

Through the Pages



Hyde County Schools' Literary Anthology 2010-2011

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the first edition of the Hyde County Schools' Literary Anthology. The writings, art work, and photography included in this publication are from students and employees of the Hyde County Public Schools, each piece having been selected by the editor and members of the student staff. This anthology is the first of what we envision to be an annual publication prepared for your enjoyment. Selections in our first publication are not focused around a central theme. Individuals who submitted written entries were given broad flexibility in determining what they wanted to share with you, the reader. Art entries are the result of special themes from class projects that students have been working on throughout the school year.

We hope you enjoy this anthology as much as or even more than all who worked in developing its design, layout, and editing. Appreciation is extended to the *Beaufort Hyde News* and Angela Harne, Mrs. Sandra Carawan, and all of the students and employees of Hyde County Schools who have worked to produce this publication.

The following quote from British Poet Robert Browning "Let us try. To-morrow, how you shall be glad for this!" appropriately captures the intent of this publication.

Dr. Randolph H. Latimore, Sr.
Hyde County Schools



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COVER DESIGN

Antina Spencer, 1st Year, Hyde County Early College HS



It has been my pleasure supervising the first edition of the Hyde County Schools' Literary Anthology. I would like to thank Dr. Randolph Latimore for encouraging me to serve as the adviser for this project and Angela Harne for her assistance.

I would like to thank each author and artist for their creative and inspiring contribution to this year's literary anthology. To witness the diverse range of talent unfold upon these pages has been inspirational.

Gratitude is not only expressed to Antina Spencer for designing this year's cover, but to the students of the literary anthology committee for all of their creative input, hard work, and dedication to seeing this project through its completion. Your commitment to excellence reflects great credit upon yourselves as well as the Hyde County Schools.

Mrs. Sandy Carawan, Adviser
Mattamuskeet Middle School



Tiffany Neal, 4th Grade, MES

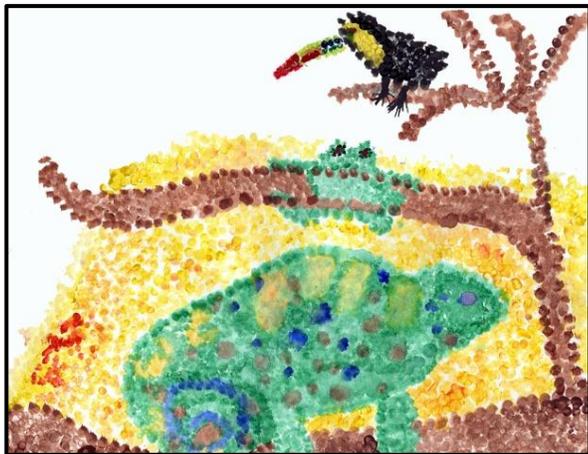


Cape Fear River Bridge
Laura Basnight, 12th Grade, MHS

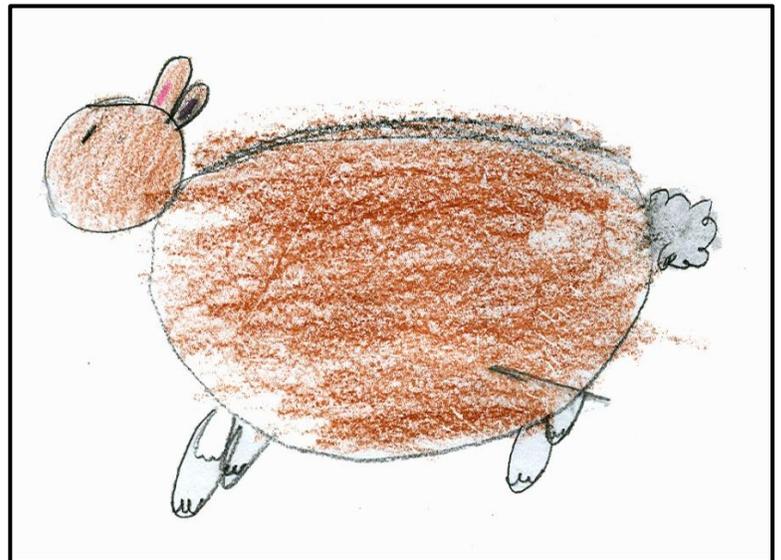
My Love

My love is your drug and yours is mine.
 The compassion you show is abundant
 as the love I present.
 Your love is the key to my heart and mine is yours.
 The love we share is a special one
 that may never be broken.
 The words you speak
 I hold close to my heart
 to treasure them forever
 with the memories of your love.

Austin Spencer, 1st Year, Hyde County Early College HS



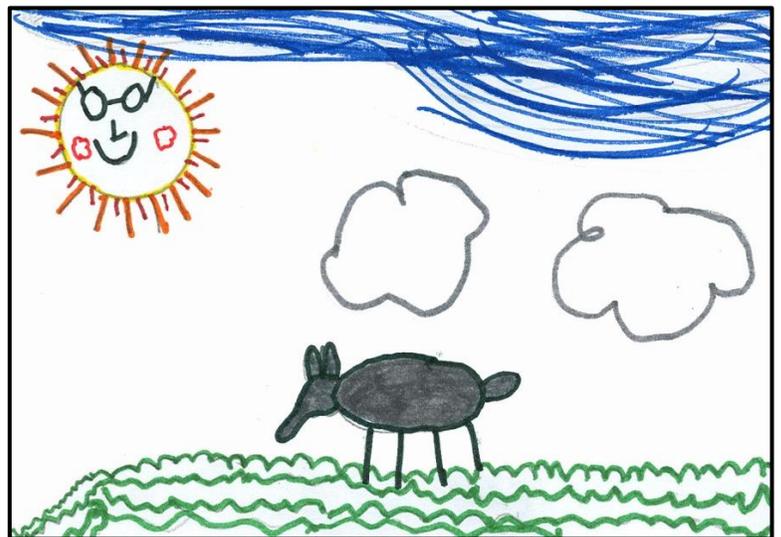
Bryanna Weston, 5th Grade, MES



Life of Bunny

Bunny chewing grass,
 Are bunnies chewing carrots,
 Hop in the morning.

Jesus Morales, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School



Rabbit

Rabbit hopping in the grass,
 Singing rabbit jumping soft,
 Rabbit hopping spring.

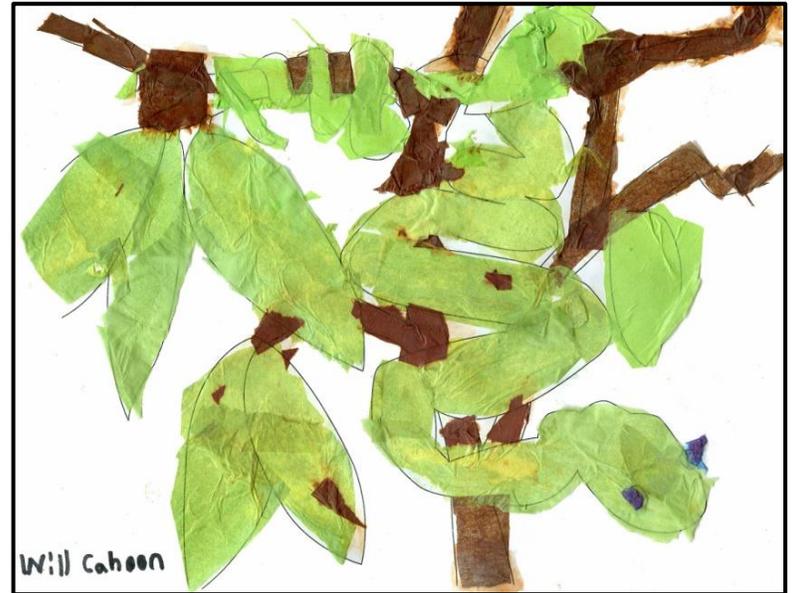
Reese Gaskins, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School



Family

We are different but similar.
 We are X-Men—
 Outcast once but basking in glory.
 To some we are freaks
 With the mutant genetic gene,
 But to others we are super strong humans.
 We may not get along,
 But our differences keep us in bond—
 Not to stall with these childish arguments.
 There can be life or death . . .
 There's no time to be blind
 With this drama.
 We have to train
 to be the champions
 Because failure is no option.
 We have to conquer and not be destroyed.
 We have to fight
 NOT to be alike,
 But to strike who is there to fight,
 Because we are here to protect and fight
 For who and what we love.
 Life is not a game,
 It's at your bay.
 Everyday there's a fight
 For our rights.
 This is the life of the X-Men.
 We are all here to stand together.
 United we stand as one,
 But divided
 We fall as all do.

Shakera Davis, 7th Grade, MMS



Will Cahoon, 2nd Grade, MES

Live Oak Trees

Tree green moss growing,
 Survivors through hurricanes
 Roots under ground.

Joseph Dow, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School



What is Special?

Trees strong, trees powerful,
 trees come, trees go, bye bye trees,
 trees swaying, trees trees.

Mila Ortiz, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School
(artwork)

Live Oaks

Oak trees heroic,
 Oak trees home for animals
 Oak trees enormous

David Styron, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School

Be Heard

Learning the sound
of my true voice was one of the best things
I'd ever learned.
I watched her carefully,
carefully tap the keys on the piano,
her pale fingers frosted with freckles.
She sang softly under her breath
like the smooth slither of a snake.
She looked up slowly,
eyes dark blue seas and said,
"Keep your voice loud, and your mouth open."
She fell silent again,
shifting her eyes to the piano.
I watched as her fingers danced
gracefully across the piano.
It sung under her light touches
and she followed with it.
Her voice stopped.
She instructed me to sing.
I tried letting my voice escape,
but it was just a squeaky hum
compared to her soprano tone.
She closed her eyes,
lost in thought.
"Don't be afraid of your voice."
They opened,
"Now try again."

Trista Spencer, 8th Grade, MMS



Supper

Dail Berry, 12th Grade, MHS



Wisteria

The wisteria,
I felt joyful while outside,
The flowers were small.

**Alan Doshier, 3rd Grade,
Ocracoke School**

Red Bird

Cheep-cheep joyful sound
Beautiful red bird sky high
Small happy seedling.

**Ashlee Zito, 3rd Grade,
Ocracoke School**

Alexander Skarsgard



An Oath to Oblivion

An oath once made
To comfort a man
And a woman
In the times of war.
To make fighting worthwhile
An oath was made.
To one day bring
The two lovers
From the hands of war.
Yet the time of part
Made betrayal a reality.
A man's hopes and dreams
Drowned to oblivion.
Thus an oath is also
Taken to oblivion.

**Courtney Scrape
12th Grade, MHS**

Austin Spencer, 1st Year, Hyde County Early College HS

To Life it is Lost

To life it is lost
An innocence from the birth
Thrown away with age

Greed and destruction
Lies, hate, lust, and causing pain
This is not human nature

Kaleb Rogers, 1st Year, Hyde County Early College HS

Still as a statue
On a blazing summer day
Waiting for the right one
He pops out. I set my sights
And slowly squeeze
the trigger.

**Matthew Eakes
8th Grade, MMS**

Crunch, crunch, my walking
In the cold air. The deer run
Hiding in bushes.

**Shaniyah Weston
8th Grade, MMS**



Life is a Mystery
Jazzmine Bowling, 12th Grade, MHS



Evelyn Coronel, 3rd Grade, MES

Morning Tango

Watching the shadowy mass uncoil
 beneath the morning's foggy veil,
 a pair of mallards appear,
 barely breaking the water's reflection.
 The hen glides away from the drake,
 then pauses. He counters her move.
 As if letting her go she glides again
 then spins toward him, and pauses.
 He counters her move,
 and, again at her side,
 they quickly dip then dabble
 in the shallows of the marsh.
 The male, as always,
 considering the female.

Sandy Carawan
8th Grade ELA Teacher, MMS

The Tears of Sadness Help

Behind the cage bars
 Sad is the sound that I hear
 The bird is set free

Kaleb Rogers, 1st Year
Hyde County Early College HS

Trees falling from the sky
 Lakes, rivers all overflowing
 The ground acting like a sponge
 The tears of sadness help
 To bring new life around

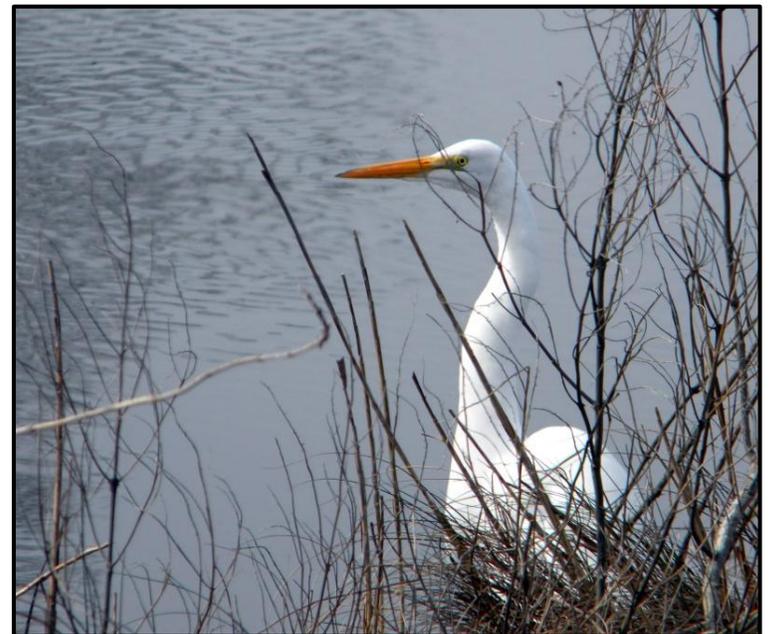
Benito Rodriguez, 8th Grade, MMS



New Baby Chicks

Spring chicks are born,
 Peep, peep, peep, talkative chicks,
 Playful chicks roam wild.

Samantha Sutton, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School



White Heron at Great Ditch
Dr. Randolph H. Latimore, Sr.

Good-Bye

The pain starts to numb . . .
All the memories, fading . . .
My heart hurts no more . . .
My room has become my home,
Like a nest to a lone bird.

Trista Spencer
8th Grade, MMS

Inspiration

Inspiration comes from a point,
As a nail driven deep,
Sending spasms of emotion
Into my pen.
Pouring pain onto paper or
Love, or hate, or
Whatever the point hits.

Richard Perry
6th Grade ELA Teacher, MMS

Red Roses

Red roses, beauty
Passion, love, opening heart
Harmless, so you think
Get close, grab on, hold up
Release! Not so harmless you see . . .

Jimmia Clayton, 8th Grade, MMS

Love

Love should never hesitate.
Love should never be slow
Love not given,
Is love which cannot grow.

Love should never be stubborn.
Lovers should always care.
Lovers who stay angry,
May find their lovers not there.

Richard Perry
6th Grade ELA Teacher, MMS



Diva

Khaliah Johnson, 10th Grade, MHS

To You

My whole life has passed me by,
The end of you has made me cry.
I cried out my heart to you,
I sit here and think of things to do.
I miss you too much to explain in a letter,
I can't understand why we
couldn't be together.
We never grew apart from the heart,
I knew this would happen from the start.
Why did this have to happen to us?
I feel so bad my head is going to bust.
The thought of us being apart,
Has put a strain on my big heart.
I love you . . .

Christina Stotesberry, 11th Grade, MHS

I'm a Believer

I believe in miracles and dreams
that would come true
The knowledge of knowing you
can be whatever
you want to be.
The strength in one's family,
The power of motivation,
The difference students can make,
Dedication, integrity, satisfaction.
But I don't believe
anyone should be
taken for granted
I believe in honesty,
I believe in love and friendship,
Loyalty, adoration, and warmth.
And I believe in you and everyone
who has a life-long dream

Erica Johnson, 1st Year,
Hyde County Early College HS

Killing You

Love is like a song—
Sing it then leave it behind.
Trying to move on.
But it's killing you inside—
Killing you slowly every day.

Jessi Gibbs, 8th Grade, MMS

In the Stars

Dreaming in the moonlight
Staring at the moonlit sky
Thoughts floating around
Like gravity just going down
In the stars is where you'll find me

Quenton Gibbs, 8th Grade, MMS

Moment

Tender drops the twilight
On a heart as old as time.
Softly in the dimming day
Mellows as the wine.
Touching in the falling rain
A moment shared then gone.
Briefly, fleeting whisper
And God moves on.

Richard Perry,
6th Grade ELA Teacher, MMS

Why Me, Lord?

"Why me, Lord?" I asked myself
When I got the call that day.
"I'm pregnant, Mom," she said through tears.
I didn't know what to say.

She is only seventeen, with so many dreams—
Graduation and college ahead.
And in that one moment, all I could think was
All of her dreams are dead.

Her whole life flashed before my eyes—
I knew this couldn't be.
She's too young to have a baby of her own.
She was still a baby to me.

He cried when she told him
This new father-to-be.
He hugged her tight and kissed her
And I realized this wasn't about me.

"What would they do?" I asked myself,
"With no money and no place to go."
Then I asked the Lord to help them.
They seemed to love each other so.

My prayers would soon be answered
With love and support from family and friends,
Some more than others
Because they were now where some had already been.

Abortion was never an option
They said another wrong wouldn't make things right
They wanted to be together,
So they planned their wedding in a day and a night.

The next two weeks were hectic
But things seemed to fall into place.
And I knew that they were being blessed
With God's forgiving grace.

I can't believe that in a few days
My baby will be a wife.
And in a few short months
Will be a mother taking care of a new life.

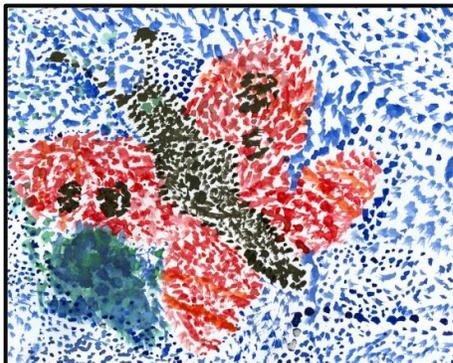
I still cry sometimes when I'm alone
And my heart and mind need relief.
But I've stopped asking, "Why me, Lord?"
He's given me acceptance and peace.

I know too that her dreams aren't dead,

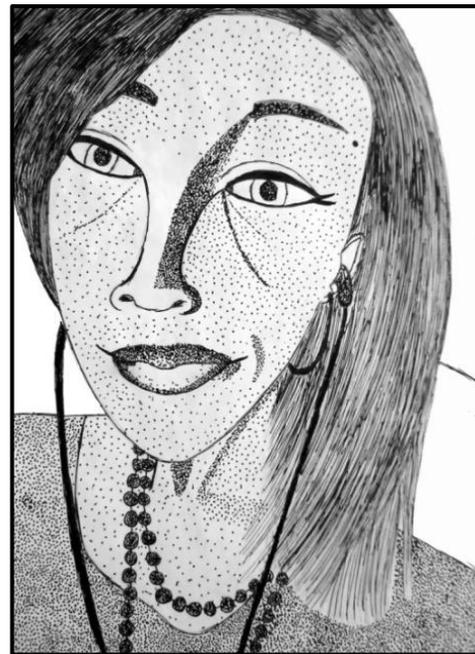
Just delayed awhile for them,
And their lives will be filled with happiness
If they love and trust in Him.

And I know there will be trials ahead
You're getting off to such a rough start.
But remember children, things will be all right
If you just keep God in your heart.

I love you both. Mom
Anonymous



Aniyah Salley, 4th Grade, MES



Me
Caressa Bryant, 10th Grade, MHS

Ups and Downs

I walk around like everything's okay
But really inside I'm hurting everyday
I try to cover up the pain and hurt
With smiles and laughs
But inside I feel like dirt
Still some kind of way behind the pain and hurt I find myself
And I realize that in life there's gonna be ups and downs
I just gotta thank God for the ups and smile at the downs
Because in reality life would be nothing without them
So I shed tears less, and smile often,
Because it could be worse

Elaya Johnson, 11th Grade, MHS



Sweet Honey

Honey. sweet, scrumptious,
Unbelievable bees work
Out of this world swarm.

Ethan O'Neal, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School

Summer Breeze



Billie Herina, 12th Grade, MHS

Nature

White beautiful scene
Silent without a peep
A large log cabin
A forest in the margin
Two black shadows splitting wood

Jesus Mares, 8th Grade, MMS

Space Mountain



Makenzie Sadler, 2nd Grade, MES

Summer nights—the longest hours
Listening to frogs croaking
Feeling the wind blow

Olivia Brickhouse, 8th Grade, MMS



Chavez Spencer, 12th Grade, MHS

We Remember . . .

All of the families who lost the ones they love
We remember, we remember
Those who fell in front of our eyes
Oh, do we remember

The blood that was shed on that day
We remember, we remember
Watching people lose their limbs and lives
Oh, do we remember

The cold and very lonely nights
We remember, we remember
Hearing the young children cry
Oh, do we remember

Our fellow soldier's blood on our living bodies
We remember, we remember
Those who died before they even got a chance to live
Oh, do we remember

The many sleepless nights
We remember, we remember
Losing sight of the true war
Oh, do we remember.

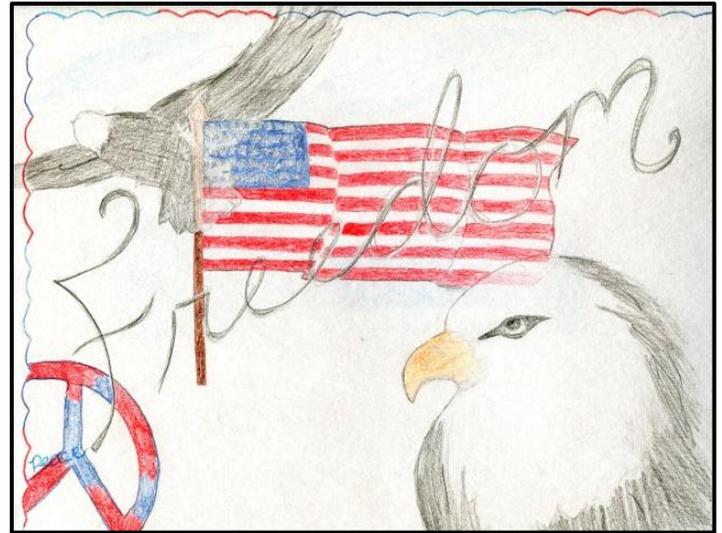
**Shaquisha Barrow, 2nd Year,
Hyde County Early College HS**



Spring Bunnies

Bunnies hurry hop
Garden bunnies hop hop hop
Bunny eat sweet hop.

Emily Trejo, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School



Tyshona Barber, 8th Grade, MMS

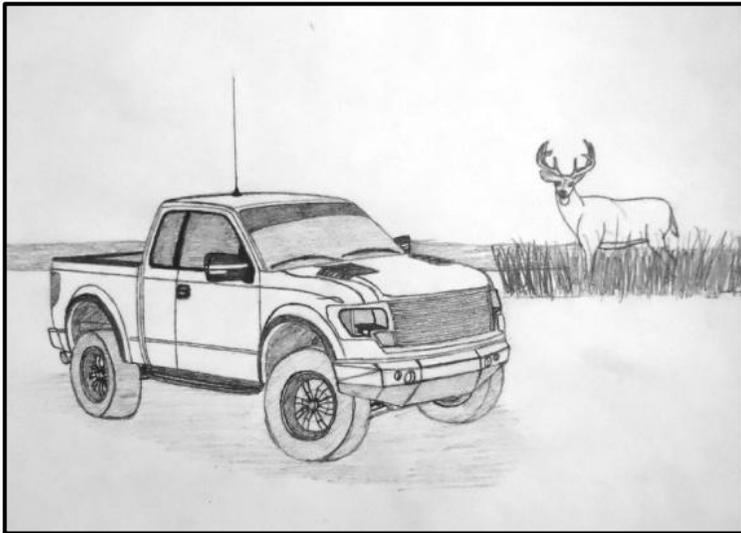
Bright Future

Hard worker with the desire to do good things
Striving to be a winner
Losing is not an option
Showing the world what I can do
Using what I was blessed with to do good things
Success is what I strive for
Successful is what I am destined to be
I am a young man with a bright future ahead of me
Underestimated, talked about, even lied on
But I just brush that off and keep moving on

Rashawn Whitney, 11th Grade, MHS



Jomaurie Rodman, 5th Grade, MES



Found Off Road Dead
Eric Lawrence, 11th Grade, MHS



A Day's Catch
Jeaquitta Simmons, 11th Grade, MHS

Gone

His eyes
White
From where I sit
Fear
Clouds his mind
Danger
In the air
His breath
Wisps of smoke
I reach
Oh so carefully
For my gun
For the chance
To shoot
And kill
This monster
His muscles
Tense
With anticipation
And just as fast
as I blink
He's gone

Trista Spencer
8th Grade, MMS

Storm

Rain hitting the roof
Soothing sounds help me sleep
Drops like tiny explosions
Water dancing on the roof
The deep dark clouds in the air.

Preston Bartell, 8th Grade, MMS

Dwelling

The leaves are quiet
Until moved by some creature
Dwelling there for now

Kaleb Rogers, 1st Year,
Hyde County Early College HS

Close To Our Limit

Duck hunting very cold
Ducks flying everywhere
Close to our limit
Ducks falling at blasts of guns
Soon the cloud of smoke is gone

Logan Williams, 8th Grade, MMS

Ladybug

Swaying helplessly in this water which has aged me
I have grown very weak and tired,
But my will to press on grows stronger each day
I may be a bit rusty on the outside
But my heart of steel shall never rust.
Until the day my engine dies,
I will be known as the ladybug that flies.

Shaquisha Barrow, 2nd Year,
Hyde County Early College HS



Marisol Campos, 3rd Grade, MES



Horse

Horse gorgeous, horse big,
Horse strong, enormous horse.
Horse bright, horse dark black.

Vanessa Lora, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School



Ainsley Ludolph, 3rd Grade, MES

The light shifting through
A tangled web of branches
To the forest floor

**Kaleb Rogers, 1st Year,
Hyde County Early College HS**

The Race

You take a deep breath
And let it out with confidence.
Your hands grip the wheel
As a mother would her child.
The track becomes a black swirl
A tornado
That makes your heart race
Until it turns to excitement.
Your foot drops to the gas . . .

Trista Spencer, 8th Grade, MMS



Pumpkin Dumpkin

Orange, smooth and fleshy
Candle twinkling inside you
Yummy in a pie.

James C. Paul, III, 3rd Grade, Ocracoke School



Prostock

Eric Lawrence, 11th Grade, MHS



Karina Beltran, 4th Grade, MES