and BIGGERING
and BIGGERING!



Ava Fox, Grade 5

And at that very moment, we heard a sad whirl...
The last drop of oil'd been drilled, I concurred.
Then looked around, and I saw the mess
of sludge and oil caused by me, I'll confess.
My employees said, 'Goodbye,' every one,
since there was no more work left to be done.
Now all that was left: the now-smelly sea,
my boat, my rigs, that dolphin, and me.

That dolphin said nothing, just gave a glance back;
with her tail she gave my ship a large smack.
I peered over the railing to see what she'd done,
as I did so realizing she had already gone.
That dolphin, somehow, 'pon the S.S.,
had written one haunting word: Unless.
Then, at that moment, the ship began to sink,
the dolphin must've worked some strange magic,
I think!
And in that oily trash, I was forced to swim home,
and to sit in my estate, to feel all alone.
It took many years to figure out what it means,
but now that I know, so obvious it seems!
Unless I had listened, unless I had cared,

unless I had realized the environment is shared...
Unless I had known the destruction I was doing,
the ocean, and nature, wouldn't be ruined.
Now thousands of minds scramble to clean up my
mess,
though there isn't much hope, if I'm being honest.

"So..." calls the Twice-ler.
from his face, a tear falls.
"I have nothing to give,
no seeds at all.
Not even a herring gull's egg, whose laugh rang
out in space,
on the morning I arrived in this once-glorious
place.
I took to this shack out of sheer shame;
for the environment's destruction, I am to blame.
As a human, I was in charge of this planet's seas,
and seas, not money, is what everyone needs.
But I can't clean up the sea, then treat it with care.
I've dirtied clean water, and then the fresh air.
Of my decisions I cannot backtrack;
that dolphin and her friends
will never come back."

LEAP OF FAITH, A MEMOIR

Fiona Brown
Grade 8

I crunch my way through the dry grass and cracked ground. Aunt Debby had told my brother and me that the people here were experiencing a severe drought. Now I know it's true. I wonder what it would be like to live in this place; a constant struggle to obtain food and water. At home, my brother and I complain when we don't have cheese sticks or pita chips. Here, some people would be lucky to get one small meal every day. My stomach grumbles at the thought, shaking me out of my head and back to the ground. As I focus on reality, I become aware of the hot, Kenyan sun beating down. It's burning, though low in the sky. I notice myself sweating and duck into a classroom for shelter.

When someone says classroom I think a room indoors, painted a neutral color. This room has desks or tables and chairs for all the students. It has plenty of books and maybe is decorated to match the teacher's interests. The room I have just ducked into is more like the equivalent to how an American would picture a long-abandoned home. The walls and floor are dirty and covered with a thin skim of dust. Made of cement and plywood, this classroom is not the sturdy, steady thing a place of learning should be. There are a few small tables, several rickety chairs, a blackboard that looks older than my grandmother, and shelving for the few textbooks and the girls' meal-

time dishes. Other than that the room is empty. No hanging tennis rackets like Mr. Shardlow's room, no stuffed Looney Tunes characters as in Mrs. Smith's room, not even any paint to spare for the walls. I wonder how it's possible to go about your life happily in a place where a chair for every person seems like a luxury.

As I stand in the room, I hear laughter and foot-steps approaching. I peer out a hole in the grimy window. It's Crystal, Brenda, and Damaris, three girls I had talked with earlier. They're in Form Two, which at Tembea Academy is equal to a sophomore. When we had talked before, they had seemed nice enough and had even taught me a bit of Swahili in exchange for a Spanish lesson. These girls have shown me so much kindness already, so I can't figure out why, when they walk into the classroom, butterflies fly to life in my belly. Maybe it's because I'm still a stranger in this land, maybe I'm just hungry. However, there is one "maybe" that stands out the most to me. Maybe my tummy flutters with butterflies because, as friendly as these people are, I've never met anyone whose shoes I was not able to put myself in. Despite getting to know these girls earlier, I have absolutely no way to relate to them.

"Hello Fiona," their thick, Kenyan accents (which I'm still working on understanding) emphasize the



Fatima Arjawarin, Grade 8

"o" of my name making it more of a "fiOna". For a few moments we stand in an awkward silence, then I remember something. When we had talked before Crystal had told me she loved to dance. Now, I have an idea.

I turn to her and, pushing away all my nervous thoughts, I tentatively ask, "Would you like to learn some ballet?"

The soft mocha-colored features of her face light up in a way I've never seen before. Her excitement is contagious, as I begin with first position I feel the rush of enthusiasm you feel when you know you've just met a great friend. We work our way up through the positions using the rough shelves as the barre. I correct Crystal's feet, show her how pulling in her knees will keep her feet in their position.

As we move on to changements, there's a small realization starting to nag at the back of my mind. Suddenly, suspended in the leap of my very poor grand jeté it finally hits me: the reason why the girls at Tembea are so joyous all the time. Every girl here lives in a world without fancy, new clothes or big houses, but because they don't have these things it allows them to realize what a blessing it is to be where they are. They understand all of the opportunities education provides better than any of us ever could. Without their education, everyone at this school would be trapped in a hopeless existence married to a much older man. The majority of the girls of this country are locked in a continuous battle against society to gain the rights to an equal education. Here at Tembea, the battle is won. These girls recognize what an enormous gift this is and try to spend every day taking advantage of it. I glance over at Crystal. As if we're reading each other's minds, we take fourth position, prepare our pirouettes, and launch. Together.

DON'T STOP

Jocelyn Ruffner
Grade 7

Stop.
Collect your thoughts.
Go. Go, go, go.
Study until you fall asleep
hoping you'll pick something up
through lying on top of your science book.
Retake, and retake, and retake,
Because all of your grades have to be A's.
A-? You're kidding.

You can't let your sister get too far ahead,
And you can't let anyone else surpass you.
Stay on top of work, and keep learning.

Stop.
Collect your thoughts.
Go. Go, go, go.

Socialize and laugh,
With the people who you want to,
And the people you don't.

What other people think is important
You have to be pretty, and nice, and smart
But not too smart, or too pretty, or too nice

Talk and fit people into your schedule,
Even when you don't have the time
Especially when you don't have time.

Stop.
Collect your thoughts.
Go. Go, go, go.

If you're not pretty enough,
Watch tutorials, and practice makeup
To cover the pimples, and tiredness.

But don't wear too much,
because that's trying too hard.
Because your effort is something you need to
cover, too.
Because people will judge you.
And then you will judge yourself.
So try, and cover your scars.

Stop.
Collect your thoughts.
Go. Go, go, go.

Be perfect.
Be everything
Be amazing.

Don't let yourself fall behind.
Keep up. Keep up, keep up, keep up.

The Speed of Now won't wait for you.

THE ROAD

Tori Kendeigh
Grade 8

The road seems to be going on forever
The mountains come into view
We make the long climb through
Up, up, up

Paradisa, the train station
My great Papou took to America
Terracotta red-orange roofs everywhere
Slim, windy roads that are easy to get lost in
The right house, is near

Georgia and Panayoti come out, smiles across
their faces to their ears
Squeeeeeeze, big hug, squeeeeeeze, big hug
New faces of important people
Not any people, my family
Heat surrounds my body
Covering me in warmth

Inside we go, with tons of homemade food to
be eaten
A new smell, a new sight right in front
of my eyes



Aliyah Stephenson,
Grade 8

Goat, on the table, supposed to be eaten
They were just walking up the road

The meat was delicious and I continued to
eat more, and my fear washed away
Panayoti takes us on a tour of the village
We come to an almost empty yard
All that sits is a well and a tree
The German Nazis destroyed my Great
Grandfather's home
He planted this tree before he went on his
journey to America
Now, it is big and tall
Its bark, brown-grey like the back of a squirrel
Cracked and covered with texture
Covered with moss and plants

Without his journey, we would be living
in Greece
Not a bad thing but I would not be the
person I am today at all
Family is special and important

THE MAD MURAL - A PICTURE BOOK

(PRESENTED HERE WITHOUT PICTURES)

Matilda Murray

Grade 6

Crayon Academy was the best crayon school in the world. At least, that's what everyone said. Penny the purple crayon disagreed.

She had disagreed the second she stepped into class on the first day. "Green crayons to room 13! Yellow to 24!" Shouted Ms. Fuschia, barely heard over the bustle of the hallway. Penny's friend Rosie Red went up to ask where their classes were. "You will be in room 20, and purple will be in room 17." she responded with a tight smile.

Rosie frowned, but walked into the room anyway. So did Penny. Once there, the teacher began. "Purple is an important, dignified color," droned Mrs. Purple. "Used in sunsets, flowers, and butterflies."

Penny sighed. She didn't want to draw sunsets or butterflies. She wanted to draw trees and rainstorms. But Mrs. Purple put a coloring page on her desk, and she got to work.

In the next class, they learned about history. "Purple used to be the most expensive color in the world! Only royalty were able to afford it!" gloated Mr. Purple. Penny sighed. She didn't want to hear about how expensive purple used to be. She wanted to know why it was so expensive.

And why it wasn't so expensive anymore. But Mr. Purple handed her a coloring page, and she got to work.

Meanwhile, Rosie was in a similar predicament. "It is of utmost importance that you color within the lines! If you don't, it could mean dishonor on your whole color!" Screeched Ms. Red. Rosie groaned, thinking things looked better messy anyway.

In her next class, Mr. Red was explaining how relevant red was in the flags of the world. Rosie was looking up at the flags when something occurred to her. Raising her hand, she asked, "Why isn't there any purple in the flags?"

The reaction was immediate.

"We are here to learn about our own color! Any others simply aren't important! Speaking about any other color in this classroom is forbidden. Next time, you will hold your tongue!" Mr. Red shouted, going even more red in the face than usual. Rosie growled, and slumped in her seat. Lunch couldn't come soon enough.

But when lunch did come, the two were disappointed to find that they weren't allowed to sit with each other.

One of the other Purples, Patrick, noticed Penny glancing forlornly over at Rosie. "It's a shame, isn't it?" He said sadly, staring at the yellow table himself. "But they're their own color, and we just have to accept that."

On the other side of the cafeteria, Rosie was mad. She felt as though steam was about to come out of her ears. How dare she not be able to sit with Penny! She was already stuck in class with the other reds, but now she had to have lunch with them, too?

So she stood up, simultaneously attracting the attention of Penny and the teachers. "Penny! Come here!" she shouted, and Penny, nervously glancing between her waving friend and the stomping teacher, obliged.

They ran towards each other, but other crayons stopped them in their tracks. "Hey! You can't do that!" yelled Robert Red from beside Rosie. "This table is for reds only." Penny stuttered, as a teacher pointed towards the purple table. She hung her head, and shuffled back.

The classes after lunch passed in a monochromatic blur, until the bell rang and it was time to go home.

But later, high up in the branches of Rosie's tree house, neither of the two friends could find a reason good enough to convince the principal to teach the students as one. "We could learn about

crayon history as a whole," said Penny. "It could lead to the discovery of a new color!" said Rosie. They wrote them down.

They went on through the night, shooting ideas back and forth. But all too soon, Penny's mother was yelling from next door. Both friends promised the other that they would think of something before school tomorrow.

And they did. Penny, tossing and turning, thought of Patrick and the way he had stared towards the yellow table with the same upset as she towards the red one. Maybe she could get signatures, or hold a vote. That might work! And Rosie, doing some tossing and turning of her own, began to think of her anger at lunch, and how no one but Robert or the teacher on duty seemed to care. Maybe they could protest by refusing to sit at their own tables.

And as they traded ideas in the morning, in front of the building they both dreaded so, they came to one conclusion. "We need more people," stated Rosie.

So, for the next few days, notes were passed across classrooms, notes were slipped into lockers, and hushed conversations were held in hallways. More than one hurried "I'll do your homework"s were passed around to keep people quiet, but their peers were more or less on their side.

As their ersatz army gathered in the green art room after class, the two friends felt very different. The group was upset and angry, and for this reason, Rosie felt a sense of pride. But Penny, of dread. The plans for a march into Principal Gold's office and a rainbow vandalism of his shiny, golden things made Penny feel sick to her stomach.

She grabbed Rosie's shoulder and, ignoring the grin on her friend's face, nearly shouted that her plan wouldn't work. "My plan?" sneered Rosie, a mask of betrayal hiding her own misgivings. "We came up with this together, and I'm not gonna jump ship." she turned, and addressed the army.

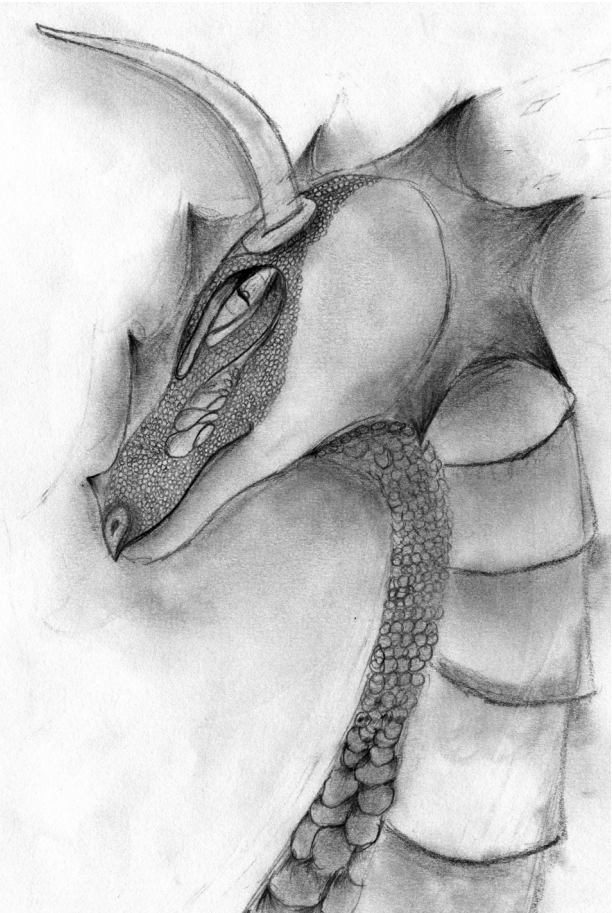
"We are going now, and if you aren't brave enough to do this, don't come." Rosie's cold voice echoed around the room, and Penny tried to protest, but her voice wouldn't work. As the ranks drew closer and closer to the door, Penny did the only thing she could think of, and she hurled a mural canvas in front of the door.

The many colorful heads slammed against the canvas, and Penny's eyes widened. "That's beautiful!" she whispered, never having seen so many colors put together before. The other crayons backed away in shock, in awe of seeing their colors together at last.

Bethany Blue turned to Rosie and muttered "I would rather color on a mural than on Mr. Gold's stuff. . ." and the other crayons nodded their heads. Rosie, shocked, backed away from the treachery, sitting down next to a grinning Penny. Rosie hung her head, and muttered "I guess it was a stupid idea anyway." and, after a beat, "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," whispered Penny. "Sometimes we have bad ideas." The two friends watched as the mural took shape, and wondered how the school could possibly break up something so beautiful.

Crayon Academy was the best crayon school in the world. At least, that's what everyone said. And Penny the purple crayon couldn't agree more.



Emma Sammon, Grade 7



Elin Bowman, Grade 7

Always

Emma Sammon
Grade 7

In a land that you and I will never know there was a beautiful boy. A boy so pure, he glowed. This boy made everyone around him smile. He made them happy. His sweet smile warmed even the darkest hearts. His name was Elan, so it was fitting that he loved the forest. With a name meaning oak tree he loved to walk among the other oaks. He loved to watch the leaves fall during the autumn, loved to watch them grow back during the spring. He would sit for hours just listening to the oaks talk. They were like parents to him for they cared for him unlike anyone else. He lived for many years, yet, ageing little. But like all things too pure for the world this one must be lost. And so the pure boy died. In the ring of oaks where he had spent so much of his days. As his spirit rose from his body the oaks threw there roots over him to prevent his spirit for leaving. They wove their net tighter and tighter until there was no space to get through. The spirit of the pure boy was trapped it could not leave but it could not go back into its previous container, it felt to free. To free to be contained. So the spirit of the boy seeped into the ground and into the oaks and into the forest. He became one with what he loved so much. All those that loved him morund and cried but as they dried these tears they started to realize that the forest grew taller, that it looked healthier, they began to see the boy. They started to realize that no, he wasn't really gone that he was just in another form in another shape. That his spirit would always be there but differently. Always that little boy to pure for this world will be with us. Always.

WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS

Brynn Thurber
Grade 8

10 years old

Spotlight candles bordered her chocolate cake with pink frosting spelling out, "Happy Birthday Abigail". And she smiled, surrounded by all of her loved ones. As 10 brought double digits, hopefully new friends, and even more fun. Summer started and she spent nights with friends and fun filled days of hot weather and pool parties. She held secrets and plans for next year. Looked forward to parties and get togethers for the future. And loved her peers who supported her and loved her to. So she grew with beauty and maturity. Filled like a bottle topped off with happiness because she was content with her life. And herself.

15 years old

Five years passed and she blossomed into a young lady. Trusted by her parents to be responsible and good at handling herself. Her friends asked her to keep secrets, and she did. She was the best friend that they all turned to in rough times. She was a leader. Confident and proud to be here. Going out to parties on Fridays, staying in late on Saturdays to sleep and rest. Waking up and spending the day with family because she loved them so much. She improved their lives better in every way. School was now more important since she was in high school and she strived to get good grades. Achieving that was her priority besides still having fun as a kid.

17 years old

Hair pulled into a messy bun so she could read the school letter. About finals and grading. And last trimester forms filled. Graduation was so close she could taste the banana cream pie she was promised after the final person had stepped off the stage. Studying was top priority for her, no more fooling around, she had to focus. Friends understood because they to were excited to become independent women. And of course the boys she had liked, and the one that she did, would have to wait till after that year. One in particular who she had liked since 8th grade. His name was Sebastian, cute cut hair that was black as a panther's pelt. Light blue eyes made for a match that she couldn't resist. And he spoke to her often. But, he had to wait.

19 years old

Graduated and collected she prepared for college with her friends, Sebastian folding her shirt and placing it into her suitcase. They all were laughing and preparing for the 4 hour ride to their college. And she had once promised them that they would all be together for as long as possible. So getting into the same college was ideal as they would be in similar classes most of the time. And Sebastian was moving away for a few years to study his own line of work. They had become close over the year and she cried as he told her they wouldn't see



Evie King, Grade 7

each other for a long time. But promised to keep in touch. Promises which they planned to keep till it happened.

23 years old

College was over. She was now an adult on her own out to discover her own path. Stepping onto the bus she heard a yell. Her name. And turning around quickly she saw Sebastian running up to the bus holding roses and now her, she flung herself into his arms. His muscles relaxed because they hadn't spoken in a month. They realized that they loved each other over the course of that time apart. They never said it but deep down they knew. And he drove her back to her home where

she was greeted by her family and friends as they celebrated and had a small party that lasted till nearly midnight. Obviously passing out in her room she woke up to a note on her bed. From Sebastian. And it read, "I love you." And with her smile now beaming on her face she held it and pinned it on her wall. Calling him instantly and returning the words because she loved him too, she really did.

25 years old

Kneeling down. Holding her hand and everyone else around stopping to stare. He pulled out a small red velvet box and opened it to reveal a blue diamond ring that reflected light and beamed out a gorgeous color. Tears streaming her face, and his eyes squinted as he smiled brightly up at her gorgeous complexion. She said yes. And they got their happily ever after, because she was happy. So was he. And they loved until their last breaths. Surrounded yet again by all her family.

But none of that ever happened. It started in 7th grade, with a text. That night was the start of many, open eyes watering at the words that scrolled across her screen. And as she got to 8th grade she was full of the bullying and names and all the sadness that had formed inside her. She never got her happily ever after. All because of that one, short, text. "You are so ugly"

THE MIRROR

Hannah Juarez-Cancino
Grade 8

You should never trust a mirror for a mirror can lie
A mirror can show you deep cuts and poking out ribs
But that's all a lie I'm beautiful I'm unique
The mirror tells me I'm too skinny but it's all lies
If I'm too skinny then why can't i barely be able to make a ring
with my thumb and pointer finger
around my upper arm
The mirror tells me that my fingers don't belong at the back of my throat...
Poking
But again that's a lie
I'm starting to believe that my Mirror is out to kill me
for all the images it shows of me are weak
with cuts around my upper thighs and along my ribs and arms.
The version of me in the mirror is pale
She has hollow cheeks
and her eyes are sinking into their sockets,
black sockets
But now i realize that's not beautiful
it's sick.
The girl in the mirror... Me
I'm sick.

(Editorial note: This poem is not about its author.)

AN OUTCRY

Eli Olson
Grade 6

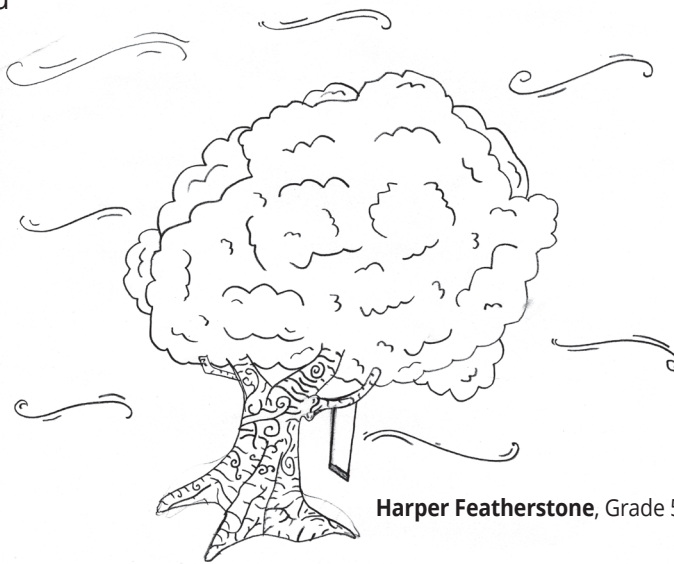
This is a public outcry
Against poetry units and forced poetry
They take the wild forests of your imagination
And tame it.
By forcing you to make a beautiful thing
It ruins the creativity and then rate the very
thing they told you to do, and when they don't
like it, they tell you your unique piece of art isn't
good enough.
But don't they always say "be yourself" "Be Unique"
and "Don't let others tell you you are bad, weird,
and you aren't good at anything?
It is ilke your mind is a bird and it is caged within
the impending walls of the curriculum and the
grade system.
Your mind a robot forced to do the programming
of the state.
Unfair.
By grading this, I say they are the ones telling you
that your work is
Just not there yet. Obsolete. Incorrect.
Yet in the lessons, they always say poems can be
anything
In a classroom, sometimes, that just isn't true.
But the poem booth, thank you for your bliss
In which we can let our minds
Run Wild.
We can create things
that is out of the cage
The eagle within the chickadee
FREE.

SCHOOL MEMOIR

Ruby Hewitt
Grade 8

in a sea of desks
there's talk of games and bags
and long pipes that leak dreams
with the strike of a match
there's a loudness to the whispers I hear
whispers shouldn't be that loud
should they?

there's a girl over there
who everyone knows
and boys without ears
who will stand by the door for a price
in long angry hallways
there are mobs of dwarves and rats
and one single angel.



Harper Featherstone, Grade 5

"MAYBE"

Corrine Rivera
Grade 8

The Lies
They haunt me every day
Trying to escape the world that I don't belong in
drowning in my own fear of the words to come out next
Feeling the pain and the worry
But no one knows
No one cares
I try to put up a smile
Hide the true feeling that lays down deep
"Fake it till you make it"
Never knew that I couldn't even fake it anymore
But I got up
Everyday
put on that smile and walked out the door
hoping to make the best of it
But it's just another day
Another day that feels the same as the last
Sure
Different things happen
But that doesn't change the feeling
Only YOU can change that feeling
"Don't take this so seriously"
"Deal with it"
Maybe you don't take the fact that I'm breaking seriously
Maybe I have been dealing with it for too long
Maybe
So many maybes
So many soon to be
Why not now
Why can't it just be?



Madi Stockman, Grade 7

MY TWISTY TONGUE

Megan Estabrook
Grade 6

My tongue can not do.
It seems to think
Booth is Boof, and
England is Egglard, that
Earth is Erf,
Prine is Plime,
Cake is Steak,
Fresh is French, and
French is Freh.
you had one jog tongue.
You're fired.
-Mutely,
Megan

UNTITLED

Anonymous 7th grader

If conversing was the ability to breathe
we'd be astronauts on the moon,
our helmets cracked.
If curious glances were words,
we'd be the longest novel ever written
with notes
in the margins.
But if pure admiration was billboards and flashing lights,
we'd be Times Square,
lighting up the word
for each other.



Evie King, Grade 7

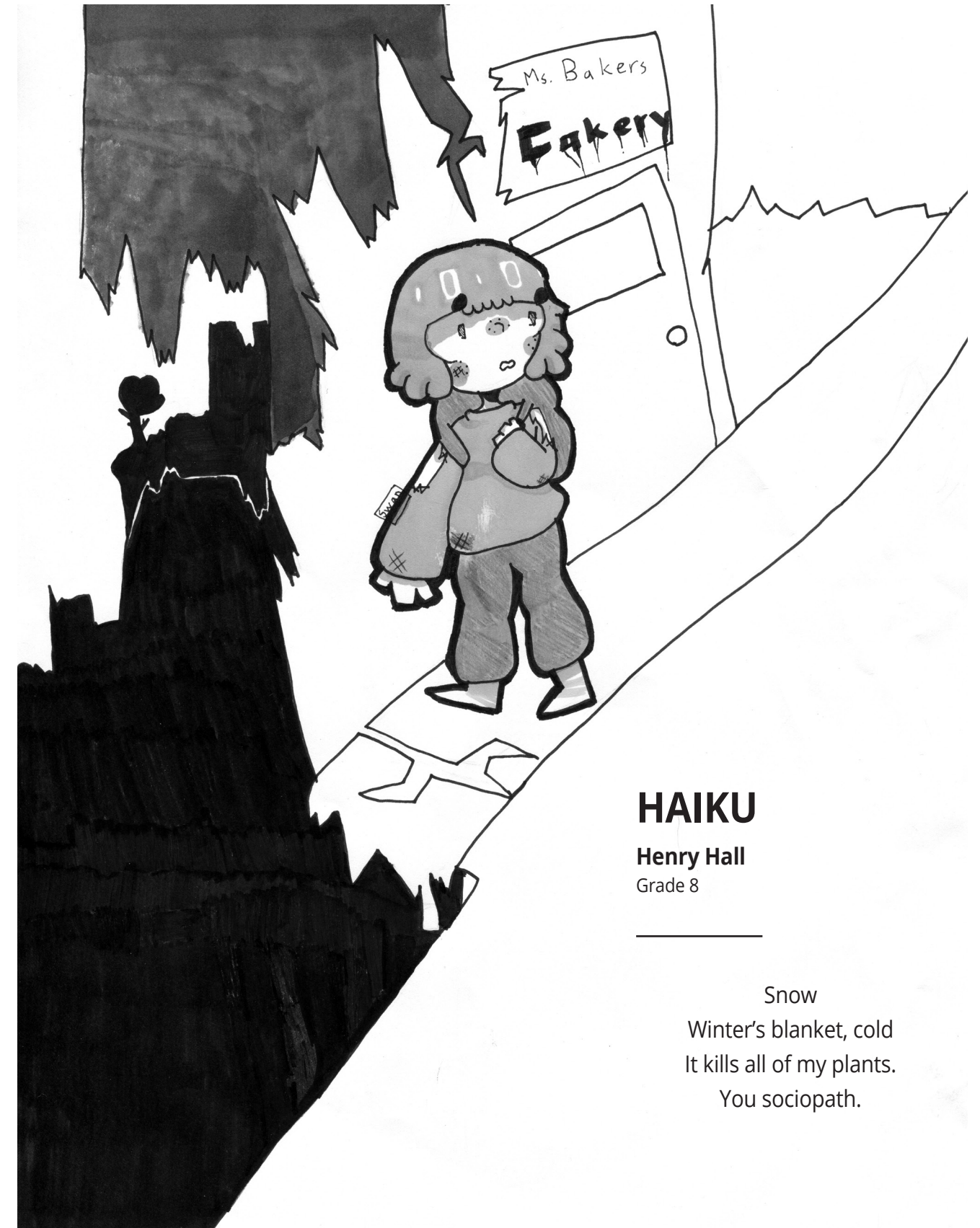
WHERE I GO Callie Meehan, Grade 7

I stand on two planes of what exists and what 'does not'.
 Anything can spark my descent into my own mind:
 It could be a sentence you said with a hint of kindness.
 Or a place filled with memories. Or a song.

Maybe not outright,
 But all those people who tried to help me stand my mental ground
 Have wanted to know the same thing:
 Where do I go when I 'space out'?

Mostly I start new lives and go new places.
 I sincerely believe that who you are partially depends on where you've been.
 What does that mean?
 Well-traveled people are either the most content, or the most free and excitable.
 Either way, they always have the best stories to tell.
 Those who are not (and wish to travel) the most hungry
 For all things in life that their home cannot, or could not, offer.

It's no heaven, this world inside my mind.
 I don't believe in heaven or hell, the system is too flawed:
 Wouldn't the devil reward you for being a horrible person?
 In heaven, no one would appreciate eternal happiness.
 With no unhappiness, no one would acknowledge good fortune.
 People would start wars out of boredom to gain nothing.
 And even the best people, who supposedly reside there, will do horrible things
 to stimulate their minds.
 My idea of heaven is much different: Just a chance to start over.
 Reincarnation, a second chance.
 A free pass to right your wrongs and learn from mistakes.
 In my opinion, that's the best reward you can give someone for surviving life's trials.
 That's a lot of things, you're probably thinking.
 This is merely an assignment on which I take the opportunity to speak my mind.
 But, my dear, we've barely scratched the surface.



Ava Borda, Grade 8

HAIKU

Henry Hall
 Grade 8

Snow
 Winter's blanket, cold
 It kills all of my plants.
 You sociopath.

AND SO, MY TALE COMES TO AN END...



...FOR NOW

HARRISON MIDDLE SCHOOL, YARMOUTH MAINE