

TIGER TALES



**Lebanon Middle School's
Art & Literature Review 2018-2019**

Another Night

World's Fair Poem by Charlize Frazier

The sky is painted a pastel periwinkle.
The ground is solid and firm,
caging in what lays below.
An aura of darkness has since settled,
as if a Shinigami is present himself.
I gaze down at the stones of the deceased
as the golden scriptures shine in the moonlight.
A faint gust of air soars through the field
reviving the spirits from their tombs and
allowing them to roam the earth another night.



The Vietnamese Lights

World's Fair Poem by Joshua Knight

Bundles of light soar and flash
as fire tangos in the darkness.

The warm flames chat in the
silent night. The glow of the lanterns

Twinkle, having the remarkable
light of the sun harnessed in

Miniature bundles. We have high
hopes by the glowing light.

The magnificence makes
the fire brighten Vietnam.



Freedom

World's Fair Poem by Ashley Tekulve

A Gateway to Iran.
People feel the freedom.
They're saying peace, love, and freedom.

As the tower is shining at night;
it's like a ruby of a leopard,
a remembrance of the Shahs.

They're paying tribute to the Persian Empire.
It is the Symbol of the country's Revival.
Lights shine in the night like a Cultural Ambassador.



The Curse of the Ponies

Humorous Curse and Cure by Clara Douglas

Back in 1931, a farmer went to the auction looking for a strong plow horse. When he got there, he saw a strong young pony for a very cheap price. He bought the pony and took it home. When he took it to the barn, he saw it had a different number on it's shoulder. He didn't worry about it and lead the pony to its stall and went back to the house.

The next morning when he went to check on the pony, he saw that there were now two new ponies in the stall. At first the farmer was shocked and worried, but then he realized he now had two plow ponies. He moved the new pony to another stall and went out with the first pony to plow the field.

That evening he put the ponies up and went to bed. The next day, before he went out to work, he went into the barn to feed the ponies. There were two new ponies in the stall. The man now had four ponies. He became worried about how he would feed all of these ponies. He went to town to try to sell the newest ponies. He had no luck.

Days went on and four ponies turned into six, six to eight, eight into twelve and so on until he had 16 ponies. At this point the man had not money and no food. The only way to break the curse was to dance around like a chicken, hang from trees like a monkey and give away a pony to a little girl.

The farmer did these things for 16 days, and each day one pony found a new home until there was only one left. He could

not use this pony as a plow pony or else it would multiply again, so the farmer went back to the auction and bought an ox. The next day there were THREE new ox in the field!



Forms and Patterns, Scratchboard by Dax Frost

Things Change

Civil Rights Fiction by Chelsea Fleck

Suzie. It's such a plain, bland name. Growing up I was made fun of for having that name. They said it was a black woman's name. I mean growing up in New Orleans while white and rich in 1960, you don't have to work that hard to be liked by other people, but they all hated me because of my name. And the thing is, I hate integration just as much as all the others, but they think I don't because of my name. I think it's a terrible thing, and now to make things worse, they put Ruby Bridges in that school for only whites. I don't go to school anymore even though I'm 14. I protest during school hours.

I walked along the river. One more right turn and I'll be right on time to protest at Ruby's school. Even though I wasn't that close to Ruby's school, I could hear the screaming of the protesters. I could hear the river next to me flowing, and the police officers yelling, "Back off! Get away!" As I turned right, I fell. I got my red polka dotted dress dirty and muddy. I decided I would continue to the school. I didn't have to look nice to protest. I walked even faster towards the school because Ruby was coming.

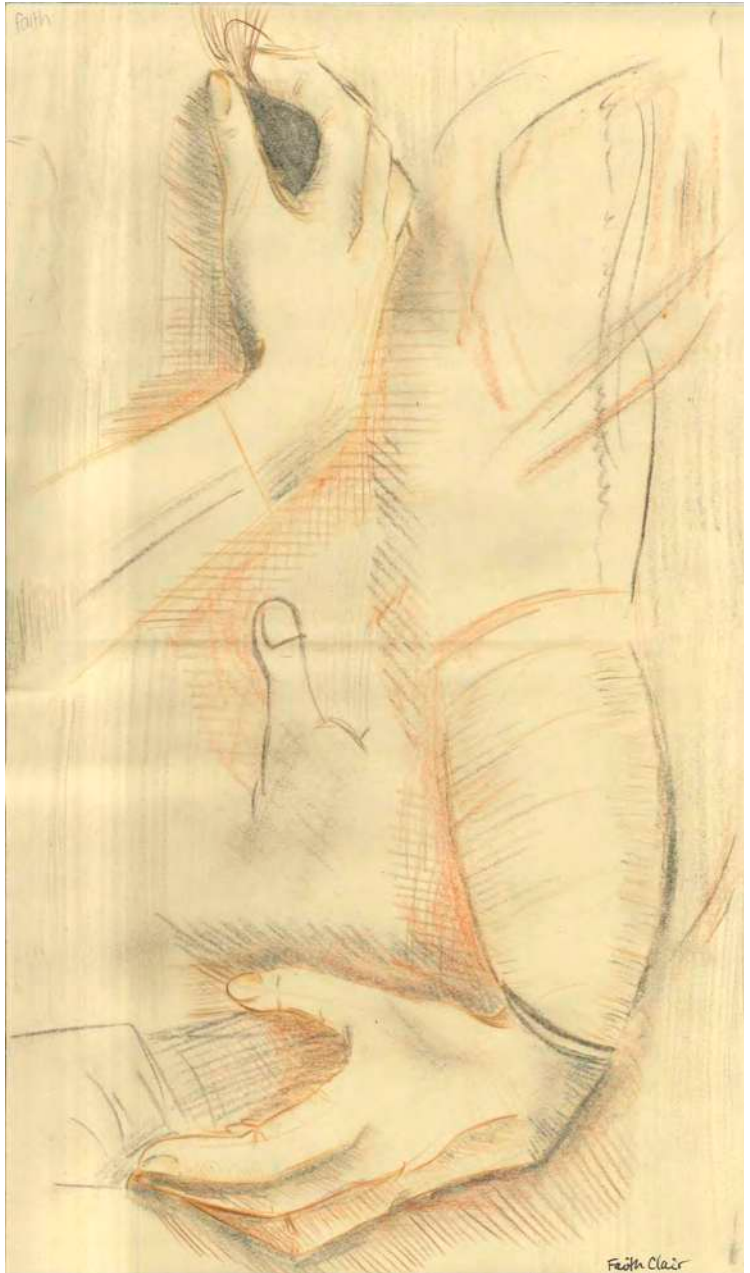
I appeared in the middle of the large crowd. I could see Ruby. She was wearing a white dress and had her hair up with a bow. She didn't belong in that school. She was walking like a soldier. Her arms were at her side, and she was looking at the ground. Her legs were mimicking the four U.S. Marshals. I don't think she needs the Marshals because I don't think anyone would hurt her or try to, but you never know. People have tried to throw stuff at her. All of the sudden I heard in front of me, "Ruby Bridges, I will kill you! I will hunt you down and find you!" Three police officers rushed over to me, grabbed my arm, and shoved me into their car. Everyone was looking at me. Their eyes were following the car. It was quiet outside. I wondered why I was in the police car. Maybe I was too young to be protesting.

They took me to the police station. When I got out of the car, they immediately put hand cuffs on me. The police officer said, "You're going to go to jail unless you can prove you didn't." I replied confused, "What do you mean?" He replied, "You know what you said. I know this trick; you can't fool me." I said, "I'm not trying to fool you. I'm trying to understand what I did." He walked away. Another police officer walked over and without saying anything grabbed me and put me into a tiny cell. After two days I had to go to court. My lawyer said I was in jail for threatening to kill Ruby Bridges.

In court a guy walked in with an unfamiliar object in his hands. He showed it to the judge. Another guy walked in with a television. They put the object into the television, and a video of the crowd appeared. You could see me and hear what the woman said. It was proof I didn't say it! The judge dismissed us, and I wasn't going to go to jail anymore.

The next day I walked to the school again, but instead of yelling at Ruby, I walked up the steps too. I walked into the school. I stopped Ruby, and I said, "I'm sorry. The things the people say outside are terrible. They are mean and cruel." I walked out of the school knowing I did the right thing.

I don't hate my name anymore. People can think what they think about it, but times are changing, and I realized that. Maybe a bad thing happened for a good reason. When things change this time, instead of going against something I can't control, I'll go with it. I hope Ruby Bridges can get through the rest of her schooling without these troubles.



DaVinci Hands by Faith Clair

An Interview with Dr. Miklos Nyiszli (Abridged)

Fictional Holocaust Podcast by Claire Boling

Interviewer: I am here today with Dr. Miklos Nyiszli, a doctor that studied for Germany as a pathologist and studied for forensic medicine. How about a few questions now? As a Hungarian Jew, what were some of the enforced laws for you Jews?

Dr. Miklos Nyiszli: A few laws that were compulsory were that Jews could no longer marry non-Jews or Aryans, and we were forbidden certain professions, such as the armed services. Some Jews were engaged to Christians or Aryans and so they moved out of the country, and some out of the continent! Others were just trying to get out of Germany so they could live a better life, but eventually, the other countries would not take any more of us because we had filled their quota.

Interviewer: Do you remember what the children were like?

Dr. Miklos Nyiszli: I remember the children screaming after being taken away from their parents arms and then just thrown into a container, which could be a cart, the gas chambers, or trucks. Younger children probably had no idea where they were going, so they just cried for their mom and dad. Their parents were terrified and calling out as the soldiers drove away with their child. You see, the adults knew better than to run after their family member because they knew if they stepped out of line, they would get shot, on the other hand, the children did not know this, therefore they ran after their parents and got shot.

Interviewer: When you arrived at the concentration camp, what are some of the repulsive things you remember about your arrival?

Dr. Miklos Nyiszli: I remember there being only one window in the train cart, I also remember that to use the restroom, you had a pail and would throw it out the window. There was no water to drink, no food to eat, diseases were everywhere. It was complete torture in the train cart, but the camp was worse than you could have ever imagine, stripped from your clothing and changed into someone else's, belongings were taken, such as photo albums, food, anything with value.

Interviewer: What did the dentists and other Sonderkommando workers do to the Jews after they went into the gas chamber?

Dr. Miklos Nyiszli: The dentist would come in and extract gold fillings and teeth from the mouths' of the deceased bodies and then they would burn the flesh and bones off with some kind of acid, they approximately collected 18 to 20 pounds of gold each day, in each crematorium. Then other workers would come in and shave the hair off the bodies and then

bag the hair. After they bagged the hair, they shipped it off to textile factories and it then was turned into felt, thread, or socks for submarine crews and railroad workers. When the Soviet army found the hair, there were almost seven tons of hair.

Interviewer: Were you startled to see the dead bodies in the gas chamber? What details can you tell us about the gas chamber?

Dr. Miklos Nyiszli: I was terrified by the dead bodies because there was blood everywhere. Their faces were bloated and blue, and they were so ashy that they were unrecognizable by any extent.

Interviewer: Please explain what experiments Josef Mengele, a.k.a. “Angel of Death” had you perform.

Dr. Miklos Nyiszli: Josef was a SS physician who conducted inhumane medical experiments on prisoners at Auschwitz. Some say that he was the most prominent of a group of Nazi doctors who conducted experiments that often caused great harm or death to the prisoners. He had me perform many experiments on the disabled and twins. He had some medics perform physical and psychological experiments. There were experimental surgeries performed without anesthesia, interruption to your brain, transfusions of blood, isolation endurance, and reaction to various stimuli. And of course he did some of these experiments himself.

Interviewer: Was there anything specific that you remembered Josef Mengele say or do?

Dr. Miklos Nyiszli: In fact, there actually is something that I will never forget Josef Mengele say, and that one thing that I remember Josef Mengele say was, “*Boncolórvosa voltam az auschwitzi krematóriumban,*” which means, “*I was an autopsy doctor at the crematorium in Auschwitz.*”

Interviewer: What was Josef Mengele’s conclusion about Jews that you say was otherwise?

Dr. Miklos Nyiszli: Josef Mengele went straight to conclusions when he said that Jews were corrupt people. But as I realized, their irregularities were “common to hundreds of thousands of men of all races and climates.” Which means that the Nazis’ claim that Jews and others were genetically inferior to “Aryans” was absolutely false. But, to save my life, I never disagreed with him.

Interviewer: Is there anything else you would like to say Dr. Miklos?

Dr. Miklos Nyiszli: Nothing else but to say thank you for allowing me this wonderful opportunity to help share my story with the world.



Color Wheel by Jackson Folden

Summer

Seasonal Poem by Hannah Reynolds

Summer is so fun because we get to play and run.
 We also get to play and run while we soak up the sun rays.
 Summer is as bright as a diamond shining in the light.
 Summer is such a beautiful sight.
 Summer is a star in the night sky.
 We also get to celebrate a beautiful, blue birthday.
 We get to watch the flowers dancing in the rays,
 But all has to end some day.
 Whoosh! There goes summer.
 Until next time.

Fall

Seasonal Poem by Jocelyn Butler

Bright leaves scattered everywhere over the horizon.
 They look like a quilted blanket keeping the ground warm.
 Outside it's picture perfect weather for a nice warm sweater.
 Crunch, crunch the crisp leaves go beneath my feet.
 The wind is whistling through the windows.
 Red, orange, and yellow leaves
 are tissue paper flying through the wind.
 It's the perfect time for making marvelous maple milk.
 Let's go apple picking, you and I, as leaves fall from the trees.
 When we get home, we'll make apple butter, sauce, and pie.
 What a beautiful time of year!
 What an amazing time to be alive!



Color Wheel by Crystal I. Bautista

Winter Wonderland

Seasonal Poem by Jack Ferrell

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!
 The snow blows through my hair.
 The winter smell is everywhere.
 The snow was as cold as the Grinch's heart.
 The design in the hot cocoa was a piece of art.
 The candy canes, red and white,
 The lights, they shine so bright.
 The soft, silvery snowflakes sparkle in the sunshine.
 The little kids waiting for presents.
 The Christmas lights dance across the Christmas tree.



Color Wheel by Shelby Dimicelli

The poem “Sure” by Arlene Tribbia

Analytical Essay by Mayci Twitty

The poem “Sure” written by Arlene Tribbia is one of the best poems left in the March Poetry Madness tournament. It is well written, easy to understand, and realistic. The poem goes into detail relating to the effects of drug addiction, which is a nationwide problem today.

“Sure” is written through the eyes of a child describing her brother and his fight with addiction. Addiction not only affects the user, it affects the entire family. “I miss my brother sure he drank Robitussin washed down with beer sure he smoked dope and shot heroin and went to prison for selling to an undercover cop.” This line of the poem relates to the struggles associated with addiction. In a few words, it describes the relationship between the drug and the user.

Additionally, the poem states, “Sure, he robbed the town’s only hotdog stand, Gino’s like I overheard while I laid on my bed staring up at the stars under slanted curtains.” Theft and burglary are also a true statement that usually accompanies addiction. The user will do whatever possible to get money for their next dose. This affects the community and stake holders as well when they are being robbed from their businesses. From the child’s view, they had overheard the communication of the robbery while laying in bed. All they could do was listen and stare at the stars in the slightly opened curtains. “Sure, he used to leave his two-year-old son alone so he could score on the street.” To me, this poem line describes hurt. The desperation for his next score to leave his child alone. This, to me, is a very powerful point of addiction and how it ultimately can control your daily life and activities. The addict will worry from day to day about how and where they will get their next score, not thinking about the consequences.

Another impactful line of the poem is, “But before all of this my brother sure used to swing me up onto his back, run me around dizzy through hallways and rooms and we’d laugh and laugh fall onto the bed finally and he’d tickle me to death sure.” The last line of the poem describes the child’s memories of her brother before his addiction took control of his life. How fun he used to be. Not a care in the world and only laughing and making memories together. That is what she wants to remember. Not what his life has turned out to be.

“Sure” by Arlene Tribbia is the best poem out of the remaining ones in the March Poetry Madness tournament. It is detailed and relates to the realistic struggle of an addict. Drug addiction is a nationwide problem today and this poem describes it perfectly to how a person’s life can change with addiction. Drug addiction not only effects the user, but also the family and sometimes the community or businesses. “Sure” deserves to win because of the truth behind it. It is based on true outcomes with choices the child’s brother made. The poem describes the child’s struggle as well because she misses her brother and how life used to be before his addiction took control.

Love at First Spike? More Like Pain at Last Spike

Moment Narrative by Bethany DeGraw

Parents, what are you going to do with them? They talk to their friends about you being so good at a sport while you just stand there like... “Mom, stop it; you’re embarrassing me.” Well, once you hear this story, you will want them to just talk about how good you are. My mom says that I can say some things that are completely true, but a little rude to her after a game about the other players on my team. (If you didn’t know that, now you do.) I would never say these “observer notes” to my teammates because I know that they are bringing the best that they have to offer and blah blah blah. None of that means that I can’t rant to my mom and get out my frustrations. I just have to really watch myself at a game!

Volleyball, it’s my favorite sport. For me personally, I am an outside hitter (I hit from the left side) because I am left handed and can really bring the hammer down when needed. All hitters are normally tall, so they can be productive at the net. I am 5’6”, a pretty normal height for women, not so much for volleyball players. What do you want? We are in middle school, and you deal with what you have although, we did have this 5’9” or so girl that was a middle hitter. Oh, she could jump if she really felt like it I bet, but she never really tried. To be frank, she wasn’t a really good hitter either. In my opinion at least.

Our first game rolls around, and I’m realizing that hey, I’m working with this girl at an okay level. Although, at the end of practice most days, I would get in the car and start complaining about this girl that thought she was better than everyone else, not to mention the bossiest person you will ever meet. I’m sick of it; my mom is sick of it; everyone is sick of it! Anywho, it’s 6 o’clock in the evening, and the first serve went over of our last regular season game. Time passes, and whenever this girl gets set up to hit, she flaks, again and again, miss after miss. I really just want to scream at this girl to get her head in the game like high school musical, but I can’t. We won the first set but lost the second, and this was the final set that decided if we were going onto a bigger competition.

Everything was going just fine until the middle hitter thought that she could be both middle and an outside hitter all at once. You see in volleyball you don’t get into someone else’s space unless they call for help. There is an imaginary line that forms a box that a volleyball player stands in; you don’t go into it. This girl, however, never got the billboard size memo that clearly says, “STAY IN YOUR LANE!” Other than me being annoyed the game just flew by. I mean sure my team and I were having a great conversation about how this girl that couldn’t catch a nifty drift of cold air that came into the gym every time she would get in my area after calling her off of it. Mind you this went on for two whole sets! It came down to the last point; last point wins no matter what. The serve goes over, and there is a pretty

entertaining volley going on, but then the setter sets me up, and this girl (that shall not be named) has the nerve to go into my space *yet again*, step on my white volleyball shoes, get into the net, and not even get the ball over? Along with the ball springing back to hit me in the face, we lost the game, and I also lost my nerve. Now normally I would just get into the car and let it go, but this was the last straw. I looked at my mom in slow motion shaking her head not to do what I was thinking. I shook my head that I was going to do it. Then out of nowhere a volleyball comes flying into some poor kid's dinner of nacho and cheese right in front of my mom. She looked down at it, pointed to the kid's head with cheese all over his face, then pointed up to the ceiling, and looked at me. At that point I was holding in a laugh from the kid and my mom.

When my mom stood up, I knew I was going to be embarrassed, but I was saved by demolition of some kid's dinner. After the terrible humiliating loss, my mom and I had a chat in the car that went something like this.

Mom: Do you know how much trouble you would be in if you didn't listen to me?

Me: Yeah, yeah I know, but did you see her, and what she did!?"

Mom: Honey everyone saw it.

Me: (jokingly) She should thank that little kid because she was going to be sorry that she stepped on me.

Mom: (Laughing) I'm sure she would.

When you have a mom who is normally quiet and doesn't stand up and give you hand signals, it creates a great memory. Can you imagine if I didn't understand what the heck she was saying? Oh, that could've have been so much worse. So, when you're playing your game, and you're getting all red faced, and you look to your parent because they are normally telling you to calm down; it's just a game. Now instead of my mom telling her friends what a good player I am, she tells this story and exaggerates about everything, and it is way more embarrassing than her talking me up. My memory of last semester might not have been the most exciting, but I will always remember it because it was pretty funny looking back but also because it was such an uncontrollable event.

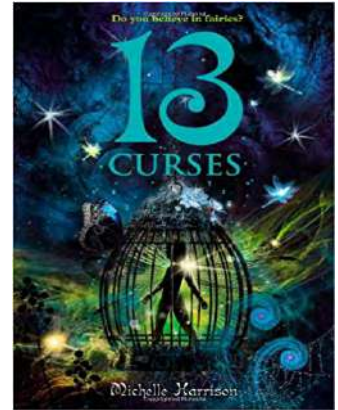
By the way, this memory was not at school or about students at school.



Scratchboard by Cassie Proffitt

13 Curses by Michelle Harrison

A Book Review by Elsa Cheek



13 Curses by Michelle is a fiction fantasy novel. Michelle Harrison's other work includes the 13 Treasures, 13 Secrets, and One Wish. She is also an actress in The Flash and Good Luck Chuck. Her writing style is straightforward and conversational.

Tanya is misunderstood, curious, and adventurous, and Red is strong, brave, and determined. Tanya is a thirteen-year-old girl who lives in London. She is not ordinary, she can see fairies, and her friend Red can see them too. Red woke up in the fairy realm, and as soon as she did, she set out to rescue her brother. She goes with someone else trapped in the realm, and they go to the fairy court to rescue her little brother who has been missing for two years. Tanya is at her grandmother's mansion with fairies pestering her. The fairy court gives Red a challenge to find all the represented 13 treasures from a charm bracelet scattered across Tickey End where Tanya's Grandma lives. Red, Tanya, and Tanya's cousin Fabian set out to find the charms, but they find that the charms are more trouble than they thought.

A quote from this book that strikes me is, "Mad Morag nearly driven out of her mind by the Cup of divination, the Cauldron spawning about a hundred drain-dwellers in place of the one that died, and now Oberon nearly gorging himself to death. The Thirteen Treasures have become the Thirteen Curses." (page 365) This quote shows how much trouble all the treasures can be, and this makes the adventure extra challenging.

The characters change throughout the story. Tanya realizes that the bracelet her grandmother gave her has more meaning than she thought. Tanya changes because now she knows that the bracelet holds more meaning to her family history. Red changes because she becomes more forgiving to the maid who is partly responsible for her brother's disappearance. She changes because she is able to forgive and tell herself it wasn't all the maid's fault. The theme for this story, is things aren't always as they seem because the thirteen treasures are more like the thirteen curses.

13 Curses book is interesting because I was hooked after I read the first chapter. I enjoyed wanting to know what was going to happen to Tanya and Red. I think the author did a wonderful job helping the readers see the points of view of both main characters. I enjoy Harrison's writing style, and she kept my attention. This is a very original story, and I like that Michelle Harrison gave fairies a mischievous personality. I would recommend this book to students ages ten to sixteen. I would give this book a five out of five stars.

The Struggles of Being a Teen

A Reflective Narrative Essay by Domanique D. Juárez

There are pros and cons to being a teenager today. Most people don't pay much attention to the needs and behaviors of us teenagers, unless the kid is in therapy or something. There are dozens of us that are being ignored and this is not right. It's very difficult to be a teenager today because the cons have a bigger negative effect than the pros.

Most teenagers around my age tend to be more creative when it comes to their thinking. Our minds are still growing and our brains are still imaginative. We still have the ability to make choices in life, and if we make a mistake, we have the opportunity to start over or retry. We have time to learn, meaning the more we learn, the better job we can get in the future. There is a world of opportunities and teenagers can try to get the best one.

Unfortunately, child abuse occurs during teenage years and it has a very bad effect on teens in the future, like with our families. This happens too often and people don't really care or take note of it. Then the teenager gets into drinking and drugs because they are mentally scared by it. Drinking and drugs are used by teenagers to wash away the pain of earlier abuse.

On the brighter side, teenagers can heal from trauma and become more independent in life. For example, teenagers have the ability to recover from bad events and can soon become more resilient and confident as a result. They would have the ability to give advice to teenagers that deal with the same problems. Some teenagers gain strength after recovering, making them know what to do if they ever have to face it again. This makes them grow up.

One downside to being a teenager is that if you don't recover from bad events that have occurred in your life, it may result in depression and could lead to suicide. This could destroy whole families. The suicide rate is increasing in the recent years and it needs to go down.

Out of all the pros and cons, there are far more cons to being a teenager today, but we can recover from these cons and turn them into pros. For example, underage drinking can make you become an activist and help others learn to recover. Another instance, if you have depression, you can recover from it when you are a teenager, and then you can become something like a special education teacher or a therapist.



Op Art, Ink by A.J. Ternet

Cenllysg, Ein Brenin Nerthol

World's Fair Song by Monte Tschohl

Oh hail, Oh hail, our mighty king
Cenllysg, cenllysg, ein brenin nerthol
Oh hail, Oh hail, our mighty king
Cenllysg, cenllysg, ein brenin nerthol
(Cenllysg, cenllysg, ein brenin nerthol)
He has brought us win
mae wedi dod â heddwch inni ennill
He'll bring us peace
Bydd yn dod â heddwch inni
Goodbye our mighty king
beannacht ár rí láidir

We welcome you to the after life
Cuirimid fáilte romhat chuig an saol eile
To rule over our lost ones
Chun rialú a dhéanamh ar na cinn atá caillte againn
To see what you have created
Chun an méid atá cruthaithe agat a fheiceáil
To help everyone
Chun cabhrú le gach duine
We will be filled with sorrow
Beidh muid lán le brón
But mainly with delight
Ach go hálainn go príomha
That we know that you safely
Go bhfuil a fhios againn go bhfuil tú go sábháilte
Have returned to the light
Ar ais chuig an solas

Oh, hail our mighty king
cenllysg, ein brenin nerthol
Oh Hail!
clocha sneachta
Ooooooooooh
clocha
Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaail!
Sneachta



Op Art,
Colored Pencil and Tempera
by Alaina McCann

Landscape,
Block Print
by Jayce Klingler



The City Streets of Spain

World's Fair Poem by Brayden Beckham

The streets are incredibly busy in Spain,
like an ant farm of people in all places.

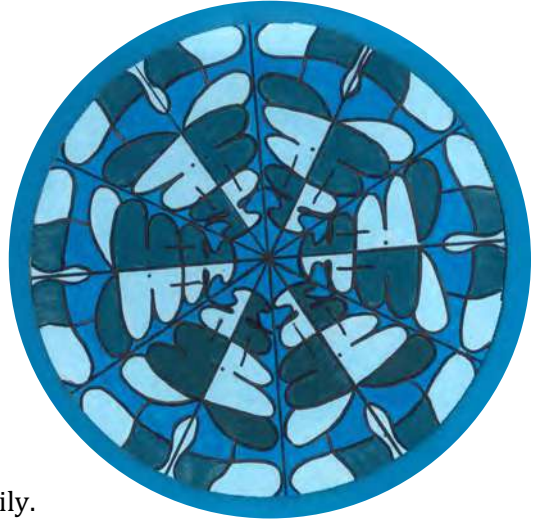
The air is lingering through the streets
and is filled with the pleasant smells of Spain,
such things like coffee, cologne, and churros.

There is a great variety in Spanish culture;
there is always something to do everywhere.

Spain is the home of sweet and savory food.
There is a grand society and everyone is your family.
The people are terrific and hardly ever mean any harm.

In the holiday season, fireworks are used to celebrate
Holidays, louder than any immense party.

Spain is a fantastic place overall and the city speaks
louder than any voice with its people and culture.
The city shows no evil, like an innocent child.



*Name Mandala
by Faith Clair*



***Op Art**, Colored Pencil
by Miranda Lambert*

The Floating Flames

World's Fair Poem by Jade Mosley

Glistening lights glide through
the darkened sky above me.

People gather to gaze
At the floating flames.

People take delight by releasing the fire.
It seems to be the glow of their year.

Beaming orbs are trailing around the room
As people are honoring the room with a beam.

Men and women costumed up as they glorify the light,
Gazing at the lanterns that are beaming blood moons.

An Incident at the Park

Civil Rights Fiction by Sofia Andrews

Who knew that a child would get so mistreated for something that kids do every day now? When white kids and black kids would hang out, they would always get yelled at, but the one that would be blamed mostly is the black kid. Unfortunately, that's what James had to go through.

James was only nine years old and had just moved to Louisiana, so he never really understood why he was mistreated for the color of his skin until he had an incident that he finally understood why he was so different and was mistreated for it.

One day, when James's mother took him to the park, he wasn't aware of the rules that he couldn't play with any white kids. "You can go play at the playground; I'll be at the store across the street," said James's mom. After his mom left to go to the store, he went to the swings and met another kid named Norman.

At the time James didn't think that it mattered if he played with a kid who had different colored skin, so he hung out with Norman for a few hours. The two kids had an amazing time at the park. They played tag, duck duck goose, and truth or dare to get to know each other.

After a few hours of Norman and James playing on the swings, merry-go-round, and the slides, Norman's parents went to go check on him, but when they got there, they were infuriated. As soon as they saw Norman hanging out with a black kid, they started screaming nasty things at James like, "Stay away from our son!" and "Go back home where you belong!" They started to sprint towards the two kids. Norman and James were very shocked and surprised that they were yelling at them and that they were racing to them. James was very confused and frightened by this, and after a few more rude comments, James ran back to his mother who was now under a tree sitting on a bench.

As soon as James's mother saw him in tears, she quickly asked what was wrong. James couldn't respond since his face was covered in tears, and he just cried in his mother's arms. She took him home and calmed him down enough to have him explain what happened. After he described what happened, she explained why Norman's parents were yelling at James, and now he understood why they screamed at him.

After James's mom and dad were done explaining to him why that happened, James promised himself and his parents that he will not hang out with a kid that had different skin color until these ridiculous rules get changed.

Curse of the Purple Crystal Pencil

Humorous Curse and Cure by Cara DeLaRosa

Once upon a time there was a purple crystal pencil. A kid named Jim was walking home from school, skipping down the sidewalk, and he saw something purple and bright sticking out of the ground. He got closer to it, he poked it with a stick, and then the brightness was gone... the pencil was just sticking out of the ground.

Jim thought to himself for a while if he should pick up the pencil. He finally did. Then, as he opened the front door, he felt a little zap on his hand. "Ouch!" said Jim.

As the day grew darker, he began to feel weird. He woke up, and he did what he usually did in the morning for school, but as he looked in the mirror, he screamed, "I'm a monkey!" He hid from his mom and said he wasn't feeling well, so his mom didn't think anything of it.

Jim hurriedly got on his computer and tried to find the pencil. He found it and read that it was cursed to change you into any animal. To treat the curse, you had to eat what the animal usually ate. It also had a list of animals that it could change you into. Jim came across a monkey, and it usually ate bananas. He had to eat 20 bananas for the curse to be removed.

As he was eating bananas, he felt a little tingle. Then he finally ate the 20 bananas, and he was himself again. He was relived! He took the pencil, broke it, and it was never seen again. His parents never found out!



2019 is the Chinese Year of the Pig!

Mixed Media

*by Buddy Stogsdill
and Oliver Zhena*

Go Outside

Moment Narrative by Jade Fearrin

You know every once in a while, you just feel as though the world is against you? You feel like you never get a break, and you are stressing over everything. You start noticing every flaw and minor inconsistency to your normal day atmosphere? Well, I remember a day that I felt this way; everything seemed off. I had this happen to me once. I felt as though I was an alien. I promise if you ever feel like an alien, (not if you are one, big difference) then you should try this.

I just spent a day and a half with my buddy. I was having fun, but this buddy sometimes rubs me the wrong way. Days like those always come to an end with someone leaving. I had just come home from my friend P... Pablo's house, "it" and I are good friends, but man-o-man, do you need a break from "it" once and a while. I remember being triggered already because my mom was mad at me for something I happened to get wrong. Knowing that, I was dreading walking in my front door.

I had stepped in and noticed the vibe my house was giving off. It felt weird, like I was not in my own house. I had started walking towards my room when my mom yelled my name. I was already frustrated at everything, and this just set me up for a fun time with my mom. So, I walked into my kitchen with the heaviest glare on my face possible. I looked her dead in the eyes, and she asked, "How was it?" (referring to my night at Pablo's house).

I suddenly wiped the glare off of my face because I thought that she was going to yell at me. Little did I know that it was just a lead-on to my inevitable doom. Before I had the chance to answer, she said, "Well, it does not matter." She then proceeded to assault my brain cells with words. After the brutal combo attack on my ears and brain, I went to my room where I slammed my stuff on my desk and flopped like a dead sea lion on my bed. I sat there literally shaking in anger, I sat up really fast and said "oh my *hecking* *gosh*, really?", I then proceeded to lose more brain cells thinking about the situation.

Doing a classic movie move, I swung my legs over the side of my bed and thought about everything that was making me mad. With my hands on my face and arms resting on my knees, I got the bright idea to do what I normally do when I'm in a pickle, just go outside. "I can't do that. It's fall and getting really frigid out. Maybe I'll get a cold" is what almost anyone would say with more than a -2 IQ.

Me being well... me I whipped out my fancy coat and long warm socks and put those babies on, and I was ready to go. I'm headed out my back door when I heard my "lovely" brother approaching. I decide d to take the fast way and zoom out before I had to interact with said brother.

I reached the final destination, I looked at my back yard and giant brown fence, and I took out the blanket I never mentioned earlier out and set it on the rock-solid ground. I lay there in the cold listening to the almost dead silence of the great outdoors. I lay there for probably an hour, give or take (My brain cells are still recovering; I'm sorry I didn't count). It was nice, just laying there staring at the sky.

After my session of looking like a dead person for an upward of 60 minutes, I got up. I continued inside until I was at my door. I opened my door to a bloom of warm air coming from inside with a familiar smell of "cinnamon bun" from a candle I always burn. I gently swayed myself until I hit my bed, and I turned on some music, hummed to it and started drawing. I was at peace. The moral is, go outside every once in a while. You might even gain a brain cell or two (You and I both know some people could use some).



Fall Still Life, Chalk Pastel by Chase Tucker

Interview with Lydia Carter (Abridged)

Fictional Holocaust Podcast by Ava Susong

Interviewer: Hello everyone, today we will be talking to Lydia Carter one of the Holocaust survivors and medics. She was discovered at Majdanek, a death camp in Germany.

Interviewer: Welcome to our show Lydia, we have heard many sad stories of the death camps and how people traveled there. Well, how did you travel to Majdanek and where did they take you first?

Lydia: Thanks for having me on air today. As me and my family were taken to our grotto, the Germans told us “In 5 days you will be moving for good.” We just thought that they were taking our family to a better, permanent home. When we were taken from the grotto, they took us out of town many miles away to a very private train station. Then they loaded us into cattle cars and sent us on a 4-day journey packed in the cars with no food, water, or disposal system, and we were with a few hundred other people. We arrived at a dirty, muddy, and a cold place full of people in striped clothes. They handed us a pair and forced us at gunpoint to change into the blue pants and shirt.

Interviewer: When you arrived did you get separated from your family?

Lydia: Yes, after being forced to change our clothes we were tattooed with a number. I can remember that day very vividly. I was only 20 and I was just out of nursing school. They made my family split up by the weak and the strong. I was in the group of strong, same as my mother, father, and older brother; but my two younger twin sisters were put in the weak line. We saw them whipped till their backs were covered in scars and blisters. They were crying and screaming. I couldn’t bear to watch. When the beating was over, they came running to me and my mother. They were very weak. They called all of the nurses and doctors to the front of the line. They told us we were to be prisoners for 15 more days, then we would work for the Nazis.

Interviewer: That sounds terrible to see your family fall before you. What was the main job for you as a prisoner?

Lydia: Well, I tried my best to get out of being beaten, so I acted and told the Germans that I was an experienced metal worker. I was put in in a factory that the Germans use for production of ammunition for the Nazi army. The work rooms had bathrooms with two sides one with the sign JEWS and the other with the sign GERMANS. They did terrible things to the sick or careless workers who were injured. They often took the injured or they disappeared and they never returned.

Interviewer: Very interesting but very miserable. What did the Germans mean when they took you to work for the Nazis?

Lydia: When at first, they said they were taking me to work for the Nazis I thought they were going to kill me because I was a Jew and I didn't deserve the education of a nurse. Turned out when they took me to the camp hospital, where they made me to do terrible things to injured and sick patients. They wanted me because they thought since I was a nurse, they could use my knowledge as an advantage to secretly kill people in the hospitals.

Interviewer: When you found out that you had to work for the Nazis, did you start to understand their perspective, or did you still think they were evil people?

Lydia: I definitely still hated the Nazis at that point. Every thought of theirs was hateful or discriminative to anyone that was not Aryan. While working in the hospital, I was forced to go from the hospital to the gas chamber, back and forth throughout the day. I saw many people die each day, and I had to take notes. I was forced to kill the very few people that survived the gas chambers. I would cry through the night knowing that what I did to people would never leave my conscience.

Interviewer: I heard that you helped a few people survive the bad doctors, is that true?

Lydia: There were a few twins that the doctor was working on that survived. One twin in particular I remember very well, Eva Newenbrooke. She was 12, and she had a twin sister named Elizabeth. They were very energetic and always very creative. One of the twins, Elizabeth, had a physical disability. Her arm stopped where her elbow was. The doctor tried giving her drugs, which made her arm very fragile and eventually not connected to her brain; so it couldn't make the arm move. The doctor then tried to do the same with Eva, but I helped give her curing drugs and gave her reassurance that she would be okay. One day they took her out of my care so I was unable to help her any longer. They did more tests on her without me knowing and she ended up surviving.

Interviewer: How did the Holocaust influence your faith; did it weaken or strengthen your faith?

Lydia: Knowing that I was in this terrible place because of my faith, made me have doubts. Each time I saw a loved one die, it pained me more and more that my God wasn't helping me. I prayed daily for the strength to get through the horror and the pain, that is what strengthens me to this day. I lost faith for a short while until things got a bit better. I brought some joy to a few suffering patients. That reminded me of what I truly believed in and how I needed to stick with my faith.

Autumn is in the Air

Seasonal Poem by Natalie McPherson

Swoosh! Swoosh! The leaves blew across my lawn.
The day turned gray at dawn.
Pumpkin spice filled the air
As crumbled leaves danced in my hair.
Fall is as breezy as tornado alley
Which makes me want to pick flowers in the valley.
Fall is the time when I am told to rake leaves a thousand times
But nothing can beat picking the perfect plump pumpkin from the vines.
Acorns are the blanket to the cold autumn ground
As chipmunks make their funny little squeaking sound.
In fall everyone is cooking by an open flare
This is when you can tell that autumn is in the air.

***Landscape**, Block Print by Chase Tucker*



Winter

Seasonal Poem by Mary Hutson

Sparkling snowflakes swarm through the air.
Holiday spirit is everywhere.
Frozen over ponds shine bright as the sun,
Ice skating isn't easy, but it is fun for everyone!
Two feet of snow all in one night.
The smiling sun overcomes the clouds, letting in light.
Whoosh! Wind against my window is nails on a chalkboard to me,
Not only that, it knocked down our tree!
Packing snow sparkles like glitter,
Stepping outside makes me shiver.
There are four different seasons, but all I know,
Winter is the way to go!

Steph and His Teammates

Civil Rights Fiction by Bryce Nelson

What would make you decide who to pass the ball to in basketball? Who is open? Who is the best shooter? How about where the ball should go when you are running a play? Would it surprise you to know that people used to decide who to pass it to based on the color of their teammate's skin? Before the Civil Rights Movement, that is exactly what happened.

One day at Nelson Middle School, a new kid arrived. His name was Steph Jordan. Nelson Middle School was an all-white school until this year when it became integrated. Steph was African-American, so when he wanted to play basketball, the coaches talked to each other and decided to let him. At the same time, his teammates did not want him to play. They didn't know; however, that he was the best basketball player at his old school.

During practices, while the team would run sprints, some of the other players would trip and push Steph. During the games, his teammates wouldn't pass him the ball. Then after the games, they would take his shoes and jersey, and they would hide them in somebody's locker.

Finally, the coach said, "If you don't pass him the ball, and if you don't treat him like a teammate, you won't be playing." So, Steph's team finally started passing him the ball.

The next game Steph's team passed it to him for the first time. Steph was behind the three-point line when he swished it. So, they passed it to him multiple times, and he made them all. After that game, all of his teammates treated him kindly in practice and at school. Other kids noticed and made friends with their classmates that were African-American.

Steph's teammates and classmates realized that it doesn't matter what your skin color is because they are all the same. Steph was friends with his basketball teammates through school and after, and even his parents changed their minds about segregation.

Charlotte at Sea

Poem by Hunter Sparks

Charlotte sailed the sea where she wasn't supposed to be.

It made her father mad, and that made Charlotte sad.

She sailed back to her home where she thought she belonged,

but she did not understand that her home was not on land.

So, she joined the *Seahawk* crew, and that was her home, she knew.

The Price of Freedom

Veteran's Day Speech by Natasha Standeford

Veteran's Day is a day to remember and give thanks. We honor those who've served in the military in any field. When most people think of Veteran's Day, they will, most of the time, mix it up with Memorial Day. Memorial Day is very similar to Veteran's Day, but Memorial Day refers to people who've died serving, rather than all who protected us. A Veteran could be your mom, dad, sister, brother, cousin, aunt, uncle, neighbor, or anybody else, and we may not know what they've gone through, but we know what they've done for us and our country.

Veteran's Day started way back when "The Great War" ended, in 1918. Back then, they called it Armistice Day, and it was celebrated on the eleventh day of the eleventh month, but Congress changed its name in 1954 to Veteran's Day to properly remember all those who've ever served. Today, there are about 21.3 million veterans still living, and we have even more to come. Veterans are people who give up many things, making sacrifices, in order to serve us, as a country. They go off, ready to protect us, and miss out on the family vacation, a reunion, or even a new child. Knowing this, people still leave. They may put their lives on the line to protect us. To know that there are thousands that may be fighting for people they don't know, really makes you think.

A veteran may go through things we couldn't even imagine; some things they wouldn't even be able to imagine. Some come home and are psychologically damaged, but we don't know exactly what they may have been put through, and we are never able to repay them for their services. People who serve in the armed services can suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), anxiety, depression, dementia (similar to Alzheimer's), schizophrenia (a mental disease that may cause fantasies or delusions), and bipolar (or manic depression). The list just goes on. Many of these things are caused by traumatic events that may have occurred, job loss, transitions from the services to civilian life and more. There are just so many things that they may have gone through, and sometimes all they really need is a pat on the back, a person to talk to, or just a simple thank you.

Some people may shrug off the holiday and not care, but that's like saying that the people who have died for us, the people who've fought for us, and the people who've served for us don't even matter. In fact, many men and women who've returned from services become homeless due to job loss and other reasons.

In honesty, veterans are often ignored. We see them as everyday people and don't pay much attention to them almost as if they don't exist. We may say we care, but have you

ever pondered on normal everyday people going away and serving for us; have you ever really thought about what they've done or what they went through? In retrospect, at least we thank them on their special holiday, a holiday made for them. We offer hugs, hand-shakes, and salutes to anyone we know that has served. They know that we love them, we cry for them. Ultimately, we do honor them at least one day a year, but we shouldn't do it just because we're told, we should because we care. Those who've served our country are super heroes to us. They've protected us or trained to protect us in case we needed them. They've treated people's wounds, fought, trained, cooked and counseled those who needed it most. They do everything people do outside of the military, inside the military.

Freedom has a price, and people served or even sacrificed their lives paying it. We abuse our freedom by not repaying the debt we owe them, but if you'd remember the days you spent, the time together, and the love you give to them, we're repaying that debt every day even if we don't realize it. So, if you haven't, call that family member, call that friend, call anyone you know that's a veteran or a current soldier and tell them thank you.



Boone County Courthouse, Mixed Media by Aleks Warkentien

There Will Come Calm Rains

A Prequel to Bradbury's, "There Will Come Soft Rains" by Elsa Cheek

A still, calm morning in 2026 rises with the rose and yellow sun. There is morning dew on spider webs and the grassy ground. Workers are cleaning the moving sidewalk outside a house who held a wealthy family. The house began to speak, to awaken the very orderly people inside. Mr. and Mrs. McClellan, Josh, Amber, and Scruffy the dog.

"Tick-tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to get up, seven o'clock!" The McClellan family began to rush to life with plenty to do. Amber McClellan opened her eyes with her heart pounding. "Another nightmare," she thought to herself. She got dressed into her school uniform with a green skirt, white shirt, and a green tie.

Amber heard the hiss of the oven working. She knew it was making the usual Monday breakfast pancakes, eight eggs sunny-side up, 16 small sausages, two coffees, and two cool glasses of orange juice. The house began to repeat, "Today is August 3, 2026 in Allendale, California." About three times of saying this, Amber was fed up. Her brother Josh came tumbling downstairs along with Scruffy their dog.

"You have to be so loud?" Amber said annoyed.

"No, why shouldn't I?" Josh said.

"To be considerate." Amber said nagging.

He stuck his tongue out at her. She did the same to him. Their parents came downstairs ready for the day.

"Seven fifteen, time for breakfast, time for breakfast," spoke the house.

The family gathered in the dining room. They ate their breakfast off their silver plates gleaming in the sun shining through a window.

"Eight one, tick-tock, eight one o'clock, off to school, off to work, run, run, eight one!"

The McClellan family was about to grab their bags and rush out the door.

Suddenly a siren went off. "Get to the shelter, get to the shelter, get to the shelter!" the house shouted. Amber shoved some towels in the sink to get them wet. "Josh, grab some food from the pantry, just in case." Amber's parents went upstairs to grab the keys to the shelter. Amber and Josh went outside. Amber felt the breeze on her face. The sirens were ringing in her ears.

Suddenly a green radioactive glow began racing over the neighborhood. Houses burst into flames. A small fire started in their house and the doors slammed shut with their parents still inside along with Scruffy. They heard the horrified screams of their parents. A tear rolled down her cheek.

"Come on, we have to get out of here! We can't get into the shelter," said Amber.

"What about Mom and Dad?"

"We have to go. We don't have time."

"What about Scruffy?"

With all her strength, Amber shoved the door open and put a brick in front of the

door. "Now he can get out." They started to make their way down the street. The flames were burning in her face with her mouth covered by her jacket. They ran for about five minutes. They only heard the constant clicking of their shoes and yelling.

Once they reached the exit of the neighborhood, Josh turned back toward the houses and flames. They stood there listening to the crackling of the flames. Josh looked with hurt in his green eyes staring gently.

"I have to go back," mumbled Josh.

"No, it's not your place. If they are still alive, they will find us," Amber cried.

"The fire went out as we were running away. I saw it myself. I looked back," he said with no emotion.

"If they are alive, they will know where to look. Even if you go back, what's the point if they're dead?" Amber said as tears began to form.

"Then I can help other people make it out," the sound of hope in Josh's voice almost made Amber believe it was possible.

"You can't leave me here!" Amber was bawling her eyes out while screaming in desperation.

"Then come with me," Josh said hopefully reaching his hand out to her.

"I can't. It's not worth the risk," Amber said gloomily.

"Okay, then I'm going. I love you Amber," he said, sounding as gloomy as Amber.

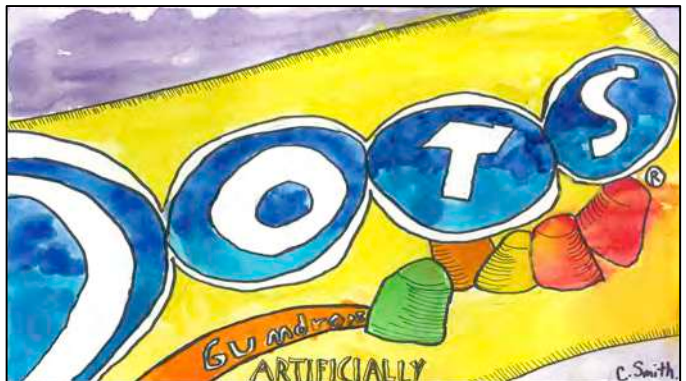
Josh walked away, his shoes clicking on the concrete. Amber started to bawl again. She threw a wet towel over herself and bawled her eyes out. She listened to the fire crackling with people crying out to one another. When she woke up, the sun was rising. The red and orange seemed to calm her as she remembered the day before. She wished it was a dream.

She looked at where the neighborhood once was. It was burned to the ground with the same radioactive glow. There was one house still standing. As she walked away, she faintly heard in the distance, "Today is August 4, 2026, today is August 4, 2026, today is August 4, 2026" She heard Scruffy bark twice in his low bark. This was it. This was Amber's constant nightmare. A nightmare of horror with every wonderful thing she knew - gone in the blink of her green eye.

A single tear rolled down Amber's plump cheek. Amber fell to the ground, her heart beating their last beats as she listened to her dog bark.

"Seven fifteen, time for breakfast, time for breakfast," spoke the house.

Amber closed her eyes.



Pop Art Candy, Watercolor by Connor Smith



The Battlefield

World's Fair Poem by Naythan Davis

Battlefield, Genghis Khan, dark, barren,
desolate ground, spear, and warrior.

Like a giant staring at his enemies from above,
with armor so elegant with perfect forgery.

A warrior stature with darkness inside
him and evoking fear with just a stare.

He strikes fear like a demon with deep, dark
armor as beautiful as a Blood Diamonds.

He and his steed are partners on the battlefield,
underworld creatures of darkness in the flesh.

His armor was forged out of the darkness itself.
His spear slashes his enemies with great precision.

The Mexican Cave

A World's Fair Poem by Craig Spencer

The three youthful men have encountered caves far and wide,
Yet with this one, they were terrified to peek inside.

Their fear wouldn't hold them back from the information they
wanted to know, but as they tip-toed closer to the cave, it

grew and grew. The wind halted its wailing as they entered
the cave, with stalactites so sharp and strong,

It could shoot to their head like the stone of their grave.
They seized their opening steps onto the cave floor,

Thirty-five miles of cave like undiscovered land, waiting to be explored.
The walls, like a new model car, untouched and unharmed with shine.

The stream water is clear, clear as the water you and I drink,
And the fish are so brightly colored like paint thrown on a fresh canvas.

Their adventure is like a marathon to the conclusion,
with the young men not taking time to revise their decision.

The young men marathon to find something mysterious,
even if the long journey would make them feel delirious.

Claws Full of Rage

Fiction by Kaylee Moore

Rage pulsed through Tenebris. 'Stupid Clara, stupid kingdom, stupid subjects.' Her draconic paws stomped throughout the dim hallways, leading Tenebris to her office. Pain coursed throughout her body, but she simply ignored it. Tenebris ignored everything around her, even the feeling of her long horns hitting against the doorframe to the office she normally resided in.

They'd lost another battle against the Light Kingdom; another battle lost against her brother, Clara Meam, the king of the Light Kingdom, sometimes referred to as 'The Kingdom of the Sun'. Tenebris herself was queen of her own kingdom; the Dark Kingdom, also known as 'The Kingdom of the Moon.' But, right now, that didn't matter. Her own power didn't matter right now. Only focusing on the bubbling fury that was inside her chest, Tenebris grabbed and chucked a lamp across the room, the resounding crash echoing throughout hallways, warning others that their queen was angry.

"God--" Growling through her bared teeth, Tenebris shouted for the ones who had planned their latest battle. It had taken a minute, but soon enough, a group rushed in, fearful of consequences. Slamming her hands on her desk, Tenebris shouted. "Useless, all of you! Do you not know how to plan a battle at all?!" Her rage was clear, almost tangible. Everyone inside and outside the room felt it.

A timid voice slowly made itself known. "Well, uh, your majesty--" He was cut off as Tenebris scored her claws against his face, a pained shriek following.

"Shut up! It's your fault we lost that battle! We could have gotten to that stupid king and killed him if it wasn't for you!" Venom laced Tenebris words, similar to poisoned knives piercing flesh.

Nursing the bleeding wound on his face, the man who had spoken up quietly whispered, "Yes, your majesty."

Growling, Tenebris shrieked, "Now get out!" All those who had grouped inside flowed out quickly, fear radiated from them. Slamming the door, Tenebris dropped into her seat. Snarling, she dragged her clawed, prosthetic hand over her covered, blind eye. A metallic hum emanating from the arm. Plates adjusted on prosthetic arm and wing; power exuded from Tenebris. Breathing out a sigh, there was only a single phrase that the dark queen uttered, "Next time, brother, you won't be so safe from my claws."

Across the world, within another, bright kingdom, a king whispered, "Oh, sister...how much I miss you."

Just Say Something

Moment Narrative by Jaleigha Howard

So, for the past three or four years, I've built an image over myself of being the girl that doesn't say much, and before the school year started, I made a goal for myself to talk more. It's kind of ironic because it was easier said than done.

The first few weeks of school went by as fast as they came, and before I could put my pencil down, the first month was over. It was the end of the school day, and I just got out of practice. My dad couldn't take me home that day, so I just walked. Since we just recently moved houses, it was a farther walk than usual, giving me more time to think to myself. I remembered the goal that I had made. I completed the goal, right, so what should I do next? Should I keep working on it? What do people even do once they complete a goal? Should I make another one? These questions led to more questions. How did this goal affect me? Did I enjoy working with this goal? Why would I keep working on something I don't enjoy?

I was relieved of the heat from the burning sun when I stepped into my air-conditioned home, walked to my room and set my bag down. I didn't leave my room until my older sister, Maleigha, knocked on my door, telling me dinner was ready. When I got to the kitchen, all of my younger siblings were crowding the stove, impatient to get a plate of food.

"Food's on the stove," Maleigha said.

"I noticed," I replied, my expression turning to one of disgust when I looked towards my younger brother and sister who were literally inhaling their food.

We had pizza for dinner that night—and it wasn't the good kind that you get from a restaurant, no, it was frozen just thirty minutes before served, and it was soggy. Just when I was about to head back to my room, I saw Maleigha pull out the cookie mix from the pantry, so I decided to stay. I jumped up onto the kitchen counter and pulled out my phone. Maleigha was playing Ariana Grande through her phone speakers as she stirred the eggs and water in with the cookie mix. I wasn't really listening until Maleigha starting singing—screeching—along with Queen Ari's hit single, 'No Tears Left to Cry'. I looked up to see her flailing her arms all over the place as she jumped around the kitchen. When the song ended, she went back to putting the batter onto the tray, as if nothing ever happened. I stared at her for another second or two before I returned my attention back to my phone. Sometimes, Maleigha does things that are rather peculiar.

When the cookies were done baking, Maleigha spit them evenly between the four of us, not forgetting to save some for our dad, who would be coming home later that night. As per usual, there were two extra cookies that we battled for with two rounds of rock, paper, scissors. I haven't won in a long time, so I didn't really expect to win this time.

“Rock, paper, scissor shoo,” my younger siblings shouted.

“It’s ‘shoot’ not ‘shoo,’” I tell them, even though I know that they won’t listen.

When my younger siblings finished eating, they went back to doing whatever they do in their rooms, leaving Maleigha and me in the kitchen. She started talking about how she was a part of a never-ending game of tag with her friends at school. She told me that random people even started to join in to play. She said that she was meeting new people and making more friends from just that one game. That got me to thinking:

“Maleigha, how can you be that social?”

“What do you mean?”

“You talk to literally everyone. Like someone can say something like “oh my gosh, I hate the number nine,” and you would say something really weird about the number two, and then you both would end up talking about candles.”

“It’s not that hard, Jaleigha. You just have to keep the conversation going.”

“What if you have nothing to say?”

“Then the conversation ends.”

“What if I don’t want it to end?”

“Then think of something to say”

This was so frustrating to me at the time because I knew she was right. All you have to do is talk, and that’s the one thing I didn’t want to do. Why did I even make this goal in the first place? I must’ve been out of my mind. Do I even want to carry on with the goal anymore?

After the talk I had with Maleigha, I went back into my room for the night. With me came the thoughts of the conversation we had. If I’m this doubtful about this, then maybe it would be okay for me to put this goal on hold for a while. Forever is fine with me, too.

From this goal, I’ve learned something about myself, so I guess it wasn’t all the way terrible. I learned that I’m not the kind of person who likes to be sociable; well, at least not a school because anywhere else, I won’t ever stop talking.



Seashell Postcards, Colored Pencil

by Tanner Creech, Shelby McMahon and Christian Rusher

Cheese Fries and Justice

Civil Rights Fiction by Hailie Jimenez

"Mmm, I am craving some food from Shapiro's, Ruthie," David Walsh said to his wife Ruthie. The Walsh family had been out all afternoon shopping at the Alabama City Complex Mall. It was a hot July day, and they were tired from all of the walking and shopping.

The family of five was piled into the Ford and was driving around looking for a place to eat. "You hear that kids; do y'all want to grab some cheese fries from Shapiro's Diner?" Ruthie asked the children who were in the back seat. "Of course!" Mia, Dion, and Rachel Walsh exclaimed. The family had a good laugh then pulled into the parking lot of the diner. One by one they piled out of the old Ford and onto the sidewalk, then through the door of Shapiro's.

They took their usual seats at a booth in the far corner of the diner. They always got looks from whites wherever they went, but this time they were looked at like they were insane for stepping foot in the diner. The waiter who usually served them was a college boy in his late teens. Instead, there was an old lady in his place.

"I don't feel really comfortable in here, Papa...," Mia said to her father with an uneasy expression. Just then, an old man who wasn't Mr. Shapiro, but strongly resembled Mr. Shapiro, stepped out from the back room. The diner seemed to be getting smaller and smaller with every step he took closer to the Walshes' booth.

"We do not serve your kind here no more. Scram!" he said rudely. Ruthie looked disgusted with him. "My family won't be going anywhere until we hear from Mr. Shapiro! I am not listening to your ignorance!" she said in a matter-of-fact voice. "My father passed; I am Mr. Shapiro, and we don't serve people like you here anymore. Now you can leave, or I will call the cops!" he said in an attempt to scare Ruthie. "Martha, fetch the phone for me!" he barked at the old lady.

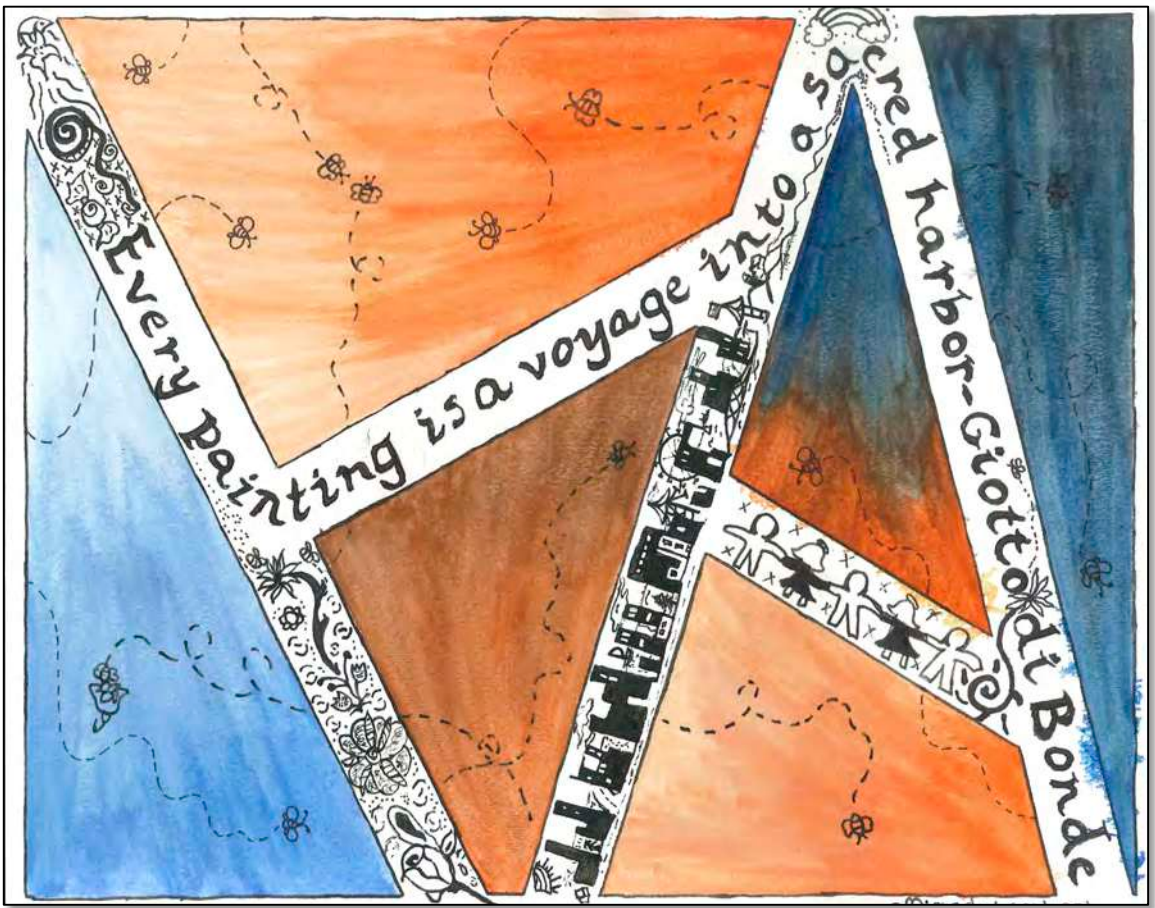
Just then, a man stepped out of the booth in front of them. He was a man who looked to be in his late twenties. He had thick black rimmed glasses and swept to the side hair. "Now Mr. Shapiro, my name is R. Luis Smith. I work for the very popular newspaper, *The Daily Function*. I write articles on businesses that refuse service to black folk. Usually a business gets absolutely slaughtered when they end up in my newspaper for this level of intolerance. I wouldn't want to end up in there if I were you," he said in a nonchalant voice.

Mr. Shapiro looked dumbfounded. "Fine, y'all can stay. However, if y'all are gonna be stayn' here, I better not hear one word of this getting out to the press!" he hissed at the bunch. David looked at Mr. Shapiro with a chilly glare, "We wouldn't want to eat at a place

that supports the racism and intolerance that happens in this country. Good day sir; my family will be on its way.” The Walsh family marched out of the diner in single file line with R. Luis Smith following after them.

“Now wait a minute, I really admire what you did back there. Please, let me take you and your family out for a meal, my treat,” R. Luis said to David and Ruthie. Ruthie looked back at the children. They all looked at her with gleeful expressions, “Of course we’d want to go!” Dion exclaimed.

The Walshes and R. Luis had a wonderful lunch. They talked about the racial issues in the country over cheese fries and burgers. The Walsh family had made a new friend over cheese fries and justice.



Values and Quote, Watercolor, Pen and Ink by Miranda Lambert

Teens in 2019

A Reflective Narrative Essay by Clara Douglas

What is it like to be a teen in 2019? For many teens today, they can group their hobbies and interests together, but I have other interests, hobbies and goals in life.

I have many different interests in life than my fellow peers. Rather than staying inside to watch television, I enjoy going outside to clean horse stalls. It can be difficult sometimes when you want to start a conversation with someone new and all you want to talk about are things that most teens don't do. I'd rather go to a horse show than watch a school football game. Most teens in 2019 enjoy shopping for clothes with friends or being on social media, but some of those things I can't fit in with. For me, I enjoy shopping for horses or a new saddle, and I like seeing my friends face to face and not over "Face time."

I always love hearing my grandparents tell me about what it was like to grow up in their generation, and it always sounds so simple. When they were growing up, if you wanted to talk to your friends over the phone, you had to stand next to the wall because the phone was attached by a cord to the wall. If you didn't want the whole block of houses down the road to hear your conversation, you had to wait till 8:00pm so that everyone was off the phone line. Life seemed so simple, and you had to work for what you wanted.

To be a teen in 2019 you have to have "thick skin" - metaphorically speaking. In today's world, anyone can take an embarrassing picture of you and post it for all their friends to see. It can really "make or break" you in some cases, like if you apply for college and they find a picture of you on the internet breaking the law. They'll think twice before letting you into their college.

My life in 2019 has been rough, and I feel like I can't catch a breath. Being a teenager in 2019 means that I should be excited about the world and I should start having a relationship with someone, as most people are doing. For most teens in 2019, peer pressure isn't recognized and most teens can't see it even when it looks them dead in the eye. It's hard to teach teens about this when we all think it's a joke or it will never happen to us. But it does, and some adults don't even see it happening, which is understandable because when adults today were growing up, they rarely had to worry about someone trying to commit suicide or being humiliated over "Snap Chat." Growing up is never easy for anyone, in any year.

Here are three steps teens believe they should follow to survive middle school. First, you'll need to find out who your friends are and who you can trust. Second, if you have social media, this can help you contact people and make friends faster than you thought you

could, making you more popular. Third, understand now that you are only growing up and not every little thing that happens now is going to crush your world. Your break up is not going to break you, your one bad grade isn't the end of the world, and one day you're going to graduate and be on your own, probably leaving behind the world of friends and enemies that won't seem to matter as much as you thought they did.

Every teenager has a story and has their own dreams, heroes, failures, and accomplishments. In middle school, we have a pecking order. Some may not always see it, but it's there. You can look in the cafeteria, the classrooms, hallways and even the bathrooms. It's an unspoken law that we all seem to blindly follow. We say we are looking for our place and where we fit in, but we have already figured it out for the time being. It will all change again in high school, but right now it's there. Certain groups only talk to their group and only walk with them down the halls. We all walk the same hall and eat the same food and have the same homework, but we purposely divide ourselves. One reason is to keep ourselves safe from embarrassment, and another is because we are comfortable with where we are.

In conclusion, being a teenager has never been easy, but being a teenager in 2019 comes with both dangerous and enjoyable moments. We all have a secret, silent language that we all know and follow. My experience being a teenager has many ups and downs. Life is hard and it won't think twice about kicking you even when you're down. What really matters is how you react and if you choose to get up off the ground.



Pop Art Candy,
Mixed Media
by Jonathon Klooz

In The Spotlight

Moment Narrative by Baron Clevenger

It was a rainy night getting off of our tour bus, and we were tired and starving for something to eat. We stopped at an unfamiliar dinner called Bobby McKey's for some grub. We had other people with us, so it wasn't just a get off and walk-in experience right away. Some of us had to wait outside in the rain in line. I was one of those people. The cold rain had soaked me top to bottom. I felt like a dog that just took a bath.

After waiting for about ten minutes, I finally got inside, and the place smelled of pizza. There were blue and green LED lights everywhere. Something particular had caught my eye when I walked in. I noticed there was a stage all the way in the back-right corner that had a shiny pitch-black color and two pianos on it, facing each other. There were tables laid out all around that had a piano look-alike design with lights in them with some tall round tables in the back. We were taken up a set of stairs to a table set up where we were served pizza, and then everyone, myself included, took a seat with friends.

Afterwards two guys walked up on the stage and were gathering all their stuff together and took their seats at the pianos. The guy on the piano closest to the right of the stage got on the microphone and welcomed us all to the restaurant and took a deep breath in and yelled, "Are you guys ready to have some fun?!" All the students answered back, "YES," like a kid that just got a desired toy on Christmas day. The guys on the stage told us, "We are taking song requests. All you have to do is just get a napkin, write down a song, bring it up here and put it on the piano." Moose and I were talking to each other about songs we should give them, like funny songs or just good songs to listen to.

The guys on the stage had a stack of song requests, and the first song that was picked was "Can't Stop the Feeling." You could hear a noise from every person when the song started that you could tell they did or didn't like the song being played. After the song, the next one that was played was "Frozen," and really nobody in the restaurant was glad that was one of the songs.

I told Caleb, "Really? Why this song?"

Caleb said, "I know right?"

"This song is so old, but I don't think it's for middle schoolers either."

"Hey Baron, I dare you to get on the stage and dance."

"NOOO!"

"I bet you 5 bucks you won't."

"Well 5 bucks is 5 bucks."

"Exactly, do it; you won't."

"All right... for how long?"

"I don't know, like 10 seconds?"

"All right, bet, but can I just stand up and not go on the stage."

"Sure."

"All right, 3...2...1

"Ok where's my 5 bucks?"

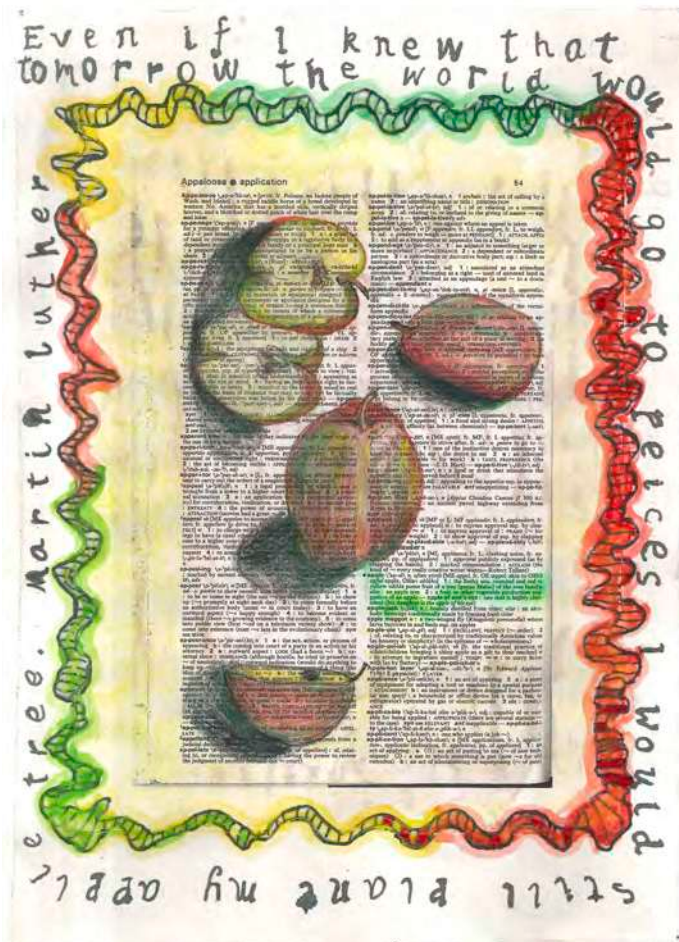
"Ok, here you go."

Later on, we had finished our pizza and our drinks. Everyone was listening to the music and talking. One of my favorite songs came on, and out of nowhere, without even thinking, I got up on the stage, turned on my flash and started waving it.

I wasn't even thinking or anything, but I knew that I was having a lot of fun. I was dancing and singing to the song while all of my friends were of course enjoying the show.

After the song ended another one came on and while looking out in the crowd, I saw Ms. Trent and invited her to come up and she and I took over the stage. When it was time to leave and go back to the tour bus, the guy behind me on the piano said, "Here you go bud," and it was a 5-dollar bill. He told me he loved the way I got everyone laughing and having a good time especially him. I told him, "Thanks, couldn't have done it without the awesome music though," and he laughed. We got out and all got back on our tour busses. On the way back to the hotel we were staying at for the trip, it was all laughs and giggles about how awesome and funny a night it was. This is all one of my favorite moments I have ever had.





Fall

Seasonal Poem by Lilli Dawson

Crunch, crunch now it's fall,
Time to put on my coat and shawl.
Big leaves here, small leaves there
Tri-colored leaves jump
everywhere!

Rodents rustle to remember
Where they hid their nuts in the
leafy embers.

The wind is like a furious man
Trying to stop me to go where I can.
The trees are great reaching hands
Trying to grab me as they demand.

They want me to stay,
But I got away.
I will always remember
Fall ends in December.

Dictionary Page, Mixed Media

By Juliette Marchand

Winter Wonderland

Seasonal Poem by Leila Richards

Snowflakes slip from the sky like soft white butterflies.
Falling peacefully on a cold winter night,
The snow was a white blanket covering the dead grass
While the wind whistled throughout the day.
Tick Tock goes the clock as the days count to Christmas,
But until then it was just a sad, cold, white windy winter wonderland.
As the kids hoped for Christmas to come soon,
Christmas was still many days away.
So, the days just pass by very slowly, hour by hour, and minute by minute
On all the cold winter nights.

Claim What Is Yours

Connections to Life Paper by Emma Hornbecker

Mrs. Stuart shared the following quote with my class: "Writing and reading decrease our sense of isolation." My interpretation of this is that writing can give you an escape to talk about your struggles... to write about a different, better life. It can make you feel like you have someone to connect with, even if you are making that person up. Reading makes you dig deep into the life of someone else, maybe even taking you to a whole other world. Our isolation decreases because we break the wall of real-life and come closer to characters.

An example of when this was true when I read Baby of the Family. I flew through this book because I loved being able to connect and relate to the main character, Lena. One thing I had in common with her was parts of her daily routines like her morning and dinner. Also, there is a whole chapter about her hair and the struggles it causes her. I can relate to this on a less extreme level because I too have very thick hair that is hard to control and becomes frizzy in humidity, and we both solve this problem by straightening it.

I believe that for a reader to enjoy the book, they have to be able to relate the world around them with some of the events taking place. For example, in my book there was a text to world connection about bullying. Lena gets bullied in the story because she chose to tell who started a rumor. Bullying is a very relevant and pressuring issue in schools among students and even in places like workspaces for adults. You hear about this issue all of the time. We shake our heads because we can relate to what the writer is plainly saying; it is true and relevant both in the story and our world.

When I was reading this book, I found a favorite, famous quote from the book: "Claim what is yours. You belong anywhere on this Earth you want to." When I read this, I nodded my head in agreement and smiled a bit. This is a quote from a spirit of a slave who is talking to Lena. It was Lena's response when her grandmother told her that "black folks don't belong at the beach." I love this quote because I believe in equality for everyone. My buoyancy was restored because this quote brightened the rest of my day because when you deeply connect with something, you feel less alone.

Mrs. Stuart also shared this quote with the class: "They deepen and widen and expand our sense of life: they feed the soul." When we read, we have the opportunity to look at someone else's life. It may be completely similar or opposite from ours. Still, it allows us to see how other people live and the different ways things are done. Books let us more fully understand why other people do things differently. The soul strives off of being content with yourself and decisions. You can never go wrong with reading or writing in doing this. It will offer an escape from anything your soul is unhappy with, creating life-changing experiences.

One of the books we read this schoolyear was A Christmas Carol. This book opened my eyes to see Scrooge's point of view. I am almost the complete opposite of him. Reading this deepened, widened, and expanded my sense of life; however, when he changed at the end, my "soul" was delighted with the change he had made. That made me strive to help people more. The ending fed my soul with happiness and satisfaction.

The Curse of the Antique Chair

Humorous Curse and Cure by Samantha Musser

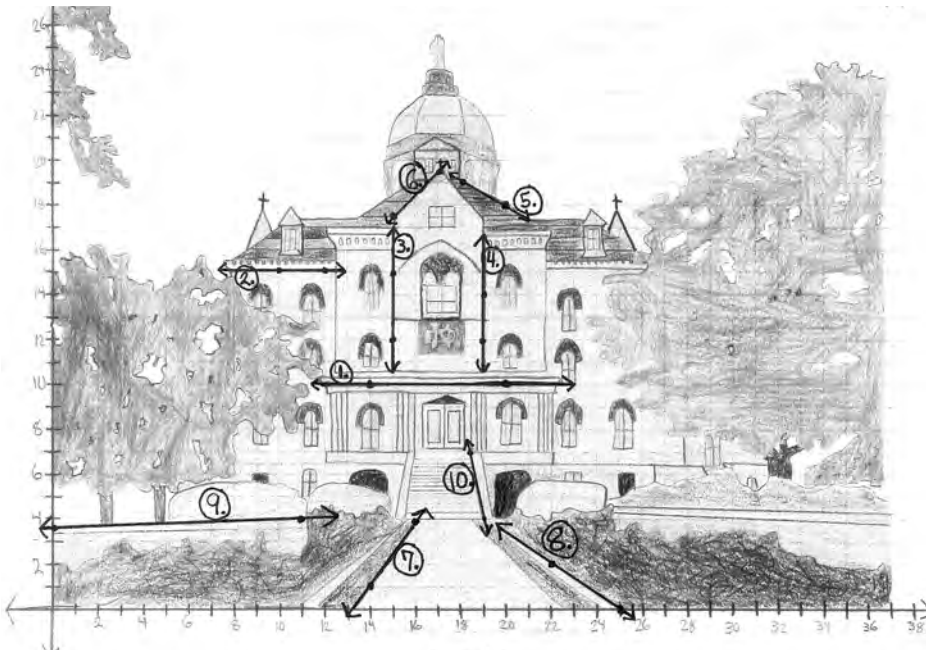
Once upon a time in 1999 this young boy named Todd was going to spend his money on a video game when he saw a yard sale. He went and looked around. He saw this really old chair. He decided to buy it and took it home. When he got the chair home, he put it in the bath tub to clean it. After he cleaned it, he saw that there was one spot left on the chair. It was still dirty, but he left it with the one spot.

When Todd went to bed, the dirty spot opened. It was like a vacuum and sucked in some of his food and his couch. When Todd got up the next morning, all he had left was his bed, TV and two Lunchables.

The next night he stayed up all night to see what was happening. What he saw was scary. He needed to get rid of the chair, and the next morning he got a note telling him how to stop the chair from eating everything. The note said to throw it into the sea. The next day he went to the sea, threw the chair in, and he never saw it again.

The Golden Dome of Notre Dame

Graph Art by Aiden Frost



The Girls Who Wanted to Be Friends

Civil Rights Fiction by Michelle Frye

Have you ever wanted to be friends with someone, but you weren't allowed? Rachael is a little white five year old girl who lived in Alabama during segregation, and she was kind to everyone. Mandy was also a five year old girl who lived in Alabama during that time, but she was black. These girls saw each other every week when Mandy and her dad, Paul, went to Rachael's mom's market in the white area.

Whenever Mandy and her father walked into the store, Rachael was so excited because all she wanted to do is be friends with Mandy, but her mom never wanted her to be because she believed white kids stay with white kids, and black kids stay with black kids. That always made Rachael sad because she never understood why she couldn't just be friends with everyone.

When Mandy walked in, Rachael yelled with joy, "Hi Mandy!" Rachael's mother, Sandy, gave her a stern dirty look that pretty much meant to be quiet. On Monday morning Rachael decided to walk to school instead of riding her bike. On her way there she saw Mandy. Rachael yelled, "Mandy!" Mandy said, "Hi Rachael; what are you doing?" They talked for a while until Rachael said, "Let's skip school. My mom never lets us play, so let's do it when she isn't around." Mandy was hesitant at first because she didn't have any white friends, and her mom says white people are hateful people. But, could that be true about Rachael?

The girls decided to do that all week until Paul and Sandy got a call from their daughter's school saying that they hadn't been attending.

Sandy stormed into her daughter's room and yelled, "Why haven't you been at school, Rachael?" Rachael was scared to tears, so she spilled the beans. She told her mom she has been playing with Mandy. Sandy thought it was definitely not her daughter's idea to skip, so she thought it was Mandy's even though Rachael explained to her mom many times that it was her idea.

Next week when Mandy and Paul went into the store, Rachael didn't say anything to Mandy. That was unusual for Rachael. She greets her every time. Instead, Rachael's lip was quivering. The next thing Mandy heard was Sandy shouting at Mandy's dad with words she didn't understand. Then they walked out of the store, and her dad told her what happened. They were banned from going to the market.

A couple of years later, integration came around when the girls were seven. When they walked into the school building, Mandy and Rachael saw each other and ran up to each other and hugged for a good minute straight. They both exclaimed that they missed each other. They played with each other at school every single day. Eventually, Mandy and her dad were allowed to come back to the market because of integration. Mandy learned not all white people can be so bad. The girls learned if you wait for some things, good things can come.

The Price of Freedom

Veteran's Day Speech by Aiden Frost

Eleven, eleven, eleven. What do you think of when you hear that? To some, it may sound like a lucky number or combination, but what happened on the eleventh hour, of the eleventh day, of the eleventh month was a significant moment in history. On November 11, 1918 the guns of the Great War fell silent. This meant that thousands could come home to their families. This was the beginning of Armistice Day, which over time changed to Veteran's Day.

Veteran's Day is a time to celebrate the sacrifices that the veterans of our country have made and remember the things that soldiers gave up to protect our freedoms. Some people may not understand what Veteran's Day is really about. Many believe that this day was created in remembrance of the soldiers who made the ultimate sacrifice and gave their lives. However, that day is Memorial Day. Veteran's Day was created to honor the lives and sacrifices of all veterans. It was created to reflect on those who volunteered and what they had to give up to protect us and our rights.

Throughout our history, soldiers have had to deal with so many traumatizing experiences. Soldiers in combat had to deal with the fact that people all around them were dying. This could be a stranger to them, someone they spoke to once or twice, or even their best friend. Imagine having to watch your best friend die right in front of you.

Soldiers also sacrificed some important things in everyday life. Soldiers miss things like the birth of their children and their child's first words and steps. They could miss things like their child's first day of school and their first playdate. They miss their child losing his first tooth and the time when he rides his bike without training wheels. Soldiers miss all of those birthdays and Christmas's. However, it's not just the big things they are missing. Some of the things that members of the military miss the most are the small things in life. They miss family dinners and homecooked meals. They miss goodnight kisses and hugs. Veterans miss watching those little league baseball games, and the small conversations with their kids about how school was. They miss helping their son or daughter with his or her math homework. Missing a family movie on the couch, summer camping trips, and weekend trips down to the lake, are times lost forever. Veterans missed things like playing catch with their child, kissing goodbye and dancing in the kitchen. Many veterans missed their spouse's birthday and their wedding anniversary. The soldiers who served in the armed forces miss so much whether they served in peace or in times of war. It is important for us to recognize that and thank them because those sacrifices were made for you and me.

Not only do soldiers make sacrifices, but their families sacrifice just as much. The wives and husbands of those in the armed forces have to care for their children and houses on their own. They have to do things like run everyone to his or her practices, attend the parent-teacher conferences, and help everyone with his or her projects and homework while still making dinner, packing lunches, and making sure the laundry is clean. Families do all of this while giving up their peaceful sleep, constantly praying for the person they love the most to be safe and worrying about the love of their life, fighting thousands of miles away.

Children of military families miss things as well. They hear classmates talk of their moms and dads while theirs are thousands of miles away. They miss the daddy-daughter dances and being tucked into bed. They miss the stories their mom or dad would tell. They miss and sacrifice so much, just like everyone else involved in a military family.

Veterans and their families made untold sacrifices so our nation could be protected and our freedoms preserved. This is why it is so important to thank them not only today, but every day. Considering somebody would be willing to give up so much for us, we can definitely take a minute and really thank them. My challenge for you today is to find a veteran and truly thank them. Without their sacrifices we wouldn't be able to have the freedoms we have today. Every day when you say the Pledge of Allegiance before school, remember what people had to give up to keep your rights safe, whether it is an arm, leg, or a missed memory. To all of our veterans, and those still fighting, thank you for everything you have done and still do. Thank you for enduring so much to keep all Americans safe and free.



Color 'Eye-ris' by Shane Deetz



Color 'Eye-ris' by Faith Clair

Dear Parents, Staff, and Students,

Lebanon Middle School is proud to present the 14th annual collection of student writing and artwork in the Tiger Tales: Art and Literature Review for the 2018-2019 school year.

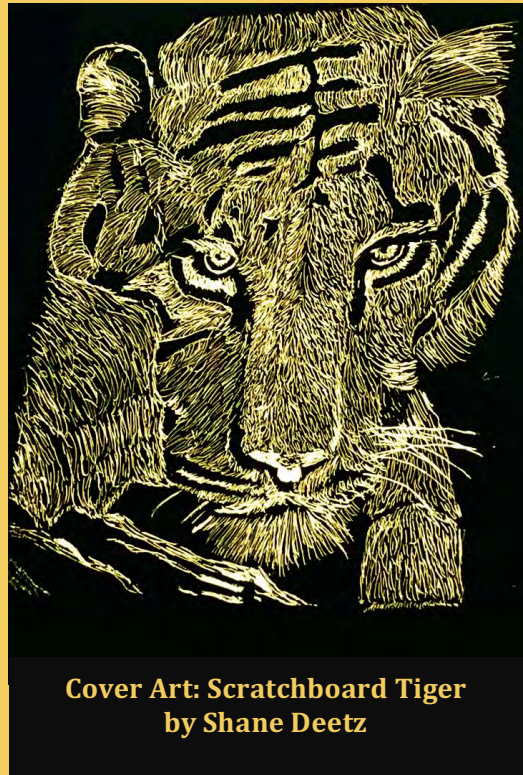
Congratulations to all of the students published in this year's review! Your teachers are extremely proud to showcase your talents in Tiger Tales for members of our school and community to enjoy.

Additionally, I want to extend my thanks to the following teachers for guiding students in their writing and taking the time to submit the excellent work for this year's review: Lorrie Faust, Kristine Cross, Wendy O'Rourke, Ed Gerka Don Polston, Karen Perkins, Debbie Mardis, Tammy Stuart Debbie Green, Mary Shirley, and Ed Gerka.

Lastly, we appreciate Ronda Villines for submitting another impressive and varied collection of authentic student artwork.

To further enjoy and share this year's review and past reviews, please visit the student publications section of the LMS website.

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