Eclectic
**Postcard from an Editor**

Dear ESA,

After hours—at least, many minutes—spent begging for submissions, the Eclectic got so many that a few have had to be put on hold until the next issue. (Do not despai, Randa Ahmad and Emma May.) This issue has it all: poetry, prose, fiction, non-fiction, fantasy, lyrics, and a few murders. It includes work from every grade except the sophomores. (Yes, that’s a challenge.) Thank you very much to everyone who contributed work to this issue and the teachers who helped encouraged them to keep working, keep submitting, happy vacation!

Love,
Lizzie Simon

P.S./N.B. The cover art for this issue is by Ben Savoy. The drawings inside are by Jack Tate, and the photographs are Kate Smith’s work.

The Julie Files

~ Credits ~
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~ Special Thanks ~
Mr. Pearson, for giving us the English assignment that inspired The Julie Files.

The Class of 2012, for all of their love and support.

Even though she said the hike would only be twenty to thirty minutes, it had been a little more than an hour that the group had been hiking. Even without their packs, they were bored and tired.

After going on a straight path for a few hundred feet, Julie finally spotted a side trail which she thought was the path to the group’s destination – John’s Rock. It was said to have a beautiful view of the surrounding mountains as well as a good picnic spot. Since they had never seen a good view of the mountains before, everyone was slightly excited about this event.

After about half of a minute, Julie came back onto the main trail. It wasn’t the trail the group had been searching for, but was good enough for a view of the surrounding mountains. Everyone sighed and headed onto the side trail.

Julie was a 23-year old girl with short brown hair. She had a normal build and big feet — at least that’s what we thought, unless her hiking boots made her feet look big. She was always in her own world with her own thoughts, making her very different from others. She taught us random and useless things like the penguin song and she called the forest the “mama.” She also had a disgusting orange pee rag, which smelled of old musty pee. She wasn’t very tall for her age, being a good number of inches shorter than Mr. Melton. She had dark brown eyes and a very strange smile as well as a short nose.

After walking for a bit, Group D finally came to a halt. There was no John’s Rock, but a beautiful bird’s eye view of the mountain, nothing between them and the view. Mr. Melton warned them not to get too close to the edge a few feet before them, even though everyone felt like jumping off of the cliff to get to the parking lot below, all desperate for civilization. Little did they know they would soon regret saying that...

“Where’s Julie?” Mr. Melton asked. It had seemed Julie drifted behind them as we walked through the side trail. “I’m sure she wants to see this.”

Camille looked back and saw Julie smiling evilly at Mr. Melton.

“Mr. Melton, look out!” Camille said as Julie started creeping forward.

Julie snarled at Camille and ran after Melton. Pushing him, she sent him flying off of the cliff. He screamed as he fell to his supposed death far below.

“Mr. Melton!” Jake yelled. What was going on now had caught everyone’s attention. Julie turned her head, and began running after Jake. She elbowed him with great force, and Jake lost his footing. He clutched at Julie’s sleeve, but she shook him off and
he fell to his doom. Everyone started running and took cover among the trees and foliage.

It seemed that Cole, Virginia, and Stephanie were right—Julie really WAS a serial killer!

“What do we do?” Stephanie said to Cole, Virginia, and Camille who had hid with her behind a bush watching Julie block off all the escape routes with logs.

“I... I don’t know,” Cole said.

“Camille, where are you going?” Cole said as Camille started moving around the bushes on her hands and knees, looking around.

“I’m trying to find a suitable weapon.” She whispered. “Look for a large rock or branch. Tell the others.” Cole nodded, then signaled to JJ and Hunter, who were hiding behind some bushes not far from him. They signaled to Charles and Brandon and they all began frantically looking for some sort of weapon.

Julie’s next victim was Paige, who was too shocked to even move. Julie had cornered Paige against a boulder and Paige was trying to climb it while sobbing and pleading with Julie.

“No, no, please, no.” She cried. “NO!”

“I have a good life, Barbie— or what’s left of it!” Julie said as she kicked Paige in the chest, sending her flying through the air to her death. Her scream could be heard until it stopped abruptly. Cole winced.

Hunter ran over to Julie and began struggling with her. Hunter grabbed her neck and Julie scraped at his face with her nails. Hunter let go and clutched his bleeding cheek. He ran at Julie again, but she was ready for him. She grabbed him by his hair and forced his head back with a jerk. He gasped in pain. Julie grabbed his neck with her other hand and threw him bodily from the cliff.

Camille had found a large branch and ran at Julie with it. Julie saw her coming and stepped to the side, catching Camille by her hair and giving her a hard kick in the back. Camille yelped in pain. She stumbled forward and Julie crashed a palm-sized rock against her head. Camille crumpled to the ground.

Brandon tapped Julie on her shoulder, took the rock Julie had used on Camille, and smacked her in the face with it, causing a gash to appear on her lower cheek. She let out a wail of pain, then checked her face, and quickly drew back. She grabbed Brandon’s wrist. He tried to resist, but her grip was too tight. She flung him off of the ledge like a Frisbee. “Goodbye, Brandon!”

Charles, Virginia, Stephanie, JJ, and Cole remained. Charles was hiding behind a bush, and Virginia, Cole, JJ, and Stephanie were slowly inching around the platform. Julie then went on a rampage with her lunch sack, knocking Virginia, Stephanie, and Cole to the ground. JJ tackled Julie’s legs, and knocked her over. The lunch bag spilled over and everything fell out. Stephanie and Virginia started scratching, biting and punching every bit of Julie they could reach. JJ then proceeded to see if Camille was okay. He dragged her body behind a clump of bushes so that maybe she would live, and then turned back to the fight.

Julie had escaped the clutches of the remaining distraught survivors. Charles shortly afterward came out of his hiding place and began throwing the lunch’s contents at Julie. She was hit on her shoulder with a pot lid, but blocked everything else with her hands. She then grabbed Charles by his shirt, and pushed him off of the cliff. He screamed as he fell.

Virginia and Stephanie teamed up and began moving logs to open a path to the trail. Cole was still recovering from the heavy hit of the lunch sack, and just got up. Julie approached him as her next target, and struggled with Cole. She throttled him off of the cliff, and although unknown to Julie, he barely hung on to the ledge. Virginia and Stephanie then rolled a log at Julie’s feet, and she tripped over it.

As Cole held on to the uneven and pointy rocks, he thought about what his fate would be within the next few minutes. Would he fall to his death, or barely survive and get pulled back up by his own strength or someone else? His legs slowly hung from his waist, and he refused to look down. He couldn’t believe Julie was really a serial killer. What turned out to be a harmless joke turned into cold, hard, reality. His left hand began to slip, but he quickly rewrapped it around the rock.

Julie got back up and made Virginia and Stephanie her next targets. JJ tripped her once more, and she fell to the ground with a thud. She got back up, angry as a bull, and turned around violently. She proceeded to pick up the log that was rolled at her feet, but was distracted by a pair of hands hanging on to the edge of the cliff. She grinned evilly, and inched over to the edge of the platform. She saw Cole dangle from the platform, and he gasped at her sight. She lifted her foot to smash his hands.

...

Can you find all four possible endings to this story in the Eclectic? Happy Hunting!
Pourquoi-pas?
Amber Washington (11th)

There once was a hydrant. It was a shiny hydrant, red and gleaming in the sunlight smack dab in the middle of a square of grass in the middle of a suburb, in the middle of everything. The people of the suburb were completely captivated by this hydrant, captivated by its importance and authority. Plus, it had a really nice gleam to it. It was for this reason that the people of the suburb came to the hydrant with their problems, and they weren’t ashamed to admit it. But, the hydrant only uttered two words: “Why not?”

One morning, a man with a duffel bag and a dream approached the hydrant, looking for answers. “Hydrant,” the man said. “I’ve come to seek your advice. I no longer want to be predictable Fred. I have a loving wife, wonderful children, and an efficient job. But I desire more! I want to dye my hair green and join a rock band, get tattoos, and drink night and day! I want to abandon the bland life that makes me happy, and find an “on the edge” life that makes me ecstatic! Should I do this, hydrant? Should I abandon all for this pursuit? Huh? Should I?” The hydrant responded, “Why not?” So Fred clicked his heels with glee and started down the road.

One morning, a young girl with gleaming eyes approached the hydrant, looking for answers. “Hydrant,” the girl said. “I’ve come to seek your advice. Two men have asked to marry me, and I cannot decide who to choose! Jeremy loves me so, and I believe I love him too. But, he is poor, he has no money, you see. And then there’s Cody. Oh, how wealthy he is. He sees many other women, and he’s not very nice to me. But he asked me to marry him, and you should see how many rings he has on his fingers! Jeremy is so sweet and genuine, but, oh I do love stuff! What should I do, hydrant? I should get with Cody, right? He could provide, and maybe love only me... one day. I should choose Cody, right? Huh? Should I?” The hydrant responded, “why not?” The young girl skipped down the road excitedly with her heart on her sleeve.

One morning, a middle-aged man with a bowler hat and a diamond-topped cane approached the hydrant, looking for answers. “Hydrant,” the man said. “I’ve come to seek your advice. I’m a businessman, know what I’m talkin’ about? I do business, business is my name and money is my gain. As you can see from the stylin’ I’m proflin’, I make a lot of money. But oh, how I do have a dilemma. There is this little village down the road, know what I’m talkin’ bout? Where it lies would be the perfect place for my shopping complex. Hydrant, I love money, but unfortunately I have a heart. It beats, and it feels. A hex on anatomy! These are poor people, hydrant, it’s so sad to be poor, makes me shudder to think about it. But, hydrant, I may not get this deal again. These people may lose their homes, but I could buy me another diamond ring! Ho-ho! So, I should build it, right hydrant? I shouldn’t care and just build my complex! Buy me another ring, know what I’m talkin’ about? Right, huh, should I?” The hydrant responded, “Why not?” With that advice, the businessman walked away with dollar signs in his eyes and a bounce in his step.

The next time a visitor approached the hydrant, it was not morning, but night. A hobo with fingerless gloves, a torn scarf, and no shoes to think of limped up to the hydrant. In his hand was a wrench. “Hydrant,” the hobo said, “I live yonder in that there park across the street. I watch, every day, as these mindless people approach you every morning, asking you to tell them how to live their lives and I’ve come to put a stop to it. You are an inanimate object unable to think, hear, or feel. All you can do is squeak: ‘Why not?’ Well, I ask: ‘Why so?’ Why are these people so stiff-necked, selfish, and impressionable? They come and seek your answers because they are drawn by your red brilliancy. It’s because you gleam in the light that these people pay heed to you. But I am a mere hobo, with nothing to my name to speak of. The dirt that we are placed upon is richer than me. But I know that the true meanings of life are not found in you, but in the heart. You may be as red as a crabapple and as shiny as a diamond, but you are not god! You do not possess a soul, mercy, or emotions. If we cut you, you will not bleed
anything but water! So tell me now, I'll ask you a question for only one thing, though I think I already know what you are going to say. Should I take this wrench, and smash you to pieces? Huh? Should I?" The hydrant, for the first time, was silent. It tried with all its might, shaking from the effort, to find something to say. But all it could come out with, barely above a whisper, was: "Why not?"

"Good morning, Andy. How did you sleep?" she asked.
"All right, I guess," Andy replied.
"Well, why don't you get some breakfast and start getting ready for school," she said.
"Wait, mom, can I stay home today?" he asked.
"Why, are you feeling sick?" she asked.
"No ma'am, I can just tell today is going to be bad; rainy days always get me down," He said.
"Well, I can't just get you out of school just because it's a bad day," she told him.

Just at that moment, Andy's father, John Hills walked into the kitchen. Andy's father also made him feel better at the worst of times.

"Morning Andy, morning Sally," he said.
"Morning dad, morning John," Andy and his mom said in unison.
"Andy, I'm sorry but there's really no time to talk. The bus comes in 10 minutes," she told him.

So as quickly as possible, Andy did his morning routine, told his mom and dad goodbye, and barely caught the bus. When Andy got on the bus, kids automatically started picking on him.

"Hey, Hills, almost missed the bus again, didn't want to come to school?" said Rex, one of his eleven classmates.

Andy did not reply, but the other kids on the bus could tell he was getting mad. And soon, all the eleven classmates were teasing him. Andy tried the best that he could not to show any sign of frustration or anger, but today he found that very hard. When the bus reached school, Andy got out of the bus as quickly as possible, trying to get away from his eleven classmates. Andy was by far the most withdrawn child in his 4th grade class, and most days, he was able of getting by, but today was not one of those days. When Andy walked into the classroom, he saw his teacher, Mrs. Kathy, sitting down at her desk. Andy

What He Makes It
Andrew Broussard (6th)

Andy Hills heard a very high pitched sound coming from nowhere in his fantastic dream when he realized it was his alarm clock. 5:45, time to wake up. Man, I really don't like how things are shaping out right now, it's raining, the dog's barking, and I stayed up to eleven doing homework he thought. But Andy started to feel a little better when he saw his mom, Sally Hills. His mom always gave him a warm feeling inside, even on days like today.

"Morning, mom," said Andy as he sat down at the kitchen.
felt a little better now, for the classroom was the only place he was safe in at school.

"Good morning, Mrs. Kathy," Andy said. "Good morning, Andy," she replied. Soon, all the kids were there, and class began. Andy was not a star student, but he liked school. (This is one reason all his classmates teased him.) When the school day was over, Andy prepared himself for another bus ride. He sat at the very back of the bus hoping that no one would see him. Yet, this plan backfired on him. As usual the 11 kids found him and continued to tease him. Days went by like this, until one day, Andy just couldn’t take it anymore; he burst out in tears.

"Why can’t you just leave me alone! I just because I’m different, doesn’t mean I’m worth bullying. Give me one good reason I’m worth teasing," he sobbed.

"Just because you like school," replied Rex in a sassy talk-back tone.

Luckily, Andy didn’t have to say any more, this was his stop. Andy sped off the bus and ran to his house as quick as possible. As Andy ran, he cried harder and harder. When he reached his house, his mom saw him crying.

"Honey, what’s wrong? Did something happen at school?" She asked.

"W-well, my classmates won’t stop teasing me just because I feel safe at school," Andy sobbed.

"Just calm down, kids teased me when I was your age too. All the kids in my class said bad words; they thought it was cool, but I knew it was wrong. And guess what? I discovered ways to make myself feel better. On sunny days, I would look at the sky and be happy it wasn’t raining. When I got home, I would do my homework, take a hot bath, eat supper, and go to bed earlier. Those little things help us get by," his mom said.

"All right, that sounds like a good plan," Andy said.

So Andy finished his homework, took a shower, said hi to his dad and went straight to sleep at about eight o’clock. Andy woke up from his all-of-a-sudden comfortable bed, said hi to his parents, and got on the bus right on time. Kids teased him as usual, but Andy acted like he didn’t hear or see them, he just looked out into the deep blue sky, undisturbed. (The kids were very annoyed by this and stopped.)

"Hey Hills, get out of your little fantasy world, we’re at school," grunted Rex.

Andy did not reply; he just slowly walked to class. When class started, Andy sat down at his desk and got ready for science.

"Good morning class, are you all ready for science?" Mrs. Kathy asked.

"Yes ma’am," the class replied.

"In that case, who can tell me what a constant is? Andy, I saw your hand go up first," she said

"A constant is a part of an experiment that stays the same," Andy answered.

"Good job Andy," Mrs. Kathy said.

And from then on Andy was on a roll, he correctly answered all the questions he was asked that day. Once again, days went by with almost the same process, except now Andy was feeling good about everything. He slept better, ran quicker, and even did better in school. He felt wonderful.

Ooh, it's raining, the dog's barking, I'm really tired ... but I can make today what I want it to be.
The Julie Files:

-- Ending A - Remain Hopeful --

Right before she tried to smash Cole's fingers, a brave Camille lunged toward Julie, and knocked her off the cliff, and she screamed as she began to fall. However, Camille joined Cole and barely hung onto the ledge beside Cole. Camille also had a heavier problem to deal with - Julie barely managed to grab Camille's ankle as she was falling. Camille's hands slowly slipped...

JJ, Virginia, and Stephanie rushed to Camille to help her up, and grabbed her right hand right before it slipped. The three tried continually to pull her up, but Julie's weight held Camille down. Julie was still hanging on, but only with one hand. Cole decided to quit watching and start helping. He began kicking Julie on her shoulders and in her face. Julie tried over and over to grab Cole's leg, but failed to every time she tried. Finally, Camille took notice and began kicking Julie as well.

With the power of Cole's and Camille's legs, Julie finally lost her grip and began falling. She wailed as she fell to her death, alongside her victims...

"When you get to hell, tell 'em I sent you!" Camille shouted to Julie until she was no longer in sight. Everyone smiled.

Cole and Camille both sighed with relief, then JJ, Stephanie and Virginia helped up Camille, and then Cole. They moved all of the logs Julie had placed, and began walking down to the ground below. All of the lives that were lost that day were remembered forever by the five survivors...

Second Chapter of "The Necklace"
Sarah Andry (7th)

The necklace was fake. The necklace that I spent my whole life paying for was fake. I had to say it over and over in my head before I finally got it, and when I did, I stared at her. I stared at her straight in her eyes. In my own spoiled pride I just sort of expected my husband to fix my problem when I lost the fake necklace, and didn't fix it myself. My selfishness had ruined both my husband's and my life, and I felt sick to my stomach. It seemed hours that we sat there and felt each other's pain. Finally she reached her arms out and gave me a decent, but awkward, hug. The baby started crying.

"I must go now, dear... the baby is getting hungry," Madame Forestier sputtered, and was in a fast walk toward her home, comforting the crying child. I stood there a while more, and then walked slowly home. I thought a great deal while I walked home, all about the ten years of miserable work for nothing.

It didn't dawn on me that I would have to face my husband until I had almost reached my house, and I panicked. I slowly opened the creaking door, and saw my husband eating dinner, sitting on the pillow on the floor.

"Where have you been, honey?" he questioned me. I didn't know what to say.

I finally answered, "I was on a walk."

"Well, it was a very long walk. You've been gone nearly four hours."

I fixed myself a plate and sat down on the pillow next to him, for we were too poor now to afford either table or chairs, and all in the two-room house was quiet. Hours passed. When we were done with our dinners, we put down our plates and just sat there. I thought about what I would say, that is, if I ever had the courage to say it. Then I noticed that this could become another problem. This could ruin my life all over again. I had to face it, and I had to face it now.

One, Two, THREE! - nothing came out. I tried again.

One, Two, THREE! - again, nothing. I just couldn't let him down like that after everything he had done for me. Then a thought came to me: If he had been so good to me before, why wouldn't he be now? I mean, he really must love me whole lot to ruin his life for my sake...what am I so worried about! SO, I decided to try one more time, with a whole lot more confidence.

One, Two, THREE: "Um, honey, there's something I have to tell you about my walk today..." I said, "Well, I ran into Madame Forestier, and I thought I should tell her about the necklace, since it's finally all over now... and, well, I did... and..."

"And what?"

"AND THE FIRST NECKLACE WAS FAKE!" I stated, fast and loud, just in case I had lost my courage.
“What do you mean the necklace was fake? Clearly a necklace worth 40,000 francs is not fake.”

“NO, darling...not the necklace that we gave to her in the end, the original one that she had lent to me for the ball! Isn’t that a laugh?!” I tried to make it funny. It didn’t work.

He was in shock. Complete shock. I think he nearly fainted, for his face went as white as the sheets of a wealthy woman’s bed. He sat there, for a few minutes, deep in thought, and didn’t speak a word. Then he rose, put his plate in the corner, went straight into the piled blankets and pillows which we slept on and was gone into his dreams.

The next morning, when I awoke, I looked next to me. My husband wasn’t there. I checked around for a note, but there was none. I looked in the closet for his coat, but it wasn’t on its hanger. Then I knew. I knew why he had gone, but I didn’t know where. I sat back down on blankets and cried, for quite a long time.

I looked in the corner, where his plate had been, and there were flies eating away at the remains, and this just made me even sadder. I looked on the floor next to our so-called bed and saw his book that he had never had a chance to finish because of all the work he had done to pay back for the necklace. I picked it up, even though I could not read it, and opened it, and I looked at the pages and where he had marked his spot last. I turned to the beginning and turned page to page, making up my own story as I went along.

The night came, and the candle flickered, and the next thing I knew I was asleep and away from all my problems. I had a wonderful dream that I had married a king, and that he had taken me away on his white horse and I was free of everything but life, all the troubles, all the work. I could just be who I wanted to be and have a great time. Well, it did not last, and before I knew it I was awake and back into the world where you have to work for food and face the things that you do not want to face.

I heard a knocking on the door, and I thought it must be my boss, for I had not gone to work within the past two days. I slowly rose and went to get it, and when I slowly opened it, and it creaked and creaked, I did not find my boss, but a sweet little Madame Forestier instead, holding something shiny and glimmering in the bright sun.

“Hello, Madame,” she said sweetly.

“Why, hello, what brings you here?” I answered, even though I knew, and was so glad on the inside that I could have run to Canada.

She pushed her shining hands more toward me and said, “I think this is yours...you deserve it.” The moment I took it she was gone, and I couldn’t give it back to her. IN my hands was the necklace; the big, shiny diamond necklace, and I went to the mirror and put it on. I pranced around a bit, watching myself, and I imagined myself in a ball gown, rich and beautiful and happy. All of a sudden I felt tired and weak. With the necklace on, I walked toward the blankets and fell into them. Then I fell asleep for the last time.

My Halloween
Chris Beyer (9th)

Up until last year, I would dress up in my costume and head over to my Dad’s neighborhood every thirty-first, reveling in the prospect of the endless candy flow that seemed to ensue. I would arrive at Dad’s house with bucket in hand, and wait not-so-patiently for the festivities to begin. Once the trick-or-treating began, I transformed myself into a candy-hunting tirade, hitting house after house after house in my search for the ultimate tummy-ache. Ah, how fondly I recall said happy memories. From our school’s annual Halloween party to the crash at the end of that last, brilliant sugar rush, I lived and breathed Halloween. But then, the ghastly realities of life slowly closed in on me, and by the time I turned twelve I had lost the primal sugar urge that defined the holiday. Bereft of the impulse to obtain the polysorbate-60 nirvana associated with Halloween, I had little choice. Last year I officially passed on the torch to my little siblings, to whom the taste of Hershey’s remains the paramount goal of existence.

I became an official candy-giver, a producer raised from a consumer whose résumé would electrify even the most avid cholesterol-seeker. Last year I changed into
costume, but stayed at home. Beginning the tradition that has lasted thus far, I climbed into a four-dollar cardboard coffin and awaited the moments when those foolish enough to desire candy from our door passed by. With a fog machine at my left calf, I proceeded to fill the air with a horrible, ghoulish mist, which seeped out of the coffin’s orifices in languid laziness until it formed a dainty quasi-carpet blanketing the sidewalk. Choking on the results of my theatrical feat, I would wait for the opportune moment, when my victims stood directly adjacent to me, and maximum fear I could instill. When the moment was at hand, and only after my victims seemed sure my coffin remained just a rigged-up box, I would explode out from my macabre abode, screaming fit to wake the dead (no pun intended), striking fear into the heart of even the stoutest eight-year-old. As my quarry raced back towards their parents, I would slam the lid back down upon myself, cracking a self-satisfied grin on the way down. The replacement of the sugar rush with one of adrenaline has worked out fine for me. Thus I have spent the last couple Halloweens, and I hope I may spend many more in a similar fashion.

She overcame her disabilities, and here she is, Helen Keller!

Carla Dibbs (6th)

"When one door of happiness closes, another opens; but often we look so long at the closed door that we do not see the one which has opened for us." Helen Keller seemed not to have any doors of happiness in her life, but because of being both blind and deaf and her understanding of things she could find happiness in many things. Helen Keller was definitely not biased and did not believe that reading and learning how to speak was a waste of time. From time to time, she would have trouble working out math problems. Well, one time the math problem took a while and Helen’s teacher, Mrs. Sullivan, suggested she should stop and finish working the next day. She wouldn’t stop and told Mrs. Sullivan that not stopping would make her mind bigger.

She learned to read in Braille French, German, Greek, and Latin. She became a wonderful leader and her accomplishments brought her to be regarded with respect and inspiration. She enjoyed learning new information and discovering new things. I guess she found happiness in education. "Education has brought light and music to my soul," she said. Helen Keller may not have had everything to start with; it is what she ended up with made her who she was. The motivation she had and what she put up with made her overcome her misfortunes.

Edgar Allen Poe and Dr. Seuss team together to bring you! Swirly Straws the poetic posers(?)

I miss the days when I was young
I’d do anything to get those days back; I’d even sell my lung
I remember licking lollipops and smacking on PB-and-Js
Oh those were the good old days

Now I put away my teddy bears
And reach for the tinfoil to highlight my hair
I remember wanting to know what’s under my bed
These days I just dream of when I’ll be wed

My friends were so sweet and kindergarten was so easy
Now my friends are meanies and dress sleazy
Boys used to hide from cooties galore
Now they just yell more, more, more!

I guess my swirly straw age was just luck
Now my life just sucks...
Ode To The Couch Now Lost
Camden Cornwell (11th)
What wondrous ache in my back and poor butt,
These cubbies no comfort, covered in smut.
Long I have yearned for soft place and rest,
Cold chairs and wood benches have failed my test.
One morning, moist and warm, all did behold
A blissful answer more precious than gold.
Neglected and left to rot and to mold,
Our tender hearts, filled with pity, were told
By the sweet Lord, He whispered in our ear,
"Take here this couch, sweet comfort for your rear."

By the Lord's sweet mercy, we saved from loss,
And bore back on swift tires our cushion cross.
All did admire such decor on our deck,
Well woven patterns did turn all their necks.
Soft springs helped to enjoy warm summer air,
Never mind the queer itch and coarse dog hair.
Only for one night did last our sweet couch,
For in darkness and shadows Myler crouched.
From the dark doors of despair, he crawls out,
A pawn of small stature creeping about.
His eyes darting, no misdeed excused,
Demand for our compliance, we refused.
If only to fight for freedom and life,
Our couch we sing, a symbol of our strife.
He casts a finger and orders away,
To abyss we bear the couch in dismay.
Control and force weigh down our shoulders,
We squirm and rebel to push all borders.
Rejoice we must, with our misdeeds do grow,
Our bane's frustration from ears smoke blows.
Long live the couch, may it not be forgot,
Let it be known we long struggled and fought.
Carry on this spirit, O youth so dear,
May freedom and mischief live on for years.

And they all said
Amen

The Julie Files
-- Ending B - Regretful Ending --
Right before Julie tried to end Cole's life, a brave Camille lunged toward Julie and knocked her off of the cliff. Camille joined Cole and barely hung onto the ledge, but had a much heavier problem to deal with – Julie was hanging on her foot. Camille's hands slowly slipped... Camille gasped as one hand fell from the rocks. Several tiny rocks and specks of dust fell with her hands. She tried to hook her hand back on, but Julie had grabbed it and was trying viciously to use Camille to climb back up.

"No! Someone... help!" Camille gasped. She was trying to shake Julie off, but it was weakening her at the same time. Julie clung on tightly. Cole was on the rocks slightly above Camille. He tried to kick Julie off, but when Julie dodged it, it made Camille lose her grip even more. Cole and Camille were both helpless. Camille looked up and Cole saw the terror in her face as she lost her grip fully and fell to the ground below. She didn't scream, but fell silently as she slowly disappeared from view.

"Camille!" Virginia and Stephanie screamed together as they watched her fall to her doom. Cole watched as well. Camille had sacrificed herself to save all of the others, and she was mourned by all of the survivors.

JJ, Stephanie, and Virginia helped Cole up off of the edge of the cliff. They finished removing the logs blocking their path, and began their walk back to the ground below. Though several lives were lost, a great friend known as Dr. Camille remained forever in their hearts.

Second Chapter of "The Necklace"
(Husband's Point of View)
Taylor Curry (7th)
I was on a walk, tired, and just wanted some fresh air. I thought I saw my wife turn on the next street, so I started walking that way to see what she was doing. I soon turned the corner, and saw her talking to Madame Forestier. Matilda handed her the necklace, and I saw shock in both of their faces. I went up to them to see what they were talking about,
and I heard Madame Forestier tell her that the necklace was false! I thought I had imagined it, and I asked Madame Forestier to repeat it. She did, and I had not imagined it. I looked at Matilda.

I stared straight into her eyes. She looked embarrassed. I had just worked for ten straight years, only to make my wife happy and to replace her friend's necklace. If only she had gone to Madame Forestier in the first place. But no, I have started this. I have caused my own pain...if only I hadn't brought her the invitation, she would have never borrowed nor lost the necklace. But if she didn't only care about material items! Then she started crying, and I felt like those hard, long, ten years were wasted.

"I'm sorry about all of this. I just can't believe you both worked ten years for this! I don't know what to do with this necklace, but I don't think I should keep it. You two deserve this..." Madame Forestier started, but I interrupted.

"I'm sorry, but we must go back to our home now, and discuss matters in private."

Madame Forestier said, "Please just take this until we figure this mess out." And she smiled, offering the necklace to me.

"Sure..." said my wife, and we both slowly walked off. The first ten minutes or so were very quiet, and then she spoke in a sad and shaky voice.

"I'm sorry I have been so careless of everything all this time. I shouldn't have just expected you to fix all of my problems. All my life I have thought of myself and what I needed, and you would always just get it for me, whatever it takes. I noticed this too late, and I'm sorry. I just want more stuff all the time and this is what it got me. I'm sorry."

She started to walk off, and I was startled. Maybe I should give her time...but if she kept on walking, maybe she would never come back and never forgive herself...so I followed her.

"No! Wait!" I called after her. She turned around, her eyes wet and red.

"We have accomplished something great! We have raised over five hundred francs together, no matter how long it took. Are you okay?"

"No. I feel like I wasted so much of our lives! All because of this necklace...what even to do with it?"

We went back home. She put the necklace on the table. We sat down and both stared at it for several seconds, and then I spoke.

"We should probably trade the necklace back to the jeweler, and take the money. But we must pay Madame Forestier what she paid for the false necklace. After all, we have worked for that money for ten years. Just don't worry about it."

And so that is what we did the next day, and Madame Forestier accepted our apologies and the money for the false necklace.

I really think that Matilda learned her lesson about all of this, and that life isn't all about what you have or what you want. Now we are rich from trading the necklace back, and the old Matilda would be very happy with this, but now she was just happy to be with who she was.

Ms. Moscow
Kjersti Jacobson (12th)
She speaks of 'round stic grip' pens black, no blue
She has twins— puppets
And she draws landscapes with elephants' tusks
Liquid paper won't cover her lies
Daisies are her signature
She raps to Eminem
She prefers Guinness to Molson Canadian
Ms. Moscow is a woman:
She dances, she cries, she laughs, she knows...
She knows what we don't
But still she won't tell Russia
She won't tell him she loves him.
"What? This can't be!" I thought. "This can't be happening! It just can't! He got what he deserved!" Again, I heard the bells, the thumping... Then the heart-sickening scream pierced my ears... "That horrible plea; the call for help when he knew no one could help him. Why is it haunting me?! But he is supposed to be gone!" I ran as fast as my legs were willing to take me. When I could run no more, I stopped. I glanced around, looking for signs of someone...I couldn't see anyone. A whisper filled the air.

"Montresor...Montresor." Confused and terrified, I turned around to see who had called me...

Montresor...Montresor! For the love of God, Montresor!" The voice turned my insides cold. I froze, turned around. Every breath I took made it harder to breathe. "Thump...thump...thump." The thumping grew faster and louder. "Thump thump thump...THUMP THUMP THUMP." The beating heart made my heart sick. I gasped for air...

"In pace requiescat, Montresor!"

The town's people gathered at the sight where his end had come. Sprawled on the ground, clenching his throat was Montresor. The people wondered why he had come to such an unpleasant death. I watched from above as he was examined for signs of being murdered. They concluded that he had died of pure fear and nervous shock. The wind grew cold as the clouds turned darker. Little did they know that Montresor wasn't the only one to seek revenge.
“Irresponsible” Lyrics
Cole LaFleur (8th)
(To the tune of “Irreplaceable”)
In the lost and found
Everything you own in the lost and found!
That English Essay that’s wrinkled up
Yeah since I wrote it – please don’t touch!
Keep leaving your stuff that’s fine
But Mrs. Doré’ll throw it ‘way next time and
It’s my test that’s on that desk
Doré threw it away sayin’ “What a pest!”

Chorus:
Standin’ outside the Library sayin’
“God, I’m such a fool!” sayin’ how
Since you lose your stuff you are sooo not cool!
Got me to say, “You must not know ‘bout me,
you must not know ‘bout me!”
I’ll have another A in a minute and you won’t cause you are such a big idiot, baby…
“You must not know bout me, you must not know ‘bout me!”
I’ll have another A by tomorrow, so don’t you ever for a second get to think that…
You’re IRRESPONSIBLE!

So go ahead and get told!
Call Mrs. Doré and see if she’s home.
That must be the fifth one that I told Bridges to throw away!”
Mrs. Doré likes to be mean!
Especially to kids who have the IQ of a bean!
She’ll give you an evil glare
And yell, “I REALLY DON’T GIVE A DARN CARE!”

*Chorus*

So since your stuff isn’t everything
Mrs. Doré’ll leave you with nothing!
Nothing at all for you!
And she won’t shed a single tear for you (tear for you)
You won’t be able to go asleep
Knowing the truth of the matter is
You are downright IRRESPONSIBLE!

In the lost and found
In the lost and found
Mmmm… in the lost and found!
Everything you own in the lost and found!
In the lost and found!
Don’t you ever for a second get to think that…
you’re irresponsible!
You must not know ‘bout me, you must not know ‘bout me!
I can have another A in a minute
And you won’t cause you’re such a big idiot…
baby!
You must not know ‘bout me you must not know ‘bout me
I can have another A by tomorrow, so don’t you ever for a second get to think it…
You’re IRRESPONSIBLE!

Lady Lindy, also known as Amelia Earhart
Mason Reaux (6th)

What kind of a person does it take to be a lucky member of 99 people that had the skill to set world records around the world? Amelia Earhart is most famous for her disappearance but what’s really interesting is her life as a pilot. Most people would think that she was born to fly but the first the thing that inspired her was the pay; it was $1 for a 10 minute ride.

But later in her life she started to see how much she loved to fly. In fact she loved it so much she would practically never stop. In her life it was one courageous flight after the other. For example, before she crossed the Pacific she decided to cross the Atlantic.

Did you know that while she was flying across the Atlantic her plane caught fire and she almost crashed? After that she kept doing the unbelievable by stretching her ability to fly, like the time she set the women’s altitude level, and the time she beat a male speed record. She
also became the first person to fly from Los Angeles to Mexico. So all of that leads me to my question what kind of person does it take to be Amelia Earhart. It takes confidence, persistence, talent, and most of all courage.

**The Julie Files: -- Ending C -- The Sole Survivor --**

Cole quickly moved his hands and barely avoided Julie’s now-dangerous hiking boots. JJ grabbed Cole’s hand and pulled him up. Cole sighed quickly, then got up and ran to where Camille was lying on the ground.

He looked for a pulse, but felt nothing. Camille had died from the heavy hit of the lunch bag...

Meanwhile, Julie grabbed the log that was rolled at her, and ran after Stephanie and Virginia, who were almost finished moving all of the logs. She swung at Virginia and hit her in the back, knocking her down. She rolled down the short hill and was too dazed to get up.

“You… you…” Stephanie said in a brave voice.

“You’re going down!” she tackled Julie with all of her strength, and they both rolled down the hill in a fight. Julie got a grip of Stephanie, and pushed her off of the cliff. She held on to the side for several seconds, but Julie pounded her fist on Stephanie’s fingers, and she screamed and began to fall.

Julie then went over to JJ, and grabbed a log and swung it at him. JJ ducked, then grabbed her foot and flipped her over. Cole tried to help JJ, and jumped on Julie. She pushed him off, and then swung the log again at JJ, this time sending him down the cliff. Julie then looked around for Cole, but he had prepared himself early and swung at Julie with the biggest log in sight with all of his strength. It knocked her on her stomach, and she tried to get up. She managed to get on her knees, but Cole hit her on her back with the log again, and this time she fell and her eyes shut.

Cole sighed, and looked around to see who was still left. He saw Camille still where she was lying from when she was hit, but saw no sign of Virginia. He walked over to where Camille lay down silently, and then was distracted by a nearby voice.

“Cole!” someone said from behind. He turned around and saw Virginia running towards him from behind the bush Charles had previously hidden behind.

“Virginia!” Cole shouted. He hugged her as they approached. “I’m so glad you’re okay!”

Suddenly, their reunion was cut short. Julie was still alive, and she was running toward the two.

“Not for long!” she said with an evil grin. She grabbed Virginia by the back of her shirt, and flung her off the cliff. She screamed as she began to experience her final moments alive.

Julie then pulled out her survival knife and began walking towards Cole. He was stunned with fear and shock, and barely managed to slowly back up. He walked a few steps until he was at the edge of the cliff, when Julie finally struck and tried to stab Cole. He managed to hold her off for a few seconds, but, like Hunter, lost the death match and was stabbed in the shoulder by Julie.

“Why…?” Cole said as he slowly fell on the rocky ground.

Julie looked down at him, and slowly gestured a sinister, evil grin.

**Poem about Stoplights**

Jasmine Abdalla (8th)

Stoplights are the difference
Between right and wrong.
You can do good,
Stop at red lights,
Go on green,
Or do bad,
Just run them, all.
Would you zip through a red-light?
When no one is there,
Or watching,
Or wait just in case a car comes,
And go on green,
If it’s only one red-light,
One time,
It’s okay?

**Walt Disney; the Persistent Trailblazer of the Cartoon World**

T.J. Falterman (6th)

Even the world’s greatest trailblazers started small. For instance, the way Walt Disney started was by drawing farm animals on toilet paper with coal when he was little. By little I mean only 5 years
Everyone knows that Walt Disney is a great film producer and he is also known for Mickey Mouse; but he started out as a little farm boy who loved drawings and pictures. He did many sketches at a young age because of his love for art. He boldly pursued this love by sketching for a barber in 1910 at age 9 for 25 cents or a free haircut. He must have then realized that drawing and art were his best talents, and that he wanted to have a career that used these talents. So, he studied drawing at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts in 1917. During that time, he seemed to just give up on his career as though it wasn’t falling into place properly. Surprisingly, he switched over to driving an ambulance in 1918. Driving an ambulance is a big switch over from pursuing an artistic career. It appeared as though he had changed his artistic goals. But, he didn’t give up on them altogether because in a couple of years (1922) he would start his Laugh-O-Gram comic business in Kansas. He was persistently exercising his artistic ability to further his career. His comic business never really had a chance though, because it went bankrupt just a year after it started. Since he had invested most of his money in Laugh-O-Grams, thinking it would work, he only had $40.00 left. Being persistent to his career yet again, he spent that $40.00 on making his own sound synchronizing cartoons (but it took 6 years), such as Steamboat Willie, in 1928, which made him millions of dollars.

Being a persistent cartoonist made him successful throughout the rest of his career. He sturdily resisted the discouragement of others and eventually became the Walt Disney we know today. Walt Disney was persistent and creative enough to think up a brilliant cartoon world with his large imagination and his seemingly strong will to pursue his plan for his artistic career. Look at Walt Disney now.

These Twelve Years
(mid-rush piece of Biblical woman with hemmorhages)
Amber Washington (11th)

These twelve years
So long
So very long
Have felt like ages
I gave them all I had
My purse now runs dry
These physicians, these doctors, these so-called healers
Have done me no good.
They cast me off as incurable
For I am now poor they have nothing left to take from me
Hemorrhages tax my blood
And my blood has no choice but to pay
With my pain as currency.
My beauty is gone.
My youth is gone.
My wealth is gone.
I have nothing left, nothing left to hope for
But my death.
What?
What are they saying?
Who is coming? Coming down the road?
Emmanuel.
This is His Name?
Emmanuel.
Is this He?
Emmanuel.
The One Who has come to save us?
Emmanuel.
He can save me.
He can heal me.
*Just one touch of His cloak.*
I'm going to make my way through the crowd
*Just one touch of His cloak.*
They push me down, stomp on my hand.
*But just one touch of His cloak.*
I'm too frail to walk upright, too weak to push
*But just one touch of His cloak*
I see Him in the distance!
*Just one touch of His cloak*
I see the Light that comes from Him!
*Just one touch of His cloak*
He Who comes to save us all
He that works miracles!
He that melts the pain!
He Who comes to save us all
Is standing in front of me
In front of me He stands
And all I have to do is
*Touch*
*His Cloak!* Healing...

*Who has touched Me?*
What have I done?

*Who has touched Me?* Who did it? I am aware of the others, Peter.
I see the crowd
*But this touch was different*

Maybe I can hide
*This touch was different*
Maybe He won't see me

I felt power
*leave Me with this touch*

Can I be hidden from His Sight?

*Who has touched Me?*
Can the earth contain my tremblings?

*Who has touched Me?*
Can my tremblings contain my fear?

*Who has touched Me* It was I, Lord!

I couldn't stand the pain
I had lost all hope
You shone in the night!
I knew just one touch of Your hem
Just one touch
Was enough
To rinse away the pain and despair.
You were it, Lord
And look, my pain is gone!
The chains that bound me were broken
With just one touch!
I am healed!

*My daughter*...
I am healed!

My daughter...

I am healed, Lord!
I am afraid! I am small! But
I’m also healed!

My daughter, your faith has made you well.

Go forth in peace.

I may dance!

Go forth in peace

I may sing!

Go forth in peace

You say go forth in peace, in peace, Lord, I may go!

Silverwind Covenant
Phil Philiber (6th)

From his perch in the sky, the leader of the vampires saw the warlock running vigorously towards the other fourteen vampires who had leaped out of nowhere at the eleven warlocks from the village of Stargaze. The head warlock, Train Silverwind, heard a cry of distress from behind him, but he knew if he turns his back to see what has happened, the vampire nearest him would finish him for good without blinking an eye.

Train was intrepid when it came to fighting, for he was the youngest yet most experienced fighter in the warlock city of Stargaze. The leader of the vampires was obviously yelling instructions to the vampires in their native tongue, and from what little of their language Train knew, he could tell the vampire was telling them to circle the warlocks from the air. He sent a telepathic message to the rest of the covenant, telling them to be prepared. They began casting defensive spells all around themselves.

Train let out a battle shout, and punched the earth with his fist, creating a long crack in the ground. He then yelled out a few words in the warlock’s language (that would have translated to “bring forth the canines of corruption”) and summoned the five hounds of hell. The beasts ran forth, black hounds covered in an even darker flame. The leader of the vampires shrieked in terror, and took to the skies with the other fourteen vampires, heading towards the warlocks. They flew from Train and his hounds, which were barking so fiercely that they were firing black fireballs from their mouths. The other warlocks from the covenant sent by the village to rid the mountains of vampires were firing off spells at random in the vampires’ direction.

He took out a small but sharp knife, and pricked his forefinger of his right hand. He used the blood as a sacrifice, and muttered a few words of enchantment to himself.

From behind him, long, black vines sprouted from the ground, growing long green thorns as sharp as daggers out of their sides. He commanded them to fly through the air, and two
of the vines caught a vampire by his right wing and leg. They dragged him screaming into the earth. One down, Train thought to himself.

He was getting tired now, the effect of all the spells he had used already getting to him. If it didn’t end soon, Train would pass out from exhaustion.

He was a significant tribe leader in Stargaze, and Train knew that dying in battle with a few weak vampires was not a noble way to go on to the spirit world, so he used one of his people’s more eccentric spells.

He reached into the small bag he carried at his side at all times for emergencies, and counted out thirteen of the items in the bag with his fingers. He yelled out a few words. A large golden cross appeared over his head, and it threw the mystic thirteen leaves in the air. They began to spiral upward, glowing in another worldly green mist. He gave a quick command, and the leaves turned into steel, razor sharp blades, that flew through the air and pierced the vampires’ wings. They fell to the ground, and the hounds ran to attack.

Train became over-confident. That was his first mistake. The second was that he lowered his guard, sitting down and letting the hounds do their job. But something was wrong.

Seconds later, the hounds were lying on their sides, still alive, but not moving. One of the vampires must have been a warlock when he was alive, because he had just transformed into a lich. A lich is a warlock who is so mad for power that he transforms into an undead sorcerer who cannot die and is incredibly powerful. They had one weakness however, and Train didn’t hesitate to take advantage of it.

He stood up quickly, and took out a long, silver, cursed chain (lichs hated cursed weapons, and were weak against silver). Train ran as fast as he could in the lich’s direction, trying not to give the lich time to defend itself. He swung the chain around his head a few times, then loosened his left hand and sent the chain flying through the air, writhing madly as it flew, like a giant, silver, flying snake. He was an expert at chain tossing, and wasn’t in the least surprised when the chain fell across the lich’s shoulders and swung around his body, wrapping him up tightly, as Train controlled the enchanted chain through magic.

The lich howled like a wolf, from both fury and pain. The lich’s face, twisted up in pain, could not concentrate enough to focus on Train and hex or curse him. Fire was erupting from the chains cursed links, and fire was one of the lich’s other weaknesses. So the warlocks ran from their hiding place behind a large boulder that was sticking up oddly from the ground in the mountainous plains. In a few moments, the worst of it all happened.

A vampire who had miraculously survived the struggle leaped to his feet, pulled back his sleeve on his right arm, and said a few words in the vampire tongue. A black dagger grew out of his skin. He said a few more strange words that sounded like total gibberish to Train, and then Train’s greatest fear became reality. They heard an earthshaking roar, the kind of roar that was all too familiar to Train.

It was the roar he had heard eleven years ago. The roar he had heard that had summoned an earthquake, and out of a long crack in the earth came a great monster. It looked like an ordinary vampire, except his fangs were larger and sharper, as were his nails. He was also a good two heads taller than the rest of the vampires. He had killed Train’s parents that night eleven years ago, but had spared Train and his two brothers. Back then, Train had promised himself that he would one day kill his parent’s murderer and his home village’s destroyer, but now that he had his chance, he was frightened so much that he couldn’t move. Even when he was a child, Train had known about the spell that would kill the beast, and had spent three years training in order to use the spell. But it had a downside.

If he used the spell like so many others, he would kill himself in the process. He had never wanted to die, but had promised himself that it was worth it. He had to do something. He told himself that dying was worth avenging his parents’ death. He had promised the Stargaze council that he and his comrades would all come back alive, and would be able to have told the council that the vampires were no more. So he gathered up all of his strength and courage, and
ran headlong at the vampire lord. The creature wasn’t paying much attention to him though, so Train was able to attack him from the back. He took out a dagger, and tried to pierce the vampire lord’s hide. But instead of the screaming he had expected to hear from the beast, he heard a sound like metal hitting metal. The dagger had hit its target, but had been smashed into a curled, disfigured ball of metal by Train’s incredible strength and the diamond-hard skin that the vampire lord had. The monstrosity turned around at the disturbance behind him (even though it had probably felt like a fly landing on his back to him!). Train should have run. But instead, he used his most complicated, powerful, and self-sacrificing spell. He concentrated on the creature’s weakest spot (which he knew was the face for vampires) and released all the energy he had left. With a great roar of pain, Train was snagged by the monster’s claws, but unleashed a great outpouring of green and black energy from his face. The monster dropped him then, and hit the ground with a loud thud. That was all Train saw though, because the spell forced him onto his knees. He felt sick, so he retched a few times, but all that came out was bile. He stood up then, but his knees had no strength left, and gravity forced him to hit the ground again, and Train hit his head on a large rock. He passed out, but he thought it had ended for him. Oh man, he thought to himself. I’m a goner. At least I fulfilled the promise I made to myself. But not the promise I made to Stargaze, he reminded himself. So this is what it’s like to be dead? He couldn’t see anything, he couldn’t feel anything, and all of his other senses were wiped out as well. He thought about his friends, his wife, and his daughter. He thought about how they would all be mourning over his body at his funeral pretty soon. He wondered whether or not he would feel hot, wet tears splashing on him from above. He started to cry, and that’s when he heard it. “He’s crying! That’s not really a good thing, but at least he’s still alive!” He was so relieved! Most people who used that spell kill themselves in the process. But not me, he thought to himself. He had survived the most deadly spell he knew. He looked around himself. He could see his two brothers grinning down at him happily, the oldest of the three Darrat Silverwind, and the youngest, Carren. He could also see his best friend Malifer Stor. And there, behind Malifer, the most concerned looking of them all, Train’s uncle, Kirrad Frostbite. His uncle had been his substitute father when his blood father had died. He had been fair and even kind to Train, and his nephew leaped up with newfound strength to hug him. “Whoa, Train! Take it easy for now. We are nearly to Stargaze, and we need to get you to a doctor quickly.” He agreed, feeling a lot worse than he pretended to be. They finally arrived, and the doctor kept him in bed for three months. One day he got sick of the nasty, bland, flavorless oatmeal they were feeding him. He jumped out of bed, and tested his muscles. They all worked perfectly, so he jumped out the window to speak with the council about his reward. When he got there, the head councilman said that there would be no reward yet. “You would have sacrificed your life to protect the village, and we think that you deserve a reward for the vampire slaying and for bravery. But you are not done with the mission yet. That lich you trapped was left there, and we have received news from one of our scouts that it has escaped and called forth four more lichs. You should have killed it when you had the chance. It is your responsibility, so we expect you to slay the five lichs as well. Do you accept? We will allow you to bring your brothers and uncle along with you,” “I accept”, Train said, feeling ashamed that he hadn’t killed the lich in the first place. Now he had five to worry about! Oh well, he thought to himself. Just another bump in the road on the highway of life. But I do hope I don’t have to risk my life again, he added. And that was that. The end.

Desire
Alex Breaux (12\textsuperscript{th})
Deep Springs is for me
I await mail from ApCom
Too soon for first names?
Appreciation
Virginia Walker (9th)
I want to appreciate everything,
But I don’t know how.
I want to be happy all the time,
But I’m not in the mood.
I want to tell my family I love them every
time I see them,
But I can’t bring myself to do it.
I want to be the kind of person to be
happy with every present,
Even ones I won’t use.
Why can others do this, and I can’t?
I wish someone could make me love swim
meets.
I wish someone could make me love studying,
And take away my desire to watch football
games.

The Julie Files
-- Ending D – Evil Lives On --
Cole quickly moved his hands and barely
avoided Julie’s now-dangerous hiking boots. JJ
quickly grabbed Cole’s hand and pulled him up.
Cole sighed quickly, then got up and ran to where
Camille was lying on the ground.
He looked for a pulse, but felt nothing. Camille
had died from the heavy hit of the lunch bag…
Meanwhile, Julie grabbed the log that was rolled
at her, and ran after Stephanie and Virginia, who
were almost finished moving all of the logs. She
swung at Virginia and hit her in the back, knocking
her down. She rolled down the short hill and was
too dazed to get up.
“You… you…” Stephanie said in a brave voice.
“You’re going down!” she tackled Julie with all of
her strength, and they both rolled down the hill in a
fight. Julie got a grip of Stephanie, and pushed her
off of the cliff. She held on to the side for several
seconds, but Julie pounded her fist on Stephanie’s
fingers, and she screamed and began to fall.

Julie then went over to JJ, and grabbed a log and
swung it at him. JJ ducked, then grabbed her foot
and flipped her over. Cole tried to help JJ, and
jumped on Julie. She pushed him off, and then
swung the log again at JJ, this time sending him
down the cliff. Julie then looked around for Cole,
but he had prepared himself early and swung at Julie
with the biggest log in sight with all of his strength.
It knocked her on her stomach, and she tried to get
up. She managed to get on her knees, but Cole hit
her on her back with the log again, and this time she
fell and her eyes shut.

Cole sighed, and looked around to see who was
still left. He saw Camille lying where she fell, but
saw no sign of Virginia. He walked over to where
Camille lay down silently, checking again to see if
Camille had lived. He was right the first time – no
pulse.

Cole mourned Camille and the death of
everyone else for several minutes. Then he began
moving the logs blocking his path, then left the
platform area in search of Virginia, and possibly
help.

He walked back down the trail he and his group
had gone on previously, not seeing a soul on his
path. He passed the campsite, but continued past it,
remembering that a Ranger’s Station was only a few
hundred yards away.

He walked for several minutes, and then saw the
parking lot only a few yards away. He began running
as fast as he could…

Before he reached his destination – his hope, his
success, his will – he was stopped by Julie, running
out from a nearby tree.

“J… Julie?” Cole said, slowly backing up.
“I bet you thought I was gone, didn’t you?” she
said in a sinister voice. “Well, you were wrong! And
now you will join the rest of your pitiful little
friends!” she quickly pulled out her knife, and gutted
Cole in his stomach with it.

“So close, yet so far away…” Julie said. She
pulled the knife out, wiped the blood off with a leaf,
and began walking back to the parking lot, safely putting her knife back on her belt.

**Americans in Paris**

Lizzie Simon (12a)

We – I, my mother, stepfather, stepsister, and five-year-old brother -- were looking for a little mattress for my stepsister’s apartment, something I could sneak in and sleep on so Lauren wouldn’t have to rent an overpriced cot. We went to BHV, a Parisian department store, to begin our search. The sign by the elevator sent us to floor two for furnishings, six for bedding, negative-one for camping equipment. Along the way we rejected some €120 body pillows and a cheaper, full-size double mattress. In camping, we found exactly what we wanted: a twin-size, inflatable mattress for only about €30. After asking to make sure a pump was included (foot pump, no problem,) we checked out and were on our way. Back at the apartment, we split the packing tape on the curiously mangled box and removed and rolled-up the mattress … and nothing else. No pump in sight. But we, no quitters, spotted a few possible ways to inflate the mattress. There was a rubber closure like you find on water wings and other pool toys, but the prospect of blowing up the entire mattress did not appeal. Two white caps on the mattress’ surface unscrewed to reveal two two-inch-wide holes, rimmed with plastic. One was surrounded by a promising-looking spongy pillowy thing; the other looked useless to our quest. We tried pressing and pumping on the sponge with hands and feet, which was fun for about ten seconds, but yielded no results. Someone thought to attach the two holes and create some kind of circuit. Though original, this proved futile, as plastic is not sticky, magnetic, or magical. David tried pressing on the sponge again, as it at least made the right sound, and after ten minutes or so of that he held up the limp mattress. We said encouraging things, but the mattress had about one breath’s worth of air in it. Our ideas exhausted, we rerolled and repacked it into the box, which now looked even worse, and headed back to BHV. I, as the most fluent French speaker in our entourage, confidently approached an employee and began, in maybe-flawless French,

“Hello... we’ve just bought this mattress. The man who sold it to us had told us that there was a pump included?”

— Here le monsieur nodded encouragingly --

“And we couldn’t find it.”

His eyebrows began to show worry, but he kept a good humor.

“No, the pump is *inside* the mattress,” he explained.

“We tried... we couldn’t inflate it…there wasn’t anything to pump…” I faltered.

Our helpful sales rep’s face tightened in a mixture of disgust and despair; he muttered something about camping not being his department and wandered off. Clearly he could not face such an idiotic question from even such a charming entourage as ours. We caught sight of our original salesman, who was even more dismissive of our question than employee #2 and made himself similarly scarce when we suggested a small demonstration. We were left with no choice but to return the mattress. The cashier, who had rung up the mattress for us in the first place, looked dubiously at us and at the crumpled box.

“It, uh, didn’t work out … and the box was like that when we bought it,” I added.

She let us return it.

We went back to the aisles to see if anything else would suit our purpose, when a cheery employee, no doubt at the beginning of his shift, approached us and asked if we needed help. We explained our situation and he indicated the exact mattress we had just returned.

“Ah, oui, but we tried that one, and we weren’t able to work the pump;” I said, smiling, freely admitting now our incompetence. In Paris it is helpful to be
comfortable with this admission. But this young man seemed incredulous rather than scornful, and when we insisted that we could not inflate it, he plopped the box down in the middle of the aisle.

"I will show you," he grinned.

As he began to pump (on the sponge, of course, with some rearranging and some skill) we aahed and nodded and said many mercis. Our original salesman passed by with a dark stare and I looked up, a little guiltily, but it didn’t disturb our new showman. As the mattress got close to halfway inflated, and then close to two-thirds, five voices tried in two languages to hint, very gratefully, that we got the idea and he could stop, but the man had a mission. After about five minutes, he stood up, smiling and flushed, and presented us with the fully inflated mattress. We thanked him several more times, reluctantly deflated the mattress, (we considered carrying it back inflated, but it would have been noticed as we entered the apartment building) and proceeded to checkout. We stood at the same counter with the same item for the third time that day. The cashier silently checked us out and we walked pretty quickly out of the store.

An hour later at the apartment the mattress was inflated, our first day in Paris was half spent, and most of us were ready for a nap. But also, victorious.

Mae Carol Jemison:
Overcoming obstacles and changing the world for all kinds of women all over the world.

Beth Louis (6th)
At age 7 she says, "I am going to be a scientist." Mae Jemison took that goal as a challenge. Does that seem like a lot to think about at such a young age? For Mae I don’t think so. She skipped 6th grade, graduated high school at age 16 and got admitted into Stanford University in California. She worked really hard. Then she was chosen out of about 1000 other people by NASA to go on the ship called the "Endeavor." That’s a lot to do in just 5 or 6 years, but Mae Jemison did it all. She even resigned from NASA and became the director for the Jemison institute for advancing technology in countries at Dartmouth College. I learned that working hard and thinking big can bring you to glory. It did for Mae Carol Jemison. She opened up a whole new world of science for African-American women and women all over the world.

Final Exit
Adele Noel (9th)
What began as a Friday night haunted house soon turned into an inspirational yet alarming experience. At first my friends and I as well as about ten other people were ushered into a smoke-filled room. A voice came on and yelled for us to turn our backs to the flickering light and informed us that we would soon enter hell. All of a sudden men in black capes with white masks ran around screaming for us to enter the next scene. At that moment I wanted to leave. Why had I come in the first place? Fear took over me as we went from scene to scene watching abusive parents, teenage parties, gang killings, abortion, and suicide. Final Exit showed the horrible aspects of our world. It demonstrated what people wanted to believe didn’t exist, but knew did all around them. Final Exit portrayed evil. As the skits went on, I looked at certain audience members and knew that this production did not just show something foreign; Final Exit displayed real life. After we finished going through “hell” some of those people got into their cars and drove home to their own version of this. All of a sudden my perception changed. I realized I had a very good life, and I shouldn’t be scared, because people considered what I saw as home.
The Pot and Cave
Seth Brasseaux (5th)
We were emptied into the Cauldron.
We were stirred around and poked.
I complained to be somewhere else.
The witch paid no attention.
I repeated and she questioned me.

I told her I must be somewhere else.
She scooped me up and dropped me.
I stumbled and ran to make believe elsewhere.
I was happy.

I found my bed and lay down.
I had trouble getting to sleep, thinking of others.
When I did get to sleep, I never wanted to awaken.
Instead I wanted to dream.

“Kelly,” my mom calls from the kitchen!
“What?” I reply. I was sensing something not right.
“We are moving.”
“No,” I cried hysterically! I ran to my room too dazed and stunned to slam the door. I could not, no matter how hard I tried, picture myself moving. How could things have been this perfect a couple of minutes ago, I thought to myself? Maybe perfect things never last. This reminded me of my favorite book named Shivering Moments. They say it is based on a true story and that history repeats itself. In the dark, clouds filled the sky and witches left the universe other than one little youthling, but I don’t believe that. How could I believe that, I mean seriously?

Today is the day we are moving, October 11, 2006. I can’t believe we are moving on my birthday. My birthday is supposed to be a happy moment not a depressing one. I go downstairs, as I see my mom holding something. “We are taking all our memories with us to Destin, Florida,” my mom says solemnly. I see in her hands old family pictures and a digital camera filled with our wonderful memories here. I call all my friends, Sade, Nina, Meredith, Margo, Randa, Emma, Chandler, Katie, Chloe, Elizabeth, Beth, Kennedy, Julia, and Danielle to tell them I am leaving. The only person I know in Destin, Florida is Julie, I haven’t even seen her. She said that it is not right to give her picture to anyone. Okay, maybe she is right about that, but I’ve been knowing her for one year already.

On the way to Destin, Florida all I could hear was my cute cat and my jaunty parrot acting very demanding. It took us eight hours until we got to our destination because we drove from Louisiana to Florida. During the time I made a graph that showed the amount of things that I will miss from Louisiana and things I won’t miss. To make this graph I first made a data table writing the things I missed and didn’t miss, than I made a graph showing the amount of things, like my friends, home, and school. When I got home my humble mother gave me an extra pair of clothes to change into before I slept.

My Friend, the Witch!
Carla Dibbs (6th)
On a blue Sunday morning, I, Kelly, lay motionless in my relaxing bed thinking about my first day of school. I had just talked to my pen pal Julie; here is how our conversation went.

“Hello” I greeted.

“I can’t talk right now Kelly,“ Julie replied hastily. At that moment the phone line went dead. Sad Huh! Anyway, I always move, but this year my mom’s boss found no other work for my mom. My mom is a videographer and my dad is a radiologist. I hear my mom and dad’s voice having an important discussion. Who cares? We’re not moving!
Tomorrow I will be going to a new school. I am late for this school because of the quick notice about moving. Destin isn’t that bad; I mean my mom thinks the scenery is beautiful for the beach and perfect for filming nature, but I still think Louisiana was better.

This morning, I feel very different because of school. There is a knot in my stomach; every year it feels that way. I was really quiet on the way there. “Good Morning children” I hear from the classroom in the hallway. A teacher was speaking, “We have a new student joining the sixth grade,” she announces. I walk in the room. I heard snickering and sneering from the students. I sit down and sink gradually into a chair behind an empty desk. “When using dialogue in writing you indent and form a new paragraph when a new person speaks so your reader will know a new individual is speaking and…”

I can’t believe everyone is being mean to me! What did I do to them? “Kelly? Kelly?” I hear Mrs. Jenkins question.

“Ye… Yes ma’am.” I reply, humiliated.

“Time for break, thank you.” Everyone snorted and laughed at me. I sat at a table at lunch by myself feeling lonely. A moment later a girl sat next to me very confidently. “Hi, my name is Julie and you are?”

“Eh, my name is Kelly.”

“Hi Kelly. So you’re my pen pal. What’s your favorite color? Is it green, red, blue? Mine is definitely blue. I am crazy about blue, I put all my possessions there and my room is blue with dark blue flowers on the walls. Do you want to come over to my house after school?” she questioned me politely. Mom wouldn’t let me go, but then again I brought my own money to school, just in case. So I decided to accept her invitation. I replied “Yeah sure!” I had so much fun at Julie’s. She told me that she had been living here since she was born. I really don’t know what I would do without her. Julie is really loquacious and comical.

When I got home my mom hollered

“Where have you been? I was about to call the police!”

“It’s okay, mom, I was at a friend’s house.”

“Well, next time call me,” my mom demanded!

The following week I invited Julie over for a sleepover, but she only stayed for about half an hour. She lives an hour away from my house.

“Julie, do you like pizza?”

“Duh, but I have too go.”

“Do you want us to give you a ride home?”

“No way!” Julie ran outside and when I went to go tell her good-bye I thought I heard her say something, but I guessed not. A car whizzed by our house; I guessed Julie was in there.

For the next few weeks every day I went to Julie’s house and did homework with her, played volleyball with her, polished our nails and went to school together. We formed a club and my parents built us a clubhouse. It had three rooms, a living room with a couch, a small kitchen, and two desks, a red room, my favorite color with it decorated with anything to do with red, and a blue room Julie’s favorite color and decorated it with blue stuff. It sort of became as if we were sisters. “Hey Julie, do you want to come over to my house tonight?” I questioned.

“A… oh yeah… I can’t go, Sorry.”

“It’s fine we can see each other tomorrow,” I replied.

“I can’t go tomorrow either. I have to… I have to go to an appointment.” Julie stuttered.

“Julie what is going on? We see each other all the time.”

“Kelly, if I tell you something will you promise not to tell anyone?”

I nodded slowly, not inquisitively.

“I am a witch. I work for this noble community where they teach me how to commit spells. A month ago I graduated from regular learning and they put me on pro. Kelly, after pro I have to go every day to take more lessons on being a witch. You are not supposed to know this; you could die if they, the authorities knew. The only thing that can save you from witches and wizards is the book called Shivering Moments.”
“Thanks for telling me, Julie.” Julie wanted to pay me good money to keep a secret, like she thought I can’t keep a secret!

“Odwral Kabanosi,” Julie exclaimed and disappeared into smoke. After she left I started talking to myself “How could Julie be a witch? I thought she was just an audacious and bubbly friend.”

I woke up in the morning with my covers on the ground under my bed. That was extremely strange. At school Julie wasn’t there, the teachers assumed that she was sick. At home I called her and a voice mail came up and said that Julie was sick and couldn’t answer her phone. At home I played with my cat and listened to my parrot chitter and chatter.

In the morning at school things were usual and people made fun of me. When I came home… Wait a second where is my parrot? As I looked over my shoulder the parrot cage had been open beside an unlocked window! I can’t believe this, who would do this, honestly! After an hour of weeping I went into a deep sleep…

Witches and wizards are swarming in the skies like the dementors of Harry Potter (I read the whole series). This is really petrifying for me! All at once in one formation these magical creatures started soaring toward me. I couldn’t see my body anymore or anything. Where was I? The Book, *Shivering Moments!* Julie told me that the book is the only thing that can save me. Once my mind opened up I ran toward our clubhouse and searched in all the drawers, cabinets, shelves, and any other hiding places. Nothing! I did not see the book we needed anywhere. Oh! I got it. Let me remember! Oh yes! Julie said that her favorite color was blue and put all her things there. I searched in our blue room everywhere. Again, nothing! I looked behind a painting, and there was a little cubby, in it was the dazzling book! I got the goose bumps looking at *Shivering Moments* I ran outside and pointed the book toward the sun. All of a sudden, everything turned to chills, dark clouds filled the sky, and when it rained, rain shot like bullets in every direction! All that was left was one soon to become teenager witch! My best friend Julie!

“Ugh” I murmured.

“Kelly, you did it,” Julie yelped!

“Huh, what?”

“Wake up! Wake up! Kelly,” Julie hollered!

I instantly woke up. “What, what has just happened,” I asked.

“You did it. Your dream made the witches and wizards forget completely what happened before and they were sent to a different place. Just like the book *Shivering Moments*, remember? They tried to throw you off by making me miss school and make that phony sick message. I owe you a lot! I know you are going to ask how did the witches find out. I forgot to tell you that once I made a friend they put a tag on you in which they can hear you talking and see what you are doing twenty-four seven. I am sorry!”

“Why are you sorry? If it weren’t for you I would have been stuck forever in that dream! Thanks for everything,” I replied modestly.

“Squawk,” I heard a high pitched noise coming from behind me. “Yes!” I whispered.

**Rap of Improvement**

Amber Washington (11th)

Chorus: I’m just a lil black girl
Livin’ in a strange cold world
Tryin to figure out
Somehow
How to make sense of it all
How to answer GOD when HE calls
Tryin to walk with high feet so I won’t fall
Pray for me y’all
I’ll pray for you

Sit right back and I’ll tell you a tale
Bout why blacks like me is tired as hell
I think it’s bout time that you heard our side
Though I’m not Young Jock or Busta Rhymes
I don’t rap about money or drugs or sex
I think it’s time blacks talk about something else

Verse 1: Well first let’s talk about stereotypes
Man, everybody do it and it just ain’t right
Yeah my skin is brown and my hair is coarse
But I’m capable of passing an English course
I was talkin' to a guy and he called me white 'Cause I can conjugate the verbs in my sentence right. We're the ones to blame for the judgment placed 'Cause the way we talk slang, defines our race. Well baby I'm black 'cause of who I be And I'm proud of my culture and history And it can't be defined by the books I read Or the bands that intr'est me musically Or if I like blond hair and eyes of green But look at the person inside my heart Before the slanderous words and judgments start Or all this hatred...will just tear us apart

Chorus

This for all the black brothas out there Because as a black woman I'm starting to despair 'Cause I love me a strong black brotha But a lot of the ones I meet got five baby mothers And I can't decide between one or the other To give up altogether Or cry in despair 'Cause a black woman can't find a good black man anywhere! But please excuse me, for I digress Thus us about improvement, not personal stress But when, oh when When will our men Grow up Own up It won't kill you to pull your pants up! Stop accusing and abusing Beating and cheating Open your hearts, show you got some feeling Keep your hands off But keep your love on... So get it right And stop trying to fight Before I have a fit

And throw a pot of hot grits Upon your chest Show that you're better than the rest Instead of rollin' with the homies Can you just come home please? And it's not just the blacks that don't know how to act But all male creatures with that level of testosterone That leaves women feeling hurt and all alone So this has turned From racism To feminism So whatever -ism you choose When men do wrong the women lose And I'm emotionally expired... 'Cause I'm sick and tired... Of being sick and tired.

Chorus

Now men can't always be the one to blame Because sistas got issues and they're all on the same- Playin field. Can't we see that we degrade ourselves When we do anything for bling and wealth? GOD cries when HE sees HIS baby girls Bringin' down themselves for the way of the world We are the gentile mothers that heal the scrapes So why are we in videos dancing like apes? If this is the image for the world of tomorrow Then tomorrow is raised on slander and sorrow And never ever ever can we hope to borrow The peace of the Way GOD meant it to be My sister look at the goodness inside of thee And come out of this state of promiscuity And only then can we hope to see A better tomorrow For our generations two and three

Chorus 2X

GOD Bless.
Approximate Staff List:

Lizzie Simon
Camden Cornwell
Kjersti Jacobson
Abigail Feinberg
Kate Smith
Alyse Poppa
Annie Bares
Amber Washington
Glenae Nora
Paige Haggarty

Faculty Sponsor: MR. C. C. TUTWILER

LEAVE A MESSAGE

don't type...
this is awesome. i want one of these...
alex elkins is mad
hi quentin ho

TRAVI took a cookie

i like lizzie

sai maollilivorm

i did not like writing, but i help anyway.

This is a beautiful typewriter in need of a new ribbon.

deep springs is u me

mag me bis is sweet

all work and no play makes jack a dull boy

all work and no play makes jack a dull boy