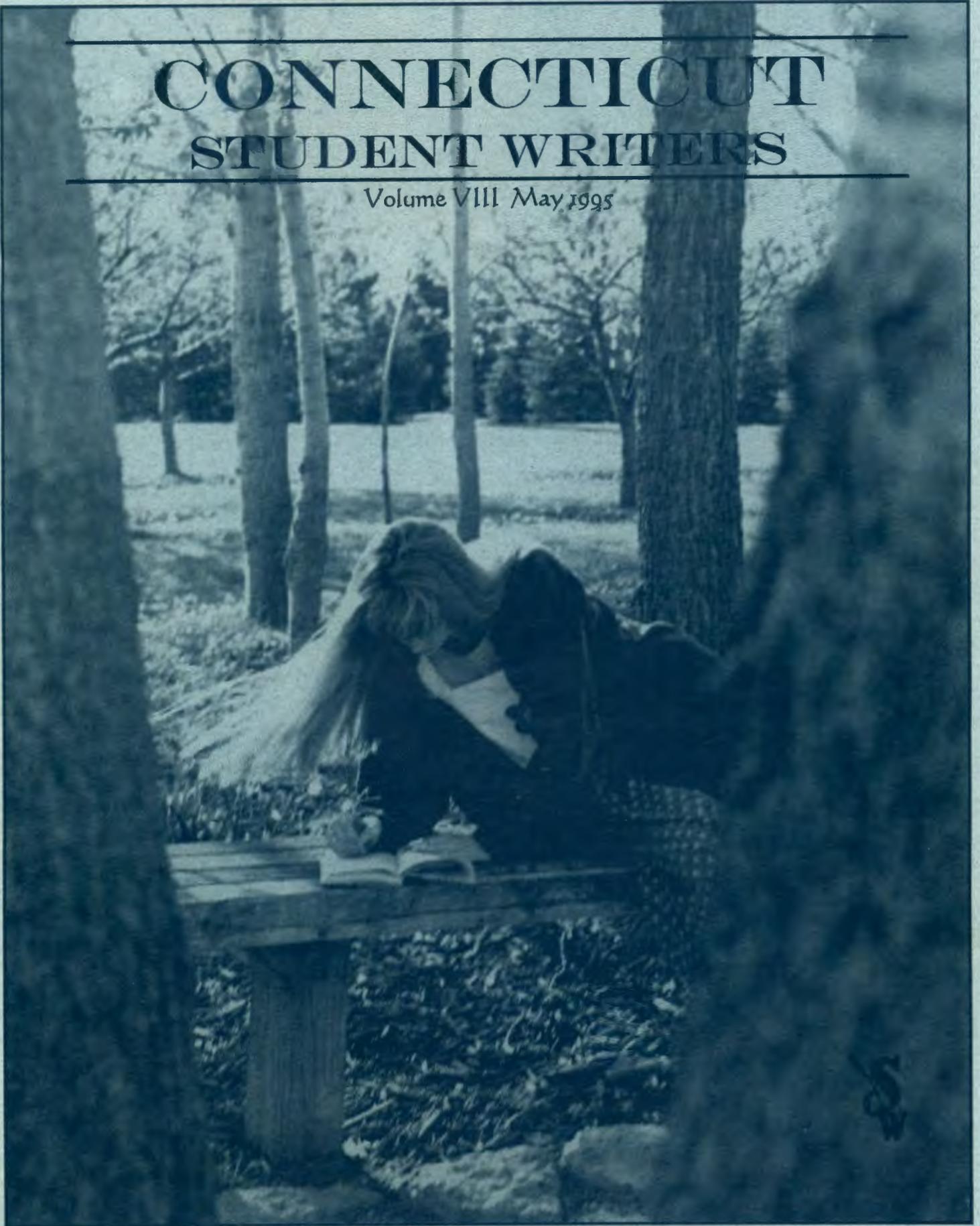

CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

Volume VIII May 1995



1995

CONNECTICUT STUDENT WRITERS

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The Connecticut Writing Project



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At five years of age, filled with pride at his emerging literacy, a small child carves his name into the maple cabinet of a sewing machine. He eventually finds, as have the many fine writers featured in this magazine, a more suitable venue for sharing his creative impulses. This year over three thousand writers from across the state sought that same kind of satisfaction by submitting their work to the Connecticut Student Writers magazine. The following pages represent a small sample of the creative energy that students and teachers share through the power of writing.

We mustn't forget that language is at the heart of communication. The students published on these pages have not forgotten. Their words provide us the opportunity to share, individually and collectively, in their joys and their griefs, their loves and their heartaches. Connecticut Student Writers is a celebration of these authors.

Co-editors

Dora Glinn

John Goekler

Lynn K. McMullin

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Vehicles

Coast along
All the time
Roaring down the road

Bus picks up people
Up the stairs they go
Sitting and smiling.

People ride on planes.
Landing at the airport
At night they see the lights.
No more people on the plane
Emergency landing!

Train moves
Rumbling down the tracks
All aboard
I like to look out the window.
Noisy train.

Michael LaPorte
Kindergarten
Jack Jackter Elementary
Colchester

MICHAEL

I Am Me

I am me.
I can flip.
I can jump.
I can turn.

Brandon Wilkins
Kindergarten
Clinton Avenue
New Haven

December Poem

Snow
Falling d
o
w n, making snowmen
Cookies, hot chocolate, Santa Claus
Jingle bells, Christmas carols
My mom hugging me close.

Eric Caiazzo
Grade 1
Natchaug Elementary
Willimantic

Eric



Erin King
Grade 1
Jack Jackter Elementary
Colchester

Erin

The Mixed-up Animal

I was going outside to play with my friends, but when I opened the door I saw a rabbit. I said, "Hello."

The rabbit said, "Moo."

"Very odd. I guess I will have to teach it," I said with a sigh. "Will you please behave like a cow?"

So it did.

I said, "Uh, oh, time to get some milk from this cow."

"Uh, oh," said the rabbit. "I don't have any milk, but....I could hop down to the store and buy some."

"Hey, wait a minute. Cows can't hop and rabbits don't have any money and cows don't have any money!"

"Oh, no," said the rabbit. "Now I'm in trouble."

I gave it a carrot. It ate it. Finally, it decided to be a rabbit.

Daniel Simonich
Grade 1
Eastbury School
Glastonbury

Daniel

The Time Machine

Once I took a walk and you wouldn't believe what I found! It was a alien spaceship. Or, at least so I thought.

Before I could figure out if it was an alien spaceship or not, I was in the Jurassic era.

Now I knew what it was! It was a time machine! But what could I do with it now?

Well, for one thing, I could get back to my own time before some meat-eating dinosaur comes to eat me.

And that's exactly what I did!

Jennifer Soerensen
Grade 1
Live Oaks School
Milford

Jennifer

The Night Comes

The sun slides away
and the clouds back away.

The darkness comes
and there's no more day.



A Magnificent Trip

I want to go to California to see the beautiful Golden Gate bridge, shimmering in the sunset. I would like to go with my imaginary friend. She is a gray bunny. Her name is Cheddar. I bet she would like to go too. She'd be scared if she went by herself. She would be twitching her little pink nose and dripping little bright blue tears out of her eyes, and she would be very sad without me.

Gray

Gray is my favorite
colored sweatshirt
Gray is hard
like an elephant's body
and hard
like the keyboard on the computer
Gray is soft
like the sky when it rains.

Where Do Stars Come From?

A long time ago there was a wise dragon. He was a spirit too. When the dragon lived, the earth was pitch black. But it wasn't a problem for the dragon. His eyes made light, so wherever he went, he could see what was in his way. But everyone was bored with the dark. So the wise dragon picked thousands of rocks and put them all over the solar system. He touched them with magic so they stayed in place. And then the dragon made them shine, and they made light. Everyone was happy. But they needed more light, so he flew back down to earth and got thousands and thousands of humongous boulders and put them together and did the same thing that he did to the other stars and named it the sun.

Stephanie Janis
Grade 1
Mill Hill School
Southport

Stephanie

Anthony Mortali
Grade 1
Mary T. Murphy School
Branford

Anthony

Harrison Kass
Grade 2
Hawley School
Newtown

Harrison



Daniel Kantor
Grade 2
Tootin Hills
West Simsbury.

Daniel

The Magic Jewels

I was sleeping in my bed late one night when I suddenly woke to a howling sound. HOOOWWLL! I went to my window and saw a wolf below. She said to me, "Boy, boy, go to the nearest cave." I was scared. She said more sweetly, "Come boy, follow me." I grabbed my sneakers and followed the wolf.

When we got to the cave, I saw a light shining from inside. The wolf I had followed was gone. I heard a voice that said, "Come toward the light, boy. I have been waiting for you." I walked toward the light and saw a wizard standing in front of a gigantic pile of gold.

The wizard said to me, "You are the boy. Go to King Philip's Cave. You will be told what to do when you get there. If you are successful, I will give you half of all this gold. Now, go!" He gave me supplies to take with me. He gave me food and water, a pickax and some powder in a jar. He told me if I got hurt to put some powder on. He said that it might sting but that it would work. I was tired but picked up the supplies and left.

When I got to King Philip's Cave, I saw a Native American standing in front of it. He said, "So, you are the boy! Dig, boy. Dig right here with your pickax." So I did. I dug and dug for a long time, and then I thought I saw something shiny.

I kept digging. I soon saw a jewel. A gigantic red jewel. I stopped, but the Native American told me to keep digging. I found many more jewels.

I ran back to the Native American and saw he was sad. He told me that an old warlock had put a curse on the jewels because of their powers. The warlock was afraid that people would use the jewels to hurt the earth. Only a little child could come one day and dig them up. If any adults touched them, they would die.

The Native American said, "You have done well. Go back to the wizard with the jewels." I touched the jewels and felt myself flying. I flew all the way back to the wizard's cave with the jewels in a sack over my shoulder.

The wizard removed the curse and put the jewels in a safe place. He said that the magic power of the jewels would be for me to use to help the earth. He gave me the gold coins he promised me, and I flew home.

I told my parents the whole story, and they didn't believe me until I showed them all the coins I had. We all lived happily ever after with servants.



Wanted: A Perfect Friend

I need a friend,
girl or boy,
who's willing to share
a favorite toy.

I need a friend
who'll never fight,
to share secrets with
late at night.

I need a friend
to share a book,
to go places with,
or help me cook.

If you're this friend,
please come to me,
I live on Ridge Road
by the plain old tree.

Tiffany Marie Taylor
Grade 2
Hop Brook School
Naugatuck

Tiffany
Taylor

The Giant At Joshua Tree National Monument

On his first day of April school vacation in 1994, Joe and his big brother, Will, and his parents were on an airplane flying to California. When their plane landed, they got out and rented a car and drove to Joshua Tree National Monument. When they got there, Joe's parents decided to stop and look at some rock formations.

When Joe was looking at some rocks, he fell into a trap door that happened to lead right into a giant's underground cave. Unluckily, the giant was right there. He was taller than the Empire State Building! His body was covered with green fur and short, curly black hair covered his head. He had four arms and long claws on each hand. He had one glowing red eye in the middle of his forehead and long, sharp, dirty yellow teeth. To Joe, he looked ugly, mean, scary and horrible. Joe was terrified! The giant was so mad at being disturbed that he picked up Joe and threw him into a pit that was as deep as a three-story house. Joe was scared, sad, and horrified. He could not see out of the pit because it was so deep. Meanwhile, outside, Will was wondering where Joe was. Their parents

Eric Cusano
Grade 2
Lebanon Elementary
Lebanon

Eric Cusano



did not even know Joe was missing because they were still looking for rocks in another part of the park.

Underground, the giant was yelling at Joe so loud that he made an earthquake. Up above Joe and the giant, the ground was cracking and Will fell through the crack. He landed right on the giant's head. Will was so small that, when he landed, the giant didn't even feel Will hit his head. At first, Will didn't realize where he was. He thought he had landed in a pile of dried-up seaweed. Then he looked down the front of the giant's face and saw the red eye! For a minute he was so scared he couldn't move. The giant was so very, very tall that if Will tried to jump off, he would hit the ground so hard that he would die. So Will did not jump. Instead he started to climb down the giant's back, hoping to find Joe and a way out of this mess.

When Will finally got to the bottom of the giant, he got off and started to run away. But as Will was running, the giant saw him and started to run after him. Luckily, Will saw a big ladder lying near the pit. He ran to the ladder and started to push it into the pit that Joe was in. Before Will could lower the ladder, the giant grabbed him! As the giant picked Will up, the ladder fell into the pit. Fortunately, the ladder landed right against the wall, and Joe climbed out.

Unfortunately, the giant ate Will!!! This was gross, scary, slimy goopy, horrifying, disgusting, and sad for Will because he thought he was going to die. He was so scared that he just closed his eyes and waited to die, but he never made it to the giant's stomach. He got stuck in the giant's throat, instead. Now that Joe was out of the pit and safe from the giant, he grabbed a rope that he saw on the wall of the giant's cave. Joe started to climb the rope. As he climbed, the giant came closer and closer.

When Joe had climbed halfway up the rope, he started tickling the giant's stomach with his feet. The giant laughed so hard that Will was able to climb out of the giant's throat, over the ugly, sharp teeth and jump out of the giant's gross mouth to grab the rope. Now both boys climbed up the rope as fast as they could. When the boys reached the roof of the giant's cave, they climbed out of the hole that the giant had made in the rocks.

The boys found their parents and told them about the giant. Their parents did not believe them because they didn't think that giants really existed. When their parents looked down the hole and saw that giant, they all ran to their car and drove off to the airport to go home. They knew they would never go back to Joshua Tree National Monument again.



My Brother

When Ryan was little,
I would tickle him.
But then he would laugh so hard,
he would kick me.

But now he is four and a half and
he still kicks me when I tickle him.
He is cranky sometimes and
sometimes he is really funny.
Sometimes he is sad,
but I still love him.

We play a lot sometimes.
We play chess and *Don't Wake Daddy*.
Sometimes we fight
and sometimes we get along.
Sometimes we jump on the bed,
and sometimes we play hide and seek.
Sometimes we play on the computer,
and sometimes we play tag.

He is a great brother.
I love him.

Books

Indians swarming around you,
Fighting a dragon with nine heads,
Climbing up a steep mountain,
Getting attacked by a band of train robbers,
The Hardy Boys trapped in a cave,
Exciting adventures,
In a dream land,
All in your mind,
Books.

Brenden Coomaswa
Grade 2
Cos Cob Elementary
Cos Cob

Brenden

Peter Cipparone
Grade 2
Regional Multicultural
Magnet School
New London

Peter



Lauren Basile
Grade 3
Wells Road School
Granby

*Lauren
Basile*

I Love The American Flag

For our country many people did die
But our flag still waves high in the sky
Freedom has been our soldiers' cry
I love the American flag.

Our American flag is red, white, and blue,
It stands for the times we've been through
Flags can be old or new
I love the American flag.

Fifty states represented by fifty stars,
Thirteen colonies represented by stripes like bars,
The first flag was sewn long before cars,
I love the American flag.

The fourteenth of June is flag day,
And even if the sky is gray,
Still I'll always need to say,
I love the American flag.

Matthew Meehan
Grade 3
Guilford Lakes School
Guilford

*Matthew
Meehan*

The Dentist's Drill

The dentist's drill is no thrill to see.
There is no relationship between it and me.
When you sit down on that smiling face chair,
You think to yourself, "I don't really care."

But how wrong you are you'll soon find out
There's quite a lot to worry about.
The dentist says, "Open wide!
Let's see what's going on inside."

As you try to clench your jaws shut,
You get a strange feeling in your gut.
There's no place to go and no place to hide,
You couldn't leave now if you tried.

Before you know it, the drilling is done.
You think to yourself, that was almost fun!
Then the dentist says, "Don't worry -- have no fear.
"I'll be seeing you again next year."



Stream

Twinkling
Sprinkling
Sparkling

How perfect you are.

As you go
rushing over
my feet gently

Then....

you go
down
a
waterfall
all your water
falling.

Lovingly composed after walking through the woods on my grandfather's land in Mansfield, Connecticut, where there is a waterfall way out in back.

Guinevere

White as freshly fallen snow in the silver glistening stars
Softer than the light the full moon casts on the world
in the fresh winter silence.

As beautiful as the sunset in a scarlet sky
near the calm ripples of the Sound

Lovable as the best day in your entire life.

As calm as a quiet night

As jumpy as the thunder in a tornado or a blizzard.

As quiet as a scorcher in summer or loud as a crow calling.

What am I?

My new puppy, Guinevere.

Molly Thorkelson
Grade 3
Natchaug Elementary
Willimantic

Molly
Thorkelson

Rogan McCally
Grade 3
King's Highway
Westport

Rogan



Lyndsie Ryalls

Grade 3

Mary T. Murphy School

Branford

The Escape

"Mom! Mom! Don't leave! Please don't leave!" I yelled. I jumped into my mom's arms as they put chains around her legs and arms. She was going with the chain gang. Her owner didn't want her anymore, and he sold her to a slave trader. I didn't want her to leave. My brother and I would be all alone.

My brother was twelve, and I was nine. We lived in a one-room cabin with a fireplace burning all night. My brother and I slept in the same bed. We went to bed at 7:00 and got up at dawn. As soon as the wake-up bell went off, we were up and dressed. Out the door we went. On Saturday and Sunday I worked in the house, cooking and cleaning and serving water and food to my master. The rest of the days, I worked in the fields picking corn.

It was October 23, 1848. The bell rang. We were out the door in a flash. That day I was slow and blue because my mother was on the chain gang. I husked the corn for Master Cornwall. Master Cornwall was a mean man.

On the way home, I saw my best friend Koko getting whipped. I was dreaming that she was me. I wished that I could help her, but I couldn't.

Suddenly, somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around, and it was my brother. We went to our cabin. My brother said to me, "We have to leave and go north to freedom."

I was about to ask him how, when he just interrupted me and said, "Let's just go."

We crept into the woods. All through the woods, I tagged along behind my brother. When day came, we hid in a tree and watched the dogs and hunters pass.

Suddenly I turned my head and saw a house. I looked closer. I saw slaves working. I pictured that it was me working. I turned around and said to my brother, "We better be careful. There is a slave owner right at that house."

The sun started to go down, and we climbed down from the tree. Off we went through the dark night. We traveled in a swamp that night. I was shivering and had wrinkles all over my body.

The next day passed. We traveled in a river that night, so the slave hunters' dogs couldn't smell our scent. We had to get to the Quaker's house. I knew we could make it to freedom, and I knew the Quaker's house was white with green shutters.

Finally we were there. A woman opened the door and said, "Welcome my friends."



Lyndsie

We walked in. She gave us clothes and food. I saw a woman peeking through the bedroom door. It was my mother! She had escaped from her new owner. My brother and I ran happily and hugged her. My mom, brother, and I sat near the woman's fireplace, and my mom told us how she escaped.

We went to bed. It was our first time sleeping in a real bed. When morning came, we got up. The woman sneaked us into her wagon and hid us under blankets. We were headed north.

How Still and Golden It Was

How still and golden it was,
The moon hanging like
Drifting dust.
The stars formed pictures of time.
Reflections of a shadowy tree.
How still and golden it was,
The breathless sway of the leaves
In the golden lake.
How peace hung over the world.
How still and golden it was,
But like an angel of time it drifted
To the morning sun.
Night turned to day.
How still and golden it was.

Cori O'Keefe

Cori O'Keefe
Grade 4
Academy Elementary
Madison

A Day at the Beach

The Atlantic waves come crashing on the shore. They bring in beautiful shells. The waves give off a fragrant smell. The scent is salty, and yet the air is fresh and clean. The muddy sand feels cool and squashy between my toes.

I can smell the white suntan lotion that has been spread on my body. It is used to protect me from the sun's rays. You never know what the sun will do to your skin. There is great heat, but I don't feel it. All I feel is the coolness of the wind across my back.

The ocean-blue water seems to touch the sky in the distance. The clouds in the sky float like giant boats upon the sea. They are not rain

Joseph Fulco
Grade 4
Putnam Elementary
Putnam

Joseph Fulco



clouds, but they are billowy enough to create a passing shade.

A seagull flies over my head. The bird makes a screeching noise which disturbs the peace of the beach. The seagull makes a nose-dive and picks up a piece of bread left behind from a picnic on the milky-white beach.

When you find the right spot, you will find that it is very relaxing. You will be away from the busy city lights and away from the noisy crowds of people. There will be no sounds of blaring horns from cars caught in traffic jams. Instead you will hear the occasional bell of a passing boat, and you will see a school of dolphin as they roll in the ocean's waves.

It makes you glad and filled with joy to walk up and down the beach. You can pick up unique creatures in the shape of stars and place them in a bucket of water. You can find shells of different sizes and colors. You can pick up seaweed and make popping sounds as you squeeze the water-filled pods, or wrap the seaweed around your shoulders and pretend you are a king.

Elizabeth Button
Grade 4
Middlebrook Elementary
Trumbull

*Elizabeth
Button*

Look Closely

When I looked closely at the graveyard, it seemed eerily beautiful. Fiery red maples, sprightly yellow oaks. And the gravestones! Spidery writing inscribed on their hard, smooth surfaces. Great looming statues of saints towered above all.

But when I looked at the grave site from far away, everything looked dismal and gray. The bleak gravestones, lined up like soldiers, had a gloomy air. And the once radiant trees had faded into the background.

It's the same with people. When you look at them from far away, you see only the colors of their skin and the outlines of their bodies. When you look at them up close, you see their feelings and emotions, their thoughts and personalities. Discover what kind of a person they really are. Look closely....and see for yourself.

Victoria Fisher
Grade 4
Academy Elementary
Madison

Tori

My Tree

I used to have a tree that no one else had. It was all mine! When I was sad or scared, I would be comforted by it. My tree was an enormous pine, a home for squirrels and birds. Underneath my tree was a thick, soft carpet of pine needles.



In my tree was a cozy tree house my father had built for me. It was a special place for my imagination and me. We would travel everywhere together. I remember once when I went on a safari to an Amazon rain forest. I wrestled a colorful tiger, drank from a crystal clear river and ate warm coconut meat right from the shell. Another time I reached out one of my windows and touched a fat branch dripping with sticky sap. In my mind it became a space alien covered in slime. Sometimes my tree was just a tree, and on clear days I often sat there breathing in the sharp, comforting smell of pine.

In the summer, I would bring up my dolls and some fresh lemonade, and we would have a party. Sometimes we stayed there until the sunset to watch the bright, streaming colors dance in the sky.

Just before winter, I could hear the Canada geese flying south in the sky -- so close that I could almost touch them. When I wanted to, I would fly south with them, skimming the treetops with moonlight on my wings. In the winter, in the early morning, I would climb up the tree to drink hot cocoa and listen to the birds sing in the morning mist.

I will always remember the morning when I overheard my parents talking at the breakfast table. They said that my tree was getting too old and rotten! They said it was too dangerous and must come down. I was too scared to believe the truth....

Two weeks later, some loggers came to cut my tree down. I screamed, "No!" but I knew there was no way to save my tree. Afterward, I cried for days.

My father felt so awful about it that he made a cradle for my dolls from the wood of my tree.

Even though my tree is gone, I will always remember the trips I went on and the fun I had. Now my imagination lives on in the old cradle collecting dust with my dolls. Someday I should go and revive it.

The Christmas Tree

It was the week before Christmas and off we did go
To the Christmas tree farm -- "I hope it won't snow!"
We parked our car, only to find
That we had left our ax behind!

Off to the woods with our shovel and pail
The snow didn't come, but boy did it hail!
We finally found one -- the scrawniest tree,
But we were so tired -- "Oh, just let it be!"



Marc Mason
Grade 4
Carbone School
East Haven

Marc Mason

We took the thing home -- it looked really bad!
But, oh what the heck, it was all that we had.
We set it all up and turned out the lights
To see our tree sparkle, for many good nights!

Andrew Basedow
Grade 4
Huckleberry Hill
Brookfield

Andrew Basedow

Face to Face

An odyssey through time.
An odyssey through space.
Never knew I'd come so close
As coming face to face.
Face to face with sadness,
Face to face with fear.
I can hear the world crying
But I'm just standing here.
Crying out in pain.
And all I'm doing is sitting here
Bowing my head in shame.
Shame because we're dying,
Dying of the fear.
Fear that we will one day die
And all be gone from here.
Face to face with sadness
Face to face with fear.
I can hear the world crying
But I'm just standing here.

Seth Chapin
Grade 5
Noah Wallace School
Farmington

Seth Chapin

White Grave

We traveled West in hope of fulfillin' my father's only true dream -- gold! Although I was rather skeptical 'bout actually hittin' a gold mine, my father gathered that he could, and I like to stick by my Pa, since he's always been there for me. My sisters always been complainin' 'bout the harsh conditions 'round here, and they said they want to git back to the small homestead of ours right near St. Louis, but my father told them that it was gonna be tough goin' and they'd just have to live with it. Bein' prissy and all, they jus kept on whinin'. I kinda like it out here; the

Sawtooths loomin's 'bove me, the salmon in spittin' distance. Even though it is quite bitter at times, this piece of Idaho sure does have its mighty fine qualities. My sisters have found many friends, and I'm mighty proud of 'em, for I can't quite say the same for myself. Nothin' much has happened since we arrived, 'till one winter's day when I was eatin' breakfast.

It was a Sunday and we were gettin' ready fer church as we ate. Ma always makin' sure we looked all slick an' fancy, which we didn't care much for, 'cause we just wanted to git it over with so we could play. My ma was fixin' my tie, when quite suddenly we 'eard a rumble, just a small, faint one. At first I thought it to be nothing, but then I heard somethin' -- somethin' that would give ya a chill like a spider was crawlin' down yer back. Someone was hollerin', "Avalanche!"

Knowing my sisters, I knew they'd panic, so I grabbed 'em in my arms and shoved them into the corner behind an armchair, but they bit my hands and ran over to Ma. She was just standin' in the middle of the room, like nothin' had happened, probably so scared, she couldn't move. I yelled their names, but they wouldn't come. They just kept holdin' on to my ma's legs. Meanwhile, the rumble got louder and louder until it sounded like a herd of buffalo was rammin' into our house. I didn't move. I just sat huddled up in a ball in the corner, hoping I wouldn't die. And then it came. All I saw was a white blur and my sisters started screamin', then all was black.

When I 'woke, I could see two pale hands digging' away at the snow, and then I saw who it was. It was Pa! I smiled and almost cried; I was so happy he was alive. He pulled me off the ground, and we hugged each other. But then he frowned. Somethin' was wrong!

"They're dead," he murmured.

That was too much. I broke down 'n tears.

"Why? Why did it have to be them?" I shouted.

"Some things just have'ta happen, son. God made 'em that way... there's nothin' we kin do. They're gone... forever. This harsh country just wasn't safe for them."

"No, I cried. They were too young. It couldn't of happened to 'em. They just ain't dead. They ain't!"

I stormed out the door and wandered the rest of the day. When I saw the destruction that the avalanche had caused, I realized it had taken more than my sisters and Ma. It had taken the spunk out o' many souls and replaced it with a heavy heart. One of those souls was mine.



Epilogue: February, 1904. I'm sixty-nine now and my father passed away twelve years ago. I still mourn the deaths of my sisters and mother, but the pain has dimmed a little. I have found a home in Stanley, a town in the valley below Custer, at the foot of the Sawtooths, with the White Clouds to the northeast. I have three children; two boys and one girl, all very bright and cheerful, and a wonderful wife who is always trying to persuade me to establish a career as a writer. Usually I spend my time wandering the hills from which my life arose, but a story is brewing inside me....

"We traveled West in hope of fulfillin' my father's only true dream...."

Diane Coffey
Grade 5
Hebron Elementary
Hebron

*Diane
Coffey*

Sonora Sunset

The sun sets
as whirls of stinging sand
fly through the air.

The cactus stiffens,
as blazing colors of the sunset
paint a glorious picture upon the sky.
The pack rat gathers the last of its
precious treasures
up in its jaws and scurries home,
as the sun sets, behind the rolling hills of sand.
The desert is almost motionless,
as the jack rabbit hops silently
home to its burrow
in the shadowy dunes of sand.
Night has fallen,
as the twinkling moon climbs effortlessly
into the starry sky.

Ashley DiCarlo
Grade 5
Cranbury School
Norwalk

*Ashley
DiCarlo* 16

The Secret

First, Molly, my friend, told Karen Morgan
Then Karen told the twins, Jack and Bill Organ
As soon as they heard it, they went straight to the bus
and told everyone there, that I liked Gus.
I guess I have to admit it's true,



But when she heard I was mad, she asked, "Can I please
be friends with you?"
I gave her my answer -- my answer was "No!"
Then I said, "Good-bye, now you can go."
Later when she tried to cheer me by shouting, "Boo!"
I got up angrily and yelled, "I'm through with you!"
But the next day, when I woke up, I thought,
'I'll give her one more chance.
What's the meaning of life without any friends?'
That day, I told Molly, "I'll be your friend."
Now there's a perfect tale with a perfect end.

Stitches

A late sunny July afternoon
Playing stickball, home plate my goal to reach
Sliding, my foot hit something sharp
A piece of glass, a shell?
The red blood gushed
As the crowd became quiet quickly
On the day I cut my foot

Rushing to the hospital
Foot throbbing as the bandage loosened
Entering through the ambulance gateway
going straight into the big room
Bandage unraveled, blood pouring out
Taking X-rays, results negative

Dr. Hurt was the physician
Giving Novocain so stitches wouldn't be painful
Scared that it would be a grueling ordeal
But it wasn't -- it was just a bad day
On the day I got eight stitches.

Scott Hyland
Grade 5
Ridgebury Elementary
Ridgefield

*Scott
Hyland*



Allison Balter
Grade 5
Beecher Road School
Woodbridge

Allison Balter

Remember the Light

Remember the hill you climbed upon
When your soul took it upon itself
to disappear along the horizon?

What branch of life were you walking along
When you began to cower and lose faith
in your mighty powers of joy?

When your enlightened mind took a deep breath
And plunged many a league deep
into a vast sea of loneliness?

In what era did you misplace your soul
Perhaps under your bed
Just to discover that in exchange you received mounds of grief?
That was when life began to pass you by
In an eerie
sustained
silence.

That was the time when your world's brightness,
Its pearl-pink shine
All began to fade away
Until it reached a stage of
secret
endless
darkness...

Jason Matisoff
Grade 5
Tashua School
Trumbull

*Jason
Matisoff*

Forever Young

I remember
spending the summer with you.
We shared secrets,
we laughed and cried.
We made homemade knishes,
and hot out of the oven, ate them all.

There's a picture
I carry in my mind



of us walking to Tedeski's store
on those clear Sunday mornings.
While the birds in the sky chirped,
you sang to me,
and snuck candy into my pocket
even though you weren't supposed to.

Do you remember
when we went to the beach?
You jumped over waves with me.
We had lunch in the sun
while the cool breeze
made the waves splash against our feet.
Forever young.

When we read Dr. Seuss books
you tried to skip pages,
but I would catch you
and we'd laugh.
I remember sitting on your lap
even though I was six
in the warm sun on your deck!
Then I was
forever young.

What ever happened to those days?
Did they disappear
while we were having fun?
I remember you becoming sick
and the phone call
I didn't believe.

Now,
we visit your memorial sight
I whisper.....
"Nana, I miss you,
will you please come back?"
We were
forever young!



Jessica Benson
Grade 6
John Wallace
Middle School
Newington

Jessica
Benson

Maybe Cookies

These cookies that we baked
came out a little wrong.
And we think it's strange,
that it took so very long.

I believe they're nuclear,
'cause I saw them grow.
What they're made of
we may never know.

We started out with flour,
then added eggs and salt.
I don't want to be held responsible,
But it may have been my fault.

Those chips were oh so tasty,
the rest I cannot say.
As once you took a bite of one,
You fainted dead away.

It may have been a tragedy,
Mom says it was a waste.
Next time we want to bake some more,
It won't be in such haste!

Rachael Abed
Grade 6
King Phillip
Middle School
West Hartford

Rachael
Abed

Faeries

When the moon shines silver upon the earth,
Sleepy faeries wander from their berth.

Most people don't see them, for at night we're sleepyheads,
And while they're making magic, we're dozing in our beds.

They spin an enchanted web of delight,
That lingers on after the night.

Their wings are aflutter as they silently fly,
Under the stars in a summer night's sky.



Their gossamer skirts rustle around,
Their tiny bare feet lightly touch the ground.

Like silver bells, their laughter rings out,
As their elfin partners spin them about.

They flirt with the fireflies, or talk with a friend,
But like all good things this must come to an end.

As the first sunbeams waltz across the sky,
They pack up their things and say good-bye.

The only thing they leave for you,
Is a small set of footprints in the dew.

But there's something else they leave behind,
It's much more important in my mind.

It's the feeling of magic in the air,
It's unmistakable; you know they were there.

Most people don't think my story is true,
But you should believe in faeries; I know I do.

The Lost

LOST... Defined in the dictionary on my shelf, it means, "strayed or missing; no longer possesses; no longer visible; bewildered and helpless." But that is not so with my father. I don't care what the yellow piece of paper said. My father is *not* lost in action or missing in action or whatever those liars down in the desert expect my mom and I to believe.

I burst out crying right there next to the mailbox. I continued crying until the sound of my own sobs extinguished. Silence can be deafening. Everything seemed to be closing in on me and everything I thought I knew.

Clutching the tattered yellow slip, I trudged up the pathway into our apartment and flopped down on the sofa. I opened my fist and uncrumpled the paper. It read:

Madeline Gorman
Grade 6
Saxe Middle School
New Canaan

Madeline
Gorman



To: The Family of Richard Moss

We are sorry to report to you that Richard A. Moss has been officially confirmed lost in action. We are still searching, but there is little hope. Mr. Moss disappeared while inspecting trenches at dawn. Please get back to us so that we may perform memorial services for your loved one.

*Signed,
Sergeant K. Hayes*

Exhausted, I closed my eyes and drifted off into a restless sleep. I awoke with a jolt to my mother's kind face peering down at me. She must have returned from her receptionist's job at a psychologist's office. She usually looked tired after work, but today she had a worried look on her face.

"I thought you were dead!" she blurted. "Don't you *ever* scare me like that again!...Why, Leenah, dear," she asked softly, "Have you been crying?"

I couldn't hold it any longer. I thrust the yellow piece of paper in her face. "This, Mom! It's just this!" I spat out disgustedly.

I watched as she read the note, and my heart sank even further as I saw my mother's face. My mother collapsed down on the sofa with a faraway look in her eyes. They had lost their glitter and shine. I realized that I had just watched my mother's soul escape from her. She, as I had, burst into a flood of tears and desperate mutters. I grabbed her hand and squeezed it, but I let her cry.

The next morning, my mother announced that I did not have to go to school that day. She had called the office and declared a family emergency. I wondered what we were going to do all day; but before I could ask, Mother piped up with, "Come, Lee, I have breakfast for you!"

Now I knew what was happening. Mother had prepared a huge Sunday breakfast, the kind we hadn't had since father left. I could see right through it. Mother was trying to smother our despair with cheerful attitudes and a nice breakfast. She really seemed to believe in it. She was speaking with an obviously forced smile and false cheer. The bounce in her step was loudly accentuated. When she turned to enter the kitchen, I saw her whole body slump as if she were coming off-stage.

I forced down breakfast and then crept into my room. I wanted something to take my mind off things. I rearranged my stuffed animals about eleven times, then organized the books on my bookshelf in rainbow order. This was really not me! I sat down at my comfortably cluttered desk and began to write a letter. But, not just *any* letter -- a letter to Sergeant K. Hayes.



I paused for a moment and smiled into a beautiful faded picture of my dad on my desk. His smile was radiant, and his eyes were sparkling as he held me, a tiny infant in his arms,

I went on with my letter and told Mr. Hayes what I thought of him and his procedure. I told him I knew my father was alive because he loved life so much. I swallowed the lump in my throat and finished the letter.

This satisfied me. I took a deep breath and started rummaging through my messy desk drawers for an envelope. I came upon an old cigar box marked, "LETTERS." I removed it from the drawer and opened it carefully as if the creaky hinges might let precious memories escape. I might have been right. Inside lay a single letter. I unfolded the letter and forced back burning tears:

Dear Leenah,

I miss you bunches! I just got here a couple hours ago, and I'll have you know that the first thing I unpacked was my picture of you and Mommy. I almost cried, I was so homesick! I know I'm supposed to get used to it, but I don't think I ever will! You can't write back to me, Lee; but I'll send you and Mommy more letters soon!

Love and kisses,

Daddy

I closed my eyes and pictured my father alone and lost. I saw my mother, crumbling and lost in the world as she knew it. And I saw myself, a young girl growing up in New York City, with a father who only lives in my soul and a mother who could no longer face reality. It is we who are lost in action -- lost in this everchanging maze of life. While sharing happiness and despair, we indeed, are "the lost."

Nantucket Island

The sun shines like an Incan plate of gold,
casting beams of warmth on the deep blue sea.
In awe, I watch the water from a whale's spout rise and then fall,
and witness the breathtaking beauty,
as the gargantuan tail slowly and quietly dips into the water.
I am surrounded by the rhythmic tones of the waves
as they gently roll in and out against the shore.

At nighttime, all is still but the waves,
as they hum their melodic lullaby,
like a mother comforting her child to sleep.

Courtney Adkinson
Grade 6
Tomlinson
Middle School
Fairfield

Courtney Adkinson



The stars glimmer and shine in the blackness,
and the moon casts light upon the dark shadow that looms above me.
I thought that I had seen all the intriguing beauty this paradise could offer,
But what lies after night and before full daylight?

Alone on the porch,
I wait for the never-ending darkness to fade.
I anticipate a colorful sunrise,
illuminated with the morning sunburst.
Instead, a fog rolls in like a sheet of darkness,
hiding all the secrets that lay beneath it.
It is like a hand choking my vision,
like spirits floating in the air.
I am enveloped in it, feeling no fear.

The gloomy cloud creeps above me,
and the long shadow never seems to cease.
The fog in merciless on the sun,
which is trying to break light through this lethargic cloud of vapors.
As the fog thins, the sun, bursting with color,
shines brightly in the baby blue sky.

Dare to discover the beauty of nature,
and in doing so, find the beauty within yourself!

Susan Morris
Grade 6
Timothy Edwards
Middle School
South Windsor

*Susan
Morris*

The Tree

Standing out there by the shed,
A tired, hungry soldier
Sighs, and a shower of leaves fall down,
Another year is over.

Down have fallen the days of summer,
Golden in the light,
Winter has been thrust upon it,
Drawing in the night.

Now the tree, its shoulders sagging,
Hunkers down to sleep,
Dreading the inevitable,
With nothing, save memories, to keep.



For all its leaves have vanished,
Captured by the breeze,
And all the creatures, birds, and beasts,
Have left for warmer trees.

So now the snow begins to fall,
Just as in ages past,
The tree, its saddened heart still beating,
Falls asleep at last.

...Out of the Ending

I loved her,
But I wasn't involved;
I have to remember
Her soft gray hair
And wrinkled skin

They thought
I was too young
To be there,
To understand.
To say good-bye.

Memories of Nana
Are growing faint,
Along with
Eating her soup
In a cracked china bowl.

I greeted her
At our front door

Knowing
I would get my cheeks
Pinched.
I said,
"Please" and "Thank you"
On every occasion,
Knowing politeness
Meant a lot to her.

I needed to be included
But I was held back,
Like a child
ready to dart
Across a busy street.

I had to see her
To remember her --
But I
Was left out --
Of the ending.

Lauren Sica
Grade 6
Madison Middle School
Trumbull



Stefan Beck
Grade 7
Granby Memorial
Middle School
Granby

Stefan
Beck

The Night Fear Knocked at the Door

It was the dead of night -- that hour when all is enveloped in an impenetrable black gloom. The grandfather clock, looming ominously like a specter in the farthest corner of my chamber, was striking the hour with a dull tolling, like a death knell at a funeral. I could not fall into slumber, for my thoughts were riddled with phantasmal figures. Shuddering as the clock groaned to a halt, I pulled my sheets around me and smiled meekly in an attempt to rid myself of those fearsome figures. Alas, my terror prevailed over my skepticism and I could not sleep.

Suddenly, with a forceful gush of air that stripped the sheets from my bed, the door to my chamber flew open. In the archway of the door stood a most ghastly creature, certainly not from this world. At each of his sides stood a small impish beast holding a lantern, therefore illuminating the ghoulish contour of the strange being. Oddly, his shape played no shadow upon the wall -- I suppose because he himself was no more than a shade.

In a low, scarcely audible, rasping tone, he proclaimed, "I am FEAR. I have come from the depths of your soul to prey upon your subconscious mind. I have here with me two NIGHTMARES. They will allow you no peace of mind so long as you show yourself to be such a coward."

"Me? A coward? But I'm... I am not... not afraid." I could scarcely get the words out of my mouth, I was quivering so badly. And with that I was sucked into a veritable whirlpool of terror, or terrible dreams, and images I tremble to recount. The myriad hellish creatures -- demons, ghouls, taxim, baykok, and banshee -- all manner of phantasmagoria, pursued me, tortured me, and horrified me to my very wit's end. And FEAR was ever present, cackling and laughing in diabolical glee. He looked like a skeleton, with the talons of a nighthawk and the teeth of a panther. There was a pair of horns atop his head, which protruded from beneath the hood of his long black cloak. His evil chortling, which terrified me so greatly, was a hollow, throatless sound, such as an animal makes when in pain. Every so often I would be plunged into total darkness, and I would see his crimson eyes, pinpoints of light in those hollow sockets, gleaming. He smelled of rancid flesh... an odor which made me dizzy with nausea. My head ached as I whirled around endlessly, all other sounds drowned out by that of my own screaming.



And at last I awoke. My brow was sticky with perspiration, and I was lying on the floor of my chamber, in a tangled web of sheets and blankets. I breathed a deep sigh of relief as the most harrowing night of my life ended. As I rose from the ground, I vowed that never again would I fall prey to that horrible monster of my own psyche, FEAR.

Descriptive Essay

As I lie on a soft bed of grass, in the shade of a tall palm tree, I'm overwhelmed by the beauty of the scene before me. The palette of many shades of blue and green paints a colorful picture, and my eyes wander about, roving restlessly from one thing to the next. The clear bright sky goes from indigo to a pale powder-blue, and I can imagine being lost in its vastness. I can see the sky melt into green, as a rolling hill of land rises above everything in the distance.

I look away from the blueness of the sky, with fluffy clouds hanging from it like puffs of cotton, and gaze instead at the vivid greens of leaves sprouting from slender brown tree trunks that stand high above the wild tangle of growth on the rolling hill. A wall of rock, nearly black instead of brown, stands guard over the shimmering, turquoise waters of the sea. The salty, fresh odor of the ocean is in the air, and from where I sit, I smell this and hear the hungry cries of white gulls searching for food.

Towering palm trees cast shadows over the ground, their giant leaves swaying in the breeze. I feel the heat of the sun on my skin, and see how its golden rays reach out towards the earth, covering it with a warm blanket of light. The wall of rock is left as dry as bone, a comfortable home for the green tentacles of moss that stretch over it. The soft rhythmic sound of the water lapping against the rocks is accompanied by the faint chorus of insects singing. I feel myself being lulled to sleep, and the bright colors fade to blackness.

Rakhee Mishra
Grade 7
John Wallace
Middle School
Newington

Rakhee Mishra



Adrian Kudler
Grade 7
King Philip
Middle School
West Hartford

Adrian Kudler

Window to the Other Side

My black hair tumbles gently round my face
As I peer serenely through the glass
Or at least try to
Struggling to see the joy that I am isolated from
By watching only my pale face
Peer sadly back at me
The deep, sunken eyes
That once emanated the joy
That can come only from within
But now only portray the emptiness in my heart
Where my soul once was
A crystalline tear rolls gently down my cheek
And my breath fogs the glass
Making my chances even slimmer of ever seeing outside

Sara Zenreich
Grade 7
Coleytown
Middle School
Westport

SARA ZENREICH

Generous, Aren't You?

A bent spoon and a puddle of melted ice cream,
never again will the road wind to benefit
those who laughed at your chocolate eating, bingeing, days,
when you knew
you wished your life was a bowl of
cherries you were devouring
while watching the Oprah when
there were obese women and the men who love them,
so you vowed never to be like that,
but the skinny stilts of
the media conquered your dominion,
made you susceptible to
your urges, but yes, you tried,
tried to overcome them, but gave in,
and then gave back.



Mme. Loisel

Meet Pat. She is a hardworking mother of two boys. Pat is a little rough around the edges. She always wanted to do better in life, but never quite hit the mark.

Pat never liked herself when she was young. With her plain olive complexion and her brown hair and brown eyes, she never got her make-up colors right. At age sixteen, weighing in at one hundred and eighty pounds on her five-foot frame, she was a big, brassy, tough girl at the school. It is surprising that she managed to maintain her "C" average, while she charmed her way into the lives of Billy and Bobby, staying out way past eleven on most school nights.

Billy's claim to fame was fathering her first-born son. He never married her. After her graduation in a rather, tight-fitting commencement gown, Billy passed Pat a card and took off for New York, where he now lives in a cell for hurting someone in a drug deal gone bad.

Pat spent the next three years living with her mom and concentrated on losing fifty pounds after the birth of her first son, Brian. Along came Bobby, her blast from the past, and the deadbeat of the western World. He made his exit two years later after his major contribution, Jordie, came along. To Bobby, Pat was not worth marrying.

Pat is sooo tired! Her feet are killing her and her back aches, yet she manages a wide, cigarette-stained smile as she passes two steaming entrees of seafood to the handsome, smartly dressed couple in the booth overlooking the Sound. She catches her breath at the glimpse of the two-carat diamond that gleams on the lady's manicured hand.

Pat is home now. Her tired legs propped up in the glare of the 3 am broadcast of the Home Shopping Club. She dials the number on the screen and listens with childish delight to her own voice speaking to the TV salesperson.

"Yeah, I'll take that three hundred dollar diamonite ring!"

At 3 am, when you're that exhausted and hungry, I guess "diamonite" sounds a lot like "diamond."

The Kitchen Kingdom

"His royal highness was extremely peeved. He was stalking about the crowded halls of the overheated palace muttering about Portuguese women as steam came in white puffs from his ears. His nostrils opened and closed like miniature manholes, pitch black and smoking, and his face



Francis Peters
Grade 7
Amity Jr. High School
Orange

Sarah Kanaby
Grade 8
Mansfield
Middle School
Mansfield

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was a dark beet-red, sharp in contrast to the white fur ruff of his collar.

As I viewed this stunning temper-tantrum from behind one of the many tapestries in the Great Hall, I knew that it could only mean one thing. Her Eminence, the Queen Mother, had done it again. How she had managed to weasel the sacred duty of mashing the potatoes away from the King, most of us will never know; but she had done it, and the poor King had to watch in agony as she turned out yet another batch of lumpy white mountains.

"In the King's mind, lumpy potatoes were a mortal sin, and there was a law in our kingdom outlawing lumps and any other unseemly bulges in mashed potatoes. Laws, of course, seldom apply to royalty, however; and aside from this one gargantuan fault, the Queen Mother was not a bad egg. Yet, how could anyone endure those horrid, cold lumps of unmashed, uncooked potato in a creamy white mass of otherwise perfect food? You simply couldn't! And the King was bound and determined to do something about it.

"Meanwhile, in the stuffy kitchen, the Queen Mother was in seventh heaven, bossing the servants, complaining incessantly, and doing other generally annoying things that she found to be good fun. The Queen herself was too occupied with an enormous turkey to notice, and what can a servant say to the Queen's own mum? A good many of them would have loved to tell her to shut up, I can tell you; but that, of course, was entirely out of the question. So, the Queen's mother continued her generally annoying comments, and happily mashed potatoes, while her gravy, full of its own flowery lumps, sat in a glass dish on the counter, cooling and congealing rapidly into a thick and entirely inedible brown blob.

"*It's going to be a smashing Thanksgiving!* she thought with a self-satisfied grin as she told another pair of servants, 'Please refrain from stirring the cranberry sauce quite so often. The motion is giving me a headache.'

"As people rushed about in a sweaty frenzy, calling out orders for 'MORE SPOONS!' and 'FEWER FORKS!' nobody noticed as the King slipped into his private audience chamber, a crafty grin on his handsome features. Nobody except me, that is, and I managed to slip inside the room just as he was closing the heavy oak doors. The King turned around to make sure that nobody had followed him in, and managed to catch a glimpse of my pointy shoe as I dove for cover behind a brass urn.

"Hey, Palfrey!" he bellowed. "Don't be scared, lad. I'm not cross with ye. In fact, I'll be needin' yer help, for the two of us are goin' to mash the biggest pile of pitaties this castle ever laid eyes on!" Now, I



understood the suspicious lumps underneath his tunic, and the disappearance of a pair of mashers that had kept the kitchen maids all in a tizzy. Grinning, I leapt out from behind the urn, and set to peeling potatoes as fast as my hands would go.

"Three hundred and forty-two potatoes later, my arms felt like slack rubber, and there was a mountain of grubby peels large enough to hide three court ladies in ornate headdresses, hoopskirts, and all. Bone-tired, I looked up to ask the King what he had been doing while I labored away at the potatoes, and beheld the most beautiful sight that I had ever seen in my ten years on earth -- a steaming mountain of white, fluffy potatoes with lakes, and streams of butter burbling in golden cascades down its sides, luminous and flawless in a deep purple bowl.

"I gasped with awe as the King cackled with glee. 'That'll show the old biddy who's boss in this here palace when it comes to makin' the pitaties for Thanksgiving! Wheee!' Then, he grabbed my nicked and dirty hands and spun me around the potato bowl while we both laughed our heads off.

"Well, the potatoes were wheeled in on an enormous trolley in great state that evening; and even the Queen Mother had nothing to say as they were placed in the middle of the table, right in front of her nose. She simple muttered, 'hownice, hownice' and never seemed to notice that her own potatoes never appeared on that Thanksgiving table. Nobody knows what happened to those other potatoes, but I reckon that the King and the pigs in the barn know something of them, if you're willing to ask."

Dad finished his tale with a satisfied smirk, as he looked directly at my grandma, who sat fuming in her chair. With a twinkle in his eye, he asked her, "More mashed potatoes, Mary? I think you really outdid yourself this year...."

He Says She's Gone Forever

That deep down pit in your stomach. It's buried deep, in a dark, secluded place. The size of a fist. No bigger. No smaller. The knot in your stomach when ghost stories are quietly whispered. You know it's not made of rope, but a magical rope. Feelings twisted every which way. Your stomach tightens, you feel helpless, pitying yourself. You can't stop it. It takes over your entire body. A dark vacuum sucking you up, flashing in one split second. You can't do anything, no movement. Like a burning ice cube, you freeze. It keeps seeping in, seeping in, seeping in. Will it ever stop? Your feelings are there. What do they mean? Shouldn't you be playfully jumping on this cool summer day?



Abby Goff
Grade 8
John Winthrop
Jr. High School
Deep River

The golden sun shines brightly over the flat green hill, flirting briefly with a lonely cloud. It sluggishly unshadows itself and gently veils the cool green countryside. The busy birds sing songs of happiness, and the squirrels chase each other around a big oak tree. Their eyes are lit; their gray shadows dance playfully beneath them. Young rabbits scamper happily across the large, open fields. A deer abruptly jumps out of the deep green woods and dashes freely through the freezing stream, while the bright fish and frogs go into hiding. It's all so delightful. It's so peaceful and serene.

But still your heart beats wildly and your stomach throbs. Your throat is dry, like the brittle hay in the open pasture. Your nose is as stuffy as an elevator filled to the brim with men in tuxedos and women in black velvet and heels. Drops gently fall like flower petals from your eyes, stinging your cheeks like frostbite on a cold winter morning. Your round, green, teary eyes glance up at the large, sad man causing this awful pain. Your stomach tightens with a jerk; and you glance away, not able to bear the dark, solemn staring eyes. You twitch your hand, thinking of slapping him and running for....

He said she wasn't ever coming back. That's not true, is it? Her beautiful, thin smile and clear green eyes come to mind. Her pale pink complexion is set heavily in your childish brain. She must come back. What's he done with her? She was the only one you remember. She was with you always, and now... now, he says she's gone. He says he'll stay with you, he says he loves you. He does. You love him, too. But he was crying, and she didn't come to him. She was warm, comforting, gentle, You felt safe with her. But where'd she go? Your stomach's aching, and your cheeks are stained with tears. He's holding you close. He's strong, comforting. He is your security, now. He'll stay with you, but it won't be the same.

People all wore black to the party. They cried together and smiled, too. They placed flowers on the beautiful white box and said prayers. Daddy made a speech. He was so brave, so serious. He doesn't seem to be so brave right now, holding you in his arms. He's crying, rather whimpering. Maybe it's good for him. But, why isn't Mommy here to comfort him? He says she's gone forever, but she'd come back quickly if she knew he were crying. She would.

So, why doesn't she come? She's gone forever, he says; but she's with you, comforting you. She's here. He says she's gone forever, but she's still here with you.

Fade to Black

It seems like a good time to pray to the gods or God or whatever is up there, but why should I start now? I'm 25 years old and God certainly hasn't done anything for me up to now. I probably should have started years ago, but it is too late now; this is it. Shakiness has left my hands too far away from each other to get them into that praying position anyway. My lawyer told me we could fight this, and I might get a pardon; but that was months ago. I figure all the TV people bribed him so they could put this up against *Seinfeld* and maybe get some ratings. Everyone in this whole shallow country will probably be watching. I have never cared for any of them nor have any of them cared for me. No family, friends, or acquaintances. I am alone in this life; alone in this world; alone in my beliefs; alone in my cell. I have been alone in this cell for five years, or so they tell me. Time has no meaning to my life anymore. I don't carve the days into the wall, like in the movies, because no number of scratches will make this sentence any closer to being over.

Pardon. That word is thrown around by people outside who could get famous from it: lawyers. What is the use of prolonging a jaded, caged life anyway? Race horses are shot as soon as they develop a flaw, but humans get boxed in for years. Yet, people call shooting race horses inhumane.

As for my flaw, I really don't want to get into it. I don't want my would-be readers of this to think less of me. Right now, it doesn't matter. I will say this; I did do the crime. I will not lie to you. The crime is hardly attributable to just me; yet, I'm the only one in this cell, on this row. And the punishment is terminal.

A TV cameraman just flew down the hall. I wonder what the hurry is; I'm still in here. The newspaper says I'm a menace to society and I deserve what I get. Some people say I am scum, a waste of government money. Needless to say, these people have never met me. Still, here I am, bunked up with my deteriorating brain. Not that I'm crazy; I've just slipped a little.

The bleak walls of my cell bear no interruptions. Here in these walls rests my once strong body, my once pure soul, and my now bleak imagination. Even, if by a miracle, I am let out; it won't be the same. I won't be the same. Not to drop clichés, but you can never know how this feels.

I have never really been afraid of anything in my life, but knowing I'm going to die in hours has instilled an uncontrollable numbness throughout my body. The sensation is broken only by the opening of the swing cage door. It's now.

As we walk down the hallway, I expect my whole life to flash before my eyes, but the lights from the TV cameras steal that. My body

Kevin Flynn
Grade 8
Portland Middle School
Portland

Kevin
Flynn



weak, my legs jellied, my deteriorating mind is left with one question; why? I wish to live no longer. I wish there to be no after life. The sound of my feet against the floor floats me into unconsciousness. Consciousness is resumed with the opening of the room in which lies my ultimate destiny. Tape covers my eyes. My mind floods with emotions as I am strapped in. As I unwillingly twitch, I hear one thing. "Do you have any last words?"

A microphone hits my lip. "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us...."

Fade to black.

Hilary Plum
Grade 8
Mansfield Middle School
Storrs

The Day the Bobbies Got Guns

The day the bobbies got guns
No more red-cheeked, mustached cockney fiddling with a comfy nightstick
as he points to Sherlock Holmes
which way the enemy hansom went
No more gentle rhythm of useless club
swinging as you whistle on your beat
Neighborhood around you
British husbands, British wives say 'please'
and 'thank you' and sleep when they should
and call 'Good night' if they see you
Now a servant of death
is grinning handy at your side
I see the gunfights in the streets
Blood splatters a once-respectable British door
Someone's little lamb falling dead
because he became friends with a powder
No more Artful Dodgers or Cavroches
All it takes is a reach and a shoot
But bobbies need protection too in this violent world
Friendly constable
a British husband, British father, British son
is a killer now
out to kill
just like everyone is
Justice is there, but so is death
and grown-up babies fall and die
and the gun does it like the club never could
even though nightsticks



*Hilary Plum
Grade 8
Mansfield Middle School
Storrs*

were made to hurt as well
But there was no bang, no simplicity
No modern warfare
Maybe soon there will be no more bobbies, no more justice
Just more guns
The day the bobbies got guns.

The Walk-in

It was pouring. The rain was coming down in sheets, and visibility was close to zero. My father and I were on our way to the walk-in clinic so I could get some medicine for my cold. We had almost managed to avoid a red light; but it turned suddenly, and our car came to a screeching halt. My headache was increasing; and my throat was so red and sore, I could barely swallow. After what seemed like forever, the light turned green, and we started up the long road to the clinic. The rain suddenly increased, and with it, my headache. I looked out my window but could barely make out the Exxon sign on my right. My dad turned on the blinker -- its speed double that of the windshield wipers.

When we finally parked, I jumped out of the car, covered my head with my jacket, and raced toward the entrance of the clinic. To the right of me, an elderly man supporting his wife was slowly walking down the flooded sidewalk. My dad caught up to me, opened the door, and then waited for the old couple so he could hold the door for them. I looked around the crowded waiting room for a seat -- no seat! I joined my father at the receptionist's counter. "Why aren't we signing in?" He nodded at the elderly couple who were slowly making their way across the waiting room. For the moment, I wondered why they were only just coming in, since my father had waited and held the door for them. Shrugging away the thought, I turned my attention to the woman. She looked about eighty-five. Her hair was snow-white, and her skin seemed as fragile as paper. Her thin, bony feet barely filled her therapeutic shoes. Her husband escorted her to the receptionist's desk where she rested against a coat rack.

I was still wondering why my father had let them check in before us when I really looked at the woman for the first time. Her face, nearly matching her hair, was drained of color; and when I saw her stumble a little and grab onto the rack for more support, I really got scared. My eyes shifted to her husband who was talking to the receptionist. I saw the receptionist jump from her chair and rush out of the room. "Come on,

Rebecca Sherlock
Grade 8
Ethel Walker School
Simsbury

*Rebecca
Sherlock*



honey. In here. This way," the old man said as he started to lead his wife out of the waiting room.

"I'm going to throw up," the elderly woman whispered faintly and then coughed. Her cough sounded as if it were echoing from a deep, hollow cave; and the sad thing was, saying that took all the energy out of her. Passing us, the man looked over at me. In his eyes were sorrow and worry. I smiled and nodded to him. He nodded back, and then they disappeared into the doctor's office.

I turned around and looked at all the faces in the waiting room. Women bounced crying babies up and down on their laps. Little girls and boys played with Legos on the floor. Suddenly, I didn't feel so sick.

My dad nudged me on the arm and asked, "You want to come back tomorrow? It looks pretty full here."

"Sure, let's go," I replied.

I knew that my dad and I were sharing the same thought.

The ride home was silent. I still felt sick, and I still had a headache. But I wasn't eighty-five. I didn't have white hair and papery skin. I wasn't going to die.

Catherine Vidinha
Grade 9
East Hampton
High School
East Hampton

Catherine
M.
Vidinha

The Hidden

Suddenly I STOP and look about me.

Where are the people?

They wear

thin masks
fixed smiles
false courtesy

Where are the people?

They hide

from you
from me
from themselves

Where are the people?

These masks don't communicate!

They convey

lost hopes
lost dreams
fear and hiding

Where have they gone?

Wherever these hiding people are

I will wait for them with open heart and open arms.



Laura

"I think God liked Maine sunrises best of all, that's why he made them so beautiful. With each second that passes another color is born for the day. Now, if only the whole day could look like that...."

My cousin Laura could go on and on about a sunrise. In fact every morning she found another way to describe it, in a poetic and heartfelt manner. Watching the sunrise with my cousin is spiritual, Laura does not speak until she finds a perfect, unique detail that she has not seen before. She always holds a cup of steaming coffee in her hands, breathing in the steam, but never takes a sip. The coffee part I do not understand, but her obsession with the sunrise, I do.

When Laura was nine years old, the doctors diagnosed her brain cancer. This was before my time; Laura is thirty-five now. It was a difficult time for the family, but especially for Laura. She had to face the fact that she might die and brace herself for the pain that lay ahead.

Nowadays, Laura does not talk about the cancer much. You can understand her feelings through how she looks at life and the way she lives it. She told me once that she would rather think about the present, because the present is a lot more amusing! The sunrise helps her put things into perspective for the coming day. A day she might not have had.

After dawn, I help Laura cook breakfast for the Harper Team; that is what she calls her family. Usually Mark, her husband, is the next one awake. "Make way for the starving artist!" is his usual morning joke on the way to the table. What makes this so humorous is that Mark is a true artist, and he is hungry.

Then, slowly, the children follow. The last of the Harper Team to emerge is the eldest, Brenda. Sally and Michael, the twins, come down before, together, racing all the way. But Laura, always patient, does not scold them.

The rest of the day, although not as spiritual as the beginning, is enjoyable. I chase the twins around the beach until Laura comes home from her dancing school. Later I relax on a walk with Brenda. We are closer in age than Laura and I; Brenda is a mature eleven. Because of this, we get along and are close. Brenda is a bright girl with a demure personality. As I look at her, I realize that she is the image of her mother. They both share the same angelic features and ways.

As we get closer to the house, we smell the famous Harper dinner. The luscious scent tempts our stomachs, and we dash to the door. As we enter the kitchen, we see the dinner that looks as royal as it smells. When we sit, we wait for Laura to bless the meal. "Thank you for giving us the day to learn, love, grow, and eat! Bless us all, Amen."

Corry Audette
Grade 9
Bolton High School
Bolton

Corry Audette

Epilogue: This story is based on my real cousin, Laura. She would have been thirty-five today and might have married a man named Mark. She loved to dance and could have grown up to be anything that she wanted to be. But she could not fight off the brain tumor that attacked her youthful body. She lived for two years after the diagnosis, until finally her family released her from her hell.

Laura was gone long before I ever existed. My thoughts of her are composed of family stories at reunions and by looking at her picture. I am sorry I never met my brave cousin; I think we would have been friends. Now, as I look at her picture, I wonder who she really was, who she could have been, and who she is right now.

Sarah Sullivan
Grade 9
Killingly High School
Danielson

Sarah Sullivan

The Cemetery

A cool, crisp breeze scatters colorful leaves across the gray empty graveyard. A tall, iron-spiked gate separates the fast moving world from its dead silence and ever present loneliness.

In the distance, a church bell rings, only to be followed by an eerie silence. A pathway, created over time, twists to the right and slowly fades out of view behind the tall monument-like tombstones. To the left, a maple tree stands almost alone, almost bare, its branches reaching out to the sky. A thorn bush twists wildly around the tree as if it were keeping it from floating away with its falling leaves.

In the front of the graveyard, closest to the gate, the silent tombstones stand in attention in straight even rows; but in the back, they stand like crooked and decaying teeth. Some stones lay on the ground, forgotten, like the long deceased loved ones they were meant to memorialize.

As she steps into the bleak, empty graveyard, a gust of wind blows the tall iron-spiked gate shut. A cold ball of ice forms in the pit of her stomach as the autumn leaves encircle her adding a little color to the gray surroundings. With every step she takes, leaves crackle beneath her feet like a fire on a cold winter day. She watches, amused like a small child, as her hot breath rises into the air in a small cloud.

As she walks past the old sun-bleached and neglected tombstones, she ponders the futility of achieving while alive, only to be forgotten when dead. She wonders what the purpose of life is, if one is forgotten so soon; but she realizes that it is not a case of who accomplishes what, but what was accomplished and why. If a life is so brief, and so easily forgotten; then there must be a greater plan, an overall plan, where all these



accomplishments can count. But she wonders, what accomplishments would count and for whom?

Walking past a small, intricately carved stone, she peers down at it through the swirling leaves. She kneels down and sweeps away a vine that curves along the outline of the stone and has begun to creep across its face. The tombstone has intricately carved cherubs on the top, along with a grapevine that flows around the entire face of the stone. She catches her breath when she realizes she is looking at the tombstone of a child, and that same stone gives her the answers to all her questions about life and accomplishment. The phrase will remain with her forever, and she will be ever grateful to the author of the child's epitaph... "Nellie, beloved child of Samuel and Elizabeth, who brought joy and contentment to all the lives she touched, and who lived her brief life for the glory of God."

The Lost Innocence

I used to live in a color-coated, candy shell.
The color filled my days with blue skies and sunshine,
While the candy shell covered up what I didn't want to know,
With sweet sugar.

But now the shell has cracked,
A ray of darkness growing larger and larger,
Has forced its entry into my tiny world,
Soon the candy shell will crumble at my bare feet,
Reminiscent of ashes from the fire,
Burning at my heart.

And I will be left alone,
Standing naked in the gray rain,
Falling on my upturned face and shoulders,
Waiting.
Listening.
But all I hear is the rain,
And the cry of a baby somewhere in the darkness of my soul,
And voices whispering softly in my ear,
Saying, "Now you know, now you know."

So, now I know.

Allie Medeiros
Grade 9
Trumbull High School
Trumbull

Allie Medeiros



Ashley Evans
Grade 9
Greenwich Academy
Greenwich

Somebody's Cabbie

Only 7:45. On a night like this, sometimes I wonder if midnight will ever come. They ask me if 12 to 12 is a good shift; and I tell them it is, because you can see everyone going places but you don't have to see them coming home drunk, vulnerable and pathetic. People talk about rush hour with disgust -- the crush of humanity, they say -- but me, I'm in my element. Everyone else can scream and honk, irate that the Bess Eaton truck chooses rush hour to make a leisurely delivery. Every other cab driver can mutter in irritation at the BMWs, the Mercedes, that cut before them, of the businessmen too rich to take taxis, cluttering what, at every other hour, is our domain. What do I care?

Screaming, honking, muttering doesn't do any good. Delivery men will do what they will, and no cab driver is going to convince a corporation president to take a taxi. So, I drive thoughtfully, my 17 years working this cab telling me when I should let beginners force their way past and when it's safe to edge them out. I always think that my passengers will comment on my calmness and keen ability, but they never seem to notice.

So I like rush hour. But at 7:45, the respectable businessmen are at their meetings, the agenda of the evening seemingly critical, but in actuality no more important than last night's or any night's before that. The families are at home eating dinner as the baby throws her peas on the scrubbed linoleum floor. The third grader only stops for an instant in her tale of recess time to roll her eyes back in sarcasm. Meanwhile, I am cruising between City Hall and Chinatown. The streets are not quiet, but the only people out here are the ones with no meetings to go to and no families to care for. Even together, we are alone.

The scent of my 5:30 hot-dog still permeates the air, and I open the window to let it diffuse. I see a well-dressed young man step out of an apartment building. I pull up to the curb to let him in, and he gingerly opens my back door. He gives me a Chinatown address, quickly settling against the hard seat back. His posture is exquisite, and he neatly folds his hands in his lap.

His pants, though worn, are cleanly pressed. He wears a white T-shirt underneath a black blazer which, like the pants, is pressed to perfection. I see him at home with his young wife who fixes his blazer while he finishes his shave. The noise of *The Golden Girls* blaring in the background is not the primary point of interest as it is in my lonely apartment. It is secondary to this man's preparations to leave, to go *somewhere*, and it occupies their main attention. They laugh as she tickles his now smooth face and kisses him tenderly. Lost in my dream, I transpose my own face onto his own, wishing... I catch his eye in the rearview mirror and he quickly averts his face.



Ashley
Evans

"Going for a visit?" I question, making myself large as I spread my arm behind the neck of the passenger's seat and place my other hand on the left side of the wheel. I involve myself in my own task, my own goal, and, like a child on a bicycle, I practice my one-handed steering through the light traffic.

I am puzzled there is no response from this character, in appearance friendly; and I turn my eyes back to face him again. At first, upon seeing his face turned towards me, I think he will respond. But then I see his eyes, filled with interest somehow turned to contempt. He views the bits of food and dirt in the porous holes of the seat, the grime which acts as the remains of passengers days after they leave. Again, I catch his eye; and though he pretends not to see me, I raise my eyebrows in a continued effort to befriend this seemingly kind boy.

Again, he turns his head away and watches the street signs pass, commenting under his breath that "it's a block or so more." I hear the closure in his voice, a door shutting against invaders. What did I do wrong? Was it the dirt in the seat? Should I have waited to talk? Am I threatening to him? I return my hand to the wheel and pull up to the curb near another apartment building.

"Thank you, sir. That'll be \$9.25, please." I speak, the words as familiar to my mouth as a pacifier is to a baby's.

He hands me a \$10 bill and quickly exits from the right door. As I watch him run, his young buoyancy slowly takes shape. His hopes, his dreams; and I cannot pretend they include a decaying cabdriver to whom he has given a 75 cent tip. We had a few moments of shared existence; our paths crossed only once before moving away from each other once again. To him, however, the one who does not see beyond the grime of my seats, we shared nothing. I am no more than the cab that I drive. I am merely his means of transportation. But why can't I be more? Am I nothing more than someone's service? After days of being someone's cabbie, I can forget that I, too, once had places to go and things to do.

Driving away from the apartment building, I see an older couple exit a restaurant. The man waves for a taxi while helping his frail wife with a cumbersome scarf. I deftly pull to the curb, taking care not to splash last night's puddles onto either of them. They get in silently, the man only giving me the address after he has helped his wife settle in comfortably.

"How was your dinner?" I ask amiably, but there is no response. They have nothing to say to me. It is only 8:05. But I will keep driving.

Greg McCann
Grade 10
The Gilbert School
Winsted

Pounding Silence

The pounding waves of 'laska's coast,
Were soon to feel the wrath,
When tankers under U.S. flag,
Left poison in their path.

Ocean waters of brilliant blue,
Harbor seals, sharks, and whales.
All would meet their needless deaths;
Nature dies when man fails.

The pounding waves of 'laska's coast
Churned up the slimy froth,
And oil slicks that spread for miles
Formed their deadly broth.

Ocean waves of brilliant blue
Underwent a horrid change.
Nature's creatures turned black and slick
Wherever the oil's range.

The pounding waves of 'laska's coast
Began to beat their dirge.
With each last gasp and final breath,
Life gave in to death's urge.

Ocean waters of brilliant blue
Were silenced by the weight
Of dark, thick slime and heavy mass,
Spelling out coastal fate.

The pounding waves of 'laska's coast
have silenced life for all;
Washed up shells of ocean life,
Left to rot in the fall.

Ocean waters of sickening black
Remain to tell the tales
Of nature's dark and stormy death
Caused when man slips and fails.



Angel Eyes

As I lean back onto the newly fallen snow,
I think about you;
While thinking,
I remember your eyes.
There is more to them
Than a stranger can see:
Those eyes can see pain,
and they can fix it, too.
Those eyes of brown are something special.

While I think,
I stretch out my arms and legs.
I raise them,
Drag them down;
Raise them,
Drag them down;
Over
and over
and over again.

I should be cold,
Lying in the snow,
But at this moment,
Embraced by the thought of you,
Embraced by your eyes,
I am warm;
Warmed by memories
Known by and shared with those eyes.

Carefully,
Making sure not to step
Where my body has been in the snow,
I stand up.
Where I have just been lying,
There is a perfect snow angel,
An angel almost as perfect as you.
The only things it doesn't have
Are your angel eyes.

Megan Meyers
Grade 10
East Lyme High School
East Lyme

Megan Meyers



Lori Segal
Grade 10
Norwich Free Academy
Norwich

Stress

It was 9:00 p.m.. I had just finished watching *The Cosby Show* and *A Different World*, and I began to break out in cold sweat. I was shaking really badly, and my head started spinning. It was the night of February 13, 1989. I realized I had been putting off making my Valentine cards all day, and now it was five minutes before my bedtime! I didn't know what to do. How could I manage writing out 30 Valentines for my fifth grade class in such a short time? Somehow, I managed to pull myself together and quickly scribble names onto pre-made Valentine cards. I recall putting down messages that were meant for the wrong people and spelling several names incorrectly, but I was able to get the job done.

This tiny incident was my first major encounter with stress. Ever since then, it seems that my life has been filled with procrastination and massive intakes of Pepto Bismal! I always save anything to do until the absolute last minute. It is incredibly hard to concentrate when I know I can work on it some other time. I keep telling myself this until late at night when I realize that I don't have any more time. With this delaying of jobs that need to be done, comes stress – the heavy, scary kind. I'm going through this even as I am writing this essay!

Many say that stress is needed in life. This situation is understandable to some degree. If a person has absolutely no stress, then they have to be a walking vegetable who can barely function in this world. However, I would not mind having some of the characteristics of a vegetable now and then. Stress is more like fudge. A little of it can be helpful and somewhat enjoyable; but if you have too much of it, it hardens like a lump of clay in your stomach, and you end up with a bellyache.

My stress stems from many areas. I worry about my school work and grades, my family, my appearance, height, and the world as a whole. All of these different aspects seem to get knotted together at night as I am trying to get to sleep. I start off worrying about what I should wear, which leads to the class that I have first tomorrow, to how I did on the previous test, to how one of my teachers is the biggest idiot in the world. I then move on to someone who disagrees with me, and then my mind drifts to wondering if that person hates me, and then to if I'm too self-absorbed and don't care about the world and the news. Then I go back to what I should wear. All of this results in the tired, stressed-out, worried Lori Segal that everyone sees the next day.

Stress makes people see me differently, so hardly anyone gets to see the real me and my true personality. It really bothers me, because I miss out on a lot of really good things because I am afraid of the consequences of my actions. This makes me even more stressed out because people don't understand anything about me, yet they make their minds up based upon

Lori Segal



the stress that I wear on the outside. People never get to see the "wild and crazy" side of me that shows when I'm not overwhelmed with so much work. I think it would be so great if people could see into my mind and soul and could enjoy my wry humor and carefree personality. Adding this to all of my other problems, sometimes I just feel ready to explode.

Evidently, I'm not alone. It's a little comforting to know that almost everyone deals with serious stress at one time or another. Teens are one of the age groups that are most susceptible to stress. Sometimes, this can be good and motivate us to do positive things. However, too often, it causes major mental problems, ulcers, and unfortunately, too many suicides. I wish that there was some kind of health fad that could remove stress instantly, but there is not. Many times, teens see this cure in the form of drugs and alcohol, which just makes the stress go deeper into the soul than before. I think our society needs more ways of dealing with stress and learning how to handle our emotions in a more efficient way. Until then, I can just count to ten, and be glad that this paper is done.

Beauty

Ugly things are all as one--
A weed-choked garden or an evil soul.
Each has fallen grandeur;
Neglect has paid its toll.

Beauty comes in endless forms.
Warm smiles, noble deeds,
A pale and timid flower,
An echo on the breeze,

A castle: bold, majestic,
A sunset: swirling fire,
A snowflake: cold and perfect,
The stars: each smaller, higher.

Each has a beauty all its own,
And none is called the best.
yet, each one, by existing,
Enhances all the rest.

Caitlin McEwan
Grade 10
homeschooled
Lakeville



Little Girl

God, it's really cold out! And I'm standing here looking at this girl in her dress so tight and small it's hardly there. She's shivering, back up against a wall and a cigarette between her thin lips like a divider between her and the rest of the world. Like the wall she's up against.

It's so bitter, bitter cold out; but she's wearing her short, brown dress and her bad ass attitude like she knows she sees us staring but she's too damn cold to care. She's one of those girls you hear about on Monday mornings. Her life's written up on a bathroom wall; and if those stories are true, then maybe she is that strong, but you have to wonder, when she sleeps at night, when she's alone, does she still pretend it doesn't hurt? Or does she stand in the shower to rinse away the memories, the stinging water mixing with the salt of her own tears?

But, you can't pretend forever. Sooner or later the wall she's tried so hard to build will crumble and the tears will flow. And she'll try, she'll try so hard not to break down here, in front of us, but I bet it's getting harder. She's getting that far away look in her eyes like she's falling; and isn't she holding on to that cigarette a little too tightly? And don't you just want to let go and crash?

But she's still got her pride, you know. I mean, she could be any one of us, and I guess that's why we give her such a hard time. We talk about her like a dirty secret, but she's just a symbol for the things we are ashamed of in ourselves, the dark shadowed sides we all keep hidden away. She's the girl who succumbs to the pressure, who has no values, who shows no pride. But isn't she just one of us, really?

The group behind me laughs quietly and makes comments just loud enough so the girl over in the corner will hear, and know we're watching her. I keep my eyes down though, and remain silent, because I'm starting to realize how very alike we all are with that girl who we think we hate. And I feel, inside my stomach, the burning humiliation of a hundred eyes watching me, of everyone knowing, and laughing, but no one caring. And wouldn't you like to hold that lonely girl by the wall? Doesn't she need someone to talk to? But no one would dare, because that would be suicide, to admit you're different, and you'd end up just like her, just a body walking down a hall, with everyone watching but no one smiling, and murmured whispers filling your nameless footsteps as you passed them by.

Who is that girl, alone in the corner? Her fingers; white knuckles pinching the cold, soft flesh, holding herself as a lover would, trying to warm herself, inhaling the bitter smoke and burning glances, trying to pretend and make it all go away.

The group behind me is silent, now, and isn't it so great to have friends, you think. Man, it's just the best. The girls behind me cling



nervously to their boyfriends, so big and strong; but isn't it strange how they never look you in your eyes when they say they love you? But that's just another secret you can keep hidden away with your diaries, your photos, your tear-stained pillows. So, isn't it great to have friends who are always there for you when you're smiling, but shed a tear, say something so painfully true it shatters this fragile hierarchy you've built up, fall in love, and you're alone.

And it's nice to feel needed, isn't it? Even if it's just for a minute in a darkened room; he says he wants only you and makes you feel special. And maybe you'll see something in his eyes that will make you believe this won't be like before, that maybe this will have *meaning*, but somehow you always end up a little, lonely girl, back up against a cold, uncaring wall and the whole world laughing because you thought that someone loved you.

The Dust on the Photo

The dust on the photo
Is from months of neglect.
It makes it easier to forget;
Because I can no longer see my smile of joy,
Or the laughter lighting up your face.
Something has changed;
Sweet kindness is now resentful bitterness.
We speak with hostility,
But your silence tells me even more.
When I look into your eyes,
I no longer recognize what I see.

I can tear it up and hide it;
So I won't have to see it.
Then I could tape it back together,
But it will never be the same.

Instead, I may wipe the dust away,
And take one last glance
At what once was;
Before I throw it away

Jennifer Tomassi
Grade 11
Danbury High School
Danbury

*Jennifer
Tomassi*



Colleen Taylor
Grade II
Rockville High School
Vernon

Hidden Perceptions

Permit me to tell you about my father,

My father is my lighthouse,
Guiding me to safety,
When the storms in life beat cruelly down.
Ever since I can remember, he has been
My unfailing rebounder.
Always ready and stationed under the hoop,
Rebounding every shot I shoot
Or chasing any ball that rolls down the street.
Never asking when it will be his turn.

My father, voluntarily, suffers with me
Through long nights,
When sleep avoids me.
Never complaining the next morning
When tiredness overwhelms him.

He greets middle age, but in some ways,
He acts more carefree than I do.

My father is an unpaid worker,
Silently rising on those unkind winter mornings alone.
Guilt eats at my heart, when I hear
The lone sound of his old metal shovel,
Scraping across the snow-covered pavement.

He is also the one in the stands,
Whose voice can be heard in the rafters,
Whenever I succeed.
The approval I see in his eyes and hear in his voice
Motivates me never to give up.

But the father I remember most
Is the man who sat quietly beside me that night
Comforting me as I cried
About the tragedies life had dealt me.
I saw him start to cry that night,
And for years wondered why.
But now I realize
Those tiny tears trickled from
The defenselessness he felt because he was unable
To prevent pain from touching his child.

Colleen
Taylor



The Profane Race

Charles Drimal
Grade II
Brunswick
Greenwich

Portraits Painting
Pious People In Places
Female Phantom Figure
Expression and Profile
of many races
Jaws bound in death
All is lost
but not forgotten
Flow of Virgin's fingers
Madonna and Child left to linger
open book of music
strings are strung
pianos are played
all seen in flawless perspective
Oriental rugs
Silk and Satin
marbled floors
this earth
 this continent
 this country
 this place
 yet death to all.

Pompous arrogant prepubescent Princes
Drifting and Dreaming
 inside velvet
 and lingering on rose petals.
Utopia-Disposition
 where Christ, the Buddah, and others
 heave and flow as if molten
 inner movement
 with inner peace
 and the freedom of the poses.
Now let me tell you about the heartache
 and the loss of god
Heat, fire, destruction, and death
 the Great Abyss.



Elizabeth Young
Grade 11
Enrico Fermi
High School
Enfield

Elizabeth M.
Young

Apprehension to Relief: The Story of a Teacher's Pre-judgement

Apprehension -- that was the first emotion I felt, the shy feeling that is only natural when one is conferring with a teacher whose preferences and habits are not quite familiar yet. I scolded myself for my bashfulness. After all, my paper was a good one. The topic was something I felt very strongly about, and it was written straight from the heart. The apprehension was replaced by a hesitant, uncertain glimmer of confidence.

The teacher asked what my topic was as the bell rang, and I told her. The impatient sigh, the rolling of her eyes, and the bored 'ho-hum' smile were all it took to shoot my bit of confidence right out the window.

I chuckled nervously and asked what was wrong with my topic.

She replied, "Oh, I'm just tired of getting papers about *that*. *Everybody* writes about *that*. But, go ahead. Read it anyway."

Embarrassed, I stammered out something about having to get to class. I left my teacher's office humiliated and disappointed.

Following the embarrassment was regret. I thought of the hours spent before my word processor, struggling to find the exact phrase I wanted. I thought of the research: the pamphlets, booklets, and letters I had collected. I thought of how I had scrutinized each article of information and crafted a paper using my beliefs and backing them up with facts gathered from my research. In a matter of seconds, all of that hard work was shot down before it was even given a chance. I felt bitter disappointment, as I believed my teacher had already made up her mind about my paper even though she hadn't even read it yet.

Although everyone who had read my paper thought it was very good, the opinion that counted the most was that of my teacher. I was not about to hand in a paper on a topic that my teacher felt was boring and monotonous. I didn't want to bore my teacher; and I didn't want to receive a low grade because she didn't feel like reading about my topic.

So, with reluctance, I made up my mind to write a new paper.

Once at home, I struggled to come up with a topic that didn't sound so commonplace and overused. I wrote three thesis outlines and drafted three papers, which were discarded immediately after I wrote them because "none were right." My other paper had just seemed "right," and nothing else could replace it.

I sat on my bed, looking hopefully around my room for something, anything, that I could write a paper about. I glanced toward my open closet. *People Should Not Judge Others By Their Outward Appearance*. No, it had been done before, many times. I looked at the television. TV



These Days Is Unhealthy For Children. I wrote a thesis outline for this topic; but it, also, had been done before.

Frustrated, I took a long, hot shower, the whole time trying to think of a satisfactory topic. Nothing. Total writer's block.

Then, an idea slowly came to me. Why not write about how I was feeling right now? About how I felt when the topic of my paper was scorned. About how I believed my paper was judged and rejected before it had even been read. About how disappointed I had felt to have to rewrite a paper I had worked very hard on if I wanted a good grade.

But, how would this paper be analytical? Well, I'd be analyzing my feeling. How did I feel? How had my emotions grown and changed? Yes, it could definitely be analytical.

Maybe this is something my classmates can relate to. Maybe my teacher would like to know all the feelings that were going through me before, during, and after our brief conversation. Maybe she'll see that my paper was not just something I had whipped up for an assignment. It was "a different outlook on a nationwide controversy." It was something meaningful to me that had been unfairly prejudged.

I triumphantly wrote my new paper, describing my feelings through the whole situation. I poured all of my frustrations, regret, anxiety, and hope into that paper....THIS paper! Now, once again, I'm back with the feeling I started with -- apprehension. Will she like it or hate it? Is it really any good?

But, I also have relief that came with this topic and that I'm sure my teacher has never read a paper quite like this one before.

Untitled

Her mother used to own a candy store. It was so beautiful to a child. The sunlight would shine through the windows and the jars and little animated spots of color would appear on the walls. It was like living in a magical land, where the rain fell down in the form of light. On real rainy days, though, people decided not to venture outside and seek the sugared happiness offered in her mother's shop. Her mother's clear blue eyes would stare out at the rain, watching the rain fall on the pavement. She would say, "The sky's crying again, sweetie. His tears make everything look different." She'd walk over to the counter in her pumps making that 'clink, clink,' noise that her daughter always associated with class and sophistication. Her mother always looked so lovely; so important. But those shoes made her mother walk slower, slower to get

Kimberly Chase
Grade 11
South Windsor
High School
South Windsor

Kimberly Chase



the candy. She wished she could get it herself; but that would anger her mother. Her mother liked to treat her. "Hold out your hands! Are they clean?" and a fistful of gems would fall into her outstretched hands.

She would stare at them awhile, admiring the candy's flawlessness. Then she would divide them. calling to her mother, she would say, "Look, Mommy – some for you, some for Daddy, some for my teddy bear...Everybody has something to remember me by now."

"Table seven, coffee! That means you sweetheart. Let's move, OK?"

She awoke from her dream, brought back to reality. She mopped her forehead. It was a hot day in the city; a day when she wished she lived somewhere else. Her starched pink uniform was wilted and sticking to her back. She wiped her hands on her soiled apron and moved to the steaming pots of coffee. *why would anybody want coffee today* Sighing, she poured it, splashing the black liquid onto her hand. *damn* She swore, watching the red welts appear. "Coffee, seven!" someone yelled. She sighed again, pushing a piece of blond hair out of her eyes. On a whim, she had dyed her thick, black hair blond last Wednesday. It looked fake; she knew it. She just wanted to be someone else for awhile. Nobody noticed her anyway, except Joe, the cook, and an occasional desperate customer. *hey baby what's a pretty girl like you doing in a grease pit like this give me your number and I can make things happen* She usually responded with a cool stare and a padded check. She had tried rehearsing a response in the mirror on her breaks, but her mouth couldn't form words that made her sound classy or sophisticated enough. She could never become what those customers wanted. Someone she knew once, had. She used to live with that woman; watching her smoke cigarettes while neon signs would blink on and off, reflecting on her cheap slip and dark eyes. *mommy do you want some candy* Her mother would laugh, the red neon shining off her slip and brown hair like blood. On and off. Mocking her. *do you want some candy do you want a taste of some sugar* Laughing, laughing until the black-laced tears ran down her face.

"Where the heck is the coffee for seven?" She felt a finger jab her back. She gasped. the finger was unnaturally long; sharp. "Move it!" She slipped her hand under the counter, emerging with cream and sugar packets. Her hands were shaking. *stop I need sugar it always stops the shakes no later* God, it was hot! She started walking, slipping her hand into her pocket, feeling the tips she had made today. \$4.73 = 42 hours @ \$4.25; she could barely make this month's rent. She had calculated all this on her last break, while watching Sally, the other waitress, smoke her Kools. Sally was always coughing – over the food, too. Sally liked to



watch those game shows where everyone won tons of money. She didn't like Sally. She never said anything to Sally, though, because she didn't want to upset anybody. This waitress job was the only thing she could manage.

Her blister was hurting again. She needed new shoes; these were becoming too brown. Her feet were hot, too. Her hose was falling down. *damnit* She stopped, placing the coffee on the counter. *clink* She bent over, pulling them up. She felt a sharp slap on her behind. Joe. *oh god please make him go away*

"Hey, sweetie. Is it hot enough for you?"

God he's so close breathing on me She looked at him. He was short; shorter than she was. All she could see was the top of his dark, greasy hair. He had an impish face, like a child's, yet she always thought his eyes were different. She hated him -- all of his comments and looks. She could never say anything, though. Joe had connections that she didn't want to connect with. She knew that if she disappeared, nobody would know. She smiled shakily. *yes hot very hot*

"Someday, you'll whisper that in my ear." He pinched her. "How 'bout tonight?"

She looked over his head out the window. She heard the weather man on the TV.... "temperature will reach 95 today, but the clouds will remain..." The gray day was reflected on people's faces. They day didn't have the strength to keep them home, but it kept their business there. *everybody looks so... cheap like my mother, make-up running, hair disheveled, clothes sticky and wrinkled* She looked down at her own uniform. Brown shoes; once white. She had a run up her right leg. Her hem was coming down; so was her hair. Her name tag was falling off.

She stammered an answer, something inaudible to Joe. He was busy watching a group of redheads saunter in. She looked down, grabbing the coffee. She bumped her hip on the edge of the counter; it didn't hurt. The coffee was late. *it's so hot, so hot* She heard all the clamor around her. Pots and pans. the TV. The register ringing. *damn* She dropped the spoon. It fell to the ground, bouncing under the booth. *gone from this damned place* A baby started to cry. *shut that thing up it's giving me a headache* Then the laughing began. Everyone had gathered around the window, sweaty bodies crammed together; like pigs in a stall. Laughing at someone outside. *laughing snorting laughing laughing*

you were a mistake

She dropped the coffee mug. It shattered, pieces flying everywhere. *get away from me you're a worthless ugly child stay away*

Everyone turned around. She bent down; hiding her face. She had to pick up the pieces. A sharp edge cut her hand. Blood gushed -- red. Mixed with the perfect white of the piece. Red. She found a towel,

wrapped it around her hand. The coffee. *damn* The black liquid was on the floor. *my mother's tears* She watched them run.

"Where's my coffee?" What do you have to do to get a damn cup of coffee around here?"

She was dreaming again, like before. She got up. Moved to the counter. Somebody was cleaning up her mess. She heard the clank of the pieces. It was so hot. *didn't they have a fan* She poured the coffee again. The smell was nauseating.

here's your coffee sir I'm sorry about the wait that'll be \$1.06

The man looked at her again. "Feisty, ain't she? Those blondes."

He laughed. Joe joined in. "You're fired, sweetie. Give me your name tag."

She gave it to him and laughed. "I'm a brunette." She walked out into the rain.

The rain didn't stop. She watched it out her window. She bought candies, lots of pretty, pretty candies. Blue, red and yellow, white, big and small. Sweets for the sweet. *some for Joe some for Sally some for that dirty old man some for mommy to remember me* Someone was laughing, far away. She joined them. Then she started shaking. *sugar for the shakes* She swallowed them. The rain stopped; the laughter died.

Aaron Albee
Grade II
Guilford High School
Guilford

Jungle Burning

Moonshine laying sickness comes from
Quicksilver platinum ice lullaby
Call mother when she screams
Sleep well in ice cream dreams

See Sally in the grass rolling over
Into a soundwave singing rainbow oil
My mommy is the devil
Call daddy when she screams
In silver showing garden growing eating tangerines

Robots look in mirrors, and Martians stop to stare
I built a broken lion heart but mom forgets to care

Running the dragon to Venus causes fatal crystal tremoring
So cry in the rain forest at blue monkeys for feathers



See pins dropping in the waterfall
Say Sally in your dreams
Eat peaches with a talking dog on 'lectric laser beams

Taste dirt under grandma tree
And kiss Sally on top of light mountain
Walk sky through universe house
Don't look behind you
Smell green wheat in the temple
Call Sally when she cries
Pick up the little golden eyes
And sing them lullabies

The running sun will turn again
From water-walker learning
Away from filling flower fire
To tumble jungle burning.

East Lot

You won't be sitting on the hood of my car anymore
when I come out to the parking lot, you won't smile
and blow smoke rings in the air.

You won't laugh when I threaten to drive off
with you still there --

You know I'd never do that.

The butts of your Camels and my Marb Lights
stained with 'cherry sun' lipstick
won't intermingle in the ashtray anymore
side by side, bent and extinguished;
'cause that's what you and I are now.

So I get confused when I see my car without
you on it, and the ashtray looks lonely without
you there. And I've seen your cigarette butts
lying in the lot, next to 'ravenous red' Newports
'cause I guess in your world, the cherry sun's gone down.

Amanda Rotundo
Grade 12
Simsbury High School
Simsbury

Amanda Rotundo

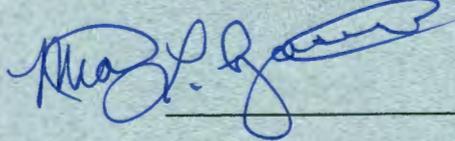


Mia Geisinger
Grade 12
New Fairfield
High School
New Fairfield

Fairy Tale

Once upon a time
I never would have believed
that you would pawn
the glass slipper and
elope with the chambermaid.

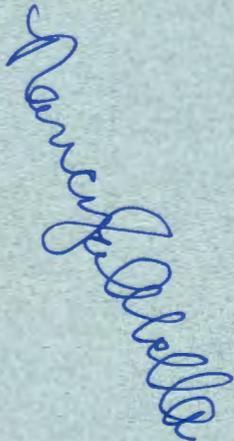
I have to stop kissing frogs.



Nancy Abella
Grade 12
Glastonbury
High School
Glastonbury

Turtle Spot

I swear it's true
I know you won't believe me
when I tell you where I used to hide
to read, to nap, and to eavesdrop
I'm probably the only little girl in the world
who ever hid there,
but it is really the most delightful spot.
Yes, it only works if you are small,
but that is what makes it so special,
non-adult.
I would open
the white double doors,
take out the item or two tucked away inside,
and crawl into my special spot.
There wasn't much light,
but I cracked the doors
and had enough to read my favorite
Nancy Drew.
It was private when I closed the doors,
and the best place
to listen to conversations in the nearby kitchen.
My curled up body and my book
and maybe two or three
(or four or five)
Vienna Fingers cookies
had just enough space.
My special spot



wasn't far from home or even outside,
so I could always reach the much-needed
Vienna Fingers.

When she finally stumbled upon me,
my mother exclaimed,
"You look like a turtle,
all scrunched up and in the dark
in the vanity cabinet
underneath the bathroom sink!"

She

She needed to know
that the sharp cold of the winter
against her bare ghost-white back
and the hollow wind in her red ears
was worth it.
She needed to hear
that the thin green paper called money
crumpled in her pocket
was enough to get her a hit
to keep her thoughts together,
not wandering or escaping
through her graying windblown hair.
She needed to see her baby.
His face was wet with tears
the last time she saw him,
his fists were clenched,
strangling her fingers.
His voice gone from screaming,
he could only form the word, "Momma"
over and over again.
She never cried.
She only furthered her addiction.
She let the smoke fill her nostrils
and live in her lungs.
She sat in her room and waited to be
some man's dream.
Each night, she lay on her back
legs spread,

Uchenna T. Richards
Grade 12
Bloomfield High School
Bloomfield



eyes closed,
wanting the tears to come.
She needed to cry,
to wail,
to ask the man,
has he ever felt like his life was not his own?
One night,
she stayed in the hotel,
even after it was done.
In the bathroom,
alone,
she was fascinated
with the idea that she might be beautiful.
Her hands shook,
as she drew a plum berry line
around her pouting narrow lips.
She pretended she liked herself.
She wanted to smile,
but the reflection in the mirror
showed her her son had her eyes,
and her cheeks were red like his
as the tears ran over them.

Jessica Palmer
Grade 12
Frank Scott Bunnell
Stratford

Painted Eyes

Down, down we seemed to go, into the belly of the beast. I felt like Moses was leading my people out of bondage while my friends and I braved the mass of commuters up the ramp. Grand Central Station: destination #1 has been reached. Between the three of us, a chain of electricity must have been constructed. We are the get-a-long gang, attached at the book bags, linked at the pockets. Quickly we think, out of the underground, into the air. Temperature says, 61 degrees, quite unseasonable for a January morning, the gods have smiled upon us. An omen in disguise. Forty-second Street; hustling, bustling, taxis honking, people walking. Pedestrians with a purpose -- I like that. Hazy sunshine with a mix of clouds, perfect walking weather. Destination #2: the key destination, the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Lovely strides and ankle breaking cobblestones make for a wonderful workout cutting around Central Park. We came only for the memories; we left with muscle spasms. Sixty-second Street; only 20 more



blocks, a normal tourist would take the bus, but this was 'tour de force' all the way. Past the gargantuan towers, the offices, the hotels, famous landmarks, one could almost imagine King Kong gallivanting to his extra-large limo housing his extra-large driver, Norman. Eighty-first Street; almost there kiddies, take your last look, make sure you look both ways before crossing the street.

Up, up we seem to be going, I picture myself climbing Manch Pichu in Step Reeboks as we make the stairs to the great door. Mission accomplished. We have successfully, by the skin of our teenage teeth, entered the Museum. After we go through what seems like customs -- baggage check, coat check, purse check -- we head off on our adventure.

We come across a wonderful array of Renaissance paintings. A couple of well-endowed, demure, painted beauties stare back at us, while paintings of the Passion make us stare at them, a time of reflection. I come across an old friend of mine, Julius Caesar, and amiably pose to take a quick snapshot with my favorite Roman.

The three of us meander about and slide amongst various corridors into different times. An 18th century French room catches us by surprise, and almost instantly, out of the mouths of babes, come the everlasting quotes of a movie most embedded in our minds, which had been set in 18th century France. Nothing can take away these times or memories. As we walk through the museum, guides of our own tour, I can see Egyptian sarcophagi stare back at me with outlined eyes, or the eyes of the painted beauties reminding me of times past when life was simpler, freer, a little more human. I look at the more modern paintings and notice how strange the objects in the frame appear. They don't resemble the almost 3-dimensional realistic characters with painted costumes I've just passed. They don't have the emotions locked behind those painted eyes. I want to go back into that old room with my three friends, to forget about the 20th century, to forget that I am in the Big Apple; but to remember that I'm in this small room, with my small group of friends, and will be, for only a short while.



Honorable Mention:

Kyle Azevedo	Burnham School
Scott Baber	Natchaug School
Rachael Bender	Amity Junior High School
Blair Blackman	Tashua School
Kelly Bodian	Nathan Hale School
Matthew Browner-Hamlin	Coleytown Middle School
Carolyne Burgess	Crystal Lake School
Jaclyn Collet	Waddell Elementary School
Denise Decrosta	Mary T. Murphy School
Kathleen Cusick	Glastonbury High School
Damien Dalrymple	Killingly High School
Michael Descy	Suffield High School
Jennifer Dumlao	North Branford High School
Jovanna Garcia	Booth Hill School
Hilary Gamett	Center Road School
Richard Godden	Windsor Locks High School
Kathryn Goekler	Hazardville Memorial
Samantha Grindle	Wells Road Intermediate
Heather Hansen	Tootin' Hills School
Emily Hayden	Hazardville Memorial School
Caitlin Hinchey	Eastbury Elementary School
Justin Hodge	Tootin' Hills School
Michael Jacobs	Guilford Lakes School
Shira Kafer	Simsbury High School
Rick Kania	Plantsville School
Adam Kaufman	Griffin School
Krystal Keena	Lincoln Elementary School
Gabriel Kimball	Eastbury School
Judy Kroo	Glastonbury High School
Michael Kuzoian	Elizabeth Green School
Sharese Maberry	Clinton Avenue Language Academy
Shannon Marimon	Farmington High School
Hannah Mason	King's Highway School
Ian McCabe	East Haddam Elementary School
Cali McGinn	Ann Antolini School
Timothy McLaughlin	A.W.Cox School
Lisa Melmed	Eric G. Norfeldt School
Ari Michaels	Bloomfield High School
Nicole Nemchek	Frank Scott Bunnell High School
Molly Pearson	William Hall High School
Caitlin Reddy	Woodstock Public School
Jonathan Romak	Granby Memorial Middle School
Megan Shippee	Killingly Memorial School
Kelly Shor	Middlebrook Elementary School
David Sinick	Roxbury Elementary School
Danny Smith	Canton Intermediate School
Janine Snow	East Granby High School
Ruth Tennen	Canton Junior Senior High School
Alison Wayne	Irving A. Robbins Middle School
Katerine Wetzel	Philip R. Smith School
Matthew Wright	Carl Allgrove School
Sara Zarbo	Rocky Hill High School
Christine Zeiner	Tootin' Hills School

Teachers of Published Authors:

Jacqueline Alexander	The Ethel Walker School
Cora Altschuler	Bloomfield High School
Jane Arriero	Granby Memorial Middle School
Julie Astarita	Clinton Avenue School
Patricia Baruzzi	Mansfield Middle School
Sandra Brand	Academy Elementary School
Mary Ann Brewster	Cos Cob Elementary School
Mary Ann Burke	Enrico Fermi High School
Myra Ciaglia	Guilford High School
Alan Concillo	Beecher Road School
Aileen L. Delanu	Eastbury School
Judith Driscoll	Jack Jackter Elementary
Deborah Ealden	East Lyme High School
Linda Edwards	Tashua School
Sally Fern	Mary T. Murphy School
Mary Francis	Mansfield Middle School
Mary Fulton	King Phillip Middle School
Joseph Gambini	New Fairfield High School
Nancy Horton	King Phillip Middle School
Michele Hunt	Guilford Lakes School
Frieda Johnson	Ridgefield Elementary School
Sheila Johnson	Killingly High School
Alma Kearns	Live Oaks School
Linda Lamothe	Norwich Free Academy
Lauren Law	Putnam Elementary
Cynthia Ledger	Timothy Edwards Middle School
Sharon Lehr	Academy Elementary School
Dayna Levack	South Windsor High School
Jerry Losty	Tomlinson Middle School
Cheryl McCain	John Wallace Middle School
James McEwan	homeschooled, Lakeville
Carol McMahan	Cranbury School
Fran Merante	Ridgefield Elementary School
Sheila Murphy	Glastonbury High School
Sally Myers	Regional Multicultural Magnet School
Angela Nardine	John Wallace Middle School
B. Naylor	Carbone School
Larry Orticelli	Saxe Middle School
Elizabeth Pepin	Jack Jackter Elementary
Judith Pesce	Hawley School
Donna Picollo	Madison Middle School
Betsy Radler	Mill Hill School
Tina Rembish	Trumbull High School
Teresa A. Ringer	Mary T. Murphy School
Jodi Rosenblatt	Ridgefield Elementary School
Lydia Rutkowski	Hop Brook School
Jeffrey Schwartz	Greenwich Academy



Karna Secker	Lebanon Elementary
Robin Selauka	Hebron Elementary School
Carolyn Simsarian	East Hampton High School
Kathleen Sipprell	Middlebrook Elementary School
Alan Sniffin	Danbury High School
John Stanko	Simsbury High School
J. B. Teed	Bolton High School
Kathleen Termine	John Winthrop Junior High School
Joanne Thoren	Portland Middle School
Eric Tillman	Brunswick School
Deborah Toomey	Natchaug Elementary School
Janice Tonanelli	Natchaug Elementary School
Evelyn Tosini	Tootin' Hills School
Agatha Tresky	The Gilbert School
Linda Vasa	Greenwich Academy
Ellen Visnyel	Amity Junior High School
Debbie Welcome	Wells Road School



Kyle
Scott

Rachel

Blair

Kelly

Matt

Carolynne

Jaclyn

Who Deser

Hilary

branna

Kate

Heather

Emily

Caitlyn

Justin

Rick

Adam H.

Krystle

Michael

Gabrielle

Ian

Cali
Jimm

Lisa
Joanna

Caitlin

Megan

Tammy

Smith

Alison

Ruth

Katherine

Sara

Matt W.

Christine