
CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

Volume IV May 1991

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CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

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Foreword

I recall a teacher, her name was Miss Orcutt, who made the statement in class, "It is a very puzzling thing not that water turns to ice at 32 degrees Fahrenheit, but that it should change from a liquid into a solid." She then went on to give us an intuitive account of Brownian movement and of molecules, expressing a sense of wonder that matched, indeed bettered, the sense of wonder I felt at the age (around ten) about everything I turned my mind to, including at the far reach such matters as light from extinguished stars still travelling toward us though their sources had been snuffed out. In effect, she was not just informing me. She was, rather, negotiating the world of wonder and possibility. Molecules, solids, liquids, solids, liquids, movement were not facts; they were to be used in pondering and imagining. Miss Orcutt was the rarity. She was a human event, not a transmission device...

—Jerome Bruner
Actual Minds, Possible Worlds

Jerome Bruner, psychologist and learning theorist, salutes his teacher for her invitation that goes beyond the transmission of information to the use of thought, negotiation, elaboration, and speculation. For him, Miss Orcutt was the act of learning; the site of possibility. How she taught was what she taught. Miss Orcutt's inspiration continues to emerge through Bruner. Consider the title of his latest book, *Actual Minds, Possible Worlds*.

Many of us involved in learning, parents, teachers, and the friends of children, aspire to Miss Orcutt. It was in her spirit that Mary Mackley and Madge Manfred conceived of the *Connecticut Student Writers Magazine* over three years ago. Now, in its fourth year of publication, the CSW editors invite you to share in the thoughts, ruminations, wonders, and fantasies of the students published here. We salute the Miss Orcutts throughout Connecticut who have invited and sustained the sense of "wonder and possibility" for young writers. Our thanks go to the Connecticut Council of Teachers of English and the Connecticut Writing Project for their time, energy, and financial support.

The Editors
Constance Aloise
Dora Glinn
John Goekler



Robert Ware
Kindergarten
Jack Jackter Elementary School
Colchester

The Love Book

A woolly bear climbed up a house and he saw a rose. As the woolly bear went past the rose, he saw a new land. He went through a warp to that new land and he saw another woolly bear.

It was a new moon. The two woolly bears crept into their cocoon. The two colored butterflies had a sunny day that morning.



Jeffrey Keegan
Kindergarten
Kendall Elementary School
Norwalk

The Day I Went To The Beach With My Grandpa

I like to go to the beach with my Grandpa. We look for rabbits. We look for killer rabbits. We walk around the beach and the woods.

We found some rabbits but we haven't found any killer rabbits.



Katie Johnston
Grade 1
Dr. James H. Naylor School
Hartford

My Sister's Birthday

It is my sister's birthday tomorrow. It is a secret. She doesn't know about it, but I do. Our cat is scared of birthday parties. He runs out the door. We will decorate the house. Everyone likes birthdays. It's fun and we play lots of games. When the party is over everyone goes home. They will enjoy the party.



Kimberly Meyer
Grade 1
Nathan Hale School
Enfield

The Painting

A little girl was painting a picture.
She put flowers in her picture.
She put grass in her picture.
She put branches on her tree.
She put leaves on her tree.
Her heart was smiling!



My Hamster

My hamster was lost. I made a trap but it did not work.
I love my hamster. My hamster was in the heater for two days.
My dog found him and he went upstairs to wake Mom up.
Then Dad had to take the heater apart.
The hamster was okay. I was sleeping. Mom came in and said, "Robert, wake up.
Look who is back. Danny is home!"
And then it was time for school. When I came home, I played with him.
I feed my hamster every day.



The Halloween Counting Book

Four witches ready to fly.
Two ghosts up in the sky.
Three pumpkins on the ground.
One skeleton walking around.



The Witch Who Needed A Friend

Once upon a time there was a witch whose name was Hildy. She was an ugly witch with a wart on her nose and a wart on her finger. She had lots of black cats who always came out with her on Halloween night. Hildy was an evil witch because she was lonely. Lately she was having trouble with her magic pot. Her pot would not cook because it wanted to do good things and Hildy always wanted to do evil things, like when she asked it to make a pretty girl ugly, it would make her prettier! Hildy was so desperate that she made a deal with the pot. This is the deal:

Magic pot, magic pot,
Bring me a forever friend
And I'll like you a lot!

The magic pot brewed up a friendly ghost. Hildy and the ghost lived happily ever after. Hildy was so happy that she forgot to be evil.



Robert Higley, Jr.
Grade 1
Hazardville Memorial School
Enfield

Jennifer Martin
Grade 1
Hazardville Memorial School
Enfield

Heather Ozga
Grade 2
Central Elementary School
Southington

Andrew Goric
Grade 2
Crystal Lake School
Ellington

My Mom, The Artist

My mom is an artist. She paints flowers and landscapes.

I like her paintings. She gets a lot of money because the paintings cost a lot.

Last year my mother was in the paper because she got an award and she painted a picture outside.

Every time somebody comes to our house to buy a painting, Mom gets about five hundred dollars.

My mom sells her paintings everywhere.

She sells them in galleries in Cape Cod, Florida, and Rockport.

My father does the framing.

My mom does the best paintings in the world!

I can't believe how good she is!

My mom has a boy and he can paint, too.

His name is Andrew and that's ME!

§

Derek Lewis
Grade 2
Jack Jackter Elementary School
Colchester

Animal Alphabet

Aa is for ants that crawl around.

Bb is for a bee that flies.

Cc is a cat that scratches your furniture.

Dd is for a dog; a boy's best friend.

Ee is for elephant that weighs more than you.

Ff is a flounder that swims.

Gg is a giraffe that has a long neck.

Hh is a hedgehog that has sharp teeth.

Ii is an insect that looks many ways.

Jj is a jumping rabbit.
 Kk is a kangaroo that jumps.
 Ll is a lamb that is gentle.
 Mm is a moose that has humongous antlers.
 Nn is a naucho duck that swims in the pond.
 Oo is an octopus that sucks up things.
 Pp is a peacock that has feathers.
 Qq is a queen lion that eats a lot.
 Rr is a rich rat that crawls.
 Ss is a snake that crawls.
 Tt is a turtle that hides in his shell.
 Uu is a unicorn that has a horn.
 Vv is a viewing lizard.
 Ww is a white lion that has sharp teeth.
 Xx is an x-rayed chicken that says, "Bok-bok-bok."
 Yy is a yucky caterpillar that crawls.
 Zz is a zebra that has stripes.



Carl's Stone Age Report (Dedicated to all the cave men!)

Pamela Mann
Grade 2
William Strong School
Plantsville

Once upon a time long, long ago there lived a boy named Carl and his dog named McTavish. Carl's teacher told him to do a report on the Stone Age!

When he got home, he asked his mom if he could go in a time machine. His mom said, "Why sure, my dear. But, don't be late for supper. Make sure you bring McTavish with you, please."

His mother brought them to the time machine. They jumped out of the car and ran to the man who owned the time machine. Carl asked, "Can I use your time machine for a report I have on the Stone Age?"

McTavish said, "Bark, bark, bark, bark." That means "Can we go way back in time?"

The man said, "Sure, but watch out for the wizard." Carl did not hear.

The time machine door opened. The man said, "Goodbye," and 3, 2, 1 — off they went!

The time machine stopped. The door opened. There was a big sign that said, "Stone Age Village this way." Do you know how far away it is to go back in time? You have to go down town, past the forest then you see a big sign! Carl and McTavish couldn't believe their eyes when they saw dinosaurs talking to cave men. Soon a

bad cave man came. He was a wizard. All the cave men ran away! (Even the dinosaurs ran away!) Carl and McTavish didn't run away.

The wizard said, "So you want to be turned into a frog, hey? In three seconds I'm going to turn you into a frog. 1, 2, 3 okay now I am going to turn you into a frog." He waved his wand and said, "Now see it happen. See it glows. Now watch this boy turn into aoooow!" The dog bit his toe! The wand faced the wizard and the wizard turned into a frog! Everybody was happy! They all helped him with his report.

Then they went back in the time machine. When they got back home, they were just in time for supper! McTavish was very tired, but he still ate a lot and stuff like that. But, Carl did his report until he was all done.

THIS IS WHAT HE WROTE:

NAME: Carl Zipp

Way back in the Stone Age there were caves for cave men.

They had no electricity. Dinosaurs were very big, there were a lot of meat eaters!

But, now there are no meat eaters and dinosaurs or cave men!

Carl got an A+! He was so happy. It was hanging up in the class. He got the highest grade in the class.

The End!



Andy Welshons
Grade 3
Riverfield Elementary School
Fairfield

Sea Wish Adventure

If I had a wish, I'd wish to live with the graceful animals under the flowing surface of the plunging sea.

I would glide with an active octopus, float with the fierce white whales, and maybe even bob along with a sly shark.

I would slowly surface to the gentle light of the wonderful water bubbles so I could dive down like a dumpling to saunter on sea stars.

That is my sea wish adventure.



The Three Students Gruff

An old story retold by Justin Yanowicz

Justin Yanowicz

Grade 3

Jack Jackter Elementary School
Colchester

Once upon a time, there were three happy third-grade students who went to a lovely school called J.J.E.S. The building was nice, the playground was nice, the halls were nice, and so were the classrooms, until you got to room 7. Lurking in the doorway was a strange kind of teacher, with brown eyes and weird habits that made you shake.

One morning, when it was nearly time for school to begin, the smallest of the three happy students went toward the classroom. Stamp-tramp, stamp-tramp, he went down the hall. Just as he was about to go in, the teacher jumped into the doorway and stopped him.

TEACHER: Who's that coming in my door without passing in their homework?

SMALLEST: It is I, the smallest student in the third grade.

TEACHER: Pass in your homework, or I shall eat you!

SMALLEST: Oh wait! The medium sized student has my homework and shall pass it in for me.

TEACHER: Very well then! Be off with you! Go to your desk!

The smallest student went to his seat, and the teacher waited by the doorway. Pretty soon he could hear stamp-tramp, stamp-tramp, as the medium sized student came down the hall.

Just as the student was about to enter, the teacher leaped into the doorway and snarled.

TEACHER: Pass in the TWO sheets of homework, or I shall eat you!

MEDIUM: Oh wait! The biggest student in the third grade has all the homework, and he will pass it in for us!

TEACHER: Very well then! Be off with you! Go to your desk!

The medium sized student went to his seat, and the teacher waited by the doorway. Pretty soon he could hear stamp-tramp, stamp-tramp, as the biggest student in the third grade came down the hall.

Just as the student was about to enter, the teacher leaped into the doorway and snarled.

TEACHER: Pass in the THREE sheets of homework or I shall eat you!

BIGGEST: Three sheets of homework? I thought we had only ONE sheet of homework last night!

TEACHER: The smallest student and the medium student said that YOU had their homework!

BIGGEST: I have my sheet of homework, and I'd be happy to pass that in.

TEACHER: Pass in your homework, and the other two papers, or I shall eat you!

BIGGEST: But I don't have the others' homework!

TEACHER: Then tell me which you taste better with, salt or pepper?!

BIGGEST: I don't know which I taste better with, but I know I have good taste.

TEACHER: Then I shall eat you with both!

The teacher jumped forward, and grabbed for the biggest student, but he was too quick! The student raced around the room, jumping over the desks and crawling under the chairs. From his pocket the student pulled out three sheets of homework and waved them in the air. Quickly he folded them into a triple paper airplane and threw it into the air. The airplane went up toward the ceiling and over the desks and right out the window.

The window led to a courtyard where there was a flock of peacocks and a large peacock nest. The teacher made a sudden dive for the paper airplane and went out the window, right into the peacock nest.

The peacocks saw the teacher in the nest and thought he was the biggest and grandest chick they had ever seen. They quickly sat on him to keep him warm and the teacher couldn't get away! The biggest student locked the window, and the teacher was stuck outside.

Then the biggest student walked to the front of the room.

BIGGEST: From now on, for the rest of the year, I declare that the class will have nothing but recess!

The students in room 7 had a lot of fun that year. They had lots of recess. They did see their teacher, though, whenever they looked out of the window into the courtyard. He was still living with the flock of peacocks.



Puppy Trouble

I got Tugs during the summer. She was four months old when I got her and she barely took up half of my lap. My dad picked her instead of her roly-poly sisters because of the white racing stripe across her rump. I like the little white dot on her back more. She has enough energy to run all the lights in town!

Tugs, like all beagles, likes to dig. She digs holes whenever she gets a chance. Our backyard is beginning to look like a prairie dog town. When Tugs digs, she sticks her nose down deep in the hole and ends up with a muzzle full of mud. She looks ridiculous when she gets dirt on her nose.

We keep Tugs in the kitchen and the utility room because she's not housebroken yet; she also chews everything in sight, including plants, the wallpaper, a linoleum floor and my hat! But sometimes when she's a nuisance, we put her in her kennel or on her run. A run is a cable that goes from one end of the yard to the other. A rope is attached to the cable and we clip Tugs to the other end.

Sometimes Tugs gets out of the kitchen and runs around in circles like a wildman! But sometimes she races to get a toy, bounces into the beanbag chair and chews on the toy she got. It seems like she feels proud that she didn't get caught on the way to the beanbag. Tugs is fun to play with most of the time, but when she nips I leave her alone.

One night, my dad's car broke down at work and we had to go get him. On the way home, we stopped at Burger King to eat supper. When we got home, Tugs was out!!! Under his breath my dad said, "I can just see all that she did." And, of course, she did do a lot of bad dog things! Tugs had ripped up some dirty disposable diapers and scattered them all over the house. It was pretty disgusting, but I thought it was a little funny, too. Not my dad. He was so mad that he shouted. "Put her in her kennel!!!" And when he shouts, he's REALLY mad.

Tugs comes on every vacation we take. She's just like me and sometimes gets carsick and throws up in the car. But now when she's in the car we put her in a cage and it isn't so messy. I like it when Tugs sleeps on my lap while we're driving (and doesn't throw up on me!).

Just about everyone I meet that has a beagle says they're the hardest to train. I guess that it'll take just a little more time until she calms down and listens to us. I hope we keep her that long!



Lisa's Room

An empty, dark, sad room
the shades closed,
the bed neatly made
and pictures of Lisa scattered all over the bed.



Tim Robins

Grade 3

Laurel Elementary School
Bloomfield

Lauren McCorry

Grade 4

Jennings School
Fairfield

Clare Brown
Grade 4
Academy Elementary School
Madison

Untitled

Rain streams past my window
The moon glows silver in the sky
Like a giant firefly
Oh! Behold it is flowing on the streets
Crashing into fields of wheat
The air a flurry of falling leaves
And the wind howls through the eaves
No animal is in sight
There is no farmer's light
Lightning flashes through the clouds
Making all bright as day
Bringing to light the cloud's grey
The branches toss and brush the sky
With a crash a tree falls
Making me glad I am behind walls
Then the rain begins to cease
And a faint light glows in the east
Dawn breaks in all its glory
And a thrush sings.



Katie Donnelly
Grade 4
North Windham School
North Windham

Janine and the Ballet

Janine Keeps ran to the dance studio. She HATED dancing! Hating things was wrong, she knew, but ballet?

Everyone knew that Janine Keeps was the biggest tomboy in the elite private school she went to. At school, she always tried to play kickball or baseball or whatever, but someone would always put a stupid jump rope in her hands and start to sing a stupid jump roping song.

Janine got to the dance studio, gave her name to an attendant, and ran into a room which she assumed was a dressing room. She did this before the attendant could ask her if she was related to Miss Mildred Keeps, her very, very, smart, big sister.

"Hello, hello there Mildred," said a far-sighted ballet teacher.

"Uh, I'm not Mildred," Janine corrected, "I'm Janine."

"Oh." The teacher sounded disappointed. "Well, go get into your costume, Mildred. We don't want to be late. No, no, no, Mildred, quickly, quickly, quickly!"

"My name is not Mildred!" screamed Janine.

But the teacher, who was also very deaf, just said, "Speak a little louder, child! I must say, you are not a bit like your sister."

Janine knew she wasn't. The two girls' faces were exactly alike, but her sister was tall with long, wavy, auburn hair and glasses. While Janine was the shortest kid in her class, she had perfectly straight chestnut hair and perfect eyesight.

"Quickly, quickly, children," called the ballet teacher. "Girls! First position at the barre!"

Janine had no idea what the first position was, but she tried to put her heels together and turn her toes out. She couldn't. She just couldn't. She would much rather play kickball than dance any day, but her mother had been very firm about this decision and like everyone else, she expected her to be exactly like silly old Mildred.

Janine decided to make a run for it. She quickly slipped out the back door and ran down the stairs. The dance studio was above Sally's Supermarket, which was very busy. Janine ran into the supermarket, but she wasn't looking where she was going and collided with a colossal woman in flowered bicycle pants, knocking down several jars of tomato sauce.

Then she saw her next terror, Mrs. Greer, her nosy next door neighbor, was heading toward her. She quickly ducked behind a display of pies, making a lemon meringue pie fall right smack on the top of Mrs. Greer's minuscule head.

"Why, aren't you supposed to be in ballet class?" asked Mrs. Greer.

"I'm on a break...No, class is over," said Janine, picking up a jar of tomato sauce that hadn't spilled all over the floor. "I'm waiting for my mom."

"But, I saw..."

"Well, bye-bye, Mrs. Greer," shouted Janine, and she ran off. But she slipped on the tomato sauce and fell into 59 bottles of dill pickles.

"Mmmmmm, delicious!" she shouted, popping half of a pickle into her mouth.

Suddenly, Janine realized she was still wearing a leotard, and she could hear the angry voice of the manager in the distance. She dashed back up the stairs and into a hallway. She discovered she had taken a wrong turn and ducked into a room she had never been in before. There was a young, athletic looking ballet teacher talking to her class about...sports!

"These exercises will give you strength and endurance," the teacher was saying. "They will help you in sports, especially in kickball and soccer."

"I play both," Janine said a bit shyly.

"Then this will improve your game," the ballet teacher said enthusiastically.

Janine eagerly ran up to the barre to do her exercises.

"Well, honey, I bet you'll never forget your first day of ballet class as long as you live," said Janine's mother as they walked home.

"I certainly won't, Mom. I certainly won't!"



Kristen Jones
Grade 5
Roaring Brook School
Avon

The Key to Connecticut

The glorious spring bursting with joy
Comes unexpectantly, surprisingly, enjoyably to Connecticut.
Flowers of gold, yellow, red and purple
Bloom to rejoice in the spring occasion.
The squirrels play and chase each other
As the rabbits hop in harmony.
The sky is amazingly clear and blue
As if it knows how happy its people are.
The animals know spring is here
So they prepare to fall in love
But when the sun starts to enlarge
We know summer is in store.

In the summer, the sun shines brightly
Glowing brilliant reds and maroons
And the gleeful cries from the playing children
Slowly warm our hearts to precious love.
The extravagant birds sing a playful song
And the fresh green grass lightly goldens
Until the fields look like leprechauns
Came and spread their magic.
The gentle breezes begin to arouse
Cooling the sun-stricken deer.
Then the flowers start swaying softly.
All is peaceful and quiet as fall begins.

The trees are no longer green.
Instead they are tipped with bright reds, oranges and yellows.
The summer has turned into fall.
Leaves start to crush and crumble.
They loosen and tumble off the trees.
Children gather their books and march off to school awaiting the beloved
Halloween treats.
The weather cools to a chill
And fall turns to winter.

Snow falls gently to the ground.
The buildings have sugar sprinkled over the tops.
Cocoa becomes an everyday thrill.
All of these are signs of winter.

Soon children begin to build snowballs, snowmen, and snow forts.
People strap on their ice skates.
Bicycles are set aside.

Love is spread through all seasons in Connecticut
And fun is always about.
We each hold the key to share in the fun.
We each hold the key to Connecticut.



The White Rose

There was a white rose in the midst of a field
as the wind blew the rose whispered,
"Are you as beautiful inside as you are outside?"
A teary dew drop fell from the rose
to the ground
It was misty so I couldn't see well.
When I came back the next day
the beautiful rose petals turned brown
and fell to the ground.
And the brown thorns pricked me.



Sometimes It's Hard To Be Brave

My father died on Saturday, May 13, 1990. He was 44 years old.
It all began on Friday, May 12th. My mom and dad took me to Hartford, Connecticut where I was to receive an award for an honorable mention in a picture-taking contest. My parents had postponed a trip to Bermuda to be with me at the ceremony. When I got my award, my mom and dad smiled at me and whispered, "Good job!"
After the ceremony we went to my favorite restaurant for dinner, and I had delicious chicken. My parents kept saying how very proud of me they were. On the way home, we picked up my brother from a friend's house since he didn't want to come to the ceremony. My mom then took my brother and me to my grandmother's house, while my dad stayed home to do some work, since my parents were leaving for Bermuda at 4:00 that morning. That evening had been one of my most favorite times with my mom and dad.

Kyle Fitch-Root
Grade 5
Academy Elementary School
Madison

Lindsey Guerrero
Grade 5
Columbus Magnet School
South Norwalk

The next morning, my grandparents woke us early for breakfast. That day I helped my grandmother cook, since she was having a dinner party for some relatives that night. My parents called at dinnertime from Bermuda, but I was too busy cooking to talk to them. When everybody came over that night, my grandmother let us stay up with them. My brother and I went to bed at 11:00. Little did I know, my father died about a half hour later.

The next day, my grandmother said I had been invited to a friend's house. My brother was asked to spend the day with cousins. My grandfather was scheduled to fly to Washington on business, so off we all went. My grandfather picked me up about 4:30 from my friend's house. I asked him why he wasn't on a plane to Washington, and he said it was cancelled.

When I got back to my grandmother's house, my uncle's car was in the driveway. I knew something was strange because he lived in Philadelphia. I walked in the house as my grandmother was walking out of the kitchen. Her eyes were red and she looked sleepy. I went into the living room and was shocked to see my mom. She stood up and held my brother and me very tightly and said, "Daddy died last night." My brother started crying and screaming. I was stunned. After a few minutes I started crying. I couldn't believe it! It couldn't happen to us. Why? I had a lot of questions. It just couldn't be. I loved my daddy. I never even got to say goodbye to him.

Later, I found out that he had had a heart attack and even if he had been taken to the hospital in time, he couldn't have been saved. We cried for hours, as we called our friends to tell them of our sad news.

Many of our friends and relatives came over with platters of food. We went home at 11:00 that night to a very empty house. My mom's friend stayed over and we all slept in the family room together. My mom cried all the time, and I knew she was sad. I tried to be strong for her. I wrote her a poem telling her how much I loved her and that I would always be there for her.

The next two days brought lots of people to our house and many fruit baskets and food trays. There were people there whom I did not even know. Many of my teachers came to see me; they told me to be strong.

The funeral was on Wednesday, May 17. We went to the temple that morning. I held onto my mom because I needed to help her through the worst day of our lives. I couldn't believe I was sitting at the temple because my father had died. After the tearful service, we watched my dad's casket being carried out by his closest friends and relatives. We left the temple in a limousine that took us to the cemetery. Everybody there was crying. I was so sad. I couldn't think about my father. It was too hard. My father was always so bright and cheerful.

It's been eight months since that horrible week. I often hear my mom sobbing at night, and I go to her and hug her because I know she's lonely. Sometimes it's hard to be so brave for other people and tell them I'm okay.

I still can't believe my dad's gone. Sometimes I think about him and it hits me that I'll never see him again. It's really hard to go on with my life. A lot of people ask me what my parents do and I have to say my father died. I can't believe my father's gone. I can't believe my best friend's gone!



Restoration

For more
Than four thousand years
Dusty Egyptian sands
Cradled the giant wonders.

As burning, beaming sun shown down

Down

On the beautifully
Carved limestone figure.

Sun, wind and sand
Eroding her beauty
Destroying its original look.

Nose and beard falling off
Cement removed
Natural mortar replacing and
Letting the antiquity breathe

Beneath the mammoth body
Lies a newly stabilized table of water

New stones replacing decaying old ones
In the colossal paw

Layers of crusted salt removed
Giving new life to its complexion.

The remains are in shape
Perfect!
Restored!

A symbol of leadership for Egypt
The question remains
Will the Sphinx survive another century?



Emily Chow
Grade 5
Ridgebury Elementary School
Ridgefield

Barry King
Grade 6
Academy School
Glastonbury

Some Say

some said not necessary
 some said I won't be killed
some asked why
 some said why not
some asked isn't there a better way
 others thought they had it
some were protesting
 others were gung ho
some wanted to see white
 others wanted to see red
some said it shouldn't happen
 others said it's inevitable
some said how insane
 others said let's get Hussein
some said negotiate
 others said let's invade
 AT THE END
 some said we won
others asked won what?



Ryan Lott
Grade 6
Academy School
Glastonbury

Standing Tall

Standing tall, towering above everything,
Providing shade for everyone
Who lingers in the baking sun.
Its strong branches dancing
Against the freezing winter winds
Displaying a courageous but affectionate side
As its powerful branches flow
Gently with the strong, blustery winds of March.
Victorious in its cold war against harsh climates
Yet weak and tender when comforting
Those who peer into the essence
Of its immense beauty and vivid grace.
The tree, wise, and standing tall.



The Seamstress

Meg Goekler
Grade 6
Hazardville Memorial
Enfield

There once was a beautiful young woman named Susan. She loved sewing though it took a long time. She loved sewing stuffed animals, clothes for dolls, and clothes for herself and her children. Susan is a seamstress in the Fabric Shop downtown in Connecticut.

People go there so that they can get their clothes mended or to pick out fabric for clothes for Susan to make for them.

It so happened that one person came, picked out some beautiful fabric for Susan to make a dress. She went to Susan and said, "I want this fabric to be at the bottom and this beautiful fabric to be the top with this pattern." She pointed to a beautiful gown. The fabric she had chosen was a pretty satin pink for the bottom and a colorful rose and creamy white floral print for the top. The bottom of the gown would begin at the waist and go down to the ankles. The skirt would be full with pleats all around. The top would begin waist up with short fluffy sleeves and a beautiful flower lace collar. There would be a satin creamy white band with pleats and a deep rose flower on the side.

Susan asked, "When do you want this to be done?"

"I want it done by tomorrow," said the lady.

Susan started right away. And while she was doing this she was thinking, "I will never finish." But she knew she had to try. She had finally gotten everything cut, but she discovered that she had cut the bottom of the seam too far. She looked up at the clock. "Oh no," she said, "It's two o'clock!" She quickly ran for more fabric and cut it carefully.

She just had to get that dress finished. She kept saying in her mind, "I know I can do it if I try." She finally started sewing. As she was sewing, she ran out of thread. "Oh great!" she said to herself. So she ran to get the rose colored thread, but the thread had been sold out. She ran to the stock room and rummaged around but found nothing. She went back to the store and found the closest color to it. She had to settle for a dark pink colored thread.

She began once again. She finally finished the top of the dress, lacy collar, fluffy sleeves and all. She then looked up at the clock again. "Oh great, now it's five thirty! I'll never get this dress finished in time!" She forgot the time and feeling very tired, went on with her work. She kept on sewing and sewing trying to finish the bottom of the dress.

Right in the middle of the bottom of the dress she fell asleep. When she finally woke up, she looked up at the clock and said, "Oh no, it's ten o'clock in the morning. I have to work on sewing the dress."

She worked straight through breakfast and worked as fast as possible. As she was working, she thought to herself, "I've just got to give it a little more time." Then she skipped her lunch, and praying, wondered if she'd ever finish the dress.

She heard the phone ring and went to pick it up at the front desk. "Hello?" she said, "Okay I'll get on it." Now she knew she had to finish this dress by two o'clock and it was one thirty.

Erica Popick
Grade 6
St. Bernard School
Rockville

She had just finished the bottom when she discovered that she had ten minutes left to put the dress together. She raced to the top. "Oh great, where did I put the top?" she wondered. She spent five minutes looking for it and finally found it.

Just as she was finishing the dress, the lady walked in and exclaimed, "Is this the dress you made for me? Why it's beautiful!"

Susan held it up and said, "I guess confidence really does help when you race against time." The lady liked it so much that she gave Susan a big tip on it. Susan realized that when she really had confidence in herself she could really make a difference. And for that she felt really proud.



Huck Finn in the Mark Twain House

I, Huck Finn, was messin' around in the yard, a happy ordinary kid, when Aunt Polly cried out in her woman-like voice, "Now Huckleberry, dear, you have received a beautifully decorated card from up north. I do hope you answer it quickly, it would be quite disappointing if you didn't receive a reply letter from a friend, don't you think? You know how much I...," and Aunt Polly kept talkin' and shootin' off them big, bulging lips o' hers. She got nuttin' to blab about 'cuz I don't do no writin'. I reckon this here letter is from some troublesome teacher complainin' 'bout the weeks I played hooky. Too bad it ain't that 'cuz then my teacher would be up north - I'd never have to put up with him again.

After Aunt Polly finally got me to open up the darned letter, I was actually surprised, but I wern't about to thank Tom's Aunt Polly - I'm not about to shed off my pride yet. But as soon as I finished readin' the letter, Aunt Polly snatched it out o' my hands and read it aloud:

Dear Huckleberry Finn,

I would like you to come to my home in Hartford, Connecticut. I hope you'll be here by Thursday of next week. Then you'll be in time for my favorite dish. My wife and my three daughters are truly anxious for your reply. I hope you can make it, and I'm sure you'll have a pleasant time.

Sincerely,
Mark Twain

"Oh, I'll have to dress you up in that nice, new outfit you were so fortunate to get, and, oh dear - where did I put it? Oh no, I don't know what I'm going to do

and...," twittered ol' Aunt Polly. And so it happened, the next day I got a new set of overalls with a checkered shirt. I packed, and got on my way.

I don' reckon I'd wanna dwell in that house that Mr. Clemens actually had to put up with. I entered under the porte-cochere. If you ask me (which you probably won't), it seemed perty dumb. The servant, Henry, answered the door. "You must be Master Finn. Mr. Twain is expecting you," replied Henry slowly. He looked at my clothes and smirked.

I was guided into the drawin' room, where I found Mr. Clemens' family wishin' to inquire about myself and my family. I told them I didn't have no family, but when I started tellin' 'bout myself, Mr. Clemens himself entered the room choosin' to sit in the fancy velvet chair. He spoke clearly as he replied, "I've just stepped in."

Shortly after makin' that statement, Mrs. Clemens gave him the most scornfullest look I ever did see. I got acquainted with everyone real quick-like and since it was Thursday, I got ready for the "special dinner."

Since there was a girlish style of fancy dress in this house, I decided to put on a nice checkered shirt with all three holes patched up. As I ran down the windin' staircase, I noticed all the fancy scribbles on the walls. Actually, they looked more like patterns, but I think they were scribbles. When I'm older, I'm gonna learn to scribble just like that.

I walked over to the "mushroom couch," and I tried to curl up around the part that sticks up in the middle. But as soon as I heard Henry comin', I dashed into the dinin' room. I heard someone hidin' behind the fancy screen. I figgered it was a robber, and I jumped on him, crackin' the picture behind. It was really Henry, and I informed him that he shouldn't stay there too long or somethin' else might happen.

Soon the food was put on the center of the rectangular table, and I held my nose 'cuz o' the aroma. I asked Jean (Mr. Clemens' youngest daughter) what the stuff in the big pot were. She said they were her father's favorite food - oysters. I spit my tobacco out on the side of my dish. Then I 'membered Aunt Polly said not to spit, and I placed it back in my mouth. I then took it out carefully with my "pinky" raised to look sort o' delicate. I left a little in my mouth to flavor my drink. Everybody watched, bewildered at me, but Mr. Clemens chuckled and asked what flavor it was. Henry laughed from behind the screen. I noticed Mrs. Clemens gave Mr. Clemens a little kick under the table. "I thought your parents taught you manners," said Mr. Clemens. I thought it was a clever thing to say after he got kicked. Right after that incident, Mrs. Clemens left. I took the teapot and poured tea over my oysters. I heard it tasted "quite different" from my friend Tom.

After dinner, I showed Mr. Clemens what I could do on his mushroom chair. He laughed heavily as he guided me up the stairs into the billiard room. He pointed out what he liked, and as I looked at the ceiling, sure as ever, I saw pictures of pipes, pool balls, pool sticks, and a few other things on the ceiling. He showed me a pad of paper which said:

HUCKLEBERRY FINN
by Mark Twain

It was then that I remembered how he had signed the letter inviting me to his house.

I glanced through the pictures given to me by Mr. Clemens' oldest daughter, Susy. I reckon that is her name, but it ain't important now. I was feelin' quite uncomfortable at that house - all perty and fancy like. As I got ready for bed that night, I noticed the pile of extra sheets on the chair, I went over to the desk and wrote:

Dear Mr. Clemens,

I don't write much, but I had to thank you for the extra sheets. It would have been a long drop with only the pillow to break my fall. Mrs. Clemens makes delicious pies, and I feel it wouldn't be loyal and all to not give a sample to my dear friend Tom. Therefore, you will know why the pie in your piesafe is missin'. Mrs. Clemens should hardly consider this a true theft, but a compliment.

Sincerely,
Huck

I left the note on the bed and I knotted all the sheets together. I tied one end to the leg of the bed, and dropped the other end out the window. As I slid down the sheets, I whispered goodbye to Mr. Clemens.



Sean Wilson
Grade 7
Adams Middle School
Guilford

Trapped

He fled, and they followed.

Just minutes ago, he had been roaming through the dense, warm, African forest, feeling like the King of the Jungle, when suddenly, two men had run out and thrown a net at him. It had missed. He had been terrified.

Now, seconds later, drool flew from his jaws as he ran faster. Shades of purple and blue, belonging to the newly-sprouting spring flowers, were just a blur. His tough hide on his soles protected him from the sharp rocks scattered on the ground.

They threw the net again. It landed feet in front of him. As he ran over it, his strong legs got caught and he tripped. Before he could get up, he was bound to a metal bar at the limbs and belly. He bared his teeth, sharp from years of eating meat.

One of them said, "We caught this beast pretty easily."

The other nodded.

He was put in the back of a big wagon. He grunted and rolled around madly, but this only tightened the ropes. In a short while, the wagon stopped. They took him and set him on the ground.

The larger man said, "Look at the crazed look in its eyes. It really is a wild animal."

Soon they cut the rope at his belly, in order to take out the metal bar. The door to the large cage was opened. As another man headed toward him, the rope around his legs snapped. With a look of wonder and fear, he got up and started running.

The man shouted, "Slave on the loose!"



Jennifer's Story

As I lie here in my hospital room, I think back to the "normal" days before I had bone cancer. My name is Jennifer Nicole and I'm 13 years old. I never thought I would get cancer. I never thought that I would die at such a young age.

A few months ago, I was experiencing pain in my left leg and was feeling very tired. At first, I thought nothing of it because I have gymnastics twice a week and am a very active kid.

My mom found out that I wasn't feeling well when she got a call from school because I fell asleep in two of my classes. When I got home that day, my mom asked, "Jen, is everything okay?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I got a phone call from the school nurse. She said you fell asleep in two classes. What's wrong? Please tell me."

"I did fall asleep. I've been very tired lately and my left leg really hurts."

"I'm going to try to get you an appointment with the doctor."

"But, Mom!" I sighed.

"Don't argue with me."

"Okay."

That week she brought me to Dr. Hart, my pediatrician. I kept saying, "Mom, I'm all right," but I was scared of what it could be.

He examined my leg and said, "I don't see anything abnormal, but I'm going to send you for some x-rays."

"Why are you sending me for some x-rays?" I asked.

"Just to be sure that everything is normal," the doctor replied.

That day we went to see a radiologist. A technician took x-rays of my leg from at least five different angles. After the radiologist had studied them, she said to my mom and me, "I'll call Dr. Hart and give him the results. He'll call you."

Melanie Klein

Grade 7

Granby Memorial Middle School

Granby

"Thank you. I'll be expecting his call," my mom replied.

That night my mom got a call from Dr. Hart. When she got off the phone, she looked upset.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

"Well, you have to go to the hospital for some tests before the doctor can tell what's wrong."

"When do I have to go?"

"Now."

When we got to the hospital, a friendly nurse said, "Jen, you'll be operated on tomorrow, but don't worry; you won't feel any pain because you'll be asleep."

My mom stayed in my room, and I went to sleep. The next morning the same friendly nurse came with a stretcher. I climbed on and she wheeled me to the operating room.

I asked the doctor what he was going to do. He was saying something about a biopsy, but he put a mask over my face, and I drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up, my mom was sitting in a chair next to me. She said, "Jen, I need to tell you something."

"What is it? Am I okay?"

"You have cancer. In your leg. Bone cancer."

"Mom, am I going to die?" I asked sobbing.

"I sure hope not."

She was also crying. I climbed into her lap and she held me tight. We sat there for a long time. I was crying and she was trying to comfort me. I was so scared that I wouldn't live much longer. I kept saying, "Why me? Why me?"

My mom was there when I woke up in the morning. She had spent the night in my hospital room again.

"Feeling better, Jen?"

"Yes, when are we going home?"

"A little bit later. Probably after breakfast."

At noon, my mom took me home, but I would have to go for radiation every day. If I felt up to it I could go to school.

I called my best friend Rachel when I got home.

"Hello, Rachel?"

"Oh, hi, Jen. Is everything all right?"

"Well, no. Could you come over?"

"Now?"

"Yes, is that okay?"

"I'll have my mom drive me right over."

"Okay, thanks, Rachel. Bye."

When she arrived, we went up to my room.

"Jen, what's up? You've been acting awfully strange."

I held Rachel's hand, afraid that I was going to cry.

"Rachel, I have cancer in my leg."

"Oh, Jen."

Rachel started to cry and so did I. I hugged her.

"Rache," I said, "I'm afraid. What if I die?"

"Jen."

More tears. My mom came upstairs to see if everything was okay. She saw us both upset, so decided to let us be.

"Rachel, I'm really scared. I have to have radiation every day."

"I'd be scared too, but you'll be okay."

"What if I don't get better? What if I die?"

"Jen, I really don't know. I hope that doesn't happen."

"Thanks."

"I mean it. I love you a lot." Both of us had red, watery eyes.

Rachel said, "I have to leave now. I'm going to call my mom." We hugged again and then she left.

The first time I went for radiation, the nurse told my mom that I probably wouldn't feel like going to school. She was right. My mom called the school and asked if they could recommend a tutor. After a week of that, my mom told the tutor I wouldn't need her anymore. I really couldn't concentrate.

A week later my hair began to fall out. Once I was a pretty brunette; now I have no hair left. I hate not having hair. If you look at my face, you can't tell if I'm a boy or a girl.

I can't put up with the pain, sick feeling, and not being able to eat. I want to be out of my misery, but yet I don't want to die. I'm only thirteen; I'm too young for this to happen.

Written by Jen's mom

About three weeks later, Jen went back to the hospital because she was getting much worse. She asked for hugs and wanted to hold my hand. "Mom, I have something to tell you. I can't deal with this any longer. I'd rather be out of this pain and discomfort. I love you." She closed her eyes and before I could say a word, she died. I stayed with her for over an hour.

I miss Jen. I loved her so much, but I'm glad she isn't in pain any more.

§

Thomas Craig
Grade 7
Kelly Junior High School
Norwich

Wanderer

I sit alone under the stars,
watching the dawn come up.
My ears can faintly pick up the sounds
of a city far below me.
I'm old now, and have traveled the earth
many times over,
seeking peace and tranquility.
As of yet,
I have found none.

You see, I am a nomad
of the 20th century.
A vagabond of the year 1990.

My old bones creak as I stand
and start packing up the tent and old cook stove.
It has been a good season for camping
I think to myself,
and tell myself I'm lucky
to be able to get out at all.
But still I am saddened as I leave the park
this early Sunday morning
knowing I will never return.

I am too old to run about camping and hiking
in what is left of the world's forest.
Too old to be touring all around the world
seeing new and exciting things.
"Too old! Too old!"
that's what I've been told.

Alas, I must submit to settling down
in a place among others my age.
A place where I will wait out my days
until I pass on into a different world,
be it heaven or hell, I don't know.
This is the reason I walk in grim sadness out
of the park.
The reason I weep this morning.

Homeless

As he walked past windows piled high
With chocolate delights,
Past windows of bread
And mouth-watering fruit,
He munched on his garbage scraps,
Once again.

As he walked past windows
Of glowing living rooms,
With families bundled up,
In night gowns and slippers,
He shivered in the night air
As the winds whipped through
His thread-bare clothes.

Three hours past,
As he stood under a lamppost.
The town church bell rang out
That it was twelve o'clock midnight.

It was time to go home,
So he crawled onto a bench,
And went to sleep
Under a night full of stars.



Reunification

It was cold and crisp, a typical October in Berlin. Too soon still for the monotonous November rains and long past the light, breezy, September Sundays. It was clear with only a few clouds flitting past the stars, blocking their faint shine. We strolled at a leisurely pace, Nony in the overdue stage of her pregnancy. I didn't have mittens, so my hands were jammed into the pockets of my red down jacket, the shiny smoothness of the horse chestnuts and stray change knocking against my knuckles. We didn't have to wait long at the S-bahn station, but then, in Berlin, transportation is always on time. The train was warm and bright and only half full. It felt strange to go underground on the S-bahn because normally it travels above ground. My Uncle Mark explained that it was cheaper to build tunnels in East Berlin than to lay tracks over ground.

Cheryl Bennett

Grade 7

*Newtown Middle School
Newtown*

Jalana Lazar

Grade 8

*Cornwall Consolidated School
West Cornwall*

I thought about that a minute. East Berlin, I mean. Here we were in the East for the last time. At eight o'clock tonight, the British consulate would hand over power to the Berliners. Then for a few short hours, Berlin would be independent before becoming a part of reunified Germany. There were many East Germans who would have liked to try and build their own country instead of reunifying. They thought they had an opportunity and that they should use it. Unfortunately, for them, Kohl and a lot of others wanted to reunify immediately.

We got off at Anhalter Bahnhof, a spotless station with pillars of white and turquoise tiles. The tile is patterned in simple, strange designs, feathers sort of. Of course, the street was already packed with people, but it was not hard to spot Patrick and Michaela. Michaela is pretty with short, blonde hair and glasses. Patrick has bleached blonde hair that is growing out so that the black roots show. He is a physicist like my uncle, and he always has dark circles under his eyes. He is a great cook. They are both really nice people. They had come by bike from Moabit where they live — everybody rides bikes in Berlin. We decided to head towards the Brandenburger Tor. Actually, I had no say in where we went, but it didn't matter to me because I just wanted to tell my friends I had been at the Reunification of Germany.

We walked through a grassless field where a couple of booths were selling old East paraphernalia; Russian army hats, DDR flags, and license plates. About eighty meters away was a huge, orange crane with a Trabi suspended from it. Trabis are East German-made cars. Sometimes made of wood, they are dangerous and terrible polluters. I heard that the next day they burned it and that it smelled horrible. When we got to Brandenburger Tor, things were really packed. A demonstration or something was happening so we detoured the Tor and headed down Unter den Linden. Some people were carrying torches, others carried flags, and they were all heading towards Alexander Platz. We just followed the crowd like pebbles tumbling in a sea of people. I saw a torch, still burning, lying abandoned by a tree. I felt bad for the tree so I went with Nony to remove the torch, but when I got there I saw the fire was not touching the tree, so I left it. Everybody was walking in the blocked off street, and I must have counted at least forty green and white Polizei wagons. They were prepared for the inevitable riot. On the sidewalks, people were singing, making speeches, and everybody held a beer in their hand. That's to be expected in Germany. Not only that, it was the reunification of Germany. An occasional person was weeping, and TV crews were everywhere.

By eleven o'clock, Nony (pregnant) and I (thirteen) were exhausted. Besides, I had seen all I needed to see, and it would take an hour to get home. So, leaving Mark and Patrick and Michaela, we pushed our way through the crowds. S-bahn Unter den Linden was blocked off by the police, so we got on the train at Friedrichstrasse. Naturally, we got on the wrong train. After about an hour and a half of catching trains, we waited for buses that amazingly didn't come, and tried catching more trains. Nony and I got home in a highly giggly mood. We made cocoa and popcorn

and watched the fireworks on TV. They were so big you could hear them from our balcony though they were too far away too see. Before I went off to bed, I wrote down all that had happened, not because I had seen anything unusual, but because I was there and it was an historical moment.



Pressure

Pressure is like a rock
always on your shoulder.

You lose sleep and
concentration on everything.

It's like being suffocated,
and the only way out is to be on top.

Sometimes you win.
Sometimes you lose.

Pressure is like death
sneaking up on you.

The only way to survive
is to come out on top.

You better succeed
or else!

PRESSURE

Pressure is like steam building up.
When it pops, everything is free.

Some people thrive on pressure.
They think it's fun.

But I'm not one!

Everyday life has pressure for
students, adults, and even children.

Adam Kinney

Grade 8

*Timothy Edwards Middle School
South Windsor*

Decisions are made.
Issues are discussed.

Tests and quizzes are taken,
and school rules are broken.

Life is full of decisions.
You have to choose the right one.

PRESSURE.

§

Jennifer Guimond
Grade 8
Timothy Edwards Middle School
South Windsor

Winter

As I gaze outside the bay window,
I see a whole new world.
It's a white world,
one with snowflakes
covering every inch of land.
Shining like glass,
icicles are forming on the roof over me.
The children,
wearing their winter attire,
are sledding cheerfully.
Their faces are beet red
because of the cold,
winter air.

I smell the smoke
flowing from the chimney
while the fire
is keeping the house warm.
The scent of hot chocolate
floats through the air
along with the aroma
of freshly brewed coffee.
The sound of the children,
laughing playfully,
faintly echoes
through my ears

while the wind
peacefully whispers to me.
I can hear the frozen snow
silently crunching
as my dog paces across it.
Although I'm in a house,
I still have to wear my cozy
woolen sweater,
which comforts me from the draft
that seeps
through the window.
Just by looking,
I can almost feel the bitter,
cold air
and the powdery snow.

Falling into a dream world,
I imagine myself walking
across a field
with snowflakes
falling over me.
When I open my mouth,
I can taste them,
each one as sweet
as a crystal of sugar.

After starting into a winter wonderland,
I snap back into reality
as my mother calls my name,
"Jennifer!"



Untitled

The orange bus pulls up to the house and I get off leaving the shouts of little kids in grass stained pants and mud caked shirts behind. I run up the stone walk and opening the front door, I am greeted by the wiggling form of my black lab.

I let the door slam behind me, not waiting for my little sister who is five steps behind. Then I rummage through the mail looking in vain for something for me. My sixth grade shadow comes through the door, and I rush upstairs to my room, throw

Jennifer Heiny
Grade 8
Cornwall Consolidated School
West Cornwall

the books down, and try to avoid confrontation with the piles of clean clothes and unmade bed. As I walk back downstairs, I hear my mom scolding my sister for not putting away her books before getting a snack.

I open the refrigerator and get out the milk. Getting a glass, I check to see if there are any cookies. Just my luck, Mom didn't go shopping today. Not feeling like milk any more, I dump it back into the container.

I start back upstairs and Mom asks, "How much homework do you have tonight?"

My mind thinks back on the endless day during which my teachers assigned twice the usual amount of homework because, "You didn't get any last night."

"Some," I answer vaguely.

"How much is some?" Mom asks again.

"I did it at school!" I snap back and then start to feel guilty. But she starts to yell her "I-was-just-trying-to-be-a-part-of-your-homework-life" speech and my remorse disappears. I decide it's time for a walk, pull on my winter jacket, grab a leash and run out of the house calling back to Mom, "I'm going for a walk, and I'm taking the dog."

Outside...

The grey sky stretches to touch the billowing marsh grass. I throw the stick again, and watch as the black form of my dog runs to retrieve it. She stops when she finds it and waits expectantly for me to come to her and throw it again.

A gust of wind blows through my jacket so I decide it's time to go home and start out of the field. The dog looks for a waiting signal to follow. I call to her and she gallops towards me, then flies past and stops on the path to home. Behind me the river rushes over the rocks. A truck passes full of weekend hunters, not uncommon for this time of year. Their dogs begin to bark at the sight of mine, and the wind begins to howl in the bare trees. I pull my coat around me, start up the dirt road to my house, and encounter no other cars on the way home.

My house looms ahead, the red barn standing out against the dull green of the dying grass and bare trees. My dog, a black streak, races past me and runs up the stairs to the porch. She drops her stick on the doormat and sits waiting to be let in. As I open the door, I can smell Mom's beef stew simmering on the stove. She turns and smiles at me, and I smile back, then rush upstairs to clean my room and start my homework. On the way up, I stop at my sister's room and ask if she wants to borrow a tape.



Jay Afragola

Grade 9

Simsbury High School

Simsbury

30

A Vision of Pain

As the pitcher wound up
to hurl the baseball
in the last inning of the game,

I choked up on my bat
for better contact.
The pitch was released
by the hardest thrower in the league.
The red laces contrasted
with the smudged, off-white cowhide.
It came closer and closer.
I knew that it was inside,
but I refused to back away.
I was too late.
With a hollow thump,
the ball caromed off my cheekbone.
My jaw shuddered from the impact
and I collapsed to the ground in a daze.
My eyes closed automatically
to fight back the tears
and I was surprised to see the image
of a ghostly white orb with red laces
floating in the darkness.
Years later, I can still see
that white orb
and feel the throb in my cheek
if I close my eyes long enough.



Faces of My Mind

On the verge of true, heartfelt tears, a child dashes up the stairs to his room and slams the door behind him. Alone in the room, he walks over to a mirror without seeing his reflection and sees several faces which aren't his. Crying even harder, he runs towards his bed while tripping on one of his neglected toys, landing face first into his pillows.

Not realizing how tired he actually is, he falls into a profound sleep. He starts to dream of his sister who has been missing for four years, the father he never had and his playful puppy.

Subsequently, the child dreams of a gyrating tunnel. Curiosity overpowers him as he follows the darkness, stumbling upon the chaos between good and bad. There is a light at the end, but he feels he'll never be able to reach it without someone guiding him along the way.

Heather Ann Strong
Grade 9
East Hampton High School
East Hampton

The child starts to question his subconscious, which is the only way he thinks he can overcome his fear of life and communicate with the other part of him that seems to be hidden.

"Hello? Is someone there?" As he continues to confer, he neither listens to the different tones in his voice nor realizes it is only he who will carry on.

"Do you believe in my ways, trust my instincts and fulfill my desires? Are you going to stay here and take care of me? Some people have told me that I act immature, but then they also say I am a responsible young man. Which am I?" He pauses for a response and receives none.

"Come on, talk to me! As you can see I'm alone, except for this confusion around me. You can talk to me, can't you?" The persistent effort doesn't help. There is still no answer.

"I might not see you, but I know you're there. To go on feeling that you aren't looking out for me anymore is scary. I insist that you uncover your eyes and let me see who the faces of my mind are. Tell me, why is it that I seem to be so many people all at once? What is it that gives me the feeling I'm being watched? Whatever or whoever you are, if not anything at all, answer me at least this. Will I be okay?"

At this time now, the fearful boy pauses for another reply. Patiently he waits. Silently and still. With time, the answer comes to him, "I will be fine, as long as I'm strong enough to get by the chaos and leave this dark tunnel without hurting anyone, especially myself."

The tunnel starts to spin rapidly as the boy creates more turmoil by crying. The inner voice speaks again giving further confidence. He stops crying and the tunnel slows down from spinning. As the child builds up enough courage to face reality, the tunnel of chaos disappears from sight as he enters a sense of direction in his life.

The revived boy wakes up the next morning, looks in the mirror, and sees no other reflection than his own.



Jonathan Radow
Grade 9
Simsbury High School
Simsbury

Tuesday Night

Writer's block is hell, he thought. He was sitting in front of a typewriter staring out the window, he had been for nearly an hour. All he could think about was the party last night; what a blast. He had been sitting in that position for so long his arms were practically going numb.

"I need a drink," he said, breaking the thick silence.

He walked into the kitchen and opened up the refrigerator, stooped down and peered in.

"Okay, we have a Coke, a Sprite, or an A&W Root Beer." To this man only soda existed, all else was foreign.

Just as he popped open a can, he thought he heard a creak from upstairs. The McCulloughs, his neighbors, always told him to keep his doors and windows locked, that this time of year was when most burglaries occurred. Of course, the McCulloughs had three children under five years of age and those kind of people are always overprotective.

He smiled and sat down, drinking the soda straight from the can. As he began thinking about the topic for his story, again he heard a cough from upstairs. This time he was positive of what he heard. Someone was upstairs, and he didn't know who.

He began thinking, "The person upstairs obviously doesn't know I'm home or he wouldn't be making so much noise." He remembered how his friend Alan had given him a lift home; his car had broken down again. This would mean there was no car in the driveway.

Suddenly he realized that since whoever was upstairs didn't know he was around, he could take advantage of the situation. He thought of calling the police but realized that his phone beeps every time he pushes a button. This would cause too much noise.

"I could go out the front door and call the police from the McCulloughs," he thought. However, he then realized his keys were in his bedroom which was upstairs.

He frowned, a bead of sweat forming on his upper lip. He finally decided to wait until the burglar left then call the police, and so he sat there quietly sipping his soda, waiting.

There was just one little problem with this plan. This person wasn't leaving. Twenty minutes had gone by and he had finished his Coke a long time ago. The sweat had broadened its horizons and moved from just his upper lip to his forehead, nose, cheeks, finally covering his entire face until you would have thought he had been trekking across the Sahara.

"This is getting to be too much," he thought, "even if this person does leave, which doesn't seem to be the case, I won't be able to give the police a description. I've got to get a look at the person."

He rose to his feet and slowly approached the stairs. The minutes ticked by as he went up step by step. He thought of how lucky he had been tonight. If he hadn't had writer's block, the burglar would have heard him typing. Up three more steps, he had kicked off his shoes and was now gliding over the wooden steps. He thought of how he didn't lose his cool; he stayed calm. Up another four. He hadn't sneezed or coughed all night. Up another four and he was at the top of the stairs, clutching the banister and ready for anything.

He poised himself and listened until he heard another cough. It was coming from his bedroom. He glided to the door of the room in question, and like a cat...pounced.

The lady lying in his bed screamed.

"Honey?" he asked bewildered. "I thought you weren't supposed to return from your business trip until Thursday."

"I got sick so they sent me home. When I got back, no one was home so I just went upstairs and got into bed. I've been up for hours with this terrible cough."

He laughed out loud. "I'm sorry if I scared you honey. Look, there's something I have to do."

He slowly sauntered down the stairs, a wide smile covering the whole of his face. Finally he had an idea for his story, and his fingers flew across the keys.



Kimberly Hurlbut
Grade 10
Morgan School
Clinton

The Scribble that Got Out of Control

"Disobedient child!" the schoolmaster fumed,
"Why disrupt you my class so rudely?"
The young boy spoke softly, his eyes wide in awe;
"Sir, no grief do I wish to cause thee.
Please pardon me sir, as it may seem quite odd,
That just by mere paper and coal,
I've constructed unwarily, in tides of sheer boredom,
A scribble that's out of control!"

The schoolmaster seized the poor boy by the collar,
Intending to chasten the lad;
Then all students gaped, as sprang from his paper,
A whirlwind of scribble-quite mad!
The children made haste as they leaped for the door,
While the scribbles enveloped the teacher;
The young boy broke free from the schoolmaster's arms,
And grabbed an old chalkboard eraser;
He thrashed his hands wildly, toward the vanishing swirls,
Till he stood o'er the sketchings, invincible,
And just as he thought everything had gone well,
In disgust towered behind him...the principal!

"Young boy, young boy!" the demanding man bellowed,
"Your classmates have pleaded disaster."
"Oh no, sir, not quite, yet...there's one minor fright,
In error I've erased the schoolmaster."

The principal frowned, lips taut and eyes stern,
And he said, "As a matter of fact,
If you think you're so clever, then I trust you'll endeavor,
TO BRING YOUR POOR SCHOOLMASTER BACK!"

As fate pressed upon him,
He knew he must do, exactly as he'd been told;
Yet the only sure way was to recreate quickly
The scribble that had lost control!



The Greatest Job You'll Ever Hate

Good afternoon Ma'am.
Excuse me?
Yes ma'am, I can count. Actually, I believe it's a basic requirement for this job.
Don't worry ma'am, this cash register does most of the counting anyway.
Ma'am, I'd rather not.
Okay, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.
Are you satisfied?
Yes ma'am I can count higher. Do I need to go to a hundred?
Good. I'm going to start checking your groceries out now.
No ma'am, you can give me the coupons at the end.
Yes, I'm sure.
Here it goes.
What?
Yes, the carrots are fifty cents a bunch.
Well, they were yesterday.
No, I don't need to check with my manager.
No, you don't need to check with my manager.
Ma'am, can I pass the second item over the scanner?
Thank you.
No, ma'am I only rang it through once.
That noise was from a different scanner.
See? Look at the receipt tape, it only rang up once!
I don't think so ma'am, the machine is not known to lie.
No, I don't need to check with my manager.
I've been working here for half a year ma'am. Why?
I'll take that as a compliment.
Yes, I know it wasn't meant to be one!
Lady, if you'd be so kind to observe, you're accumulating quite a line behind you.
I fully realize you don't care, but I have a responsibility to the customers behind you.
Now, if you don't mind, I'm ringing through the third item.
What!!!
Yes, I'm sure you charge tax on the freaking tin foil pans!

*Brian Kahn
Grade 10
Greenwich Academy
Brunswick School
Greenwich*

No, I don't need to check with my manager!
 No, you don't need to check with my manager!
 Look, if you can't eat it, then there's a tax on it. Do you eat tin foil pans?
 I'm sorry for that outburst, but I really must keep this line moving. Here goes the
 fourth item.
 Excuse me?
 Ma'am, I'm afraid once you open it, you're going to have to pay for it.
 Well, you'll have to trust them when they say it really does "snap, crackle, and pop!"
 Here goes the fifth item — only one hundred and fifty items left-
 we should be outta' here by Christmas.
 Nothing — I said the color of the vegetables...uh...remind me of Christmas, yeah,
 that's it.
 WHAT?!!!!
 Oh! Sorry Mr. Stewart.
 Sure, I'd love to take my break right now.
 No, you can check out this customer — I really don't mind.
 Thank you, sir. I always do whatever is easiest for you.
 See you in fifteen minutes, sir.

YESSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!

8

Karen Grossi
Grade 10
Bloomfield High School
Bloomfield

October 24, 1982, 12:30 a.m.

The second hand fell
 from the clock
 8 years past.

It lay
 in dust and aged fruit
 until I found it
 beneath the radiator
 twenty minutes ago.

I remember
 the war
 that began on Prince spaghetti day:

The doors slam
 to the rhythm of wind

behind the entrance
of Pizza Woman,
the mother.

Little girl sits slumped over
a two thousand dollar
kitchen table
Her sand colored ponytails
and round face brush the polished oak.

Man waits down the hall
as Pizza Woman sways drunk,
laughing,
and falls to the floor,
greased boxes in hand.

Pizza Woman rises
slowly
after catching her breath.
She whispers hello to the little girl
w/a whiskey soaked voice

Man, the dad is here now,
nearing six feet, Italian brown,
smiling at his little girl.
He looks down at Pizza Woman
and her laugh/sob.
“Where the hell have you been?”
Man yells.

Blaming accusations spill
from Pizza Woman’s face,
reddened w/anger
as Man’s hands fall.

The Dad has fists.
The Mom has pizza.

Fists fight,
pizza flies,
little girl stares,
and the second hand falls from the clock.

The Haunting

I have thought about you many times
looked into the green sky at night
and held the hope of you close to my
blue earth.

When the doors are shut at night,
and the house is dark,
your ghost comes into my mind and breathes songs of last wishes.
Sad little songs that belong to the dead,
and probably should not ever be heard by mortal ears.
But your ghost sings them to me and we cry together,
I cry because I cannot understand them and she cries because she does.

And even though I cherish these nights of tearful lullabies,
I am tired of your ghost,
she is everywhere and with me always.

In my room (which used to be your bedroom) her voice is clearest,
and she lies down on my bed and weeps lonely tears,
that haunt me as if it is my own fault that you are no longer alive.
In the living room (where I remember sitting with you when you were sick)
she sits on the chair near the window
and watches our family on the rare occasions that we spend time together.
She is silent and still, unless my eyes happen to meet with hers,
and then she will reach out her hands for me to touch...
but I do not. This also makes her cry.

She is a sweet image but I want to see your face,
I am tired of this phantom,
she is everywhere and with me always.

Except when I go to the river where they spread your ashes.
This is the only place where I am willing to accept our distance;
standing over your final resting place seems to freeze the liquids of my life,
and it gets so cold that I cannot stay more than a few moments.
And on the walk home, once again I am thawing and giving life to you
inside of me. She returns, happy that I have let her back in,
because she is so jealous of my love for you.
We walk together, hand in hand, back to our house.
I have devoted myself to her, in a way
that frightens me to death everytime I think
of how suddenly you left me.

But I am tired of this phantom.
Her presence is the disease that your death has cursed me with,
it is the inescapable plague of wanting something that you can never have.
I am tired of this phantom but I cannot let her go.



My Nose Is My Nose Is My Nose

Ari Blitz
Grade 11
Simsbury High School
Simsbury

Napoleon had his height, Caesar his Brutus, and I have my nose. Somehow I have always felt that of the three of us, I am the best off. It is the essence of my being, the first thing a stranger sees, the last noticeable disappearing into the horizon.

Napoleon needed a packing crate upon which to stand merely to bring attention to himself at French cocktail parties (his other trick was pretending he was holding something immensely valuable in his pocket and asking passing partygoers if they could guess what it was). I need only to sneeze and, like the Red Sea, friends part to either side in silent reverence. I need no entourage to travel before me; I travel before myself, herald and heralded alike, announced by a horn. I am my own introduction. I can smell the flowers in Paris when the wind blows in a favorable direction. Napoleon could not even see five feet in front of him over the steering wheel in his favorite chariot. Small wonder, then, to learn of his defeat when he walked into an extremely wet English men's room (Waterloo).

Caesar is the only man I know of to be held in high esteem by Shakespeare even though his best friend couldn't stand him and wound up stabbing him in the back while he was reading a speech. Whether or not Brutus stabbed him because he was a ruthless tyrant or a lousy actor, we will never know. What we do know is that if Caesar had had any semblance of intelligence, he could have been able to smell it coming, to "nose" out any plot. This is why he failed, why he ruled for no more than a handful of years. Here, I am superior. Even the slightest movement of air in a room is perceptible by the subtle sway of my proboscis. Like a wind sock, it sways gently to and fro, warning me of a coming storm, and like my great-grandfather much removed, Cyrano de Bergerac, I may demolish my enemy with a thrust of the beak.

There is much justification for the placement of a nose in the center of the face for many aspects of the personality revolve around it. Over and around it, I must look at the world from what is, perhaps, a unique perspective. In ancient times polydactylism was seen as a sign of power, but I need not an extra finger, for I have upon my face an extra foot!



Jonathan Chin
Grade 11
Branford High School
Branford

Anything for Love

The Late-Night arcade is where Jane said we should meet, at six. The electric sign above the door, flickering and muted with grime, proclaims that this establishment is "Home to the Famous Tic-Tac-Toe Chicken."

I open the door, suddenly assaulted by the noise of the games. Three girls are losing to the chicken. The chicken, shifting from foot to foot and bobbing its head like a prize fighter, administers the coup de grace — three X's in a row. I chuckle audibly, and the trio of girls flush in embarrassment.

A small, turbaned man with an apron full of change and small bills waits to make change, fidgeting like the chicken with the bobbing, nodding head. I watch him for twenty minutes, waiting, as he shifts from foot to foot.

Jane eventually walks in, looking sick. Her face is pained, her eyes sit deep in cosmetic shadow. Her baggy, black clothes do not conceal her thinness. Jane is a recovering anorexic. We have been close friends since we worked in the same drug store in high school. She is going steady with a heroin addict, Mike.

She looks dazed as she approaches me. Her voice is soft. "Can we talk, Link? It's serious."

"Sure."

"Let's walk, okay, Lincoln?"

Outside in the alley, among slimy ziggurats of refuse, Jane breaks. She sobs and talks at length. It seems that good old Mikey had died in his living room, rubber tube around his bicep and hypo in his forearm.

I am not shocked, the feeling of surprise is feigned. It's not that I disliked him or that I did not know him. He never should have been with Jane.

We exit the alley, head for the Canal Street subway in silence, embracing the bitter cold. I buy Jane a token. Her train pulls out, and I think of Mikey's thanks as I presented him with a fix yesterday, as a present.

§

Gwenann Seznec
Grade 11
Greenwich High School
Greenwich

Violets

I.
violets
create a knot
to tie my memories
together
just a little bit
so they won't be
lost forever
I just wish the
knot were tighter

so that my life
will have meaning
when I'm done.

II.

Lying down on the
lush green lawn
in the quiet, wet
coolness of the shade
picking violets for Grandmummy
up there in her chair
who can't see the
purple flowers too clearly
but knows them enough
to love me for them.
Clover between the mossy bricks
An old path leads to the gate
Next to the vegetable garden
and near to the circled haven
of flowers, trees, and the childhood magic.

III.

Standing up high in Gourdon
(It was a family outing.)
Winding up the road
in our Citroen, then
parking and walking
through the stronghold, the gate.
We walk through the town made of stone
It's wet and it's raining ever so softly
Into a store to find
the purple violet perfume
that Grandmummy loves so much.
And then we step outside
and walk to the wall -
a boundary between
stifling security and the
vast beauty of the rivers, trees, mountains...
and a rainbow has appeared!
hazy and soft in the summer light
to bring joy and violets to us,
Encircling the valley
-la gorge du loup-
and us and our violet perfume.



After I Put the Kids to Sleep

The dog, Cloherty, is asleep
curled between the heater and
that torn, plum-red couch pillow.
Her smooth beige coat rises
with her throaty breaths.

Her scent is always a nuisance,
a one way ticket to nausea every time I eat here.
But tonight there is comfort
in this air.

I am lying down by the fireplace
The aroma of burning logs, like the
thick smell of sweet Christmas pines,
arouses memories.

Thoughts of Eric linger in this room,
over the mantle,
around the couch,
under my legs,
and into the fire like spirits.

Warmth is the most intense quality of this night.
Much more than the radiance of the flame.
I wish it was as warm as Eric's laugh as
we got caught in the rain,
as warm as my hand across his
mouth as he "mmmd" Madonna's "Vogue,"
as warm as his large brown eyes,
brown before they burned like the logs
burned at the door when I left.

A man once said if your right eye
offends you, then pluck it out.
Better to have one of your members missing
than to have the contamination of the whole body.

I can't remove my heart.

Cloherly's breathing brings me back.
Her front leg overstretches the pillow,
then draws it closer.
a better feeling comes now,
even that torn, plum-red couch pillow finds comfort in being.



Escape

Andrea Basztura
Grade 11
Trumbull High School
Trumbull

The smell of cowpies and wild roses lingers in my memory. The meadow breeze near Gram's house often tickled my upturned face with a mingling of springtime pleasures. I wish I could escape with Gram to our secret haven in the meadow. There, time was measured in the growth of the flowers and the colors of leaves.

Gram first brought me to the meadow when Grandpa died. She showed me an empty snakeskin, and explained to me that the skin was like Grandpa's body, and would soon become the earth. The snake, like Grandpa's soul, had escaped to a better place. However, surrounded by such luxuriance, I didn't believe that a more perfect place could exist.

Unfortunately, I soon discovered that the sun didn't shine everywhere. When I entered the dim, cinderblock building, a sour, yellow odor invaded my nostrils. My lips quivered in the bleak, unfamiliar hallway, and my fingers tightened shakily around the mayonnaise jar I had brought for Gram.

An ornery, twisted man, too small for his skin, shuffled by, scowling at the linoleum. Inside an open doorway, a cluster of gray, bespectacled ladies gazed indifferently at a large, loud TV. Had Gram yielded to the decay of her neighbors?

I paused outside her room, wondering at the sanity of my visit. Reassuring myself, however, that Gram must still possess the meadow's vitality, I strode into the faded, green cubicle. Immediately, I felt smothered, as though trapped between the layers of a wilting leaf. I choked on the stale scent that clung to the limp, dusty curtains. Gram's skin hung baggily over her bones like oversized clothes; her eyes were lead weights.

Apologetically, I kissed her tired cheek. Gram brightened at my touch, but otherwise sat woodenly, fenced in by the shiny rails encircling her bed. I gazed for a moment through the blurry glass above the plastic flower arrangement. Once, the window had been painted shut, and its sealed seam blistered in protest. Returning my gaze to Gram's face, I clasped her soft hand. Gently, I pressed the scrubbed mayonnaise jar I had brought into Gram's free hand.

The jar held an abundant array of bright wildflowers, weeds, and grasses she and I had harvested during one of our meadow escapes. I hoped Gram would remember

the glorious days we had spent gathering the tendrils. A miniature meadow seemed to thrive in magnificent splendor, despite being sealed in the jar.

Suddenly, Gram's eyes transformed into creamy blue pearls. Her cheeks, translucent as a rose petal, creased softly, like a comfortable quilt. Little murmurs of delight escaping her happy lips assured me of her appreciation. I now knew that Gram could escape.



Michelle Durwin
Grade 12
Trumbull High School
Trumbull

Laundromat

Tumbling garments
dizzy of motion
Whiskey tarnished blouses
swagger
and collapse onto
acrobatic booties
Linen diapers
spring somersaults,
escaping their stench
Voices of grinding engines
coil outward,
muffling baby's cry
A swirling headache - she ages.



Rebecca Kindregan
Grade 12
Greenwich High School
Greenwich

First Love

Last night I was sitting on my bed doing my homework on my sturdy, old lap desk, like I always do. When I say old lap desk, I mean old. I've had it since the fourth grade. Not only has it been my homework-buddy, but it's also been the record of all my past loves and boyfriends. I looked at it last night for the first time in a long while. It was hard to remember some of the boys because I had only written their initials; however, there was one set of initials that I clearly do remember because they were the first ones written on my lap desk: T.G.

Those two initials hold a lot of memories for me. They belong to my first love, T.J. Greco. I was in the fifth grade when I started to like T.J. Our parents knew each

other, so I saw him a lot. Everyone was just getting over the "Ew, boys have the cooties" stage, and we were all just noticing our attraction to the opposite sex. I was surer than most about my feelings, and I made it a point to let T.J. know that. I guess we did end up "going out," but back then that only meant talking in school and on the phone, not actually going out to a party or a movie.

However, things changed in the sixth grade when Liza Darnton had our first boy/girl party and, wow, was it exciting! It was a Halloween party, so we all had to dress up. I guess it was better that way because we could cover up our embarrassment and nervousness. We had to go in couples which was a big deal. T.J. invited me to go, and I have never had a feeling like the one I had on the night of that sixth grade party in October in Liza's barn.

I dressed up as a cheerleader, my absolute life-long dream, complete with pom-poms and ponytails. When T.J. picked me up, he was wearing an army uniform, and I think that might have been the first time my heart ever dropped, leaving that tingly sensation in my stomach. Our moms made us take pictures on the lawn, and as much as I pretended to hate it, I loved it because we got to put our arms around each other. At the party, we all got tags put on our backs with the names of famous people on them, and throughout the night, we had to try and find our match. Of course, mine was T.J. because Liza had made her Mom fix the cards so that everyone was matched with her boyfriend. We danced and ate, but the highlight of the night came when we played spin-the-bottle.

I remember so clearly the moment that the bottle stopped and pointed at me. It was as if my life were spinning around, deciding when and where to stop; and, when it finally stopped, it pointed at me as if it was offering me my adulthood and I had to choose whether I wanted to take it or stay a child and pass my turn. Well, of course, as soon as that bottle stopped, I leaned over and kissed T.J. right on the lips! I had my first date, my first boy/girl party, and my first kiss, all in one night, and since then I've never been the same.

Sitting in my room last night, I realized that a lot has changed since sixth grade. I've lost my dream of being a cheerleader, I've experienced more than one first kiss, and I've been to many, many parties where, unfortunately, spin-the-bottle wasn't the highlight. But what I've learned most from growing up is that the majority of the guys whose initials are on that lap desk are not as sweet and respectful as T.J. Greco was that night. That's why they are not so vividly and lovingly remembered.



Untitled

The bottom of the door
Whispers
Across the rug as you enter
the room.
Whoosh.
Click. Click.
The door, closed, latches, and you
turn the lock.
My eyelids are heavy
and I'm only barely aware...
Your overcoat rustles as it
falls to the floor,
And your sweater, crackling
with static electricity,
snaps and crackles and pops as you
tug it past the soft
brown waves of your hair...
My body, my muscles supple
and eased,
shifts over to the edge,
where the covers are cool and
new.
Done chinking and rustling,
you switch off the nightlight
and sigh into bed.
Your soft, warm bareness
next to me,
the faint incense of your
skin,
Eases me.
And,
assured, safe,
I drift away to sleep.

8

Teachers of these Connecticut Student Writers

Beverly Anthony
 Joan Baillargeon
 Kathleen Barmak
 Kathy Barnes
 Shannon Barth
 June B. Bordieri
 Dell Britt
 Alice S. Britton
 Annette Browning
 Susan Buoniconti
 Sheila Cashel
 Barbara Cohen
 Mary Curtiss
 Catherine D'Agostino
 Kathleen W. Donato
 Judith Driscoll
 Cynthia Field
 Mark Furniss
 Pamela Griffith
 Virginia Griggs
 Iris M. Gombert
 Donald Hennigan
 Sarah Houpert
 Frieda Johnson
 Sandra Kretsch
 Marilyn Liberatore
 Penny Liu
 Julie Machen
 Linda M. Mahoney
 Patrick McKiernan
 Barbara Merkelson
 Barbara J. Myer
 Jo-Anne Noonan
 Mary Ann Ray
 Yvonne Redondi
 Paula Robinson
 Kathleen Schwanfelder
 Joan Sereda
 Mary Ellen Sias
 Carolyn W. Simsarian
 Cheryl Timion
 Patricia H. Tremblay

North Windham School
 Central Elementary School
 Bloomfield High School
 Greenwich High School
 Trumbull High School
 Dr. James H. Naylor School
 Newtown Middle School
 Jennings School
 Crystal Lake School
 Nathan Hale School
 Academy Elementary School
 Granby Memorial Middle School
 Trumbull High School
 North Branford High School
 William Strong School
 Jack Jackter Elementary School
 Timothy Edwards Middle School
 Simsbury High School
 Adams Middle School
 Cornwall Consolidated School
 Riverfield Elementary School
 Jack Jackter Elementary School
 Academy Elementary School
 Ridgebury Elementary School
 Kendall Elementary School
 Columbus Magnet School
 Greenwich Academy
 Greenwich High School
 Hazardville Memorial School
 Morgan School
 Bloomfield High School
 Kelly Junior High School
 Jack Jackter Elementary
 St. Bernard School
 Bloomfield High School
 Simsbury High School
 Branford High School
 Laurel Elementary School
 Academy School
 East Hampton High School
 Hazardville Memorial School
 Roaring Brook School