

Panther Press

Literary Magazine



SEPTEMBER-JANUARY
2019-2020

Lon 9-5-15
Artwork by Lonna Gallup

MEET THE STAFF

Co-Editors: Morgan Brown
& Colleen Jump

Junior Editors: Gabriella Turo
& Erin Allen

Contributing Photographers:

Ella Bachman

Isabella Dunn

Jenna Jump

Mackenzie McDowell

Kaianne McLaurin

Kaiden Smith

Gabriella Turo

Kloe Verdi

Contributing Artists: Dezerai Cook

Taylor Cuddeback

Lonna Gallup

Brynn Hare

Andrew Jones

Hannah Jones

Sophia Redmond

Lillian Svitavsky

Maddy Whyte

Contributing Writers: Grace Applebee

Connor Blauvelt

Brooke Brambley

Tyler Compson

Marlena Doerle

Nicholas Doerle

Isabella Dunn

Cregg Ford



Contributing Writers Continued:

Sean Gillmore

Jakob Hackett

Kierstan Harvey

Cody Jarabek

Andrew Jones

Bethany Jump

Colleen Jump

Dominic LaFramboise

Avery Mawhir

Mackenzie McDowell

Kaianne McLaurin

Allyson Michalski

Jayla Murray

Grace Noga

Kali Snyder

Samantha Taylor

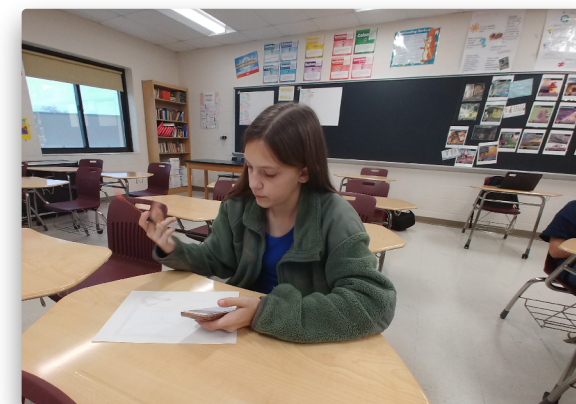
Gabriella Turo

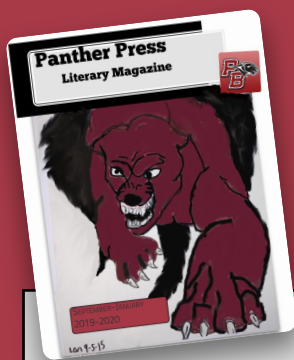
Nathan Waugh

Bryanna Wilbur

Cameron Wilcox

Advisor: Ms. Gendron





Issue 1: Fall
2019

Contents:

- I. Photo Poems
- II. College Essay
- III. Memoir
- IV. Additional Poems
- V. Haiku

- VI. Where I'm From Poems
- VII. Artwork
- VIII. Book Reviews

Photo Poems

Paradise
by Cameron Wilcox

The Winning Game
by Nathan Waugh

Flowing
by Jakob Hackett

School Pictures
by Sean Gillmore

My Dog Winston
by Tyler Compson

GameTime
by Jalya Murray

In My Room
by Kaianne McLaurin

Redsox Game
by Cody Jarabek

Mr. Fishy
by Dominic LaFramoise

College Essay

To the Moon and Back
by Anonymous

Memoir

Solo
by Grace Applebee

The Win
by Colleen Jump

Duke
by Mackenzie McDowell

Love Them While They Last
by Samantha Taylor

Proud
by Nicholas Doerle

A Broken Bond
by Allyson Michalski

Additional Poems

In Memory of Her
by Kierstan Harvey

Oblivion
by Anonymous

Picture
by Grace Noga

War
by Bryanna Wilbar

Loser
by Bryanna Wilbar

Haiku

Nightly Patrol
by Gabriella Turo

Survival
by Cregg Ford

Reading to Sleep
by Kali Snyder

Christmas Love
by Kali Snyder

Yellow 85
by Avery Mawhir

Volleyball
by Malena Doerle

Stateboard
by Isabella Dunn

The Big Win
by Connor Blauvelt

Where I'm From Poems

I Am From the House that
Needs Work
by Isabella Dunn

This is Me
by Bethany Jump

The Tree with Red Leaves
by Marlena Doerle

I Am From the Non-Busy Street
by Andrew Jones

This is Who I Am
by Gabriella Turo

I Am From the Country
by Cregg Ford

Artwork

Lonna Gallup
Taylor Cuddeback
Lillian Svitavsky
Sophie Redmond
Hannah Jones
Brynn Hare
Andrew Jones
Dezerai Cook
Maddy Whyte

Book Reviews

Kali Snyder
Gabriella Turo
Brooke Brambley

Submissions:

Contact Ms. Gendron for a chance
to have your art or writing
published in the next edition by
simply emailing your work or
bringing it to room 258.
mgendron@pbcschools.org

Photo Poems



Paradise
By Cameron Wilcox

And there I was,
sand in my toes
wind through my hair.
I could hear the waves of the great lake,
sunset almost too much to bear.
Hundreds of years ago, the tide formed these,
the walls called the chimney bluffs.

These huge sand walls mostly over 80 feet tall,
they stood high, looking over the great lake.
It was like a bird's eye view that
I could see for miles:
a few boats
a few jet skies
and water as far as the eye can see.
Paradise



The Winning Game
By Nathan Waugh

On the football field,
loud and noisy.
Everyone was talking
about great plays.
I felt the wind -
kind of cold.
I heard the coaches screaming at the players
to ready themselves for the picture.
It smelt like rubber tires and sweat.
I could not sit still with the
excitement rushing through my veins.

Shortly after, I snapped the ball to the quarterback
we won the game
against Hannibal!

Flowing

By Jakob Hackett

I wake up
around 9:30 AM.
I shower and brush my teeth waiting to see what
Mom has planned for today.

We get in the car and start driving.
I see Niagara Falls signs
and it hits me.

We arrive. It's hot, around 90 degrees.
Mom finds her friend and
we walk around, taking in the view.

The smell of nature is everywhere:
the water, air, and trees,
the roaring sound of the flowing falls.

We move through the crowd.
I throw rocks over the edge.
I watch until
the mist consumes them all,
as they fall off the edge into the water.



School Pictures

By Sean Gillmore

I was standing in line in the auditorium
talking with some friends

waiting nervously to be
called up.

Then finally,
my turn.

I heard the camera man say, "Next."

I walked up and got in position.

I was nervous

What if my hair didn't look good?

What if my smile looked weird?

I could hear murmurs

behind me, and before I knew it,

the camera man said, "Say cheese!"

I smiled at the camera

on the tripod and then

there was a flash and

it was all over.

I sat down,

and all I could think about was

next year's

school pictures.

My Dog Winston
By Tyler Compson

Mischievous,
my dog Winston
is full of energy.
He runs like the wind
and chases down every ball.

He has always been energetic
from the day he became part of our family,
as a playful puppy,
to the big boy he is today.



He can run fast, faster than me,
and sometimes he runs off with my soccer ball.
But I don't get too mad.

He is a lot like me:
I sometimes get into trouble.
Sometimes it's funny, sometimes it's not.
What can I say: I'm a kid.

Even though he isn't always good,
he is my best friend,
my buddy, my pal,
and together we always have a blast.

Game Time
By Jayla Murray

In the locker room,
Kloe takes the picture
as we get ready for our game.
The strong smell of perfume permeates the air
along with music - very loud -
and girls singing along.



At Holland Stadium,
music is on the speakers while we warm up.
The National Anthem is sung by a girl.
Abby and I laugh when
we realize we only have 11 players.
We stay strong and know we got this.

Game starts:
We run 100 yards, back and forth non-stop,
sweat pouring down our faces,
barely any breath left,
calves burning.

Here I go,
the ball is about to go out of bounds:
I sprint all the way down.
This girl sticks out
her stick - I go flying and face plant.
Abby and I both start dying laughing!
We lose 2-0, but it was a good game.



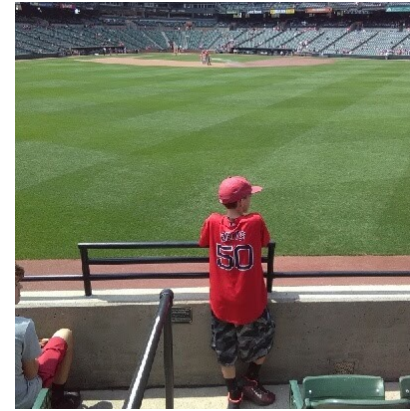
In My Room

By Kaianne McLaurin

At home in my room,
acting a fool.
Think of a meme -
make something out of it.

It is sunny;
my room fills with music.
Daylight is shining in, and
the sun feels nice and warm on my skin.
I get on my bed and lay my head down on my bear.
The smell of caramel fills my nose.
I hear my mom yelling at the dog and everything around her.
I turn on my music to drown out her yelling.
I get lost in my head, as I feel like I'm alone,
left behind, even as I let the nightmare consume me and let the darkness take.

People say be yourself, but what if the real me is a fake?
I always wonder if anyone would know who I truly am.



Redsox Game

By Cody Jarabek

At Fenway Park,
we enter the stadium.
I hear the roar of the crowd.
We walk, trying to find a souvenir shop
and maybe a bathroom, too.
We go every summer.
I get a souvenir bat and cup,
a large Pepsi,
a nice juicy hamburger,
and some extra sweet cotton candy.
The noise is ecstatic:
the crack of the bat,
the baseballs soaring through the air,
the crowd screaming,
everyone clapping and having a great time.

The game's about to start,
but wait, there's a ball on the field.
I hold my glove up.
He points at me,
throws the ball towards me.
I catch it, run up to my dad,
and have a blast the rest of the night!

Mr. Fishy

Fishy, fishy in the brook
bite a hold
of my hook.

With my dad behind my house.
On the back channel.
We fish all the time.
I finally beat him.

Sitting on the boat ,
I feel a tug on my line.
It's splashing in the water.
I know it is big!

I yank it, 360 huga, boga, boga!
I reel it in.
I net it.
The fish feels slimy
as I hold it, pose, and
set it free.

I got five fish that day.
My dad got four, but mine could eat his!
It never happens.
Finally! -
It's fun to fish.



College Essay

To The Moon and Back
By Anonymous

“I love you to the moon and back.”

In life, there are no goodbyes. There may be a “see you later” or a “be right back.” Goodbyes are really not an option. Things happen for a reason and that reason will stick with you like super glue on paper. There is no going back into the past to correct your mistakes or relive a special memory you never want to forget.

The memories I never want to forget are of my mother. She passed away, and, of course, I never got to say goodbye. It haunts me that I could have said it , but for some reason, I just didn't. When she was around, I was the happiest I could be. I may not have been able to make her proud of me, but who says I'm stopping? I have taken on many challenges to get where I am today, and I'm going to continue to keep going. I'm going to do this to hopefully make her finally proud of me. I know that facing these challenges will make her proud.

I remember when I was around 10 years old, I would get up really early to help my mom out around the house before she had to leave for work and we had to go to school. We would bake the most delicious smelling foods and go outside to feel the still night breeze on our half asleep faces. She would bake coffee cake, chocolate-chip muffins, and many more delicious smelling treats. I only helped her a few times because I always ended up falling back asleep after I made her some coffee. She posted one time on her facebook page that I made her coffee and left a note saying “this is mommys cup of cofey only.” I know I spelled coffee wrong, but I was very little. This is something I miss the most and one of the memories I still have left to keep me getting stronger.

My mom kept moving from apartment to apartment after my parents split. I loved each and every one of them, especially around the fourth one. My sister was home from college for the weekend, so she had the idea to surprise my mom with a gift. My sister took me to AC Moore to get some supplies to make her a gift. We finally finished it when she got home. We turned off the light and brought her into the room; we told her to open her eyes, and there it was. We never meant to make her cry, but she started to cry and said she really loved it. She hugged the daylights out of us. What I wouldn't do just to have her hug me again. My sister taught me that sometimes unexpected things happen, but in the end, something even better happens, so I just have to believe something better will come out of this.

My mother was one that others would say had a “need for speed.” She was very outgoing and adventurous. When she passed, I didn't know how to cope. I couldn't eat or sleep or do anything. At first my family was so supportive, but then they changed. As I watched my mom lay so peacefully in her wooden coffin, she looked beautiful. She was my whole world. I went to hold her hand, but quickly pulled away. She was stiff and ice cold. She wasn't herself anymore. She passed, and I could have stopped it. I should have stayed, but she told me to go, so I left. I wasn't able to make her proud while she was alive, and I'll never have that chance again. So I'm going to accomplish it now. I failed her once. I'm not going to do it a second time.

Life is a mystery. People come and go as they please, and some can't control it. When you have a chance to go for something you want most, take it. Take that chance because you may never get another one. I never took my chance when I had it. I lost the ability to do it and to see the good I did. Now I will just have to try and make her proud, even if I can't see the result. Life is full of chances and possibilities. You just have to take the risk and do it. I'm taking my chance now, and I'm not going to lose it again.

Memoir

Solo

By Grace Applebee

“Raise your hand with me please,” my friend kept saying when the teacher asked to see who wanted to try out for a solo. So I stuck up my hand, but I struggled because I wanted to put it down. When I sang for the teacher, I tried to sing as quietly as possible, so I wouldn't get it and so no one would hear me. I was so nervous for the next two days because I really hoped that she didn't pick me. But of course, with my luck, she did.

I tried so hard not to look too confused and worried, but I did.

I heard “Great job” from my friends, but all I could really think about was how I was going to do this. My solo was right at the beginning as we practiced and I tried so hard not to be heard. I had no idea how I was going to be able to sing in front of a lot of people at the concert. I could barely sing in front of just the choir. All I wanted was for this to be a nightmare and for me to just wake up from what felt like torture.

As the concert date got closer and closer, I started to make up a plan like pretending to be sick or having something else more important, so I wouldn't have to sing in front of everyone there. I kept hoping that if I didn't go through with my plans that barely anyone would be there to experience my singing. I started to dread choir practice and even school because of this, and I just wanted it to end. I wanted people to stop looking at me when I was singing my solo. I wanted it to be over.

The day of the concert, I woke up trying to come up with a good excuse to not go to school, but I knew my mom wouldn't buy it, so I went. As my classes went on, I wished that time would go back to that morning so I could tell my mom I was sick.

At choir practice that day, the teacher reminded us, “The concert is today,” as if I needed to be reminded.

As I was getting dressed for the concert, I dreaded every second that got me closer to my solo. The drive to the school wasn't far but it felt like a million miles. When we arrived I saw how many people there were.

I thought, “I can't sing in front of a full auditorium; I am not that brave.” I went to check in with the teacher and warm up with the class. Then, as we got on the risers, I looked out and saw all of the judgemental and unknown faces.

The teacher called me down before the song started so I could get the microphone adjusted to my height. I started to hate my teacher for making me do this, but I knew she didn't know I was completely terrified of singing alone in front of a bunch of people. I started to sing and wanted to run away, but I closed my eyes so I couldn't see anyone looking at me. When I was done, I walked back onto the risers and sang the rest of the song with the group, how it should be. After the concert was done, my mom, dad, stepdad, grandma, brother, cousin, and uncle said I did a great job and congratulated me. That was the worst part: I don't like when people say how good I did when I feel that I didn't. It felt like they were lying right to my face.

It was such a horrible experience. I know now that no matter if someone asks me to or not, I would never do it again.



Photography by Ella Bachman



Photography by Jenna Jump

The Win

By Colleen Jump

It was April 8th 2018, a couple days before I found out that the oil pattern for the Youth Bowlers Tour (YBT) stop was going to be the 40 foot Athens oil pattern. That morning I got up at 6:20 with the rest of my family, which was my mom and dad and my sisters, Jenna and Bethany. We had to be out of the house by 7:30 to get me signed in by 8:45 because we had to go to Webster. The YBT was at AMF Empire Lanes in Webster. I was on my way to my first ever Youth Bowlers Tour stop.

We got to AMF Empire Lanes around 8:35. We got me checked in and I got to pick a card, and that would be my lane assignment for the first game for qualifying. I drew my lane number, and it turned out, I was with my friend Makayla who I bowled with for our school team. I was really nervous and scared that I was going to do really bad.

Makayla kept telling me, "Don't be nervous, you'll do fine."

They started announcements around 9:00. Then I got to practice for 10 minutes and I got all lined up. I bowled four games on four different pairs of lanes, which made it tricky because I had to adjust to the conditions of each pair of lanes because I didn't know where everyone before me was bowling and if there was more oil in the middle or more oil on the outside. My total series for the four games was a 665, and with the extra pins I got with my handicap it was 865. My extra pins that I got with my handicap was based on my average that I tried to beat each game. After I bowled those four games, I had half an hour break. During that break, they posted the places for my division. I qualified first in my division and Makayla also qualified, but she qualified in sixth place. I was really happy I had qualified in first place, especially this being my first YBT.

Then I had to bowl in the single elimination match play and for the first match. I had to bowl Matthew Carmestro. I ended up beating Matthew with a 471 over two games and he got a 421. In the next match played, I had to bowl Olivia Fehlner. I beat Olivia with a 414 over two games, while she only got a 390. Then I was into the semifinals, and I had to bowl Kyler Ferguson. I was really nervous and my whole family was telling me "You can do this!" and "Just do your best." I beat Kyler with a 450 series over two games and Kyler only bowled a 385. I was happy that I made it to the finals, and I really didn't care if I won because this was only the first YBT I was going to; there would be many more to come.

So I made it to the finals, and I was still really nervous and scared. Makayla lost to Ethan Crouse in the first round of matchplay, and she was there with her dad. Her dad let her stay to watch me and cheer me on, and I was so happy she stayed. It was really nice of her dad to let her stay and cheer me on.

I was really nervous. For the finals I had to bowl Kenny Mehleisen. The first game I bowled, I got a 117 which with my handicap was a 167 and Kenny bowled a 129 which with his handicap was a 182. So I was down only by 15 pins. So then my second game I bowled a 146 which with my handicap was 196 and Kenny bowled a 124 which with his handicap was a 177. After those two games, the series I bowled was a 363 and Kenny's was a 359. I won! I only won by 4 pins! After that they took my picture and put it up on their Facebook page.

The girl taking my picture jokingly said, "Now you have to bowl more games and bowl against the other people who won in the scratch and classic divisions."

I said, "I'll pass."

I was really happy and excited that I had won, and this win gave me a boost of confidence to show me that I was a great bowler and I could win a tournament like that. The hard part about this tournament was that I was bowling on used oil, so I had to adjust my ball to hit the pocket and not overhook. Used oil is the oil that everybody else has bowled on, so the lanes didn't have as much oil, which meant a lot of the time my ball kept overhooking. In that last game I bowled, I got two strikes in a row which set me apart to help me win. That day was an amazing day, and over the course of the day, I ended up bowling 12 games, which I had never done before. This was hard because I was getting tired. But I persevered through it all and won the YBT in my division.

Duke

By Mackenzie McDowell

I threw the ball to Duke and said, “Go get it, boy!” He ran, got the ball, and brought it back to me. “Good boy,” I said. As I rubbed the long hair on the back of his golden furry neck. Then I threw the ball again. I noticed he was panting, so we went inside and got him a drink. When he was done, I made a sandwich and gave him a scoop of food. We watched my favorite show *Drake and Josh*. I let him out to go to the bathroom, and then we cuddled up on my bed and watched *The Land Before Time* before falling asleep. Duke was the best dog.

Mom woke me up. It was 6:37 AM. “Time for school,” she said while turning my light on.

I complained, “Time for school already?”

“I know, stinks right?” asked Mom. We walked downstairs to the kitchen to get some breakfast.

“Where’s Duke?” I asked.

“He's laying down in my room. his hips are bothering him again,” Mom said as she put the milk back into the fridge. I realized this had been going on for a while now.

I got off the bus later that night. Duke always met me at the door, but today, he just stayed asleep. I woke him up to see if he was alright. He was fine, but I could tell his hips were in bad shape. Duke tried to get up, but his hips started to shake. I reached down, pet him on his head almost to where his back and neck meet, “It's okay, boy.” Mom came over to see how he was doing.

She told me, “We’re going to put him down today.” We sat in silence while a tear dropped down the left side of my cheek.

“I know it's the right thing to do, it's just hard.”

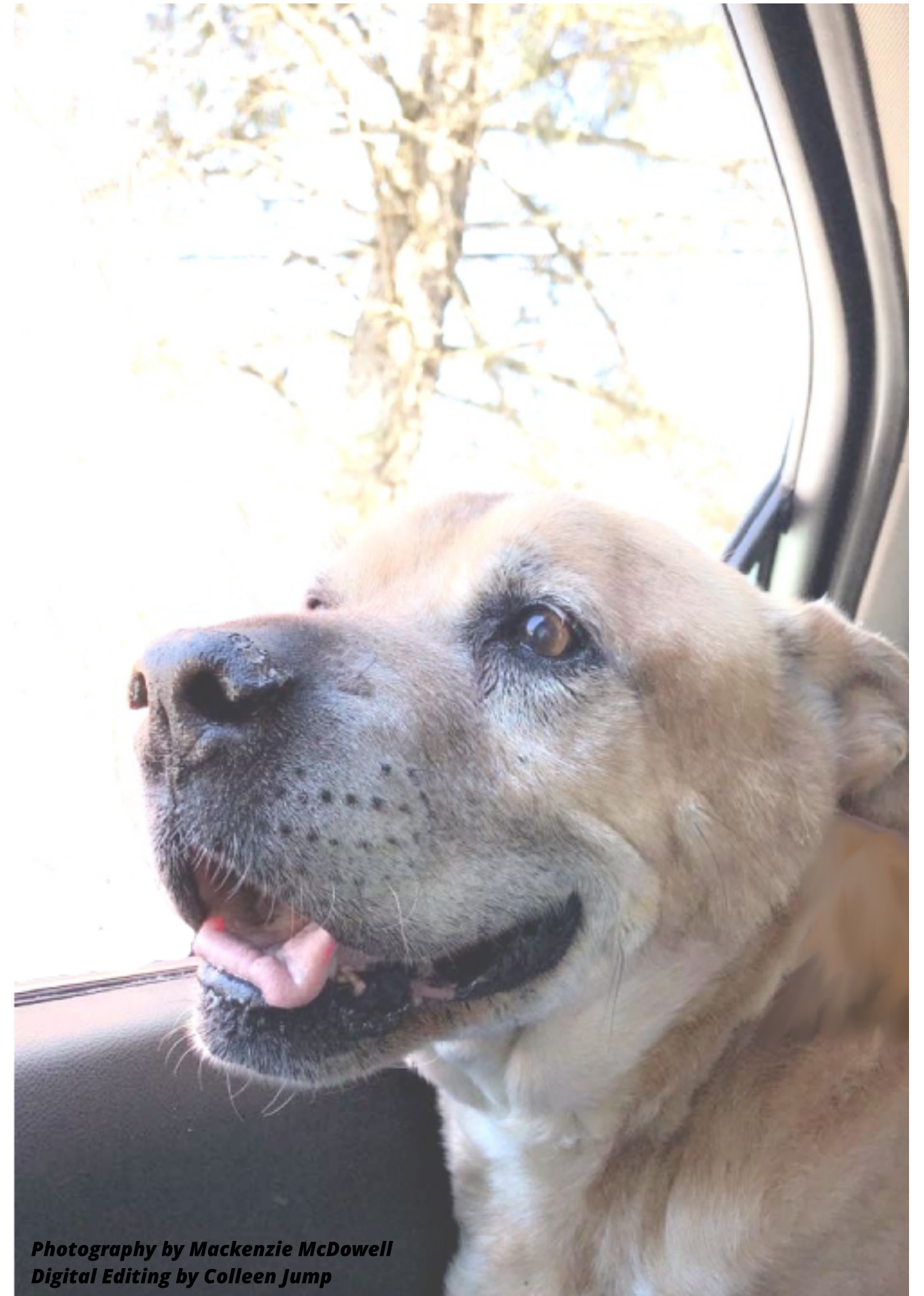
“I know, I don't want to either, but he can't feel like this anymore,” Mom said.

We sat for a little while longer petting him and telling him he was a good boy and that we loved him. Then mom asked, “Would you like to come with me?” I thought about it for a second and then I decided.

“Yeah, I’ll come, but I think we should call everyone else too.” Mom called my grandma and grandpa along with my aunt. Everyone came over and we rode to the vet's.

The veterinarian came out and said, “Ready.”

Everyone looked at each other, then got up. We walked along with Duke into the room. It was warm but not too warm. It was comforting to know that we could all be there with him. She pulled out the needle and put the shot in. We continued to pet his long golden hair and tell him he was a good boy. A short while later he started breathing heavily; then all of a sudden, he stopped. He was gone, but it was okay. He's not in pain or suffering anymore. Duke, an amazing dog.



Photography by Mackenzie McDowell
Digital Editing by Colleen Jump

Love Them While They Last

By Samantha Taylor

I woke up on the couch. It was dark outside. I looked out the window and the porch light was on. Then I walked closer to the door and heard talking. I walked outside to find my mom and the neighbor’s mom sitting on the porch. I sat down next to my mom who seemed startled to see me awake. She let me lay my head on her shoulder as she continued talking. After we were there a while, we saw a plane fly by, and the neighbor’s mom convinced me that it was a UFO and was coming to take my brains. But as I was leaning on my mom’s shoulder, I felt warm and safe.

Shortly after, I got up and said to my mom, “I love you. Good night, Mom.”

Then my brother Kendrick and I started noticing unusual things happening. My mom made many trips to the hospital, and her hair was falling out. She was wearing wigs. We knew something was wrong, but we didn't know what. We could tell that we had to treat our mom with love and respect.

A couple of weeks passed and then one day, Kenny was at school, but I had to stay home because I was sick. My neighbor Amy came over to stay with my mom. A couple hours went by and my mom said she was cold and asked me for a blanket. She had been wrapped up with the blanket for about 15 minutes. She told us that she was still cold, so we got her all the blankets in the living room. Eventually, we called the ambulance and they took off to the hospital with my mom. I was sad and was crying after they left. My neighbor said that I could listen to music on her computer while she called my cousin, Karen.

Shortly after Karen arrived, the bus came to drop off my brother and we left to Karen’s house. Karen’s house was very different than our house, but we felt at home within a few days. Then one day our mom came back, but we still stayed at Karen’s house. Karen helped my mom, too.

We had been staying at Karen’s house for quite a bit when our mom went back to the hospital. This time, she was worse.

We were on our way to the hospital. It was a very tall building and it felt like forever driving there, but when we got there, I couldn't wait to see my mom. We got into the hospital and then Karen said the doctors where not ready for us to see her. So they took us to the computer lab type room that had a few computers and a small coffee bar. After my brother and I had played on the computers for a bit, the nurse said we could go and see her.

We got to her room. She was pale and she looked super tired. I noticed that there was a bouquet of flowers and a box of chocolates sitting on the table next to her bed. I think she saw me look at them and she told me I could have the chocolate. She was so sick; she could barely open her eyes or speak when she told me to take the chocolate. I could barely understand her and I was about to cry. I didn't think I would ever see my mom this way. I was so sad.

I managed to say, “No thank you.” I was looking at my mom who did not look the same. I thought to myself, “Oh, Mom, I love you so much.” It was also evident that she had had nothing to eat that day because she had a bunch of food on the side of her bed. She told my brother and I that we could share the bowl of peaches and chocolate putting that she had ordered from lunch. After we ate them, Karen told us it was time to leave.

I told my mom, “ Goodbye, Mom, I love you.”

As we drove home I asked Karen: “Is my mom going to be okay?”

She said, "I don't know Sam. You should pray for her.” So that night I went to bed and prayed.

The next morning I slept in. I was woken up by Karen and Kendrick crying and telling me that our mom was gone. I thought that it was a dream and all I wanted was to wake up, but it was not a dream. It was real life. I woke up and instantly started crying. The whole day was horrible and I don't even remember what happened after that moment.

And until this day I always think of my mom and how she was so special to me. And that one day I was leaning on my mom's shoulder I think to myself, that was when I could have leaned closer and told her “I feel safe with you and I love you so much, Mom.” So that is why you should love them while they last.

Proud
By Nicholas Doerle

I was getting on the bus. This was like any other day in my house, when I'd wake up, eat breakfast, then get on the bus to school. During the school day, we went over counting up to 100 and reviewing the alphabet. By then most of us had already learned both of them by heart. We did a couple more activities about the alphabet and simple math problems. Then it was time for recess, and we were going out to the playground.

During recess, some friends and I started talking about our bikes. My one friend Julian said, “I ride my bike up and down my road with my older brother and sister.” Then I told my friends that I still couldn’t ride my bike and had to use training wheels. They all started to laugh. I could feel my face getting really hot, and it probably looked like a tomato to all of my friends. The teacher blew her whistle and yelled for us to come back inside. It was time to get ready to go back home.

On the bus ride home, I thought about how when I get home, I was going to ride my bike until I could ride it without training wheels. Then my bus pulled up to my house with a sudden stop. I started to walk off the bus and went straight to my garage to grab my bike. I put my helmet on and started riding my bike in circles around the driveway. Almost an hour passed and my mom yelled for me to come inside to eat dinner. All I could think about was getting my dad to take my training wheels off, so I could try to ride my bike without them for the first time.

After eating dinner I asked my dad, “Could you please take my training wheels off my bike, please.”

He said, “Yeah, I will later after I do a couple things with my car.” I felt a little mad that he didn’t do it right away but I understood he would do it later. I then asked my mom if I could have my friend over who lived pretty close by. She said I could and she called my friend Julian’s mom. I wanted him to see that I could ride a bike and maybe he could bring his bike so he can show me how to ride better.

After about 15 minutes, my friend finally arrived and my dad had taken my training wheels off. I then tried for the first time to ride my bike, while Julian was watching me. I was kind of nervous but I got on my bike and started to pedal. Then I heard Julian start saying things to discourage me.

He said, "You’re bad, and you will never learn how to ride your bike." I started to feel like I couldn’t do it anymore. Then I fell right over. Julian started to laugh at me.

I said, “Let me see you ride.”

He got on his bike and put his helmet on slowly. As he started to pedal, I saw how he could keep his balance and ride around the driveway with no problem. I tried riding my bike again, even though I felt as if I would never learn to ride. I slowly started to pedal and I felt the wind in my face as I finally started to ride my bike!

After a minute or two Julian joined me and we rode around the driveway for a while. My mom came outside and started cheering me on saying that she was so happy that I didn’t give up on trying to learn to ride my bike.

The time went by so quickly, and before we knew it, Julian went home and I had to go in to get ready for bed. I was so proud of myself. I then went upstairs to my bedroom and laid down in bed. I thought to myself, “Wow, if you don’t ever give up, you can do anything.” And I still use this phrase everyday I try to do something new.

Photography by Kaiden Smith
Digital Editing by Colleen Jump

A Broken Bond

By Allyson Michalski

It was a rainy day when I got home from school. I got out all my homework and started doing it. My mom wasn't home, so I called her and asked her where she was. She told me she was in New Jersey because something came up. A few days later my brother ended up taking me to New Jersey to see my mom and the rest of my family. I was excited to see my family because I hadn't seen them in awhile.

When we got there, a big jewelry box sat on the table on my grandparents' back porch. It was filled with necklaces, earrings, rings, and so much more. I asked everyone why it was there. They told me it was my aunt's and that she was in a bad fire and she didn't survive. This was the only thing that they could save from her house. When I got this news my face went completely blank. I thought this was a dream. I didn't know how to handle it. My brothers, aunts, uncles, grandparents, and my mom were all crying. I was trying my best not to cry. I wanted to but I didn't. In the moment, the only thing I wanted was to be able to hear her voice one more time.

My mom asked me, "Would you like to take some jewelry so you have something to remember your aunt by?"

"Of course," I said.

The next day was rough. My family and I went to the funeral. I said my goodbyes and started to cry. All I could remember is how close we were and there was this moment where I went to her house and we got pizza and smoothies. It was one of the best nights ever. Seeing everyone at the funeral meant a lot because I knew that everyone there all loved and cherished my aunt. At the end of the funeral, we all went to the cemetery and we said our goodbyes and a few people left flowers on her grave.

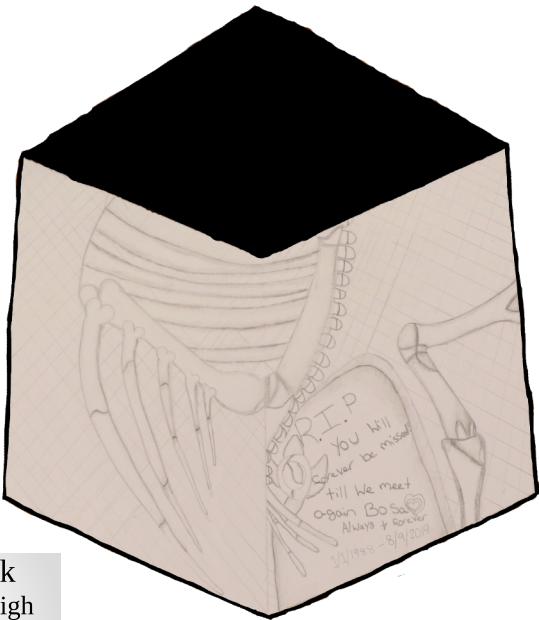
A few days later, I went back to New York. It was tough. All I could think about was that my aunt was gone and the bond between us had broken. I just wanted to see her again. I wanted to say goodbye. I went back to school and all my friends knew about it. They gave me hugs and told me they were so sorry. In that moment I just wanted to cry. A few months passed. Months turned into years. Occasionally I would look at old pictures of my aunt. In the pictures she was young and happy. She would be dancing, watching TV, playing on an old swing set, or even making goofy faces. Whenever I'm upset, I try and talk to her because I feel she's the only one listening. She left a happy spirit behind that is hard to forget. Her spirit grows happier and happier by the day.

Additional Poems

In Memory of Her

By Kierstan Harvey

Grandma's chocolate brown eyes
and humorous smile,
her daisy-like fragrance
and comforting hugs,
her warm embrace
and sensitive touch,
her kisses on my forehead,
in the afternoon before lunch,
our weekend adventures
and years of memories, causing me to miss her more. _____
Now I visit her grave-sight and leave flowers to show my love and admiration...



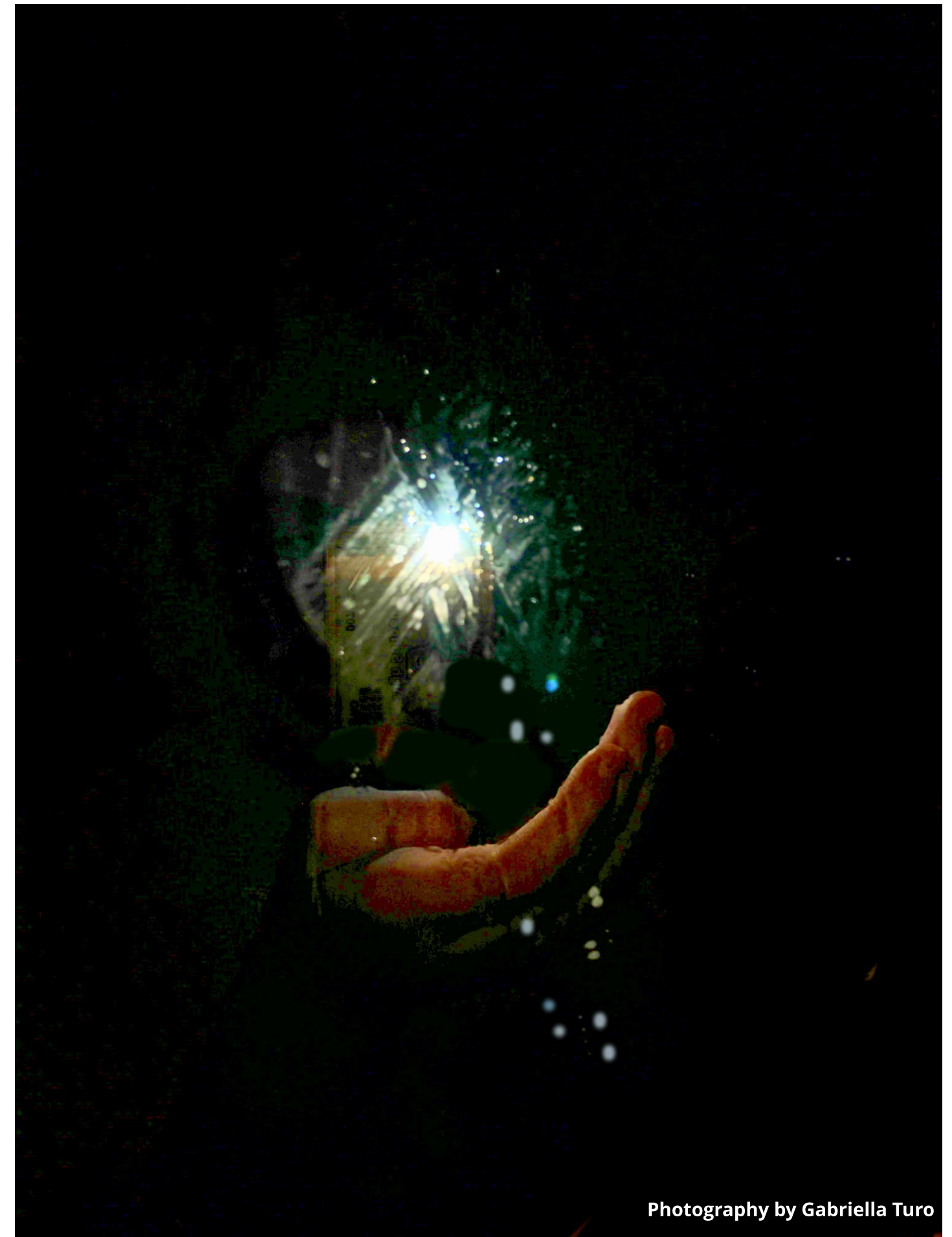
Taylor Cuddeback
Port Byron Jr.- Sr. High
Grade: 10
Teacher: Mrs. St. Pierre

Oblivion

By Anonymous

Window sill,
Cracked and cold.
Glass is crystal clear,
easy to see through.
Was watching cars pass,
but it all began something.
Sky turned white,
then the tall buildings after.
Trees and parks disappeared,
then cars and people.
A child was playing,
with her parents, now nothing.
It's all nothing,
The world is full of nothingness.
It's just me and the window,
Everything else is gone.
Suddenly,
As I look out the window,
I see something,
A memory, maybe?
My mom!
I see my mom.
I see the last time,
the very last time we hugged.
I see her,
I'm crying.

I reach out the window,
but it also disappears.
The window disappears, too.
All that is left is me.
I'm screaming,
screaming into nothing,
screaming into
Oblivion.



Photography by Gabriella Turo

A Picture

By Grace Noga

They say a picture
could hold a thousand words.

A thousand words
could hold a million letters.

Truth is,
pictures can't hold a thousand words.

Pictures,
they hold so much more:

memories and stories,
filling chapters, creating books.

Some capture true beauty,
others are captured just for fun.

The word picture,
it's a 7 letter word.

A picture is,
fun, enthusiastic, dramatic, eventful, crazy, honest,
and most importantly,
the past...

War

By Bryanna Wilbur

Why do people go to war?

Why do they fight?

Why do they use people as pawns
for their own little games?

Why can't they realize that when
they start a war, they tear apart
families and lives?

What are they fighting for?

War is not worth lives.

Some try defying the gravity of war.

Other people say don't fight a war with weapons,
fight with facts and words.

As the saying goes, *Sticks and stones
may break these bones, but words
can never hurt me.*

It's true. Yet words are the
very things that start wars.

Kill them with kindness, not
weapons.

Loser
By Bryanna Wilbur

I walk into the school
I keep my head down and try to lay low
I try to hide from them
They find me, they grab me
by the collar of my shirt
throwing me against the locker
calling me a “loser”
But it’s true I am a loser
but I’m proud to be me
I can only be who I’m meant
to be
This Is my life
Many people live the same life
The life with the title of Loser
So come to the land of the lonely
and the lost
The land of the dweebs
and nerds
The land of the losers
where nobody can bully us or
hurt us
The land where we don’t get
thrown against or in the lockers
So I’m proud to be a
LOSER

Haiku

Nightly Patrols

Four paws, maybe three
Running through the forest
Always on the hunt
-Gabriella Turo

Survival

Water to survive:
Plastic bottles kill the earth.
Recycle to live.
-Cregg Ford

Reading to Sleep

Sitting quietly
Reading my book, dozing off
Shutting my tired eyes.
-Kali Snyder

Christmas Love

Cold breeze against me
Snowflakes hitting my red cheeks
Eating a candy cane.
-Kali Snyder

Yellow 85

Yellow 85
I exit the pits and ride
To the starting gate
-Avery Mawhir

Volleyball

She serves the hard ball
I quickly dive for the hit
My knee pads destroyed

I slowly get up
Standing on my own two feet
Down low, and ready
-Marlena Doerle

Skateboarding

Their boards on the ground,
they go up and down the ramp
doing a kick flip.
-Isabella Dunn

The Big Win

I called, "38
toss!" We got a ten yard play.
Coach and the crowd cheered.
-Connor Blauvelt

Where I'm From Poems

I Am From the House that Needs Work
By Isabella Dunn

I am from getting a blue popsicle
and wearing most of it
from Maxwell's where I would go always
and from getting "Not milk, *chocolate* milk"

I am from having Dad's mac and cheese
where I would sit at my Dora table
and my old dog Dallas would be right there

I am from moving from the city to the country
where we got a new dog, Tater,
where I would draw and he would be on my lap

I am from going to Grandma's
and getting ice cream and seeing Grandpa and Uncle
and playing with Play-doh

I am from doing wood with my mom and dad
and I'm from my mom always making dinner
while I'm making slime

I am from going to the State Fair every year,
riding rides with my uncle
and getting dinner at the same place each time

I am from playing basketball with my dad
with my dog running around
and from jumping on the trampoline

I am from a home that needs a lot of work
but we're all are still as happy as can be
where we have Grandma just next door
and I simply go through the path to get there

I am from an amazing family
where the food is great

THIS IS ME
By Bethany Jump

I am from Grandpa, who would
Read *The 5 Little Pumpkins* every Halloween,
Where there was extra candy, so we could eat it,
Where we had someone try
To hold our dog Bandit back, and
Just like that, he was taken too soon from us.

From where there's game winning softball,
NCLL All Stars, moving onto district,
Where new life-long friends are, and having
To cheer everyone on, where dad helps out,
Which ends with new friends.

I am from going to my Aunt Jenny's,
Where we have long game and movie nights
Or we just have fun playing together,
Where after being in the car, we stop for
A night snack with cookies or ice cream
And can't wait to fall into our beds.

From where bowling is fun with
High scores, and dad helping us,
Even though we don't listen sometimes,
With many extra bowling bags and balls,
not knowing what to do with them.

I'm from where Dad makes great meals,
Like homemade cheeseburgers, or asking
Him to make breakfast pizza, or just
Having black berry-berry shortcake.

Where dog toys are everywhere and
Our new dog, Pluto, licks us,
or dad says, "Feed your little doggy.
He's a starving little doggy."
I'm from countless nights when
Pluto is lying with me,
or we try to play, but he jumps up on
Mom and hurts her,
and he often gives us the feeling
we're being watched.

I'm from Mom's snow leopard
From when she was a kid
And a Pooh Bear that says *Baby's First Christmas*,
Where Mom's koala collection
Is HUGE, and I get to name them
Or at night, where I cuddle with one when I'm sad.

I am from where being yourself is kind,
Nothing is given to you -
Have to earn it -
They will trust in you, and
Not give up on you,
They love you know matter what,
Where they always have your back, and
You take responsibility for what you do
I'm me because of them: ***THIS IS ME.***

The Tree with Red Leaves

By Marlena Doerle

I am from the tree with red leaves
in my front yard,
where I often used to climb,
and then fall back down
and climb again.

I am from the farm down the road
filled with tons of cows,
where I climbed the highest hay stack
and then came back down.

I am from Greg,
my great grandfather,
who always had a happy heart,
where I always went over
to have a fun pool day.

I am from the packed bags
filled with all those toys,
where we moved to the blue house,
which I now call home.

I am from my mother,
who always said, "Jojo, come here!"
screaming across the house
whenever she needed me.

I am from Holly,
the name of my old cat,
who chased out all the moles
around the pool.

I am from all those barbie dolls

that I used to play with,
where I would pretend they were happy,
a happy family.

I am from rollerskates,
little bumps and bruises,
where they always got better,
and so did I.

I am from homemade peanut butter bars
that were oven baked,
but always tasted good.

I am from the ice cream shop
down the corner,
always getting a vanilla twist
that tasted so sweet.

I am from my twin brother,
a friend from the beginning
and until the end,
where we argue sometimes,
but are friends always.

I am from monkey bars
that I always used to climb,
where I would soar so high
and then come back down.

I am from the tree with red leaves
in my front yard,
where I often used to climb
and then fall back down,
and climb again.



Photography by Gabriella Turo

I Am From the Non-Busy Street
By Andrew Jones

***I am from the non-busy street,
Where my friends and I
Would always play.
Up and down the hill we'd go,
Until we got tired.***

***I am from my bedroom,
Where I would always sleep,
Where I would play games,
And play with my toys,
Until it was time to eat.***

***I am from the couch,
Where crumbs would fall.
Where everyone sits as they relax,
Until they fall asleep.
Where kids would wait
Until the bus comes
To bring them to school.***

***I am from the grill,
Where most meals were cooked,
Like hamburgers and hot dogs.***

***I am from the toy box,
Where nerf guns were held.
It was a race
Between my frends and me***

***to get the best Nerf gun.
And from in the hallway
Where we had our Nerf gun wars.
Where we would build forts and fight.***

***I am from the kitchen.
Where meals were cooked and
birthdays were held,
Used day and night,
Breakfast, lunch, and dinner.***

***I am from Grandma's house,
Where we used to go all the time.
I'd play with her dog
For a very long time,
Until it was time to go.***

***I am from the movie room,
Where my family and I
Would watch, together.***

***I am from the non-busy street,
Where my friends and I
Would always play.
Up and down the hill we'd go,
Until we got tired.***

By Gabriella Turo

I am from
The house where
The neighbor's dogs are always barking,
And the stray cats hang out

I am from
Family pictures of my grandma's six brothers
And five sisters whose names I can never get right,
Where if we asked about ingredients:
"Just Grandma Cook's special spice"

I am from the
"Suck it up buttercup"
and the
"Don't hit your cousins"
That we all said and knew

I am from
The tears when I realised that
"Not coming home"
Meant I was never 'gonna see my dog again
Whose stuffed animal look-alike
I still sleep with to this day

I am from
My grandpa Sammy that left us
When my mom was four
Whom I've never met but heard great stories of

I am from
The confusion and chaos
That was formed when my mom
And dad broke up
Where tears, yelling, and fake smiles
Played great roles

I am from
The tears shed over summer
When my great grandma was sent
To the hospital and never returned home
With the most tears shed as me and
My family looked at the headstone

I am from
The "No way JJ"
Saying that came from my great grandma and grandpa
I've only met my great grandma but
My great grandpa JJ seemed nice

I am from
Sunday dinners

Making meatloaf
And prayers every night
From the pictures of peacocks and chickens
That decorated the kitchen and living room
That my grandma adored

I am from
Sleepovers with my cousins
Hide-and-seek in the dark
And playing house
Where every chance we got,
We hung out

I am from
Good friends at school
Where some kids act cool
But that's not who I am

I am from
Emotions which some
People try to hide
They are confused on what they feel
And who they like

I am from
The process of figuring out who I am
And who and what I like
Which I know now

I am from
Screaming, crying, smiles, and laughter
Where everyone just wants a
Happily ever after

I am also from
the secret hidden in this poem
But for now....

I am from
the house where
The neighbor's dogs are always barking,
And the stray cats hang out

-This is who I am

I Am From the Country

By Cregg Ford

I am from fields surrounding my house,
cows across the road, rough trails through
the woods in my backyard
to the yellow and brown leaves that fall.

I am from my sister making me work
harder with one quote: "Someone's always
working harder than you."

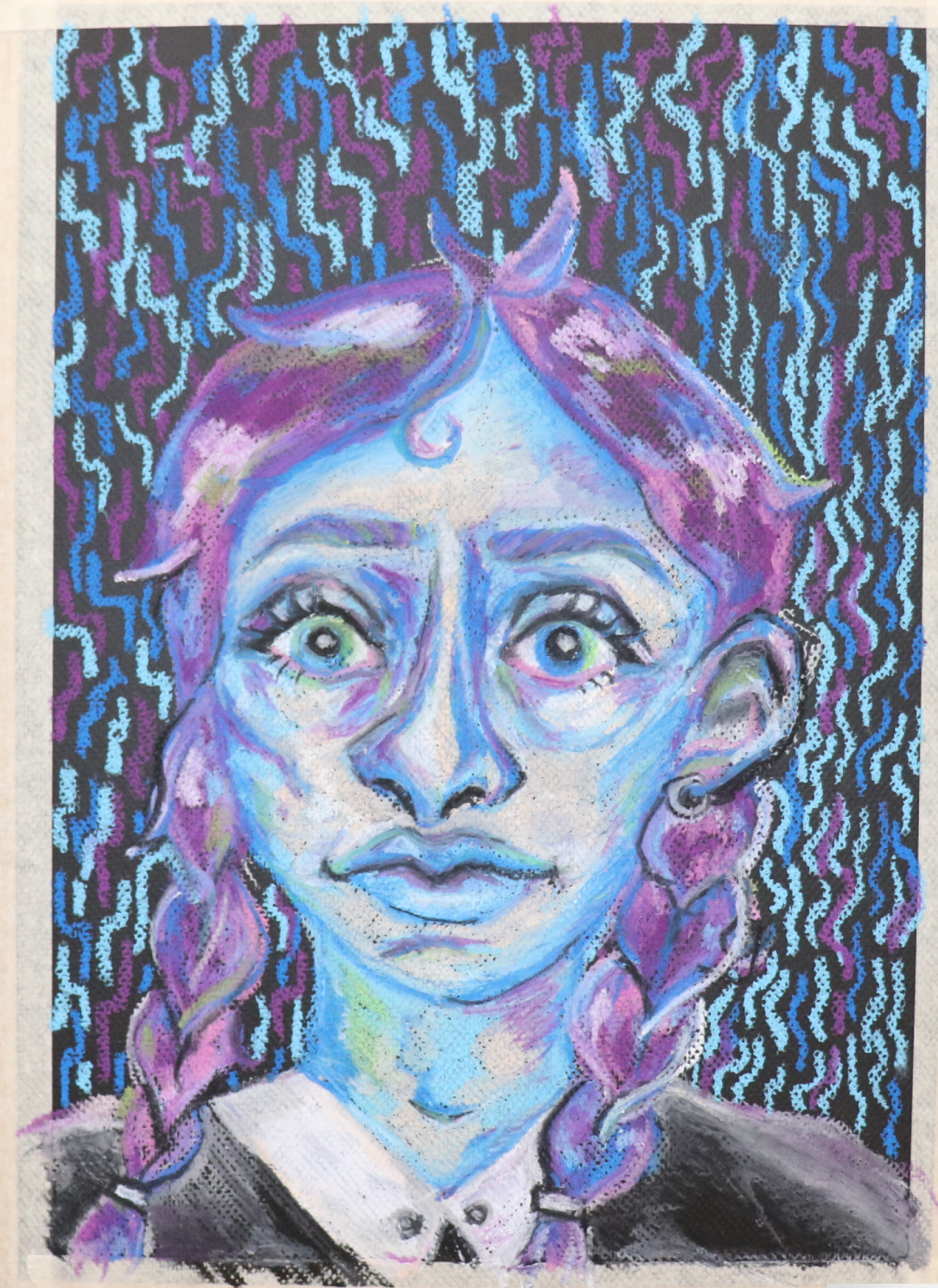
I am from the apple tree and
from Great Grandma's with
her homemade cookies
always ready when we arrived.

I am from a family that loves the game of basketball,
to the sound of the shoes on the gym floor
to the hard drills in the morning
when my sister and I practice.

I am from the summers at Grandma's where we
would swim and have zucchini bread that was
made with zucchini from Dad's garden
to the family dinners every Sunday night.

I am from fields surrounding my house,
cows across the road, rough trails through
the woods in my backyard
to the yellow and brown leaves that fall.

Art



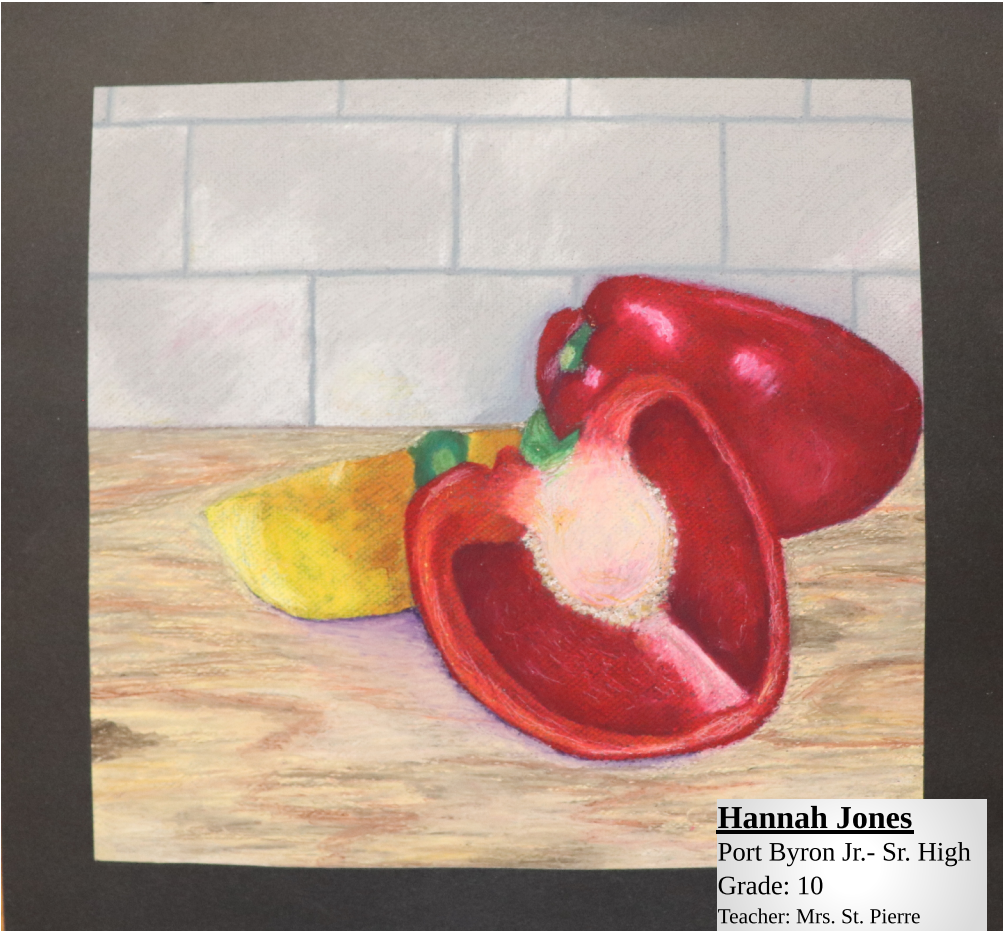
Lillian Svitavsky
Port Byron Jr.- Sr. High
Grade: 12
Teacher: Mrs. St. Pierre



Sophie Redmond
Port Byron Jr.- Sr. High
Grade: 12
Teacher: Mrs. St. Pierre



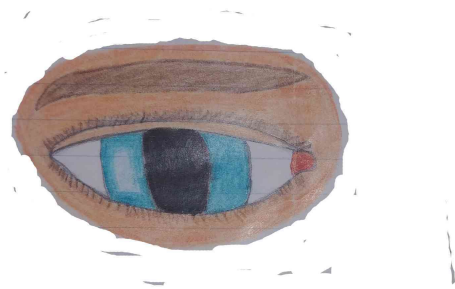
Brynn Hare
Port Byron Jr.- Sr. High
Grade: 7
Teacher: Mrs. St. Pierre



Hannah Jones
Port Byron Jr.- Sr. High
Grade: 10
Teacher: Mrs. St. Pierre



Andrew Jones
Port Byron Jr.- Sr. High
Grade: 7
Teacher: Mrs. St. Pierre



Dezerai Cook

Port Byron Jr.- Sr. High
Grade: 9



Maddy Whyte

Port Byron Jr.- Sr. High
Grade: 8

Book Reviews

THE CLIQUE

By Lisi Harrison

Reviewed by Kali Snyder

Claire Lyons came from Florida. She wears overalls and doesn't wear makeup. Massie Block is popular and likes riding horses. When Massie's parents invite Claire and her family to stay in their guest house, Massie isn't happy. To make it worse, since they are the same age, Massie's parents expect her to be friends with Claire, an idea Massie doesn't like, even a little. Massie is from a ridiculously wealthy family just like most of her friends. Claire's overalls and personality just don't fit. But when Massie's friends start making fun of Claire, Massie has to decide what to do. Harrison's book is a great read that I highly recommend.

The Prophecies Begin: Warriors

By Erin Hunter

Reviewed by Gabriella Turo

A house cat, Rusty, keeps having dreams about catching mice and living in the forest. He goes into the woods and meets wild cats. They offer him to join Thunder Clan, one of the four clans that share the forest. They tell him if he chooses to join them, there is danger and not a guarantee of survival. He accepts and soon learns the strength and courage of a Thunder Clan cat. There is constant threat from the other clans: River Clan, Wind Clan, and Shadow Clan. He is not always accepted by his clan mates and they call him a "kittypet" which is a high insult. *Warriors* by Erin Hunter is a great series if you love adventure, fantasy, violence, and excitement. You also have to like cats. I highly recommend it.

Pretend She's Here

By Luanne Rice

Reviewed by Brooke Brambley

Emily and her mother get into a fight before she goes to school; her mom knows why. It is the day her best friend Lizzie had died. Later after school, Emily's sister asks her if she wants to go eat with her and her boyfriend at the Fish Shack. She says she doesn't want to because she wants to walk home. As she walks, she stops when she hears Lizzie's sister Chloe shout her name. She turns to see Lizzie's mom, Mrs. Porter, her dad, Mr. Porter, and Chloe. They are on their way to visit Lizzie's grave and they invite Emily to go with them.

When they get to the grave, Emily wanders off.

She tries to talk to Lizzie through nature, but she can't seem to connect. Then Mrs. Porter tells Emily that it is time to leave.

While in the car, Mrs. Porter offers Emily a juice box, as she used to when Lizzie was alive. But then they pass the school where Emily is supposed to be dropped off. Emily panics. She tells them that they can drop her off where they are, but they ignore her. At a red light, Emily attempt to get out. But the Porters have the child locks on, and she can't. She is trapped. She knows they don't want her to leave. Rice's *Pretend She's Here* is a very good book, and I definitely recommend it.