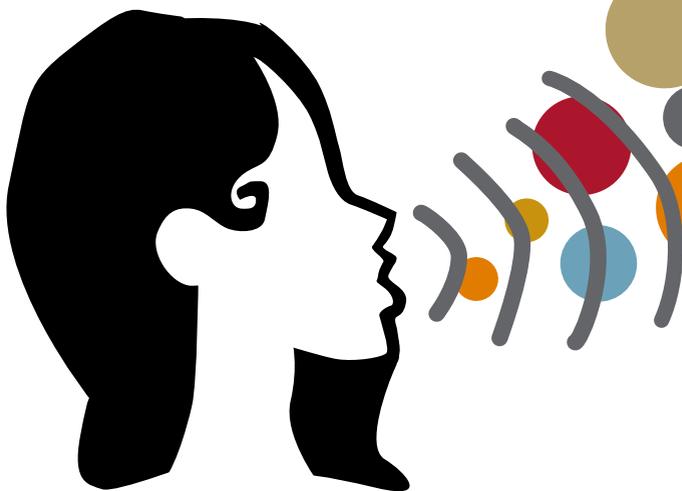


# Voices

A Student Literary Publication



Roseville  
Area Schools



## Dear Friends of Roseville Area Schools,

Welcome to the first issue of *Voices*, a publication of Roseville Area Schools that features the wonderful writing of our students. The theme of this year's issue is "Roseville's Many Voices" and we've invited students from across our school district to share written works that highlight their experiences and creativity. Our hope is that *Voices* will become an annual publication that we can share with families and the broader community. By exploring the theme of student voice, we hope this publication might become a way for members of our community to learn about and appreciate our diverse student population.

We hope you enjoy this first issue!

Superintendent  
Roseville Area Schools



*Rebiha, Grade 2*

## My Name Vignette

*By Claire Knutson, Grade 8, Parkview Center School  
Teacher: Barbara Hurley*

In English, my name means clear and bright. My name is devouring baguettes under the Eiffel Tower. It is fries, toast, and braids. My name is the language of love.

A childhood friend; a pretty name. A character from *Back to the Future III*. A gender specific name with one syllable and an inability to be shortened. All factors adding up to the naming of the child born, to Andrew and Tracy Knutson, on the first Friday of May 2003. A baby that could have been an Emma or a Grace. Maybe an Emma Grace. But, no. She was christened Claire Elizabeth Knutson instead.

Bob. A shout across the cold hockey rink or an echo throughout the crowded and noisy locker room. Claire Elizabeth. A stern reprimand issuing from the mouth of an irritated parent. Claire. My everyday name, the one everyone I meet hears when it tumbles from my lips during our introductions. A name heard so often, my ears sometimes trick my brain into whipping my head around when words such as clear or clarify make contact with my eardrums. Care. The high-pitched, unsteady voices of young children calling out for me to come outside and play with them.

My name is like a waterfall. You don't see them often, but when you do, each one is unique, beautiful, and amazing in its own way. My name is like a geode; a tangible representation of the don't judge a book by its cover rule. On the outside, it's nothing special, dull and ordinary. But, if you care enough to take a look at the inside, you'll find it to be colorful, sparkling, and wonderful. My name is many things, but undesirable is not one of them. My name is a part of who I am and I love it.

Disclaimer: Selected pieces were chosen from work submitted by teachers and students in spring 2017. Due to space limitations, not all submitted pieces can be included. Also, in a few cases pieces have been lightly edited from their original form.

# Only Human

By Emily Brown, Grade 11, Roseville Area High School  
Teacher: Ira Sanders

Oh, hey! How are you? No, I-I'm fine. No, I'm just tired. Yeah, I haven't been sleeping well lately. No, I'm just stressed with school. Yeah, homework sucks! Oh, you want a joke. Um... let's see. Welcome to America! You can now buy Twix, diapers, Mario Maker, Subway and guns all in the same store, I hid the body, now what?, and the only real talent Justin Bieber has is making an ass out of himself on TMZ. Yeah, I-I'm good. D-don't worry about me.

Oh, you want me to type a five paragraph essay? Oh, yeah sure. Right away!

Oh, there's a test on Monday. Um... awesome!! Yeah, I-I'm so over prepared.

Yeah, mom. It-it's great. No, no, no, I can handle it. I know times are stressful. I know you're busy. Don't worry about me. I wish I could help more. I love you.

Do you need a shoulder to cry on? Here, have mine. Aw, you poor thing! I'm here for you. No, don't worry about me. How can I help? You just need to go home early and get some rest. I'll... text you later.



Sunna, Grade 4

Oh, you're busy. Y-yeah, I totally understand. N-no, I totally understand. Don't work too hard. We'll catch up later.

Oh, you have other plans. Um... cool. N-no, it's totally fine. I hope you have fun. We'll hang out later. No, don't worry about me.

Donald Trump's the front runner for the presidential race? Oh... *what?? What... the heck?!* We're seriously thinking about putting that creep in charge of freaking America?

Oh, you have Binge Eating Disorder. Aw, you poor thing! I'm so sorry. I'm always here if you need to talk. No, I-I'm fine. Yeah, yeah, don't worry about me. I'm sure you have way more to deal with than I do.

Oh, I'm your rock to help you get you through your hard times. Great! I love you! Thanks for calling me so strong!

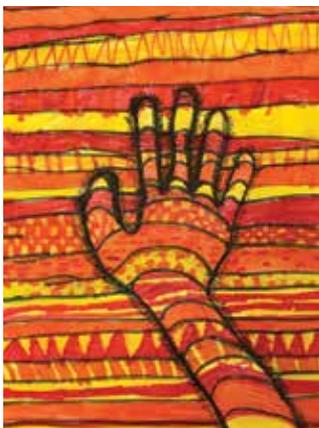
You think I'm the strongest and bravest person you've ever met? Thank you! I-I try my best. Actually I'm just doing what I have to do.

Actually, I may not be as strong as everybody thinks I am. Actually, it's hard sometimes. To be the smiling Emily everybody knows when I'm struggling with *professionally diagnosed* depression. To be the comic relief when I can feel the anxiety slowly taking over me like a black hole inside my own fucking mind. To be the model student and sit in the front of the class and answer every one of the teacher's questions when I just want to hide in my room and sleep all day. To be the strong rock for someone when I'm barely dragging myself out of bed every freaking morning. To be everybody's shoulder to cry on when I'm having anxiety attacks almost daily. To go on Facebook and see that all my friends hung out without me again! To always be the weird handicapped girl that nobody understands.

I can't be everybody's superhero. Especially when I'm the villain in my story. I can't wear my cape and that fake ass smile all the freaking time. I just can't. I'm sorry.

Maybe I need a shoulder to cry on sometimes. Maybe someone needs to be my rock once in awhile. Maybe I need to be the damsel in distress from time to time.

You might know me as this strong, funny, empathic, hard working, kick ass girl but I can't be her all the time. Because I'm human and I'm only one little person who can only take so much. And maybe, I have to learn that.



Paula, Grade 2



Kavil, Grade 4

# Hello

By May Mya Noo, Grade 6, Edgerton Elementary  
Teacher: Rick Wallin

October 31, 2016 (8:35 p.m.)

The moon curved a scar in the sky and an unsatisfying amount of stars blinked in the black wallpaper behind it. The houses were lit with graves, spiderwebs, and glow-in-the-dark plastic skeletons gathering the attention of eager young kids aging between 3 and 12 dressed as superheros and little monsters.

I trailed behind my brother Jacob and his friends, Liam and Anthony. Jacob was wearing his usual black sweater with a skinny green alien head with wide black eyes. His hood covering the pale screaming ghost mask he was going as. Liam was wearing a grinning clown mask with fluffy red hair, shivering underneath his tight red sweater that barely fit his round body. Anthony decided to just tag along as himself and wore a fluffy brown coat, the hood trimmed with fake gray fur. I, being only 10 was forced by my mom to stick close to my brother.

I was frozen under my unbearably tight superman suit. My plastic pumpkin bucket was full of opened and unopened candy. Looking between Jacob and Anthony, I noticed that this neighborhood was more dark and inactive than the others I've been on.

“Hey Alec.” My brother suddenly stops the whole group and turns to me. “Can you wait here? We have to do something. It'll take only a minute, please don't tell Mom, okay!” and there he goes. Leaving me with an answered question.

I slowly turned to the closest street light, the opposite direction of them. Two minutes later I saw a strange silhouette standing across the street from me. I was mixed in fear and confusion but I just uncomfortably stood trying to decide whether to check if he was walking toward me or avoid looking at him and risking him chasing me. Either way was bad.

Then I heard a honk. Startled, I looked up. He's still there, saying nothing. At this point I can feel shivers running down my spine and cold sweats leaving sticky trails down my neck. Honk, honk, and followed by movements towards me. I want to say I had ran out of there and went straight home, but I couldn't move a single limb. My every breath coming out was a cloudy fog.

Then he emerged into the dim light, gripping a...



Lah Kbow Hsee, Grade 5



Babita, Grade 3

## If I Ran the School

By Sophia Syverson, Grade 4,  
Brimhall Elementary  
Teacher: Isaac Engel

If I ran the school,  
Recess would be first.  
No more literacy,  
'Cause it's the total worst!

Cupcakes for breakfast,  
Cake for lunch,  
Ice cream for supper,  
All you can eat fudge!

Homework with pens,  
Classwork with crayons,  
Making small slingshots  
With small rubber bands.

Shooting across the room,  
Sometimes out the door,  
Going to get them  
Then do it some more.

Gym every day,  
Forget science and math!  
Then go straight to art  
And create a cool craft.

But that's not my school,  
And things are looking grim,  
Because I'm in the principal's office  
Waiting for him...

## In the Weeds

*By Rylie Birkeland, Grade 6, Emmet D. Williams Elementary, Teacher: Cameron Radke*

I ran as fast as I could down the dock, my flip flops smacking the wooden boards. “Come on,” my younger brother yelled. “We’re about to go!” “I’m coming, I’m coming!” I shouted back. Once I reached the end of the dock, I kicked my sandals off and jumped onto the red and yellow tube. My heart was racing from the long run.

“Your life jacket, Rylie!” my little sister called from the boat, holding my bright pink life vest up. How could I forget that? “Can you throw it to me?” I asked, “Please?” “I’ll try,” my sister said, pulling her arm back to throw. I looked down to adjust my position on the tube, and when I looked back up, I saw that my life jacket was lying at the edge of the tube, and the boat was moving slowly around the water raft right in front of it. I quickly grabbed the life vest, strapped it on me, and leaned into the back of the tube as the speedboat really started up.

“You guys ready?” my dad called from the front of the boat. “Ready,” my brother and I said in unison. A sudden rush of air hit me in the face as the boat raced faster and faster. I grabbed onto the tube’s handles, and slowly stood up, the tube rocking like a kite in the wind. My brother stood up

too, but shortly after, a huge wave crashed into the tube and knocked us down into the red bottom of the tube. We rounded a sharp corner, our legs bouncing crazily around as we sped over the wake. My dad turned the steering wheel to the left a tiny bit, and flipped a switch that made the boat go faster. Water splashed in my face, and I brushed it off, the water was freezing cold! Goosebumps popped up on my arms and legs.

“Hold on, we’re going by the weeds!” my dad shouted. The tube started to shift under my legs as it tipped towards the opposite side of the wake, which was towards the weeds. Uh oh. “Dad!” I yelled as loud as I could, but the boat’s motor was too loud for him to hear my voice. Double uh oh. My brother and I slid across the lake into the weeds. Triple uh oh. I thought we were going to get stuck, but my nerves subsided after a while, and I laughed as my brother tried to touch a lily pad. Up in the driver’s seat, my dad was laughing too.

I stuck out my hand to touch the water. My fingers made tiny indents in the water as my fingertips grazed the surface of the sparkling lake. I thought I saw a fish, but when I looked closer I realized that it was just a rock. Being in the weeds was actually sort of fun! But it was over too soon as we zipped through the weeds and glided across the choppy water towards our cabin.

## To Florida

*By Malia Tombaga, Grade 4, Central Park Elementary Teacher: Emily Sasse*

“How long will the road trip be?” I asked to no one in particular.

“Three days, Malia,” my mom answered me. We were finally on the road, singing the tune that was on the radio. At that moment I found out that my dad can’t sing.

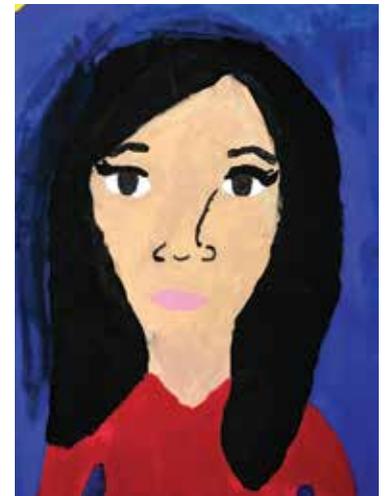
The car passed many states. We even got to go inside the St. Louis Arch! Three days later, we got to Florida. My family and I saw many beaches, palm trees, and cars. We were going to see my uncle that lived by the ocean.

First, we bought an inflatable bed from Walmart. We all slept on that. In the morning, we ate pancakes and bacon. After I ate, I grabbed my swimming suit from a green suitcase. The whole family went swimming at the beach! At the beach, we went on my uncle’s boat. In the water we found a sand dollar and jellyfish that didn’t have tentacles. In the night, the jellyfish glowed in the dark blue sea.

After that day, we went to Disney World and got to ride on a HUGE rollercoaster. The ride was long. It had a mini show with water and wolves and bunnies. When the mini show was done, we got to go down the ride. I was so high up I could feel my stomach turn inside out.

On our final ride, I went on “Mt. Everest.” First it was calm and steady, but then a loud noise came out of the waterfall. It started to go faster and faster up until the end. I thought it was the end, but it stopped and went backwards. I yelled at the top of my lungs!

Finally, my family and I had to go back home. I really miss Florida. Nowadays, we go to different places around the country!



*Alex, Grade 3/4*

## Perpendicular Lines

By Kristy Moua, Grade 11,  
Roseville Area High School  
Teacher: Kerri Werner

On a gloomy spring afternoon, the wind briskly ran pass Angel's pale face. Sitting on the front steps of his house, clutching tightly on his phone, silently sitting in solitude, he patiently waited. He waited for a message from Hnub Qub, hoping that her reply was an approval. Then frozen droplets from the heavens fell on him, sliding down his skin and left an unbearable chill. So then he ran, hoping to convince Hnub Qub himself. He ran until his foot started to hurt and he ran as the rain blinded him, then he arrived to her rundown house. He shouted and knocked on the white screen door, within minutes Hnub Qub hesitantly opened the door. She immediately noticed his necklace, a wooden cross, while he noticed her red and white bracelet tied around her wrist. His hazel eyes met hers as the rain continued to soak him.

Then she said to him, "In this life, we won't meet again." He replied, "I know, that's why I came."



Carissa, Grade 3/4

## Where I'm From

By Faith Hug, Grade 6, Parkview Center  
Teacher: Emily Bloomquist

I am from the big, worn out tree in the backyard  
And the kitchen table, waiting to be eaten at.  
From my favorite place, the dance studio that welcomes everyone  
And the bookstore down the street, with books on every shelf

I am from chilly lakes and beaches  
And camping trips filled with reading, hiking, and kayaking  
From the rare occasion that my family eats all together  
The shopping trips with my sister that make my day  
And time capsules to see how different we were years ago

I am from the mashed potatoes that warm my whole body  
And the Thanksgiving turkey that takes hours to make  
From the mac and cheese that is gobbled up in the blink of an eye  
And the failed attempts at baking

I am from puns that make me groan every time  
And the endless reminder to be as responsible as I can  
From different versions of the "You never know until you try" lecture  
And the stories that sound like they come from an adventure novel

I am from my aunt's jokes, that never get old  
The fun-filled activities at Grandma and Grandpa's house  
And the sound of my 32 cousins running around  
From the high standards my older siblings set  
And the little siblings who follow me around and do exactly what I do

I am from the gigantic scrapbooks, filled with emotion  
And my memory box overflowing with memories that will last forever  
From the photo albums that make me smile  
And the Shutterfly books with pictures from the past.

I am from dance, my escape from reality  
And the pitter-patter of doggy feet  
From cold smoothies on hot afternoons  
And warm potatoes and ham on a cold night

I am from music swiftly dancing in my ears  
And spinning faster than a race car  
I am from leaps and jumps, trying to reach the moon  
And painful stretches

I am from Disney movies  
And Marvel films  
From family get togethers and parties  
And bike trips to the State Fair

I can't wait to see where I am going next  
But I know wherever I go  
Amazing people will surround and support me





# Where I'm From

*By Lauren Budd, Grade 6, Parkview Center  
Teacher: Emily Bloomquist*

I'm from eating flourless brownies at Passover,  
Going to temple with my cousins, not understanding the prayers.  
I'm from going on the flotilla every 4th of July,  
The water balloons are rocks being thrown through the air.  
I'm from winning the egg toss three years in a row,  
Getting a stomachache from eating from the candy jar  
Because I have the biggest sweet tooth ever.

I'm from watching all the memories in my parents' room,  
Slowly become my brother Ethan's gross room.  
Watching my antique shelf get bigger and bigger,  
As my collection grows, so does all of my family history.  
I'm from doing everything with my favorite stuffed animal,  
He is as soft as a cloud.  
Crafting birthday gifts during the last hours of light  
Because the light has burnt out.

I'm from visiting Poppy in California.  
Going to the secret swing at Owasso Park.  
I'm from going on long walks with Cali,  
A.K.A. the cutest Havanese ever,  
Walking with her makes my day.  
Watching as Ethan grows up and gets a job.  
I'm from playing sand man with my neighbors at Acorn Park.

I'm from babysitting Isaac during the 4th of July.  
There is no way tomorrow can be worse than today.  
I'm from getting season passes to Gopher games with my dad.  
Every year looking forward to seeing family friends at New Year's,  
New Year's is as fun as jumping on a trampoline.  
I'm from my anxiety that got worse over coming to Parkview for the first time.

I'm from thinking that it was bacon (chipped beef), gravy, peas every year.  
Every holiday at Sparky and Joanie eating matzo ball soup,  
I could eat matzo ball soup all day.  
I'm from drinking chai tea when I'm playing rummy Q,  
And putting ice cubes in because it's too hot.  
I'm from sitting at the dinner table for hours waiting for my cousin to eat coconut chicken.

I'm from wanting a dog since I was three.  
Loving the Gophers and Wild hockey.  
I'm from writing my very first story.  
Reading through old yearbooks and missing my friends.  
I'm from learning how to speak fluent French by the age of six.  
Being the only kid in the grade whose favorite color was red.

I'm from catching toads during the summer,  
As they wiggled like a bouncy ball.  
Sneaking the last cookie at the cabin.  
I'm from being paranoid about storms.  
Having glasses since I was three,  
And getting called four-eyes,  
It was kindergarten they didn't know any better.  
I'm from all these memories and more.



*Eh Say Wah Htoo, Grade 3*



# Coming to the U.S.A. as a Refugee

By Bway Moo Say, Grade 8, Roseville Area Middle School  
Teacher: Hetal Ascher

Boom boom pow pow bing bing.

Fleeing from home seeing family and friends die.

Feeling scared and angry.

Moving place to place seeing houses burn down.

Witnessing rape and abuse.

Seeing children and elderly starved.

Upset that family and friends are left behind.

Settling in a place where you have the privilege

It was like heaven

Education was free. Everyone respects each other.

But it was a struggle to learn another language.

But we never give up...

But we never give up

Day by day we got stronger.

But the memories that was left behind will never be forgotten.

It is a scare that will haunt us forever.

It is a scare that will haunt us forever.

They have to live with it knowing what they witnessed.

But deep inside they feel that they escape death.

Deep inside they feel that they are safe. Freedom like a bird  
out of a cage.

But every day the struggle getting real.

Parents with no education are told to work so they can pay the  
bill.

So they can feed their families.

So families don't have to suffer.

So ask yourself why do refugee all around the world have to  
suffer.

The world is a badger. So mad

Why do children have to die so young.

Why do elderly and children have to starve.

Why are women getting raped.



Owen Angellar, Grade 5



Eh Moo Paw, Grade 3/4

## Where I'm From

By Ana Lofton, Grade 6, Parkview Center School  
Teacher: Emily Bloomquist

I am from my cat named Saga who is as fat as a pregnant owl.  
From beautiful and entertaining Bay Lake  
and loving people also cool waters.

I am from extreme hotdish cookers,  
and awesome pastry artists.  
From delightful, chocolaty, peanut butter,  
fresh out of the oven, jumbo Chocolate Kiss cookies,  
and delightful, delish, and fab banana desserts.

I am from dancing in my dancing shoes tap, tap, tap,  
and being on my iphone 6s a lifeline to the world.  
From being on music.ly, youtube, Netflix,  
live.ly and the iheart Radio app.  
and endless time of unique drawing.

I am from singing in my horse room  
and riding fast on moody horses.  
From showing love to my horses  
and being experimental with my makeup, and fab nail art

I am from caring family members  
And nice, helpful and peaceful neighbors.  
From a happy, risk taking, nice neighborhood,  
and a fun city.

I am from swimming and fishing at my uncle's house  
And the tradition of getting a piggy bank with my name on it  
from the day I was born.  
I am from a very long line  
of loving family members.

I am from over in the country  
until my night strikes again until tomorrow  
good night.

## The Four Seasons

By Tommy Etten, Grade 6, Parkview Center School

Teacher: Emily Bloomquist



*Sher Mai Ku, Grade 2*

I am from watching the first snowfall.  
And from Christmas dinners with my family on Christmas Eve,  
right before present opening.  
I am from blustery winter mornings at my grandmother's house,  
waiting inside till it's time to go outside.  
I am from white as paper sledding hills and smiling snowmen  
And snowball fights with Abby.

I am also from watching the snow melt outside  
and playing catch with Dad.  
From playing baseball as pitcher and catcher,  
and from Triple Crown batting cages,  
ball after ball after ball while the balls scream after getting hit.  
I am from summer days at the pool.  
And from diving into the water that's as frigid as ice at the YMCA.  
From summer days in the sun in Lake Vermilion.  
And practicing soccer after the sun goes down.

I am from watching the leaves fall like rain with my father, mother and  
sister.  
And from watching soccer... from the goal!  
And from jumping into leaf piles.

I am from my loving family, Jason, Jessica, and Abby Etten,  
as well as my extended family of Ettens, Cranes, Antonys, and Olsens.  
And from people telling me, "Don't give up!" like fans of a sports team.

And I am from watching the first snowfall...

## Fighting for Wind Fire

By Annika Flittie, Grade 5, Parkview Center School, Teacher: Sam Jordan

Tips on being a professional fighter, don't fight with your best friend. My best friend, Wind Fire was killed by a Shadow Oak warrior. The Sky Volcanos are peaceful mountain lions. Our leader, Spring Rain, has never killed anyone. He is a peaceful elder. Lava Fury, the Shadow Oak's leader, had killed many of his own as well as many of the Sky Volcano's warriors during fits of drunkenness or rage. His mate, Black Storm, was furious with him so she left and joined our clan. Up until a few months ago, the clan was just mountain lions. A stray lion pride joined the clan and we started to take in all animals.

From the tiniest mouse, to the biggest elephant, we are caring to all creatures. Sorry. I forgot to introduce myself. I am Lilac Sunrise, promised to the deputy of our clan, Fierce Mist. He was my long time crush and up until now, I didn't have the courage to tell him. That all changed when Wind Fire died. Lava Fury had sent his friend, Spark Pine, to poison my best friend's antelope. As soon as Wind Fire swallowed, her eyelids drooped. Her paws went limp. She told me that she had loved me like a sister and would always protect me in Cliff Haven. Marble Rock, our medicine cat, told me she died a peaceful death. Till this day, I'll remember her name in honor.

The Sky Volcano Clan fights for peace.

# Where I'm From

By Sarah Scheiben, Grade 6, Parkview Center School  
Teacher: Emily Bloomquist

I am from the extreme comfort of my cozy items  
From the crazy soft fibers of my purple blanket  
To the feel of the fleece footies throughout the night  
Always cuddling my special as life stuffie  
Then the microfiber silkiness of my pillow case  
And the faded stains on my comforter from the past fun

I am from the holiday traditions  
Always going to multiple places just for one holiday  
The melting of the homemade smooth as silk gravy on buttery potatoes  
To the velvety as buttercream filling in my slice of pie  
And the reuniting of family each holiday

I am from the playful things of the past  
All the times that there were multiple forts  
When I would be hiding from people in my mini closet  
The times that my old teacher would call lava drills  
I am from all the memories that had an impact on my life

I am from a big family  
Spending weeks with Grandma and Grandpa  
The sorrowful thoughts of not meeting Grandpa Gordy  
The times of seeing all eight cousins  
When we met my cousin's daughter over the summer  
The times it felt like Grandma's house was too small for everyone to fit  
I am from a big family

I am from the weekends at the campfire  
Laughing and having fun with family  
Roasting marshmallows and making s'mores  
The times that the marshmallows were as big as overfilled water balloons  
Sneaking chocolate out of the package  
The heat of the fire warmed me every time

I am from an outdoor life  
Camping with my dad in our calm backyard  
Trying to sleep over his snore that is as loud as a lion's roar  
Going to the rusty mailbox daily  
Biking on the unsmoothed sidewalks with my brother  
Drawing wonderful murals with chalk on the driveway  
Playing competitive soccer in the grass  
Reading in the fresh air  
Being outdoors is my life

I am from a busy schedule  
Going to musical practice three to four days a week  
And going to after school care until 5:30  
Then Mom not being home until 8:30 p.m. on Monday  
Going to church at 4:30 p.m. and not getting home until 7:30 p.m.  
The times of my homework feeling like an endless pit  
These are the silly things of my life



*Anonymous*



## The Girl with Dragons

By Amai Xiong, Grade 3, Central Park Elementary  
Teacher: Maria Le

Once upon a time a girl was looking for some rocks then when she looked down she saw a shadow of a dragon. She looked up in the sky no dragon, then she looked in front of her then she saw a dragon. The dragon let her go around on him. They both flew around the clouds. They both flew over the sun. The girl had fun but she had to leave. She needed to go home. The dragon was sad but he knew she had to leave.

She went home to eat dinner. The girl said, “Hey Mom!” Her mom said, “Yes, sweetie. What do you need?” The girl replied, “Do you like dragons?” “No, dragons are too dangerous,” the mom said. “But, Mom, I’m friends with a dragon,” the girl said. “Oh my gosh! I need to call the police!” The girl tried to stop to stop her but the mom continued to speak.

So the girl ran to the forest and tried to find the dragon, and she did. She told the dragon, “Stay strong.” The dragon nodded “Yes.” Finally the whole town found the dragon and the girl. They tied the dragon to the pole. She tried to help the dragon but her mom locked her in her room. But there was still a way out — it was the window. She said, “Stop! You don’t need to kill a dragon. You can just touch it. You don’t need to harm it and you don’t need to kill it!” The dragon got out. Now everybody has a dragon.



Anonymous



Anonymous

## Friends

By Annika Wilkowske, Grade 4, Brimhall Elementary  
Teacher: Renee Marek

“Lily!” yelled Pepper. “I need you!”

Lily gingerly walked up the stairs. “What could you possibly need from me, Pepper?” Lily whined.

“That weird ‘new girl’ is right outside your house!”

“Ughh she is sooo unflattering.”

“I know, right?”

“Come on, Pepper. We need to give her a proper San Francisco ‘welcome.’”

Lily and Pepper casually strolled down the block. When they came to Sophie (AKA the “new girl”), Lily flipped her long, blonde hair and said, “Well hello, Sophie. You look so...er... pretty.”

“What do you mean she’s pretty? You said she was soooo ugly,” Pepper loudly whispered.

“Uhhhh OK.” Sophie couldn’t find any words.

“Well I hope you have fun in San Francisco,” Lily snapped.

Sophie did not want to even move to San Francisco in the first place! All she wanted to do was go to her “Minnesota home” and play her ukulele that her father had given her in 1st grade. But instead she went home and begged for tomorrow to be a better day.

The next day Lily and Pepper found out that Sophie was in their homeroom. Lily was not happy. But still the school talent show wasn’t far away. She knew she could beat Sophie in the show.

That day went surprisingly quickly. Not like others though.

Many days passed and the talent show came. Sophie showed up with her favorite ukulele. She was ready. Lily, on the other hand, wasn’t. She was freaking out. She was next!

Sophie was freaked out too. Lily went over to Sophie. Sophie didn’t want to sing along to her ukulele song so she asked Lily if she wanted to do a duet with her. Lily was shocked. It was almost time.

“Sure,” Lily croaked.

They ended up being pretty good. Lily was speechless after the show. They didn’t win. But she thought Sophie wasn’t that bad.

What was she going to say to Pepper? She couldn’t think about that right now. She was so happy!

## Night

By Victoria Yang, Grade 4, Brimhall Elementary  
Teacher: Isaac Engel

The time it’s night,  
I look at the stars in the darkened sky.  
You can wish you could dream,  
you can look up high.  
My friends look at fireflies just flying by.

I take out my telescope and search for constellations.  
Are they in the universe or in the nation?  
Stars shimmering and dancing in the midnight light.  
I wonder why stars can be spaced not tight.

My dreams and hopes in the stars,  
then you realize who you are.  
You can dream, sleep, wish, hope, pray, and pretend  
through the night.  
But why are stars so much brighter than a light.  
And all I can think about are stars in the night.