

LEGENDA



ISSUE #26

2022

emi

Emi Runge

Harrison Royale has a statement:

First, I would like to thank everyone that submitted their writing to Legenda; whether it got in or not, let it be known we enjoyed reading it. (We got way over 100 submissions! Each one was read by at least five people, who did not know the author's name. We selected the top-ranked pieces.)

Second, Harrison Royale would like to show their support for the Ukrainian people and would like to pray for world peace.

Thirdly, Ms. Agell will be leaving the school and therefore next year there will be a new advisor to run Legenda next year. She's been at HMS for 20 years and shepherding the magazine for nearly as long. This is our 26th issue. May it run for at least 26 more, after which another dragon may have to take over as Not-SoSecret Editor in Chief.

Lastly, as you may or may not know, I, Harrison Royale, live in the heating duct in A115, which someone has to do.

We must be vigilant. That is, after all, the room with the widening crack in the wall.

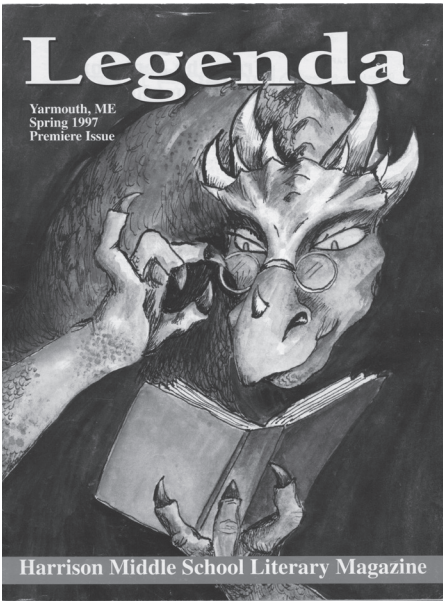
And, well, you never know? When I first landed in this position, the crack was a mere pencil line's width. Now it's, well ... go see for yourself. Just don't stand too close. (It must be noted that some of submissions were sent through said crack, hence their magical strangeness, or strange magic. Or whatever.)

The good news? Nary a whisper from my friendenemy brother John. I think this bodes well. But next year?....

This has been an official message from Harrison Royale, The Legenda Dragon.



Harrison Royale,
Editor At Large



A Poem by the Legenda Staff:

A POEM IS:

A POEM IS EMOTION IN WORDS,
A TREASURE
WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED
A POEM IS A UNIVERSAL EXPERIENCE,
PUT INTO WORDS
A POEM
CAN BE A CRY FOR HELP
A POEM IS A PIECE OF LIFE, WRITTEN OUT
ON PAPER
A POEM IS A MESSAGE TO THE SOUL,
MAGIC WORDS,
A POEM IS A MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE
FLUNG INTO THE CRAZY SEA - WHO WILL READ IT?
WHO WILL UNDERSTAND?
A POEM IS THE INSIDE
OF SOMEONE'S HEART
A POEM IS AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE
A POEM IS UNSPEAKABLE
WORDS WORDS WORDS
A POEM IS AN EXPRESSION OF THE HUMAN
EXPERIENCE
A.
POEM.
IS

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Many heartfelt thanks to the Yarmouth PTO
for funding our magazine this year!



Eliana Goldman

Happiness Is A
Burning Promise

words by Hannah Andromalous, grade 6

Happiness is a burning promise
Certain times
The flames reach the clouds
They bring everyone with it
Uplifting
Energetic
Burning
Other times it flickers,
Barely visible
It needs fuel
It needs meaning
It needs YOU

UNTITLED

words by Tate MacVane, grade 6

The clock struck one and the sun burned brighter
The clock struck two and the moon shone lighter
For it was not the boy telling the story
It was the clock, the sun, and the moon
Though it was not the man rowing the boat
It was the water taking him to the next hour
It was the clock taking him to the future
Although it may not be what they hoped for
But what was meant to be
What was meant to happen
What will take you forward



Jillian Pires

Groups

A clique, a group, a crowd
The ones who know where they belong
They share with their voices loud
The ones who never question
Where there supposed to be
Because they know the answer
It's very simple you see?
The ones who have a group
Are the ones who feel safe
With sharing all their feelings
And maybe something more

The ones who are alright
Like they have done this all
Before?...
But what about the ones
Who don't have that trust or faith
The ones who are much more used to fighting
Than actually feeling safe
The ones who thought the belonged for a
minute maybe more
And then they knew they didn't

Have they been there before?
The ones who remember everything
And maybe have bad luck
That start an "amazing friendship"
And end up feeling stuck

So my question for you is are you feeling safe
Protected and respected
You know its all ok
These friends would never hurt you and leave you in the dust
Or start something
Not end it
Just because.
Just make sure their the ones
Who make you want to stay
Be the ones who comfort you
When it's time to go away
So when your leaving this place
And going somewhere new
I hope you don't have to doubt
That your friends will really miss you

ANONYMOUS

The Forbidden Love: The Day That Changed My Life

words by Rebecca “Red” Riding,
(Sebastian Silver), *grade 8*

When I was a kid for as long as I can remember, I was always being called Little Red Riding Hood, my nickname was Red, my last name is Riding, and my mother had sewed me a beautiful red jacket. I’m an activist, I think love is love, that anyone should be able to love whoever they want and that love always finds a way. Let me tell you why. When I was a little girl, I would help my mother run errands, such as picking food and getting mail from the post office. I had to do this a lot, especially after my father left. Anyway, on this particular day, I had to help my mother get some food for my grandmother as she was sick. So, my mom told me to bring over some assorted items to my grandmother in the hopes that they would help her get better and this is when everything changed.

I had the bag of assorted items with me, I was heading to my grandmother’s house. One thing to mention about the small town that I lived in was Malo Street, this was the street that everyone’s parents told them not to go down, it was where every bad thing happened and where the wolves lived and everyone knew never to trust a wolf, but it was also a convenient shortcut to get to my grandmother’s house. I was in a rush that day, as I wanted to go biking with my friends around town, so of course me being a kid, I cut through Malo Street. One thing to mention about my grandmother’s house was the fact that it had two doors, and that the back door led directly to my grandmother’s bedroom. This was convenient as she was sick and I could get to her as quickly as possible, but it was not so good if anyone was actually in the bed. I knocked on wooden door and said “Grandma, it’s me, can I come in?”, My grandmother replied, sounding taken aback, by my being there replied, stuffily “Yes, just one second my dear” and then I heard some scurrying; my first thought was that

she had just gotten out of the shower. After a couple of minutes she said, “Come on in my dear.” After this, I noticed that the windows had the blinds up but that didn’t seem odd, I thought, as maybe she was trying to take a nap, so I turned my key and walked into my room. The first thing I noticed was that the rug on the ground was askew, that the second door to her room was uncharacteristically shut and, weirdly, the blankets were all over the floor; this was weird because my grandmother is a very neat and organized type. I was already suspicious but when I heard a howl from the bathroom, I looked at my grandmother and said “Grammy, what the frick is going on?”

“My Love, what is going on out there?” growled a voice from the bathroom.

“Grammy, what the frick is going on?”I said, louder this time,

“Ronan, come on out here” replied my grandmother. after she said that a grey wolf with some white hairs in a white shirt and jeans walked out of the bathroom, I couldn’t believe my eyes; my grandmother was having a relationship with a wolf. That was illegal by a mandate by the government, which considered wolves wild animals and not suited to be a part of regular society, I had been told never to trust a wolf and here was my grandmother letting one inside her house. After Ronan walked out, my grandmother said “Yes, me and Ronan are a couple and we know that its illegal, but we aren’t worried”.

I replied to this with “But what if you get caught and then Ronan will have to go to jail and this town will never stop gossiping about it?”

“We know of the hardships we might face, trust me, we do and we know it could not work out in the worst way, but love finds a way” growled Ronan, that was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard anyone say and that is now basically the war chant that I use, and that’s what brought me around on the whole wolf idea. After I had given my grandmother her care package, talked a little bit and her and Ronan, I was ready to head out, but just then, I heard “FBI OPEN UP!” a Frantic Bungling Intruders

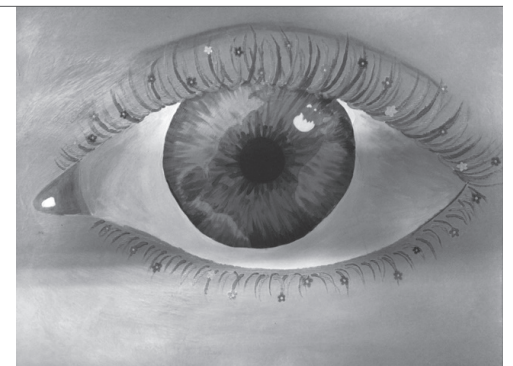
SWAT team smashed down the door and shot Ronan dead and made my grandmother pay a hefty fine. It turns out the government had been tracking my grandmother and Ronan for a while now as their relationship was technically illegal. After that day I became an advocate for the repeal of that evil law, and I also became an advocate for the belief that no matter what obstacles are in front of you, love finds a way, although it was clearly, alas, too late for my grandmother.

Poem - Inspired by Kwame Alexander’s book, “Undefeated”

words by Elise Garcia de Reynal, *grade 7*

We may be the underdog
But we are undefeated
We may be undiscovered
But we will be unforgettable
These are the truths that are left unspoken
Unspeakable
Until one unbending
Unflappable believer
Rises up
Undeniable
To claim our birthright
Our spirit is unlimited
The lengths we will go to unbelievable
And we will soar
We will soar on the broad wings of freedom and equality
And as we fly
We will raise up those in the depths of poverty and sickness
And we will soar together
Higher
Higher
Until we finally arrive at the
Shining city on the hill

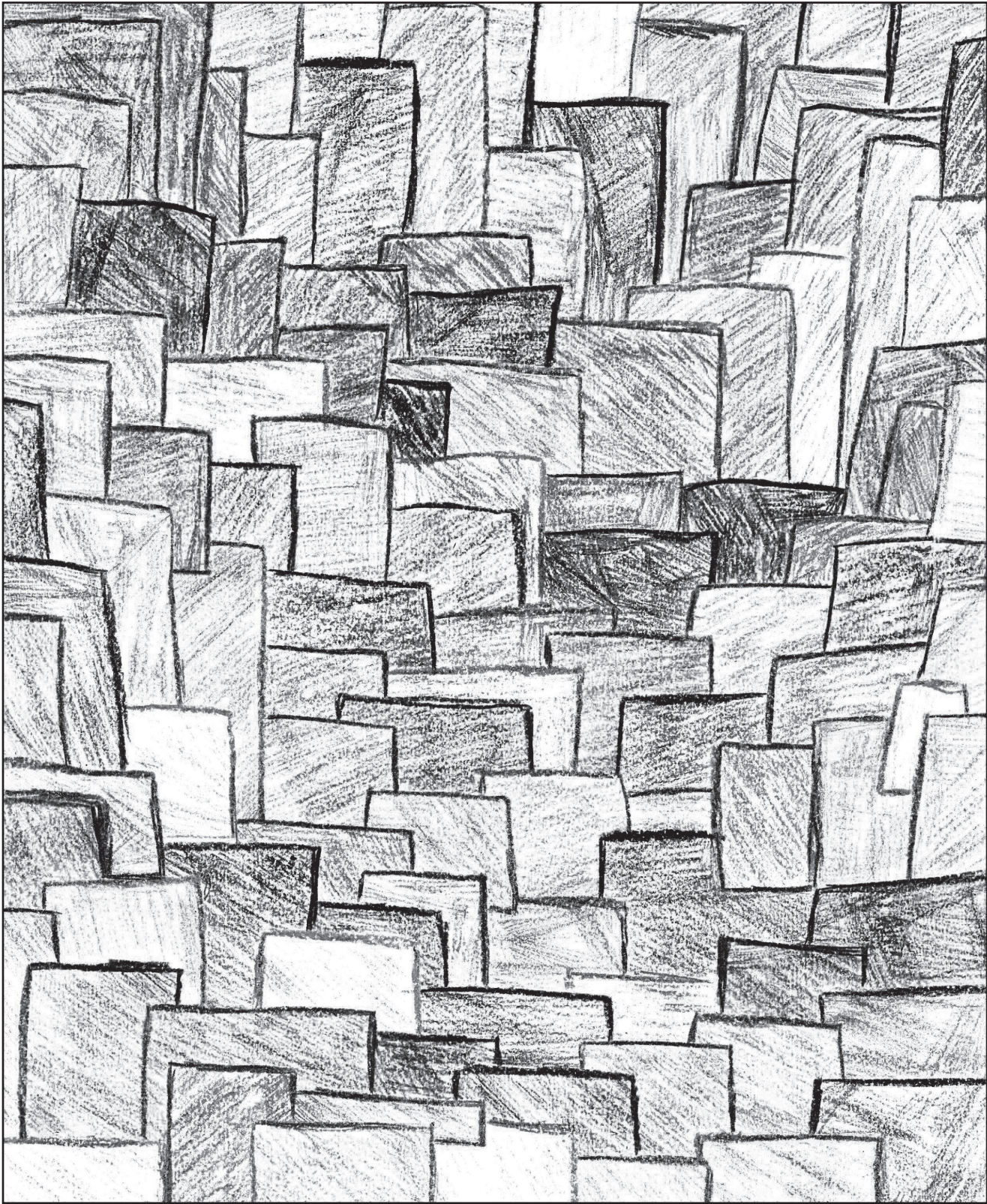
Avery Mitchell



The Burning Dance of the Mind

words by Jasper Keller, *grade 6*

The mind is a burning dance,
Graceful, elegant, and yet destructive.
When one can start its movements,
It will continue,
On
And on
And on.
The dancers, like thought,
Whirling and twirling,
Hopping, skipping, jumping,
Ever turning,
With such wonder as can only be inspired by the fire of soul,
Flapping, leaping, bending, heaping,
Always leaping, keeping
Going, deadly precision, always knowing,
Where one is going,
In the burning dance of the mind.



Miles Sibunruang

March 2020
Shutdown
Home, iPads
Puppy time
Basketball every day
Can't see anybody
Mask up when you go to Hannaford
Stay in your yard
Get some toilet paper now!
Otis is cute he plays with his toys
Can't see friends
Only Zoom
Wearing costumes on family Zooms
Feels so long!
Can't take it anymore
Feeling locked up
But safe
Backyard bike trail
Neighbors working together
What will summer be like?
Hot days in the sun
Pandemic above ground pool
Camping with friends
Not many camps
Just neighborhood time
September brings cohorts
And masks
Small groups
Wednesday remote learning
Cleaning the schools day
No school activities
Seeing friends every day- finally!
Another summer
More normal and not as much masking
Sport camps!
Camping at Winslow, Lily Bay, and Mt. Desert
Rangeley with family
Vaccines for older brother

When will my shot come?
5th grade
New school
Teacher team
More freedom
Lockers, learning routines,
library each morning
Quarantine!
After school activities
Vaccine before the holidays
White Christmas with cousins
Happiness
2022- seven days in
Covid duplicating
Omicron
Snow day!
White super adventure



Erin O'Connor

words by Easton Ney, grade 5

Covid Splash

Anger is a Candle

words by Isa Runge, *grade 5*

Anger is a candle
Glowing with hatred
Burning with jealousy
And greed
Without thinking,
You burn yourself out
Until your nothing but a stub
And you might rethink your
decisions
Will you?



Eliana Goldman

I was brought
From the light
To the middle of the night
Where the land is gray and stark
And the world is cold and dark
I thought the world would end
A message no one would ever send
And if you did, it didn't reach me.
It went out, the candle in my heart,
And if felt as if only part
Of me remained.
But something in me awoke,
And lighter than a whisper on smoke,
It finally touched me.
It pulled me out of the pitch-black,
And brought me back
To the golden sunshine and endless
skies,
And I opened my eyes
To the world I thought I'd lost.
The stars and the sun sang for me,
The grass and the trees told my story,
A story of the cold and warm,
Light and darkness,
And what getting through the
hardest part is,
A story of the moon and sun,
Don't give up hope because someone
Will be there
For you.

A WHISPER ON SMOKE

words by Anelise Feldman, *grade 6*

WE

words by Xela Sztam, *grade 6*

We, the collective,
Find ourselves putting each other first but,
While we do that,
We subconsciously see each other as better, than us.
You see we, find ourselves doing what they do,
In these expensive suits and fancy heels
Dancing along to their ideals
A never ending mirror,
A long game of telephone,
It's all the same, until it will change
And when it changes it will take time,
And time can take its toll.
So, you see, we are blinded by these,
New ideals, these,
Expensive suits and fancy heels, but,
Oh! Society gave us glasses, with broken lenses,
To tell us, this should be the normal;
The form, the formal,
But, when we blame society we blame ourselves,
Because, we the collective, put society where it stands,
Yet, can we, the collective understand, that,
By taking a stand
We are giving ourselves a hand?
But, no, lets see it from the society's perspective
They see it as a blooming flower on a frozen lake
Oh no oh no what a big mistake
The flower, just like the one who stands out
Beautiful and frail, who can't see its own beauty
Dies and crumples under the pressure

For the flower its the cold
For us it's our society
But when we blame society, we blame ourselves
Because, we, the collective,
Put society where it stands.
And can't the society, that we live in, I mean us understand
that
We gave ourselves these glasses with broken lenses
These broken ways of looking
These broken ways of thinking
Where our glasses with broken lenses are tinted with fear
And with guilt
And with anxiety
So let's stop looking through what we're thinking is in me
minds of others
Let's stop judging, the meaning of a look and instead a
feeling
Because, we, the collective, are better than this.
Because, we, the collective are fighting wars
In our heads and in a field
It was us against them, but here and now,
It is us with the allusion of fighting others
But that it is us seeing through the glasses with the broken
lenses
The ones tinted with fear, guilt, and anxiety
Because in reality, we, the collective, are fighting ourselves.
So, I will say it again.
Let's stop looking through what we're thinking is in the
minds of others
Let's stop judging, the meaning of a look and instead a
feeling
Because, we, the collective, are better, than this.

FALLING

words by John Nicholas, *grade 8*

He was walking down the street, enjoying the simplicity of being a 3-year-old when he fell into a hole. It was as if his mind went completely blank. He looked around, trying to remember the thoughts that were making him feel cozy, but they were lost. He tried to remember his name, but even that had seemed to have slipped out of his little memory. He felt alone without his name. He wanted it back. He saw an approaching car and stared at it with wonder. The world seemed scary all of the sudden. He didn't know who he was. He decided to lie down and go to sleep. He was going to find his name.

He closed his eyes and everything disappeared. When his eyes fluttered open, he saw a strange thing. He asked if it knew where his name was, but it said nothing. It had fun hair and he wanted it. He grabbed its hair and tried to insert it into his mouth. To his surprise, the thing started dancing. He laughed. It was funny. It started hopping up and down, bouncing, until it took seconds to come back down, but one time, it didn't come back. He frowned. Why did the thing leave? It made him lonely. He decided he would leave too, but before he shut his eyes again, he saw a bright little ant carrying a piece of mushroom. He grinned and let the ant crawl onto his finger. He brought it right up to his eye, and was about to ask it where his name was when it BIT HIM! His finger exploded in pain, and he was confused again. Why did everything want to leave? He closed his eyes once again and felt the

ground below him shift. When he opened them again, he could see what looked like a fight between two raccoons. He clapped his pudgy hands, but they left too, startled by the sound. Disheartened, he walked over to a tree that looked like it had a smile on it and started to talk with it. "Hello," he said

"Hello," the tree responded. It had a deep, booming ancient voice. He thought it was scary.

"Do you by any chance know where my name went?" he asked the tree

"It's right over there." The tree pointed an old, withered branch out towards where the raccoons had just been fighting.

"Thanks," said the boy

He wandered over to the place the tree had shown him and saw a cool glowing thing hidden among the leaves. He picked it up and looked at it. It was a golden, shimmering object and he thought he could see shifting letters. He put it in his mouth and chewed. It was yummy. All of a sudden, George remembered his name.



Eliana Goldman

The Statue of Liberty

words by Nazmiya Samoor, *grade 8*

Starting off as friends
a gift from France
the gift of freedom and equality for all

Statue of Liberty you stand so tall
you welcome those who try to reach you
they either stay or are forced to leave
different or same, but we all bleed the same
we laugh, we cry, we are human

Statue of Liberty, freedom for infinity
the wealthy & rich, the poor and the ordinary
agree or disagree, they all must see

They say knowledge is power but yet
they still remain with what they believe

Dear Statue of Liberty, tell me
you welcome people by the golden door
say it's equal for all,
but us aliens are the
ones who take
the fall.

A Snippet

words by Evie Lowell, *grade 7*



Eliana Goldman

Gray. Gray. Gray. Gray. I stare at the wall, feeling full of something- but not the something that I'm looking for. Emptiness is only a concept, after all. I finger the thick quilt in my hand, my fingers brushing across hundreds of memories- and hoping not to brush them away. I hear kids playing outside, shrieking, and squealing with young joy. I remember when that was me, frolicking in the yard, plucking a dandelion from the unkempt grass, and handing it to her like it was a treasure. And to us, it was. I can see her long blond hair in my mind, streaked with what could have been... so real that I almost reach out and touch it. My head feels heavy, but I don't know what of. My head hits the cold pillow, and my stomach tightens. I wrap the quilt around me, and fall into the memories.

Prologue

words by Jasper Keller, grade 6

A spark blazes through the air, at the unsuspecting house. Small at first, the flames engulf the building. A cloaked figure nearby grins beneath his mask and walks away. The deed is done.

I am Connor, and I was on the run.

It's been a year and a half since I was on the cops bad side, but I hadn't done anything bad. After my parents died in the fire, I didn't want to go to foster care. So, in the confusion of the fire trucks, I ran. I later attended their funerals secretly, and was nearly caught. I'd been hiding for a year before it happened, and working odd jobs for Geff, the owner of the Wonderland Emporium, a bookstore. I'd run the counter, I'd shelve new books, I'd clean the cat. In return, he gave me food. But then the Thing happened. And that changed things very, very quickly.

So I'll start at the beginning.

Chapter 1

The Force Awakens (or something similar)

"Connor, a new shipment is in! We need those in storage, pronto!" shouted Geff, the tall, burly owner of (surprise) the bookstore where I worked, as I put a copy of Fablehaven on the shelf. "Coming!" I called back, taking a look around me. Having just neatened up, the shelves were nice, but fifteen minutes earlier it would have taken a professional detective to know they were bookshelves. That was how it usually was after a Saturday of people going in and out, like the tide.

I went around the shelves and down the stairs, stepping over Alabaster, Geff's lazy cat, who was sleeping on the stairs. I



Illustrations by
Ella Cameron



continued on, past the checkout counter, and down to the basement. It was a three story building. The bookstore was on the first two floors, while Geff lived at the top. The basement, or "warehouse" as we called it, was where we stored all of the books that needed to be shelved, or couldn't fit onto the shelves. I spotted Geff rummaging through a box, pulling out books and stacking them by genre. "I need you to put these away," he said, without having to turn around. He put a copy of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland at the top of the fantasy stack and walked up the stairs. This was strange, seeing as he never left me alone in the warehouse.

"If you insist," I muttered to myself, starting with the non-fiction. I kept putting away books, until I got to the bottom of the fantasy stack. There was another copy of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland at the bottom, identical to the one on the top. "Huh," I whispered, picking it up. "Let's put you away, then collect our pay, shall we?" The book didn't answer, seeing as it was a book. But I'm glad it didn't, for two reasons: one, because that meant it hadn't heard, and I didn't want anyone to have heard that cheesy rhyme. Two, because that was just another instance that my life could've gotten stranger, but didn't.

As I walked up to the shelf, I felt a slight pain in my neck. "Ow!" I yelped as I slapped, bringing my hand away with a crushed mosquito, and some blood. I sighed as I walked up to the shelf. Geff needed to do something about the mosquito problem, but never did. He told me once that he had tried several times but eventually gave up, because it never worked at all. I parted the books, and, right next to the other copy, placed the book on the shelf. The air buzzed with energy, and light erupted from the two books. Then things got really strange.

The Candy-Hungry Raccoon

words by Isa/Bird Runge, grade 5

Part One: The Best Candy Shop

It was a beautiful spring day. The sun was shining, the birds were chirping, and a warm breeze swept the ground. On the corner of Sun Street sat a candy shop. “The Best Candy Shop” as everyone from miles around called it.

It was on the corner of this street, in a little town called Pacific Bay, where our wonderful tale begins, because of the warm weather no one would ever guess that odd things would take place that very day. The main character of this story, George Nutin, was a cheerful lad. He was the owner of the candy shop, but also the town’s first place holder of the Sweet Tooth Contest, a contest to see who could consume the most sugar cookies in a minute. George had won at age 8 with a total of twenty-five and a half cookies. He had had a scolding from his mother, and had to brush his teeth twice that night, but he

had still held first place ever since.

George was indeed old, but that didn’t stop him from being funny. I anyone past him on the streets when George had woken up especially cheery, they would be laughing their head off at a joke George had just told them.

George was short and round. He usually wore a plaid shirt, overalls, and a kind smile that showed crooked teeth hinted yellow. He had curly white hair that only grew behind his rather large ears. The top of his head was bald, and shiny and had an assortment of freckles scattered over it. He had soft, baggy skin, and a lot of wrinkles. His watery blue eyes, crinkled to look like he was always laughing, lay behind golden rimmed spectacles, perched on a cherry-like nose. No one knew how old he was, and they weren’t sure that he knew himself.

It was Monday. George whistled as he selected one of his most colorful ties for work: yellow with orange and purple polka-dots. At half past eight, he picked up his briefcase, (all the children insisted it was stuffed with sweets) and walked down the street and around the corner to his shop.

It was when he reached the thick wooden door to his shop that he noticed the first sign of something odd: the door to his shop was already open. That’s strange, he thought I could have sworn I locked it. George peered down the busy street as if expecting to see the something or someone that had opened his door, but... nothing. He gazed back at his door, still ajar. But he was old, and getting too worked up about something made his head hurt, so he decided that he must not have shut it all the way when he was locking it, and it had blown open in the wind. Without another

thought on the subject, he let himself in. First, he went to the back-left wall and flicked on the power switch. A second later, a ball of light flickered into a lamp hanging from the ceiling. Then he went into the back room separated by a curtain hanging from a rod and took a key out of his pocket.

George believed in a lot of things, including the rights of anteaters, but burglars were not one of them. Still, just to be safe, he always locked the extra candy not already bought by eager children in a large, 400 pound safe that he got for way less than he should have on eBay.

After a half hour of setting out all the Snickers, Skittles, Nerds, M ‘n Ms, Sea Salt Taffies, Jellybeans, Chocolate Bunnies, Gumballs, Lolli Pops, Licorice, and other child-pleasing treats, George turned the chalkboard in the window from the side that said: Sorry, we’re closed. Stay sweet! To the side that said Open! Come in! Then he plopped down in his chair behind the front desk and waited.

Ten minutes. Usually, the neighborhood kids would be swarming in through the door, their pockets full of quarters, ready to buy as many Sweet Rolls as they could carry.

Twenty minutes. George thought he heard a rustling sound from outside. He decided not to think about it and instead picked up a Chocolate Bar, unwrapped it, bit into it, and chewed it thoughtfully.

Then...BOOM! George sat bolt upright. Someone was outside.

Part Two: Jimmy McMuffin

BOOM! No one, not even the bullies from the school demanding candy had ever knocked this hard. Come to think of it, bullies from the school never really knocked. They just broke

through the door and held up their little plastic water guns acting just like a sheriff George had seen in a cartoon when he was younger.... BOOM! George flinched. Just who could be on the other side? Who could be banging upon his door with enough force to knock his door, his beautiful green door off its hinges?

His thoughts were interrupted by another crash.

“Oh, this is ridiculous,” he said as he got up and stomped to the door. “I can’t just sit here in my chair and wait for whatever happens! It’s probably just some disrespectful child or—”

A raccoon? George had flung open the door to find a raccoon standing on the doormat. It was a very odd raccoon. It had leather, high-heeled, buckled boots, that went up to his knees. It had a bowler hat with a red feather sticking up on one side, and huge metal arms that went up to his elbows. It also had black sunglasses, a toothpick in its mouth, and a lopsided smile.

George stared at the raccoon. It stared back. Then it spoke.

“Hiya there. Sorry for the scare.” It gave a short high-pitched laugh. “No, no. What am I kidding? I’m not sorry at all. You see this is a robbery. I tried to rob your shop last night, but I didn’t know you locked all your candy in a safe. Even these bad boys can’t punch through the metal protecting your sweets.” He punched the air with his metal fists.

“What’s wrong?” snickered the raccoon. “Has the cat got your tongue?” At this, the raccoon doubled up practically howling with laughter. It took him quite a while to calm down. When he did, he wiped his eyes on the back of his metal arm, and said, “Jimmy’s the

name. Jimmy McMuffin. It’s hard to get a proper hello out of the kids round these parts. When I held out my hand to them, they were already halfway down the street screaming their little brains out.” Then, he held out his hand to shake George’s. George, however, just said in a hoarse whisper, “Talking. Raccoon.” And slammed the door in Jimmy McMuffin’s furry face.

That, however, was the worst thing he could do. For he had offended Jimmy McMuffin and now there was no turning back. The next thing George knew was that Jimmy was on top of the shop, because just then he heard the clip clop of heels above his head then there was a loud BANG! (Jimmy had made a hole in the roof) and then the raccoon was behind him.

“Now, we can do this the easy way, or we can do this the hard way.” said Jimmy.

“May I ask what the easy way is?” said George in a small voice.

“The easy way is that you step out of this shop and wait outside until I’m done taking all your candy. It just so happens that I was craving candy when I heard about the ‘Finest Sweet Shop’ in the world or whatever they call it.”

George thought about what awful thing Jimmy McMuffin would do to him if he refused. But then he thought about all the kids’ sad faces when he told them that he didn’t have candy for them. That was enough.

“NEVER!” he yelled.

Jimmy stopped shoveling the candy George had put out that morning into a big brown and extremely dirty bag. He looked angry, even a bit surprised. Obviously, he had thought George would be walking towards the door. He dropped the bag, spit out the toothpick he had in his mouth, looked at George over his black sunglasses, and said:

“You messed with the wrong raccoon, Amigo.”

George gulped.

Jimmy dived. Before George knew what was happening, the raccoon was on top of him wrestling him to the ground.

Now, we don’t know much about George’s childhood other than he won the Sugar Tooth contest when he was 8, but we do know that he was both a sugar crazy maniac, and a professional wrestler. So, when Jimmy dived at him, he knew exactly what to do.

In a way.

Quickly, he positioned himself in Stage 4, the Chinese Hedga-roll. He threw the raccoon off him and then did a somersault landing his foot in Jimmy’s face. However, George was an old man. As soon as he had kicked Jimmy, his back cracked.

“AAAARRRGGGHHH!”

And it wasn’t just one crack, it was the whole back. George had never felt anything more painful or more relieving. His back had indeed been hurting for the last few days. Jimmy, however, was doubled up again laughing and wheezing, his hands on his knees. In fact, he laughed so hard, tears started coming out of his eyes.

“To think,” he spluttered, “a man --an old man-- try to fight Jimmy, Jimmy McMuffin at that!” George didn’t find it very funny that his back had cracked, he didn’t think it was funny at all. In fact, he was so angry and so humiliated that he went to the cupboard. George had a cupboard in the far corner of his shop, just in case. He had no trouble making his way to the cupboard, because Jimmy was still laughing at the fact of George trying to fight him. This covered is where he kept his fire extinguisher, pots and pans, and spare candy to keep the children from crying when he told them he was out of their favorite kind.

Today, he took out a particularly large pan and turned to face Jimmy, who wasn’t paying any attention to George, and had laughed so hard he had started coughing. George quietly snuck up behind Jimmy and—BONG!—hit him in the head. Then he dragged him by the ear to the door. George was fuming. This was not how he wanted his Monday to go at all. Jimmy was in such shock over being whacked in the head with a saucepan that he didn’t even put up a fight as George opened the door and chucked him out. Jimmy just sat there, on the sidewalk, his mouth a gape.

George didn’t even care what Jimmy did to him, --probably haunt him until the day he died--but he slammed the door. He slammed it with such force that the windows shook.

It was now 9:34 am. George slumped down in his chair sweating and furious. He picked up his half-finished candy bar, took a bite, and thought, then confirmed, that it had been the craziest Monday he had ever had in his life.

What I Want

words by Ramona Chamberlain-Kennedy, grade 5

What I want is to move back.

back to that little gray-ish-blue apartment building.

I want to move back to my best friends.

back to making fort blankets in the backyard.

back to running around the garage

back to creating songs and dances on checkered picnic blankets

And back to reading comics together.

I want to move back to the memories.

back to the funny times,the sad times,the happy times.

back to the games

I would even be okay with moving back to the fights

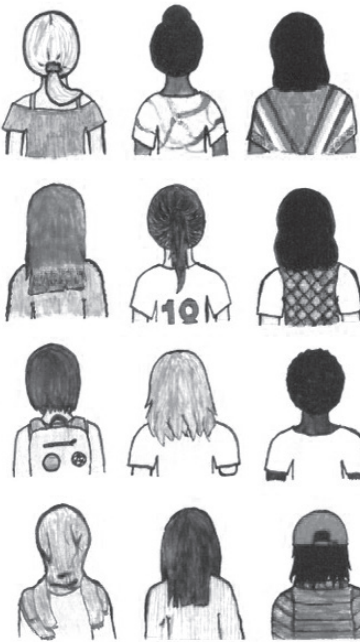
back to the jungle gym in the backyard.

And back to my old life.

back to the funny faces.

back to times spent in each others houses

What I want is to move back.



Abigail Grunewald

words by Evie Lowell, grade 7

There’s something hiding under my bed

I can’t hear it

Only feel it

It’s lurking there

Quiet like a whisper

Unspoken like fear

I try to rid myself of my monster

I hide behind the soccer net at recess

Sit alone at lunch so it can’t find me

I haven’t spoken in a while

Adults ask me if I am okay

But they don’t understand

I’m just trying to protect them

Trying to protect everyone

I can’t let the monster take them,

Or take me.

I run deep into the woods

I have to escape

But then I realize

The roaring, rumbling, growling

The anger, the hurt, the pain

The fear

The monster

Is inside of me

I can’t let them discover it

But it’s too late

Light floods my room

My parents hold my hand

And together we look under the bed

There’s nothing there anymore

We’re safe.

The Monster Under The Bed

Jaylyn Grant



What to Write

words by Gracie Olson, grade 7

I see the trees sway
And I dance to the tune
As the leaves seem to play and the wind seems to croon

The clouds are adrift
In the bright blue sky
As the sun seems to sing and the tree branches sigh

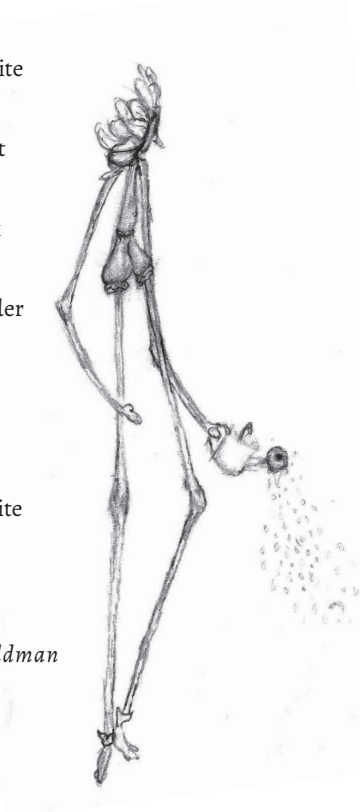
So I sit at my desk
To think what to write
But think I cannot
No ideas are in sight

My mind is as blank
as the sky is blue
And I begin to wonder

Wonder why

Can't I simply think
Of something to write

Eliana Goldman



TRUST IS A CLIFF

words by Isa/Bird Runge, grade 5

Trust is a cliff
And you're teetering on the edge
Of friendship and betrayal
And you are trying so hard
Not to fall
That you let a pebble slip
And the cliff cracks
And breaks
And falls
With you
Standing astride it
You are falling
Into black
With nothing to catch you

10 Ways To Look At A Star

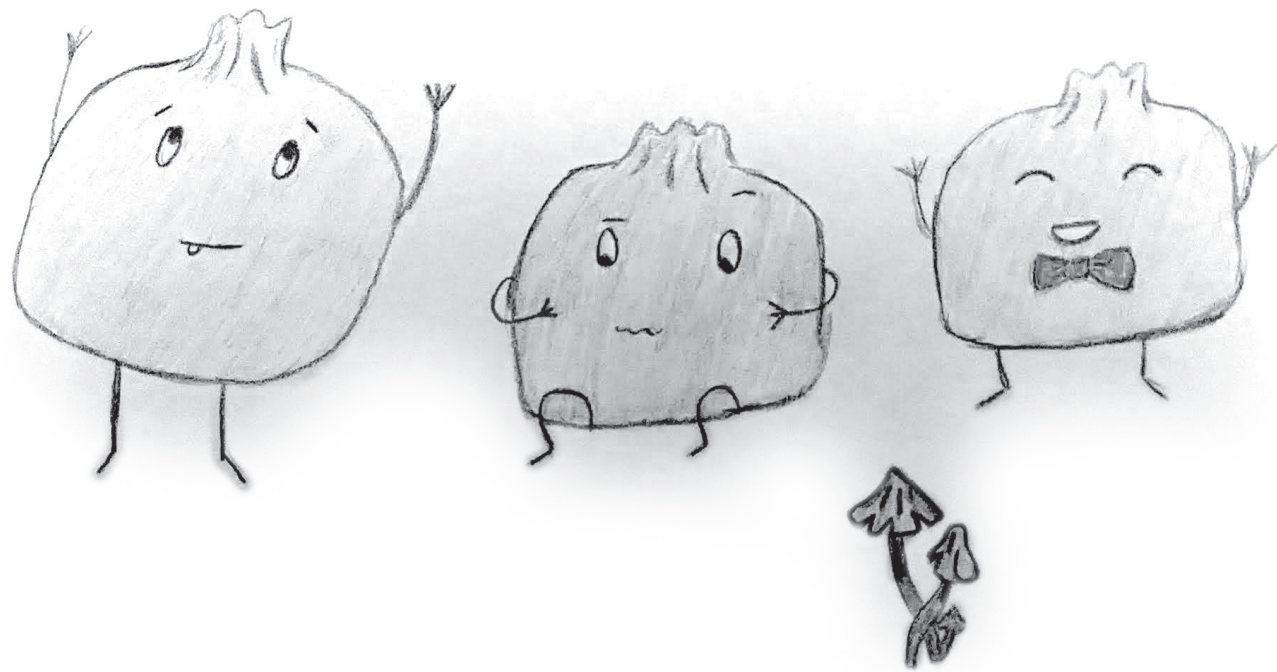
words by Will Huckle-Bauer, grade 6

A bright light in the night sky
An eye that is looking into your soul.
Shining fishes swimming through a deep dark ocean.
A sun just like our own that has a little solar system
all to itself.
An opportunity for life.
Faraway campfires with planetary friends orbiting
round.
A blink.
A tiny light bulb in the vast nothingness of space.
A hint to find the way home.
Twinkle twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are.

Blossoms

words by Aubrey Favreau, grade 8

I remember the exact moment between Siria and me when I fell in love with her.
I remember that moment of flashover when she shocked me. She shorted my
circuits and suddenly my insulation failed. I remember telling her everything
and she told me everything in return. I've never met anyone else who could shock
me like that and I don't intend to. She's the only one for me. The only one who can
truly ground me and divert my bursts of electricity somewhere safe. Somewhere
where they can't hurt anyone



The Ugly Dumpling

words and art by Linnea Herring, grade 8

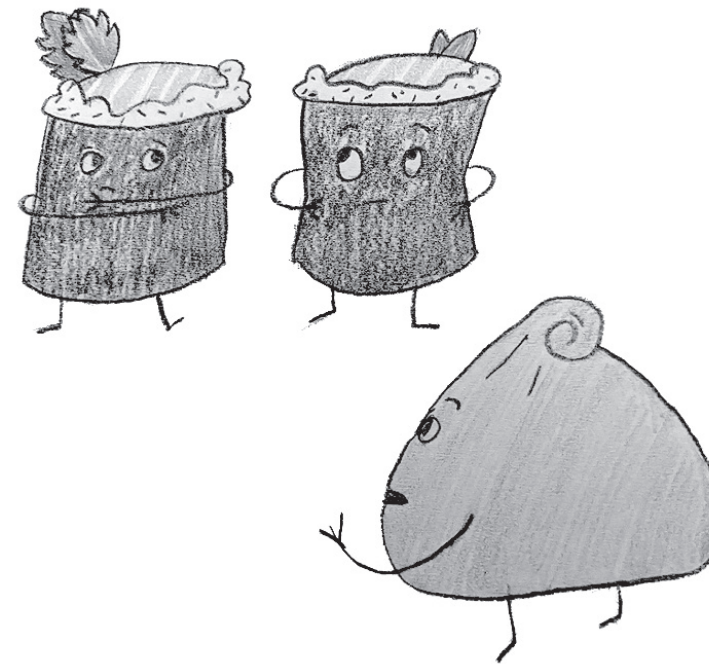
Once upon an Asian restaurant, there was an ugly dumpling. When I tell you this dumpling was ugly, I mean it was mangled and smashed, why it was even worse than that one dropped on the floor! There were many speculations made about this poor guy, maybe he wasn't filled enough? Or maybe he was filled too much, no one really knew. No matter what he did, if he stood tall and straight, his head was still wrinkled. If he sat down, he was still lumpy. He even wore a red bow tie, but that couldn't distract from his ugliness. All he knew was that he was alone on the plate, never eaten. Always lonely.

This little dumpling was about to give up. "I'll never be eaten, I'll never be pretty!" He cried. Just when he was about to lose all hope, a little blob of wasabi overheard his whimpering. This wasabi was everything anyone would want in a friend; she was kind, considerate, and didn't care what he looked like. "I don't think you're ugly." She said in a quiet voice. "I'm Willow by the way." This was the closest thing the dumpling had ever gotten to a compliment. "My name is Theodore, but you can call me Theo for short." As you might expect, these two hit it off as soon as they met. Willow was the more adventurous of the two, she pulled him around to all the sights a little dumpling needs to see in his life. She took him to see all the other foods, and along the way, he learned many lessons.

They traveled far and wide, trying to find where the dumpling belonged. Walking on chopsticks across mountains of flour, hoping not to fall into the valley. They climbed the pile of dirty dishes covered in grime. And tromped through the wild forests of broccoli left behind by some customers. A couple of times Theo stumbled, but Willow was always there to catch him.

Along their journey, they stumbled upon a big pot full of mysteriously bubbling water. "Ooooh, a hot tub!" Theo said, he had always wanted to swim in one. Just as he was about to get in he heard the sound of laughter and remembered this was the noodle pot. "What would it be like," Theo pondered, "if I were the one hanging out in the hot tub all day?" He finally decided to ask the noodles himself. "Do you think I could join you?" Theo asked. "You can only join us if you're a noodle yourself. By the looks of it, you float, we sink. Besides, we don't have time for an ugly dumpling like you." The leader noodle replied. Theo sadly walked away with Willow bouncing along at his side. This interaction had dampened his spirits, but Willow was still as cheery as ever. She wanted her little dumpling friend to go outside of his comfort zone and experience all the pleasures the world has to offer him.

The duo couldn't get enough of all the sights they were seeing. As they continued on their adventure, they ran into a couple of sushi rolls. On their way to see the great napkins of Giza,

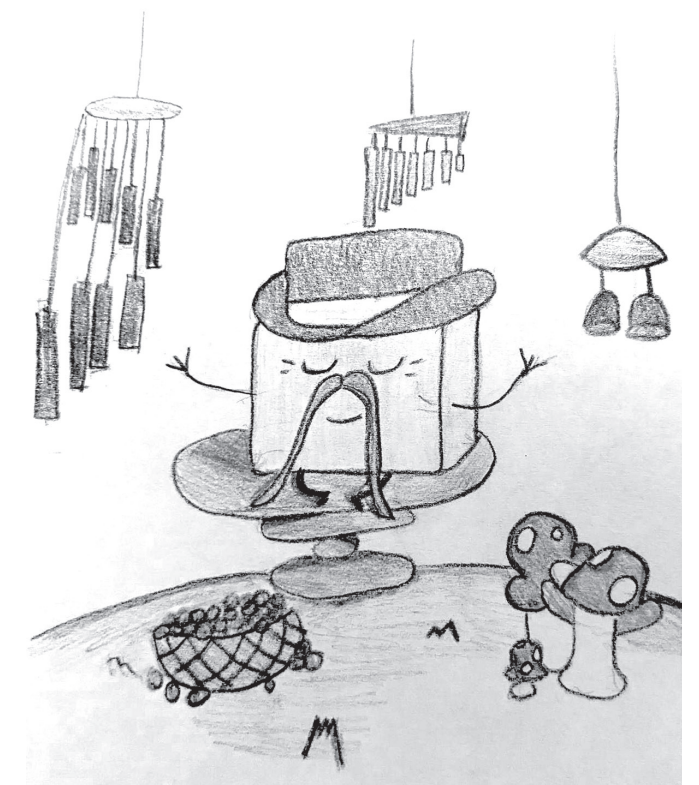


they saw some sushi rolls rolling their way. As they approached, Theo realized how much fun the two sushi rolls were having and he decided to join in. He tried to roll, but he got stuck upside down. Of course, Willow was there to help him get right-side-up. As he tried again, he got a little action but didn't move more than an inch. "How do you guys roll so well?" Theo asked the sushi. "It took us lots of practice but I don't think you can since you're not a sushi roll, you're just an ugly dumpling" They replied snidely. "Oh well, I guess you two can go roll some more." Theo replied gloomily.

As he continued along his trip, he approached the tofu press. This place exuded peaceful and calm energy. An overflowing basket of soybeans was resting next to him. He saw the tofu meditating amongst wind chimes, which seemed to awaken just as he approached. Recognizing this particular tofu as being Torin, he stopped and waited quietly. He admired how calm Torin seemed, taking slow deep breaths in and out. "What brings you here on this fine afternoon?" Torin asked in a commanding voice. "I've been on a trip and everyone I meet thinks I'm ugly and weird." Theo responded. The more Theo thought about this, the sadder he got. "Am I not good enough for anyone?" he thought. Torin must have some sort of mind-reading capabilities because he instantly retorted, "Absolutely not, don't say or even think things like that, the world is a better place with you." This lifted Theo's spirits and he stood up a little taller. "There is a certain place a bit farther down the path. I think you will enjoy it." Torin said. Theo stood up quickly and grabbed

Willow's hand; she had been standing there for the entire exchange. "We've got to go as soon as possible, let's go, let's go, let's go! Wait, I forgot, thank you so much, Torin, I will remember you forever!" Theo was very excited to get up and go to this special place the Tofu spoke of. "And remember, Beauty is in the eye of the beholder!" Torin yelled after them.

As they took off at a sprint, the pair was very excited to see what Torin mentioned. As they approached a bend in the path, a ginormous pile of bento boxes came into view. This place looked like paradise! There were slides, lounge chairs, and lots of dumplings lounging, playing, and walking around. But wait, those weren't dumplings, they looked like Theo! As one approached, she introduced herself, "Hello, nice to meet you, my name is Sadie. You two looked lost, is there anything I can help you with?" "Yes there is just one thing, where are we?" Theo asked with confusion. "You're at camp Steamed Bun of course!" Sadie said energetically. "We're so happy to have you here." He was happy to finally belong somewhere. Throughout his whole journey, he had never found someone who appreciated him. "Wow," he thought, "So I've been a steamed bun this whole time!" Filled with energy and happiness, he ran to go make some new friends.



Of Rash Decisions, Tears, and Friendship

words by Vagni Das, grade 8

Growling, Azana shoves open her window, the night air is shockingly cold, striking her lungs with the force of a freezing spell, and slows down her racing mind. She lets her thoughts simmer in her head. She's mad, and she knows this, white knuckles, warm red cheeks, and frustrated tears give her proof. She never got rid of that particular habit, did she? Oh well, the damage has been done, and as Joseph used to say "No use crying over spilled milk". She never understood it. Actions leave consequences in its wake, and she can still hear the ringing of shouting in her ears. Pacing, she looks out at the dark sky filled with regret.

She misses the feeling of friendship. Point blank and simple. She misses running around in the courtyard, laughter hanging and lilt-ing off of every word. She misses dirty hands and exploding potions from adding too much mint that Marina warned her against. She misses seeing Cia trying out new outfits and styles every other week. She misses going to

the library with Joseph, and bribing Asher with ice-cream. The longing to go back fills something in her chest, hurt and exhaustion come out with a wave of fresh tears.

She wants an escape. Guilt trashes and writhes in her stomach, but a life writing papers in a room, the only fresh air through the windows, and the sun not to be seen is not a life for her. She wants the feeling that she only feels when basking in the sun, sitting on the branches of high trees teasing her friends, and finding her own food in the middle of the wood. She wants to experience the thrill, the affection, the excitement, the pure unadulterated way of living.

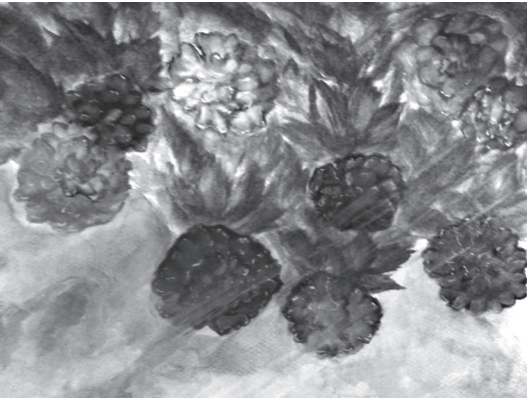
It's a terrible, rash, no good decision, but what else is Azana known for? Sane decisions? After all, it's better to have tried and failed than to have never tried at all, and Azana is doing something that she should have done a long time ago.

She's going to get the heck out of here.

Victory

Victory is a last-minute dance,
A stubborn but faithless stance,
A hopeful yet costly chance,
It's regret, poisoned with pride
That you ever chose to take a side,
Defeat is a burning soul,
A wounded snake,
An ashy coal
That has not yet gone out,
But amid all the doubt,
It will not go out in the face of a bout
A doomed and hopeless bout,
Because you lost once, you will not lose again,
And dread twists itself into anticipation
Of the sudden time when
History repeats itself
Or else it doesn't
It was doomed from the beginning
Or else it wasn't,
When from all the tension and the pulsing battle heat
Rises the final clash of victory and defeat.

words by Anelise Feldman, grade 6



Sophia Farnsworth



Eliana Goldman

Love, Peace, Joy

Joy can fill a room with light
Like love can fill a heart
Like water fills the ocean
And words complete a piece of art

Peace can make the world go round
Like music makes you dance
Like a smile is contagious
And a handshake is a chance

Love can make you want to sing
Like sorrow makes you cry
Like hope can push you to the end
And nothing hurts to try

I hope your year is filled with this
Love, peace and joy
And laughter
And bliss

words by Gracie Olson, grade 7

Blossoms

words by Asher Olivares, grade 8

"How about here?" My mother says with a smile. She motions to a spot in the grass and we lay out our thick red blanket to sit on. My parents drop their bags down on the rear of the blanket while my sister plops down on the front.

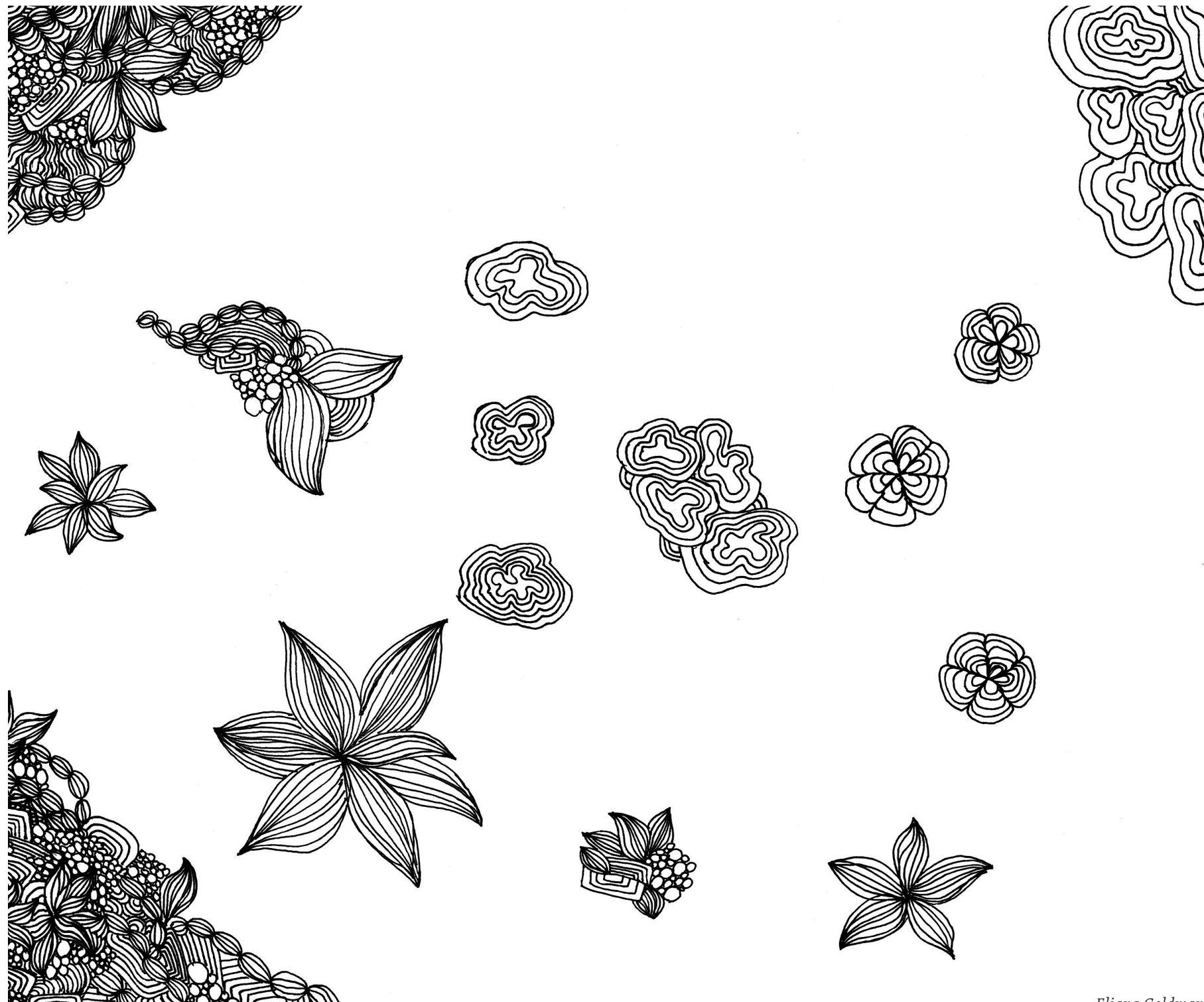
“Stay here ok? We’ll be right back.” My mom and Robert, my step-dad, hand in hand, stroll towards the little line of shops about a mile off.

I sit on the blanket beside my sister and take in the scene around me. Japan in 2017, cherry blossom season is truly extraordinary. Slim trees containing hundreds of pink blossoms all around us, too many to count. The blue sky above is filled with wispy white clouds that remind me of fluffy cotton candy. I sniff the sweet air, it smells of fresh flowers and reminds me of a candy I had had in my childhood. The grass beneath our feet is thick and velvety, coated with dew from the crisp morning air.

My sister has been there all my life, and I can't imagine it without her. I glance over at her and trace her eyes to the sky. Her short blond hair lays beside her in curtains. I remember the plane ride here when we sat next to each other, watching "Home Alone", sharing snacks, and laughing. That was our favorite movie to watch together, particularly during Christmas.

A sparse breeze begins blowing and the blooms start falling. Pink blurs of color drifting toward us, seizing the wind and dropping at odd angles. My sister and I lay down beside each other, our laughter filling the deafening silence around us. A leathery flower lands by my fingertips and I sit up to study its almost white petals and its hot pink center. Small water droplets are clinging to the stamen. I set the bloom down on the grass and I turn around to dig through my mother's small backpack.

I pull out a white paper sack with a gold design. I rip it open and empty the white powdery lumps of mochi into my hand. I give several to my sister and she pours them into her mouth. I then take some for myself and lay back down. I examine one for a moment before popping it in my mouth. The chalky powder disintegrates and I taste the delicate, delicious mochi. The sweet, sticky treat attempting to glue my jaw shut as I chew. I return the pouch to my mother's backpack. I then realized how vital it is to have shared experiences with those you love.



Eliana Goldman

Twas

words by Xela Sztam, grade 6

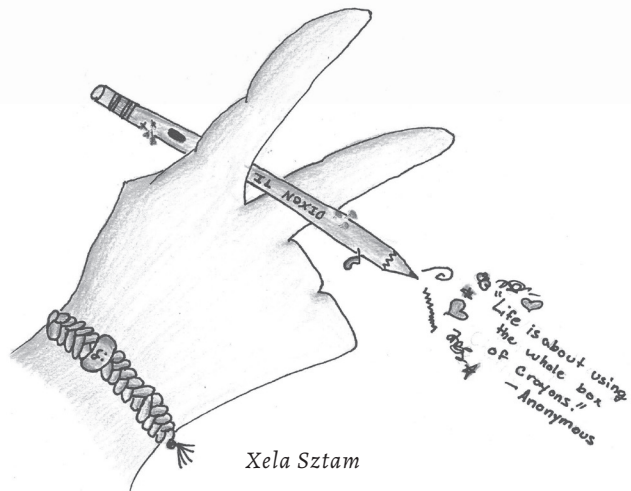
Twas a somber saunter.
3
Walking through the troops
A gun in each of their hands
As stiff as a barbie doll
Sky gray and scattered with fireworks of planes
You hold your pride in your hand for everyone to see.
You know you might die
But you wave your banner
A banner of light and dark
Yellow and blue
A balanced flag.
Gunshot holes adorn the fabric
The wind licks the edges.
This symbol represents your country
It is now yours to carry
Yours to defend
2
You know the world watches
And stares
And gawks
And waits
For this war of tragedy
To end
But you ponder
Will it end?
You still strut, and walk, and saunter, and drag
Lonely
Others believe
But no one can perceive
What you are going through.
You gaze at THEIR troops
At THEIR guns
1
Twas a somber saunter indeed.



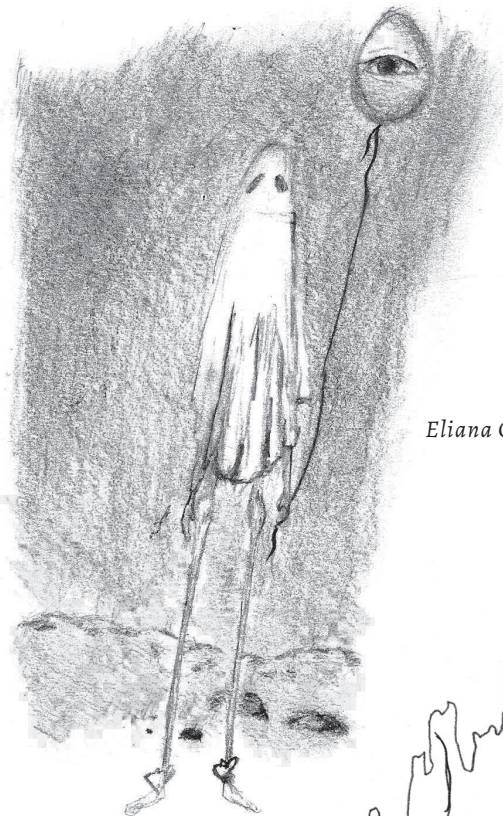
Bella Landry



Kenzie Lentz



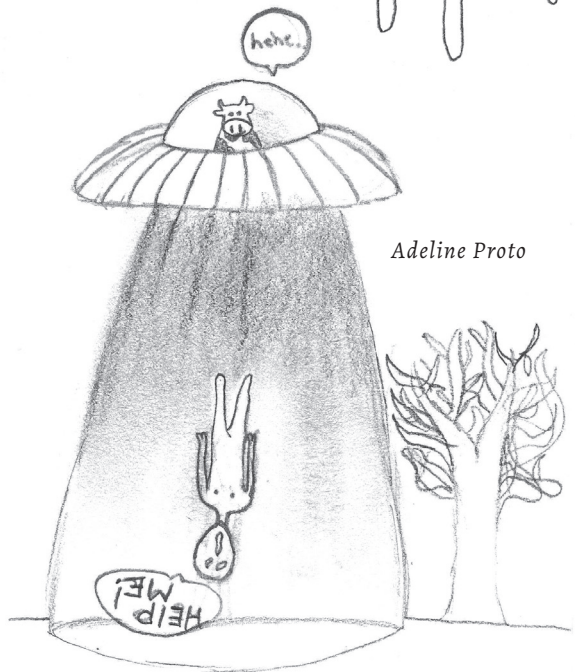
Xela Sztam



Eliana Goldman



Noah Tippie



Adeline Proto

Untitled

words by Jay Duncan, grade 8

A flag, torn and dirty, flies from the pole
Defeat rings in the air.
The flag is torn down and replaced by a new one.
Red, White and Blue, but not as you think.
The flag of freedom not, but rather the flag of
oppression and dictatorship.
They stand in the square, rifles lowered, looking harmless,
like ambassadors
I know that's wrong. I've seen firsthand the destruction
the One has caused
He's standing on the balcony now, while the troops cheer.
Blood soaks the ground around their feet, though.
So this is how democracy dies...With thunderous applause.

Untitled

words by Jay Duncan, grade 8

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Wrote Shakespeare, unknowing of what
soon came our way.
Here in the future, anything gets you killed.
Just have a look at poor Emmett Till.

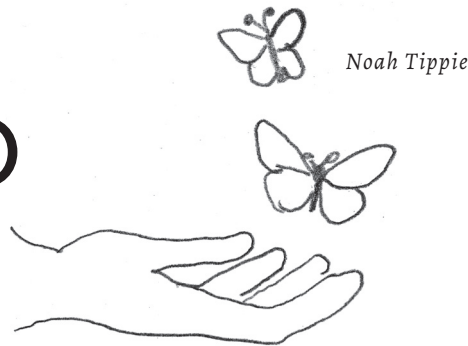
His murder may be illegal, but some are not.
Some people are strung up, dangling from a knot
Many countries will kill you, for showing who you love
And here I was thinking religion was right from above.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
For all we have is hope, at the end of the day.



Limbo

words by Roland Kovacs, grade 8



Noah Tippie

Life is a grand, hazardous, many-pathed river. The air is freezing cold, the winds are harsh, and the paths forward are usually shrouded in fog and darkness. Yet despite this, it is possible to get through it, to the places where the air is warm and the waters are calm. Everyone has their own boat which allows for travel. In your boat, you may find many items, but there are two things that everyone has and needs. First, you have your oars. They allow you to change what path you are going down, and to fight against the currents when they try to force you down to an unfavorable place. Then, you have a fire pit, located at the center of your boat. This fire will keep you warm amid the relentless cold. That warmth will allow you to persevere, to live, to have the will and determination to keep moving the oars. So be sure to keep the fire roaring.

With that in mind, I will now tell you a variant of the story of Limbo. The story of Limbo is one that has been repeated over and over again, by many people. I hope that by telling you this story, you will learn the lessons that those who entered Limbo were forced to learn the hard way. I hope that by telling you this story, you can avoid being one of the many who enter Limbo.

I had a good life. I had everything that I needed or wanted. I had friends who helped tend to my fire, finding and giving fuel. I would do the same for them, looking for and sharing fuel. My storage was filled with fuel that I could use for both myself and my friends. There were also some other things in my storage that allowed me to pass the time, to give myself happiness. The rivers were calm, and the cold was of no concern. I was at ease, and truly happy. There was one problem though, which I was blind to. I failed to use the oars. Instead, I just let the boat be carried whichever way the current took me. I didn't need to after all. I had everything. Nothing would go wrong.

Gradually, everything started to become darker. The fog came closer, the currents came faster, and a constant, unyielding wind began to stir. I didn't notice it at first, and by the time I did, going back was not an option. My fire was dying, and I couldn't tend to it all by myself. I simply couldn't gather enough fuel on my own to keep it bright. I called out into the abyss, asking for help. My friends had abandoned me. No, that wasn't true. I had abandoned them. I had stopped going out to give them fuel. I didn't think much of it, but now I was faced with the consequences of that. I now faced this empty abyss alone, without anyone to drag me out of it.

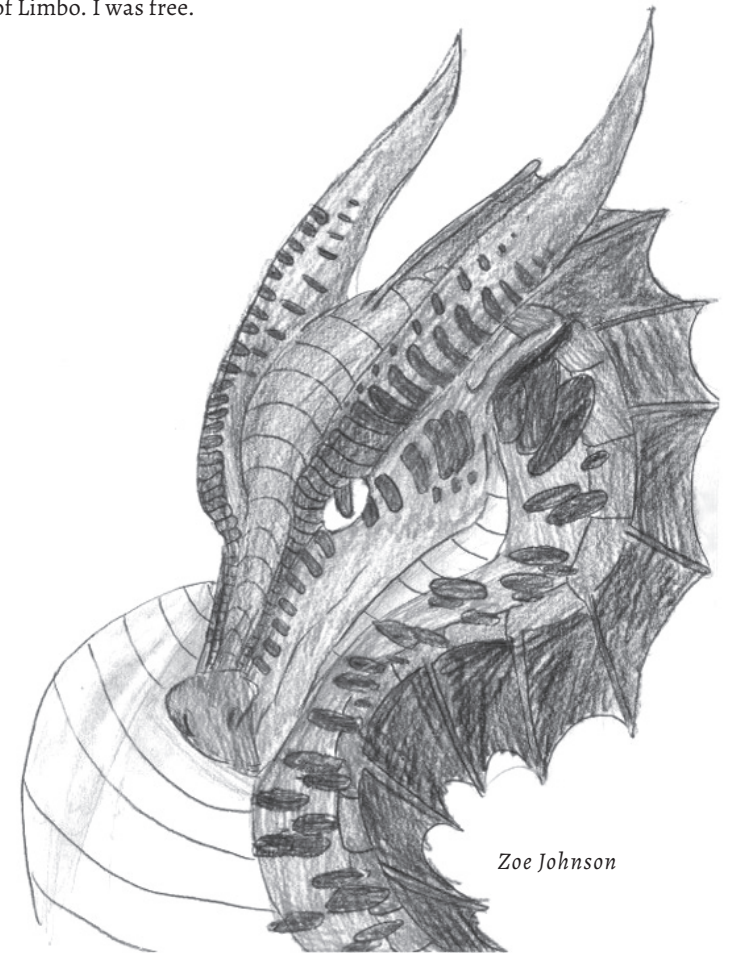
The currents took me in deeper. Now it wasn't just the cold I was fighting, but myself. Every day, my subconscious presented to me regret after regret after regret, filling me with a pain far worse than the cold. I became hollow and empty. I looked into my own eyes and saw nothing behind them. I chuckled grimly to myself about how foolish I had been, how foolish I was now. Just use the oars. It's not over, I could still use the oars. I could still get out of here. There was an opportunity. But I didn't, and I couldn't understand why. It was agonizing, to be given what I wanted but to not be able to take it. I was trapped in my head, quarreling with my regrets, my doubts, my fear.

I was cold. So, so, cold. My limbs were frozen. I could not move. I could not think. It was just me, paralyzed, and my regrets, repeatedly assaulting me with pain. In my head, there was only one voice. One that was the monarch. One that ruled over everything that occurred in my mind. It yelled at me to stop dramatizing everything. It reminded me that I did this to myself. I and I alone. It convinced me that this was punishment. It lied to me that there was no way forward. It told me that there was no reason that I was brought here into this world.

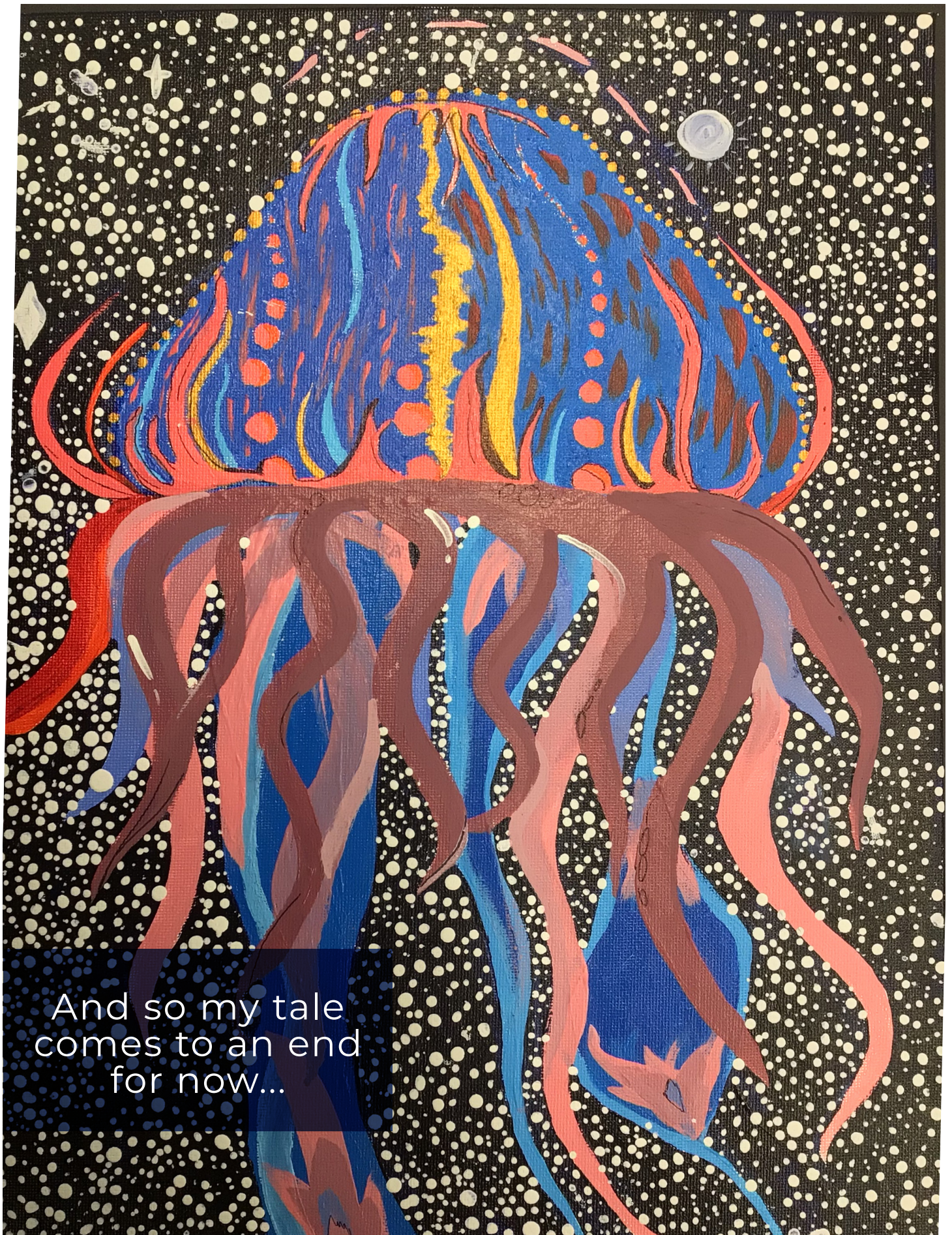
Finally, I had enough. I retreated into the storage of my boat, barely paying attention to the immense pain that moving my limbs gave me. As I shambled weakly towards the corner to rest, I found the relics of the time from before when I had everything. The manifestations of my passions. My achievements. My memories. I sat down, and looked at all of them. Here, I made a compromise with the monarchial voice. We would just stay here, and quietly observe the relics. No need to think. Just to rejoice and smile at once was. At that moment, it didn't matter that I didn't have that life of happiness anymore. All that mattered was that it happened to begin with. As I stared and remembered, a new voice entered my head. It was more powerful than the other one, but

it wasn't as assertive. It was quiet, patient, understanding. It informed me that there was still a way out. It reminded me that there were still people who cared about me. It gave me time to think. It assisted me. It gave me hope.

I walked out of the storage with a newfound determination. The cold voraciously tried to bite me, but it failed to find anything edible. The wind roared in my ears, trying everything to knock me down, but I refused to move. I walked over to the oars and began to row. It was very difficult, with the current trying to pull me further into Limbo as hard as it could, but I continued. I refused to yield to inaction. As I got further and further out of Limbo, the fire pit roared to life. It was fueled by my own success, my own pride in getting so far. It created a feedback loop, where using my strength would give me back even more strength. The wind, the cold, the current, and the monarchial voice all slowly quieted down. The current became calm, and the air was warmed by the fire, which was now at a towering height, standing tall and proud. I had made it out of Limbo. I was free.



Zoe Johnson



And so my tale
comes to an end
for now...