

# Spartan Newsflash

May  
2023

Volume 3, Edition 6

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7th Grade Language Arts Students

*Staff Editor: Ms. Maloney*

## THIRD ANNUAL PHOTO EDITION

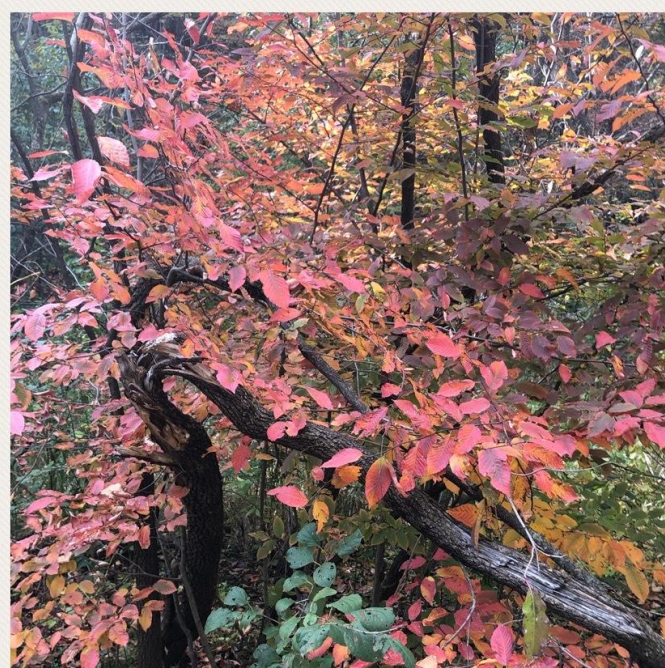
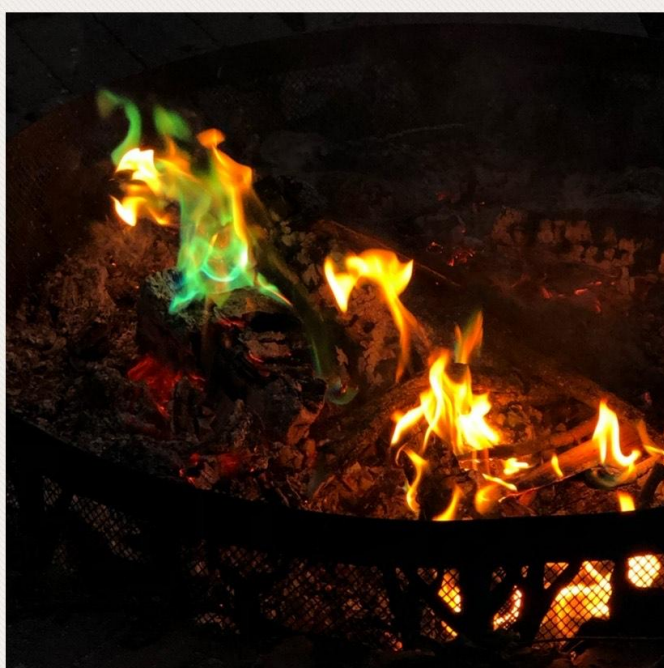
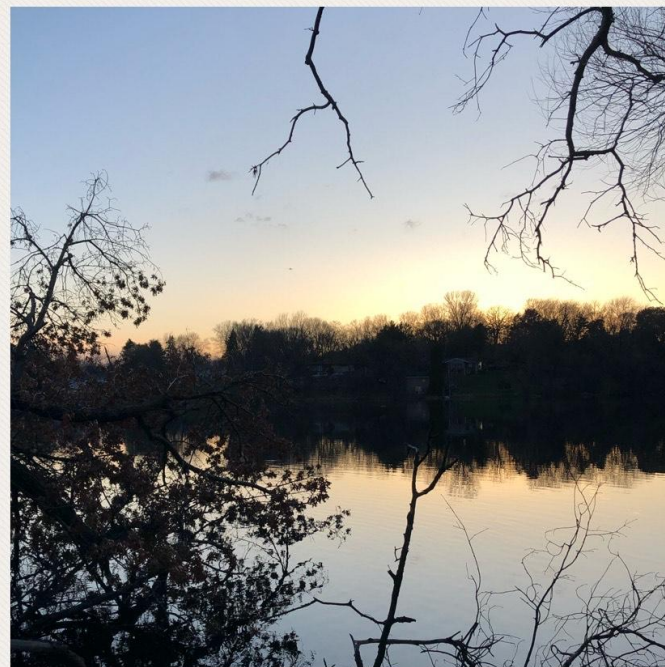
The Spartan Newsflash was born out of the pandemic. Students needed more opportunities to share their voices, and more spaces to feel seen and heard. Each year the student staff has grown in number, and in the strength of their voices. Students are given freedom to write about the topics that are important to them.

A challenge is presented to the newspaper students to create an edition that focuses on the idea of “photojournalism.” Students are encouraged to tell a story with as few words as possible, or no words at all. This is that edition.

This edition also includes a special feature of poems created and illustrated by seventh grade students from Ms. Hamilton’s and Ms. Van Schooten’s language arts classes.

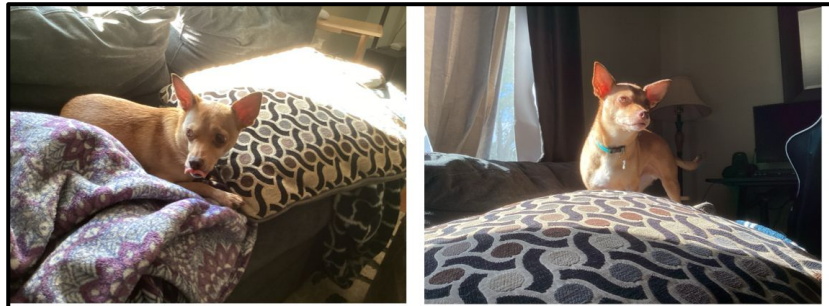
I would like to congratulate the Spartan Newsflash staff on creating a phenomenal third volume! This student newspaper is a labor of love for both students and staff. It is worth every minute of the hard work.

Have a safe summer and I can not wait to see what the fourth volume of the Spartan Newsflash looks like!





The newspaper helped promote my art and helped me connect with my friends more plus Mrs. Maloney cool :)



Meet Frank! He is a chihuahua puppy who loves food, toys, and his cousin, Sadie. he's also a bit of a jerk if you don't let him sit on you, but he makes up with his cuteness.



## TEACHER OF THE MONTH

by Jae Johnson & Anna Larsen, grade 7

In a survey taken of students at Inver Grove Heights Middle School, the following teacher was voted teacher of the month:

**MS.  
HAMILTON**

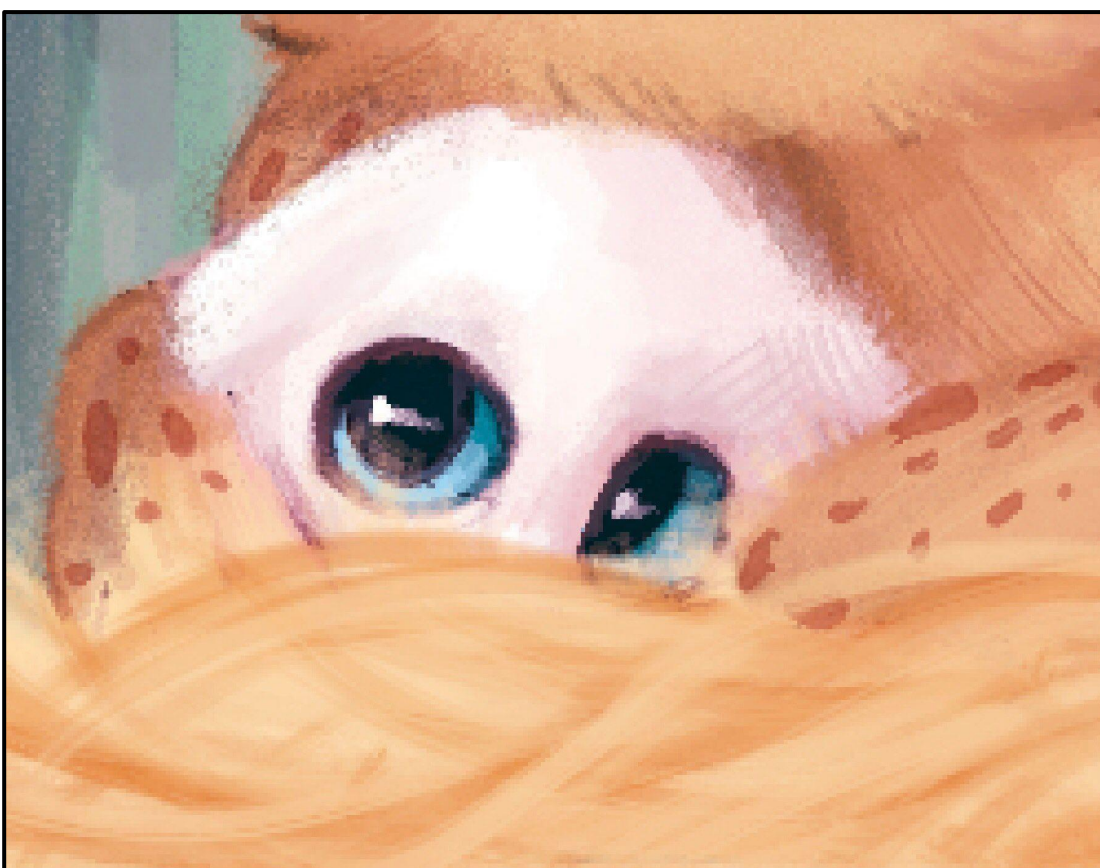
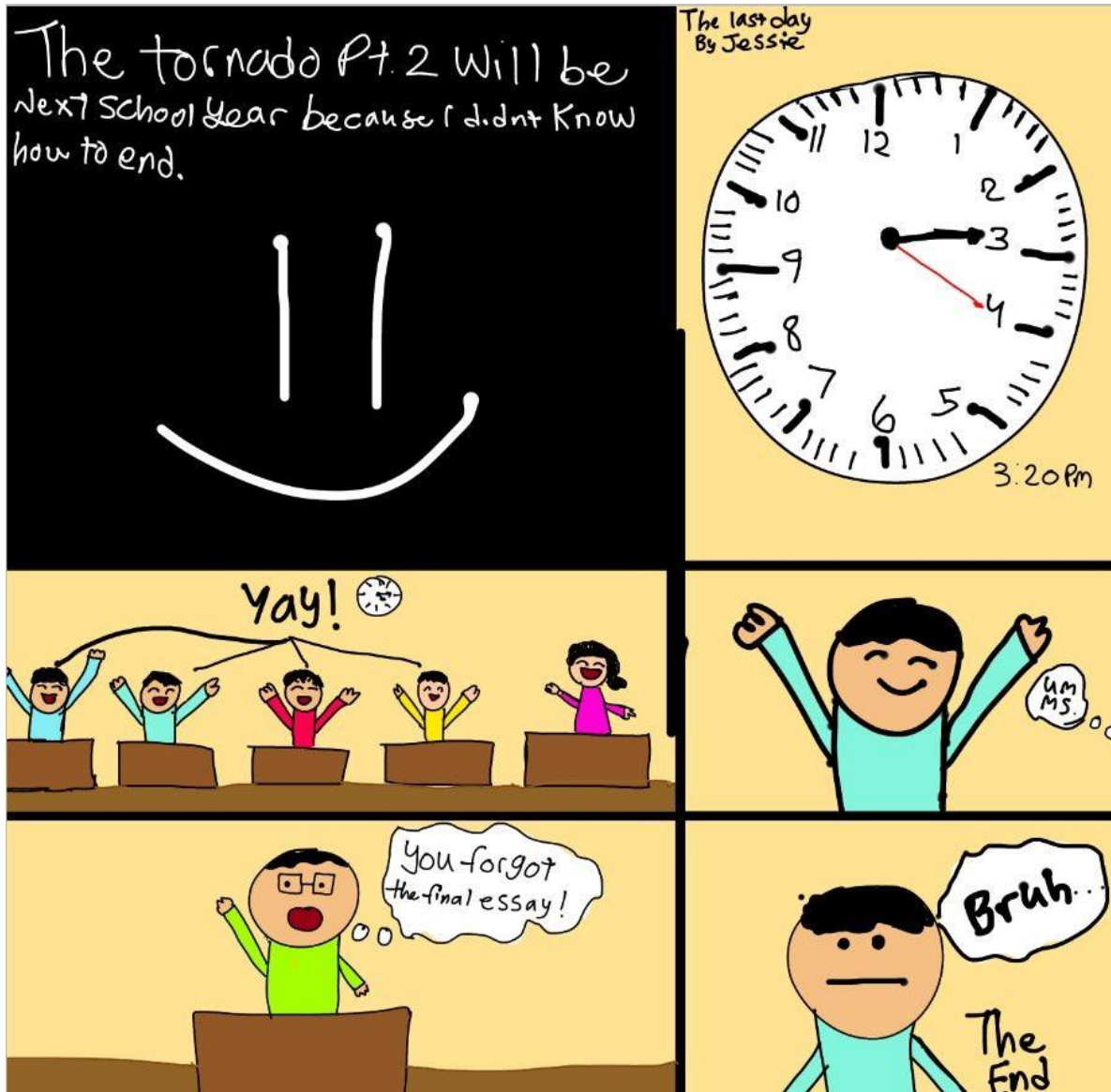




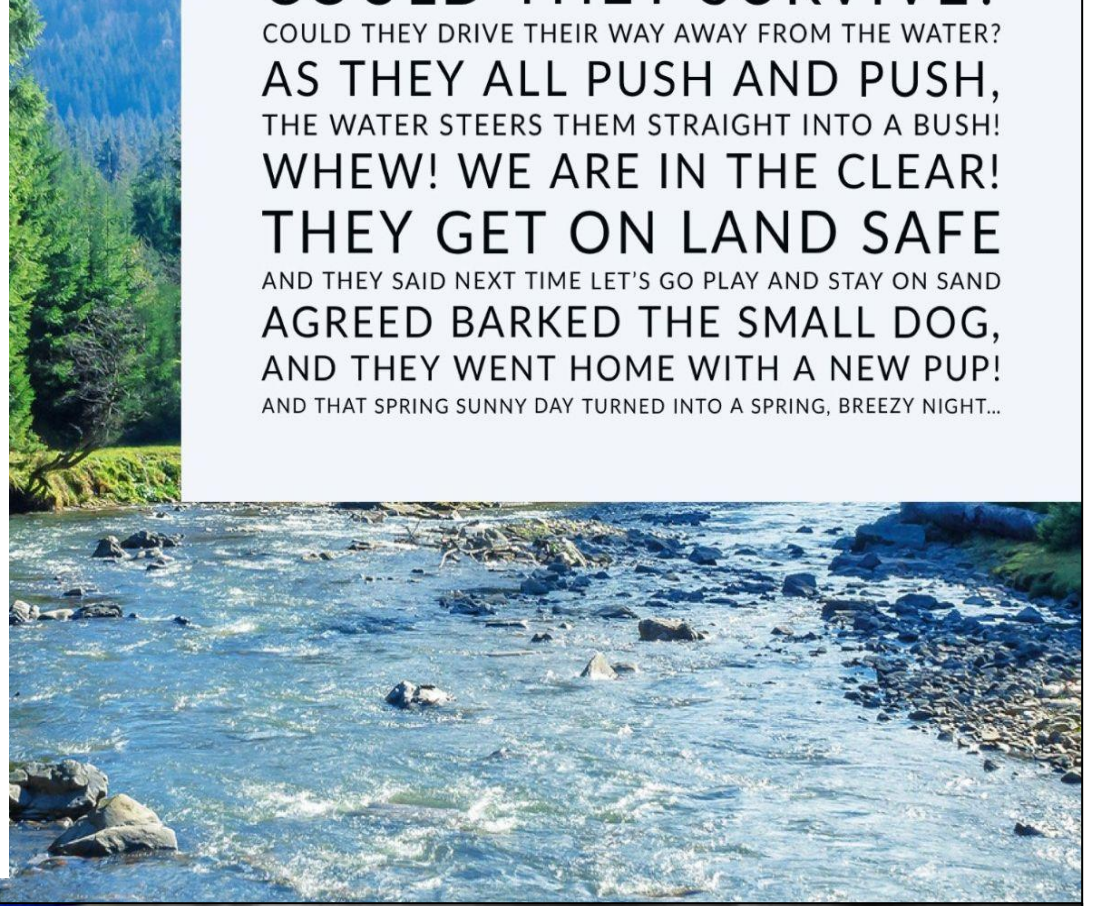
### My Favorite thing to Do!!!



I love to make jewelry in my free time because it's super relaxing to me and I love to do it. I also like to make jewelry because I don't have to do it, it's something that I choose to do!



# 7th Grade Poems



*IT IS SO STRANGE,  
SOMETHING SO DEVEINED, YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN  
IT'S SOMETIMES SAD BUT SOMETIMES HAPPY,  
IT IS SO UNIQUE  
NOTHING COMPARES TO IT  
THE FEELING IS SO UNDESIRABLE  
SOME DAYS IT STRUGGLES TO SURVIVE  
EVEN THOUGH EVERYTHING AROUND IT.*

## LOVES IT

*NO MATTER WHAT IT THINKS  
IT LOOKS DIFFERENT EVERYDAY,  
EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT  
YOU CAN PREDICT IT  
IT IS SO STRANGE,  
SOMETHING SO DEVEINED, YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN  
IT'S SOMETIME SAD BUT SOMETIMES HAPPY,  
IT IS AS PRETTY AS A BUTTERFLY  
AS STRONG AS A BEAR  
AS GRACEFUL AS A BALLERINA  
YOU CAN'T REALLY PREDICT IT,  
WHEN THE FEELING RUSHES IN  
ANY FEELING FOR THAT MATTER  
I CAN'T REALLY DESCRIBE IT  
BUT ONE THING I DO KNOW IS, IT IS SO WONDERFUL  
SOMETHING YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN BUT IT IS SO REAL,  
WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT*

## YOU

## ONE SUNNY SPRING DAY,

THE GRASS WAS SHINING AND BLOWING IN THE WIND, WHOOSH!  
THE FAMILY WENT TO PLAY, THEY TOOK A NICE STROLL IT WAS LIKE A WALK ON A SUMMER DAY  
THEY WENT TO THE PARK AND SAW A DARK SHADOW..  
THEY RAN FAST, BUT THEY WERE OUT OF GAS,  
THEY THOUGHT WILL THIS BE OUR LAST TIME OF FUN WHILE WE RUN,  
THEY STOP FOR A BREATH OF AIR,  
THEN THERE WAS A JUMP SCARE, DO THEY DARE TURN AROUND AND STARE AT WHAT CHASED THEM?  
THE SHADOW WAS ACTUALLY A SMALL DOG,  
THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE FAMILY REALIZED THEY JUMPED ON A LOG,  
THE LOG SWAM AND PADDLED AS IT FLOATED DOWN THE RIVER STREAM,  
BUT UNFORTUNATELY NOBODY COULD HEAR THEIR SCREAMS.

## COULD THEY SURVIVE?

COULD THEY DRIVE THEIR WAY AWAY FROM THE WATER?  
AS THEY ALL PUSH AND PUSH,  
THE WATER STEERS THEM STRAIGHT INTO A BUSH!  
WHEW! WE ARE IN THE CLEAR!  
THEY GET ON LAND SAFE  
AND THEY SAID NEXT TIME LET'S GO PLAY AND STAY ON SAND  
AGREED BARKED THE SMALL DOG,  
AND THEY WENT HOME WITH A NEW PUP!  
AND THAT SPRING SUNNY DAY TURNED INTO A SPRING, BREEZY NIGHT...

## I HATE THE WIND

*I HATE THE WAY IT WILL CHANGE ON YOU  
WHEN YOU FIND IT MOVING ONE WAY*

## THEN IT CHANGES

## I HATE THE WIND

*I HATE THE WAY IT STOPS ON YOU  
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO*

## YOU THINK YOUR FINE

## THEN IT CHANGES

## I HATE THE WIND

*I HATE THE WAY WHEN YOU FINALLY FIND BALANCE*

## WHEN IT CHANGES

## AND YOU FALL

*I HATE THE WAY YOU CANT GET UP  
AND YOU THINK YOUR STEADY*

## THEN IT CHANGES

## I HATE THE WIND

*I HATE THE WAY IT MAKES YOU FEEL LONELY*

## AND LOST

## AND HOPELESS

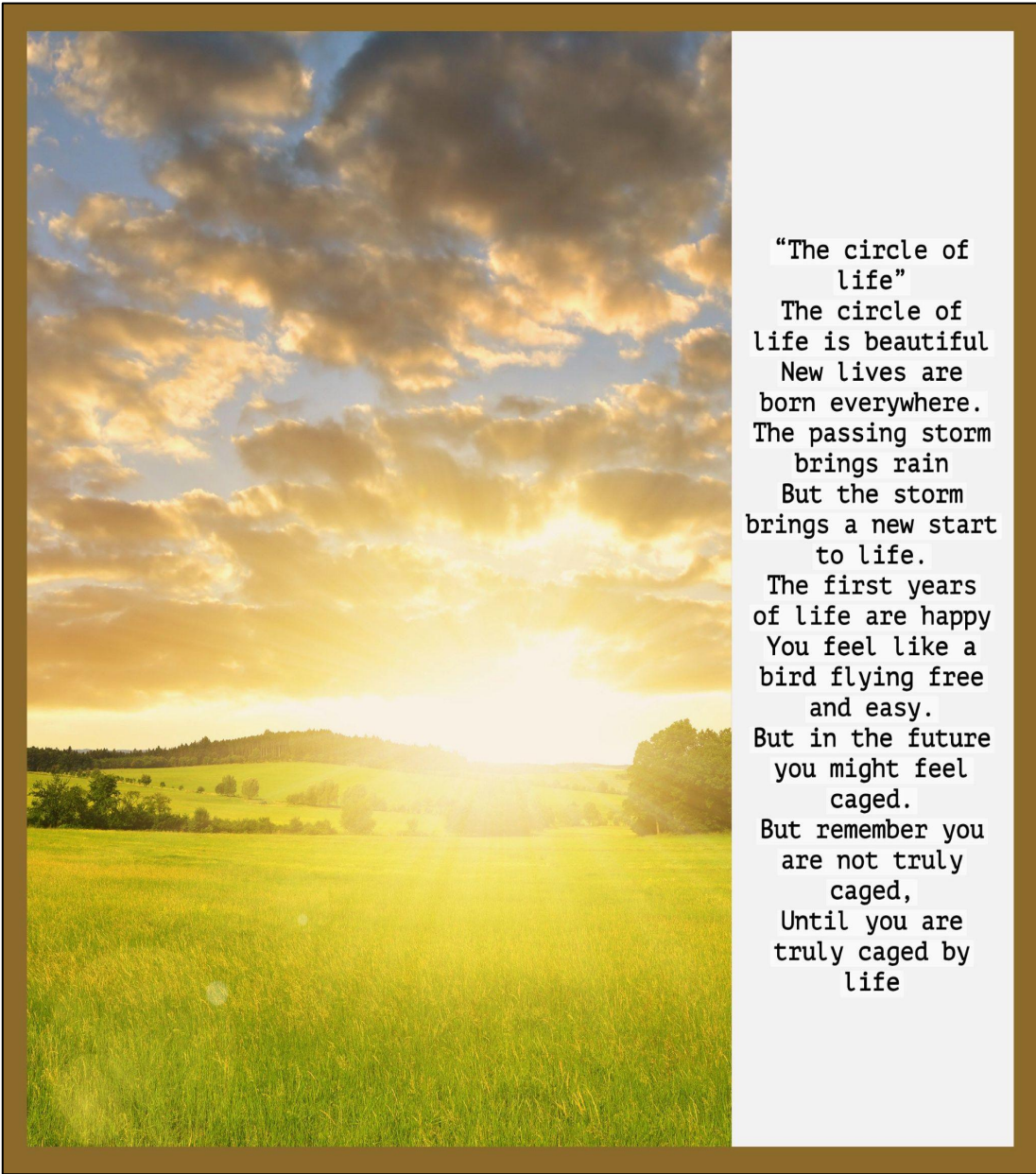
*WHEN YOU FINALLY ACCEPT THE WIND*

## THEN IT CHANGES

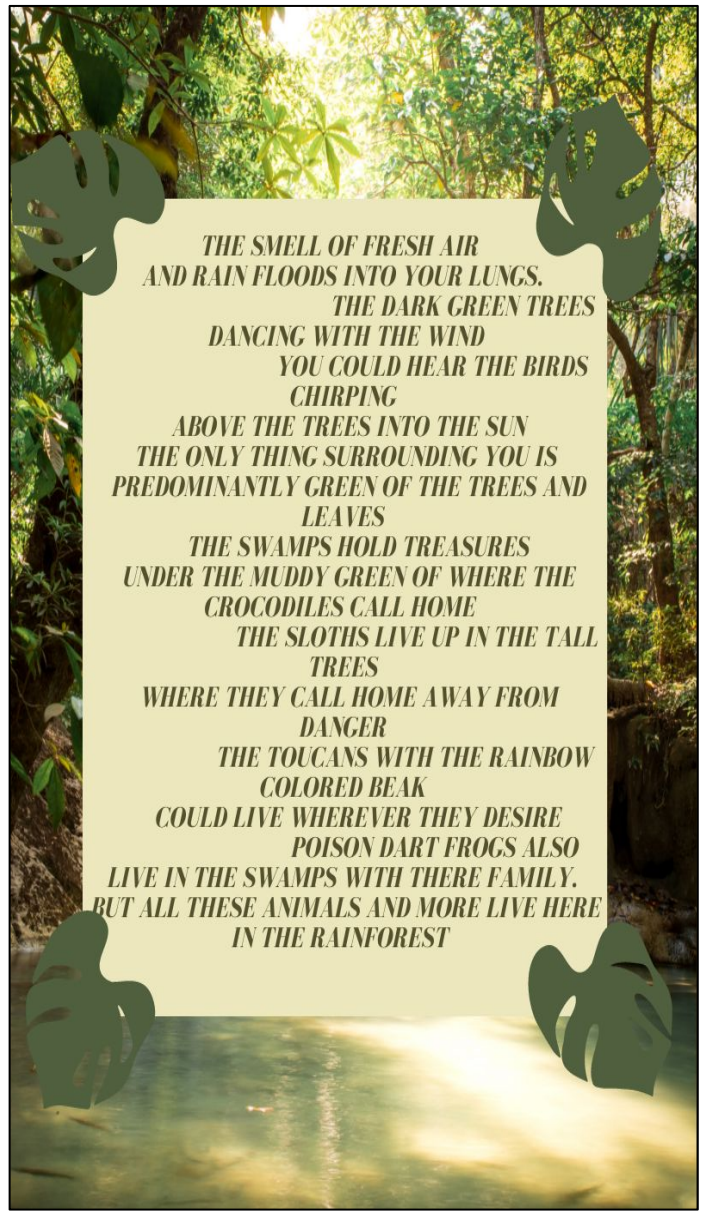
*I AM NOT SCARED ON THE WIND,  
BUT I DON'T LIKE IT*

*I NEVER CAN APPRECIATE ANYTHING,  
SO I HATE THE WIND*





“The circle of life”  
 The circle of life is beautiful  
 New lives are born everywhere.  
 The passing storm brings rain  
 But the storm brings a new start to life.  
 The first years of life are happy  
 You feel like a bird flying free and easy.  
 But in the future you might feel caged.  
 But remember you are not truly caged,  
 Until you are truly caged by life



THE SMELL OF FRESH AIR  
 AND RAIN FLOODS INTO YOUR LUNGS.  
 THE DARK GREEN TREES  
 DANCING WITH THE WIND  
 YOU COULD HEAR THE BIRDS  
 CHIRPING  
 ABOVE THE TREES INTO THE SUN  
 THE ONLY THING SURROUNDING YOU IS  
 PREDOMINANTLY GREEN OF THE TREES AND  
 LEAVES  
 THE SWAMPS HOLD TREASURES  
 UNDER THE MUDDY GREEN OF WHERE THE  
 CROCODILES CALL HOME  
 THE SLOTHS LIVE UP IN THE TALL  
 TREES  
 WHERE THEY CALL HOME AWAY FROM  
 DANGER  
 THE TOUCANS WITH THE RAINBOW  
 COLORED BEAK  
 COULD LIVE WHEREVER THEY DESIRE  
 POISON DART FROGS ALSO  
 LIVE IN THE SWAMPS WITH THERE FAMILY.  
 BUT ALL THESE ANIMALS AND MORE LIVE HERE  
 IN THE RAINFOREST



### LONELY NIGHTS

AFTER THE LAST RED SUNSET GLIMMER  
 I LOOK AT THE SKY  
 AND THE STARS REFLECT ON THE FACE  
 THE STARS ARE A PROJECTOR  
 AND I'M WATCHING THEIR MOVIE  
 THE MAZE OF SUMMER SITS STILL FOR AS LONG AS THEY CAN  
 BUT YET JUNE DAYS RUSH AND RUN FAR  
 WITH THE THOUGHT OF WINTER ON THEIR BACKS  
 NIGHT FROM A RAILROAD CAR  
 A SILENT SWEET MOMENT  
 BRIGHT WHITE RAYS OF LIGHT BEAM INTO THE PETITE CAR  
 BUT THE SUN ENDS UP ARISING  
 THE DARK STARRY NIGHT,  
 TURNS INTO A ORANGE AND YELLOW COLLAGE  
 OUR MOON FLIPPING TO SUN  
 I ALWAYS WAIT FOR THOSE NIGHTS

### THESE NIGHTS

### I STAND

CANDLE HOVERING UNDER ME  
 THE WARMTH OF OTHERS CROWD ME AT THIS PLACE  
 THE TALL CANDLE STICK ADMITS A SOFT ORANGE GLOW  
 BUT AS THE CANDLE IS WARM AND FUZZY  
 ALL THERE IS IN THIS PLACE IS FLAT FACES

### I STAND

WITH PEOPLE ALL AROUND  
 YET I STAND SILENT  
 WITH MY CANDLE AND RED CUP ON TOP IS MY ONLY COMFORT  
 THERE MAY BE PHYSICAL WARMTH BUT IT FEELS COLD

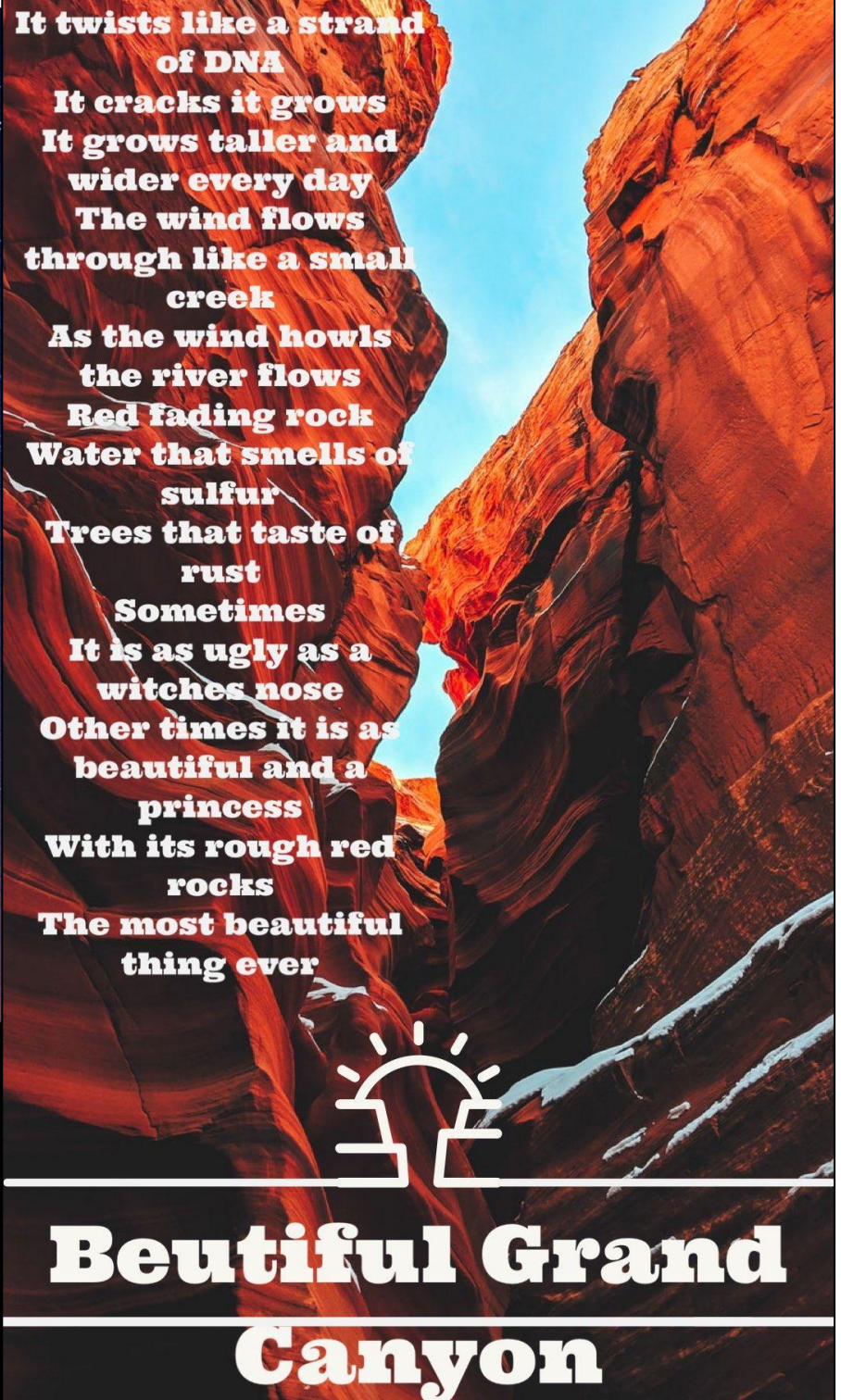
### I STAND

WISHING I WAS IN THAT NIGHT MIST IN THAT RAILROAD CAR  
 ALL I EVER SEE IS MYSELF  
 I FEEL I SIT QUIETLY ENCLOSED

### I'M A BIRD

I SEE MY OWN TRAIL AND I DON'T TAKE IT  
 INSTEAD I AM IN MY CAGE SQUAWKING  
 BUT YET NO ONE WILL HEAR OR TRY TO LISTEN  
 I'M ALWAYS FOREVER

### ALONE.



It twists like a strand  
 of DNA  
 It cracks it grows  
 It grows taller and  
 wider every day  
 The wind flows  
 through like a small  
 creek  
 As the wind howls  
 the river flows  
 Red fading rock  
 Water that smells of  
 sulfur  
 Trees that taste of  
 rust  
 Sometimes  
 It is as ugly as a  
 witches nose  
 Other times it is as  
 beautiful and a  
 princess  
 With its rough red  
 rocks  
 The most beautiful  
 thing ever



## Beutiful Grand Canyon

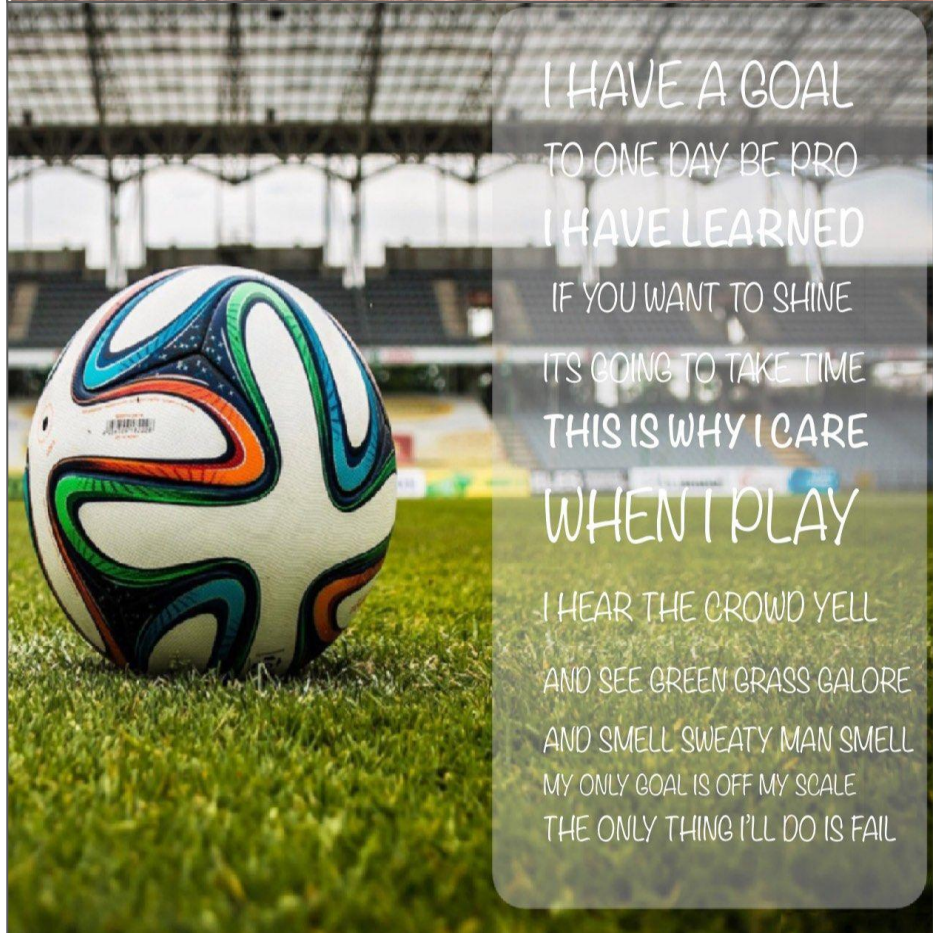
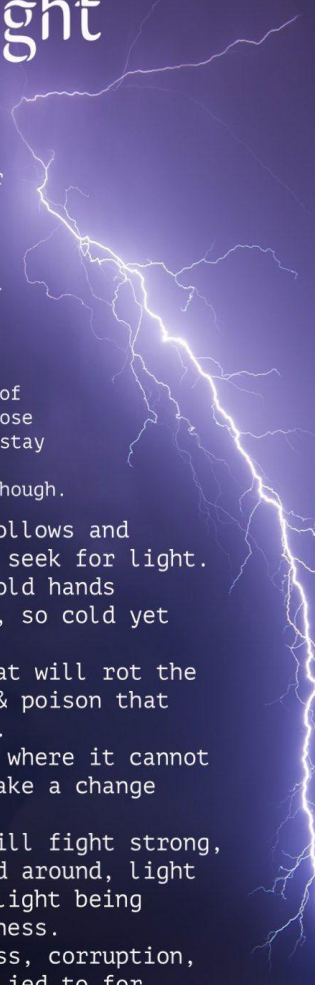
THE BEACH IS MY COMFORT PLACE  
**I LOVE THE BEACH**  
**IT'S SO CALMING**  
 ESPECIALLY WHEN ITS DAWN  
 AND THE BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT ORANGE SUN  
 MAKES A COLORFUL GORGEOUS SKY  
 AND THE BIRDS CHIRPING WHILE FLYING  
**AND WILD BLOWING**  
 THE BEACH IS SUCH A DEEP SAPPHIRE BLUE  
**I LOVE THE OCEANS COLOR**  
 SOME PARTS OF IT ARE A THAI TEAL  
 AND OTHER PARTS A FRENCH BLUE ROOM  
 LITTLE PARTS OF IT ARE EVEN A PORCELAIN PEACH  
 THE BEACH'S SAND IS A SUMMER SANDCASTLE  
**I LOVE ITS COLOR**  
 BUT NOT THE TEXTURE  
 ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S STUCK WET ON ME  
 THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS BUT A GIANT SOFT TOWEL UNDER  
 THE BEACH IS MY COMFORT PLACE  
**I LOVE THE BEACH**  
**IT'S SO CALMING**  
 ESPECIALLY WHEN ITS DAWN  
 AND THE BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT ORANGE SUN  
 MAKES A COLORFUL GORGEOUS SKY  
 THE BEACH IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE TO TAKE PICTURES.  
**I LOVE THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSETS**  
 AND THE SOUND OF THE WAVES CRASHING  
 WITH THE ENORMOUS PALM TREES  
 THE BEACH'S WATER IS SO SALTY  
 BUT REALLY RELAXING TO GO IN  
**THE BEACH IS SO BEAUTIFUL**  
**I HOPE I GO AGAIN SOON**  
**I LOVE THE BEACH**



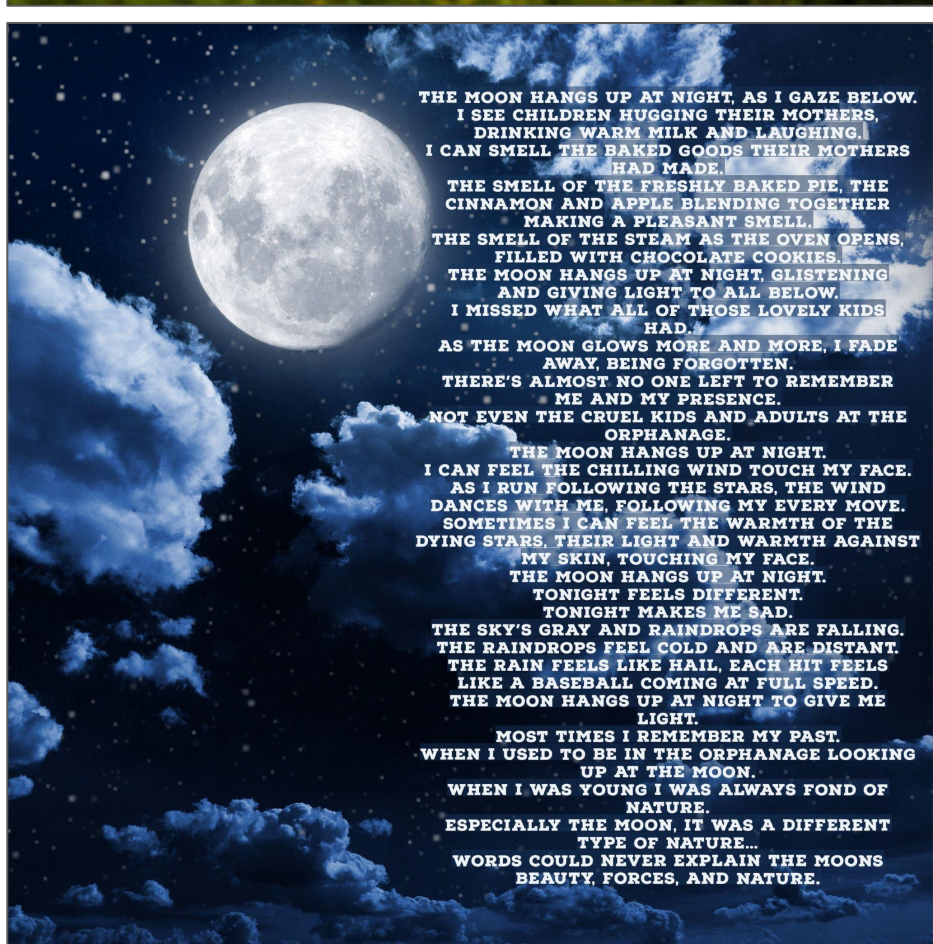
## "The Light"

The light shines in the eyes, bright as shining gold.  
 It glows from miles and miles away longer than ever in human history.  
 Those who are blind cannot see the light.  
 The light shines bright all over the world, knowing it is here to show you the right way to go.  
 The light can open the minds of those who seek it, and for those who don't look, will rot and stay weak.  
 There always is an opposite though.

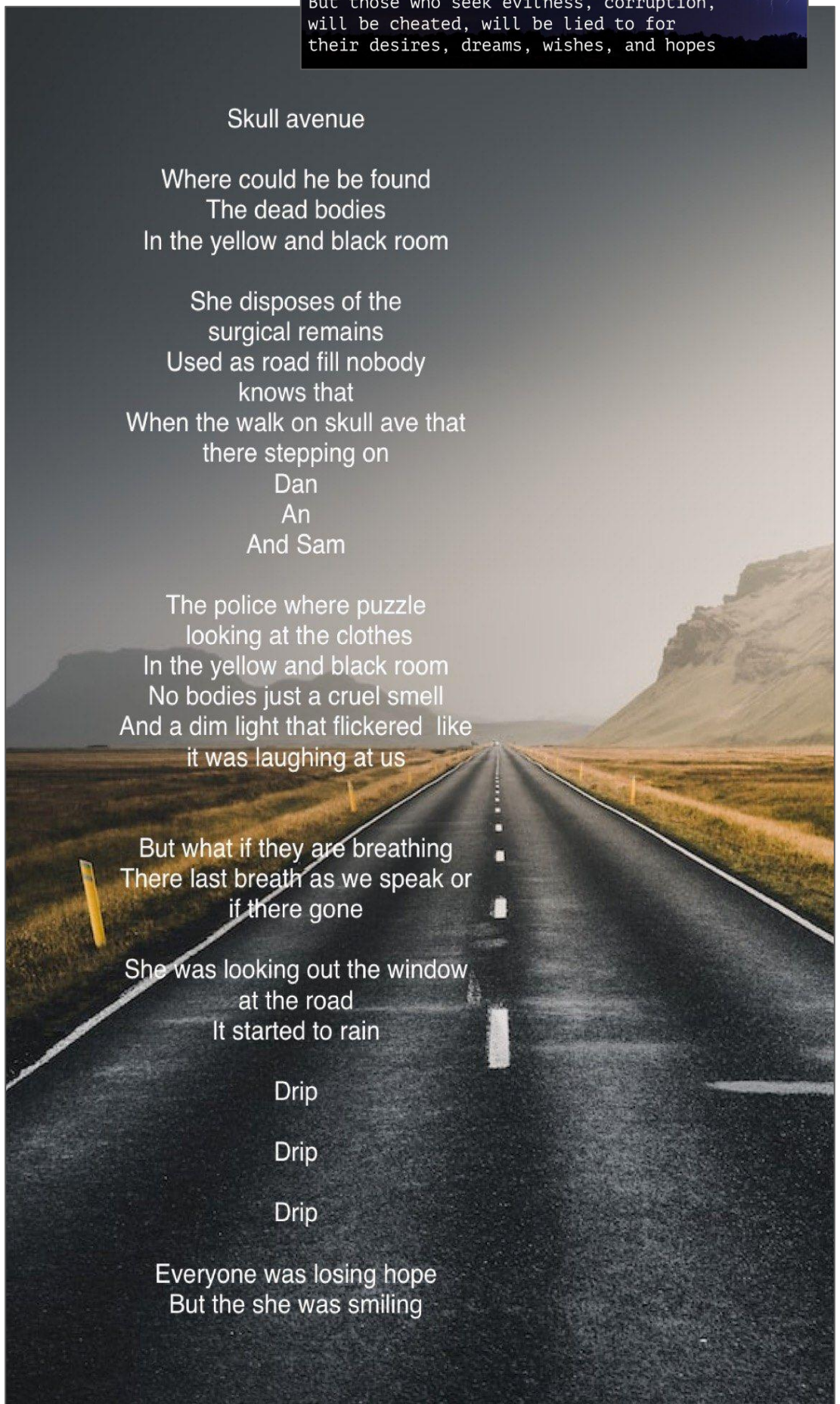
Darkness, darkness that follows and targets those who want to seek for light. It crawls on your skin, cold hands reaching up to your spine, so cold yet so rotten from the core. Darkness is the poison that will rot the minds, poison that kills & poison that cannot be freed nor cured. Darkness is the infection where it cannot be reversed, unless you make a change to it. Those who choose light, will fight strong, on stand, not being pushed around, light will always defeat dark, light being poured over will end darkness. But those who seek evilness, corruption, will be cheated, will be lied to for their desires, dreams, wishes, and hopes



I HAVE A GOAL  
 TO ONE DAY BE PRO  
 I HAVE LEARNED  
 IF YOU WANT TO SHINE  
 ITS GOING TO TAKE TIME  
 THIS IS WHY I CARE  
 WHEN I PLAY  
 I HEAR THE CROWD YELL  
 AND SEE GREEN GRASS GALORE  
 AND SMELL SWEATY MAN SMELL  
 MY ONLY GOAL IS OFF MY SCALE  
 THE ONLY THING I'LL DO IS FAIL



THE MOON HANGS UP AT NIGHT, AS I GAZE BELOW.  
 I SEE CHILDREN HUGGING THEIR MOTHERS,  
 DRINKING WARM MILK AND LAUGHING.  
 I CAN SMELL THE BAKED GOODS THEIR MOTHERS  
 HAD MADE.  
 THE SMELL OF THE FRESHLY BAKED PIE, THE  
 CINNAMON AND APPLE BLENDING TOGETHER  
 MAKING A PLEASANT SMELL.  
 THE SMELL OF THE STEAM AS THE OVEN OPENS,  
 FILLED WITH CHOCOLATE COOKIES.  
 THE MOON HANGS UP AT NIGHT, GLISTENING  
 AND GIVING LIGHT TO ALL BELOW.  
 I MISSED WHAT ALL OF THOSE LOVELY KIDS  
 HAD.  
 AS THE MOON GLOWS MORE AND MORE, I FADE  
 AWAY, BEING FORGOTTEN.  
 THERE'S ALMOST NO ONE LEFT TO REMEMBER  
 ME AND MY PRESENCE.  
 NOT EVEN THE CRUEL KIDS AND ADULTS AT THE  
 ORPHANAGE.  
 THE MOON HANGS UP AT NIGHT.  
 I CAN FEEL THE CHILLING WIND TOUCH MY FACE.  
 AS I RUN FOLLOWING THE STARS, THE WIND  
 DANCES WITH ME, FOLLOWING MY EVERY MOVE.  
 SOMETIMES I CAN FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE  
 DYING STARS, THEIR LIGHT AND WARMTH AGAINST  
 MY SKIN, TOUCHING MY FACE.  
 THE MOON HANGS UP AT NIGHT.  
 TONIGHT FEELS DIFFERENT.  
 TONIGHT MAKES ME SAD.  
 THE SKY'S GRAY AND RAINDROPS ARE FALLING.  
 THE RAINDROPS FEEL COLD AND ARE DISTANT.  
 THE RAIN FEELS LIKE HAIL, EACH HIT FEELS  
 LIKE A BASEBALL COMING AT FULL SPEED.  
 THE MOON HANGS UP AT NIGHT TO GIVE ME  
 LIGHT.  
 MOST TIMES I REMEMBER MY PAST.  
 WHEN I USED TO BE IN THE ORPHANAGE LOOKING  
 UP AT THE MOON.  
 WHEN I WAS YOUNG I WAS ALWAYS FOND OF  
 NATURE.  
 ESPECIALLY THE MOON, IT WAS A DIFFERENT  
 TYPE OF NATURE...  
 WORDS COULD NEVER EXPLAIN THE MOONS  
 BEAUTY, FORCES, AND NATURE.



### Skull avenue

Where could he be found  
 The dead bodies  
 In the yellow and black room

She disposes of the  
 surgical remains  
 Used as road fill nobody  
 knows that  
 When the walk on skull ave that  
 there stepping on  
 Dan  
 An  
 And Sam

The police where puzzle  
 looking at the clothes  
 In the yellow and black room  
 No bodies just a cruel smell  
 And a dim light that flickered like  
 it was laughing at us

But what if they are breathing  
 There last breath as we speak or  
 if there gone

She was looking out the window  
 at the road  
 It started to rain

Drip

Drip

Drip

Everyone was losing hope  
 But the she was smiling

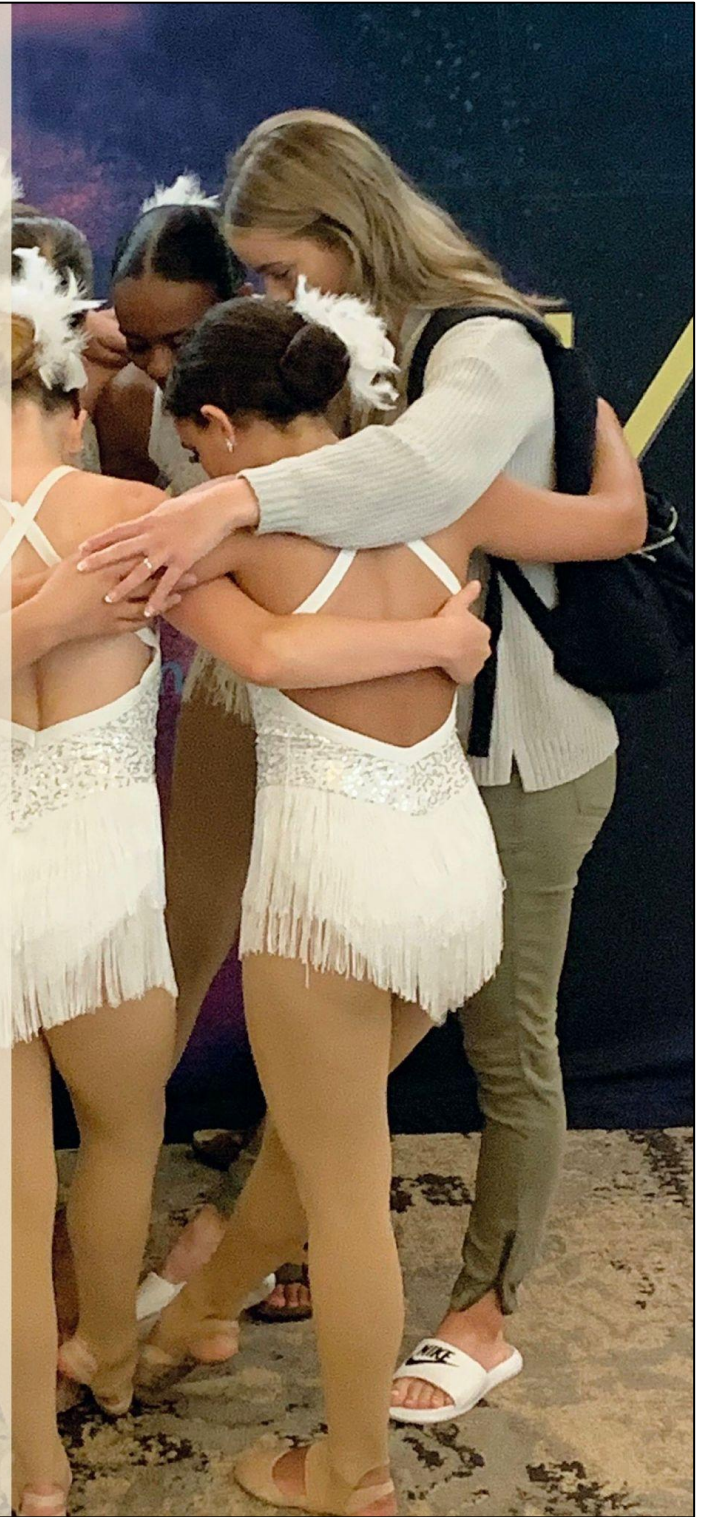


THE TINY PRINCE  
STANDS IN THE SAND  
BURNING HIS FEET  
SWORD IN HIS HAND  
HE TURNS AROUND  
AND SEES  
THE SCARY DRAGON  
BIG AND GREEN  
THE LITTLE PRINCE  
CAN SEE  
THE SAND TEMPLE  
THE KEY  
SLUNG AROUND THE DRAGON'S  
NECK  
THE LITTLE PRINCE DRAWS  
HIS SWORD  
READY TO ATTACK  
BUT JUST THEN  
HE IS TAKEN ABACK  
THE BIG MEAN DRAGON  
HAS A FIERY STUN  
HE BREATHES OUT FIRE  
HOTTER THAN THE SUN  
THAT SHONE ON THEM IN THAT  
DESERT  
THE DRAGON THOUGHT HE HAD  
WON  
HE FELL TO THE GROUND  
BUT JUST LIKE THE MIGHTY  
PHOENIX  
THE HE CAME BACK AROUND  
BACKED AWAY FROM THE FIRE  
READY TO STRIKE  
HE RAN UP TO THE DRAGON  
WITH ALL HIS MIGHT  
DREW HIS SHARP SWORD  
THE BATTLE WAS TIGHT  
EVEN THE SCREECHING WRENS  
STOPPED TO WATCH  
AS THE LITTLE PRINCE  
CAME TO THE TOP  
THE DRAGON  
HAD GIVEN UP  
A WARM BREEZE BLEW  
ON THE LITTLE PRINCES CHEEK,  
KISSED HIM  
AS THE DRAGON GREW WEAK  
THE LITTLE PRINCE  
SLASHED THE KEY  
OFF OF THE DRAGON  
WHO WAS BIG AND MEAN  
DEFEATED  
BY THE TINY PRINCE

## LISTEN TO ME

BY: MACIE B.

CAN YOU DO ME A FAVOR?  
LISTEN  
TO ME.  
CAN YOU BE ALL EARS FOR A SECOND?  
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM  
OR HER  
LISTEN TO THE WORDS  
THAT POUR OUT OF MY MOUTH.  
YOU ARE WHO I TRUST,  
YOU ARE WHO I CAN TALK TO,  
SO PLEASE LISTEN  
AS I TELL YOU,  
HOW MUCH YOU MEAN  
TO ME.  
YOU STARTED WITH ME  
TEACHING ME MY ROOTS,  
TEACHING ME TO LAUGH,  
AND EVEN TO CRY  
YOU MAKE ME FEEL HAPPY  
ALL OF THE TIME  
YOUR COMFORTING HUGS,  
BEAMING SUNSHINE SMILES  
AND WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT  
THAT COULD BE HEARD FROM MILES  
YOUR LIKE A BOUQUET OF ROSES  
THAT I WILL NEVER FORGET  
YOU MEAN TO ME SO MUCH MORE  
THAN I CAN EXPRESS  
YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE  
SO...  
CAN YOU DO ME A FAVOR?  
LISTEN  
TO ME.

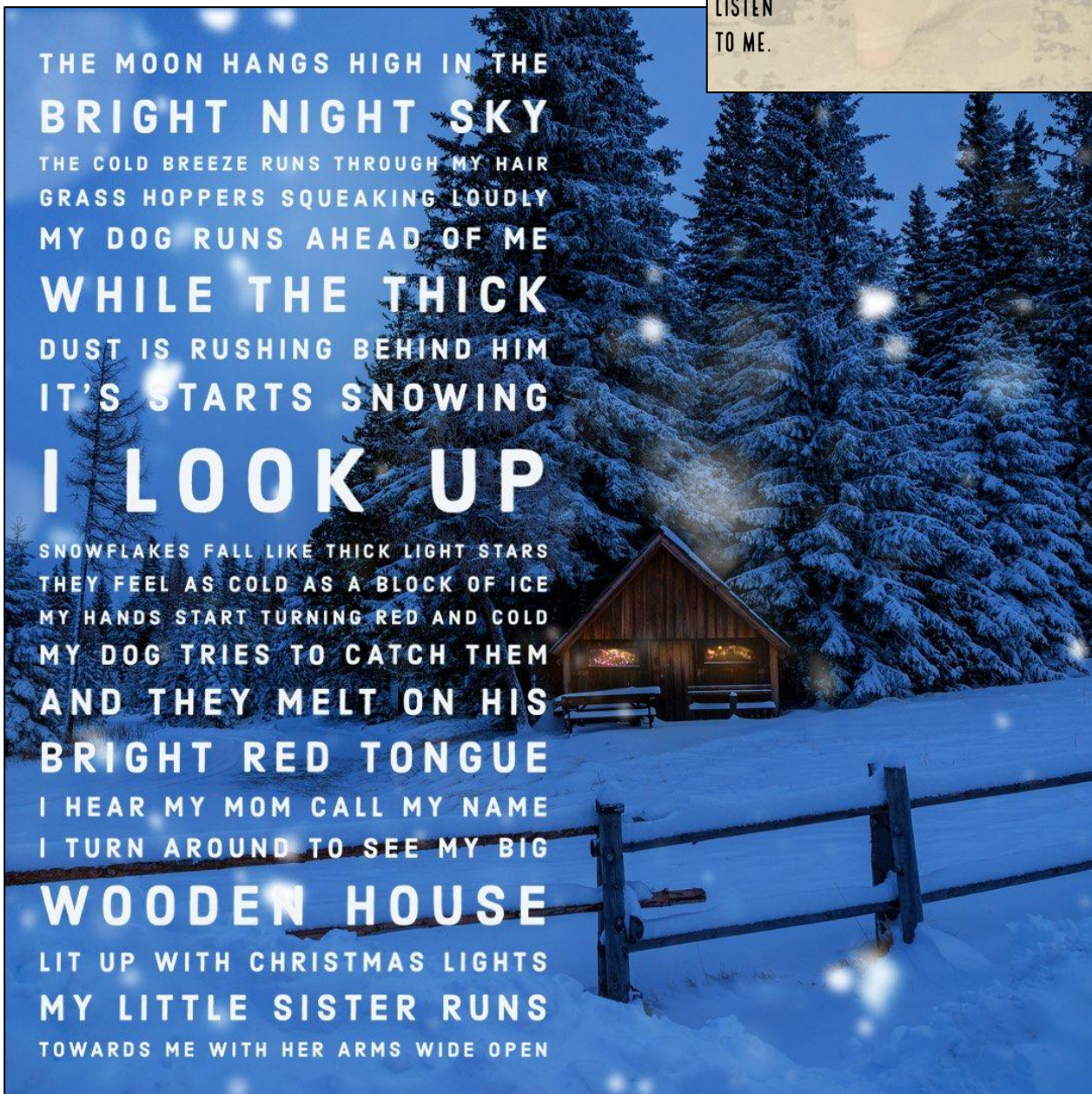


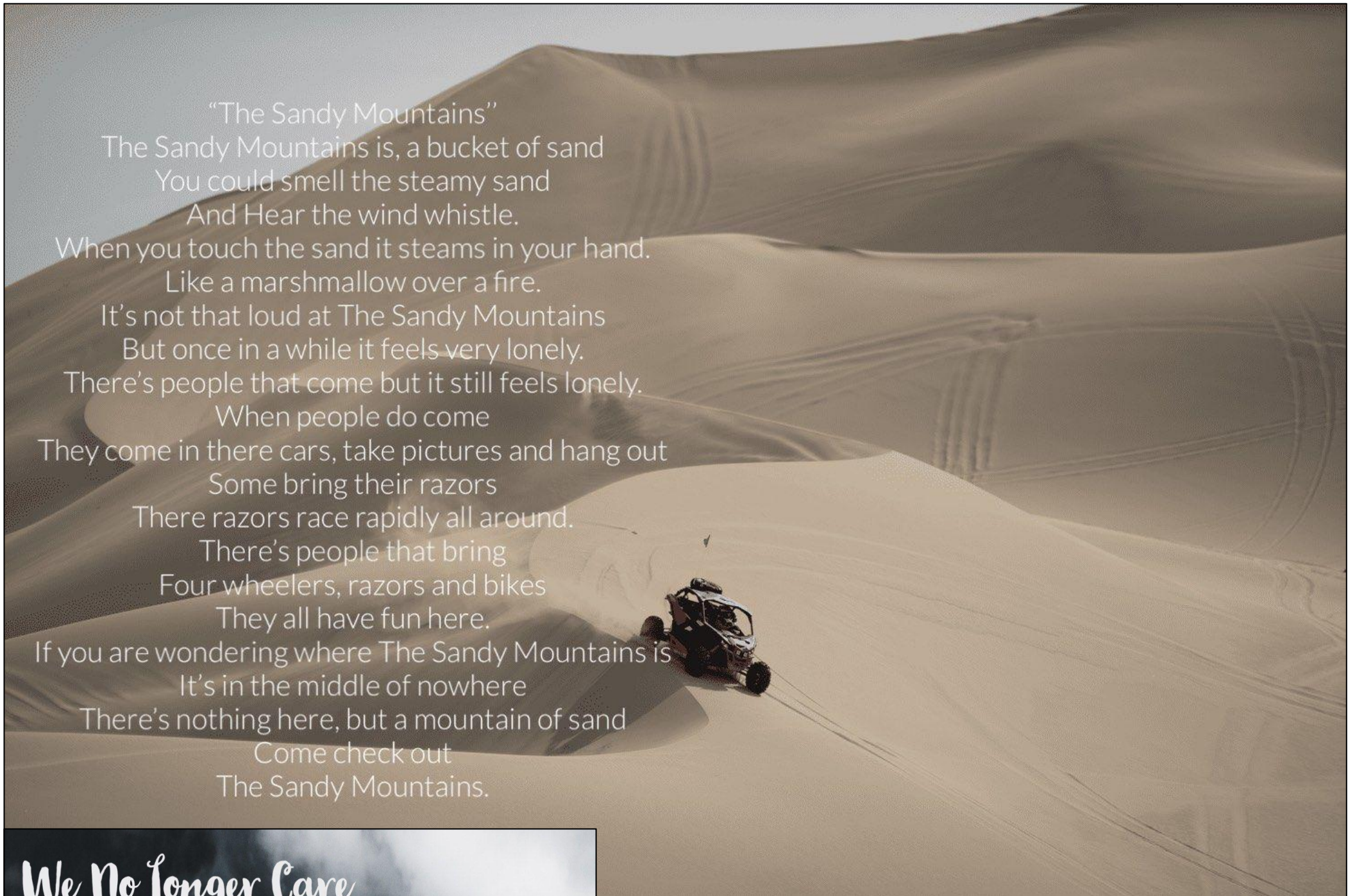
## THE MOON HANGS HIGH IN THE BRIGHT NIGHT SKY

THE COLD BREEZE RUNS THROUGH MY HAIR  
GRASS HOPPERS SQUEAKING LOUDLY  
MY DOG RUNS AHEAD OF ME  
WHILE THE THICK  
DUST IS RUSHING BEHIND HIM  
IT'S STARTS SNOWING

## I LOOK UP

SNOWFLAKES FALL LIKE THICK LIGHT STARS  
THEY FEEL AS COLD AS A BLOCK OF ICE  
MY HANDS START TURNING RED AND COLD  
MY DOG TRIES TO CATCH THEM  
AND THEY MELT ON HIS  
BRIGHT RED TONGUE  
I HEAR MY MOM CALL MY NAME  
I TURN AROUND TO SEE MY BIG  
WOODEN HOUSE  
LIT UP WITH CHRISTMAS LIGHTS  
MY LITTLE SISTER RUNS  
TOWARDS ME WITH HER ARMS WIDE OPEN





“The Sandy Mountains”

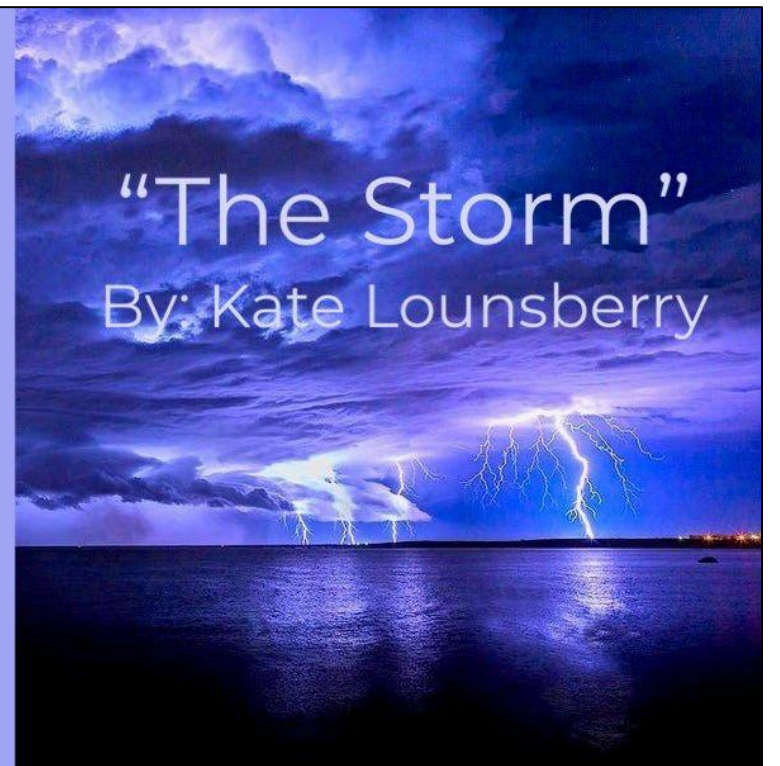
The Sandy Mountains is, a bucket of sand  
You could smell the steamy sand  
And Hear the wind whistle.  
When you touch the sand it steams in your hand.  
Like a marshmallow over a fire.  
It's not that loud at The Sandy Mountains  
But once in a while it feels very lonely.  
There's people that come but it still feels lonely.  
When people do come  
They come in there cars, take pictures and hang out  
Some bring their razors  
There razors race rapidly all around.  
There's people that bring  
Four wheelers, razors and bikes  
They all have fun here.  
If you are wondering where The Sandy Mountains is  
It's in the middle of nowhere  
There's nothing here, but a mountain of sand  
Come check out  
The Sandy Mountains.

We No Longer Care

The storm was brewing  
The bright day had rolled away as the aroma of worms filled the air  
And all that was left was the dark gray of the sky  
The lightning smacked the trees was the sound of a billion nails on a chalkboard  
Punishing them  
The trees had once been the color of spring and obtained the ringing sound  
of song  
They now looked miserable and sorrowful  
Storms wash away the past  
Forgiving and forgetting how nature had been wronged  
Beginning anew  
No longer showing what had happened before  
Now only showing the obvious  
The storm covers the pain within  
Revealing nothing but the damage that we know  
The green turns brown and the light blue turns black as thunder rumbled  
in the background  
Water pours from the sky and brushed the plants  
Pooling and swishing around in the dirt  
Flooding the river  
Drowning the animals  
Too much to revive the plants  
But killing them instead  
We no longer care for the plants cut down by man's hand  
But the storms doings  
These things are seen  
We no longer care for the animals poached  
But the animals that drowned in the immense amount of water  
We no longer care for the air quality decreasing  
But the clouds that fill the sky  
We no longer care for the things we can't see  
But the things we can see  
Nothing within matters

THE DOOR WAS CRACKED,  
THE STORM WAS THUNDERING,  
THE HOUSE WAS RATTLING,  
I WAS TREMBLING,  
AS I WAS SO TERRIBLY TERRIFIED.  
I HAD NEVER LIKED STORMS.  
THEY REMINDED ME OF MY FATHER,  
THE WAY HE ALWAYS LOVED TO SIT OUT IN THE STORMS  
AND LISTEN TO THEM.  
THE WAY THE LIGHTNING BOUNCED OFF HIS FACE,  
THE WAY HIS ROCKING CHAIR CREAKED AND SQUEAKED.  
I SIT IN MY ROOM AND THE RAIN WASHES OVER ME,  
THE DEPRESSION WASHES OVER ME.  
AS ALL CAN THINK OF IS HIM.  
SOMETIMES I THINK HE SENDS THE STORMS TO ME AND MOTHER,  
TO REMEMBER HIM BY.  
SOMETIMES I LIKE TO SIT OUT IN HIS CHAIR  
AS I LISTEN TO THE STORM  
AND THE WIND HOWLING LIKE A COYOTE.  
WHEN I DO THAT, THE WIND IS HIM, HE'S WITH ME  
I WISH HE NEVER HAD TO GO,  
GO TO SAVE THAT GIRL.  
WHY COULDN'T HER FATHER HAVE BEEN THERE?  
WHY COULDN'T HER FATHER HAVE SAVED HER FROM THE STORM,  
FROM THE BLINDING LIGHTNING,  
FROM THE CRASHING THUNDER?  
WHY DID MY FATHER HAVE TO LIKE STORMS SO MUCH?  
THE DOOR WAS CRACKED,  
THE STORM WAS THUNDERING,  
THE HOUSE WAS RATTLING,  
AND ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS HIM.

“The Storm”  
By: Kate Lounsberry



**"I WILL BE"**  
I WILL BE SMART  
I WILL WONDER  
WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS  
I WILL HEAR THINGS I MIGHT  
NOT WANT TO HEAR  
I WILL SEE THINGS THAT  
**MAKE ME HAPPY**  
I WILL WANT A HAPPY LIFE  
I WILL BE A GOOD PERSON  
I WILL PRETEND  
TO NOT BE SAD SOMETIMES  
I WILL FEEL ALL SORTS OF EMOTIONS  
I WILL TOUCH THINGS THAT  
**MAKE ME HAPPY**  
I WILL WORRY ABOUT PEOPLE  
I MIGHT CRY WHEN THINGS GET HARD  
I WILL BE A NICE PERSON  
I WILL UNDERSTAND  
THAT THE FUTURE WILL BE  
LIKE A LONG CURVY ROAD  
**AND I WILL HAVE**  
TO GO THROUGH THICK AND THIN  
I WILL SAY THINGS I MIGHT NOT MEAN  
I WILL DREAM THINGS THAT  
MIGHT BE IMPOSSIBLE  
I WILL TRY TO MAKE  
MYSELF AND OTHERS HAPPY  
**I WILL HOPE THE**  
PEOPLE AROUND ME ARE HAPPY  
I WILL BE A GOOD PERSON

I'm lost, misplaced  
Never seen again  
Hidden in the shadows  
Nowhere in sight  
I once was loved  
Looked nice  
Now look at me  
I'm all dirty and old  
If I could go back  
I would feel how I  
once felt  
All soft  
Warm and clean  
Wanted to be seen  
If I could just go back  
To when it all went  
down

**Volleyball**  
"Serving" I nervously say loudly  
I feel 1000 butterflies in my stomach  
I swing hard as possible  
There's a moment of silence  
The ball shutes up in the air  
The ball, a bird ,soaring  
The opposing team is ready  
They are ready as is flys over  
They pass, set and hit  
The passers are all ready  
Down and ready as they call, "MINE!"  
They pass to the setter  
The setter is all ready  
getting under the soaring ball and push  
They call the hitter anxiously  
The hitters are all ready  
They call there numbers and approach swiftly  
They smack the ball firclay  
We all cheer and celebrate  
The ball hits the floor like basketball  
We come together in a circle  
In the circle we cheer  
We all compliment each other, laugh loudly  
Then getting back into position  
Volleyball is the best  
It will put you to the test  
But you have fun playing

I'll never forget the backyard  
In the summer  
That's where I went  
When the dull day slowly went by  
And i had nothing to do  
You were my safe place  
I remember your overgrowth  
The prickly spots in the grass  
I remember the old brick fireplace  
And the thing i remember most  
Is the trampoline you held  
I would lay on it  
I would jump on it  
Listen to the creaky sound it made  
I would do everything on it to pass the time  
I loved watching the birds in the sky  
I remember the garden  
How it usually grew hot peppers  
And strawberries  
Occasionally tomatoes  
I remember the garage that led into the alley way  
How it was so cluttered at one point  
We couldn't even park in it  
How next to the garage  
Is where we parked the car  
I remember the messy overgrowth  
How the plants looked like a giant birds nest  
Clinging to the sides of the 1000 year old garage  
I remember the backyard