

Panther Press

Literary Magazine



By Ruby Seamans

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Port Byron Central School District

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Home of the Panthers

Poetry Continued:	This is My Battery by Corry McLaurin	Playground by 50 Cent Reviewed by Hannah Aguja and Kaylee Marcuccilli
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The Kepple Life by Haleigh Kepple	On Your Way by Sophia Mucedola	The Book of Secrets by AL Tait Reviewed by Haleigh Kepple
River Rides by Alivia Mills	Book Reviews Green Ember by S.D. Smith Reviewed by Haleigh Kepple	The Hunger Games by Suzanne Collins Reviewed by Ares Nielens
Spirit Week by Ashton Fronzek	Long Way Down by Jason Reynolds Reviewed by Ashton Fronzek	
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Multi-Genre

Introduction:

Cows

by Meggy McNally

Ever since I was a little girl, I remember going down to the barn with my uncle. I've gone on tractor and four wheeler rides, fed the calves, and helped milk the cows countless times. I've learned everything I know from my uncle, grandpa, and grandma. I love going down to the barn and making connections with the calves, naming them and feeding them. The barn has been a huge part of my life since I was little and has taught me so many things. I'm so grateful I was able to learn and grow up on the farm.



Minni's Milk

By Meggy McNally

I zip up my coat over my layers, and shove my feet into my old boots. The door creaks open and I step out into the windy cold and snow, walking down the hill and across the road, being careful not to slip. The disgusting smell floods over me as I jump into the barn embracing the shelter from the wind.

"Hi Jeff!" I say waving at him through the cows.

"What's up, Meggy-Meg," he says, like he does everyday.

"Nothing much," I respond. "But I am 'gonna go feed the calves now."

I walk over to the milk house feeling all the cow's hot breath blowing onto me. I push open the swinging door, and the familiar musty smell hits me as I get a bucket and start to fill it with warm water. I carry the bucket down to the calf pens, and the water sloshes around, spilling over the edges and onto my coat.

"Who's hungry?" I say to the calves as they all moo, begging for food. I whisk up three buckets and deliver them to the calves. I place the buckets into their holders, and they shoves their heads in, drinking up the milk so fast that it's gone in 30 seconds. I bring Minni her bucket, and she sticks her nose in, takes one small sip, and lays back down.

"What's wrong Minni?" I ask her. "Are you not hungry?" I open her pen and sit on the wood shavings that cover the ground right next to her. I scratch her head and she lays it right across my lap, giving off a soft moo. The wind howls, and I'm grateful I'm with Minni, as her head acts like a blanket, warming me up. I sit there stroking her head until I have to get up to make sure Minni gets fed.

"Alright Minni, are you ready to eat?" I ask her, filling up a bottle because that might help her drink. I climb back in her pen and sit back down, but Minni won't take the bottle. I get up again, dust myself off, and go tell my grandpa she won't eat.

"Papa, Minni won't drink her milk," I tell him.

"OK," he says, grabbing the pink medicine. "I'll give her this, and we'll see if she's feeling better by the morning."

I walk back to the pens and grab all the dirty buckets, walking them back down to the milk house to be washed. I rinse them all out, the steaming hot water warming up my hands. The door swings open as I walk out, the cold hitting me like I've been slapped in the face.

I make my way back to Minni's pen and I climb back in it, sitting down on the sawdust, once again. I lay my legs out and she rests her head on them, her eyes drooping. I sit there, stroking her head, listening to the rain fall and the wind blow.

Introduction:

Australian Shepherds

By Alivia Mills

Dogs, a human’s best friend. They have been around for decades. They are always there for you and they will always listen to your problems. They all have different personalities and none of them are the same. Australian Shepherds are my personal favorite due to how playful, yet cuddly they are. They will play all day. But at night they get tired out and they flop down wherever they are. They are the sweetest dogs ever!

Walk in the Woods

By Alivia Mills

The woods
My dog on a leash,
The wind whispering secrets
Cold and sharp like a dagger
The trees shedding leaves
On the ground dying
Breaking its bones when stepped on
The mud flying everywhere
As my dog sprints through it
Sticks crying out to me
My dog destroys them
Once we come inside
The mud walking through my house
And it sleeps in our beds

War

Australian Shepherds are like war:
Destroy everything in sight
Feel no mercy
They act like bullets:
Run so fast you can’t catch up
Claws scratch you
Australian Shepherds are like peace:
They crash when tired
Act like nothing happened

- Alivia Mills

Campfire by the Pond

By Alivia Mills

The slick, sludge leading up to the pond
No one likes to walk through
Except the silly, shepherds
Sprinting into the water
Splattering it all over everyone
People jumping off the dock
“Splash!”
There’s adults playing corn hole
“Bang! Smack!”
Then my uncle comes
It’s time for the zip line
“Splat!”
As the people hit the water
Doing dives into the deep
And painful belly flops
“Boom!”
As people fall off paddle boards
Smacking there heads
“Crack, Pop!”
The fierce, flames of the fire
Engulfing marshmallows into flames
The laughter of people around it
“Vroom!”
The four wheeler stacked with people
Driving into the woods towards the sunset
“Crackle”
The crispy, crunching leaves under the four wheeler
The only sound heard for the rest of the night

Shepherds

By Alivia Mills

Shepherd
Cute, energetic
Sweet like sugar
Soft like a stuffed animal
Best Friend



Memories

By: Alivia Mills

Amelia looked down at her dog, Molly, and smiled. Molly’s eyes fluttered; she tried to keep them open, but she was weak. Amelia felt her stomach rise and then fall: they were short breathes, but they were still breathes. Molly tried to move her head, but she was too weak. “What if the surgery doesn’t work,” Amelia whispered to the vet, while tears streamed from her eyes. She stroked Molly’s fluffy, tan and white blotched fur. She held her tight to her chest and couldn’t help but think, this might be the last time. Molly needed this tumor removed; Amelia needed Molly. She didn’t know what to do. She could tell there was still so much life left in her. She thought back to the first time she ever met her.

10 year old Amelia ran down the stairs to see snow covering the grass. The smell of bacon and cinnamon rolls filled every room in the house. Presents were stacked under the tree and her family was sitting on the couch waiting for her. Amelia destroyed all the wrapping paper, squealing after every gift. She slowly neared the end. There was one last present under the tree and her name was written all over it. She ripped off the pink sparkly paper leaving just a cardboard box underneath. Then the box exploded, and a dog jumped out at her! Getting slobber on everything and scratching her all up. She was only as big as a newborn baby. She was as soft as she was today, the cutest Australian Shepherd ever!

As tears slowly broke through Amelia's eyes bringing her back to reality, she knew what she had to do. She gave Molly one last hug and passed her away to the vet, hoping this wasn’t goodbye.

Coffee Mug

Mugs are Art

The handle as a gift,
The design like a painting,
You sip slowly like digesting an old sculpture,
A new mug is like an unfinished sketch,
An old mug is like great portrait



The Same Old Coffee Mug

I lifted the mug to my mouth,
Hot with the liquid that resides inside,
I stay inside most days,
Waiting for the paperboy to come by with the daily article,
Each day is more like the last,
But every single day I use the same mug,
No new cups but the same familiar feel of the china in my hand,
I have no garden or pets,
And I still don't yearn for anything new,
Just the same old coffee mug,
Chipped at it's handle and brim,
Waiting for the same old paperboy,
In the same old chair,
In the same old house,
Holding the same old Coffee Mug.

The Red
Coffee mug,
Fragile, diverse,
Red as a cherry,
Smooth like some ice,
Vessel

The Self-Absorbed One

The mug flashing it's art,
It stink-eyes the plastic cups used by little kids,
It thinks of itself as above the rest of the cups.
Even though it's worn out, it shows itself off.
Most of them are tired from being used throughout the years;
They feel most angry when they are replaced,
Maybe by a better cup or a worse one.

The Wonders of the Imagination

By Jace Hinchman

"Catch up!" Exavier said as he and Daniel were racing down the trail. The trail was very uneven and filled with roots and sticks. Hanging branches almost caught them in the head a few times. The woods were damp and filled with dead leaves, as it was nearing the end of October. The boys who enjoyed running this trail from time to time had never been on it when it was this slippery. Daniel saw this as a good opportunity to clear his mind, as his Dad had been so mean as to ground him for a month for something so minute as letting the dog out by accident. Exavier didn't know yet because Daniel didn't want to ruin the mood.

A quarter mile down the trail, they took a smaller path that they had never been on. They slowed their pace as they heard a small river. They came out on a clearing along the river. They saw a campfire with logs around it. Daniel was very alarmed because somebody could be staying there, but he noticed the logs were very mossy as well as the rocks around the campfire. It looked as if it hadn't been used in years. They decided to loiter in the area because of the rusted can opener they had found, thinking that there might be more "treasure."

Exavier sat down and scooped up some water with a mug he had in his bag. He downed the whole glass like an egg shot. Daniel trotted over to a nearby bush because of the ripped shirt on it. He noticed a little path behind the bush and decided to explore.

"I'll be right back!" he shouted to Exavier. As he was walking, he thought about telling Exavier what had happened, how he ran away to hang out on the trail. The thought quickly disappeared because he didn't want to talk about his dad at all. He walked back to the clearing and started walking back up the trail. He always hung out with Exavier from time to time, especially when he was down. He found comfort in his imagination. It helped him since Exavier died a year before in that fire.



The Key

A key in the woods -
It glows a strange, bright, purple -
Wonder where it's from

Introduction:

Keys
by Jodie Smith

Keys are just kind of cool. They're interesting, mysterious, and you can make some pretty good puns with them. Most of my writing or the design for the key was inspired by *The Owl House* (on Disney+). If you've watched it, you can see pretty clearly that I was heavily influenced by the key and door in that show. Also, the Eyes of Ender from Minecraft were a big inspiration, too. With their designs I thought it'd be neat to have a spooky eye on the key and a glowing effect.

POV: You're a Key

They pick me up and take me away
They leave me on the counter

They leave me in their car or door
They keep me in their pockets

They swing me around on their fingers
They said I make a funny noise

I am just a tool for them
A tool for them to use

Microfiction

by Jodie Smith

Keigo stared at the glowing door in the middle of their room. How did it get there? *"Think, man, think,"* Keigo repeat in their head, trying to remember anything that could give them a clue. *"Why is it here. And what is it."*

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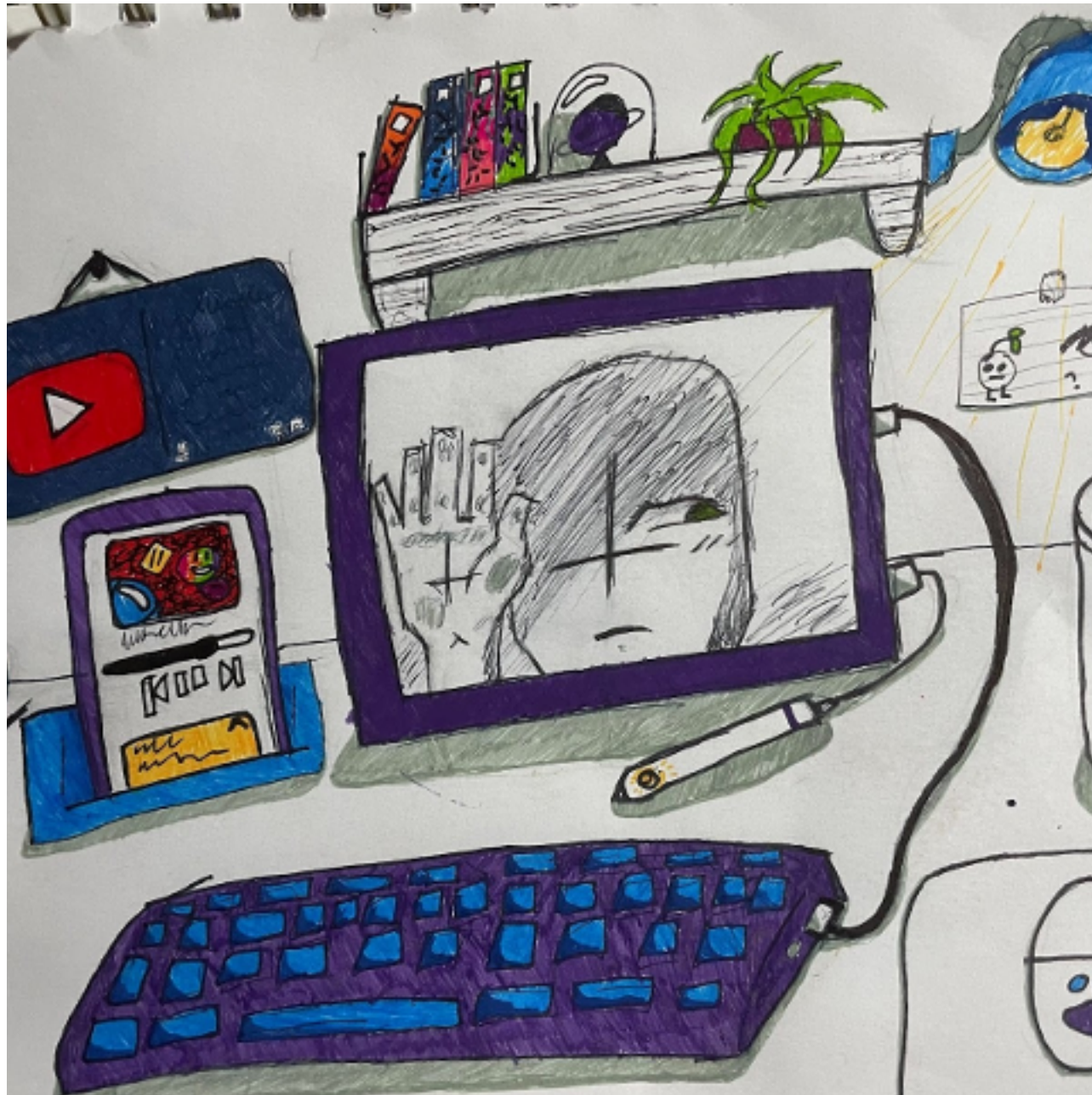
Earlier that day, Keigo was out in the woods behind their house. They were just exploring a bit, looking for anything interesting - mushrooms, cool rocks, flowers, anything - when they spied a small, glowing thing on the ground. Keigo walked over cautiously, I mean, its not everyday you find something glowing in the middle of the woods. As they got closer, the glowing faded, revealing what seemed to be a fancy looking key. Keigo hesitated, but picked it up anyway, and examined it.

"This is a set up for some adventure movie," Keigo thought, holding the key up. It was quite beautiful, intricate designs going around the top, and an eye in the center. *"It's 'kinda cool though. The eye looks amazing,"* they thought, *"Imma take it home, I need something more to do anyway, so if this opens a portal to Hell, I might go in."* Keigo chuckled and put the key in their pocket, heading back to their house.

.....

"...How could I forget about the mystical looking eye I found glowing in the middle of the woods? I mean, it was only a few hours ago, but my memory isn't that bad," Keigo deadpanned. They pulled out the key from their pocket. It was surprisingly cold, and glowing. Glowing the same as the door. Keigo looked from the key to the door, noting the glowing, then taking a closer look and seeing the eye on the door's frame. *"Wait, what, ok, so I picked up a demon key and now there's a demon door in my bedroom, cool,"* Keigo thought sarcastically, *"They have the same eye symbol too, interesting interesting, same glow, nice, ok,"* Keigo continued. Just then the key jerked towards the door, pulling Keigo with it. The key slid perfectly into the keyhole, and as Keigo listened, there was a strange humming from the other side of the door. Keigo looked down at the key; they still had their hands on it. Then the key turned. All on its own. Keigo placed their hand of the doorknob. *"Do I open it?"* Keigo mulled over opening it or just leaving and sleeping on the couch.

"..." They opened the door.



Introduction:

3D Animation

by Skye Peters

The feeling of a pen in my hand can be calming: colors shift from shade to shade, little doodles come to life - the details growing more intense - responsibilities and expectations pile up, overflowing the little glass cup labeled sanity. It's simple yet intense at the same time. Life is never easy; we must work hard for what we want. I feel like people often forget that, even I sometimes. That's why I wish to use this simple job to explain my reasoning for endurance, patience, and progression with 3D animation.

Procedures

Animation

Captivating techy

As real as life

Like another dimension

developing

Connecting Time

With a pen to screen

I create constellations

Connecting timelines

Animated life

By Skye Peters

I sit there, pencil in hand as I sketch a torso
 The eraser growing shorter and shorter by each passing minute,
 As I plan out my future career in my vast mind:
 An art college,
 Practicing drawings of real people
 a necessity to accomplish my future,
 I will start as a commission artist, soon flourishing into a comic
 writer,
 As I evolve into a manga artist, then pursue an art college
 All these steps to reach the finish line, all these dreams to reach a
 possible reality,
 3D animation...
 But...it's not that simple, it would take many tech classes
 intense observations of professionals, part time jobs for new
 devices necessary
 the feeding of my fluffy cat...
 The weight could easily overwhelm me and swallow me whole
 But..
 Determination goes a long way, something this thought-out can't go
 to waste that easily
 'I'm tired' won't stop me, it's not my first dance with sleep deprived
 'I'm worried about your health' - just meaningless words
 I've got this under control, my health won't go ignored
 'It won't make much money' - I'm not worried about money
 'Where will you live' - I know what my living situation will be,
 I don't plan on living with anyone except my cat and maybe a dog,
 In a camper we shall stay; it might sound pathetic, but I really don't
 need a big house
 The front yard would never get mowed; the backyard would be
 deserted.
 I've got this: 3D animation is the goal.

Dreams
by Colby Hoover

Wish to Reality

A dream is a wish, a desire.
Something you wish you had,
Something you wish would turn into reality.

Some dreams can be nightmares.
Something you wish could go away,
something you wish you had more control over.

Then I remembered what my friend once told me,
that I have more control than I think.
I have power.

I had to fight for what I wanted.
Turn my dreams into a reality
and make the nightmares go away.

The Monster Under My Bed

I lay in bed to go to sleep,
All of a sudden I heard this noise.
“ZZzzz-hngGGggh-Ppbhww- zZZzzzzZ”

It sounded like my Grandpa.
But he lives in Missouri.

Then,
I figured out that the noise was under my bed...

The snore got louder and louder.
Then all of a sudden it stopped.

Then I heard a
“Ahhhh-hhaaaaaa”
It appears the beast has woken up.

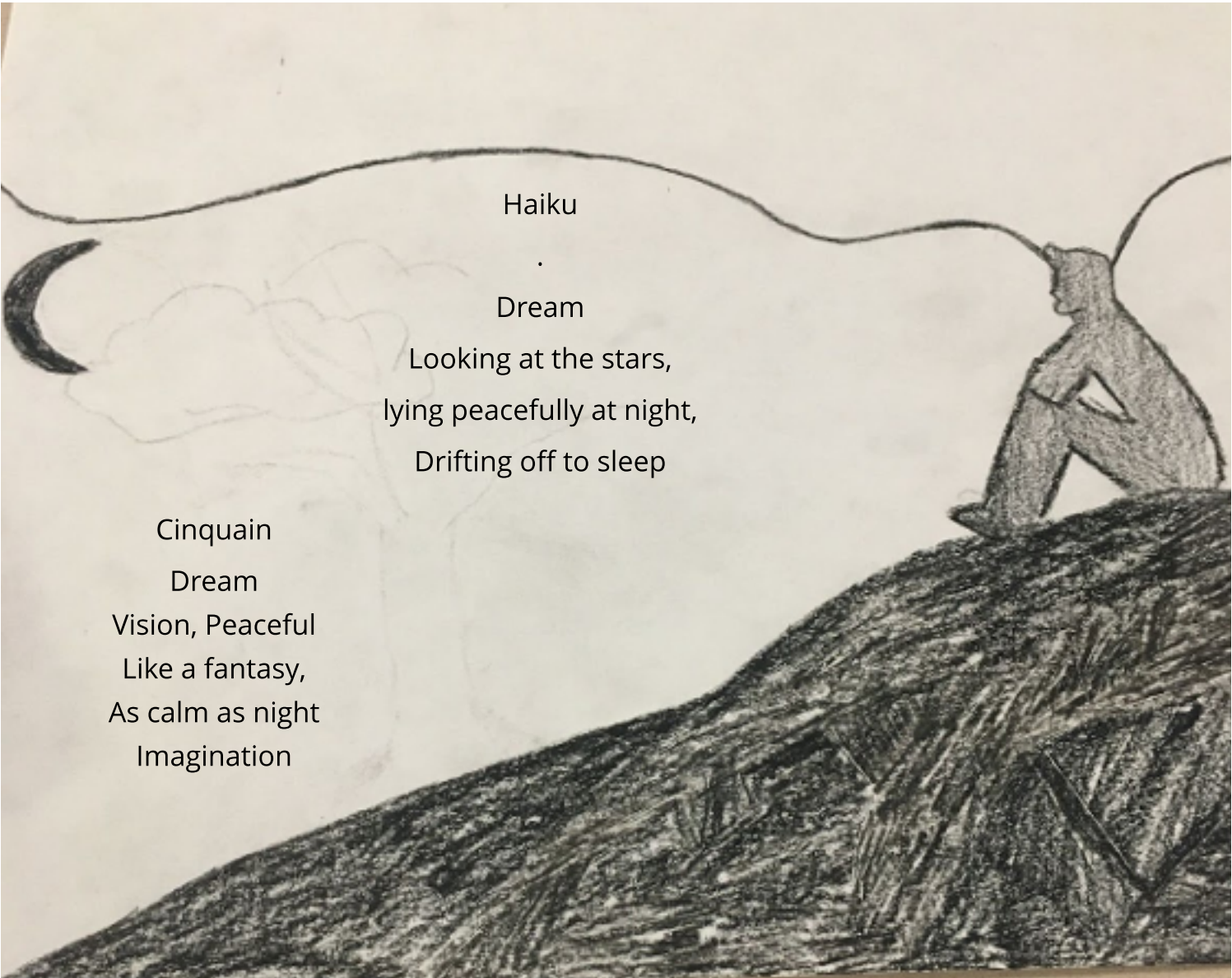
I hid under my covers
hoping it wouldn’t come out and see me.

I heard a shuffling sound beneath me.
He came out from under my bed.

I peeked out a little bit to make sure he didn’t see me.
I saw an ugly, hairy beast jump out the window.

If there are monsters jumping through my window...
I don't think I will be able to sleep in this bed.
Ever Again.

So I slept on the couch..
Goodnight.



Haiku

Dream

Looking at the stars,
lying peacefully at night,
Drifting off to sleep

Cinquain

Dream

Vision, Peaceful
Like a fantasy,
As calm as night
Imagination

Micro-fiction:

It was just a dream...
by Colby Hoover

A boy named Karl pushed his little red race car with white stripes across the floor. Then all of a sudden he heard a low growl behind him. He turned around and he saw a lion. The lion had sharp teeth and sharp claws. He got up and ran in fear as the lion chased him. “GO AWAY!” Karl yelled. The boy tripped over a rock and fell to the ground. The lion roared. He turned around and the lion was hovering over him about to eat him. “This is the end...” he thought.

Then... He woke up, breathing heavily, looking around the room. “It was just a dream...” he whispered.

Memoirs

Butterflies
By Sophia Mucedola

I ran around the gym panting. "Everyone's cheeks are cherry red!" I thought to myself. Mr. T stopped the music.

"Line up!" Mr. T and Mrs. C, my gym teachers, yelled. My class stood in line, Mr. T in front of us. We could see the big brown doors ahead. The kid in front of me started to walk. I quickly followed in pursuit. "Teachers get mad when there are large gaps in a line," I quickly thought to myself. Ms. Foos came over. I noticed the cage of butterflies in her hand. "Ooh! I can't wait to set them free," I thought to myself in excitement. Everyone was chattering with excitement. We walked out of the gym, but we went in a different direction.

"I want to set the butterflies free, but we are in a hurry, so we need to be fast," Ms. Foos said to us. I looked around and noticed kids were hopping out of line. They were getting a drink, like normal, from the water fountain after gym class.

I watched them get a drink for a moment. I thought about it. "We do get a drink everyday after gym," I said to myself. "It's not too out of the ordinary." I was going to get a drink, but I stopped to think. "I don't remember hearing her say go ahead," I thought. I scuttled out of line brushing away my thoughts and dashed to quickly get into line to get a drink. "No more than three seconds, although nobody else ever follows it," I thought to myself in annoyance. "1...2...3," I said in my head as I guzzled the water. I stood up straight and trotted back into line while the next child in line bent over to take a drink.

I continued to dance down the hall, thrilled to release the butterflies. Ms. Foos turned around. Half of the class was missing. She looked confused.

"Where is the class?" she practically hollered in frustration.

"They're getting a drink," someone said innocently. She stopped walking and stood there. Once everyone was back she started yelling.

"I never said you could get a drink. Raise your hand if you got a drink," she said angrily.

I reluctantly raised my hand, along with a few other kids.

"If you're raising your hand, when we get back to the classroom, move your clip." My heart started racing. I started looking around frantically. I felt a sharp pain behind my eyes, the kind you get when you're going to cry. Before I could react and try to stop them, I started to bawl. I could feel the tears streaming down my face. I immediately started sobbing. My mind raced: "Last time this happened, I

got my iPod taken away," I thought. I started to think back to the last time I got my clip moved. I was trying to help another girl clean up, and when the teacher said go back to your seats everyone, I didn't think she meant me. It was when she knocked over her caterpillars.

As we walked outside, I eventually calmed myself down. I noticed nobody else seemed fazed by the fact that they were in trouble. "My Mommy's going to be mad," I thought, starting to become frantic again. I could feel that sharp pain behind my eyes again.

Once we made it outside, we all watched our butterflies fly away. "OOH," "AHH," you could hear kids' excitement. We all watched them fly away. I looked around. I could see the big hill far in the distance and the park with the pond across the street. But I couldn't focus on those things. All I could think about was my clip.

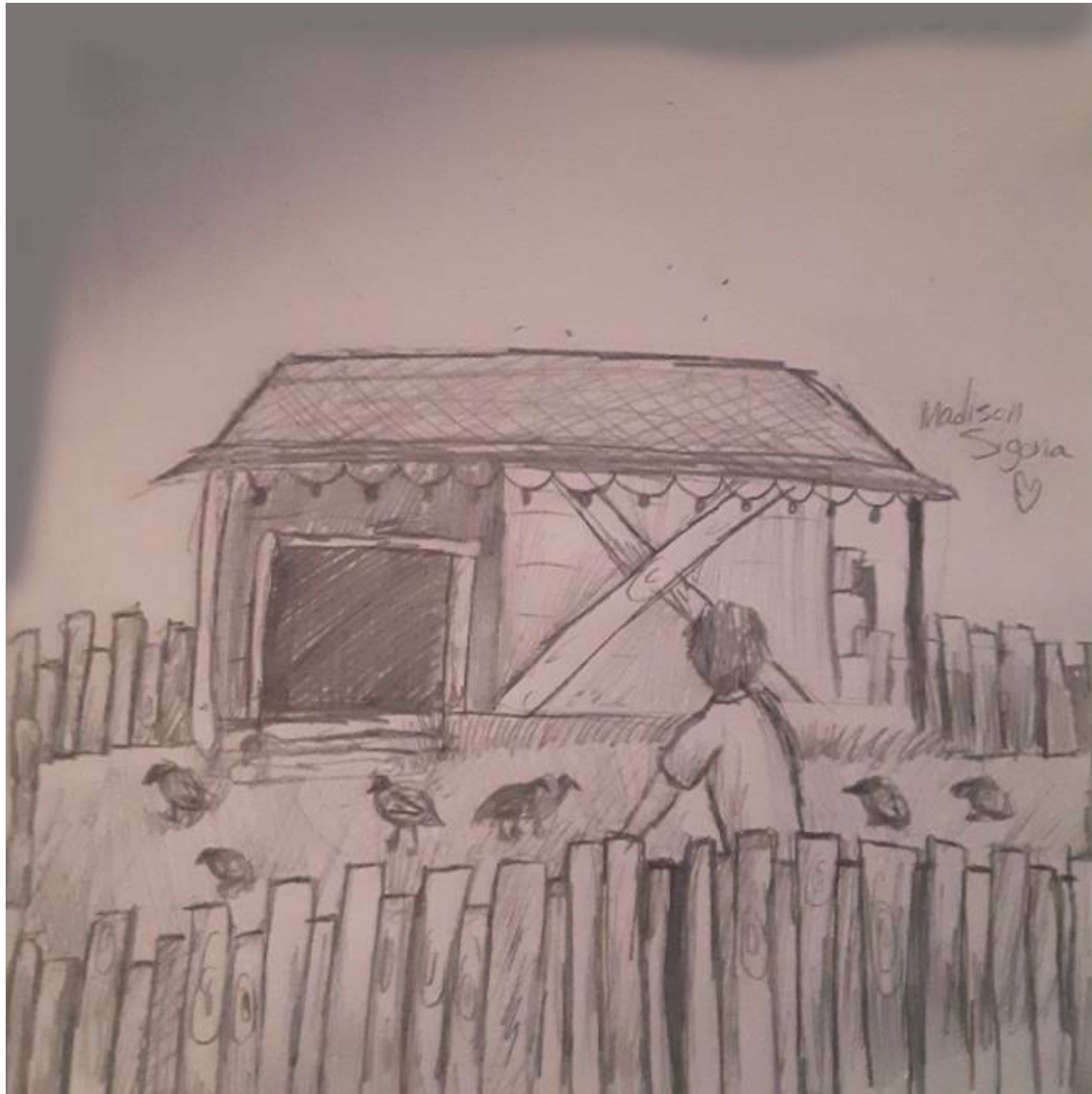
"Okay, guys! Everybody line up!" Ms. Foos shouted. Everyone ran up pushing and shoving each other, like second graders do, trying to get in the line first. That was the most important thing. Being the line leader. We walked through the large gray doors. I looked around. We were standing back in the fifth and sixth grade hallway. It was always so cool being in that hallway with the older kids. We turned down the hall, the way we came not that long ago. As we came up to the gym, I saw the fountain where I had sobbed hysterically just a few minutes prior. I walked back to our classroom, quietly following the kids in front of me. We all ran up the stairs. "We sound like a stampede of elephants," I thought to myself. Ms. Foos stopped. I looked and we were standing at the fountain upstairs that we usually stop at.

"Now you may get a drink," she said, putting emphasis on the now.

We all quietly walked to class. I could feel rising panic again. I walked in dragging my feet, my head hung low. I walked behind the door, holding back my tears; I slowly reached for my clip. I glanced down at it. Sophia Mucedola. Other kids around me were also grabbing their clips, but none seemed fazed, even now as we were getting punished. I could hear kids around me chattering away. I took my clip and slid it down a color. "The second time, in one school year," I thought in shame. I sulked over to my seat, sank down, and just wanted to disappear.

Ms. Foos started the lesson. "Let's get started." She didn't seem mad, but I couldn't help but continue to think about it. "If only I'd asked first," I thought to myself, filled with regret. "If only I hadn't just gone along with the other kids. If only I waited for Ms. Foos to say to go get a drink, and if only I didn't assume. If only I had asked permission." So many if onlys.





The Hens

By Chipper Grennell

It was a summer day in June and my dad asked me if I wanted to get chickens. I said yes and we went to Tractor Supply and got some hens. We drove home and put them in the pen we built. The pen was about 6 feet tall and 4 feet wide with a little door on the front big enough for a chicken. The door led out into a grassy area that was about 12 by 15ft. I went inside to put on boots and went to feed them.

I was outside the chicken pen ready to feed them. When I opened the door the chickens ran out into the yard. One of them leaped on my chest and shoved me to the ground. I hit the mud and it made a big splat. I didn't even have time to realize what happened until the chickens were all over the yard. When I got up, I was covered and angry.

"I can't believe that just happened," I said. I proceeded to stomp over to the group of hens who were now pecking at the grass.

As I walked up, they made a long drawn out bawking noise. I reached down and grabbed a hold of one. She flapped and screamed and scratched like her life depended on it. She flew out of my hands and ran over to the opposite side of the coop. Then I tried to herd them back in. I walked around the corner of the coop moving slowly so they wouldn't run or fly away. But the hens just wouldn't go back in their pen.

As I tried and tried to get the hens in, I couldn't do it. I wanted to ask for help, but I couldn't. I needed to show my dad I could take care of the animals by myself. So I looked for worms under some of the rocks in the pens' tall grass. When I had a handful, I slowly crept up to the hens and showed my hand with the worms. I led them into the pen, crouched down, and backed up slowly to get them inside. When I dropped the handful of worms onto the ground at the back of the pen, they bolted towards my feet and gobbled them up. I had to jump over some of them and get behind them to close the door.

I was ready to head back inside and then I realized, I hadn't even fed them yet! So I went back down the hill and snuck the door open while they were in their grassy area of the pen and closed the door as quickly as I could. I took the top off the 5 gallon bucket and poured the feed into the bowl. I poured water into the other bowl. The chickens ran in from the grassy area and began to eat. I snuck out the door and locked it up. I was flooded with relief when I was done. After that I walked inside and took a nap.

The Friendship Stamp By Haleigh Kepple

The scream from the bell sent a flood of kids out the door, all ready to be set free to the sunny day outside. My best friend, Maylee, and I were walking down the steps of marble, our shoes slapping the floor. Maylee had news for me. I could tell by the sudden solemn look on her face.

"Haleigh. Me and my family are moving to Maine," she paused so I could soak that in. My bestest friend was moving far away, basically to never land! Maylee, my best friend, was moving like a thousand miles away from me! Who would I talk to? Who would sit with me at lunch? Who would I laugh with? And the biggest question of all: Who would be my best friend? My stomach sank as I tried to think. She would move away from school, from Port Byron, from my life!

"I'll only be gone while you're in 5th grade," Maylee said, trying to cheer me up. But it didn't work.

"And 6th and 7th. You're going to be gone my whole life!" I said moping. I was losing my best friend in the whole world.

I said goodbye. "We can get her phone number!" my mom suggested when we were home. But I never got her phone number. The last thing I have from her is her signature in my yearbook. I miss her every day. Sometimes I wonder

where she is. If she made new friends. If she remembers me.

The next year I looked around the classroom seeing if anyone wanted to talk. I felt like the weirdo who had no one to talk to. My heart was like a gorilla rock band in my chest. Then I saw a girl I knew from kindergarten. Maybe she wanted to talk.

"Hi. I'm Haleigh. What's your name?" I said trying not to seem like a crazy psychopath. Did my breath smell weird? Was I sweating? She probably thought I was a psycho brunette.

"Hi. I'm Avery," she said, barely even a whisper. Well at least she was talking to me.

"Do you want to sit with me at lunch?" I asked. Silence...was she going to say no? Avery nodded. Relief rushed through my veins. Lunch was great. The next day went well. Maybe, just maybe, we could be friends. It's like the saying friends are hard to make but easy to lose. On my birthday a little under a year after, Avery came to my house for our 1st sleepover. I was so excited I was about to burst! I was counting the minutes. That night we stayed up until two. We had waffles the next morning. The sleepover stamped the bow on our friendship.

That No Fun Friday By Madelyn Shank

"Alright here we go, 3rd period, you got this," I said in my head as I walked to Mr. W's room for skills workshop. My mind said "Oh no it can't be" when I saw Mark who was in my class last year. Then I thought about last year when he came over to me.

It was during science on April 23, 2014 and we were playing Kahoot. I was in 1st place then the last question came up and my mind said my favorite mantra, "This is it, you got this!" Then out of the blue, Mark reached from behind me and taped an answer.

"Hey, why did you do that?" I said.

"I wanted to help you out," Mark replied.

"I knew the answer," I said back. When the time was up, it turned out the answer Mark picked was wrong and that caused me to go to 7th place.

"Mark, who gave you permission to touch my Chromebook?" I said. Mark smirked but didn't respond.

Later on before our math Zoom, I was listening to some sad anime music on my Chromebook because it was the 10th anniversary of my step dad leaving my mom and me and it pairs with my past. Then Mark looked at my Chromebook and started to taunt me about what I was watching. That is when I had enough of him, and at that point, I wanted to go home and call my friend, then be done with the day.

That is when my eyes started to water and I said in a sad like tone, "Just leave me alone." The way I said that got my teacher's attention. She asked if I was okay, and I said no. Then she asked me what happened. I couldn't even respond, so one of my friends told her everything that happened.

Then my teacher took me to the hallway, and I told her what happened and what Mark did to me to get me all worked up. Then she called the school counselor, and she took me to her room. I told the school counselor what happened then she asked me if she wanted me to call my mom. I answered yes and she did. The counselor called my mom and she talked to her a little and then I talked to her. I told my mom what happened and then we had a conversation about what I should do in the future when that happens again. Our conversation started with me speaking then my mom speaking. Our conversation went back and forth like a ping pong game. Meanwhile, back in the classroom, my teacher went back into the room and screamed at Mark.

About 40 minutes later, the counselor brought Mark to her room for him to apologize. I forgave him then I went back to my teacher's room. Then I did the work I had to do. Nothing happened much after that besides that my dog, Rusty, peed on the kitchen floor. Then the rest of the day was great.

I faded out of the flashback, took a deep breath, and then Mr. W, my teacher, told me where my seat was. And Mark didn't tease anybody at all.



By Madison Sigona

Back When I Was 7

By Morgan Cardinell

I was outside with my family. My brother, Tristan, and I were playing on a small roller coaster we had. It was about 15 feet long and it separated into three parts. Each part had a little hill that was fun to go down with the little yellow cart. I got in the position I had gotten hurt in before, knowing I would get hurt if I did it again. I looked at my brother and then looked forward at the field and trees. I went to say “Don’t make me do this position,” but I only got to “Don’t make me..” when he pushed me.

The cart tipped over. I rolled to the bottom and stood up. I don’t remember how I knew I was hurt; it might have been from the fact I got hurt before and probably got hurt again, but I walked up to the porch where my parents were. My parents saw me and my lip. They didn’t freak out. They were calm about it. They were so calm that you would have thought it was nothing new, as if they had done this before. My sister got some ice for me, while my mom told my dad she was taking me to urgent care. We walked off the porch and got into her car as she drove me to urgent care. When we got there, a lady asked, “Do you want a popsicle? You can have it over your lip as an ice pack and still eat it.” I chose the purple one. “You can have as many as you want.” I only got to eat the one before the doctors came in.

We went into a little room with a bed and I sat on it. The paper sheet covering it crinkled. When the doctors came in, I got nervous. I didn’t know what would happen. I lay down, and they put something around my mouth so I couldn’t see what was happening. They tried to numb me but it didn’t work. I felt everything; someone stitching your lip is not a pleasant feeling. I held my mom’s hand the entire time.

Between me screaming and crying, the doctor managed to stitch up my lip. It was painful. After everything was done I felt fine, just now I had three stitches in my lip. The only problem with having the stitches was I couldn’t go swimming, which wasn’t fun because it was still summer and our camp was on a lake. We went up to camp every other weekend. Luckily, no one went swimming while I had my stitches in because the water was too cold. By the time we could go swimming, I had my stitches out. When my dad was about to take out my stitches, I got scared. I was afraid it would hurt but it didn’t. He got the stitches out and I was able to go swimming. My lip had healed and was fine.

For a little bit I had a light scar that was hardly noticeable. Now nothing is there. You would never know anything happened. I feel bad for the doctors; it must have been hard to stitch up my lip while I was screaming and crying. I also feel bad for my mom because she had to watch and hear it all. That wasn’t easy because I was in pain and she couldn’t do anything to help. It wasn’t a great night for either of us.

Now I pay more attention to what I do and other people do, thinking of the effects of what could happen. I don’t want anyone to get injured. I know it can hurt.

Lazy River Hysterics

By Camden Manley

I was going to a waterpark over the weekend because I didn't have school. My parents just told us to get in the car and we drove to some waterpark no one ever heard of, still don't remember the name. When we got there, we unpacked in our room and got our bathing suits on. After aimlessly wandering around the place for forty-five minutes, we found massive doors that just said "Water park." After walking in, it was ginormous. It felt like we rode a quadrillion rides when my genius self finally found the lazy river, and I beckoned my family to come on with me.

We all got in the inner tubes, and I jumped in, my family screaming at me, "The stairs were right next to you, you idiot child!" I chose not to acknowledge them, as any self-respecting little genius should not. We stayed in the tubes for about an hour, but it felt like when we all went down four long, wavy paths. I somehow got the longest path, the purple one. My family stared at me as I went down the ninety degree drop, screaming for help. It was pitch-black, going up and down, side to side. It felt like I was weightless, so I was scared for my life. As a light got closer, I saw I was in one of those massive bowl rides.

"Since when did I think this was a lazy river?" I pondered, going around in circles at high speeds. After I went down the end of the bowl, I was in a tunnel I could only describe as a "Fatal Photosensitivity warning." Flashing rainbow lights were everywhere as I was thrown from side to side, about to puke. I washed up as far away from my family as physically possible, by the doors. In frustration, I tore the lid, which keeps the air inside the raft, right off. I pulled so hard the thing came flying off the raft. So now there was some deflated raft at the end of the slide. I walked away as if nothing happened, when BAM! Some lady was ending the ride and she RAMMED into the deflated raft at, like, A MILLION miles per hour! She flew off the raft so far she, and I kid you not, glided across the exit zone/pool.

I ran halfway across the park, so I could escape the collision lady, to the child help area. They asked me if I knew where my parents were, and I replied, "No."

As they went to call their boss, I saw my family. In a split-second, I stupidly decided to run to my family, not telling anyone. As I bolted through the crowds, I could hear the guy at the help area yell for me to come back. Let's just say, I did not come back. I darted towards them, falling into 2 pools and swimming the distance. When I got to them, they were in the hot tub. In a split-second, I cannonballed in. Boiling hot water went everywhere. My feet felt like they pretty much snapped in half, and my family and everyone around me were screaming and jumping in pools all around, due to how hot the water was. "Great, I somehow managed to screw something else up!" I quickly thought.

My family quickly brushed it off and we went on another ride. It was one of those four person raft in a tunnel kind of thing. The entire time, it was one of us almost falling off after another. When we reached the end of the tunnel, my dad and sister fell off the raft, and my mom was launched towards the center as I was catapulted in the air. "Well, I always wanted to be an amazing astronaut." I sarcastically thought. I plummeted into the water below, my goggles still high in the air.

They ended up hitting the guy from the child help area, who kept shrieking "Get back here ya stupid kid!" We scurried back to the hotel room to pray tomorrow would be better than today. It was, indeed, better. At least compared to what just happened. It was all just way too much for my 9 year-old self.



By Skye Peters



Me and My Horse

By June Waite

"You must be excited to start riding again," my aunt said as we got out of the car.

"Yeah, I am!" I replied. We got my helmet and the brushes to start off with. I was excited I was to start riding again.

"You can go get Cassie now," my aunt said. I went to get my horse from the paddock. I got to the fence, and I began looking for her. I spotted her eating grass, of course.

"Cassie!" I yelled to her. Right as she heard my voice, she came running over.

I was walking her to the arena and I noticed how dirty she was, so I started brushing her. As I was brushing her, a lot of mud slopped down to the ground. She was in need of grooming. I started brushing her mane because it was very knotted. After brushing her for a bit, she was nice and clean and her mane was very pretty. It shimmered down her back. Then we got her saddled up.

"How about you walk her around in the arena," my aunt said. I started to amble as I admired the birds flying in and out of the barn, horses sobbing for hay, people doing trail rides outside. After a little while of walking around, Cassie got used to her surroundings, so she knew where we would be riding.

"Let's get you on that horse and start!" my aunt added happily. I got on and started to stroll around with her.

I went around the barrels. I had forgotten how to go around them at first, since it had been a while since I'd ridden. I had to get in the feels of it again.

"Remember, June, put pressure on your foot so she goes right around them," she proclaimed. I did as she told me and I accomplished it. I felt so proud and happy that I remembered how to do it after it had been so long. I took her over the poles. As we went over, I smiled.

"Look, Aunt Cindy, I remembered from last time!" She was proud of me.

"Great job, June, how about you start trotting with her." I kicked her for her to start running, and off she went. I wasn't holding on right though, and I thought I was going to fall off. I felt nervous but I got used to it after a while. She was dashing all around the arena with me, and it was so fun but a little nerve racking since I felt like I was going to fall. I smelled dirt and wood in the arena, and Cassie's sides felt warm on my legs. We jogged, walked, did the barrels, the poles. We did basically everything. I felt very surprised and proud that I remembered how to do it.

After a while of riding I heard, *Boom, Boom!* I thought to myself what that could be and it hit me: They were gunshots. Cassie got nervous so I got off of her just in case she started to run. I didn't get nervous because it seemed far away, but it sure scared Cassie. My aunt looked at me and I could tell what she was going to say. I didn't want it to end early, but I didn't want Cassie or me to get hurt.

"Come on, let's get her back in the paddock. I don't want her getting scared and throwing you off," my aunt uttered.

"Ok, let's get packed up," I replied. Cassie was really anxious. I took the saddle and pad off and put them in the barn. We were done packing up, and I walked Cassie back to her paddock. I still felt happy because I got to ride. I had a lot of fun and was glad I got to go.

"I'm sorry we had to end early, honey," my aunt said.

"It's ok, it was still fun." I went on my phone and got a text from my dad. "My dad said you can drop me off at his house. He's cooking dinner," I added.

"Ok, honey, tell him we will be there in about an hour." I texted my dad and told him. We were down the road from my dad's house. "Well I hope you had fun, I'm really sorry we had to end early," my aunt said again as she pulled in the driveway.

"It's ok. I still had a lot of fun, and thank you for the ride today," I said as I was getting out of the car. I walked up to my door, happy about today and ready for the next time.

Rejected Hate,
Embraced Compassion
By George Ripley

The sun, gleaming through the window, made a reflection on the carpet. The chair I sat on only moved. As I looked through the screen on which displayed the song that I created, I knew that it was finally finished. I longed to put it out and show my fans what I created. But I lay that feeling off for a minute and mixed a little more.

Red tracks moved left, green tracks moved up, filters added to the vocals for an extra bit of flare. And now, it was finally done. I clicked the export occasionally button and sat back as my creation was ready to be seen. I took the file and moved it to an editing software, where I made the video that would be put up for my fans to see.

A little over an hour had passed, the sun had gone down, and the shadow from my window had almost left the carpet: The video was done. I clicked the second export I had clicked that day and breathed a sigh of relief. I set the video to the “Premiere” setting, so that my fans could watch it at the same time as me, and even talk to me through the chat.

The sun lowered even more, as the premiere came closer to starting. My friends Brandon, Connor, and Jake were watching the premiere, and I was glad they had decided to watch.

After the premiere had ended, the video was posted as normal. An hour or two had passed and the video had around 90 views. I was shocked to see the number that high!

I couldn’t revoke the dislikes, but I could live with them.

Another thirty minutes went by and I saw the number at 120. Again, I was shocked that people saw the video. I went to check the likes and I had 6! I was so happy to see that people had enjoyed the work and dedication I put into the song.

A couple of days later the video had hit 200 views, and a channel with 2K subscribers had commented on my video saying “Fire!” I was at a loss for words. And then I realized, “That’s the streamer I watch.” It was pretty cool to see his comment on my video, and the video had even reached 10 likes.

But out of the corner of my eye, I saw one under the dislike button. I thought, “It’s only one dislike, I can live with it.” After that, I started to see comments on my other videos with “Cringe” and “Laughing-crying” emojis on them. The videos had also

started to get disliked. My mind had started to think that maybe they were right. But I overpowered it with the tiny bit of negativity that gave me that thought. “No, I’m proud of what I make for my fans. They aren’t right at all.” But then the hate started to spread more, as more and more dislikes and hate comments appeared on my videos.

My brain had started to think more about them being right until it finally gave in. My brain had given me all these negative thoughts as I tried to fight back, but nothing had helped.

Until I realized that they didn’t mean anything to me. That I made content because I wanted to show people why I like making the things that I make. So, I overpowered the thoughts and deleted all the negativity. I couldn’t revoke the dislikes, but I could live with them. And then I realized that I shouldn’t listen to anyone who tells me what I should or shouldn’t do because I did it because I wanted to and I was proud of it. And I’ll continue to do what I love doing even if their hate is strong.

Just A Push or A Bump, Right?
By Sophie Dillon

She jumped up and down trying to grab her water bottle. I teased her again and again. I swung the bottle back and forth tauntingly. She got so mad she stomped even closer to me than she was before. I dropped it. I thought I saw steam coming out of her ears. I skipped away and went to watch TV.

After like 10ish minutes, I got hungry, so I went to get some food. I wanted to apologize. I said, “Raegan, do you want any food? I’m sorry.” No response... I felt bad at this point so I went up to her and asked , “Do you want any food?”

She snapped at me and yelled, “I DON’T WANT ANY FOOD!” She got up and stomped away to get water.

I turned away. Does she hate me? Tears appeared in my eyes. I quickly wiped them away, and I went to sit down on the couch. I didn’t know what to watch, so I asked her.

“Raegan, do you want to watch anything?” Silence... I kind of sat there and kept looking at her; she occasionally looked at me, too. I eventually stopped looking at her and put a cooking show on.

Raegan uttered, “I don’t want to watch this!” I kind of just glared at her.

“Well maybe you should have said something before I put it on,” I said. We both sat and glared at each other. Then my mom walked in the room. She looked at me, and then she looked at Raegan. I think my mom could feel the energy of the room.

My mom eventually said, “Well, I’m changing this show.” I think she was trying to brighten up the mood. Raegan and I both stopped staring at each other. My mom loves crime shows, so she put one on.

I asked my mom, “What’s for dinner?” And she said, “I don’t know sweetie, it’s lunch time, how about you go make something for yourself.”

Raegan leaned over and pinched me. I think she wanted me to make her food. We were jokingly hitting each other. One wrong move and things can end up in disaster... SMACK! I accidentally hit Raegan too hard. I got up and started running. In my house, my living room,

dining room, and kitchen are connected. I started running around, lap after lap after lap.

Eventually Raegan said, “I won’t hit you!” in a shaky voice, so I slowed down by my house phone. Out of nowhere I got pushed and I tried to keep running to try and not fall... There was a chord sticking out and... BOOM!

I fell on my face; I started crying. I could taste blood. My sister who was right behind me ran over. My front teeth cut my lip and it was bleeding. I sat there on the floor with my sister apologizing like crazy and saying she barely touched me at the same time. My mom quickly ran over and helped me stand up. She helped me over to the couch where I lay down. My mom told my sister to get an ice pack. I sat there while my Mom cleaned the blood out of my mouth. I was listening to see if Raegan got a punishment... Nope. Not a single punishment, no chore, no corner, no nothing. But I got to relax. I was sitting on the couch, and I thought about how much my lip hurt but I ignored it the best I could. Raegan walked into the room; she looked really guilty.

“I’m really sorry, I mean it. Please forgive me.” Me being a snarky 8 year old, I didn’t forgive her.

I said, “No, I’m not going to forgive you. You hurt me.”

Raegan looked at me sadly and said, “I know you’re mad at me, but please forgive me.”

I looked at her and said, “Nope, I won’t.”

A couple years later I still think about it. I feel like I could’ve been nicer. This is all behind Reagan and me. I think Raegan accidentally bumped into me, and that’s why I fell over. Maybe she really pushed me. But I don’t care anymore and I didn’t have a serious injury so we are good.

Me being a snarky 8 year old, I didn’t forgive her.

The Monster Catch

By Raelee McDowell

I stepped into the boat at the beautiful marina docks and sat down on a cold leather seat. My dad chuckled as he watched me struggle to find my sunglasses. He started the boat, and we were on our way to our favorite spot, The Cove. My family and I zipped into our favorite spot before anyone else could. I raised the propeller for our anchor rope, slightly. My uncle, Cody, grabbed our fishing poles out of the sleeping cuddy. Some trees had gotten knocked down from the other night's storm, but the water was surprisingly calm. Still, we had to be careful with our lines.

Cody handed me my pole. I jumped up onto the front of the boat like a bunny. I cast for my first time that day. NOTHING. I changed my lure and thought to myself, "I need to catch something today." I cast again. Nothing.

After a moment my uncle yelled, "Rae, cast between those trees right at the drop off."

"What's the worst that can happen?" I thought before my cast. So I did just that: I opened my chamber, pinched the line, swung my pole to my back shoulder, and flicked my wrist. The lure went straight where I wanted it to go. It hit the water, so I closed my chamber.

After a moment of nibbling, I felt the fish bite. I pulled up on my pole, hooking the fish right on the lip. "I hope he isn't small," I thought to myself. I reeled and reeled. All of a sudden, a fish that was as light as a feather, now felt like he was a dump truck. "Grab the net!" I shouted to my family, as I made my way to the back of the boat.

I put my pole down as I bent down and grabbed the fish and pulled him into the boat. He was as heavy as a rock. I got a better grip on the slippery largemouth bass and held him up for a picture. After the pictures were done, I dipped him into the water and moved him around. Then after a moment, he took off swimming. "Great job, Rae," my mom said as we watched the fish swim away.

I smiled. "That's the biggest fish I've ever caught," I thought to myself.



Kylee Cordway
Port Byron Jr-Sr High
Grade 10
Teacher: Ms. St. Pierre 2021-2022

Fiction

Untitled Sci-Fi
by George Ripley

Blue lights grazed the city as cars passed almost every road, leaving no dust behind them. Buildings towered over the people who lived there. Every building was built with energy-efficiency in mind, which contributed to their large size. And the fact that most of them were office buildings, workplaces or apartment buildings. One of the highest buildings was the ARPA (Alternate Reality Protection Agency) building, the largest government agency in Reality TI-207.

“Case finished?” Saria said.

“Yep, fifth one this week,” Chris said.

“Jeez, a lot has been going on lately. Be ready, another one might show up in a minute.”

“Roger that,” Chris said as he sat down at his desk.
“Incoming threat!” An automated voice announced.

The information on screen was enough for Saria and Chris to know that they needed to go and avert the threat.

“Called it!” Saria shouted to Chris.

“Alright, we get it,” Chris said, unenthusiastically. They had headed to the transporter which was filled with researchers and scientists.

“You two are quick,” one of the scientists said.

“Well, we’re always ready for the job,” Chris said.

“Okay, are you ready?” Another scientist said.

“Ready as we’ll ever be,” Saria said and they were transported to Reality TI-910. They arrived in a moderate sized city. A small amount of cars were on the road at the time, but multiple cars were parked at a mansion close to

where they had landed. They walked over to the mansion gates and were stopped by security.

“Are you on the list?” One of the guards said.

“I’m Saria Dark from ARPA, and we’ve been informed that there’s a threat here.”

“My bad, go right in,” he said with a guilty tone. They walked in to see beautiful landscaping, but did not pay attention. Chris opened the door to the mansion and saw hundreds of people with drinks and dressed in fancy clothes.

“Damn, we should have dressed for the occasion,” Chris said jokingly.

“Don’t be funny. We have a job to do,” Saria said angrily. Chris shut his mouth and walked further in. He looked down at his watch.

“It says to look for a guy called Nathan Garica,” Chris said to Saria. After a minute he spotted him. “There he is,” he said as he pointed. They both walked over to him casually.

“Yeah, they made this champagne really good,” Nate said to his friends, then looked over. “Oh, who might you two be?”

“I’m Chris, this is Saria,” he said looking over at her. “And you must be Nate.”

“Yes, surprised you know who I am.”

“We’re a part of ARPA, and you know Jessica Taylor?”

“Yes. Is she dead?”

“No, no, no, no. But someone’s out for her. And they’re here.”

“Um, she’s in Vermont. I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Chris looked over at Saria.

“Wait. If she’s not here then-”
The sound of a pistol

ruptured the sounds of talking before Saria could finish her sentence.

“Everyone get down!” Chris yelled through the mansion. Everyone but Saria and Chris got down. They pulled out their guns and started looking for the threat.

“We’re from ARPA, just come out and put the gun down!” Saria yelled. Another gunshot, but the bullet was nowhere to be found. They crouched behind a table and Saria pulled out her thermal glasses. She looked around for a while before seeing a shadowy figure on top of the glass ceiling.

“I see you! Now come down!” she yelled. The figure floated down and landed in the middle of the parlor.

“Finally, someone took my bait,” the figure said.

“Who are you!” Saria yelled at the figure. The figure took off her mask and Saria knew exactly who it was. “It. It can’t be.”

“Really cliché by the way, but

yes it is me,” Morgan said. She stared at Saria with a grin on her face and walked toward her. “You two are too puny right now, so you’ll never be able to track me, find me, stop me. Ok, I really need to stop with the clichés.”

“At least you’re self-aware,” Saria said, holding back her anger a little.

“Well, I’ll let you all live this time,” she said looking around the mansion. “But you,” she said looking at Chris, “I don’t think you’ll be alive soon.” Chris disappeared as she snapped her fingers.

“Where did he go!?” Saria yelled.

“Don’t worry. You’re still fine. Be lucky I haven’t killed you yet,” Morgan said.

“I swear to god, if you kill him!”

“I can’t make any promises. You’ll just have to wait,” she said as she laughed in her face. “Well that was fun! See you soon.” She said as she disappeared.

Poetry

All About Me

By Avery Harter

I am from the beige house surrounded
by trees.

With the giant pond
full of wildlife
in the backyard.

I am from the house
with two dogs
who leave their toys
everywhere.

I am from baking
in the kitchen
delicious cookies and treats.
Family dinners
where we laugh and share our day.

I am from Family vacations
resorts on the savannah
theme parks and thrill rides
relaxing by the pool
eating out every night.

I am from fun
family game nights
movie nights
homemade popcorn.
I am from backyard bonfires
swimming in the pool
fishing in the pond
playing fetch with my dog.

I am from the beige house surrounded
by trees.
With the giant pond
full of wildlife
in the backyard.



Spirit Week

By Ashton Fronzek

In my room
Spirit week was done in two days
Today was family day
Looking at the announcement
Making the sudden realization that I needed a picture
Running upstairs I asked my mom
“Can we do a family picture for spirit week?”
She said yes and before you knew it we were on the couch
We chose where we sat as a family
Except for the dogs who went wherever
My mom was calming Brooklyn down
while everyone got in frame
I could feel something licking the back of my head
and before I knew it
I heard “Say Cheese” smiled and that was it
We all got down and went back to what we were doing
Now I needed to get the photo on my chromebook
Too stubborn to ask for help, I couldn’t figure out how
So I kept the picture for a memory
of the slimy dog tongue on the back of my head
And the memory of us all being happy
Together
As a family

The House by the Loud Train Tracks
by Evalynn Hayes

I am from the house by the loud train tracks
with the big tree on the side of the yard
that I climbed every day

I am from mom and me laying on the grass
looking at the clouds pointing out each cloud
that looked like something funny

I am from the big dinners every Sunday
with my Grampy who made way too much food
with the football games on the TV

from taking my dog to the pond to go swimming
to the dog taking whatever he could find
and hiding it under the bed

I am from hot cocoa with whip cream on top
and marshmallows
after my brother and me
played in the snow

and from my dad pouring whip cream
from the can into
my mouth

I am from the house by the loud train tracks
with the big tree on the side of the yard
that I climbed every day

The House On The Hill
by Morgan Cardinell

I'm from the house on the hill
Where the place I go is the swing set
With the neighbor's dirt bike trail behind it.

I'm from the walks down the road
Where the few cars that pass go 60
And you have to wait
for the chickens and the goat.

I'm from the "Get out my room!
And climbing the tree to get peace
With the wind through the leaves
That calms me.

I'm from the 4 hour drive to camp,
The time to see family,
The swimming all day,
And the smores at the fire.

I'm from my grandma
Who was the light in the darkness
Who helped so many people.

I'm from my family and friends
Who help me and make it
So I'm a better person.

I'm from the sitting outside
And enjoying the sun
The beautiful sunsets
And the shining stars in the night sky.



The Kepple Life
By Haleigh Kepple

I am from warm hugs
and fuzzy blankets
with big trees roaming the country
I am from the country air
and from the big family that stays close
even when far

I'm from the warm food on the table
lasagna and mom's home made bread
and dad's venison on the delicious
melty Philly cheesesteaks
I am from jalapeno popper chicken
and the countless other ways
my mom makes chicken

I am from the big trees and
wild animals surrounding me
and from the many fields and farms
all around us
with the chickens waking me up every morning
and the road where most houses are spaced out
just the way my me and my father like it

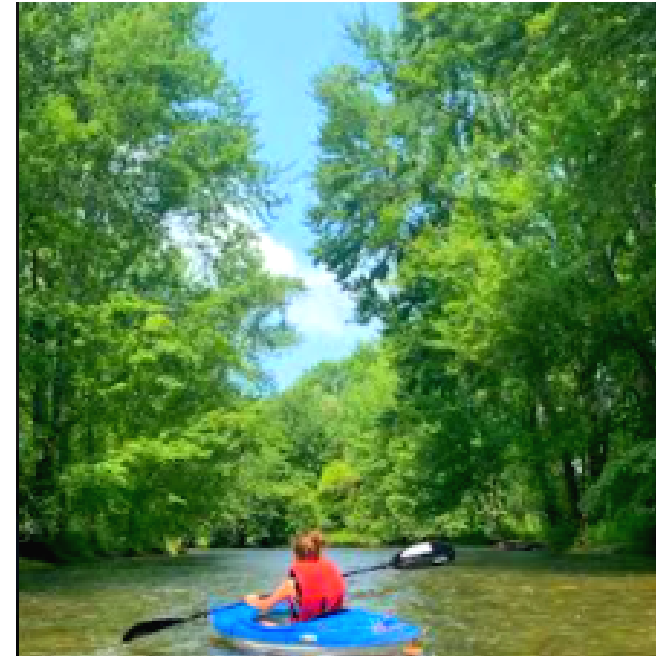
I am from the fun family movie nights
when we would copy the words
like "lair! lair!" from *The Princess Bride*
I am from the sayings "poor petrie" when me and
my sister would complain about chores
and the "oh my goodness"
we would share when surprised
and from the "sweet peas" and "honeys"
my parents would say

I'm from the comfy couches
with the sweet smelling candle
the pumpkin one being the best
I'm from the warm fuzzy blankets that keep me
warm on cold nights
and the books that would take me places
that I would never imagine
until I fall asleep in my comfortable bed

I'm from the little mermaid doll
that would swim the endless ocean
and from the the games where
my bears Whiskers and Elli Bear
would be my companions
along with my sister too
I'm from the crayons I would scribble scenes with
and the little tin container that I would call a phone
and the princess pop up tent
that me and my sister would rule

I'm from these things that make me me
I am from warm hugs
and fuzzy blankets
with big trees roaming the country
I am from the country air
and from the big family that stays close
even when far

I am from the the Kepple Clan



River Rides
by Alivia Mills

As we ride down the river
the waves bob us up and down
the rocks at the bottom hit us
the wind slashes against us like knives

My uncle cracks jokes
so we pretend they're funny
and my cousin is screaming
due to the spiders in her kayak

My sister glides down the water
leading the rest of us like a wolf pack

There's a penny in my pocket
found on the path down to the water
And the orange whistles around our necks
we didn't need them,
no one was around

Silence
No one talked

Birds chirped and leaves rustled
then we heard it
the rapids ahead

I Am from Hunting and Shotguns

by Jacob Fronce

I am from duck calls and goose calls quacking all day,
my dad and my brother calling away,
calling to the birds filled with glee,
me, staring through the window where I can see.

I am from hat shopping and clothes shopping, walking around,
my mom's in the store, while I'm sitting down,
looking at shoes, having no clue,
my mom telling me... what I should do?

I am from video game systems, having some fun,
until my mom tells me that I should be done,
laying on my bed, staring at my ceiling,
I wonder if... you get that feeling?

I am from shotguns and deer stands, sitting up there,
just looking around, twirling my hair,
dad rustling the antlers, filled with joy,
my dad and his...favorite little boy!

I am from Nana and Papa, hugging me tight,
me looking at them with my face looking bright,
me at the table eating at Thanksgiving dinner,
watching the football game, seeing who's the winner.

I am from Grandma and Grandpa shaking my hand,
me running around all over their land,
my grandpa giving me a peanut butter cup,
him calling my brother's nickname, Little Pup.

Home on a Hill

By Giselle Beach

I am from trees and creeks and
a home on a hill,
where there's a dog who barks
all day and night.

I am from toys on the floor,
things on walls,
clothes not folded,
and chores not done.

I am from "food is ready"
that's what they say
when really there's still
a twenty minute wait.
Dad is outside,
fixing his car, and I'm wondering
when food is 'gonna be done.

I am from rice and chicken,
that's all we eat,
get done eating,
and then I start to fall asleep.

I am from being woken up
in the middle of the night,
to having sleeps so deep
a house burning down would
not make me peek.

I am from trees and creeks and
a home on a hill,
where there's a dog who barks
all day and night.

This is My Battery

Asleep

70%

Time to get up for school!

69%

Getting ready

69%

Arguing

50%

Getting to school

49%

Walking into class

48%

Sitting down

48%

Unfocused

46%

Lost

43%

Bothered

30%

Tired

39%

Withdrawn

32%

Bothered

29%

Talking

28%

Falling asleep

29%

Bothered

18%

Can't focus

15%

Frustrated

10%

Bothered

9%

Leaving class

10%

Neglect

9%

Silence

8%

Unfinished work

5%

Distant

3%

Alone

2%

Quite

2%

Emotionally exhausted

0%



Congratulations, your battery has been drained. Due to this you will have a hard time being your normal self, but if we are being honest, the normal you isn't who you are now is it?

Furthermore, you will also have a harder time with communication and will fall quiet and find yourself shutting down and frustrated with your lack of progress in work as well as other things. This may also lead to lack of motivation, lack of care, lack of want and last but not least lack of stability within yourself.

I do hope you find time to recharge. There are a lot of eyes on you with their own set of expectations. Do not fail them like you seem to fail yourself good luck.

-Auto pilot

“This is my battery. It runs and drains sometimes out of nowhere. I shut down and get lost in thousands of thoughts that pass through my mind and get frustrated and want to leave, to withdraw.”

-By McLaurin



The Next Chapter to *The Graveyard Book* by Neil Gaiman

Chapter 9: On Your Way

By Sophia Mucedola

Bod slowly walked down the hill. He was excited to be leaving the graveyard and to be starting the next chapter of his life. But there was a small part of himself that couldn't help but think about turning back. All he could think about was that this was the *last* time he'd be

walking down that hill. As he made his way to the bottom of this hill, a fish and chips shop came into view. He walked towards it and stepped inside. A bell rang as he opened the door and he jumped. Someone, an older gentleman, laughed. "Don't worry, the bell doesn't bite," he said.

"Oh John, stop teasing the boy!" An older woman entered, sounding flustered with the man. "Hello sweetheart. I'm Linda," she said kindly. "What can we do for you?"

"Can I-uhh-....just give me your special," Bod stuttered.

"Of course," Linda said.

Bod sat in the shop, quietly, by himself. He was lonely. He opened up the bag Silas gave him. He gasped. "Is something wrong, young man?" John asked.

"N-no I'm fine," Bod responded. He stared down in awe of what he had pulled out of the case. It was a drawing Bod had made when he was younger than he could remember. It was a picture of him, Silas, his parents, and the rest of the graveyard. Bod could feel the back of his eyes

stinging. He sat up straight. "No!" he thought to himself. He was 15 years old and he was capable of being out on his own. He thanked John and Linda and left the shop.

"First things first....find somewhere to stay," he mumbled to himself. He walked further down the street. He passed the old antique shop he had visited when he was young. He shivered. He thought of the Sleer, the man Jack, and all of the other horrible things associated with that. He kept walking until he found an old motel. There he talked to the clerk and got a room.

Later that night Bod lay in bed. He was thinking about all of the places that he might go. As the sun rose in the sky Bod started to doze off. Five years ago, he never would have been able to sleep at this hour. As a matter of fact, he would have been just waking up. But since he started losing his freedom of the graveyard, he started to form a more human sleep schedule.

All of the sudden Bod wasn't in the motel anymore. He was in his old house. He heard noises coming from the living room and decided to go check them out. He slowly looked around the corner and saw all of the men Jack, the emperor of China (a ghoul) and Victor Hugo (also a ghoul), the Indigo man, the Sleer, Abanazer Boleger, and Nick and Mo, too. Bod stood in awe and disbelief. "All of the monsters I've ever faced-" his thought was cut off by a tap on the shoulder. He turned around slowly and faced the Duke of Westminster.

"Hello!" he said with an evil grin. Bod took a swing and missed. His hand passed right through. He looked at his hand, but just as he did, he started falling down a deep dark hole.

He sat up sweating. He looked out the window. It was morning, and Bod was relieved. He packed up his stuff and left.

He walked to the bus station and rode. He made it to the airport. He went and talked to the lady at the desk. "Where can I buy a ticket to with this much?" Bod asked, sounding quite foolish. He placed a stack of money on the counter.

"Pardon me?" the woman at the desk asked, confused.

"Where can I buy a ticket to?" he repeated, dead serious.

"Well I guess you can buy a ticket to possibly Boston," she said. "Although it wouldn't cover round trip."

"That's fine!" Bod said, barely being able to contain his excitement.

After the long plane ride, he finally made it to Boston, Massachusetts. The entire ride went smoothly (minus when Bod thought they almost died, but a flight attendant told him that it was just turbulence). He walked through the airport and out onto the street. He started walking. He walked and walked and walked some more. He made it to a small town. To any other person, it wouldn't feel bigger than the block they live on, but to Bod, it was the largest and best place in the world. He walked around for a short time and found a small park. He set his stuff on the bench and walked away.

He walked past a huge fountain and stopped. He sat on the edge and watched the world around him. He didn't know what to do next so he walked to what kind of reminded him of the Dance Macabre, except there were people selling things. There he saw a large sign that read *Farmer's Market*. Bod started to walk around talking to everyone he came across. He was very excited to talk to all of these people. "Welcome to the Almond County farmers market," a man said.

"I thought this was Boston," Bod said,

perplexed.

"Nah! Boston is just a hop and a skip down yonder," the man said.

"Yonder?" Bod couldn't understand what he was trying to explain but when he went to go ask, a woman called him over and he left. It was starting to rain, and everyone was starting to scatter.

Bod panicked and ran back to the park for his stuff that he had left on the bench. Just at that moment, Bod saw someone take his stuff. He shouted and just as he did, there was a bolt of lightning and a crash of thunder. Bod started to panic. He went and sat under a tree, not knowing what to do. He could hear Jack Frost's voice in the back of his mind.

"I told you I would winnnn," he said. Bod imagined his sickening grin. He shivered. Bod could feel the back of his eyes stinging with tears again, but this time instead of holding back, he started to sob. He couldn't stop. Bod started to doze off and fell into a light sleep.. He could hear his mother's voice.

"It's alright. Everyone falls down sometimes. It's okay to fail, but only if you pick yourself back up".

By this time the storm had turned into a drizzle and the sun was starting to peek out. Bod stood up. He looked around and noticed something under the bench he must have missed amongst the commotion. It was the picture he had drawn. He started to smile.

Bod walked down the street, ready for a new day. He walked over and sat on the fountain that he had sat on the day prior. He heard a noise. A sort of hissing sound.

"*TURN AROUND*" the voice said. Managing to both shout and whisper. It was the Sleer. Bod screamed at it, but no one reacted. The man Jack was with it. It disappeared. Bod realized that the fight wasn't over; it was just beginning, but this time, he would end it for good.

Chapter 9: Bod's Homecoming
by Camden Manley

It was a windy day, a light sprinkle filling the air, and the log cabin was still as fresh yet muddy as ever. Bod, a sick, sick man in his late 40s, limped into his home, and fell onto the couch. The man had gotten back from exploring the mountains surrounding what he called home. Snow and trees and caves, all very exciting, but the hypothermia wasn't. He had gotten one the most severe cases there was, he thought at least.

"Maybe it will blow over and I'll be fine." Bod was just as optimistic as he was when he first ventured out into the world from the little graveyard he grew up in.

He went and sat down at the kitchen table and noticed something behind all the mess; he saw his travel photographs. He had forgotten about them. He had gone to Paris, Egypt, mountains, caverns, islands and temples, a month-long journey at sea for treasure. "You'd think with all these 'ol trinkets, I'd live a better life. But nay, I still live in this run-down shack. Nothing really better than a garden shed." He looked outside. A lantern he had placed on a fence post was the only light against the darkness. "Bed can wait, but then again, there's not much heat in here, already feel ma limbs freezin."

He had gotten into bed, head against pillow, outgrown blanket on his legs, snow jacket on. He slept for the last time because of all the holes in the framework of the cabin. Bod awoke at around four in the morning, suddenly not so cold anymore. He turned around, though. "What's happenin, why is me body in bed, yet I'm right here?" It was true, he had died sleeping. His body lie motionless, not even breathing. Bod walked outside and saw a silhouette of a person in the sky, and it was getting closer. It landed about three feet in front of him. Bod felt surprised, yet saddened. The Lady in Grey, on her majestic stallion, had remembered about him after all.

"Hello there, Bod. Remember me?" she said, calmly yet gracefully.

"I do, I remember you," Bod replied.

"Then you know what I am here for, don't you"

"That I do, I'm dead. You're here to bring me to the graveyard."



"You're still pretty clever after all these years, you are."

Bod felt a sense of irony. He had spent his life exploring the world, seeing all the sights there were to see, but in the end, he was right back where he began.

"So, I guess my request came true. I finally get to ride your horse! Do I?" Bod said, a sense of curiosity filled the air.

"Yes Bod," she laughed, "Yes you do."

Bod boarded the horse, and she took off. He could feel the wind in his hair as the horse ran above the lake, almost touching the water. He was treating it like it was a common ride, and he enjoyed it greatly. He put his arms in the air, shouting and laughing, and eventually he saw his home. The graveyard welcomed him with open arms, hugging, laughing, and stories to tell of how they thought it was dull without him and how happy they are that he was back. He turned around and saw two faces he was longing to see ever since he built his cabin with his own two hands.

"Mum? Dad? Is that you?"

"Yes, son, it's u-"

Before Mr. Owens could finish his sentence, Mistress Owens had Bod squeezed in a bear hug.

"I've missed ya, son, I've bloody missed ya." Mistress Owens was crying happy tears as she embraced her son.

"40 years. 40 years you had me wondering if you would ever come back."

"I'm here now, Mum, and I swear that I won't leave you again. Maybe we could go visit the chapel. It's probably a wonder how the thing's holdin' up," Bod said, lovingly.

As the three walked to the chapel, a familiar face was there awaiting their arrival.

"Hello, Bod."

"S-Silas, is that really you?"

"In the flesh," he said. It was indeed correct, Silas had come to the graveyard to see Bod return.

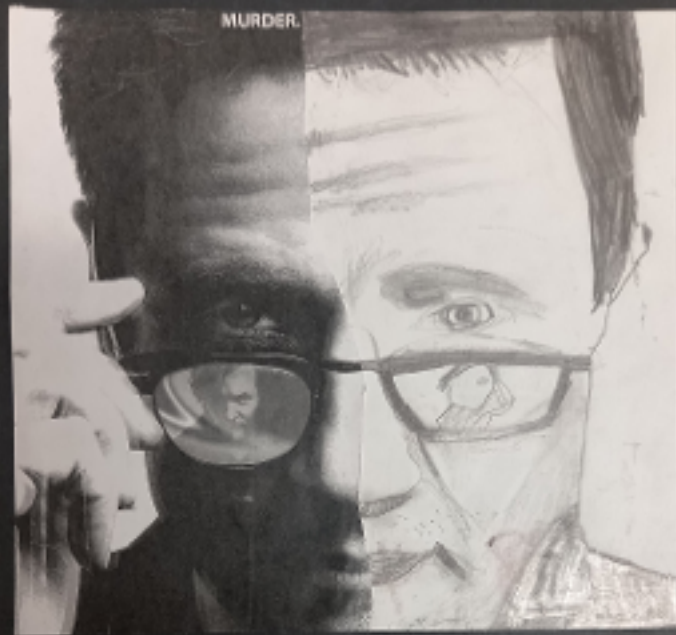
"Now Bod, we may talk later, as I see your family is very excited to see you back," Silas said, calmly as he would have 40 years ago.

"I guess you're right," Bod said, walking with the Owens' into the moon-lit chapel, together.

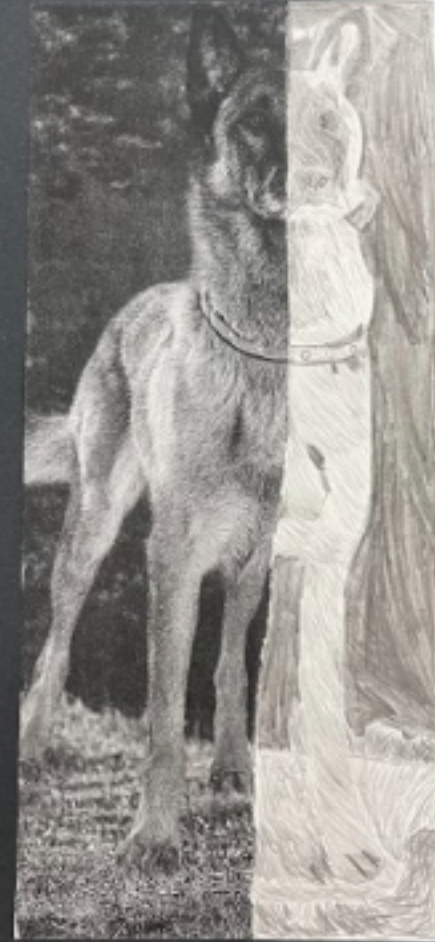
ART



Evelynn Hayes
Port Byron Jr.-Sr. High
Grade: 7
Teacher Mrs. St. Pierre 2021-2022



Mason Spears
Port Byron Jr.-Sr. High
Grade: 7
Teacher Mrs. St. Pierre 2021-2022



Michelle Guyett
Port Byron Jr-Sr High
Grade 7
Teacher Mrs. St. Pierre 2021-2022



Charles Grudzien
Port Byron Jr.-Sr. High
Grade: 7
Teacher Mrs. St. Pierre 2021-2022



Lacey Sparano
Port Byron Jr.-Sr. High
Grade: 8
Teacher Mrs. St. Pierre 2021-2022

Book Reviews

The Hunger Games

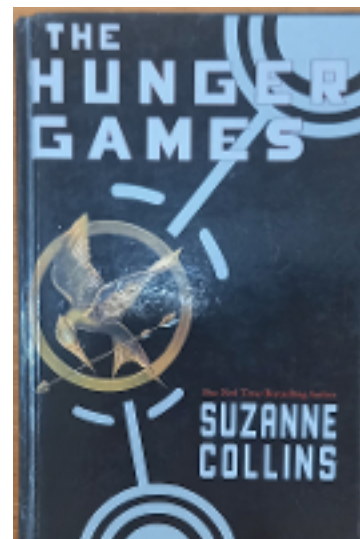
By Suzanne Collins

Katniss Everdeen has lived in District 12 all her life, under the ubiquitous, sedentary rule of the Capitol. Decades before the book is set, the entire world was destroyed, and in its wake creating the flourishing Capitol.

Years ago, District 13 rose up. They fought against the Capitol's control, but were forced to relent. In the aftermath of this war, District 13 was destroyed and the Hunger Games was born. It's a brutal fight to the death, last-man-standing style, with one boy and one girl torn from each district in Panem. When Katniss's twelve-year-old sister is drawn for this bloodbath, she clamors forward to take her place. But, away from the bleakness of residing in her home district, her ambivalent outlook on the Capitol's control is challenged. As she watches the preparations for the Games churn on, with dapper Capitol men and women droning around, she starts to realize the people she'll be thrown in to kill or be killed by will make the chaos..complicated.

Book one of this fast-paced, detailed trilogy follows Katniss's thoughts through the Games as she and the other Tributes vie to prevail. In the Games, hover crafts harvest the fallen, and each kill is charged with some vigorous feeling--to the victim or otherwise. Katniss's indecipherable feelings toward her fellow tributes force her into a completely unfamiliar world, mentally and physically, while death threatens her every day, only barely trailing behind her as she steps through the arena. *The Hunger Games*, though already iconic, is a classic series that almost anyone can enjoy. It comes highly recommended by many, and not without cause.

-Ares Nielens



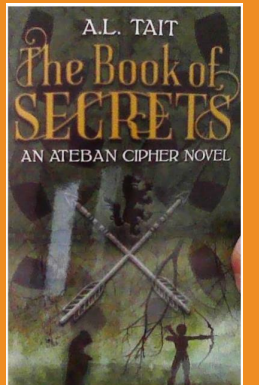
The Book Of Secrets

By AL Tait

Gabe had a normal, orderly fashioned life, near being a monk, until he finds his friend on the ground with a head wound and a book in his hand. It turns out that the prior is chasing down the book and Gabe has to flee to the woods, hide the book, and be back in an hour. Taking longer than the due time, he must stay in the outside world that he had never been in before. He befriends a band of girls and an overthrown prince. He meets danger he had never heard of in the monastery. Gabe finds out how precious the book that got him into danger is, and what his injured friend meant on his quest to survive.

This is an awesome, middle age set book that will surprise you over and over again. This is the first of a duology (a two book series). The author's characterization is amazing, from funny, grouchy characters to perky leaders.

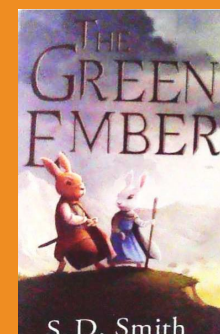
-Haliegh Kepple



Green Ember

By S. D. Smith

Siblings Heather and Picket have normal rabbit lives with their parents and baby brother Jacks, until one day they come home and witness their house being burned down by wolves. Dodging wolves around every corner, they meet their uncle Wilfred that they



never knew existed. Uncle Wilfred helps them escape to the safety of Cloud Mountain, where they meet friends, have crazy masters, discover the past of a fallen king, and meet the secret heir to the throne. They struggle to figure out the secrets of the past while fighting to try to win a hundred year war, with little hope of success.

Green Ember, S. D. Smith's first book of four (not counting two other side series), is an amazing telling and an adrenaline rushing story that will keep you reading day and night. His use of personification creates interesting characters who experience war, betrayal, and friendship. It's most likely unlike any books you have read. I highly recommend it, especially to people who like sword fighting and fantasy.

-Haliegh Kepple

Speak

By Laurie Halse Anderson

The graphic novel *Speak*, written by Laurie Halse Anderson and illustrated by Emily Carroll, tells an amazingly terrifying and real feeling story (after looking at an author's note, it turns out that this book is based off of the author's own personal story). The book follows the story of a girl named Melinda, a freshman in high school, and after a house party gone wrong, she is just trying to survive until the next day, and the day after that, and the day after that. Melinda struggles with coming to terms with what happened to her, the guilt, the shame, accepting that it wasn't her fault. Melinda deals with struggling to speak up about the incident, and it has an effect on her grades, her relations, and eventually it's like her whole life is consumed by the thought of **IT**.

In all seriousness, this book was amazing. It's littered with symbolism and figurative language, imagery, and so many other selling points. It shows a real story of an assault and what happens after, how it can affect someone and other people around them. I personally love hearing survivor stories. I love to hear what happens after, if there's any action taken, it's all fascinating to me. Of course I recommend this book, but I would like to preface that statement by saying this book has a lot of serious topics in it, such as rape, self harm, scary imagery (distorted/melted faces) and probably a few others I'm forgetting. It's a good read if you're into more depressing stuff, but still, an absolutely amazing book.

-Jodi Smith



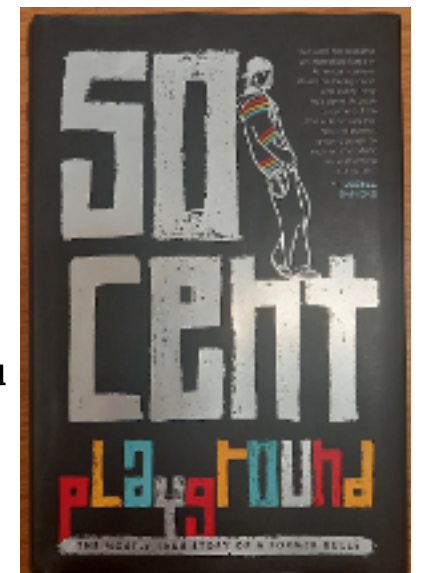
Playground

By 50 Cent

When Butterball is forced to move to the city with his mom, his life becomes miserable. Butterball had to leave his dad and move to another city with a new school and new friends. His mom doesn't have any time for him because she's always busy at work. Butterball feels like his mom's work is more important than him, while his father is the best for him. His father gives him whatever he asks for. His mom doesn't like this because she's trying to teach Butterball to do hard work to get what he wants. As Butterball walks into the new school and to his new class, people start to make fun of him and call him "Butterball" and ever since he got called that, he decides to keep the name. The book Playground by 50 cent, is a mostly true story about Butterball's life with divorced parents. The book also shows an inspirational redemption of a bully.

The book Playground by 50 cent is a really good book for people who enjoy hearing about other people's stories about their life and the struggles they went through. In this book there is a lot of conflict and a lot of things that could be a real lesson to learn for real life. When 50 cent wrote this book, his intentions were to tell people his life about being a former bully. As you get more into the story, it starts to talk less about how Butterball was a former bully and starts to talk about things that happened around him. In the beginning of the story we got told how he acted toward a certain student and why he did it. They were on a playground, and Butterball had a sock full of D-batteries and hit Maurice with the sock. Many people saw it and even Butterball's crush watched. She wasn't impressed. This book is really only good for people who really enjoy hearing about someone's life story with their struggles, how they got through them, and what happened in the end.

-Hannah Aguja and Kaylee Marcuccilli

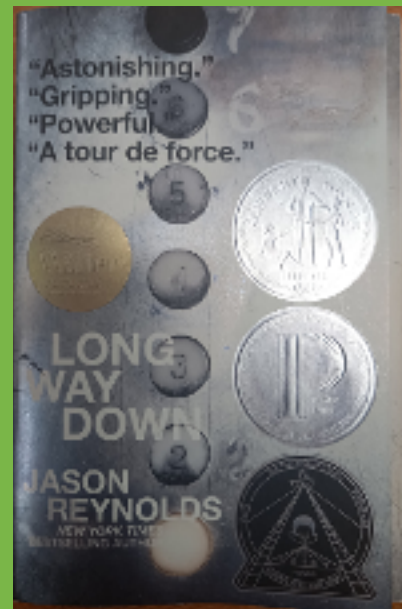


Long Way Down

By Jason Reynolds

"A cannon. A strap. A piece. A biscuit. A burner. A heater. A chopper. A gat. A hammer. A tool. For rule No. 3." Rule number 3 is to get revenge, exactly what Will Holloman plans to do after his brother Shawn is shot dead in *Long Way Down* by Jayson Reynolds. With his Mom thrust into depression and Shawn's gun in the middle drawer, he decides to follow the rules of "No Snitching, No crying, Always get revenge." He thinks he knows who it was, but you never want to hit the wrong guy. It's never easy to escape the violence. As he gets on the elevator, the ghosts of people he once knew join him: Shawn's best friend and father figure, Will's childhood friend, even his own uncle. As the elevator fills with ghosts and cigarette smoke, Will gradually becomes unsure about what to do and confused about what is going on. What is Will going to do as he second guesses himself and learns what happens when you follow the third rule?

Long Way Down by Jayson Reynolds was a powerful story about systemic violence, wonderfully written in poem form. It is written with a lot of emotion and has many exciting parts in it such as when Will meets his dad and seconds later his dad puts a gun to his head. It has an emotional beginning when Will compares Shawn being shot to having a tooth pulled out. Also there are many different ghosts from people he once knew which gives slight reference to *A Christmas Story*. This book tries to convey the result of gun violence to its readers and it does this very successfully. In summary, *Long Way Down* is a powerful book about gun violence that resonates within the reader's head.



-Ashton Fronzek