

CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS MAGAZINE

CONNECTICUT WRITING PROJECT

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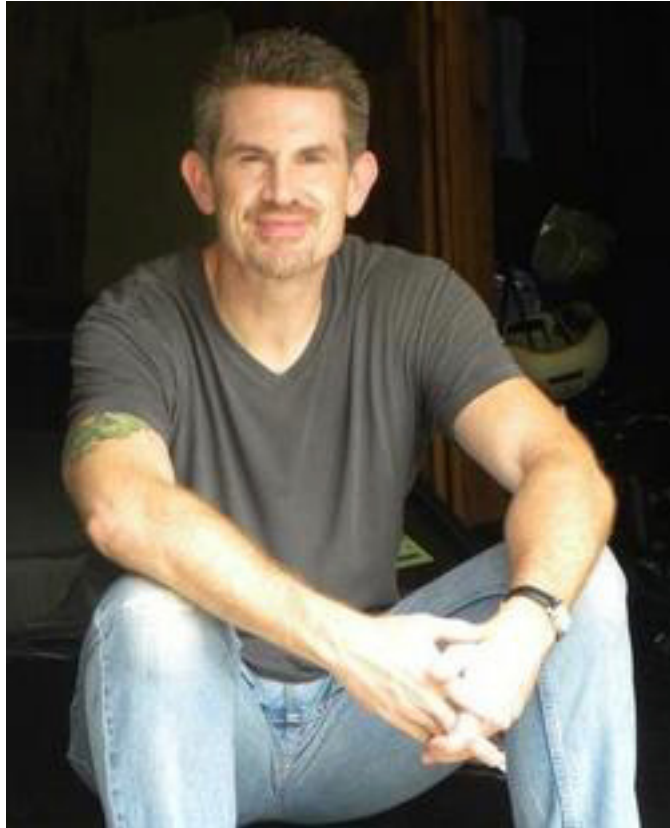
Angela Meng

Back Cover

Theodore Parker

IN MEMORIAM – JASON COURTMANCHE

APRIL 15, 1969 - NOVEMBER 27, 2024



Jason Courtmanche showed up for his first day of student teaching at an alternative high school for at-risk students and found a note on his desk telling him that his cooperating teacher was in Peoria, Illinois attending to her mother's funeral and would be out indefinitely. It was a baptism by fire and one of the best things that ever happened to him, professionally speaking. Jason spent most of his career in Connecticut. He was at the University of Connecticut for 29 of the past 37 years, where he has been an undergraduate English major, a non-degree education student, a doctoral student, an adjunct professor, and now for the past 17 years the Director of the Connecticut Writing Project and in-residence faculty in English, as well as Early College Experience Assistant Coordinator and affiliate faculty in Teacher Education.

– Jason Courtmanche Bio from a book project

Jason Courtmanche was a man of many talents and a master of most – master teacher, master writer; master dreamer; master innovator; master gardener; master husband, father, friend and colleague. The list goes on. Jason had a brilliant mind and a sharp wit. He was an avid reader, as evidenced by the thousands of books lining the walls of his home and office. He had an eidetic memory – he could tell you the plot and characters from novels he’d read decades earlier and cite exhaustive details of nonfiction works. His goal while on medical leave was to read a book a day and, even as sick as he was, he came close to accomplishing that, posting titles, details, and reviews about his latest reads.

Jason was a remarkable and unforgettable man. He wasn’t perfect, but then none of us are, but Jason was a survivor. We nearly lost him in 2020 when the Powassan Virus, a rare tick-borne illness, landed him in the Intensive Care Unit packed in ice with a fever of 107. The Powassan Virus caused encephalitis, a serious inflammation of the brain, which left Jason with some long term effects. Maybe his brain didn’t work quite as well as it had, his eidetic memory slipped sometimes, and he had to write things down in order to remember to do them, but we all joked that he was now closer to being like the rest of us normal humans.

But last spring, Jason became very ill and was eventually diagnosed with a very rare form of cancer that had no known cure and a dire prognosis. But we all knew what a survivor Jason was, so we believed that he would beat this cancer, just like he had beaten the

Powassan Virus and encephalitis. We knew how brave, strong, and resilient he was.

For months he was in and out of the hospital, courageously fighting the deadly disease. His strong, handsome frame weakened as he received a variety of treatments. His wife, Amy Nocton, started a Caring Bridge for him, where she or Jason posted his health journey nearly every day. To get an idea of how wide a circle of family and friends Jason had, that Caring Bridge site has had 32,389 visits.

If courage and strength were all it took to survive cancer, he would still be with us. Jason had an abundance of both. But cancer is wily and deadly. Jason entered the Connecticut Hospice facility in Branford, Connecticut, looking out on a beautiful view of Long Island Sound, on Friday, November 22, 2024, surrounded by family who kept music playlists playing in the background. Sadly, Jason passed away during a beautiful sunrise on Wednesday, November 27, 2024, to the sounds of Nora Jones’ Sunrise and Diana Krall’s version of It Had to Be You.

We do not know what lies beyond this mortal life, but I believe in a hereafter. I like to believe that when a loved one dies, especially when, like Jason, it’s far too early for them to go, it’s because their good energy is needed elsewhere - we just don’t know where. I like to think that Jason is still hiking in majestic forests, writing beautiful poems and other powerful pieces, and having a lively discussion with his favorite authors. Maybe he has finally met Nathaniel Hawthorne, a writer who helped shape his career and his life.

Hawthorne is quoted as saying, “I have

not lived, but only dreamed about living.” That can never be said about Jason. He lived his life to the fullest, savoring every moment, every person, and every word.

Life is not fair. Jason had so many more students left to inspire and far too many more books to read and words to write. No matter how long Jason had lived, it would never have been long enough, but he did live, and he lived well. We, all the people upon whom he had an impact, will remember him—with deep love and respect—always.

Happy trails, dear friend . . .

-Jane Cook, colleague and friend for 17 years



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KINDERGARTEN



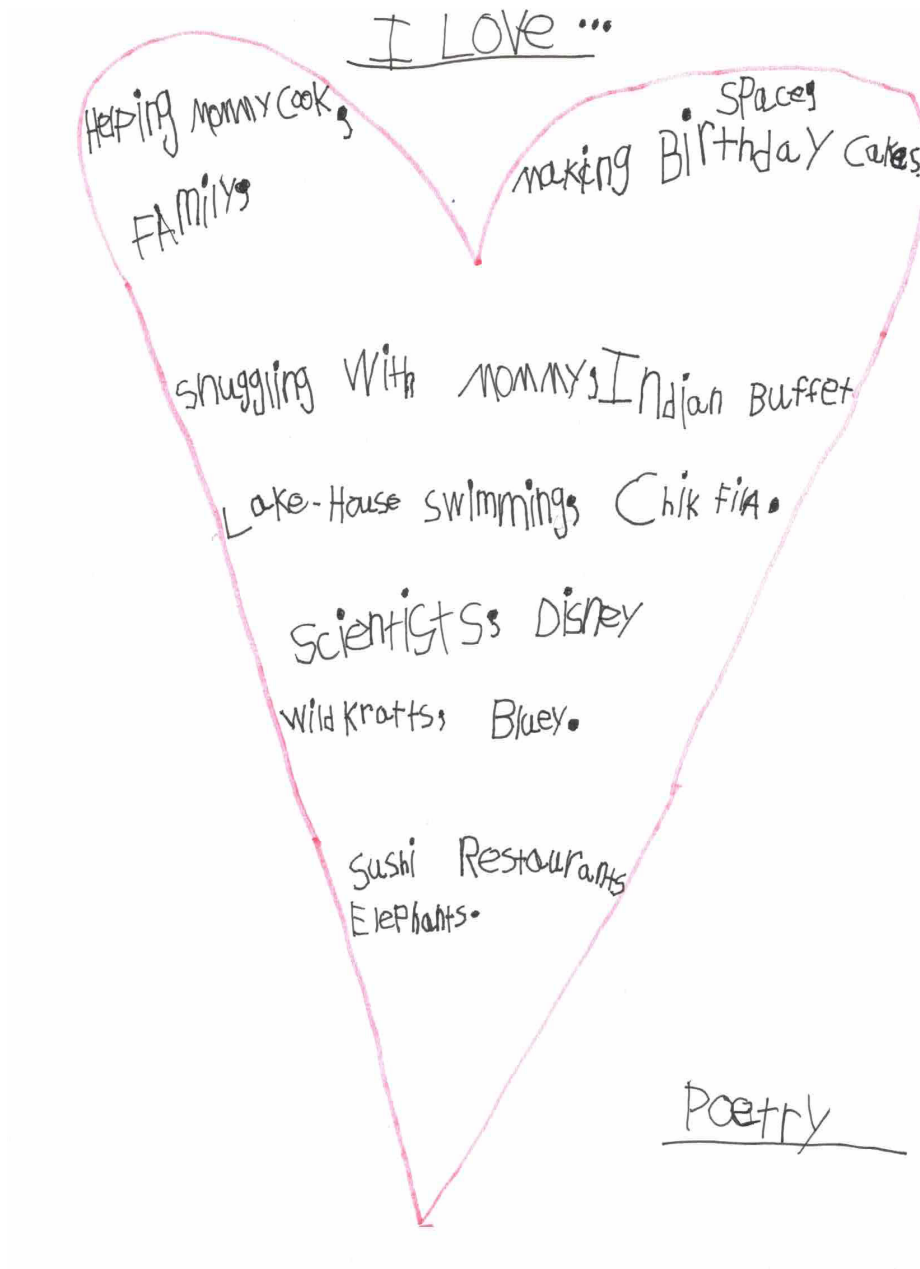
ANDY WARHOL
FLOWER PRINTS
BENJAMIN JAINCHILL (left)

THE FOREST
ELLIS REID (below)



I LOVE...

ELLERY CAMPANA



I Love . . . Helping Mommy cook, space, Family, Making Birthday cakes, snuggling With Mommy, Indian Buffet, Lake-House swimming, Chik fil A, Scientists, Disney, Wild Kratts, Bluey, Sushi Restaurants, Elephants.

GO AWAY SHIRT

HENRY ABBOTT

I do not like my checkered shirt
with the collar.
Whenever I wear it it makes me
want to holler.

“Get this shirt off of me!
It is way too fancy for Henry.”

That shirt is itchy on my neck.
I do not like the purple and blue
check.

I don’t like the collar, or the
buttons, or the sleeves.

Go away shirt, just leave me
please!

THE LOST BOY

ELLIS REID

The Lost boy one
day a boy god ow
+ sied and he went
in the woods and he walk
ed our night and
in the morning he was

on 13 and he was in the
arctic The End.

The Lost boy one day a boy god ow + sied and he went in the woods and he walked all night and in the morning he was on island he was in the arctic The End.

GRADE 1

GHOST PUPPY

UNDER THE MOON

ABIGAIL VALENTIN (right)



SOCCER PRACTICE

OLIN MINOR (below)

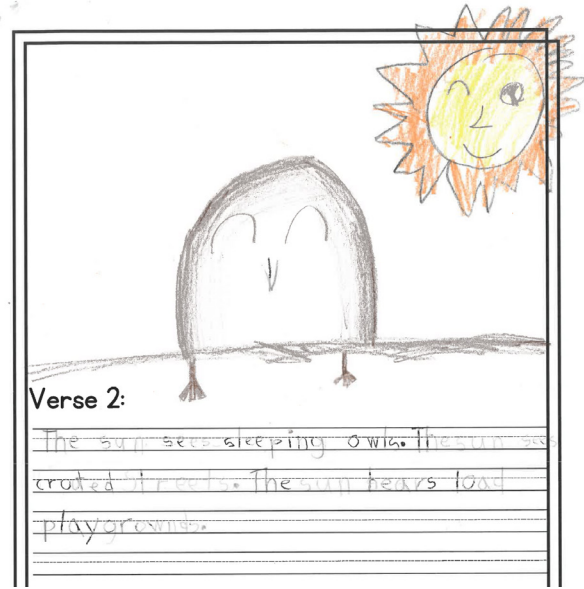


WHAT THE SUN SEES

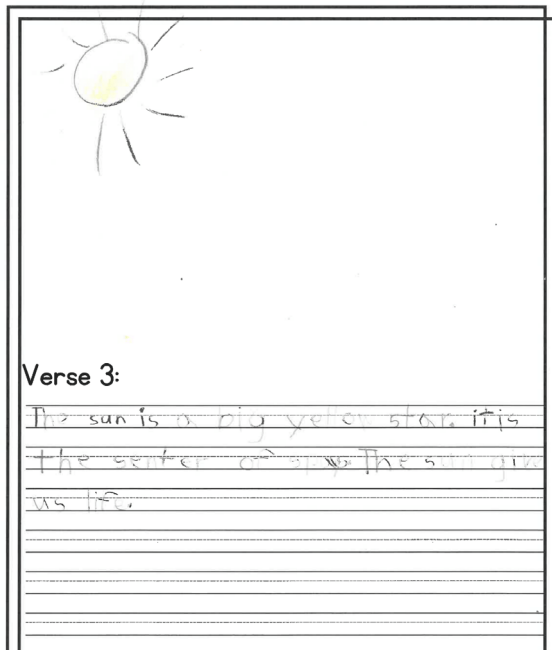
PENELOPE WALSH



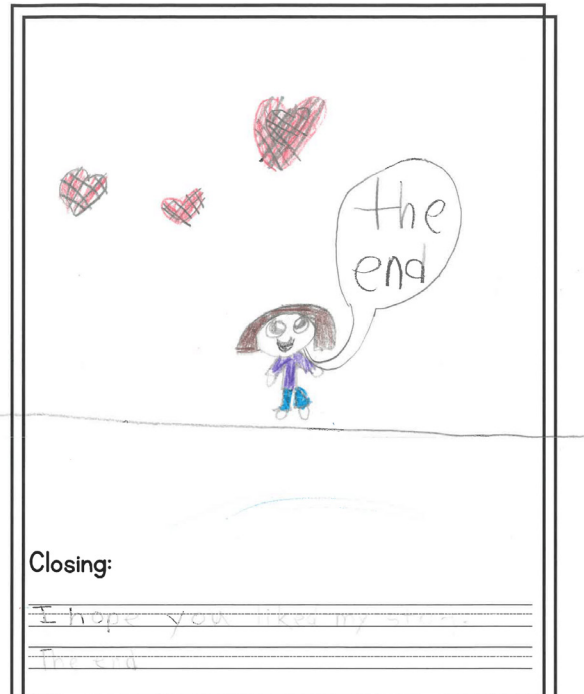
The sun is a brite star. the sun dus not rotate. The sun gives us life. it is surper Hot! SO be cairful.



The sun sees sleeping owls. The sun sees croded streets. The sun hears load playgrounds.



The sun is a big yellow star. it is the senter of spays. The sun gives us life.

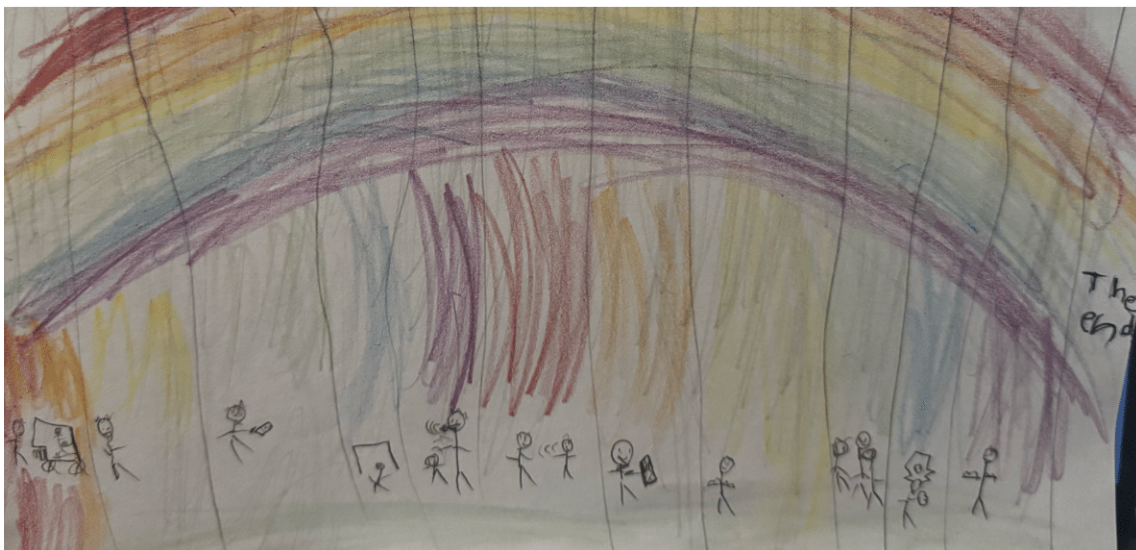


I hope you liked my story. The end.

WHEN I AM LITTLE AND WHEN I AM BIG

LUCAS CASTILLO

When I am little, I have fun.
When I am little, I do a lot of drawing.
When I am little, I get to hide under my bed.
When I am little, I can sneak up on my brother.
When I am little, I go to first grade.
When I am little, my bedtime is 8:30
When I am little, I do a lot of work.
When I am little, I am strong!
When I'm big, I can go out to a movie with my friends.
When I am big, I can have a job and be a police officer.
When I am big my bed time will be 12:21.
When I am big, I will be too big to sneak under my bed.
When I am big, I will get a red car.
And when I am big, I will still be strong!
The end.





DUCKS

SEBASTIAN AVILA-MEDINA (above)

GRADE 2



SPOTTED LIZARD

JULIAN LAPOINTE (right)

CATS

TALIA HARBY

Introduction

In this teaching book you will learn about cats! You will learn about what they eat, what they look like and some fun facts. Cats are cute and wonderful felines.

Chapter #1 Appearance

Cats look cute. They usually have pointy ears and soft fur, but did you know that not all cats look like that? Meet the **sphinx** cat, a cat that does not have any fur, however lots of people in **Egypt** love the sphinx because it reminds them of the sphinx pyramid. All other cats look normal, which have pointy ears and long tails and long **whiskers**.

Chapter #2 Diet

Cats' diet is pretty simple. They eat tuna, which is a type of fish. They also eat fish (any type) They also eat cat food which is obviously kibble. Kibble is dry or wet cat food or dog food.

Chapter #3 Powers (Protections)

Cats have extremely good powers! They also have some great things to protect them! Such as their pointy ears, they can hear from a living room to a backyard which is a power. Cats also have extremely sharp teeth which is a protection. Just like their teeth, cats have very sharp claws that help them sink into their **prey**. Cats' claws also help them protect themselves. They have cool eyesight because it looks blue to them but colors to us!

Chapter #4 Big Cats

When you think of cats you usually think about something small, fluffy and soft. But did you know that not all cats are small, fluffy and soft? Such as lions. Lions are very big, they have very sharp claws and teeth. They eat zebras and ostriches. Now it is time for the tiger to shine. The tiger is black and orange. They camouflage. **Camouflage** is when they blend in their habitat so they can hide to sneak and grab their prey. Now last but not least the jaguar. The jaguar is spotted with black spots. it eats any meat in front of it. All big cats have babies called cubs.

Chapter #5 Fun Facts

Did you know that there are alot of **street cats** in egypt? Yes that's right! Did you know that cats can hear from a living room to a backyard? Did you know that cats whiskers can **navigate** if the space is tight or not? Did you know that kittens meow to their mother but cats meow to you?

Glossary

Whiskers - the whiskers help them navigate where their going.

Camouflage - When a animal blends in with their habitat

Street Cat - a cat that has no home

Prey - a meat eaters food

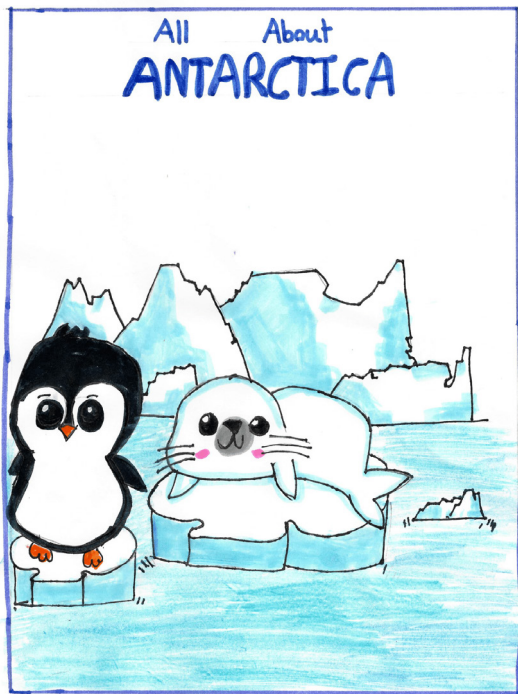
Navigate - means cats feel if it is gonna be tight or just right

Egypt - a country in Africa

Sphinx Cat - A cat with no fur

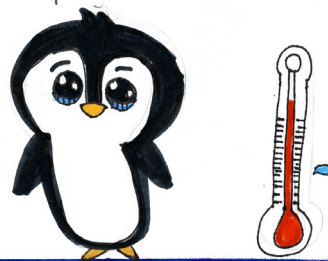
ALL ABOUT ANTARCTICA

SAISHA GIRI



BY: SAISHA GIRI

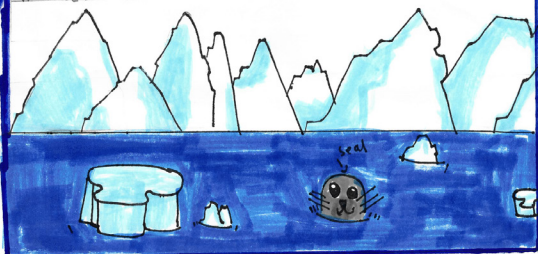
There are 7 continents on Earth which are : Asia, Australia, Africa, Antarctica, Europe, North America and South America. But do you know what is the coldest continent on Earth? The correct answer is Antarctica. And the coldest temperature in Antarctica is -89.2°C (-128.6°F). There are about 5 million penguins in Antarctica. That's a lot of



1

penguins!! But do you know why there are so many penguins in Antarctica? That's because penguins adapted to the cooling temperatures of the continent after forming their own species around 50 million years ago.

Do you know that Antarctica is a desert? Yes Antarctica is a desert, but do you know why? Because it receives very little precipitation despite being covered in ice. Wow!



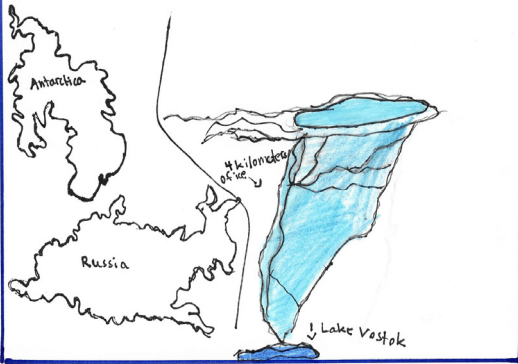
2

Do you think that there are no flower blooming plants on the surface of Antarctica? Actually there are some plants on the surface of Antarctica. Some plants like : Antarctic Hairgrass and Antarctic Pearlwort. And Antarctic Hairgrass and Antarctic Pearlwort are the only flower blooming plants in Antarctica.



3

Did you know that Antarctica is 5.275 million mi^2 large and although Russia is a country but Russia is 3.1 million square kilometers larger than Antarctica. Wow! That's so large!!... And this fact about Antarctica will blow your mind: Lake Vostok is a freshwater lake in Antarctica buried under 4 kilometers of ice!!!



4

That is quite deep! This fact about Antarctica will also blow your mind: Antarctica is almost entirely within the Antarctic circle, where you can see the midnight sun! Wow! So cool!

Antarctica is covered in ice sheets, glaciers, icebergs and ice shelves. Ice sheets, glaciers, icebergs and ice shelves are very cold. BRR!



5

Wow! We have learnt a lot of facts about Antarctica! Let's meet again in our next adventure All About The Amazon Rainforest! Hope you enjoyed this Antarctica tour!



6

SUZY AND SARAH

SARAH DE WILDE

Once there was a girl named Sarah de Wilde. Sarah had a stuffy named Suzy. She was a white bunny. Sarah really loved Suzy and even believed she was real! Sarah was shy and did not have many friends so it was helpful to have Suzy by her side. One morning Sarah got up, got dressed and grabbed Suzy. Then she went downstairs and had breakfast. While she had breakfast she put Suzy down. When she finished her breakfast she got Suzy. But when she did she noticed something, Suzy was in a different position! “Did Suzy move?” Sarah thought “Maybe!” She thought again but she did not have time to think about that because she needed to get ready for school. At school Sarah put Suzy in her locker and went to her fourth grade class. When it was lunch time Sarah went to her locker to get her lunchbox. When she saw Suzy she hugged her. Sarah wished she could bring Suzy to lunch but she was not allowed too. At lunch Sarah thought about how Suzy moved that morning. And then she thought “what if Suzy really is alive? It would be AMAZING to catch Suzy again and figure out she was real!” Sarah decided to try and catch Suzy moving again. That evening while Sarah was doing her writing homework she thought about how she would catch Suzy. She decided she would NOT trap Suzy because that would not be nice. But Sarah did have another idea! Sarah decided that she would put Goldfish (Suzy’s favorite food) in front of Suzy and count the exact number of Goldfish. And later she would come back and check if any of the Goldfish were gone. Sarah

was very excited about this plan! She decided to call it Operation Goldfish. The next day at breakfast Sarah set up Operation Goldfish and put Suzy in front of it. When Sarah was done getting ready for school she checked if Suzy ate any Goldfish but sadly she did not! Or maybe Sarah counted wrong. At lunch that day Sarah decided to try to catch Suzy AGAIN. But she could not use Operation Goldfish another time! Sarah needed to think of a new plan. The next day Sarah wanted to think about catching Suzy while riding on the bus. But she could not because she always sat with her sister & brother (Maya & Lukas) on the bus. And they would not be happy if she did not sit with them! And the reason she could not think about Suzy was because her sister always talked to her on the bus. On the way to school, Sarah talked to Maya & Lukas and then they were there. And at school Sarah had to focus on her schoolwork so she could not think about Suzy in class. But finally at lunch she could think about catching Suzy! Sarah’s new plan was to use a security camera! She remembered her brother Lukas had a security camera in his room. So Sarah decided to use that security camera to catch Suzy. Later that day when Sarah was home she ran to Lukas’s room and grabbed the security camera! But when she did Lukas went to his room and saw Sarah with HIS security camera! Lukas was mad and Sarah was scared! Lukas quickly ran to his room and grabbed the security camera! Sarah ran to her room and locked the door! Luckily Suzy was there. But Sarah needed a

new plan to catch Suzy. That night Sarah and Maya talked & then went to sleep. But Sarah could not fall asleep that night. She kept thinking about what happened earlier that day with Lukas and the security camera and then Sarah got a brilliant idea for her next plan! Sarah's idea was to combine both of her other plans into one big plan! But this time Sarah would ASK Lukas to borrow his security camera & hopefully he would say yes! The next morning Sarah felt good & excited about her new plan! Sarah put Suzy in her backpack and went to school. The next day after school Sarah asked if she could borrow his security camera and at first he said no but eventually Sarah convinced him. The next day Sarah put Suzy in her backpack and went to school. When Sarah got to school she put Suzy in her locker and went to class. But at lunch Sarah slipped and hurt her ankle really bad! Sarah's food went flying! Everybody started laughing at her! And Sarah was crying but Suzy was not there! Suzy was in Sarah's locker. Suzy could hear Sarah crying in the cafeteria! Suzy did not know what she should do! But eventually Suzy just climbed out of the locker and ran to the cafeteria! Luckily Suzy was small & nobody in the hallway saw her. When Suzy got to the cafeteria she ran over to Sarah lucky nobody saw her. But when Sarah saw Suzy she was so surprised! Sarah immediately hugged Suzy. Then Sarah tried to get up. But she could not because her ankle hurt so much! The lunch ladies noticed and helped Sarah up. The next day Sarah had a cast on her ankle. She had sprained her ankle the other day! At least now she knew Suzy was real! But Sarah was still in a lot of pain. Also the other day Suzy told Sarah to keep it a secret that she was alive. And Sarah said "I

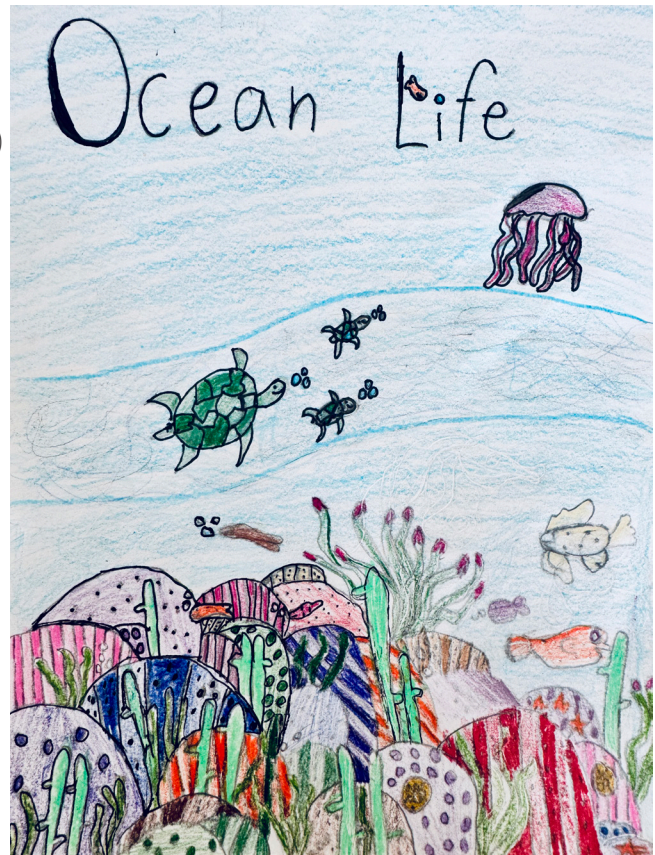
know." Sarah did keep it a secret & they all lived happily ever after!

THE END

(I love Suzy)

This story is dedicated to my family and my stuffed animal Suzy.

OCEAN LIFE
EMILIA JIMENEZ GROSS (right)



MUSHROOM LAND
ISABELLA PFAU (below)



GRADE 3

THE CLOAKED FIGURE

TADHGÁN McOMBER

Darkness. That's all 10-year-old Emily saw as she walked through the moonlit park. She loved it there and not just because of the tulips in the field beyond, or the sound of the 2-year-olds' playful screams as they slid down the slides of the playground. She loved it there because she felt safe there.

As she walked, she began to feel like someone, or something was watching her. But of course, she must have been tired. It was already 6:00. So, she walked until she got to the end of the park and then she turned around calmly. But as soon as she had taken her first step, she saw something up ahead. It looked like a person but as it got closer, she could see it was wearing a long black cloak and beneath the hood, she saw two sapphire eyes with no pupil!

Emily gasped and ran. The thing lunged for her, grabbing her arm. Finally, its white, bony hands started to fall apart, turning into ashes. The same thing happened with the body. And from under the cloak a huge brown snake slithered out striking for her, its fangs gleaming in the moonlight...then it disappeared. Emily got up and ran. The alley seemed to close in around her, like an endless tunnel. She felt like a three-headed dog was chasing her. She ran, and ran, without even knowing where she was going.

After what seemed like forever, she reached her house.

Luckily, Emily found a new way home. But she never dared to go back to the park she loved, but now deeply feared.

THE BUG

ELLA ROHDE

It's summer. I'm finally in Italy. Sweating I walk up to the garden with my grandpa, Nonno, and my sister Sophie. We walk up to the grapes for wine. I taste the salty sweat falling from my forehead. Soon we get to the top, "It's beautiful" I murmur.

Just then we spot some bugs in the grapes. I smile and ask "You need to catch them?" "Si Ella" ["Yes Ella"] nonno replies grinning. I look at the container in my hand. Smiling I pass it to nonno.

We were supposed to be getting grasshoppers but I don't mind. He catches them and smiles explaining that these might be bugs that kill the grapes! He tells us the bugs are called 'Popilia japonica' and me and my sister chant it all the way down to the house.

When we get to the porch, nonno passes me the container. I sit down and observe the little critters scampering around getting slower by the second. I didn't know if to feel sorry for them or not. Tapping my foot I ask "Guarda, non sono belli?" ["Look, aren't they pretty?"] to my nonna. She nods in an unpromising way.

I look down at the container and shake it slowly. I can hear their hard shells clinking softly on the side of the container. "Sorry" I mutter to them. Their shiny scales look worn out from all the shaking.

Just then nonno gets an iPad to see if the bugs. "It's the bad bug" exclaims Sophie. My eyebrows raise and I laugh to nonno, "Can I squish them with you?" He nods. A smile goes from my face to his. We walk to the driveway and count to three. On three we open the container and let the bugs out. We squish two

but one gets away.

I watch it fly far into the blue sky "Don't kill nonno's plants!" I chuckle under my breath. We walk back to the garden when nonno announces, "We must check the grapes to make sure there are no more of those bugs!". We start from the top of the garden and begin to check them. It is hot and it is tiring and I wouldn't want to do anything else than cool down, but I feel I have to stay. My sister and I listen carefully whenever we find something and nonno explains what it is.

And that's when I think about how I loved everything in my life, my family, my heritage, and me.

MY 49ERS SWEATSHIRT

EMILIA ABBOTT

My 49ers sweatshirt feels like a warm hug from Popsie.
It smells like Grandma's pumpkin cookies, fresh from the
oven, and it sounds like me and Popsie cheering on our
team.

My 49ers sweatshirt looks like us all snuggled up on the
couch, and it tastes like a bowl full of buttery popcorn from
Grandma's kitchen.

When I wear it to school some of the boys say "never wear
that again!!!! We are Patriots fans!!!!!"

I wear it anyway, but want to know a secret? I am a Patriots
fan too. Just don't tell Popsie ;)

IN DECEMBER

PETER HANSEN

In December, Christmas is here
bringing presents covered in colorful wrapping,
listening to family laughing and talking.

I am smelling decorated pine trees,
and tasting Christmas breakfast
and my mom's gingerbread and sugar cookies.

In December, the earth is sleeping
under a soft white blanket,
and few animals or plants are awake or growing.

In December, winter has control over living things.
Only a few poke through the white blanket of snow.

In December, most animals are hidden away in burrows
or have flown south.

In December, joy washes away sadness and fear
because Christmas is the birth of Jesus.

In December, rivers pull up their waters
under a thick, see-through quilt for sleep.

In December, the world is tucked away until spring.

THE RUNAWAY CHICKEN

ANAYA ABBASI

'The Runaway Chicken'

Once upon a time, on a lush green farm up in the meadows, lived a good fat and juicy chicken named Penny. She loved to peck at her food whether it was worms or grain, bread or fruit. She fluffed and dressed her feathers every morning. She spent most of her time walking around the farm, talking to her friends, and patrolling her surroundings.

One day, all was normal and routine^① not run that fast but it had to be done to save her life. She said her goodbyes and took the first chance to escape. Through the fence, down the meadow, past the stream, and into the dark forest, Penny disappeared. Exhausted and sad, she taught herself to find food, survive alone, and fight enemies. She started exercising and became strong and brave. She made new friends and with their help, she rescued many others who had followed^③

until Penny witnessed something shocking. She saw one of her friends walking towards the barn with Farmer Betty. At first, all was calm and quiet but then a loud ruckus. Out came the farmer with a headless bird swaying back and forth.

Danger! Penny was terrified for her life and knew she had to escape or else, she was next.

Penny knew it was not going to be easy because she was heavy and could^②

in her footsteps.

Penny became a legend on the farm because of her old friends. They told Penny's escape story to their young ones. A story about believing in oneself, bravery, and freedom.

Animals from across the forest would visit the heroic chicken who became a helping hand and a symbol of courage. Penny's story teaches all that heroes can come in all shapes and sizes and^④

freedom is worth fighting for and
determination can lead to journeys of
change. Believe in yourself, no matter who you
are and the world will believe in you.

Anaya Abbasi

3rd Grade

Mrs. Gosler (305)

Once upon a time, on a lush green farm up in the meadows, lived a good fat and juicy chicken named Penny. She loved to peck at her food whether it was worms or grain, bread or fruit. She fluffed and dressed her feathers every morning. She spent most of her time walking around the farm, talking to her friends, and patrolling her surroundings. One day, all was normal and routined until Penny witnessed something shocking. She saw one of her friends walking towards the barn with Farmer Betty. At first, all was calm and quiet but then a loud ruckus. Out came the farmer with a headless bird swaying back and forth. Danger! Penny was terrified for her life and knew she had to escape or else she was next. Penny knew it was not going to be easy because she was heavy and could not run that fast but it had to be done to save her life. She said her goodbyes and took the first chance to escape. Through the fence, down the meadow, past the stream, and into

the dark forest, Penny disappeared. Exhausted and sad, she taught herself to find food, survive alone, and fight enemies. She started exercising and became strong and brave. She made new friends and with their help, she rescued many others who had followed in her footsteps.

Penny became a legend on the farm because of her old friends. They told Penny's escape story to their young ones. A story about believing in oneself, bravery, and freedom.

Animals from across the forest would visit the heroic chicken who became a helping hand and a symbol of courage. Penny's story teaches all that heroes can come in all shapes and sizes and freedom is worth fighting for and determination can lead to journeys of change. Believe in yourself, no matter who you are and the world will believe in you.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A DOG!

RUBY WILSON

How To Take Care Of A Dog!



BY: Ruby Wilson

1

Introduction



When you are reading this book you will learn lots of things about dogs like: What you need to have a dog in chapter 1. What dogs eat in chapter 2. What toys you need for a dog in chapter 3. How good is dog eye vision in chapter 4. Dogs hearing in chapter 5. What types of dogs are there in chapter 6. So get ready to read an awesome book about dogs and have fun reading this book about dogs. But remember this book is about how to have and take care of a dog.

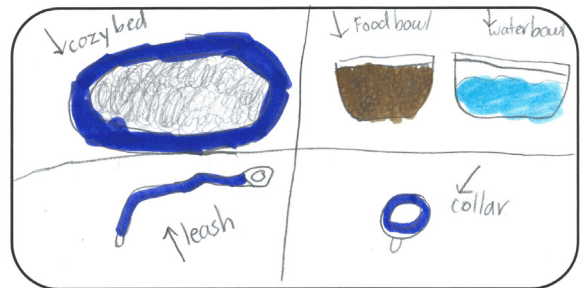
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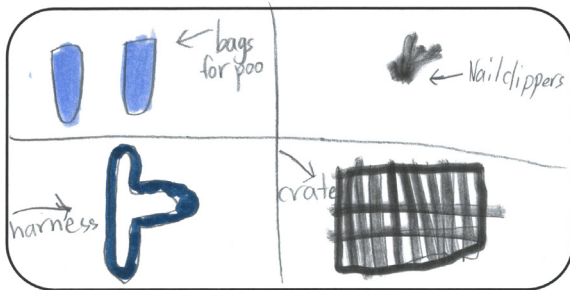
Chapter 1. What you need to have a dog



Dogs are pretty simple to have. They are great companions but to have a dog you need to have these things. A cozy bed to keep your dog healthy and warm. You also need a dog bowl to feed your dog. You need food to put in the dog bowl. You also need a water bowl for your dog's water so you keep the food and the water so you keep the food and water separate. You need toys to keep your dog from being bored. You also

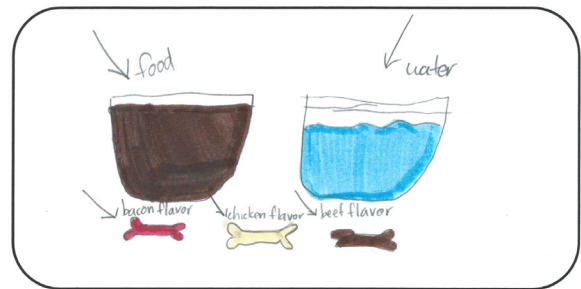
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Chapter 2. What A Dog Eats



need a leash to take your dog for walks. You also need a collar and you need to put your phone number on the name tag. On the collar. Some more toys you can get is bones. You also need bags incase your dog needs to go poo, Nail clippers, harness, crate.

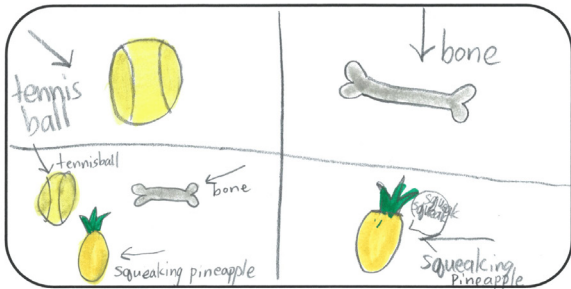
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Lots of dogs eat dog food also called kibble. Dogs like it a lot but guess what you've probably heard this before but dogs only eat kibble day and night. For a treat... Treats are like a dessert for dogs. Dogs like all flavors like bacon or beef or chicken dogs like all those kinds of treats. I think that dogs might like the bacon because lots of people like the food bacon.

6

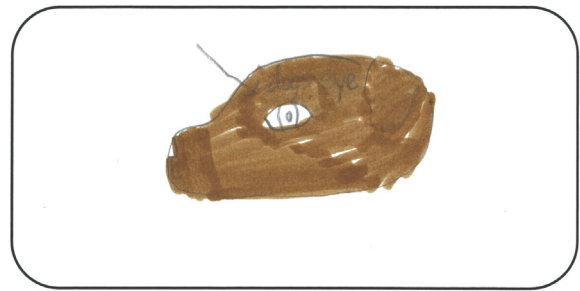
Chapter 3. What toys do you need for a dog



Dogs love playing with toys. It's what keeps them from being bored. They love playing with toys such as bones to chew, and they squeak. They also really like balls that you can throw. Then they have to go chase the ball and bring it back so you can throw it again and they'll go get it.

7

Chapter 4. How good is dog eye vision



Dogs can see very well. Although they can only see certain colors. Dogs only can see these certain colors: Black, White, Gray, blue, yellow, Pink.

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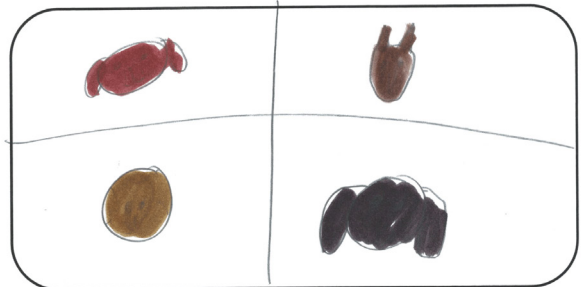
Chapter 5. Dogs hearing



Dogs are really good at hearing. They can hear from over a mile away. If your dog hears something and runs chase them and there name until they come. If they run you'll probably think blow a whistle. Fun Fact if a small noise happens and your dog is miles away they can probably hear it.

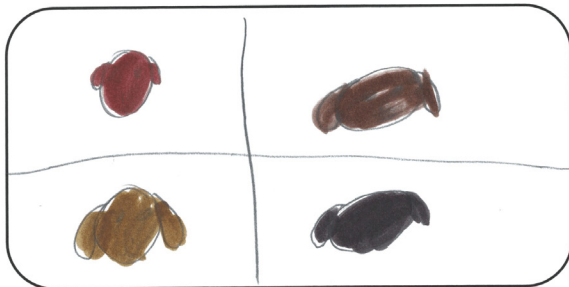
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Chapter 6. What types of dogs are there



There are lots of types of dogs. In fact more than 100. There are even mutts. That means mixs of dog types. Some dogs are long some are short. Some are tall some are short. There are lots of sizes of dogs. Some types are Golden retrievers, blood hounes, Great danes, Bernes Mountain Dogs, and so much more. Dogs have different groups. Like the sporting group, working group. There are lots of

10



different types of groups for dogs like Herding, Toy, hound, sporting, Non-sporting and Terrier. There are also Canines wich are police dogs also known as regular dogs.

11

Conclastion



Now that you know all about dogs I think it's time for you to get your own but just so you know your dog that your getting (if you get one) is going to start out as a puppy so you should use the same tips in this book called How To Take Care Of A Dog. I hope you enjoyed this book because I enjoyed making this book. SO READ ON!

12



**GIRL FLYING IN THE
MOONLIGHT**

EMY CORDERO (top left)



SEASHELLS ON THE BEACH

DHRUV IYER (top right)

GRADE 4



MY DREAM BEDROOM

AUDREY KOTTARATHARA (left)

BOOKS

SADE WINKLER

In the Library,
tucked safely in old wooden shelves,
lie millions
and millions of
books.

The books are dusty,
very, very dusty,
but some are
old, young, BIG, and small.

Most of all,
all of these
amazing, wonderful books,
are waiting for someone to read their
bold, delicate pages.

Once I pick up a book
I know it will be my very best friend
but once I hear
the sad mumbling of the other books
I stop, I turn,
and then I grab as many books as I can,
telling the Librarian I will read and take care
of them all.

Then I remember dinner is in 6 minutes
so I run, run, run out of the Library
“huff” “puff”
I run home as fast as a cheetah
then finally, I make it home just in time for
dinner.
At home, I eat dinner

munch! munch! munch!
then I sort my Library books
my room feels like a deadly, dangerous, dark
place
but my books light up the room with the colors

Red

Orange

Yellow

Green

Blue

Purple

Pink

Brown

Black

Gray

Peach

and so many more.

Then I do one of my favorite things
I smell them
I smell their old wrinkly wonderful smell
sniff sniiiff
ahhhh wonderful.

And now comes my most favorite, favorite,
favorite part
I dive in and read my beautiful books
every word is like a new friend
hoping to be read again
and again
and again
squealing with delight when I read it.
I’m reading my books with all the time of the

I skip up and down the page
and then skip to the next page
and the next
feeling proud that I can read for hours and
hours

then I stop
and think about my life
I look down to my body
and realize I'm my own book
the one, the only book.

LIFE IN WORDS

MICHELLE VARGHESE

Between the bushes the hedge lays
A cottage in the woods a dream awaits
The stories appear but never stays
The night sky told in words
Glowing in the ashes late and nigh
Knights and damsels in distress
With gold crowns lifted high
The branches start to whisper and sway
For it shall be sealed
So B. It
Knights and warriors
Peace on the Mountain
Tribal dances
The horses prances
To Travel Through Time
How to... and What to...
Flood my mind
All my thoughts are intertwined
For we feel Invisible
Even though it's Nothing Else But Miracles
The Moon by Night
A pang of hope - a tiny vision
Somewhere, Someplace
No one place to start
No one mission
But only a thousand and one rocks left unturned

FAMILY TRIP TO DISNEY WORLD

LILLIANA DELMASTRO

My name is Mia. I am 10 years old, and my brother, Finn, is 13 years old. Two weeks ago, my parents said that our family is going to Disney World to celebrate my 10th birthday. I have never been to Disney World, but my mom and dad have been there when they were kids. I'm so excited, however, my brother is not happy about going to Disney World. Finn says that Disney World is for babies. Finn's favorite movie is Peter Pan. When he was 2 years old, he used to like it because it said pan. No one remembers that, only he does. Finn now says that he likes the movie because of the action and a little because of Pan. Tomorrow we will get to fly on a plane! My brother and I just got new luggage and are so excited. We will start driving to the airport at 7:00 pm. The drive from my house to the airport will take 1 hour, so we should get there by 8:00 pm if there is no traffic. It is a 3-hour plane ride to Orlando, Florida. Our flight is at 8:30 pm, so we won't get there until 11:30 pm. Once we land in Florida, we will have a taxi bring us to the hotel for the night. The next morning, we plan to check into a hotel in Disney. I cannot wait to go to the theme parks.

The day has finally arrived!! We just made it to the airport after 8 pm. Finn and I watched a Disney movie during the car ride. We plan on watching a bunch more during the plane ride. We boarded the plane on time, and the flight was smooth. I'm so tired! I can't wait to go to sleep. Once we got to the hotel, Finn passed out, but I had such a hard time falling asleep. The excitement of knowing that we're going to

have so much fun at all the theme parks during our Disney stay is keeping me wide awake. My mind is racing!!

“Good Morning :)” “Let's go to the Amusement Park. I am so excited!!” “Meh,” said Finn. Mom and Dad said it was time to get up and out of bed. I told Finn to hurry! I could not wait to get to the Amusement Park. Mom told Finn that he was going to love every minute of today. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Finn roll his eyes at me. Thirty minutes later, we arrived at the Amusement Park, and I immediately wanted to go on a roller coaster. I grabbed Finn's arm, and we ran towards the Rock 'n' Roller Coaster and the swings, which are called Silly Symphony swings. The day was full of rides, yummy food, and so many characters. I had the best day, and even though Finn won't admit it, I think he did too.

The next day, we went to Animal Kingdom. At Animal Kingdom, we went on a safari ride and saw so many beautiful animals. We saw giraffes, elephants, and even lions. It was really awesome to see the animals that we have only ever read about in our favorite childhood books. My most absolute favorite animal of the day was this sweet little baby elephant. It reminded me of what Dumbo would look like. Dumbo has always been such a favorite movie of mine!!

The days have flown by, and our time in Disney World has sadly come to an end. This

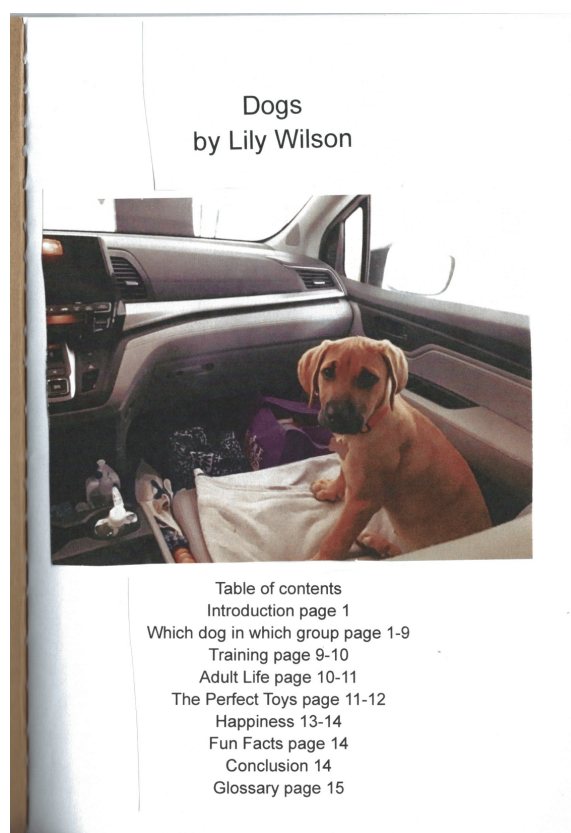
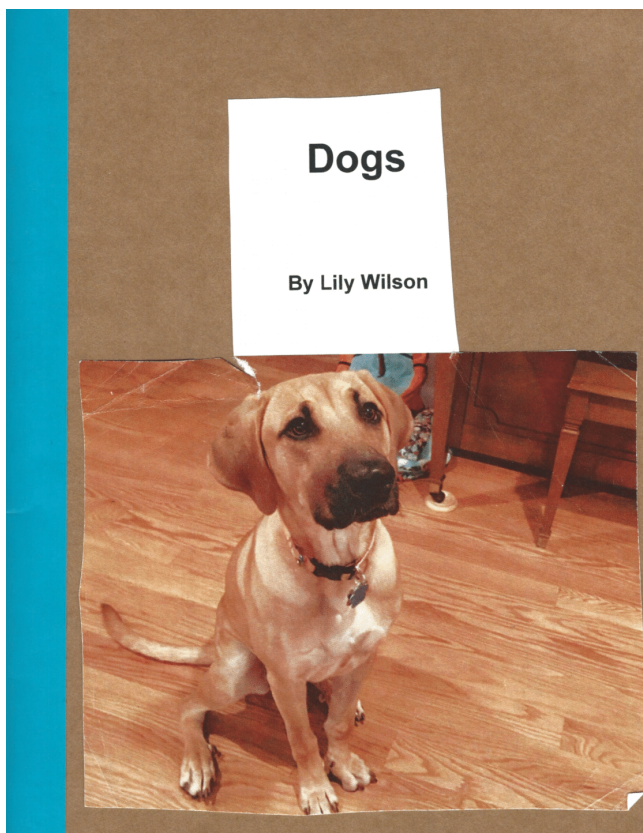
evening, we safely made it back home. Our family had an amazing time together in Disney World. The hotel was beautiful and the food was amazing. I'll never forget this trip and all of the Disney characters that we met. My absolute favorite character breakfast was at Chef Mickey's. They had the best food, and I got to see all of Mickey's friends. It was a magical way to celebrate my 10th birthday!! I can't wait to share some pictures of my family and I while we were at Disney World!

A Picture of our family at Disney World.

The End.

DOGS

LILY WILSON



For each group I have picked a representative to show how these dogs are built and fun facts about them. But before we get started, I want to tell you about a type of dog that isn't part of any breed. These dogs are called mutts. These dogs are part of two or more breeds. They are very common compared to a dog which is a regular breed.

For the working group I have picked the Bernese Mountain dog for the working group. These dogs are very relaxed and They are lovable to families. Their common nickname is "Berners." They can live 7 to 10 years. They are easier to train than most dogs. They are bigger than you think. They have tri-colored fur. Their colors are brown, black and white. Sometimes to replace the brown they can be tan. They are loving pets.

Chapter 1: Introduction

Are you lonely sometimes? Do you feel like you need a friendly and loving companion? Well, you should get a dog! These furry animals are perfect for pets. In this book, you are going to learn how to train, care for them, and more. At the end of this book, if you decide to — which breed?

Chapter 2: Which One in Which Group?

There are lots of different types of dogs — over 300 breeds. Breeds come in lots of different groups. All these groups of breeds are put in different groups by the American Kennel Club — an association of dog organizers. The types of:

For each group I have picked a representative to show how these dogs are built and fun facts about them. But before we get started I want to tell you about a type of dog that isn't part of any breed. These dogs are called **mutts**.

These dogs are part of two or more breeds. They are very common compared to a dog which is a regular breed.



(photo: Lily W.)

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The toy

The working group

The sporting group

The non-sporting group

The hound group

The herding group

Next up for the sporting group I picked the Golden Retriever. These dogs are often very smart. They love to play with their families. Also, they are very loyal to their families. They are also a very common family breed. They are usually a very common breed in general, not just for families. They also love to look friendly most of the time. Some of them have wavy or straight fur or maybe a little bit of both. They always have undercoats as well. These coats keep them the right temperature. Some of these dogs can be blond and some dark gold. A person named Lord Tweedmouth brought Golden Retrievers into the world by breeding other dogs. They are originally from Scotland.

They are very easy to train. Their life span is 10 to 12 years. They are loving pets.

Next, we have the Dalmatian. This dog is representing the non-sporting group. These dogs are usually very strong. They usually have very striking looks. They have spots of all different shapes and sizes along their fur. They are not too big — about medium-sized. They have very long legs, and they can also have black or brown spots! They are in between easy and hard to train. They are impressively born with no spots. They are originally from Dalmatia in Croatia. They can be circus dogs or couch potatoes. They are very cautious of their family. They are popularly known as fire dogs, and they are still used as mascots. Some bark when new people come. Lastly, they need lots of exercise.

Next, we have the terrier group. For this group I picked the Scottish Terrier. They are very brave for a small dog. Their common nickname is "Scotties." They can be harder to train than most dogs. These little dogs are lovable and their little bodies are covered with fur. They are a great pet for many people. Especially since they are small, they are easy to cuddle. They almost have what looks like a beard. This piece of fur grows down their chin. They love when you stroke it.

They do not have a friendly expression like most dogs. Instead, they have a serious one. They are even more cute with this look. Like almost every other dog I have mentioned, they can have patterns on their fur. The most common pattern is wavy. They also have three common colors for their fur: brindle, black,

or wheaten. Their life span is 11 to 13 years. They can be very independent also. They were once used for hunting. Now they are the best pets ever.

For the next group, we have the toy group. We have the Chihuahua. These dogs are one of the smallest dogs. But remember — small has its advantages. They can be one of the most common breeds for families with little kids. They are usually very skinny, but despite their looks, you will love them. They are really hard to train. They live 15 to 17 years. These dogs have very big round eyes along with ears that stick up. These features give them a serious look. They can weigh up to 6 pounds. They have different patterns on their fur.

Most are not very shaggy though. Most are as slick as a fox. They can be chocolate, black, fawn, or tan. They have an ancient ancestor called Techichis. They come from Mexico. They came to the United States in 1850. These dogs like to ride in their owners' bags. These dogs like to cuddle and are loving.

For the herding group, I picked the Border Collie. These dogs are very energetic. They love their work as herding dogs. Since they are very energetic, they are good dogs for people who like to run. They are one of the smartest dogs in the world. They are always ready to protect their owners at all times. They are not too big. They have long double coats to keep them warm during the winter months. They are really easy to train. They can live 10 to 17 years. They are strong and pretty fast for a dog. They have different patterns on their fur. Their common colors are black and white. They are

usually found on farms to herd sheep. They are originally from the United Kingdom. The farmers train the dogs to follow a series of signals. They are popular in dog shows because they are very smart. They joined the herding group in 1995. They love to play and run.

Out of all 300 breeds, the one I'm about to talk about is the fastest of them all. It's the Greyhound! These dogs are affectionate and always want to cuddle. They are a lean and skinny breed. Even though they are fast, they are still lovable. These dogs have long legs and a head that's as narrow as a canyon. But on the downside, they are pretty hard to train.

They can live 10 to 13 years. They usually have folded ears. But they can be 70 pounds! That's 32 kilograms! They can grow up to two feet tall — which is pretty impressive for a dog. Brindle is the rarest type of coat for a Greyhound. Red, white, and fawn are the most common. They are mostly one solid color, but some can be spotted. These dogs are originally from Egypt. They were used for hunting. They were introduced to the United States in the 1500s. They joined the hound group in 1885. They are loving dogs. That wraps up our chapter of the different types of dogs in the groups. Hope you have made some decisions.

Chapter 3: Training

Training dogs is easy — you need to know how to do it the right way. Some people think you have to yell at the dog to get it to listen. Others think you have to give it plenty of exercise along with the yelling. That's not right either. Some think you have to hit the dog when it does something wrong. That's not right either. As you can see, exercise and hitting and yelling don't work. You need to have them be able to understand you, then start with the basic training.

After that, you do it in a routine. For example: when you get up every morning, you let them outside to go to the bathroom. Then when they come back in, you give them their breakfast. Then they go on with their day. After you do this over and over again, you make sure they get the idea. Then you start getting a little stricter — but not yelling. Then you get a bit more strict, and so on. But as they get more used to it, they will get better trained. And after you do this for a while, they finally get trained. This could take years! Some are easy, some are harder.

Chapter 4: Adult Life

It can be hard for your dog to grow up, so try to comfort them as much as you can. Dogs have periods of time like puppies. When puppies get to be around 6 to 7 months old, they start having periods of time. Like, for instance, there could be a point in the day when puppies want to play or sleep — you have to just let them do that. But growing into adults, they get rid of those periods. It can be hard for them. Like, say you had a favorite pair of slippers

— then you grew out of them. You would feel pretty sad. Same with dogs. Maybe they liked having a lot of energy to play, or miss all the toys that they chewed up. Then they start eating more, which isn't much for them. But what I'm saying is that growing up is hard. They will have less energy. Less time for toys. It can be hard. Try to help them adjust to their adult life. That will help.

Chapter 5: The Perfect Toys

All dogs need toys — or even maybe bones like rawhides. Some dogs prefer fabric or rubber. Some like only bones. If they like all three, you get them all three. But some are too strong for all three! That is very rare. But do you know what? Some dogs can! So you just let them chew on something else. But if they start destroying your house, then you have a problem — because your house will be destroyed. So you have to go to a pet store and check the label of the type of toy they like. If it says “very strong,” then you are good to go.



STILL LIFE

ANGELA MENG (above)

GRADE 5

Theo



SCHOOL PENCIL

THEODORE PARKER (right)

ME

ISABEL MAYER

I like how when I read the words wrap around me like hugs and warm blankets.
I like how when I write, words and feelings come gushing out of me in glistening
waterfalls.

I like how when I do art I can feel as free as a bird.

I like how words come together to make sentences, and sentences come
together to make paragraphs and paragraphs into chapters into stories.

I like how I can sing low and high and to the beat and let everything come spilling
out playing instruments.

I like how my stuffed animals make me feel safe at night like guardian angels
over their humans.

I like how I love to learn and try new things even when I want to shrink back from
the task.

I LOVE how I can be me and only me whenever and however I would like and I
want to stay like that forever.

MY BRAVE AVOCADO

AALIYAH TORRES

Oh Dad, ever since I was a little girl, you used to carry me in your arms.
Now I'm too big. I used to sit in a car seat with a big silly smile
Now I sit in the backseat without a comfy small chair.

grades,
being the best daughter I could ever be.
I always want to do what I can to make you proud.
We both love avocados, and you look like one.
Oh, my Brave Avocado.

I always look at you very bravely,
But deep inside I just wish I was still in your arms, sleeping.

Before bed, I think about my younger self filled with laughter, joy and a regular happy life. It was
Very emotional for me to know that I will only be three years old, one time.
I was smiling only because I was with you.
Now that I'm older, I understand more things that you help me go through.
That's why I love you.

I look at you as my hero.

Bungee jumping, roller coasters, vacations, water parks and movies.
It's all about the small details that count.
Calling you from Grandma's phone saying, "I miss you, I want you to hang out with me."
Nobody can ever come between you and me.

I only want to be with you.
Eating all my food, brushing my teeth without you asking, making my bed, getting good

ONE LAST BATTLE

SANTINO NOLAN

Boom! Bang! Wham! Is what Jean heard as he ran for his life as far as he could from Waterloo. Musket balls and cannon fire came from side to side and all he could see was the gun smoke that filled his vision. Jean could barely see, but as the smoke cleared up, three British soldiers greeted him. The next thing he knew, he was on the ground with an unbearable pain in his stomach and chest. As he slowly moved his hand toward the pain, and blood rushed down his hand, he heard very vaguely, with ringing in his ears, “charge!” It was none other than Napoléon Bonaparte, leader and ruler of the first French Empire. But before he knew it, his hearing and sight went blank.

—

Jean Pierre was a young man who lived in the countryside of France and worked with his parents to grow crops, day in and day out. Even though they were a poor family, they made do with what they had. One day, Jean went to the market in town to get a few things. But before he even got to the beginning of town, he saw two French masters and four French soldiers marching in order. There were three other people he did not recognize and wanted to investigate. He did what first came to his mind and that was to follow them. Jean followed the French soldiers for what seemed like hours. Eventually he found himself at the Palace of Versailles, guarded by many French soldiers. As the soldiers went into the palace, Jean tried to follow them in, but

two French guards stepped in blocking his way. Jean had to think of something quick because they were getting away.

“Who are you and what’s your purpose here?” one of the French soldiers asked.

“I am Jean Pierre and I am 25 years old. I am part of the 94th Infantry Regiment, and I belong to the group you just let in.”

“Why aren’t you in uniform?” The other French soldier asked. It took Jean a long time to answer, so the two soldiers took him into questioning and to talk to Napoleon.

The soldiers took Jean into the palace and down the hallway to the main office to talk with them and Napoleon.

“Sir, we brought in a fake,” the soldier explained.

“What’s his identification?” Napoleon asked.

“Jean Pierre, age 25, farmer and lives on the outskirts of France,” the soldier replied.

“What is his reason for being here?”

“A so-called soldier, Sir.” Jean stood uneasily as they continued to talk about him to Napoleon.

“What regiment?”

“94th Sir.”

“Hmm I see, he is not a soldier, as we did not place a person on that duty, and meanwhile most of them are dead. But we are low on soldiers for Waterloo so let’s make him useful around here.”

“Sir, yes Sir.”

Jean gulped hardly; he was scared out of his mind because he knew that the French soldiers did not get much training, and the

only training he was gonna get was on the battlefield. After the meeting with Napoleon, Jean was brought to an undisclosed location to change into uniform. The uniform consisted of a blue coat, red piped white collar and cuffs, white piped red lapels, blue piped red cuff flaps and shoulder straps, white turnbacks piped red, and brass buttons. Finally after a few minutes, he was ready for battle. He looked very fine, one of the more fine soldiers of the 94th Infantry Regiment. Afterwards, they brought Jean to a boat named the HMS Adonis for departure to Waterloo and to fight against the British and Persians.

The ride to Waterloo was long. It was a fifteen hour boat ride and a whole lot of sea sickness, but once the hull of the ship scraped against the rocks near land, the men screamed with battle cries and loud shouting. The men quickly unloaded the ship's materials, wood for building defenses and sand bags, then unloaded all the anons. The soldiers weren't alone; there were tens upon hundreds who set sail to Waterloo. As the men marched across the flat plains,

many men collapsed to the ground with the beating sun running across them. Jean and the men finally showed up to the battlefield where only in a few hours many men would lose their lives, family and friends. So he and the French did what anyone would do, they quickly got to work setting up the defenses, even though the sun was scorching hot. They got the job done quickly.

Soon the British and Persians arrived, and Jean felt a sudden thump in his heart. The French had their first line shots fired, and men dropped from the other side. The response was just more gunfire and more men dropped

– Boom! Boom! Boom! Jean heard the French send their first set of cannons to attack, and Napoleon commanded the 2nd Dragoons Regiment to fight.

Suddenly, Jean gulped hard as he heard the command, “Charge!” Men from all three sides ran onto the battlefield and fought. Some stayed alive and some were dead, and in Jean's eyes, it was free for all. It didn't matter who you fought for, he just knew by the end of the battle he didn't want to be dead.

THE ATTIRE OF A GYMNAST

MAIREAD LEONARD

Everyone talks about THEM... but never
US.

We are just as important as them.
We feel and experience everything they do.

My gymnast is getting up on the beam and I
can feel her sweating, but I'm beaming in
the light of the arena. I feel myself stretching
as she lifts her legs up onto the beam
and gets into a ready position.
Smiling, mounting, starting

While she is doing her best, I can feel myself
twirling the way her body moves. When
she does her tumbling, I feel myself flying
through the air and landing perfectly on the
beam.
Flipping, twirling, balancing

When she is stumbling, I feel myself falling
then landing hard on the floor with a jolt!
I then feel tears damping my material and
spirits.
Falling, overthinking, crying

Then I hear a whisper, "God, please help give
me the courage to keep going with this
routine." And for a minute I just stay still...
hoping. Then, I feel lifting and my gymnast
remounts back onto the beam and perseveres.
Concentrating, focusing, competing

She finishes with a confident back tuck and
sticks the landing on the mat. Her arms
fly up with relief and success as she finishes
grandly.

Dismounting, completing, saluting

She feels pride in her routine. She finishes,
but it's not all about her, it's about me too.
I feel proud that I stood out being unique from
all the other leotards.
Shining, sparkling, shimmering

Now the waiting begins as names are called,
gymnasts climb the podium, and medals
are awarded. I feel my gymnast's body tense up
and goosebumps start to appear
tickling my fabric.
Worrying, dreaming, hoping

She walks and climbs the podium to the very
top. I can feel her neck and head bow
down as she receives her medal and trophy. I
feel the weight of the gold medal bang
against me and I know she is triumphant.
Smiling, winning, succeeding

She needs me in her life as her leotard and I
need her as the loving and hardworking
person I know. I am her leotard and I wouldn't
have it any other way.
Supporting, celebrating, conquering

A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS

ISABELLA KATIGBAK

“Grandpa!” I run to catch up with his slow but long strides. “Tell me the story again!” I beg as we pass another two trees that are almost arch like. Almost. As usual, we’re on our walk through the woods. We do it every time that I come over to Grandpa’s house. “Okay, okay...” he sits on a log and pats the empty spot next to him. I run over and immediately sit down. “So, you want to hear the story, again? Aren’t you too old for this stuff now?” He asks me teasingly. Of course he knows that I’m still a little kid, only eight. “PLEASE GRANDPA!” I beg once more. He chuckles. “Fine,” he tells me. I can tell that he’s getting ready now, to tell me the story once again. He’s been telling it to me ever since I was a baby. And always, the story never ceases to amaze me.

“Fairy doors are magical doors that let you go straight to a magical world with one simple step.”, he begins. He then points to two trees that are almost like the sides of a curving arch, but not quite. “These ‘doors’ have to be in the shape of an arch for them to be fairy doors, and they also have to be made up of two trees. Even if you do find two trees in the shape of an arch, they might not even be the right two trees that let you into this magical world! And even if you did find the right two trees, there is one more protection or precaution that the FAIRIES living in that world took to make sure that enemies couldn’t get in,” I can tell that he has been waiting for the audible gasp I give him when he says the word fairy. It amazes me that something so magical and fantastical could literally live ONE STEP

AWAY! After he chuckles once again, he continues, “The last protection the fairies put on their magical realm was making it so that even if you did find the two arch shaped trees, you would have to be there at the right time, when the moon is shining through the tree archway, and you have to wish with all your heart that you want to go to this world of magic. Then, and only then, could you go straight to a world full of magic with a single step...” I was amazed, as always, when Grandpa told me the story.

“Well? Come on! Time to keep on going.” We both stood up. Grandpa stopped for a second, “Oh, and there’s one more thing,” Grandpa smiles as he says “Let this be our little secret...so, the world isn’t exactly what it used to be like when I was growing up, it has changed immensely, and, as you know, I’m growing old. One day I might just disappear, and you probably know where I might just disappear to that day...” I laugh at Grandpa’s joke as we continue on our way, down our well trodden path through the woods.

SEVEN YEARS LATER...

As usual, Grandpa and I are walking through the woods on our usual path. Grandpa has definitely grown wearier as the years have passed. He now has a cane and mom and dad have to care for him more now, but we still always go on our walks through the woods. “So, Mila, do you want to hear the story again,

or are you too old for that now?" Grandpa asks me, "Grandpa, I'm fifteen! I'm not a little kid anymore, but if you really wish to tell me that little myth again, FINE!" I can sense Grandpa's hurt even if he doesn't show it. I instantly feel guilt sweep over me like a huge ocean wave. But he doesn't miss a beat. He says everything the same as always, the tree arch, the precaution the fairies took, but I don't give an audible gasp anymore.

I hear a soft ding in the middle of the story and I grab my phone and see that my friend Alice just texted me. I go check what she said, "Can you call right now?", "NOPE, sorry, walking with grandpa." I reply. She sends me a sad face that's crying back. I put my phone back in my pocket before Grandpa can see the texts. "Oh, and don't forget my secret Mila."

He tells

me this after the myth every time, ever since I was eight. This is what gets a small laugh out of

me. But this time, when Grandpa says this to me, he doesn't smile along. Hmm, I think as we turn back around to go back home.

When we get home, a yummy dinner of roast chicken awaits us at the kitchen table. I pile up on food and devour it all. After helping to clean the table I go upstairs to the guest room where I'm staying, and shower and change into my PJ's. Then I flop down into bed and call Alice, and after a bit of talking I hear the door slam downstairs. Who would be going out at this

hour, I think. But I'm too busy talking to Alice to care.

"RING RING RING!" The timer I set on my phone the night before goes off and wakes me up with a jolt. Oh, right, time for an early

morning walk through the woods with Grandpa. I

groan as I sit up and put on my slippers. I pick some clothes out of my luggage and dress up. I brush my hair and pull it into a nice ponytail and walk downstairs. I slip on my boots and zip up

my green jacket. And then I just wait for Grandpa to come down. I go to get my book and start to

read. But my mind is hardly on the book I'm reading. Instead, questions begin to form in my head

like, where is Grandpa? Is he too tired to walk today? Many other questions start to form as well.

I push them all away as I stand up and walk to Grandpa's room.

I knock, no answer, maybe he's still sleeping, I tell myself as I push open the door.

"Grandpa?" I ask. There's a light on in his room, the desk lamp. I walk over, looking at my surroundings even though I've been here before. When I do get to Grandpa's desk, I see a white

piece of paper with writing on it. I begin to read, just wanting some answers. "Dear Mila,"

I stop

for a second when I see my name. But I continue reading nonetheless. "Remember my secret..."

And that's all that he put. I hear his voice now, "One day I might just disappear," I remember his

secret, of course, "And you probably know where I might just disappear to that day..."

A FEW MONTHS LATER...

As usual, I'm walking through the woods, but without Grandpa this time. I pass two

trees, almost in the shape of an arch. The sight has tears pricking my eyes. I blink them back and continue walking. I have decided to walk for the whole day and then go back for dinner, I want to walk in the peaceful moonlight later and pretend that the magical world Grandpa would always talk about is real. Even though I know it isn't.

I take it. I laugh with joy as I step through the arch, into a magical world, one that Grandpa had always talked about.

The moonlit forest is calm and peaceful. The stars and the moon twinkling up above me. Even though it's dark, the familiar path is easy to follow, even at night, and especially if you've been traveling it for as long as you can remember. It's then that I see it, two trees, curving into an archway. The moon is shining straight through the arch, and that's when I remember Grandpa's letter. "Remember my secret." I smile at the thought. I remember me and Grandpa walking through these woods many, many times. Well, I think to myself, just pretend.

I go over to the wooden archway. I look at the moonlight shining through it. That's when I wish with all my heart to see this magical world that Grandpa always talked about. It's then that the feeling of sudden happiness blooms inside of me. I open my eyes and look through the arch, instead of the dark forest I'm in now, I see wonders without explanation. Singing, laughter, happiness, and magic are what I see past that shimmering portal. I'm staring at the wonders beyond the door when a familiar voice calls to me, "Mila! Took you long enough to figure it all out" I look for the source of the voice and find Grandpa's smiling face looking at me. He holds out his hand and

THE DAY THE MUSIC DIED

ISABEL MAYER

Have you ever experienced something so sad that you just want to lie down, curl into a ball and stay there forever? Have you ever had someone special leave you for a long time? Well, that is what I felt like when one of the worst days of my life was served to me right on a golden platter.

On August 26, 2024 only two days away from me and Ellie's (my sister) first day of school, I was curled into my comfortable, soft, well worn bed, fast asleep floating on a soft cloud of happiness when Josh (my brother) came into my room with my dad. I knew this was the moment I would never forget but I couldn't bring myself to think that this was actually true and happening right now. Josh was going to college. Today. And if you were wondering about that amazing, soft cloud I was floating on? Yah, it dropped down, down, down. I had been crying myself to bed almost every night before this but now it was happening right here and right now. "Joshy!" I exclaimed, sinking down into the bed. Josh sat down on my bed and I looked into his blue eyes tinged with green that looked so much like mine. I knew I would miss staring into the calming, sweet presence of them. Finally, we hugged and we said goodbye to each other.

"Bye," I peeped, so quietly I don't think anyone heard me. Then, he closed the door and left me alone. In the darkness. I felt like crying so much I almost actually almost started to cry

This is horrible, I thought. Then suddenly, my bed didn't feel so comfortable any more but I still tried to go back to sleep. When I say I tried I mean for only a few seconds but I need-

ed to see him one last time before he left. So, I slipped out of bed and quietly padded out of my room with my pink, silky sleeping mask still perched on my head like a bird on a tree. Just as I reached the steps Ellie came sleepily out of her room. We both knew we were thinking the same thing. We had to see him one last time. So, together we walked down the steps as quietly as we could to try and surprise Josh before he left. Thump, thump, thump went our feet down the carpeted staircase.

Then, we were almost immediately met with Josh crying to our mom. He was saying that he wouldn't be able to stop me and Ellie from doing things we weren't supposed to and he wouldn't be able to be there for us. In my entire life I have only seen Josh cry once but not like this. It was so hard seeing him cry I could barely take it anymore. Then, he spotted us and beckoned for us to come over. Me and Ellie then rushed into his arms and we all collapsed into tears. If it was even possible we would probably be making a hurricane. I snuggled into his big, strong arms that I probably wouldn't feel in a few months, held on tight and cried and cried and cried. I breathed in his comforting smell of candy, and most importantly, love. I looked up and saw Josh's face bright red and his blue eyes almost exactly mirroring mine, spilling out tears that were drenching his face and making his eyes glisten and shine in the light. I couldn't bring myself to look at it again, it was just too hard. So, I returned to snuggling into his shirt that was already drenched from my tears.

"I love you" I whispered under my breath,

hoarse and choking on my own tears . We stayed like that for... I don't know how long but it was too quick for my liking. We parted and Josh and dad got ready to go. "Bye Ellie, Bye Izzy." Josh said quietly. "Please don't go, pretty please?" I said in my most convincing voice but I was crying and that's not very convincing. I started crying even harder and it was getting hard to breathe. Finally Josh and dad got into the car and waved goodbye. I kept on waving until I couldn't see them at all anymore.

I was still sobbing thinking to myself about how hard and terrible this was. Why does this have to happen to me? Why can't life just stay the same? Why does Josh even have to go to college? Why is my life like this? WHY, WHY, WHY, WHY! Then, my mom suggested that me and Ellie should try to go back to sleep because it was still early in the morning. I looked at the Alexa, "7:30!" The screen yelled back at me. So, me and Ellie went into my room and I splattered onto the bed, thoughts still rushing through my head like a great majestic waterfall spraying a foamy white mist throughout my brain. Ellie climbed onto the bed and held me until I stopped crying. We watched videos together in the dark until we pulled ourselves together and two hours later we walked out and got ready to start our day.

This was a moment I will never forget and even though it is sad it is a good thing to remember so I can cherish it forever

GRADE 6



Sleeping Red Fox

THE SLEEPY RED FOX

AMELIA LACOUR (left)

TAKE ME TO THE DARK SIDE

RILEY CASSARA (below)



FLYING INTO NEW COMFORT ZONES

KAVERI PATHAK

Peace.

Not that much to ask for, if it weren't for the fact that Julia was in a crowded airport waiting for a plane that had been delayed three times already since the night before and showed no signs of departing anytime soon. The new boarding time was 5:00 a.m., but with the storms outside, anything was possible. Though she was now an adult, she was after all human, and couldn't help but wonder how people had the strength to be this loud when she could barely keep her eyes open. She shook her head once again and glanced at her watch, before blowing a few strands of hair out of her eyes. Leaning back, Julia flicked on her phone, tapping her passcode before going straight to messages.

Nothing.

You would think that there'd be something from her new employer, considering she was uprooting herself only for the job. 18 years old and flying to Boston all by herself, to pursue her career of being a baker. Just as she sank back in her chair, the speaker droned.

"Passengers for Delta 473, please proceed to the gate."

Finally! Julia, with all of \$29,750 in her bank account, had eagerly snagged a business class ticket, not willing to be squashed in a middle seat in economy.

"We now welcome our business class passengers."

Seven minutes later, she had shuffled into the boarding line, rolled through the aisle, and was handed headphones by a flight attendant,

before gratefully sinking into her seat. At last, away from the chaos of the airport - finally some peace. Pushing her headphones into her ears, she navigated through the plane's entertainment system and found the movies section. Thanks to her pricey business class seat, there were 'additional screen options,' whatever that meant. But all Julia could see was a very bland selection of titles that rang absolutely no bells.

Hoping for the best, she scrolled through at random and selected one. Perfect: bland, boring, just the right movie to fall asleep to. Before her eyes shut, she peeked out of the window, a sliver of light making its way through the two inch crack that she had opened. They were over Lake Washington now, and there was nothing but dark sky, deep waters, and lights twinkling in the distance, tiny specks. Gazing out the window, she admired the peacefulness of the world at night, serenity settling like a calm mist. She rested her head against the plush pillow and drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

Waking with a start, Julia rubbed her bleary eyes and peered out the window. The sun's first rays were just peeking out of the horizon, coloring the sky a cotton candy pink, the edges turning marigold, with no traces lingering of the dark clouds. It was breathtaking, but it reminded Julia of how jetlagged she would be when they landed.

She tapped her darkened movie screen, which brightened and displayed a banner at the top, reading 9:16 a.m., April 15. Two hours till touchdown. It was the perfect time

to watch a movie without any interruptions, so Julia unpaused her movie and settled into it, with absolutely no clue of the plot.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we have begun our descent into Boston...”

The wind wrapped around the plane and howled as it made its descent, finally touching down on the tarmac and slowly turning to the gates. As soon as the captain finished his announcements, Julia practically leaped out of her seat, pulled her luggage down, and rolled out as fast as she could. She breezed through the concourse, and all but ran to the car rental. She planned as she loaded up the rental car - first she would get a bite, then unpack her luggage, then settle herself into the bakery.

Humming as she drove, Julia squinted in the bright afternoon sunlight. It was about 2:00 p.m. now, and the fresh springtime sun was beginning to warm up her car. In the distance, she noticed a blob of color. No, people, she realized. A bunch of people, wearing shirts of all colors, but mostly red and blue. And they were jogging. Why would so many people be running in the middle of Boston? That’s when it hit her - the Boston Marathon. The oldest marathon in the world! And since it was 2013 today, it had been going on for 116 years.

She could get a bite any time, but when would she ever get the chance to see this marathon again?

Come on, Julia, she urged herself. You should try this. A new you, remember? Remember what you wanted? Reaching outside of your comfort zone?

Fine. She screeched to a stop, her brakes squealing, and veered left.

Parking lots in a 20-foot radius any which way were filled, so she squeezed into a parallel

parking spot that was farther away. Luckily, she noticed her hotel sign just a block away. Gathering her confidence, she trudged down a short flight of stairs and followed the crowd, finding her way to someplace near the finish line. Checking her watch, it was about 2:30 p.m. now, so not too long a wait. Trying to appear nonchalant, she leaned against a mesh fence, ending up almost being crushed as people swarmed in around her.

Every minute was like a ticking bomb, as her breath shortened and more and more people gathered to watch the runners. How did they do it, appearing so happy with all of these people watching them? She tried her watch again. 2:49 p.m. Only a little longer—

BOOM.

The sound was deafening. The crash was a thousand times louder than anything she had ever experienced. A huge gust of wind - where did that come from?- threw her forward, and she barely avoided stumbling into a tree. To add to the noise, there was endless chaos coming from the people around her. The shrieks pierced her ears. **RUN, JULIA, RUN,** the rational part of her screamed.

Her legs couldn’t stop moving, propelling her up and out and running as fast as they could. When she was able to catch her breath, she glanced over her shoulder and found hundreds of people following her. Debris swirled around, clouding the air, adding to the confusion. Julia cried out in pain as something sharp stung her eyes, temporarily blinding her. She rubbed furiously at her eyes and looked back again. The crowd appeared to be dazed, moving as one big unit even as some started collapsing from exhaustion, crying out in fear and pain. The faces of those still running were

like that of hunted animals.

Hers must've looked like that too.

Why was she thinking about this, here and now? Her life had just been threatened, and she was thinking about how she looked? It was so ridiculous it reminded Julia to keep on moving, keep on going, and she'd be out of danger.

CRASH.

A second explosion ripped the air. The screams of the crowd trapped themselves in Julia's brain, clawing at the insides and scraping the walls of her mind. Keep going, the words played in her head in an endless loop. There were now only two people ahead of her, gradually slowing down and dropping in exhaustion.

It was then that she realized that she had no clue where she was going. She had only been following the people in front of her, in the hopes that they had an idea of where to go. She had never been here before, and all she knew was that she was determined to get to safety. By now, they had practically gotten to the other side of town. Her feet were a blur, and she couldn't stop them- there was too much pressure built up, and she kept on going.

Stop, a voice inside of her whispered. Stop for all the people behind you. Don't let them drop. Don't let them fall.

And she listened.

She turned into a hotel that she recognized, and with a pang, she realized it was the same hotel that she had passed an hour ago, an eternity ago. Now, the tiny lobby was unrecognizable, flooded with hundreds of people covered in dirt and sweat, dropping onto couches, collapsing from fatigue. Julia almost got crushed by the weight and intensity of them all, but she didn't. She made it.

"Thank you," A woman said, grasping Julia's hands. "Thank you for leading us."

Julia was breathless, but managed a response. "You're welcome, ma'am."

All she had been doing was running as fast as physically possible, only thinking in the moment to flee and get to safety. But in doing so, she had helped people. She had led them.

Maybe she should try running in that marathon.

THE BOY AND THE STORM

LOFTY PREMPEH

The boy stood in the midst of the chaos, the air thick with the scent of rain and steel. The storm had arrived swiftly, with no warning—like a beast awakened from a long slumber. What had once been the comforting hum of the city’s heartbeat now lay crumbling, torn apart by nature’s fury. The sky was a swirling mass of dark clouds, cracking open at intervals with lightning that lit up the destruction below.

His name was Caleb, and he watched as the storm tore at everything he knew. The streets, once bustling with the sounds of life, were now deserted. The glass of nearby skyscrapers shuddered with each thunderclap, some shattering and falling like rain upon the streets below. His hand pressed against the cold window, fingers tracing the shapes of the shattered cityscape outside. His city—the one he’d grown up in—was being erased.

The winds howled, clawing at the buildings, the trees, the very earth itself. The darkened sky seemed to be alive, breathing down the necks of the people below. The storm had no mercy. Caleb felt a deep sense of helplessness, a cold sinking feeling gnawing at his stomach.

He hadn’t seen it coming. No one had.

A few days before, the weather had been normal. People had been busy, caught up in their everyday routines, unaware of the quiet rumblings beneath the surface. News reports had mentioned warnings of a “strong system approaching,” but no one took them seriously. How could they? The city had weathered storms before, and this one was just another

one in a long line of warnings that fizzled out, right?

But this storm was different. The winds that tore through the streets were not just strong gusts; they were relentless, a rage fueled by something deeper than the elements. The sky above churned with a ferocity that defied explanation. This was no ordinary storm.

Caleb remembered standing outside earlier in the day. He’d been with his father, who had told him it would pass, that everything would be fine. They had walked through the park near their apartment, the trees swaying gently in the breeze. The air had felt cool, refreshing even. The sky had been overcast, but that was nothing unusual. It wasn’t until the winds started to pick up in the evening that the sense of unease began to creep into Caleb’s chest. It felt wrong. Like the city, and everyone in it, had become an afterthought.

Then it hit.

In the blink of an eye, the sky split open, and the winds howled in fury. Caleb and his father had sprinted back to the apartment, barely making it inside before the storm truly unleashed its wrath. The rain came in torrents, battering the windows and the walls. The air seemed to vibrate with the intensity of the storm, like a beating drum in the distance.

Caleb’s father had grabbed him, pulling him into the safety of their home. But even within the walls, Caleb could feel the storm seeping through—through the cracks, through the very foundation of the building. The sounds of

destruction outside were deafening. Crashes. Shouts. The groaning of buildings on the brink of collapse.

The storm tore through the city with such force that Caleb's mind struggled to keep up. His thoughts were scattered, lost in the chaos of thunder and howling winds. The destruction outside painted a picture of complete annihilation. Buildings once towering above the streets now seemed to bow to the storm's might. Streets that had been so familiar were now drowned in rising waters, a torrent of floodwater swallowing anything in its path.

It wasn't long before Caleb lost sight of everything. His father, frantic, was trying to calm him, trying to reassure him that they were safe. But Caleb knew deep down that they weren't. They were only a small part of the disaster unfolding beyond their door. The world outside was falling apart, and they were helpless to stop it.

Then came the scream.

It was a scream unlike any Caleb had ever heard before. High-pitched. Raw. Full of terror. It echoed through the walls of the apartment like a warning. It came from somewhere below. From the street. Caleb's heart raced as his feet seemed to move on their own. His hand was already gripping the door handle before he even realized it. His father's voice was a distant shout, but Caleb didn't hear it. His eyes were locked on the door, on the darkened streets beyond.

"Caleb, don't go out there!" his dad yelled but Caleb didn't stop.

The boy pushed open the door, and the storm hit him full-force. The cold rain stung his skin as it poured down in sheets. His hair whipped around his face as the wind screamed

through the alleyways. He barely registered the sounds of sirens in the distance, or the scattered shouts of people running, desperate for shelter. His feet moved forward, pulling him toward the source of the scream.

The city was no longer a place of comfort and solace. It was no longer a place of familiarity. It was a wild, violent thing, a creature of nature bent on destruction. Every step Caleb took seemed to bring him closer to the heart of it—the epicenter of chaos.

He reached the street corner. His eyes darted around, trying to make sense of the scene before him. What was left of a once-bustling marketplace now lay in ruins. Torn flags hung from broken poles, twisted in the violent wind like ragged banners of war. Cars were overturned, abandoned in the middle of the street, their windows shattered, their tires burst.

There were people, survivors scattered, stumbling in the wreckage, their faces wide with fear and confusion. Caleb's eyes landed on one person in particular—a woman, crumpled on the ground, her arm stretched out toward something that wasn't there. Her lips moved, but not a sound came out from her. Her eyes were wide, blank.

The scream had been hers.

Caleb didn't know how long he stood there, staring at the scene. Time had become a blurred thing. All he knew was the storm and the destruction, and the realization that it wasn't just the city that was crumbling—it was everything. All that had been familiar to him, all that had been stable, was slipping away.

The world as he knew it was disappearing. The city was no longer a place of memories, of safety. It was a battleground, and nature had declared victory.

A sudden crack of thunder snapped Caleb from his thoughts, the deafening noise shaking him to his core. He turned back toward the apartment, the wind pushing him back, urging him to leave. But he couldn't. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the storm—the madness that was overtaking everything.

He wanted to scream too. But it felt pointless.

His eyes drifted back to the broken streets, the wreckage, the despair. In that moment, Caleb understood something deep and unsettling. The storm was not just nature's fury; it was something else. It was the end of an era, the death of the city he had once known. Everything started to unravel as he watched and he couldn't do anything to stop it. The lights were flickering and trees were uprooted. The wind calmed down and sunshine rose from above, signaling the end of the storm.

WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS

MIRIAM GABBAI

“STOMP STOMP STOMP.” I looked out the window. I thought it was the November breeze knocking on the window. I saw a little girl wearing a white dress with socks. Her skin was so much darker than her clothes. Her hair was so different than mine; wilder but tied back in a braid. On either side of her were giant sized officers wearing suits. On their arms they wore yellow bands indicating that they were federal marshals. Why would they be walking her to school? She must be special; I wish I was like her.

All of a sudden my train of thought was broken. “Mary, what answer did you get,” asked the teacher. I then realized that I hadn’t written anything down.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Smith, I don’t have an answer.”

“Why not young lady?”

“I was looking outside. Is that little girl in our class?”

“Absolutely not!” Mrs. Smith replied sternly. “Little black boys and girls do not go to school with us!”

On the walk home all I could think about was what Mrs. Smith said. “Father, Mrs. Smith said that black boys and girls do not go to school with us. Why not?”

“Because they don’t belong with us! No girl of mine will be in a classroom with a black girl.”

The next day, that same dark girl showed up again wearing a pink dress with fancy shoes. Again, she was escorted by the same federal

marshals. This time I could see their skinny ties under their suit jackets. The girl’s pink dress almost matched the red juice of the red tomato that had been thrown at the wall. The seeds of the tomato were splattered against the R of a word I couldn’t make out. I knew it wasn’t a good word. The girl didn’t stand as tall as she did yesterday; her shoulders slumped down.

The next morning, I could tell something was wrong. My clothes were not laid out on the bed, and when I entered the kitchen my parents were sitting at the table with concern on their faces.

“Sit down, Mary.” I sat down while my mother served me breakfast; french toast with butter and syrup, strawberries, and a glass of milk. This was my favorite breakfast! As I bit into my breakfast, my father cleared his throat.

“Mary, your mother and I have decided to take you out of school.”

“But why?”

“William Frantz Elementary School is no place for black children,” said father. Father stumbled on the word black children like bad words were coming out of his mouth. I remembered the other day when the little girl entered the school that some parents ran into the classroom and grabbed their children. I didn’t understand why until this morning.

The rest of the week I sat at home. I practiced my spelling. I wrote the cat sat on the bed so many times that I thought we had a cat. By the middle of the week I longed to go back to school. These cloudy November days felt like an eternity. I missed my friends, I missed

my teacher, I missed learning about new things. I missed my chance to become friends with the little dark skinned girl. Or, did I? That night, I laid awake thinking of a plan.

Mondays in our house are grocery shopping days. My mother would go to Rouses Market while I was at school. Gathering her shopping list, mother grabbed her box purse, and my hand as we exited her cream colored Ford Falcon. As we entered the store mother let me know that if I was well behaved then I could get a candy.

“Mother, may I look in the candy aisle while you shop?”

“Yes, but make sure you meet me at the front register in 10 minutes.” I nodded in agreement. Now was my chance!

When my mother was far enough away instead of turning down the candy aisle, I walked straight to the door, racing to the school. Turning onto North Galvez Street I hopped up the stairs, taking two at a time. I knew I was going to be in so much trouble, but I didn’t care. There was no way I was just going to be allowed to enter into the classroom with this dark skinned girl. Instead, I walked to the bathroom and into the stall. Sitting on the toilet, I took out my pad and pencil and wrote a note.

Hello. My name is Mary. What is your name? How are you? Would you be my friend?

I opened the door of the bathroom. Seeing that no one was watching I tiptoed down the hallway to room 10. I felt like Nancy Drew in one of her mysteries. I quickly slipped the note under the door, hoping it would get to her. Running back down the hall and out the front door of the school, I was met by a police officer and my mother. The look on my mother’s face told me all I needed to know. Punishment would be coming.

I spent the next few days in my room, with a sore bottom. I don’t blame my parents for being mad at me. The problem was I was too smart. My mother didn’t know what to do with me at home. My parents had no other choice but to send me back to school. I couldn’t stop smiling with the thought of going back.

Waiting in my room playing with my dolls, I wondered if Clara got my note. Yes, I know her name is probably not Clara. But, I got tired of calling her a girl. Giving her a name made me feel like we were already friends.

When I arrived at school, things were different. Some of my friends were back at school too. White parents were now allowing their children to attend school again. I had hoped that I would see Clara, but she was nowhere in sight. I overheard teachers talking about how Clara was still not allowed to be in the classroom with white students. That meant she was still in room 10. I knew where I needed to go next; back to the bathroom. As I was turning the corner to enter the bathroom I was stopped by Mrs. Henry.

“Hello Mary,” said Mrs. Henry, as she grabbed my hand in hers and placed a small note in the palm of my hand. She then walked away smiling. I ran to the bathroom and sat on the toilet. I carefully opened the note as if I was unwrapping a Christmas present.

Hello. My name is Ruby. I am lonely, how are you? Yes, I want to be your friend.

A large grin showed up on my face. I can’t believe she answered, I need to write something back. I grabbed my pad and a pencil.

Hi Ruby, I am glad to be your friend. I am doing fine. What is your favorite color? What is your favorite food?

A week later I received a reply, delivered by Mrs. Henry.

Hi Mary, my favorite color is purple. And my favorite food is sweet potato pie. How about you?

Our letter exchange continued like this for the next several months. Each week Mrs. Henry would slip me a note. I learned that Ruby lived in a small apartment where she shared a bedroom with her sister and two younger brothers. Her father worked at a gas station and her mother worked night jobs. Ruby loved jumping rope and climbing trees. She also loved softball.

One day as I was sitting in the bathroom replying to a note from Ruby, the stall door opened.

“What are you doing?” asked Carolina. Carolina was a student from my class.

“Nothing!” I replied.

“You’re not doing nothing, you are writing a note. I see it behind your back.”

“I’m writing to Ruby, the dark skinned girl in room 10. We are friends!”

“Do you think that I could write her a note too?”

“I think Ruby would love that,” I handed Carolina my pencil and pad. Leaving the bathroom and rounding the corner I passed by Mrs. Henry. This time I placed two notes in her hand.

THE WATER, THE FISH, AND I.

DANIEL FALZ

Like every kid I go to school every day, then shuttle from one basketball practice to another, do my homework, read, have my game time, occasionally go on playdates. Everything is predetermined, known. Time is broken into chunks, segmented, programmed. My schedule for the day seems almost robotic. Of course, there are moments of joy and satisfaction in many things I do. There is a surge of pride after I score a ball at the game or get a great test grade. A joke shared with a friend or playing a video game together can also make many of my happy moments.

But sometimes amid all the hustle of the day I feel a twitch on the wrist of my hand. I know this twitch, I know where it comes from. I am back on the shore, fishing rod resting in the palm of my hand, lightly touching my wrist. Glimmering ripples play catch across the water. Down there, beneath the rippled surface, the water is dark, heavy, full of life I cannot see. But I know life is there — here and there a tiny splash erupts from the darkness of the water. I swing the rod and let go of the string on the reel. The sinker flies through the air and plops about 30 meters away. I scan the waters for any signs of life. I wait, I look, and I feel how my body quiets down, the thoughts wash away, and calm descends on me and around me. Time flows uninterrupted. The moment seems endless. Then, all of a sudden, a far too familiar twitch on the wrist. I jolt the rod and I feel a tug on my line. I quickly reel in the rod, pull, and a silvery quivering body is there, on the end of my fishing line. A surge of pure joy and happiness! I caught the fish, it's in my hands! I carefully take it off the hook, hold the slithery

body for a moment, and throw it back into water. And a wave of quiet joy warmly wraps me up, different from the triumph of catching the fish, but equally rewarding and pleasant. Then everything starts anew, time vanishes completely; it's the water, the fish, and I.

I noticed that not all fishermen let the fish go immediately. Sometimes they keep their catch in the bucket and release it by the end of the day. Sometimes they don't. At first, the fish in the bucket frantically swims back and forth hitting the walls, then, after pointless struggle, it quiets down, just hangs in there, slowly losing hope and its will to fight. It looks listless, almost dead. It is like they know they are done for. But when I catch a fish I unhook it at once and let it back into the water. There is something special about releasing the fish. Even released, the fish stays still for a moment, but then magic happens: it flips its tail, first uncertainty, then with more vigor, until the whole body snaps to life, quickly disappearing into the dark depth. I think I know how this fish feels, how happy it is to be alive and in its element.

I am happy that I discovered fishing. There are many activities that make people happy, and I know that for me plenty of discoveries lie ahead. I'm just at the beginning of the road. But I also know that fishing is already with me for good. This peace of my mind and body that fills me up in the timeless universe of fishing is a unique kind of fun to me. It does not matter how many fish I catch, it does not matter how big the fish is. Nobody makes fun of me for not catching a fish. And there is no success or failure in my fishing. These are just perfect days of oneness with myself and the world around me. And this is all that matters.

The End

MY ROOTS

HADLEY VAN HERDEEN

The soft pages, the hardcovers -

They are home.

The slim paper, musty, smells take me home.

These words fly along the page,
Hard and light they soar -

Tales of kings and queens
Animals and magic.

I Fall in

Books fly to me as I turn each page,
With a soft smooth brush.

I am from the plants of all sizes
Waving in the sun
Dancing in the wind

Creeping

Jumping

Sliding

Following in the dance.
As the sun smiles down on me
and my closest friends,
We dance in the wind
Sun
And rain.

Never ending fun

I am from the tree,
The weeds,

And all in between.
Everything that grows,
shrinks from animals to plants -
They all belong.

As I adventure through water,
Through Stone,
Through leaves that crumble
beneath my feet

All are home.

The Moss as the carpet
The trees as the roof;
Nature is home.

I'm from cold to warm water
Slapping against the beach
Slapping my feet
The ice cream dripping down my hands
My sticky fingers holding on to every drop
As I run on my tippy toes worried the shells
will slash my feet

The monkey bars soaring high then landing
in the sand
Throwing the rocks as they splash into the
sea

The waves crash on the shore
The gulls fly ahead

My pencils fly along the page as color bleeds
Darkness and light follow along
Words fill it as I try to make a story
Like the story of my life it goes on forever
My story will be sad

Scary

Happy

And true

All are me

THE BEAUTY OF WINTER

MYSHA HUSAIN

I walked down the winding trail,
The grass packed with clumps of snow and
hail,

The snow shined a blinding white,
Basking in the sun's golden light,

Trees stood with their branches bare and
raw,

Winter had stripped them of the leaves I
used to gaze at in awe,

A withering flower drooped with a burden
of heft,

The cold had robbed it of life-withering
petals were all that were left,

A rabbit skitters by, shivering in its dust-
brown fur,

It wishes to be free of the cold, of this I'm
sure,

It scurries behind a great red-wood oak tree,
Where it will wait for winter to end, to be set
free,

Winter is a cruel thing, is it not?
The cold is a battle we have all fought,
It takes away all warmth, leaving only de-
spair,

No liveliness remains-as we have none to
spare,

These thoughts raced through my mind as I
continued to walk,

The voices in my head bantering through
their ongoing talk,

All of a sudden I feel my throat seize, and
dry up,

I craved a nice glass of water, if only a cup,

My thirst sprouted a thought, that one vast
source of water is winter itself, I begin to recall,

The sudden realization hit me harder than
the rough wind as I clutched my shawl,

Once all of the pure snow melts, it will
begin to fill our rivers,

Which will then fill our cups-maybe winter
is worth the shivers,

The realization flooded my mind-when I
hear a loud noise, my thoughts now left alone,

I look to see a little girl rolling through the
snow, her shrieks of joy making her happiness
known,

I watch as she frolics through the wintry
delight,

A smile curling on my lips as I gazed at the
sweet sight,

All of a sudden I spotted my house, the
whirling trail coming to a stop,

I noticed a sheet of ice on the concrete,
slowly melting to a sun-softened glop,

I sighed a frosty breath as I made my ascent
up my sleek black driveway,

I noticed a blanket of snow sprinkled where
my chalk drawings usually lay,

I now sat inside the house, noticing at the
paint on the wall that had now began to pill,

With my arms tucked in my lap, I gazed
outside the window sill,

Snowflakes fell from the sky, each shard of
ice a masterpiece worthy of art,

Icicles dropped from where they had sat frozen on the roof, their impact hitting like a dart,

Stretched outside was a beautiful valley,
coated in a sparkling sheet of snow,

Winter might not be so bad, I slowly came
to know,

It was magnificent experience after all,

Laying down at night, hearing the owls echo
each other's call,

During winter small animals, which usually
could never survive,

Would now be given a chance to thrive,

Because now as they scurry to gather their
food,

The winter snow shields them from predators,
the snow acting as a hood,

My mind had most definitely undergo a
large change,

The thought of winter being cruel seemed
to be strange,

All plants will eventually grow,

But for now, I decided to enjoy the snow,

Winter is a wonder,

Viewing this frosty season as cruel was simply
a plunder,

So for now all I really knew,

Was that some time playing in the snow was
long overdue.

WHAT I SEE

APSARA SHETTY

I see the sun break through the haze,
A golden flame that paints the days.
It stretches wide across the sky,
A quiet promise, soft and high.

I see the hills in hues of green,
With every leaf, a world unseen.
The rivers hum a steady song,
As time slips past them, rushing long.

I see the city, heart of stone,
With faces blurred, yet all alone.
Each step, a journey, loud and bright,
Each corner holding hidden light.

I see the faces passing by,
The quiet truth behind each eye—
A laugh, a tear, a dream undone,
A battle fought, a race to run.

I see the old man on his porch,
His eyes like windows, worn and scorched,
Yet in his smile, there's still a spark,
A fire that lingers in the dark.

I see the woman in the crowd,
Her voice a whisper, clear and loud,
She holds the weight of all she's known,
Yet wears it like a crown, alone.

I see the child beneath the tree,
A heart so full, a soul so free.
In every glance, a world untold,
A future wrapped in dreams of gold.

I see the stars that fill the night,
Each one a beacon, shining bright,
They pulse like hearts that never sleep,
A thousand secrets buried deep.

I see the moon, a silver eye,
That watches as the moments fly,
It pulls the tides, the hearts, the soul,

A quiet force that makes us whole.

I see the quiet, gentle rain,
That falls to cleanse, to heal the pain.
It whispers, soft, a lover's sigh,
And paints the earth with a lullaby.

I see the world with open arms,
Its beauty held in quiet charms.
In every face, in every place,
A story lives, a timeless grace.

What I see is what I feel,
The fleeting moments, raw and real.
Each breath a gift, each glance a key,
Unlocking worlds for you and me.

STUDENT AWARDS

GOLD MEDALISTS

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Henry Abbott	Central School	Simsbury	K	Poetry	Go Away Shirt
Ellery Campana	Stratfield Elementary	Fairfield	K	Poetry	I love...
Benjamin Jainchill	Highcrest Elementary	Wethersfield	K	Art	Andy Warhol Flower Prints
Abigail Valentin	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	1	Art	Ghost Puppy Under the Moon
Saisha Giri	Glastonbury East Hartford Magnet School	Glastonbury	2	Nonfiction	All About Antarctica
Anaya Abbasi	CREC Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	3	Fiction	The Runaway Chicken
Emilia Abbott	Central School	Simsbury	3	Poetry	My 49ers Sweatshirt
Peter Hansen	Christian Heritage School	Trumbull	3	Poetry	"In December"
Emilia Jimenez Gross	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	3	Art	Ocean Life
Tadhgán McOmber	Andover Elementary School	Andover	3	Fiction	The Cloaked Figure
Andre Noel	Anna Reynolds Elementary School	Newington	3	Fiction	Video Game Living Nightmare
Ruby Wilson	Hopewell School	South Glastonbury	3	Nonfiction	How to Take Care of a Dog!
Emy Cordero	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	4	Art	Girl Flying in the Moonlight
Dhruv Iyer	Mill Hill Elementary School	Southport	4	Art	Seashells On The Beach
Audrey Kottarathara	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	4	Art	My Dream Bedroom
Isabella Katigbak	Gideon Welles School	Glastonbury	5	Fiction	A Walk Through the Woods
Mairead Leonard	Central School	Simsbury	5	Poetry	The Attire of a Gymnast
Angela Meng	Saxe Intermediate School	New Canaan	5	Art	Still Life
Theodore Parker	Squadron Line Elementary School	Simsbury	5	Art	School Pencil
Phoebe Zombar	Jennings Elementary School	Fairfield	5	Art	The Broken Ballerina
Riley Cassara	Ledyard Middle School	Gales Ferry	6	Art	Take Me to the Dark Side

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Raji Doshi	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	6	Fiction	The Golden Banana
Lucy Dziadul	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Nonfiction	A Fish With Teeth
Daniel Falz	Roger Ludlowe Middle School	Fairfield	6	Nonfiction	The water, the fish, and I.
Miriam Gabbai	Gideon Welles School	Glastonbury	6	Fiction	Why Can't We Be Friends?
Mysha Husain	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Poetry	The Beauty of Winter
Amelia Lacour	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	6	Art	The Sleepy Red Fox
Kaveri Pathak	Saxe Middle School (Intermediate)	New Canaan	6	Nonfiction	Flying Into New Comfort Zones
Lofty Prempeh	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	6	Fiction	The Boy and the Storm
Apsara Shetty	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Poetry	What I see
Hadley Van Herdeen	Coleytown Middle School	Westport	6	Poetry	My Roots
Cora Chenier	Portland Middle School	Portland	7	Poetry	Nostalgia
Tharan Chimmiri	Smith Middle School	Glastonbury	7	Art	Solar
Elena Frey	Coleytown Middle School	Westport	7	Poetry	Untitled
Bri Guerra	Tomlinson Middle School	Fairfield	7	Poetry	Rise
Shreenika Patil	Timothy Edwards Middle School	south Windsor	7	Poetry	The Eraser's Wisdom
Emma Hennessey	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	8	Nonfiction	They Never Stopped Writing: The Liberator's Defiant Heroism and Its Crucial Input in the Abolition Movement
Sophia Maksymiuk	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	8	Poetry	I'm holding on to gravity before sleep can claim my soul
Emily Meng	Saxe Middle School	New Canaan	8	Art	Running Out of Time
Emma O'Brien	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	8	Fiction	Birdsong
Zumra Sahin	John Wallace Middle School	Newington	8	Fiction	End of The Beginning
Ma'ayan Harel - Sibelman	Homeschooled		9	Fiction	Echoes of a Forgotten Truth
Akithmi Koththigoda	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	9	Nonfiction	The Faces Behind Science : Human Intervention in Healthcare
Avah Terraciano	Southington High School	Southington	9	Fiction	Enemy
Madelyn Visser	Newington High School	Newington	9	Nonfiction	Poker Face

CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Eunice Lee	The Loomis Chaffee School	Windsor	10	Nonfiction	The Role of Patriarchal Attitudes or Zero-Sum Thinking To Perpetuate Sexism In South Asia
Karthik Srikumar	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	10	Nonfiction	Artificial Intelligence the Silent Architect: When the Tools We Create Begin to Shape Us
Karthik Srikumar	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	10	Poetry	The Run to Escape
Elisa Alt	Pierrepont School	Westport	11	Poetry	We Leave The Rest To Silence
Mia Chen	Edwin Oscar Smith High School	Storrs	11	Fiction	Unconditionally
Mia Chen	Edwin Oscar Smith High School	Storrs	11	Nonfiction	Yòuzi
Mia Chen	Edwin Oscar Smith High School	Storrs	11	Poetry	Painting Cups
Ayush Dave	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	11	Art	Wanderers in the Mist
Iris Hida	Rockville High School	Vernon	11	Nonfiction	With the Skin and All
Adhiti Parupalli	Ellington High School	Ellington	11	Art	The Bond of Life!
Emily Porter	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	11	Nonfiction	Korean. American.
Disha Rajasekar	Glastonbury High School	Glastonbury	11	Fiction	What Goes Around Comes Around
David Shim	Loomis Chaffee	Windsor	11	Art	Countdown to Change
David Shim	Loomis Chaffee	Windsor	11	Nonfiction	Redefining the Generational Torch
Lucy Boissoneau	Glastonbury High School	Glastonbury	12	Poetry	Pieces
Melinda Das	Wethersfield High School	Wethersfield	12	Art	The Chaos In Creation
Nadia Haeryfar	Edwin O. Smith High School	Storrs	12	Nonfiction	Housecats: The Secret Teachers of Consent Education
Nadia Haeryfar	Edwin O. Smith High School	Storrs	12	Poetry	The Glass Frog Physique
Raviv Harel-Sibelman	Homeschooled		12	Art	Invisible Pain, Visible Treatment
Amelie Keast	Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts - Full Day	Middletown	12	Art	Dryad Monster Manual Entry
Amy Meng	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	12	Art	We Are Porcelain
Amy Meng	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	12	Poetry	The Pain Never Goes Away

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Rui Wang	Miss Porter's School	Farmington	12	Art	Glance of Life
Caitlyn Yang	Fairfield Ludlowe High School	Fairfield	12	Nonfiction	Chatterbox
Caitlyn Yang	Fairfield Ludlowe High School	Fairfield	12	Poetry	Lycanthrope

SILVER MEDALISTS

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Henry Abbott	Central School	Simsbury	K	Art	Winter at Henry's House
Anna Barkley	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	K	Art	Sunset
Ila Neumann	Jennings Elementary	Fairfield	K	Art	"Dogman"
Ellis Reid	Squadron Line Elementary School	Simsbury	K	Art	The Forest
Vera Stenta	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	K	Art	Flowers
Ellis Reid	Squadron Line Elementary School	Simsbury	K	Fiction	The Lost Boy
Wesley Egan	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	1	Art	WOW
Elizabeth Fang	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	1	Art	Joy
Olin Minor	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	1	Art	Soccer Practice
Joseph Pagan	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	1	Art	Godzilla
Gabriel Rodriguez	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	1	Art	Imaginary Minecraft World
Bowen Stout	Homeschooled		1	Art	Bison the Snowy Owl
Lucas Castillo	CREC Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	1	Poetry	When I am little and When I am Big
Penelope Walsh	Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	1	Poetry	What the Sun Sees
Macy Baker	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	2	Art	PEACE
Kim King	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	2	Art	Ducks
Julian LaPointe	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	2	Art	Spotted Lizard

CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Astrid Tran	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	2	Art	Sea Birds
Sarah de Wilde	Orchard Hill Elementary School	South Windsor	2	Fiction	Suzy and Sarah
Talia Harby	Eli Tery elementary school	South Windsor	2	Nonfiction	Cats by Talia Harby
Eleanor Leslie	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	3	Art	Ocean Fantasy
Isabella Pfau	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	3	Art	Mushroom Land
Kadryk Racine	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	3	Art	Blue Jay
Arabella Lee	Anna Reynolds Elementary School	Newington	3	Fiction	Game On! Sofia's and Cameron's Adventure
Chloe Marriott	CREC University of Hartford Magnet School	West Hartford	3	Fiction	Harriet's Justice
Nathan Pate	Anna Reynolds Elementary	Newington	3	Fiction	The Tsunami and The Ancient House
Logan Scott	Glastonbury East Hartford Magnet School	Glastonbury	3	Fiction	The Adventures of Bella Baramous Tatamous and How She Got Over Her Fear of the Big Hawk
Ella Rohde	Tariffville School	Tariffville	3	Nonfiction	The bug
Elif Bahadir Eser	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	4	Art	Cool Cat
Wren Charry	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	4	Art	Boy Meets Bear
Dylan Green	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	4	Art	Winter Starry Night
Jacob Grosman	Burr Elementary School	Fairfield	4	Art	The Unseen World
Mia Li	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	4	Art	Dream Collage
Gunnar Slyman	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	4	Art	Parrot
Naisha Varma	CREC Academy of International Studies Elementary School	South Windsor	4	Art	Mythical Deer
Mingxuan Zhong	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	4	Art	Ship Wreck
Lilliana DelMastro	Anna Reynolds Elementary School	Newington	4	Fiction	Family Trip to Disney World
Harper-Lee Leonard	Anna Reynolds Elementary	Newington	4	Fiction	A Whole Other World and a Rubix cube

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Michelle Varghese	Orchard Hill Elementary School	South Windsor	4	Poetry	Life In Words
Sade Winkler	Glastonbury East Hartford Magnet School	Glastonbury	4	Poetry	Books
David Cha	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	5	Art	Castle Collograph
Lisa Henriques	Jennings Elementary School	Fairfield	5	Art	Peril's Paradise
KK Khera	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Art	Leap for Joy
Mila Kusurin	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Art	My Best Friend
Isabel Mayer	Bugbee Elementary School	West Hartford	5	Art	Ophelia
Aarya Patil	Thames river magnet school	Groton	5	Art	Cozy fall raccoon
Anders Wright	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	5	Art	Abacus Jones
Maia Kulas	Tootin' Hills Elementary School	West Simsbury	5	Fiction	The Lost Toy
Santino Nolan	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	5	Fiction	One Last Battle
Taylor Palazzo	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	5	Fiction	Lost and Found
Aaliyah Torres	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	5	Fiction	My Brave Avocado
David Wilkosz	Martin Kellogg Middle School	Newington	5	Fiction	A Second Chance to Love
Sophia Davis	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Nonfiction	Game-Winning Goal
Isabel Mayer	Bugbee Elementary School	West Hartford	5	Nonfiction	The Day the Music Died
Lily Wilson	Gideon Welles School	Glastonbury	5	Nonfiction	Dogs
Isabel Mayer	Bugbee Elementary School	West Hartford	5	Poetry	Me
Evany Prell	Martin Kellogg Middle School	Newington	5	Poetry	In Memory
Sophie Rohde	Tariffville School	Tariffville	5	Poetry	I am from my heart
Bridgette Hopp	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	6	Art	The Hunter's Eyes
Samarth Swain	Martin Kellogg Middle School	Newington	6	Art	Serenity
Giuliana Bibeau	Gideon Welles School	Glastonbury	6	Fiction	"Pressure to Be Perfect"
Adam Elmokadem	Squadron Line Elementary School	Simsbury	6	Fiction	Yonder

CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Lily Gallo	Coleytown middle school	Westport	6	Fiction	Shellvestor's Adventure
Mysha Husain	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Fiction	A Strike of Power
Kylie Lewis	Tariffville School	Tariffville	6	Fiction	Gone From Home
Preston McClure	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	6	Fiction	A Final Goodbye
Clara Preston	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Fiction	Joan
Aarav Rajavat	Timothy Edwards	South Windsor	6	Fiction	The Undying Hope
Lucie Reiss-Schmidt	Coleytown Middle School	Westport	6	Fiction	Untitled
Kaela Bartenstein	John Wallace Middle School	Newington	6	Nonfiction	My Amazing Paw Paw
Angela Cui	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	6	Nonfiction	Welcome Home Oreo!
Advaith Reddy Dyava	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Nonfiction	Revenge of The Mummy
Mysha Husain	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Nonfiction	The Science of Hard-Work
James Parke	Gideon Welles School	Glastonbury	6	Nonfiction	The Navigation Test
Apsara Shetty	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Nonfiction	Game On
Alarie Sweet	Gideon Welles School	Glastonbury	6	Nonfiction	Free On the Mountain
Raji Doshi	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	6	Poetry	A World Without Borders
Silas Drake	Tomlinson Middle School	Fairfield	6	Poetry	My Old Mini Cooper
Addison Fournier	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	6	Poetry	Pinecones
Sheldon Hsiao	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	6	Poetry	The Hollow Tree
Isha Pise	Coleytown Middle School	Westport	6	Poetry	A Colorful Picture of Me
Robin Shapiro	Squadron Line Elementary	Simsbury	6	Poetry	The Way There
Elena Frey	Coleytown Middle School	Westport	7	Art	Untitled
Harshitha Prasanna	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	7	Art	Together is Better!
Amber Asher	John F. Kennedy Middle School	Enfield	7	Fiction	Staring into the Grotesque Beauty of Terror

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Cameron Brown	Smith Middle School	Glastonbury	7	Fiction	The End of Memories
Gabriel de Dios	Smith Middle School	Glastonbury	7	Fiction	The Birthday Party
Sophia Formica	Joseph A. DePaolo Middle School	Southington	7	Fiction	5 Dollars
Isabella Santoro	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	7	Fiction	The Blackout
Akshat Singh	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Wind- sor	7	Fiction	Akshat and the House That Whispered
Olivia Warburton	E.C Adams Middle School	Guilford	7	Fiction	The Boy and the Grey Cat by the Wood
Freya Watt	King Philip Middle School	WEST HARTFORD	7	Fiction	Evacuees Excerpt
Karthik Jayakanth	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Wind- sor	7	Nonfiction	IC814 The Khandhar Hijack
Preston Santamauro	Smith Middle School	Glastonbury	7	Nonfiction	The Last Time
Jacqueline Glick	Roger Ludlowe Mid- dle School	Fairfield	7	Poetry	Mirror Mirror
Carolina Katigbak	Smith Middle School	Glastonbury	7	Poetry	Snow Day
Emmy Liu	The Country School	Wallingford	7	Poetry	Let Love Sing
Juliet Chattaway	New Canaan Coun- try School	New Canaan	8	Art	A Lemon Tree
Sarah Adler	Henry James Memo- rial School	Simsbury	8	Fiction	(Not) Appley Ever After
Juliet Olmstead	Tomlinson Middle School	Fairfield	8	Fiction	Dreaming on the Stairs
Daksha Rajasekaran	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Wind- sor	8	Fiction	Fragments of Yesterday
Divija Adhikary	Ellington Middle School	Ellington	8	Nonfiction	Recognition Redefined
Huntington Beckett	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	8	Nonfiction	To Be Labeled Gifted
Oliver Fitzgerald	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	8	Nonfiction	The Outsider Who Will “Stay Gold”
Lucy Ouimet	Mansfield Middle School	Storrs	8	Nonfiction	Let It Go
Arya Samat	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	8	Nonfiction	Holding On to Hope: Pony- boy’s Journey to Staying Gold
Beatrice Glover	Tomlinson Middle School	Fairfield	8	Poetry	Rain’s Grace
Annaliese Leroy	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Wind- sor	8	Poetry	School of Gratitude
Daksha Rajasekaran	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Wind- sor	8	Poetry	Where Time Meets You

CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Arya Samat	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	8	Poetry	We've Grown Up
Ma'ayan Harel - Sibelman	Homeschooled		9	Art	Golden Hour in the City
Ejin Chung	Miss Porter's School	Farmington	9	Nonfiction	Halmeoni (Grandmother)
Avery Hancock-Braun	Edwin O. Smith High School	Storrs	9	Poetry	Safety Net
Ma'ayan Harel - Sibelman	Homeschooled		9	Poetry	The Walls Keep Talking
Aleya Joseph	Academy of International Studies	Bloomfield	9	Poetry	I hear the shriek of sirens
Mariela Resto	Academy of Aerospace and Engineering	Windsor	9	Poetry	The day she fell
Juliciaah Rivera	Fairfield Warde High School	Fairfield CT	9	Poetry	Never Truly Mine
Nicolas Campisi	Avon Old Farms School	Avon	10	Fiction	Zeena's Reckoning: A Creative Retelling of Zeena's Journey in Ethan Frome
Emma Witinok	Fairfield Ludlowe High School	Fairfield	10	Art	Pensive
Charlie Piputbundit	Fairfield Warde High School	Fairfield	10	Fiction	Unseen
Sam Glemboski	Computer Science & Engineering High School	Enfield	10	Nonfiction	That One Pitch
Nathim Mughal	Fairfield Ludlowe Highschool.	Fairfield	10	Nonfiction	Hidden Love From a Thousand Rupees Away
Lily Mahonen	Montville High School	Oakdale	11	Art	Daydreamer
Ayush Dave	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	11	Nonfiction	The Kitchen Can't Crash
Lily Mahonen	Montville High School	Oakdale	11	Nonfiction	Gender Inequality Women Still Face in America
Disha Rajasekar	Glastonbury High School	Glastonbury	11	Nonfiction	Giulia Tofana: Hero or Killer
Iris Hida	Rockville High School	Vernon	11	Poetry	Extraction
Maher Mawla	South Windsor High	South Windsor	11	Poetry	The Ash of Passion
Anayi Pannell	Edwin O. Smith High School	Storrs	11	Poetry	The Sprout
Alessandra Tuccillo	Fairfield Ludlowe High School	Fairfield	11	Poetry	Mirror

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Nohelys Ortega	Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts - Full Day	Hartford	12	Art	Fierce Soul
Abigail Dayton	Trumbull High School	Trumbull	12	Fiction	Rocky Mountain High
Angelina Gao	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	12	Fiction	Complex Character Narrative
Avril MacHale	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	12	Fiction	Complex Character Narrative
Mattie Sirois	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	12	Fiction	And The Carts Rumble On
Gabrielle Hurt	Stafford High School	Stafford Springs	12	Nonfiction	I Am Gonna Go Far
Ian Li	Waterford High School	Waterford	12	Nonfiction	Whodunnit?: Human Responsibility and the Dangers of Artificial Intelligence in Light of Frankenstein
Max Sanseverino	New Canaan High-school	New Canaan	12	Nonfiction	Coming Home to Chicken Parm
Moon Wilensky	Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts	Hartford	12	Nonfiction	Sexualization Around the World: Women in American and Australian Advertisements
Anxhelika Deda	Wethersfield High School	Wethersfield	12	Poetry	A full plate.
Valerie Perez	Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts - Full Day	Hartford	12	Poetry	Nearly New Pomegranates
Yimin Wu	William H. Hall High School	West Hartford	12	Poetry	erratic circadian rhythm: alarm clocks, wet dreams, all-nighters

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Olivia Clauson	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	K	Art	<i>Sunny Day</i>
Leo Huang	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	K	Art	<i>Robot Shape Collage</i>
Gavin Ingerson	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	K	Art	<i>Shape Collage</i>
Rhythm Panta	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	K	Art	<i>Rainbow</i>
Julius Sapaugh	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	1	Art	<i>Mansfield Elementary School</i>
Elaine Castillo	Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	1	Poetry	<i>What the Sun Sees</i>
Jaizian (TJ) Luyando	Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	1	Poetry	<i>What the Sun Sees</i>
Isabella Moran Pichardo	Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	1	Poetry	<i>What the Sun Sees</i>
Ellen Xavier	Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	1	Poetry	<i>What the Sun Sees</i>
Huzaifa Rizwan	Anna Reynolds Elementary School	Newington	2	Art	<i>The Sonicverse</i>
Benjamin Stout	Homeschooled		2	Art	<i>Spring Barnyard</i>
Benjamin Stout	Homeschooled		2	Art	<i>Koala Forest</i>
Hamsika Murikipudi	Anna Reynolds Elementary School	Newington	2	Fiction	<i>Magic Snow Tales</i>
Benjamin Sheeran	Orchard Hill Elementary School	South Windsor	2	Fiction	<i>The Boys</i>
Ainsley O'Neill	Anna Reynolds Elementary School	Newington	2	Nonfiction	<i>My Time to Shine in the Spotlight</i>
William Rivard	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	3	Art	<i>Demon Mask</i>
Aviana Ambrosio	Tootin' Hills School	Simsbury	3	Fiction	<i>The Beary Good Adventure</i>
Zainab Husain	CREC Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	3	Nonfiction	<i>Water Cycle</i>
Ava Li	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	4	Art	<i>Cardinal</i>
Aiden Geddis	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	4	Fiction	<i>Tackle Football</i>
Ellie Hermenegildo	Anna Reynolds Elementary School	Newington	4	Fiction	<i>Mr. Booker's New Friend Jenson</i>
Ayla Deloso	CREC University of Hartford Magnet School	West Hartford	4	Poetry	<i>My Cat</i>
Kanyirayochukwu Iloeje	Glastonbury East Hartford Magnet School	Glastonbury	4	Poetry	<i>My Mom</i>

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Charlotte Provost	Anna Reynolds Elementary School	Newington	4	Poetry	<i>In the Sky</i>
Eleanor Zawoiski	Cider Mill School	Wilton	4	Poetry	<i>Moments In Time</i>
Artemis McMullan	Homeschooled		5	Art	<i>Peace</i>
Bailey Stout	Homeschooled		5	Art	<i>Cozy Winter Cabin</i>
Zoya Abbasi	CREC Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	5	Fiction	<i>If I Were a Bird</i>
Sophia Davis	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Fiction	<i>A Mouse's Cooking Dream</i>
Evelyn Dunleavy	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Fiction	<i>The Key</i>
Mila Kusurin	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Fiction	<i>The Doorbell Rang</i>
Isabel Mayer	Bugbee Elementary School	West Hartford	5	Fiction	<i>Hidden</i>
William Petit	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	5	Fiction	<i>Doppelganger</i>
Evaleigh Romagnoli	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	5	Fiction	<i>Goin' Camping</i>
Kristen Schack	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Fiction	<i>The Mechanical People</i>
Penelope Zubko	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Fiction	<i>The Surprise</i>
Lexi Bancroft	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Nonfiction	<i>Trip to Greece</i>
Louisa Berger	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Nonfiction	<i>The Day That Went Wrong</i>
Nora Gutman	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Nonfiction	<i>Problems in Paradise</i>
Presley Johnson	Martin Kellogg Middle School	Newington	5	Nonfiction	<i>Medical Bad Luck</i>
Amara Krikorian	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Nonfiction	<i>All the Acting</i>
Mila Kusurin	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Nonfiction	<i>Gondola</i>
Sophie Rohde	Tariffville School	Tariffville	5	Nonfiction	<i>Love is always stronger</i>
Siaana Beri	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	5	Poetry	<i>The Symbol of Joy</i>
Andrew Cha	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	5	Poetry	<i>Siblings</i>
Evelyn Dunleavy	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Poetry	<i>The Final Dance of Leaves</i>
Hazel Falco	Tariffville School	Tariffville	5	Poetry	<i>I Like This</i>
Reilly O'Neill	Martin Kellogg Middle School	Newington	5	Poetry	<i>An Ode to Bricks</i>
Luciana Scheinberg	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	5	Poetry	<i>Everyday Acting</i>
Anders Wright	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	5	Poetry	<i>Humdrumbly-glummumbly</i>
Penelope Zubko	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5	Poetry	<i>Deer</i>
Angela Cui	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	6	Art	<i>Four Cats Drawing</i>
Robin Shapiro	Squadron Line Elementary School	Simsbury	6	Art	<i>Portrait of a Girl</i>

CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Mia Berry	Ledyard Middle School	Gales Ferry	6	Fiction	<i>The Re-Written Life</i>
Viraaj Bokria	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Fiction	<i>The Bear who ruins everything</i>
Timothy Fang	Timothy Edward Middle School	South Windsor	6	Fiction	<i>Apocalypse Overload</i>
Elvire Hugon-Delisle	Squadron Line Elementary School	Simsbury	6	Fiction	<i>A Brief Introduction to New Trishon of the Galaxy 4-OD-8609</i>
Nikhil Krishnamurthy	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	6	Fiction	<i>A World Short of Life</i>
Joaquin Narvaez	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	6	Fiction	<i>Rebuild of Society</i>
Vivaan Pandey	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Fiction	<i>The Gift of a Brother</i>
Emmett Pecker	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	6	Fiction	<i>Hey There Mr. Spaceman!</i>
Apsara Shetty	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Fiction	<i>Christmas Miracle</i>
Cecilia Bardenwerper	Roger Ludlowe Middle School	Fairfield	6	Nonfiction	<i>Grips and Grit</i>
Camille Captain	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	6	Nonfiction	<i>A Rough Ride</i>
Raji Doshi	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	6	Nonfiction	<i>Breaking Barriers: The Ongoing Struggle for Women in Space</i>
Zoe Epstein	Coleytown Middle School	Westport	6	Nonfiction	<i>18 Spiders</i>
Cameron Klein	Coleytown Middle School	Westport	6	Nonfiction	<i>The Day on the Trampoline</i>
Beatrice Klemann	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	6	Nonfiction	<i>On the Path to Success</i>
Layan Mansour	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	6	Nonfiction	<i>My First Best Friend</i>
Tejas Paranjape	Tootin' Hills School	Simsbury	6	Nonfiction	<i>All about Bears</i>
Akshitha Ajay	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6	Poetry	<i>I am from</i>
Ezra Chapman	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	6	Poetry	<i>A Day in Hiram</i>
Kylie Lewis	Tariffville School	Tariffville	6	Poetry	<i>Life</i>
Neja Loku Gamage	Timothy Edwards middle school	South Windsor	6	Poetry	<i>Blue</i>
Schroeder Nadine Schroeder	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	6	Poetry	<i>A Story That Should Not Be Told</i>
Akshita Naveen	Timothy Edwards Middle Schools	South Windsor	6	Poetry	<i>Home and Family</i>
Julie Picone	Ledyard Middle School	Gales Ferry	6	Poetry	<i>Seeing the Beauty in Everything</i>

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Samarth Swain	Martin Kellogg Middle School	Newington	6	Poetry	<i>Golden Sunflower</i>
Michelle Amaechi	Tomlinson Middle School	Fairfield	7	Fiction	<i>One Last Breath - A short dystopian piece.</i>
Tharan Chimmiri	Smith Middle School	Glastonbury	7	Fiction	<i>Into the Wild</i>
Ella Elam	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	7	Fiction	<i>Murder on an Island</i>
Aarna Jaggi	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	7	Fiction	<i>My Feather Friend</i>
Lillian MacDonald	Schaghticoke Middle School	New Milford	7	Fiction	<i>I Sense Things You Don't</i>
Abhinavsai Nune	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	7	Fiction	<i>The Metro</i>
Ruby Passon	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	7	Fiction	<i>Escaping Germany</i>
Shreenika Patil	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	7	Fiction	<i>Stand Tall</i>
Advik Shrivastava	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	7	Fiction	<i>The Baker</i>
Akshat Singh	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	7	Fiction	<i>The Flow of Water</i>
Tharan Chimmiri	Smith Middle School	Glastonbury	7	Nonfiction	<i>A Restless Past</i>
Aarna Jaggi	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	7	Nonfiction	<i>Through New Eyes</i>
Harshitha Prasanna	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	7	Nonfiction	<i>Nuclear Power</i>
Konstantinos (Dean) Raptis	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	7	Nonfiction	<i>Climbing Through Fear</i>
Eleanor Bender	Old Saybrook Middle School	Old Saybrook	7	Poetry	<i>Summer Woes</i>
Sophia Formica	Joseph A. DePaolo Middle School	Southington	7	Poetry	<i>Listen to the Silence</i>
Amelia Reinhart	Joseph A. DePaolo Middle School	Southington	7	Poetry	<i>O Dearest Beauty</i>
Fox Richardson-White	Ana Grace Academy of the Arts Middle School	Bloomfield	7	Poetry	<i>I Am Enough</i>
Kyrinn Stone	Portland Middle School	Portland	7	Poetry	<i>I'm a Dancer</i>
Olivia Warburton	E.C Adams Middle School	Guilford	7	Poetry	<i>Run</i>
Charlotte Bagioni	John Wallace Middle School	Newington	8	Art	<i>Two of Us</i>
Emma Hennessey	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	8	Fiction	<i>The Edge of Night</i>

CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Ella Killoran	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	8	Fiction	<i>Crowven</i>
Gavin Magnuson	Coleytown Middle School	Westport	8	Fiction	<i>A Light From Below</i>
Amberlee Turturici	Schaghticoke Middle School	New Milford	8	Fiction	<i>Lillian's Ascent of Fear</i>
Emma O'Brien	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	8	Nonfiction	<i>Teach Them How to Say Good-bye: The Significance of George Washington's Farewell Address</i>
Jane Xue	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	8	Nonfiction	<i>The Outsider Who Will Stay Optimistic</i>
Divija Adhikary	Ellington Middle School	Ellington	8	Poetry	<i>Embrace Of Solitude</i>
Owen Barden	Adams Middle School	Guilford	8	Poetry	<i>Obscura</i>
Hasini Kasam	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	8	Poetry	<i>To Be Free</i>
Carolina Keenaghan	Memorial Middle School	Middlebury	8	Poetry	<i>Batter Up</i>
Girish Prasad	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	9	Nonfiction	<i>The Disguised Downfall of the Haitian Revolution</i>
Annabel O'Malley	The Hopkins School	New Haven	9	Poetry	<i>Duct Tape</i>
Juliette Schwartz	Christian Heritage School	Shelton	9	Poetry	<i>Innocence</i>
Chris Hopkins	Suffield High School	West Suffield	10	Fiction	<i>Life is Fragile</i>
Emma Mao	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	10	Fiction	<i>Evening Train</i>
Alyssa Medina	Northwestern Regional High School District 7	Winsted	10	Fiction	<i>Only A Piece In A Wall Of Paintings</i>
Aleksander Olewicz	Notre Dame High School	West Haven	10	Fiction	<i>The Gate</i>
Kendyl Brooks	Computer Science & Engineering High School	Enfield	10	Nonfiction	<i>My Dad a Junkie</i>
Sarah Johnson	CREC Academy of Computer Science and Engineering High School	Enfield	10	Nonfiction	<i>The Presence Of A Father Matters</i>
Anamika Martins	Fairfield Ludlowe High School	Fairfield	10	Nonfiction	<i>Faith on Borrowed Time: The Cost of Celebrating Who I Am</i>
Noah Sanderson	CREC Academy of Computer Science and Engineering High School	Enfield	10	Nonfiction	<i>Shock therapy (Middle School edition)</i>
Joann Varghese	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	10	Nonfiction	<i>The Man</i>

Student Name	School Name	School City/ Town	Gr	Genre	Title of Submission
Emma Mao	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	10	Poetry	<i>Writing Onward</i>
Jane OConnell	Glastonbury High School	Glastonbury	11	Fiction	<i>Between the Wind And the Dust</i>
Emily Porter	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	11	Fiction	<i>An Excerpt: The Sleeping Beauty</i>
Zachary Smith	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	11	Fiction	<i>The Rabbits End</i>
Kaden Zimmerman	Farmington High School	Farmington	11	Fiction	<i>The House</i>
Kaleigh Aparo	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	11	Nonfiction	<i>Hard Work Beats Talent, When Talent Doesn't Work Hard</i>
Madeline Milheiro	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	11	Nonfiction	<i>The Fads of Fiction</i>
Aneek Roy	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	11	Nonfiction	<i>Ideally Perfect</i>
Madeline Milheiro	South Windsor High School	South Windsor	11	Poetry	<i>My First Best Friend</i>
Kristina Hunter	Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts High School	Hartford	12	Art	<i>The Wall Between Us</i>
Caroline Blazer	Simsbury High School	Simsbury	12	Fiction	<i>Moonlight Sonata</i>
Joaquin Garcia-Berg	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	12	Fiction	<i>Old Habits Die Hard</i>
Ava Passon	Windsor High School	Windsor	12	Fiction	<i>My Reflection</i>
Caroline Bielefield-Roberts	Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts	Hartford	12	Nonfiction	<i>What is Fashion</i>
Ednelis Carattini Guzman	Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts High School	Hartford	12	Nonfiction	<i>Ed-Ne-Lis</i>
Joshua Clark	Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts High School	Hartford	12	Nonfiction	<i>WATCH ME</i>
Ava Passon	Windsor High School	Windsor	12	Nonfiction	<i>Still a Kid at Heart</i>
Matthew Riley	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	12	Nonfiction	<i>Beyond the Cliffs: A Journey into Zion National Park</i>
Deborah Agyeman	Glastonbury High School	Glastonbury	12	Poetry	<i>December Lights</i>
Hannah Barnes	Lyman Memorial High School	Lebanon	12	Poetry	<i>Eidolon's Lullaby</i>
Maximillian Bonadies	Glastonbury High School	Glastonbury	12	Poetry	<i>Long Beach</i>
Gianna LeClair	Glastonbury High School	Glastonbury	12	Poetry	<i>the roses.</i>

TEACHER AWARDS

PLATINUM TEACHERS

Teacher Name	School Name	School City/Town	Grade
Kim King	Mansfield Elementary School	Mansfield	K, 1, 2, 3 & 4
John Stinchon	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	6 & 7

GOLD TEACHERS

Teacher Name	School Name	School City/Town	Grade
M.J. Hartell	Talcott Mountain Academy	Avon	6, 7 & 8
Dana Johansen	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	5
Kimberly McGee	Sage Park Middle School	Windsor	6, 7 & 8

SILVER TEACHERS

Teacher Name	School Name	School City/Town	Grade
Emily Diggs	Coleytown Middle School	Westport	6 & 7
Melissa Mazzaf- erro	Highcrest Elementary School	Wethersfield	4, 5 & 6
Anthony Millard	Timothy Edwards Middle School	South Windsor	8
James Shivers	Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts - Full Day	Middletown	12

HONORABLE MENTION TEACHERS

Teacher Name	School Name	School City/Town	Grade
Maureen Corbo	Greenwich Academy	Greenwich	6
Phillip Day	E.C Adams Middle School	Guilford	7 & 8
Suzanne Desjarlais	Edwin Oscar Smith High School	Storrs	11
Amanda Flachsbart	South Windsor High	South Windsor	11
Maggie Hamill	New Canaan Highschool	New Canaan	12
Jeffrey Helming	Anna Reynolds Elementary	Newington	2 & 3
Danielle Herbette	Bugbee Elementary School	West Hartford	5
Nicole Jamieson	Tariffville School	Tariffville	5
Jamie Laferriere	Anna Reynolds Elementary School	Newington	4
Paola Maina	Gideon Welles School	Glastonbury	6
Elizabeth Salafia	Smith Middle School	Glastonbury	7
Timothy Sanderson	Glastonbury High School	Glastonbury	11 & 12
Jennifer Shannon	CREC Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	1, 3 & 5
Grae Sibelman	Your Homeschooled Students		9 & 12
Rebecca Snay	Ledyard Middle School	Gales Ferry	6
Susan Steidl	New Canaan High School	New Canaan	12
Brian Stout	Your Homeschooled Students		1, 2 & 5
Jill Thompson	Highcrest Elementary	Wethersfield	K, 4 & 5
Kellie Wagner	CREC Academy of Computer Science and Engineering High School	Enfield	10
Kara Zdrojeski	Discovery Academy	Wethersfield	1

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