

# Silhouette



F.E. Peacock Middle School  
301 East North Street  
Itasca, Illinois 60143

**Literary and Art Magazine**  
Volume Two

The Charger editors and the Peacock student body hope you enjoy this second literary and art magazine, but this time many of the stories have a twist. We hope to continue and expand our magazine in the future.

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Acaisha B., 7

## Something More

Somewhere else  
Some other time  
Somewhere far away from here

Some time behind us  
Somewhere ahead  
Or maybe some other year

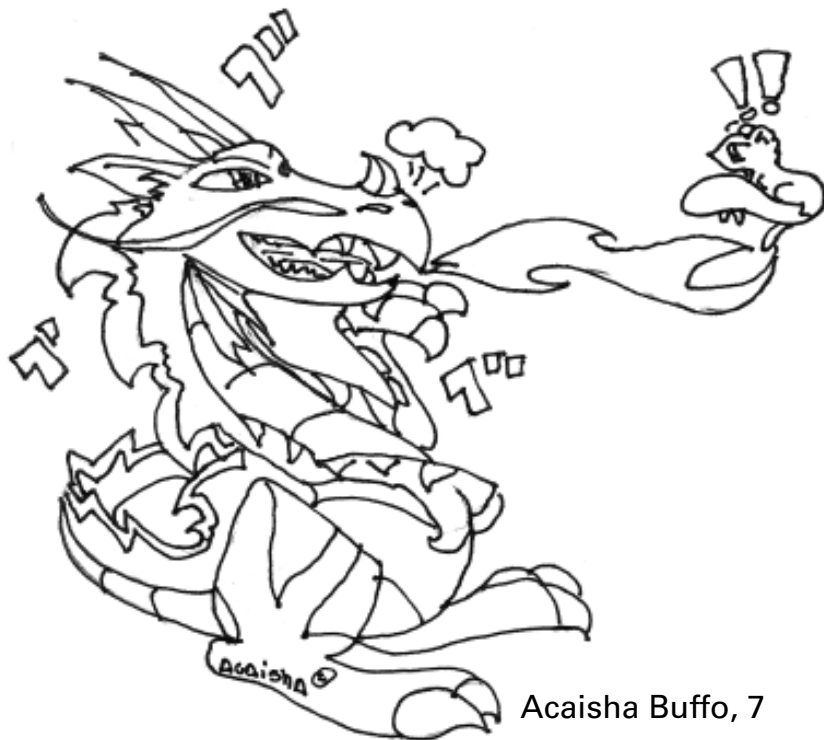
Somewhere different  
Somewhere new  
Somewhere better  
Or at least where the skies are a better shade of blue

All of the places I want to go  
Each one as perfect as the last  
Sometimes I have trouble  
Deciding which is best

But yet I'm still here  
And I wipe away my tears  
But I really don't know what for

Because all I ever wanted  
All I ever dreamed of  
All I ever needed  
Was a little something more

Carly L., 8



Acaisha Buffo, 7

## The Dragon

The dragon stared at me, taunting me. His glowing saffron eyes beheld my every move as he belched another thick, destructive jet of horrible smog. The stench from the dragon still remained scorched into my nostrils as it made the sound it usually does before it charges.

It made a whining hum as it prepared to throttle at me, but I was ready for it. It started, getting faster and faster until it was mere feet from my seemingly petrified body. I could feel how the dragon shook the ground as it moved, how it was bent on destroying everything in its path.

Just as I was to become a road waffle, I dodged out of the way, the dragon's sleek black scales brushing millimeters away from my fur.

The squirrel leaped out of the driveway just as the black Ford Taurus pulled out.

Rachel W., 8

## The Icy, Cold Dream

It was freezing out. The clouds were so thick that it was impossible for the sun to penetrate. Everything was dark and dreary. There was no running water because all the water froze in the pipes. The ice on the ponds was so thick that no one could even go ice fishing.

Figure skating and ice hockey were the two most popular sports. Nobody needed freezers anymore; all they had to do was leave the food out.

Everywhere you went, you would only see people huddled around stoves and fires, because they were so cold. Even that didn't help much because it was windy, and the fires kept blowing out.

The smell was also terrible because nobody could wash clothes or take baths. If they did, the water just froze. Everyone wished for just a drop of sunlight, an hour without wind. Nothing grew anymore, because everywhere you went it was cold.

Then I woke up. I gasped for a breath of fresh air; everything was stifling hot. I was sweating. I walked downstairs and saw my mom sticking her head in the freezer. My little brother was eating his soup right out of the can because it was already hot enough.

I went outside. I shielded my eyes from the extremely bright sunlight. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. Everything was still; there was no cool refreshing breeze. It was just as hot out there as it was in the house! There wasn't any more air conditioning because it was too hot for it to work.

Nobody needed stoves anymore; all they had to do was take the food outside.

I realized that I had just had a dream, the best dream of my entire life. In reality, the hottest temperatures were around the world; in some places it had reached over 250 degrees! Now all I wanted to do was go back to bed and repeat the dream all over again.

Cassandra D., 8

## Nature

Flowers in my hair,  
Blowing leaves looking at me,  
Falling from the trees.  
Jasmine K., 7

## A Beautiful Day

Birds chirp lovely songs,  
Wind is blowing all day long,  
What a pretty day.

Claire Z., 7

## The Rainbow

Red, orange, yellow,  
Rainbows across the blue sky,  
Blue, green, indigo.

Leonardo M., 7



Trisha H., 8

## **I Really Should Be Sleeping**

I really should be sleeping  
But my mind is still awake.

I really should be sleeping  
But all I can do is fake it.

I really should be sleeping  
But what's it going to take?

I really should be sleeping  
But the sun's up now,  
Time for a brand new day.

Carly L., 8

## **Kids**

Kids can be gross  
Kids can be cruel,  
Kids can be cute  
Or they might drool.  
Some kids are smart  
Some kids are dumb,  
Some act grown up  
Others suck their thumb.  
Kids can be hyper  
But some are slow,  
Some kids will stall  
Others just go.  
Some kids like sports  
Others to sing,  
Some kids don't mind losing  
Others must win.  
Kids can be short  
Kids can be tall,  
Some kids are chubby  
Others quite small.  
Some kids are quiet  
Others are loud,  
Some kids are shy  
Others are proud.  
Some kids are nice  
Some kids are rude,  
All kids are special  
What kind are you?

Emily V., 6



Mariana D., 8

## **I Have A Dream**

I have a dream that one-day people of all lands will live in a world of peace, a world free of terrorism. I have a dream that one day the people of the world will be able to rest peacefully at night, without fear that their homes will be destroyed while they sleep. I have a dream that one-day men and women around the globe will be able to walk about the streets not being threatened by bombs or war. Yes, I have a dream.

The time has come for every nation to join hands and spread peace throughout the world. The time has come to do away with hatred and learn to live with compassion in our hearts. The time has come for the clouds of terror to clear up and let the ray of hope shine through. The time has come for all men, black and white, Christian and Muslim, Arab and American to forget their differences and form a new way of life, a life that is full of hope and peace. Yes, the time has come.

Together we can make a difference. Together we can help to mend relationships among countries. Together we can foster a sense of interconnectedness. Terrorism is a tough topic to tackle. But yes, together we can make a difference

I leave you with the words of Albert Einstein, "The significant problems we face cannot be solved at the same level of thinking we were at when we created them."

## **I Have A Dream**

I have a dream, that one day Hispanics and whites can stand together and shake hands. Can this be the time?

It is to be known that all men are created equal and endowed by their creator.

One day let it be known from the highest mountains to the deepest seas that war, weapons, and hate are not the way to go. Let's turn those stones of despair and bad things into a sea of love.

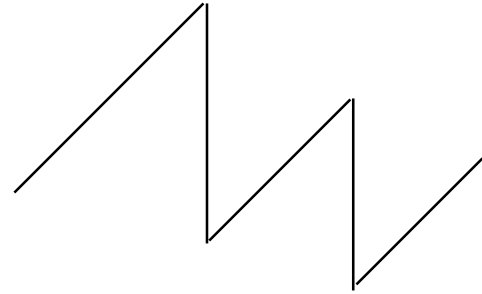
Can this be the time? From the magic mountains to the steepest seas let freedom ring.

I have but one life to live for my country I want to spend that time helping people who need the help.

Can this be the time, to stop all of this madness? Well to me it is the time we can stop acting so foolish.

You can think what you want but I have a dream. Our actions are disgusting, absurd, mad, speechless, and wrong. I have a dream and may it be known from now on.

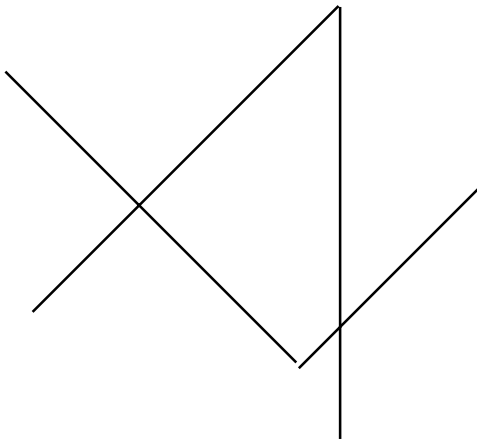
Amanda P., 7



## **9/11 One Year Later A Collective Memory**

Cruel Planes  
Bad Crash  
Scared Towers  
Feeling Pain  
Unbelievable Destruction  
Nothing  
Fear and Anger United  
Freedom Horrified  
Patriotism Disappointed  
Death, Terror, and Sorrow  
Misunderstood  
Terrified and Nervous Grief  
Horrible War  
Loss  
Tragedy  
Stupidity  
Disgusted and Disgruntled  
Togetherness and Strength  
Insecure and Secure  
Safer and Warmer and Better  
Reality

Grade 7 Students



## I Have A Dream

There will come a time in history when religion and heritage will not matter among the people of the world. That time will come soon for I have a dream, a dream that one day we all shall be seen as one. A day when we will all be considered equal, and



Trisha H., 8

not disliked because of who we are and what we think. A day when our opinions will not cause hatred and violence, but peace and understanding will come of them.

The pure white gem of equality may have been lost in the cold, dark ocean of lies, misunderstanding, and war, but we will find it again. Let us forget our differences and look at what ties us together. All men are created equal and by "all" I mean every black man and white man, every Asian and European, every African and South American, and every North American and Australian person.

If we do not become equal or even try to accept each other for what we are the wild winds of war will brew up a mighty powerful storm that may take years to blow over. It happened once before and the results were tragic, so what do you think will happen this time considering all the weapons that we have?

The dove of peace may fly in the sky of hope, but if we start to see each other as better than the rest of the world how long will it stay up there? How long will our friends be our friends and not turn against us? If we do not treat each other equally, then the answer is not long.

So let us see each other as a piece of a puzzle, without one we are incomplete, with all we are one and the same. Let the day come when all of us will accept the fact that we are no better than the next person. A day when the words war and hatred will be unknown, and the feelings of greater power and popularity be forgotten.

Joanna M., 7

# The Haitian

Christian Princetti was a mafia boss in Chicago until a massive mob war forced him to retreat to Louisiana. He left his entire operation in the hands of his second-in-command and set out in secret.

He built a reputation from scratch in New Orleans. After a few years, he ran a profitable ring of labor racketeering, bootlegging alcohol, and smuggling weapons out of his mansion located in the swamp outside New Orleans.

His lieutenant was a tall black man who rafted from Haiti and ended up in America. He was a voodoo priest and often used his power to frighten competitors. Everyone knew that he had entered a room because of the clicking sound that came from his silver cane when it struck the floor.

After Princetti became famous, an old enemy sent a contract killer to Louisiana. Princetti was locked in a warehouse as the killer worked him over. By the time his soldiers arrived to get him, he was horribly disfigured from the nose down. He wore bandages over his wounds from then on.

Princetti was hosting a party at his mansion one night. A gunman entered the lounge and shot Princetti three times. Before anyone could see who it was, all that was left was his gun. When the police arrived on the scene, the body was missing. The police thought that his old lieutenant murdered him. The only thing that was commonly known was that the voodoo priest went into hiding to escape his death at the hands of the gunman. It would take nineteen years for the truth to be found.

New Orleans, 1957 4:54 P.M.- Detective Marshall sat at his desk in the police headquarters waiting for the clock to hit 5:00. He had hardly done any work all day and desperately wanted to go home for the weekend. At 4:57, the chief came in and leaned against the wall. "Are you doing anything this weekend?" asked the Chief.

"No."

"Well you are now. Passersby have reported several disturbances coming from the Princetti house. We think that a group of kids are sneaking inside and having parties. All we need you to do is stay there Friday night."

"When do I have to be there?" Marshall responded, rolling his eyes.

"Before seven o' clock, and be sure to bring something to read. There's no TV or radio or anything. The place hasn't had electricity for nineteen years," muttered the chief as he left. Great! Marshall thought; now I have to waste Friday night in that creepy old house.

7:03 P.M.- Marshall stepped out of his cab in front of the old house. He paid the fare and walked up the driveway and to the front door. He unlocked it and stepped inside. As he walked through each room he noticed how everything seemed to be in perfect shape. It looked like nothing had been touched since Princetti had died. Through the door to his left must be the lounge room, he thought.

9:29 P.M. – It was just beginning to get dark outside. Marshall sat in the living room and read that day's paper. A sound from the foyer made him jump. He set down the paper and walked in the room from which the noise was heard. It sounded like a piece of clothing flapping in the breeze. When he got to the foyer, it looked as if something had moved towards the top of the stairs.

He climbed the stairs and looked down a short hallway. Nothing seemed out of place. His eyes scanned the doorways from where he was standing and

what he saw almost made him fall back down the stairs. A man who seemed at least six and a half feet tall with broad shoulders was going from door to door. The turned up collar on his trench coat and small bowler hat hid his face. He seemed to glide across the floor. Marshall shouted out at the stranger. But he didn't get a reply. The stranger kept going from room to room until he didn't come out of the last one on the left. Marshall backed up and kept going back into the living room. He lay down on the couch and stared at the ceiling until he fell asleep.

11:13 P.M.- When Marshall awoke, he heard a clicking sound going down the hall. He stood up and followed the sound. He went into the study and stopped at the desk. Marshall checked the desk for any hidden compartments, but didn't find any. When he was looking at the bottom, he noticed that the entire desk was on a greased track. Marshall pushed the desk forward to reveal a secret passage that a clicking sound echoed out from.

Marshall dropped down into a long tunnel illuminated by a shaft of moonlight. In front of the spot where the light streamed in, was the outline of a tall man with something in his arms. He dropped a large object onto the ground and disappeared. Marshall walked slowly towards the spot of light on the ground. He had his hands outstretched in front of him. As he neared the object, he felt something wet on the bottom of his hand. Leaky water pipes were the least of his worries. Marshall looked down to see that the form on the floor in front of him was a bald man with glasses and bandage wrapped around the bottom half of his face. This must have been Princetti. Closer examination of his hands showed that they had blood on them. But I never touched the body, thought Marshall. The blood from the three gunshot wounds in Princetti was dripping up, Sounds of music and loud talking could be heard above him. "This is no time for those kids to come here!" Marshall growled aloud. He dashed back down the tunnel and followed the sounds to the lounge.

He broke open the door to the lounge to find that no one was inside. He could hear all of the sound from a party but there was no one in the room. Marshall walked into the center of the room when a hard object struck him. As he fell to the floor, he caught a glimpse of a tall black man wielding a silver cane.

New Orleans, 1938 9:29 P.M.- Jean-Luc Michel adjusted his tie in the mirror of his room. It was at the end on the left. One of Princetti's goons was checking each room as he walked up and down the hall. "Would you like a drink?" Michel called to the soldier. He came in and had something to drink. The second he tasted Jean-Luc's potion he would only do as told. "I want you to go downstairs and shoot Mr. Princetti" Jean-Luc whispered in his hazy English. In the lounge, Christian Princetti was entertaining some guests when a large man in a trench coat pulled out a revolver and shot him three times in his right side. Now, RUN! The gunman could hear the words in his head. He joined the crowd of people running to escape the gunfire. Once everyone was gone, Jean-Luc walked into the lounge. Tucking his cane under one arm, he picked up Princetti and carried him down into the cellar. His cane made a slight clicking sound against the side of his shoe.

New Orleans, 1957 12:00- Marshall woke up from the dream of Princetti's murder on the floor of the lounge. The ghostly figure Jean-Luc Michel stood above him, still holding the cane. Detective Marshall looked in horror at the voodoo priest as he said an incantation and swung his cane for the final time that night.

The End

Paul P., 8

Drawings by Acaisha B., 7

## The Insane, Buzzing Fly

buzzing, buzzing, buzzing,  
all I hear is a thin airy whining.

buzzing, buzzing, buzzing,  
you learn to ignore it sooner or later.

buzzing, buzzing, buzzing,  
it's all too familiar.

buzzing, buzzing, buzzing,  
if you don't tune it out sometimes it will  
drive you insane.

The insane fly is always around,  
ruining happy days with shouts of rage.

The insane flies of this world,  
unfortunately,  
are scolding parents.

Rachel W., 8



Alexandra B., 7

## The Wrong Side of the Tracks

On the wrong side of the tracks  
the skies seem more gray

On the wrong side of the tracks  
bad days don't seem to fade

On the wrong side of the tracks  
you try to live your life

On the wrong side of the tracks  
nothing works out right

Like two sides of a coin  
As different as can be  
We live out our lives  
to a different melody  
The ringing of pity from high pitched voices  
"Oh that's just too bad."  
The sobs coming from a crying child  
when life just seems so sad

The ringing of the bells and the flashing of the lights  
Each one a painful stab  
and just as the lights close we listen...

Listen to the sounds we hear  
from the wrong side of the tracks

Carly L., 8



Lara P. 8

## **A New Beginning**

As winter comes to an end,  
Springtime starts again.

The flowers and trees begin to bud,  
and as the rain hits the ground it becomes mud.

The sun stays longer as the days go by,  
there are so many colors at dawn in the sky.

As the sun slowly sets the stars come about,  
the midnight sky is lit up for the pale blue moon is out.

Then the sun starts to rise in the East,  
at this moment a new day has come and so has the start of a new beginning.

Jackie S., 8

# Plotchky and the Monkeys

There once was a little monkey named Plotchky, and he had no friends. There were lots of little groups of monkeys in the zoo that he lived in, but he didn't seem to fit into any of them. He tried to become friends with the other little monkeys, but he was either not smart enough or not cool enough or not weird enough to hang out with them.

Now, all of the little monkeys had been taken out of the jungle, and they missed their homes. One day, a helper dropped a set of keys into the monkey cage. The other little monkeys were too busy with their groups to notice the keys, but Plotchky noticed right away and grabbed them.

That night, when the zoo closed, Plotchky decided to make his escape. He was about to leave when he saw the other monkeys' faces. He thought that he would leave the other monkeys behind since they had been so mean to him, but he didn't want to be mean like the other monkeys, so he decided to let them escape with him.

They were about to leave when the helper came back. He had realized that he had left his keys at the monkeys' cage, so he had come to get them back. He noticed that little Plotchky had the keys, so he took them.

The little monkeys thought they were done for, and that they'd never escape, but the helper opened the cage and let them free. The helper was tired of seeing them in captivity.

The monkeys went back to their homes, and they became the best of friends, every one of them.

Pam R., 7



Alexandra B., 7



Trisha M., 6

## Sleeping

I walk to bed  
I lay down my head  
I pull up the sheets  
I fall fast asleep

Hours pass  
Morning alas

## Walking

What a worthless way  
To spend a day  
Walking, walking  
What a pointless task  
That I wish I could pass  
Walking, walking  
Walking is a waste to me  
I would much rather be  
Sitting

## Eating

Eating time for feeding  
Smell the aroma  
Of fresh bologna  
Turkey, ham, and  
Mustard too  
I put it together on a bun  
Bring it to my mouth and chew, chew, chew  
And now I am through

Kenny T., 8



Alexandra B., 7

## Music Maniac

There once was a boy who  
loved music so much,  
The kids around town said  
he's out of touch.

He never played games,  
never played with toys,  
All he wanted to do was make  
musical noise.

He was playing the piano at  
the age of three,  
He knew all of the notes, he  
was a music prodigy.

He played many instruments  
by the age of four,  
The clarinet, trumpet, and  
even more!

His headphones never left his  
ears,  
You could always hear music  
when he was near.

He was a good singer and  
was in a choir,  
Instruments and singing  
never made him tire.

Not to mention dancing, he  
was like a pro,  
He would perform in lots and  
lots of shows.

He would ride to his  
performances in a black  
Cadillac,  
Oh that music maniac!

Amanda M., 6



April R., 7

# The Boy and His Rabbit

There was a boy who wanted a dog, but his parents didn't think he was responsible enough. They said he could get a smaller animal, and if he took good care of it, he could get a dog.

So the next day, they went out to look for an animal. The boy chose a rabbit. The boy was doing really well taking care of the rabbit, but after a week he got tired of taking care of it.

He took the rabbit out of its cage to show his friend. Then when he put it back in, he forgot to close the cage, and the rabbit escaped.











His parents told him that he couldn't get a dog until he becomes more responsible.

Moral: If you are responsible, people will trust you with more things.



Rena W., 7

Bryan H., 7

<p><b>THE LAST CARROT</b></p> <p>BY JULIA N</p> 	<p><b>ONE DAY, A FAMILY OF BUNNIES WERE SEARCHING FOR FOOD.</b></p> 	 <p><b>BUT SINCE IT WAS WINTERTIME, THERE WAS HARDLY ANY FOOD LEFT!</b></p>
<p><b>FINALLY, ONE LITTLE BUNNY NAMED FLUFFY FOUND ONE LITTLE CARROT. BUT HE DIDN'T WANT TO SHARE IT WITH ANYONE.</b></p> 	  <p><b>AND HE ATE IT ALL HIMSELF.</b></p>	<p><b>SO THE OTHER LITTLE BUNNIES WALKED ON, AND FOUND A WHOLE BATCH OF CARROTS!</b></p> 
 <p><b>SO THE BUNNIES HAD A FEAST. FLUFFY CAME, BUT WAS SHOOED AWAY BECAUSE HE WAS SELFISH AND DIDN'T SHARE. FLUFFY MOVED AWAY, BUT THE OTHER BUNNIES LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.</b></p>	<p><b>MORAL</b></p>  <p><b>TREAT OTHERS THE WAY THAT YOU WANT TO BE TREATED.</b></p>	

# The Bunny and the Lollipop



One day, a little bunny named Sam and his twin brother Jack were hopping home from school. Sam had gotten a lollipop from his teacher for getting an A+ on his test.

When they were almost home, by the creek their mother told them not to swim in, the class bully named Fox came up to them. Fox had also gotten a lollipop. But Fox was a

greedy child and he wanted another.

"What do you have there Sam?" Fox asked. "Give it to me now!"

Sam liked his lollipop and didn't want to give it up, but then he didn't want a fight.

"Well will you hurry up?" Fox said.

Sam was always giving up his things to Fox so this time he thought enough was enough. "No, I won't give it to you," Sam said.

"Then I'll get it from you and have two lollipops."

So Fox ran toward Sam, but Sam just moved to the side to avoid him. Fox fell in the creek, and his lollipop was lost. Sam and Jack ran the rest of the way home and told the events of the day to their mother.

"I think you two learned a lesson from all this," their mother said, "You should always be happy for what you have."

Laila M., 7



Jackie S., 8

## The Rabbit Named Jack

There once was a bully named Jack. He was a very bad rabbit. He took other rabbits' lunch money everyday.

There was a very small rabbit named Bobby. He was Jack's favorite rabbit to pick on. Jack would beat up Bobby everyday and take his lunch money.

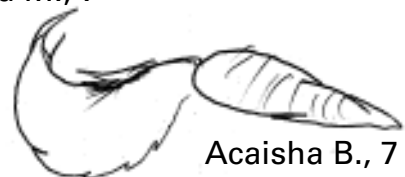
Then one day, Bobby told his older brother, Brian, that he was being picked on. So the next day Brian went to search for Jack. He found him and decided that he should have to go through what Bobby had to go through everyday with Jack. So Brian beat up Jack and took his lunch money.

Moral: What goes around, comes around.

Dana M., 7



Jackie S., 8



Acaisha B., 7

# Hypothermic

"Winter Break, finally!" exclaimed Eve as she walked out the door of school.

"What's so great about that?" moaned Ania.

"The teachers gave us enough homework to last us for the rest of the year anyway!"

"Oh, it's not that bad," Eve said, trying to cheer her friend up.

"It is if you're me!" argued Ania, while she rolled her eyes.

"Boooo!" screamed Chris.

Out of nowhere, Eve's boyfriend, Chris jumped out at them. Chris was not only Eve's boyfriend, but Ania's best friend and neighbor.

Eve nearly jumped on top of Ania, who was too busy trying to turn a **D** into a **B** on her report card to notice. It was hard to take Ania off guard.

Ania was kind of wild, but never got in trouble that was too deep. She had a style all her own. She wore all kinds of unusual, yet beautiful, jewelry. She was tall and thin with long auburn hair. She had a good heart and personality, but people just didn't accept her very much. She didn't care.

Eve on the other hand, was a popular cheerleader with had long blonde hair and a "perfect" body. Eve lived alone with her mom. It was funny how two people so different had grown to be such close friends. Opposites evidently did attract.

As they reached Eve's door, Ania said,

"Hey, call me tonight so we can go party!"

"I thought you had homework?" said Eve with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh come on. I'm sorry. I'm just upset about my grades. Ya know my mom, she's gonna freak when she sees 'em!"

"Yea, I guess you're right. I'm sorry." Eve paused, "Wow! Your mom is gonna kill you! Hehehehe."

"It's cool."

"But if you're in the prison we call grounded, how are we supposed to go out?"

"Oh I'll find a way. I always do!"

"Okay, I'll talk to ya latter then. Bye!"

"See ya!"

"Bye bunny!" Chris shouted out to Eve from behind Ania.

Eve shut her door, and Ania turned and walked toward Chris. They still had five more blocks to go till they got to their street.

"So, you gonna help me convince my mom that everyone has been getting bad grades?" pleaded Ania



Alexandra B., 7

"I dunno, what if she doesn't buy it, or if she wants to look at mine again?" responded Chris with a worried face.

"Well...just say, say you lost it, or it's at school or something."

"I'm not sure, it's kinda risky. But, okay. This is the last time I do this for you though."

"You say that every time."

"Ya, well, this time I mean it!"

Chris followed Ania into her house.

"Mom," Ania called, "I'm home."

Her mother came stomping through the house, her face bright cherry red.

"I'll just be going," whispered Chris.

Ania leaned against the door and locked it. "Oh no, you're not," she muttered.

"The school now sends home a copy of the mid-term grades to the students' families," Ania's mother said trying to hold back her anger. She held up Ania's true mid-term grades to her face. The she proceeded to read them aloud:

"In science, a **B**, not too bad. In history you're getting an **A**, which I am very proud of you. In Spanish you got a **B+** that's fine. In language/reading you got a **B-**. But in math...you got a **D**! Chris I think it's time for you to go home, Ania won't be available for quite some time."

Ania looked at her feet in shame, said goodbye to her friend, and Chris left.

"A **D**! What happened? You're a smart girl, why are you almost failing in one of your stronger subjects? I don't know what I'm going to do with you. Nothing seems to get through to you. That's it! I'm taking away the Internet and deleting Instant Messenger, no TV, no phone, no nothing, especially going out. You are to stay home and go to work, that's it! I just can't handle you anymore. I told you before if you didn't shape-up you were off to boarding school, well guess what? You just earned yourself a plane ticket there!"

"Mom! That's not fair. I'm trying it's just hard. I'm sorry."

"No, you're not sorry! If you were sorry then you wouldn't have gotten this grade! Are you not doing your work? What is it, what is making you fail? Your sister never, ever had any problems like this. Nevermind, I don't care. At the end of this quarter you are going to boarding school, and that's final."

"Mom, I'm not Danielle! I'll never be Danielle. Why can't you accept me for who I truly am? Why am I such a failure in your eyes? It will never be enough for, will it? I just wish you would leave me alone!"

Ania's eyes began to fill with tears. She ran to her room, packed some clothes and necessities, her camera which she loved with all her heart, popped open her window and ran to Eve's house as fast as she could. When she was running, everything just faded away; all the fights she had with her mom, the house in which she was kept a prisoner never to escape, school, everything was just left behind in the dust.

When she reached Eve's front door, she held back her tears and wiped her face.

"Oh my God! Ania are you okay? questioned Eve as she brought Ania to her room. Ania told her everything, all the fights she had with her mom, school, she let all of the things she kept bottled up inside burst out like a cork out of a bottle of champagne.

Eve gave the little bit of good advice that she could, and told Ania she could stay as long as she liked at her house.

That night a storm blew in and which was supposed to get even worse. The girls thought nothing of it.

A week or so went by and everything was going fine, until one day... Eve had said that none of her friends really liked Ania and if she didn't argue with everyone, people would like her more.

Ania was so infuriated that she completely went off on Eve, saying things like,

"Well, at least I'm not a ditz, who has a new boyfriend every two days!" and, "Oh, I wish we had never become friends! I wish you would just die!"

After Ania had realized all the horrible, untruthful things she had said to her closest friend she took her things and fled out into the storm. She walked into the woods to get to the bus stop. She intended to go on a plane and go live with her sister, Danielle in New York. Maybe there she would be treated like a person not an animal.

"What's going to happen to me, if Danielle can't take care of me? Will I go back to mom? Or will I go to boarding school?" Ania thought to herself breathing heavily.

"What if I get put in a foster home?" Ania quickly chased the thoughts out of her mind.

"Anything is better than being there. I'd rather be in a prison, or even a 'nut house.' Being dead would still beat that place."

It began to get dark so Ania decided she would jog for a while to make it before sunset. Three quarters of the way there, she was so out of breath and so emotionally drained that she sat down to rest.

Disoriented, Ania didn't realize she was sitting on a frozen stream. The smooth surface slowly grew a crack that looked like snowflakes linked together. The next thing she knew, she was in the water and trapped. Her hands and feet grew numb and began to bleed.

It took Ania two endless minutes to pull herself out on to the snowy ground. She was lying there, gasping for breath when she saw her hands. She could not feel the pain, but knew she had to do something. She bandaged them up and fell asleep.

When Ania woke up the next day she was covered with nearly six inches of snow. All the trails and track marks made before were gone. She was alone and lost. She was just too tired to move, to even yell for help. So she sat, waiting for something to happen. Minute after minute, hour after hour she slowly progressed into hypothermia.

The next morning she saw Eve. Ania jumped up and hugged her so tight Eve could barely breathe. Ania apologized for everything. She said she hoped Eve would forgive her.

"Well Miss Ania, what did you think you were doing trying to run away, through the woods, in a snowstorm?!" Eve's voice grew stronger yet more gentle than ever before.

"I thought I would go live with Danielle," Ania said under her breath.

"Bad choice. I'm sorry we got in that fight; it was stupid for me to start that."

"It's okay, but I really don't feel good..."

Eve looked down at Ania's hands.

"Oh my God! We need to get you to a hospital, right now!"

Eve put Ania's arm around her neck and helped her walk out to the street. Luckily a police officer was driving around and helped them. The doctor said she was lucky to have even survived out there; he gave her medicine, and she spent the night in recovery.

The next morning her mother came in.

"Oh Ania, my sweet, little Ania. Are you okay? Oh, I'm so sorry. I just let my temper get away from me. Please forgive me and come home, your father and I really miss you. And Danielle is worried sick."

"I'm fine mommy, really. I'm sorry too. I missed you too, and I would like nothing more than to go home again."



Ashley K. 7

(Photo by Mrs. Dengler)

## Fishbowl World

Living in a fishbowl,  
Is like living in your own world,  
muted, sometimes dark, and sometimes desolate.

Rachel W., 8

# Loving

What is love?

Love is a road, that's not always straight  
Sometimes it slides down the hill or struggles its way up.

When love hurts, it feels like a million thorns in your heart. It is tempting and risky. It makes you feel as if you're under a spell.

When you're in love it's like being in a jungle filled with adventures. Love has a feeling of floating and bursting.

Love is passionate and everything you need to live the memorable life.

Urszula M., 6



Alexandra B., 7

"Oh, I almost forgot. Your math teacher called and said your grade and that of the boy next to you got mixed up, you have a **B+** just like you told me. I'm sorry I didn't listen to you."

"I'm so tired, can I go to sleep?"

"Of course, we'll see you in a few hours. Bye honey."

Just as her mother left, Chris and Eve came in.

"Boy, am I happy to see you!" said Ania with a sigh of relief.

"Chris, Eve, I missed you so much. I thought I was going to die out there. But Eve, you saved my life. I'm so sorry I started this whole thing. Chris, I'm sorry I wanted you to lie for me, I will never ask you to do anything like that again."

"Don't worry, you're my friend, you're supposed to be a bad influence" joked Chris.

"Just promise me you'll never scare us like this again."

"I promise!"

"And no matter what happens I will always be there for you and I will save you, or let you crash at my place, any time! HaHa!" added Eve.

"I'm really tired, I'm gonna go to sleep now."

"We'll turn out the light for ya, no need to worry," joked Chris.

"I'll see ya guys later today, okay. I love ya guys. Bye!"

Ania slowly drifted to sleep.

Then her eyes flashed open wide as could be! Everything was cold and dark. She heard a strange whistling noise. She was still lying out on the snow in the woods. When she tried to scream all that came out was a faint squeak. She was breathing hard and couldn't move her body. Her soaking clothes had fused to her body and the ground. She heard strange noises and saw little animals run around her. She must have dreamt it all.

Then she saw a big black dog come up to her and lick her face. Its tongue was warm and soft.

Then an odd looking man walked out who seemed to twitch rather than move like a normal person. His face was dark and made Ania's body tighten up. He looked down at her as though he had never seen anything like her before.

As Ania stared at his face, she realized it was Chris.

"Ch, ch, chr, ch, Chrissss," she muttered using all the energy she had.

Then Eve's head popped up on top of Chris's shoulder. She stared down at Ania as though trying to find a moldy piece of food in a salad.

"You said you wished we were never friends; you wished I would just die," screeched Eve in a scratchy voice, "so I did!"

Ania then noticed that Eve had a burn mark around her neck. Eve had hung herself.

"You said you wanted to be left alone, so now you will be alone," continued Chris.

"Sleep well, Ania..." Eve ended.

They then picked up Ania and hurled her into the icy stream. She slowly sank toward the bottom. As she sank, she could still see her friends looking down at her...

The ice began to reform over the cracked surface. Ania stopped breathing just after Eve and Chris covered the now restored ice surface with snow.

Ania blinked very slowly. Everything faded out and could slowly hear two people's conversation growing louder. As she opened her eyes she was in a small room with soft tiles all around it.

"Well Eve, I think you'll really like getting to know this patient. She's very nice, and from afar seems completely normal. But don't be fooled, she was traumatized as a young girl when she fell in a frozen stream and her hypothermia affected her so much we had to put her here."

"She keeps replaying all of the mad things she thought happened to her. I guess when she was out there for those two days she kept going through different scenarios that could have happened. She still goes through them; we hardly ever get a new one, but they come every so often. It's very sad you see, her mother and father moved away, and her best friend killed herself, so she has no one."

"Oh I see Dr. Lunes. Well I'm sure we'll get along just fine. But if you don't mind my asking why did she go out in the storm anyway?"

"It seems she went to her friend's house after a fight with her mother. They got in a dispute over something or another and Ania went out in the storm"

"Oh, I see..."

"Yes, well I'll leave you to get acquainted with her. Goodbye Eve."

"Goodbye doctor."

The nurse walked into the room shut the door and whispered into Ania's ear.

"I'll always be here for you...I mean even a "nut house" is better then where you were," the nurse gave a twisted grin and asked,

"Now, how 'bout a nice cold bath?"

Ania sat there, staring out at a frozen stream and a wood covered in lovely white snow.

The End

Emma H., 8

## Cat

Black cat's eyes glowing,  
Prowling silent in the dark,  
He catches a mouse.

David Z., 7

## Bird

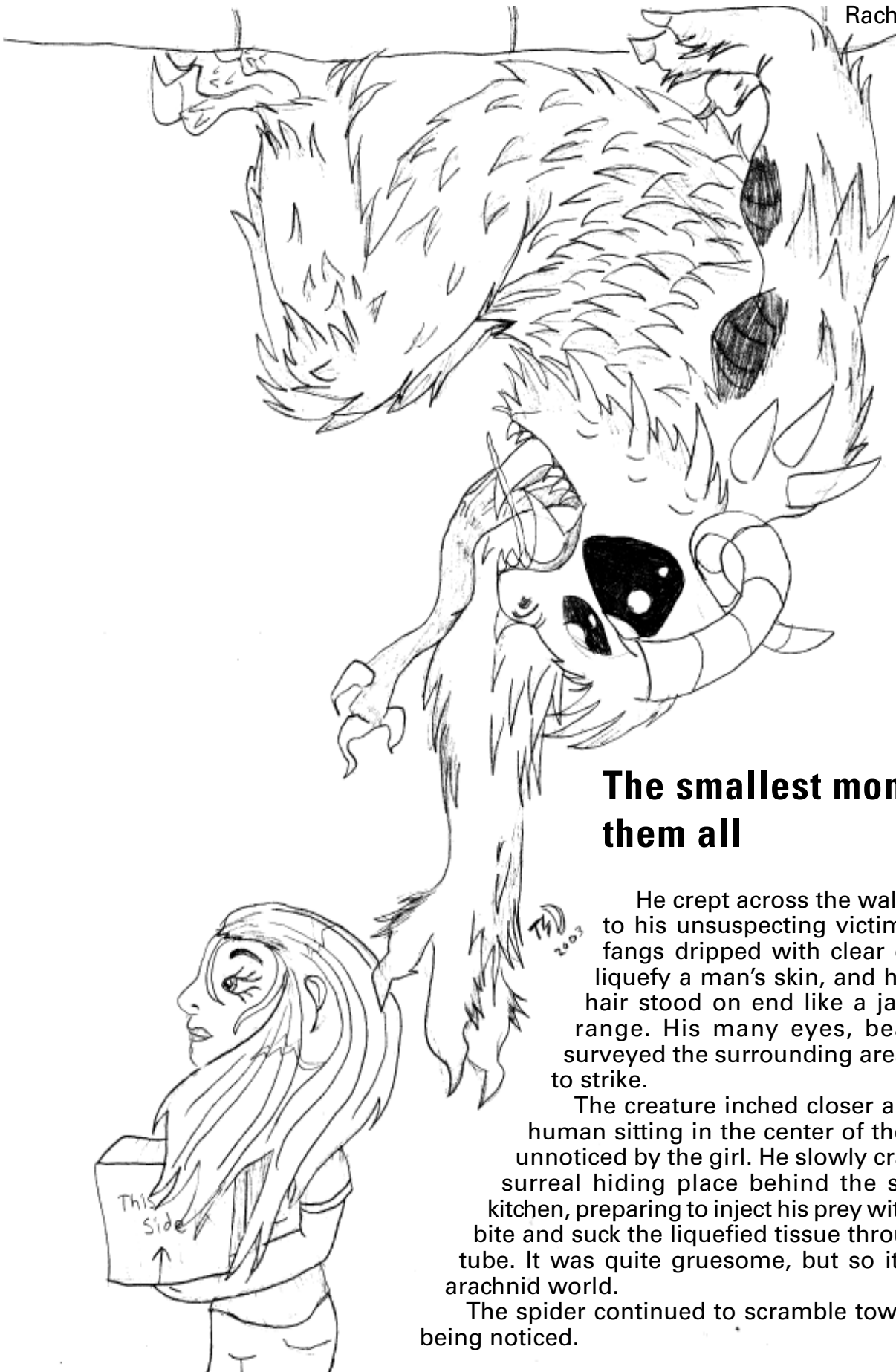
The bird ate the worms,  
He landed on the bamboo,  
He fell fast asleep.

Jackie ., 7

## Clouds

Cover the sunlight  
Take away the happiness  
A storm is coming.

Carina M., 7



## The smallest monster of them all

He crept across the wall, inching closer to his unsuspecting victim. His two large fangs dripped with clear ooze that could liquefy a man's skin, and his spiny, coarse hair stood on end like a jagged mountain range. His many eyes, beady and cruel, surveyed the surrounding area. He was ready to strike.

The creature inched closer and closer to the human sitting in the center of the room. He was unnoticed by the girl. He slowly crawled out of his surreal hiding place behind the sugar jar in the kitchen, preparing to inject his prey with his venomous bite and suck the liquefied tissue through a straw-like tube. It was quite gruesome, but so it is most of the arachnid world.

The spider continued to scramble toward her without being noticed.

By  
狼  
女儿

Wind blows in the night.  
Pandas hide amongst bamboo.  
The world is asleep...

By Alexandra B.

山  
月  
雨



仔  
復  
平  
山  
月  
雨

