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Back Cover - Art by Jessie Lungsuwan, *Grade 12*



**Scholastic
Art & Writing
Awards**

Alliance for
Young Artists
& Writers

Award Winners

HORSEHEADS HIGH SCHOOL

LILY BARR, *Honorable Mention, Painting, When One Door Closes...*
KIENAN BLITZ, *Silver Key, Sculpture, The Worrier*
JULIANNA DAY, *Honorable Mention, Primaking, Flare*
JANE DEGUIRE, *Honorable Mention, Sculpture, Dino*
TESS EISNER, *Honorable Mention, Painting, La Mariposae*
ISABELLA ENRIGHT, *Honorable Mention, Mixed Media, Her Tears*
BORA HAAN, *Honorable Mention, Drawing & Illustration, Pop, Squish and Tomato*
BORA HAAN, *Honorable Mention, Mixed Media, Symbiotic*
BORA HAAN, *Gold Key, Drawing & Illustration, An Invite to Balinese Party*
SORA HAAN, *Honorable Mention, Drawing & Illustration, Fragaria*
SORA HAAN, *Gold Key, Drawing & Illustration, BRASS MACHINE*
SORA HAAN, *Honorable Mention, Design, "Rainbows Are Visions, But Only Illusions"*
SORA HAAN, *Silver Key, Drawing & Illustration, Anonymous*
SORA HAAN, *Silver Key, Art Portfolio, The Journey*
JIWOO KIM, *Honorable Mention, Drawing & Illustration, The Secret To My Success*
JIWOO KIM, *Silver Key, Painting, Fleeting Friendship*
PAIGE LICURSI, *Honorable Mention, Painting, In the Fiestaware*
PAIGE LICURSI, *Silver Key, Drawing & Illustration, Windswept*
JESSIE LUANGSUWAN, *Honorable Mention, Painting, "I Swear It Was Self-Defense"*
JESSIE LUANGSUWAN, *Silver Key, Mixed Media, The Betta Book*
ISABEL PADDOCK, *Honorable Mention, Drawing & Illustration, Business Casual*
ISABEL PADDOCK, *Silver Key, Drawing & Illustration, Self Portrait*

HORSEHEADS MIDDLE SCHOOL

SOPHIA CHRISTMAS, *Honorable Mention, Drawing & Illustration, If You Only Knew*
MAGGIE HARTMAN, *Honorable Mention, Drawing & Illustration, Watch What Comes Out of Your Mouth*
RYAN McILWAIN, *Honorable Mention, Drawing & Illustration, Worth Being There*
RYAN McILWAIN, *Silver Key, Drawing & Illustration, Split Personality*
BREANNA VAN GORDEN, *Honorable Mention, Drawing & Illustration, My Mother's Eyes*
ABIGAIL WOOD, *Silver Key, Drawing & Illustration, Did You See?*
ABIGAIL WOOD, *Gold Key, Drawing & Illustration, What Can't Be Seen*

SPECIAL HONORS

ABIGAIL WOOD, *Matthius H. Arnot Society Award*
ABIGAIL WOOD, *American Visions Award Nominee*

ELEMENTARY

Declan Hogue Grade 3 GR

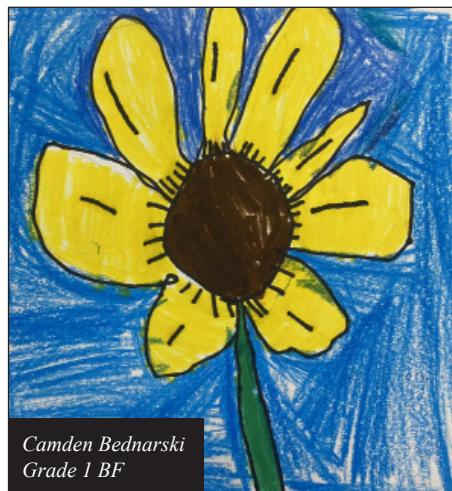


Grades K - 4

Locklan Finnerty
Grade 1 CS



Ryder Mase
Grade 1 CS



Camden Bednarski
Grade 1 BF



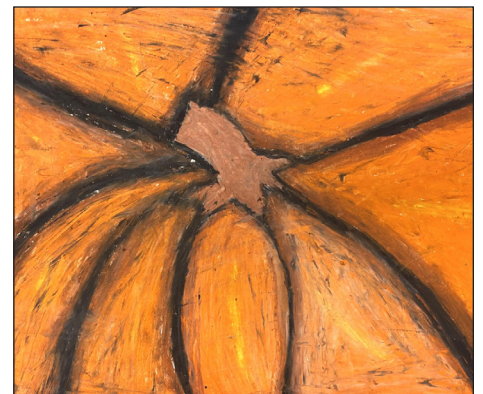
Alex Stachowski
Grade 2 BF



Quinn Butts Grade 3 CS



Sophia Wood
Grade 4 GR



Lillian Johnson Grade 4 BF

Fall Poem

*Written by Azrielle Wheeler
Grade 3 Ridge Road*

Autumn is violet red
like a falling leaf that just dropped of the
beautiful tree
and a sweet smelling flower that I picket
from the ground.

Autumn is red
like a pretty red rose
and a betting heart in my chest.

Autumn is orange
like an orange cat that jumped in my yard
and candy corn..... mmm candy my
favorite.

*Written by Bella Upham
Grade 3 Ridge Road*

Autumn is golden yellow
like the hay riding in the back of the truck
I go riding on
and the crisp and crunchy leaves on the
ground.

Autumn is auburn red
like a juicy candy apple that sticks to my
teeth as I bite into it
and the red licorice in my candy bucket.

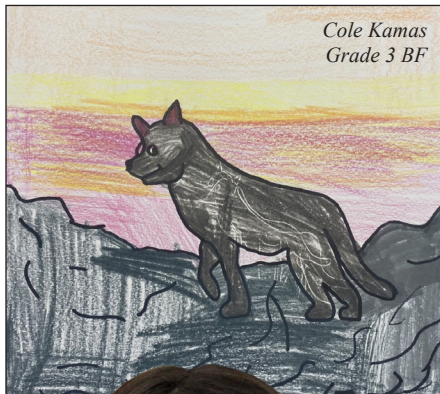
Autumn is cinnamon orange
like a fresh baked sweet potato on the
dinner table
and the strong, smelling spices in my
mom's soup.

*Michael Eme
Grade 2 RR*



*Alice Mangino
Grade 3 GR*

*Mason Blake
Grade 3 GR*



*Cole Kamas
Grade 3 BF*



Artist Spotlight

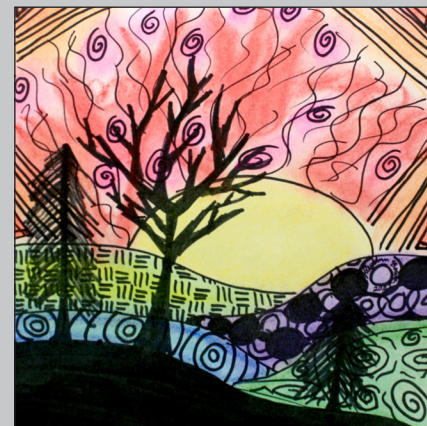
Skylinn Benitez
Grade 4, Center Street

Why do you enjoy creating art?

I like that you can draw anything. You can just let your imagination run wild.

What are your favorite things to draw?

I like to draw animals and plants. Sometimes I'll just draw scribbles and turn them into different things.



Nadis Jackson Grade 4 CS



The New Puppy!

Written by Adrianna Swartwood
Grade 4 Big Flats

The new puppy yips: "yip yip yip"
She loves toys and loves to "whip whip whip"
Puppy loves to chomp "Chomp Chomp Chomp"
She loves the pool "Splish Splash Splish Splash"
She loves her ball, and she'll play with one and all.
Puppy loves to snuggle, she loves to huggle.
After all that puppy zest, it is time to rest!

The Day I Found the Jazzy-Jumping-Jelly Bean-Bird

Written by Calais Morse
Grade 4 Big Flats

I've never seen the Jazzy-Jumping-Jelly Bean-Bird.
Oh, what a myth I have heard!
So today, I'm going to scout for one.
Oh, and it will be so much fun!
I packed and packed for two hours straight,
Oh, I just hope I won't become bait!
Finally, off I went.
(I also decided to bring a tent.)
Not too long later I saw Bouncing-Boing-Boing-Fish.
And I thought, wait a minute, that is not my wish!
About five more long minutes later, I saw a Green-Bean-Alligator.
I thought, that's not what I want to find.
I guess I am falling behind!
Twenty more long minutes have gone away,
And a little Lady-Bug-Squirrel wanted to play.
I told him I cannot hang out,
Because I am really out and about.
Finally, thirty more minutes have flurred,
And there it was, the Jelly Bean-Bird!
I took a picture,
CLICK
But then it flew away.
Although, that was an awesome day!

Fall Poem

Written by Carson Vieselmeyer
Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is cocoa brown
like a juicy candy apple from my nice neighbors
and like a big football in a, NFL game when the Bills win.

Autumn is orange
like an orange soda so delicious
and like a basketball that is bright orange.

Autumn is lion yellow so scary
like popcorn that I eat at the movies...
yummy

The Snow Globe Adventure

Written by Antonio Rios
Grade 4 Big Flats

One snowy day Antonio and his friend Mathew were playing tag, and Mathew was it. They were both running extremely fast. Then suddenly Antonio tripped and fell into a weird portal. Mathew went tumbling behind him. When they were both inside the portal it seemed, they were floating in the purple, silver, green, and red air. Then they both landed in the snow. Once Antonio landed in the frigid snow, he saw these two Titans come racing towards him, and huge hands latched onto the snow globe, and they shook it. He went high up in the air, so high Antonio could see Mathew flying up on the other side. Then they both went crashing down. Antonio landed in a bush, but he was all right. He was searching for Mathew when he was walking in the forest, and Mathew suddenly popped up from the snow. A light behind appeared Mathew.

It looked like an angel, and then it said "I am the ghost of Christmas." The angel walked away. The boys didn't know if they should follow the angel or stay there, but they decided to follow it. The angel led them to what looked like a town filled with people.

Once there, the angel invited them into a shoe store where the owner said "welcome to the Maxwells Shoe store. "Would you like to buy anything. "The place looked amazing. The workers were elves and there were giant candy canes, and small trains. The boys noticed the angel had disappeared. Antonio and Mathew explored the place, and they found a tiny door. They crawled into it, and the room got bigger, big enough that they could stand now, then they saw the light again. Once they were close enough to the angel Antonio said "Can you please bring us back to where we came from?" Then the angel said, "First you must bring me back the Christmas star."

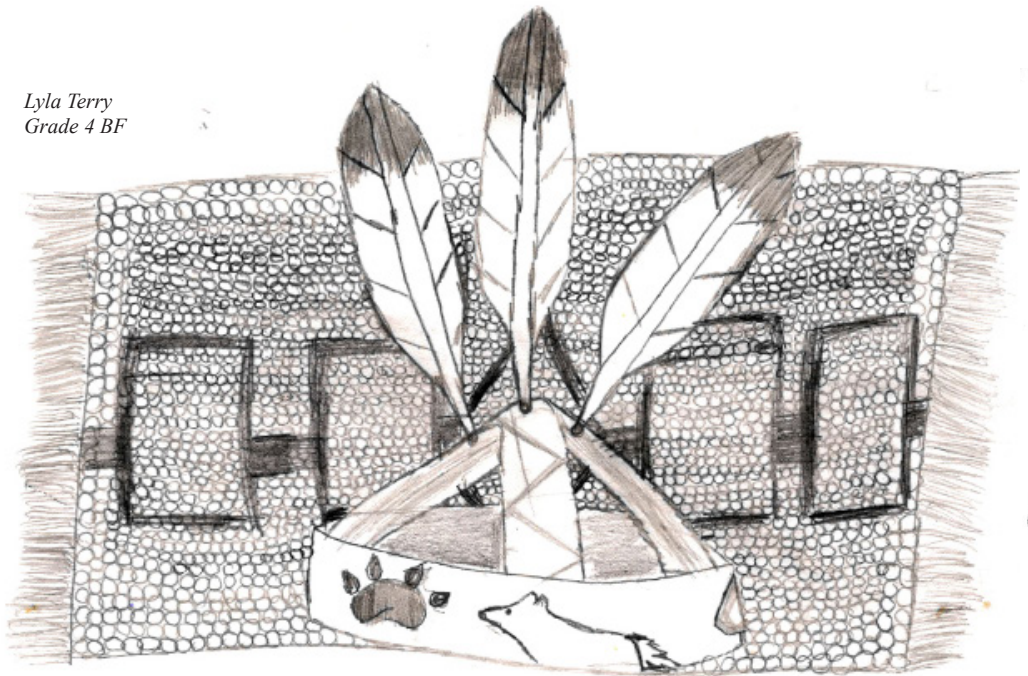
Mathew asked the Angel where to find it, and the angel said, "Go to the place where the lights shine the brightest," The light vanished. Mathew said, "I saw a Christmas tree on the top of the mountain, maybe it's there" Without thinking they both set out to the mountain. Once they were out of the village there was no turning back.

They began their journey up the mountain. After walking for what seemed like hours, they found the majestic Christmas tree. It was super bright and seemed to glow from inside, and it towered above the town. Now they must decide who would have to climb up and get the star. To decide, they started playing blue shoe to see who had to go. Mathew won, and Antonio had to start climbing.

Once Antonio was past the first ornament, he was already high up the tree. He climbed and climbed until there was one more reach. He stretched his arm as far as he could, and when he grabbed the star he slipped, and he fell when he was falling Antonio looked down at the ground, but Mathew wasn't there, the Angel was there, and the weird portal was back.

Antonio dropped the star, and the Angel grasped it in mid-air. Antonio felt warm inside as he fell through the air, and he fell into the portal. Mathew was there too. Everything seemed to stop, and it looked like he was back on the school black top. He turned on his back, and everyone in his class was standing in a circle watching him. Then Mrs. Aepebacher asked him "Are you guys ok." Antonio got up, and said "it was the greatest experience ever."

Lyla Terry
Grade 4 BF



Brantley Evans Grade 1 CS



Chloe Buhian Grade 1 CS



Nebby Okafor
Grade 3 BF



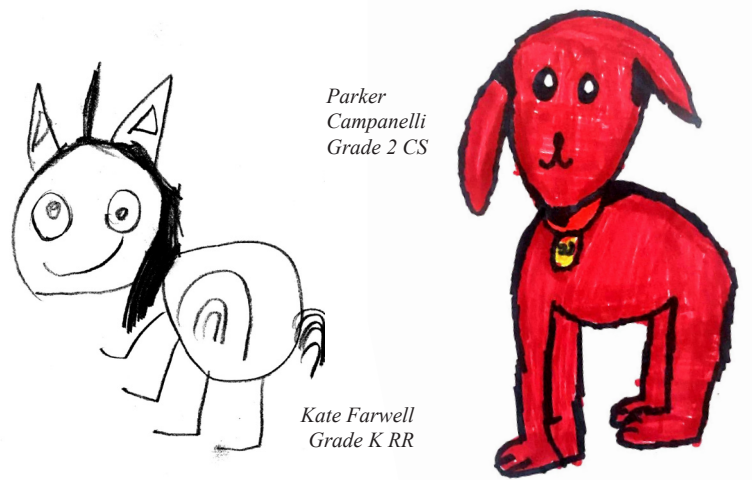
Alexis Adams Grade 1 GR



Adrika Chauhan Grade 1 RR



Paige Howe Grade 1 CS



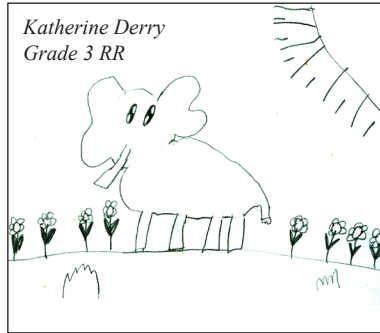
Parker Campanelli Grade 2 CS

Kate Farwell Grade K RR

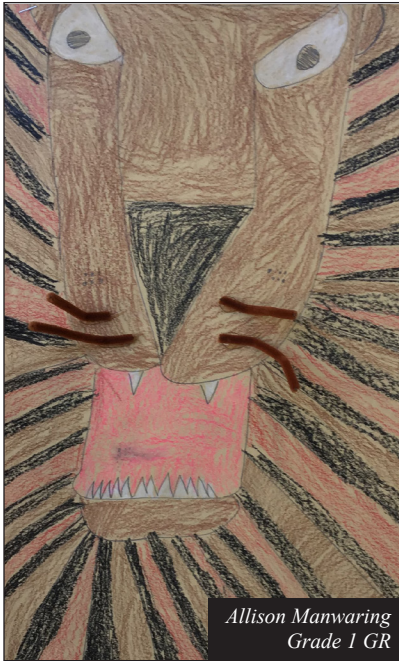


Sophia Smith Grade 4 BF

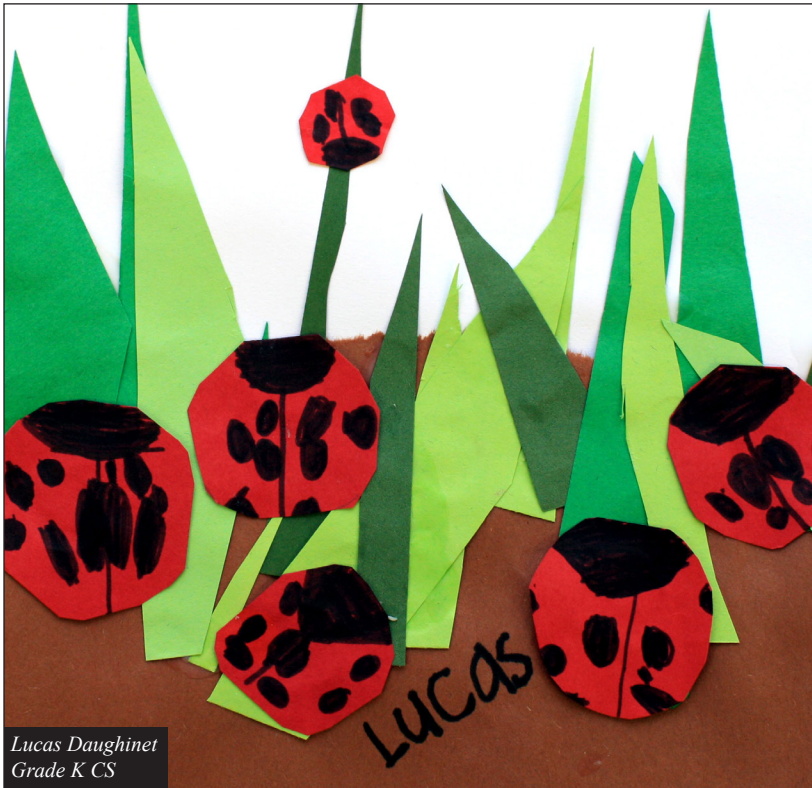
Hannah Patelunas Grade 2 RR



Katherine Derry
Grade 3 RR



Allison Manwaring
Grade 1 GR



Lucas Daughinet
Grade K CS



Ryan Williams Grade 4 GR

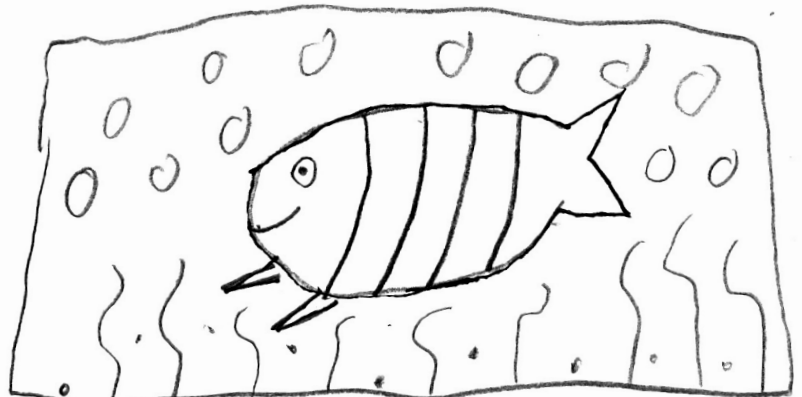
Phoebe Rankins
Grade 1 BF



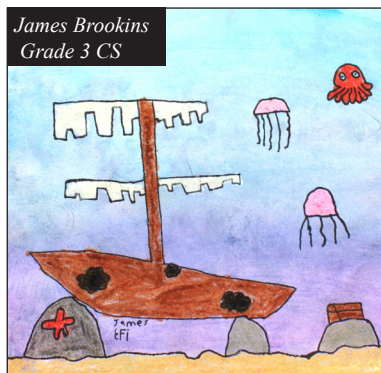
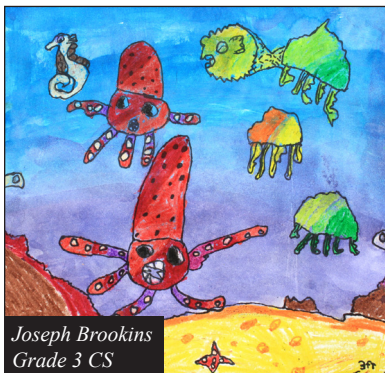
Morgan Dean Grade 2 BF



Vihaan Agrawal
Grade 3 GR



Jase Gross Grade 2 RR



TRAPPED!

*Written by Matthew Burczynski
Grade 4 Big Flats*

Cranking gears shook me awake. Inky darkness surrounded me. There was something cold and hard pressed against my back. I tried to remember where I was. As hard as I tried I couldn't seem to remember anything for that matter. It was as if someone wiped my memory. Then, the place abruptly stopped. I heard muffled voices through the ceiling; it began to open up. Strangers started hoisting me up using a rope like-. Wait is that Ivy?! I thought to myself. I heard someone say, "Somebody take him in!" Before I knew it someone carried me into a tepee. I set my head on some leaves that formed a pillow, and I dozed off. When I woke up, I heard someone say, "It's been two days and he still hasn't woken up yet." Then I flung my head upwards to get out of the tepee and whacked my head on the doorway. I was eager to get out of the place as soon as possible. When I got out of the tepee, I asked the people outside how to get out of this place. They said "Out? There is no way out." one boy said. "What?" I asked.

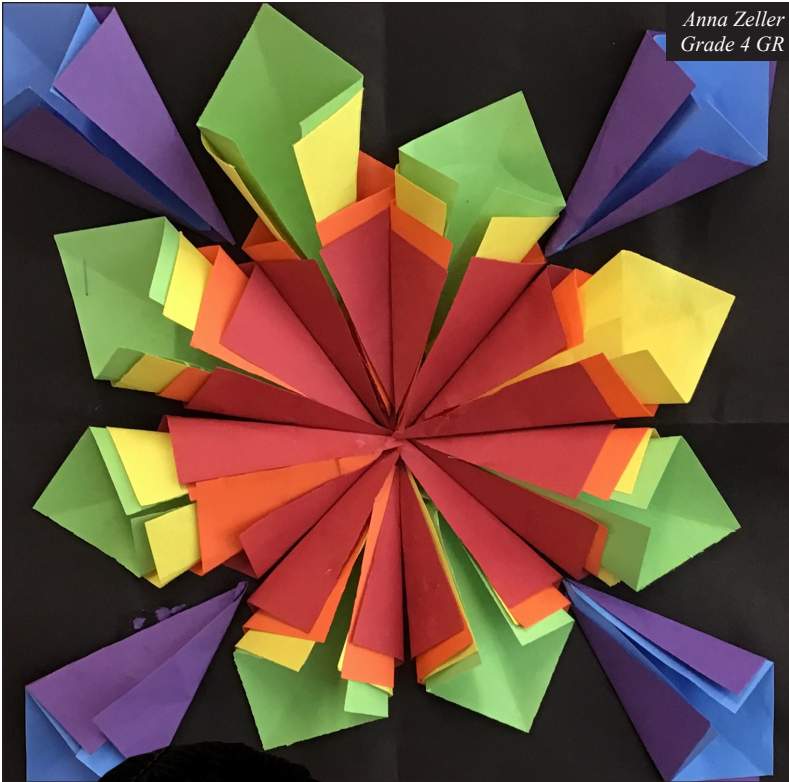
"I said, there is no way out." he repeated. "Hold on. If there is no way out, then how-" I stopped myself in mid-sentence. "Wait. What is that." I said pointing behind him at the icy walls. "What is what" he said. "That." I said as I pointed at the walls again. "Oh that. Those are the walls. That's why we can't get out." "What's so bad about those walls?" I asked. "The Wolves." he replied "Wolves?" "Yes Wolves. They have been terrorizing us ever since we've arrived Here." he said. "Why?" I said. "Don't know." he said. "Well, Let's just eat something I'm hungry." "Ok I was hoping you'd say that soon." "How do we get food?" I asked. "We go ice fishing, how else." he responded. When we got to the ice fishing hole, we baited our hooks, (we used worms) I caught one fish just a few seconds after he did. "Perch." he muttered. "What's so bad about Perch?" I asked. He ignored

me. When we finally ate our fish it was just getting dark out. "I don't think I ever got your name." I said to the boy. "Ben. What about you?" "Oliver." I replied. "I am getting tired. Where am I going to sleep?" "Good call it'll be dark soon. You can sleep in there." He said, pointing to a nearby tepee. "Ok I said. But what about you?" "I'll be that tepee to the right of you." "Got it. Good night." I said. "Good night. He said back. I was awakened by the howl of the Wolves. Oh man Ben was right. The howl of those Wolves are terrifying. I thought. In the morning I went to the fishing hole to catch some fish for breakfast. I thought I had caught a huge fish but when I tried to reel it in, I fell through the fishing hole and then I saw purple swirls as it sucked me in. When I opened my eyes, I was back in my bed. Whatever that was it was an awesome experience. I got out of my bed and looked outside, there was snow on the ground. I heard someone yell "Santa came!!!"

Jenna Ames Grade 3 BF



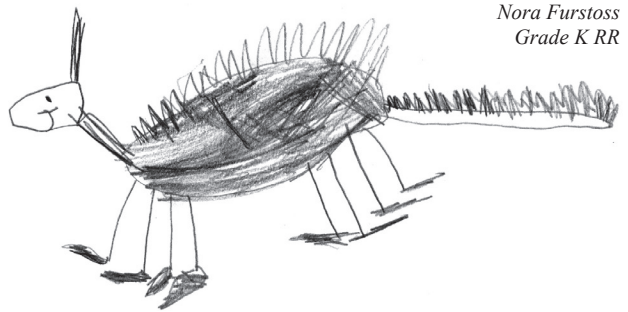
Hazel Fuchs Grade 4 BF



Anna Zeller
Grade 4 GR



Jayce Rodriguez
Grade 4 GR



Nora Furstoss
Grade K RR



Artist Spotlight

Selina Chen
Grade 4, Center Street

Why do you enjoy creating art?

I love art because you can make anything.
You can draw whatever you imagine.

What are your favorite things to draw?

I like to draw people that I make up.





Nora Klein
Grade 3 GR



Eli Furney
Grade 2 RR



Julia Miller
Grade K GR



Koah DeLong
Grade K BF



Artist Spotlight

Henry Schaut
Grade 3, Big Flats

What is your favorite thing to draw?
I love to sketch anything and everything.

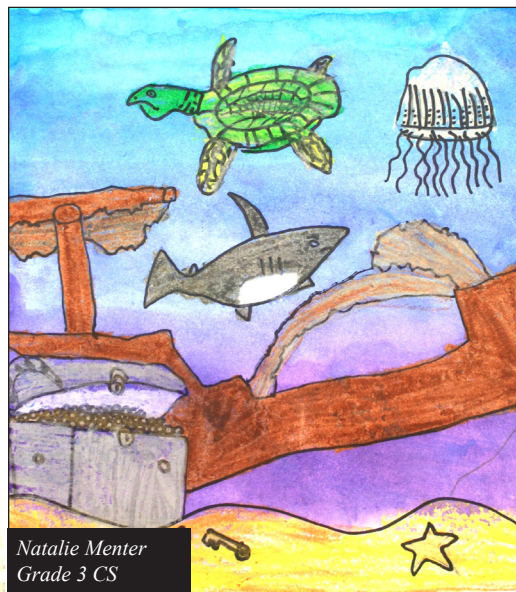
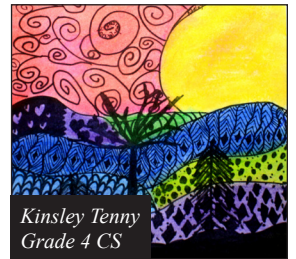
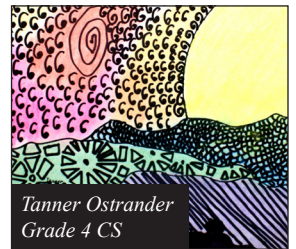
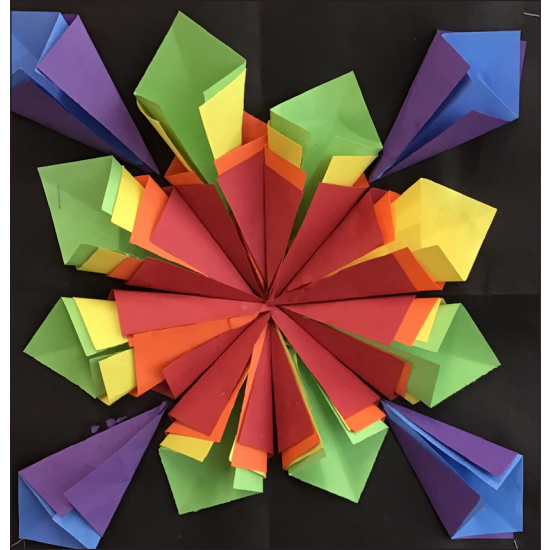
Why do you love to create art?
I love Art because you can make something you didn't mean to, then look at it in a different way, and it turns out actually really amazing!



Gannon Parish Grade 1 GR



Anna Zeller Grade 4 GR



Fall Poetry Collection

Written by Cassidy Dzniennik
Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is peach yellow like
a creepy candlelight in a haunted house
and goldfish yellow like the goldfish I have at
home.
Autumn is dark orange like a
pumpkin I just picked from the pumpkin farm
and a hot flame that I just lit.
Autumn is acorn brown like
a crispy leaf that just fell to the ground and
a doe that was running across the street.

Written by Gracelyn Noelle Strykowski
Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is cocoa-cola brown
like a big mud pit that I jump in after a rainstorm
and the warm apple cider that I drink on a cold
day!
Autumn is red violet
like a leaf floating down to the ground on a sunny
day!
Autumn is colorful
like the Small World that shipped on the ride
at Disney World!

Written by Jaxon Farrell
Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is cherry red
like a red pumpkin I carved with a mad face
and a cherry drink that is icy cold that I drank
Autumn is electric yellow
like a power outage we had yesterday at my
house
and the car parked out back that was yellow.
Autumn is orange
like an orange falling leaf like a pumpkin
and a car speeding down the road.

Written by Katherine Derry
Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is pumpkin orange
like a jack-a-lantern I just carved that is glowing
in the night
and like that pretty I saw that fell from a tree.
Autumn is red apple
like a yummy apple that I picked in Fall
and a red apple colored backpack when kids go
to school.
Autumn is bear brown
like a hibernating sleepy bear
and nice crumbling brown leaves.

Written by Kolten Marmor
Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is blood red
like a rare juicy steak from Libs
and like a red crayon that I color with.
Autumn is bear brown
like a dark, dark brown leaf that I had in my
yard
and brown sugar that I bake French toast with.
Autumn is banana yellow
like a corn yellow like gold
and messy, messy egg yolk yellow.



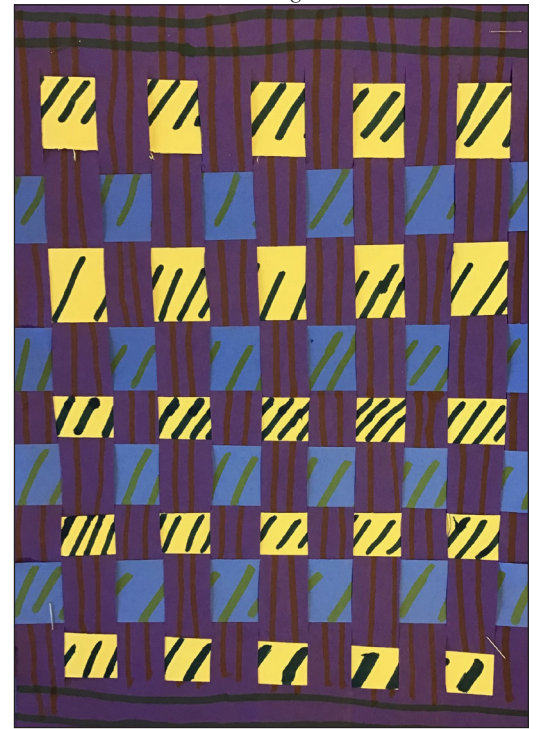
Adrianna Strong Grade K GR



Nyla Mullen Grade K CS



Cornelius Speed Jr.
Grade 3 GR



Teagan O'Connell Grade 2 GR



Luna DesRuisseaux
Grade 4 BF



Artist Spotlight

Quinn Spirawk
Grade 3 Big Flats

What is your favorite thing to draw?

I love drawing realistically. Sometimes, I just draw randomly, like made up cartoon characters. Honestly, I just love drawing mostly everything!

Why do you love to create art?

What I love about Art is that you can make whatever you want. I want to be an Art Teacher when I grow up. This summer, I plan to have an Art Stand outside, where people can just stop by and grab some of my paintings if they want to.

Carsyn Wright
Grade K GR



Micah Penn
Grade K RR



Quinley Terry
Grade 3 BF



Addyson Perry
Grade 4 RR



Artist Spotlight

Addyson Perry
Grade 4 Ridge Road

What is your favorite thing to draw?

My favorite things to draw are people, eyes, and sunsets.

Why do you love to create art?

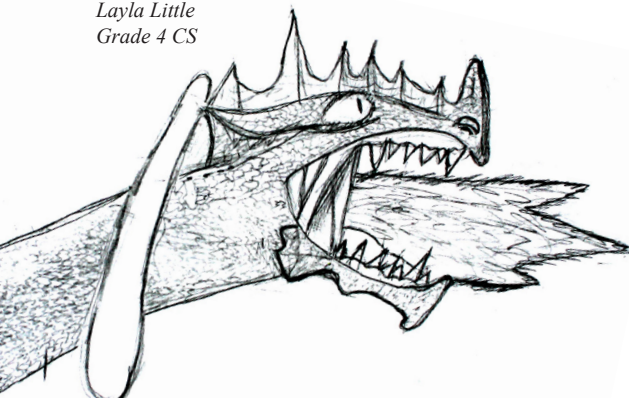
It's one of my favorite hobbies because when I get to make something, all the colors and art can possibly last forever!





Lake Sena
Grade 4 CS

Layla Little
Grade 4 CS



Artist Spotlight

*Jayce Rodriguez
Grade 3
Gardner Road*

What is your favorite kind of Art to make?

I usually draw characters from games or movies.

Why do you love to create art?

I love that you can do multiple different things with art materials. I also like to create ventriloquist dummies and puppets for fun. I usually take a tiny piece of cardboard and tape string to it to cover a hole in the mouth. I use a stick for its neck to move the puppets.





Fall Poetry Collection

Written by Neola Castellano

Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is buttercup yellow
like a pretty sun floating in the sky
and a yellow butterfly fling in the pretty sky.
Autumn is pumpkin orange
like a pretty orange leaf on the ground
and a pretty ginger orange.
Autumn is apple red
like a red leaf falling to the ground
and as red as a hot flame burning in the fire pit.

Written by Raegan Blitz

Grade 3 Ridge Road

AUTUMN is candle light orange
like making a pie with my family on thanksgiv-
ing
and jumping in the colorful leaves that have
fallen on the ground.
AUTUMN is red violet
like a leaf floating down to the ground on a
sunny day
and rousting a marsh mellow on a dark night.
AUTUMN is bumblebee yellow
like a flame on a flickering hot fire
and raking yellow leaves on a nice day.

Written by Scott Pike

Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is apple red
like a red leaf on a tree
and like my red Lexus that my dad drives.
Autumn is golden yellow
like a bus driving kids to school
and a golden duck in the pond.
Autumn is salmon orange
like a fresh water salmon that I just caught
and like a hot fire outside at my grandparent's
house.

Written by Vinnie Denicola

Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is cherry red
like a sweet Shirley temple
that I drink at dinner,
Autumn is yolk yellow
like a school bus driving kids to school
and Fortnite skin.
Autumn is blood orange
like a rotten orange that was left in my mom's
closet
and a leaf that was on a tree in my grandma's
yard.

Written by Maverick Carman

Grade 3 Ridge Road

Autumn is flame orange
like a pumpkin that I carve on Halloween day
and the leaves that I rake into a pile to jump in.
Autumn is blonde
like a corn maze that I go through for fun
and the stalks of hay that I use for decoration.
Autumn is Carmel brown
like a pumpkin pie that my family eats for din-
ner in fall yummy
and a candy apple that I eat at a Halloween
party.



Charlie Bell
Grade 2 RR

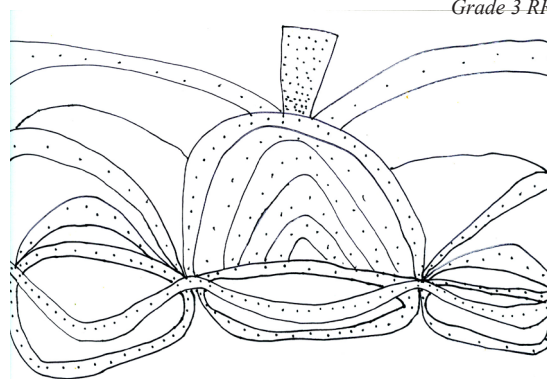


Jianyi Liu
Grade 3 GR

Nathan Hughson
Grade 3 RR



Eonna Cleveland
Grade 1 GR



INTERMEDIATE



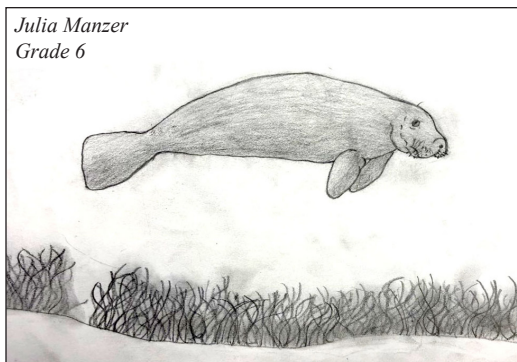
Leah Johnson Grade 6



Connor Miele
Grade 6



Noah Cady Grade 6



Julia Manzer
Grade 6



Logan Stoltzfus
Grade 5

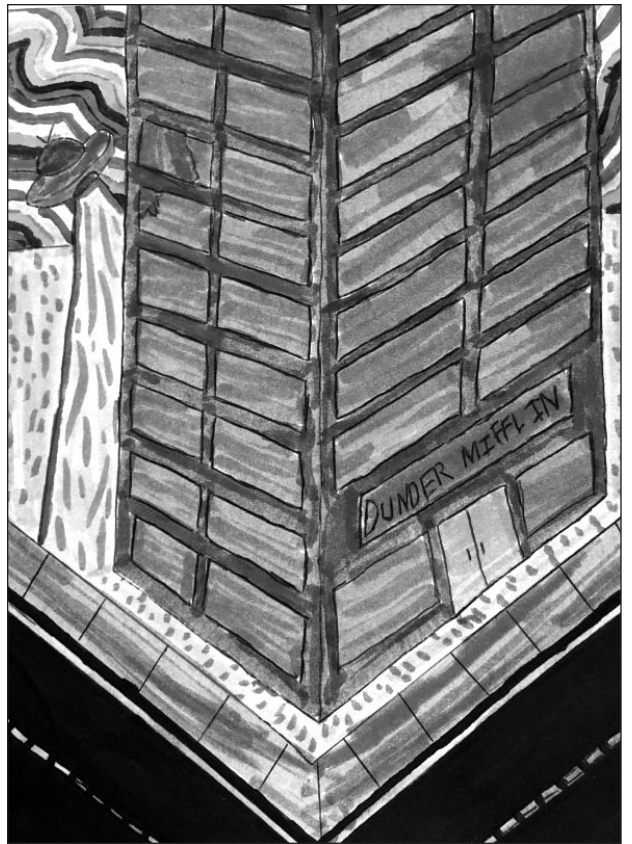


Kellen Berry
Grade 5

Branson
Poulsen
Grade 5



Ananya Chuahan Grade 5



Alex Jayne Grade 6

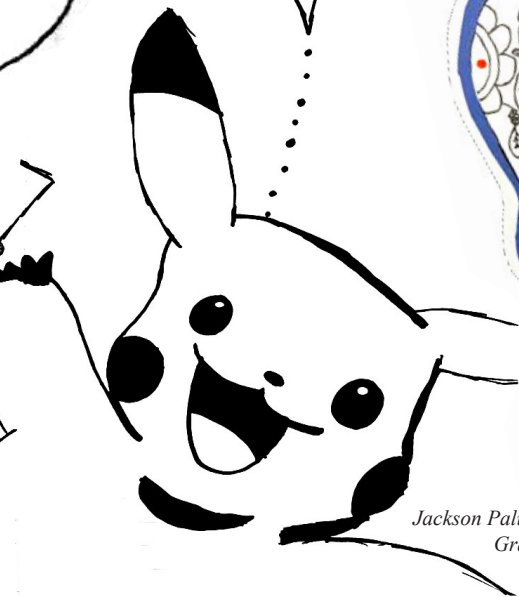


Elissa Bly Grade 6



Kiona Deprimo Grade 6

Pika!



Jackson Palumbo Grade 5

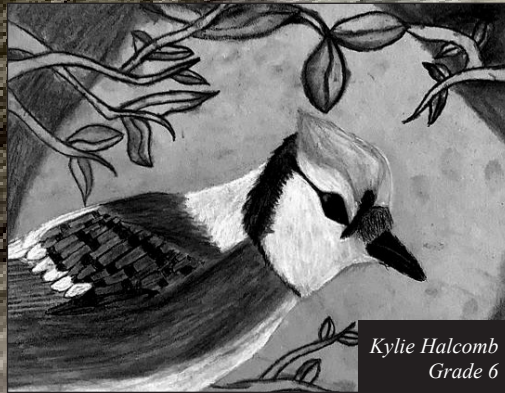
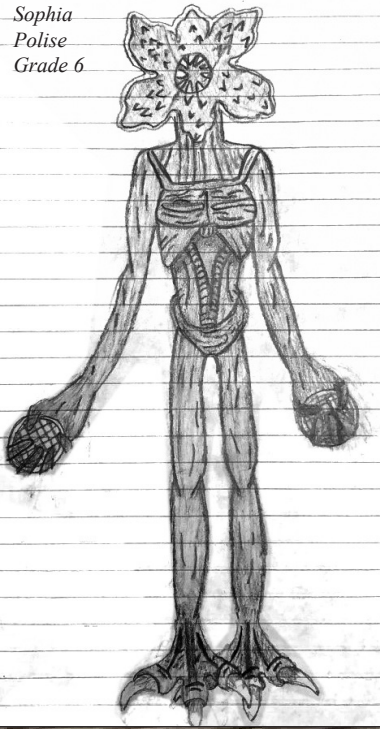


Gabriella Matteson Grade 5

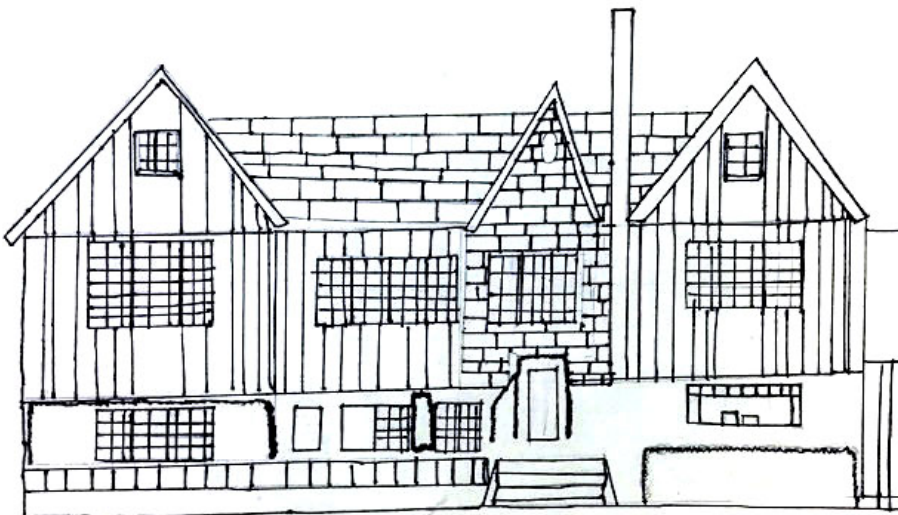
Logan
Stoltzfus
Grade 5



Sophia
Polise
Grade 6



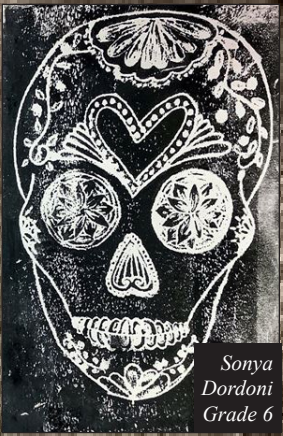
Kylie Halcomb
Grade 6



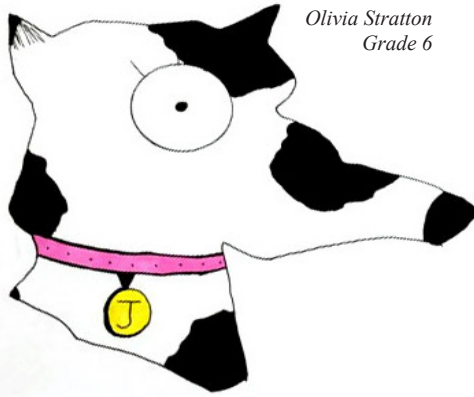
Finn O'Donoghue Grade 6



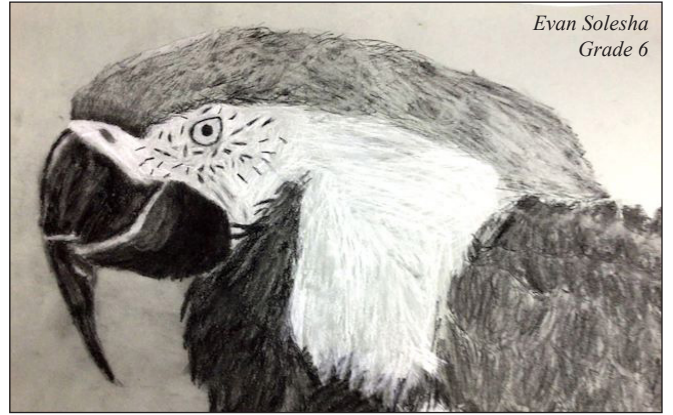
Kenneth Kailbourne Grade 6



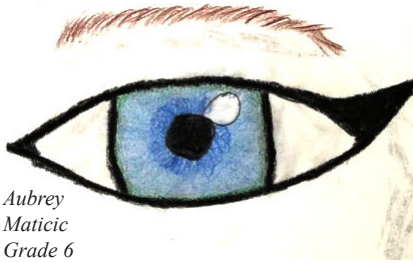
Sonya Dordoni
Grade 6



Olivia Stratton
Grade 6



Evan Solesha
Grade 6

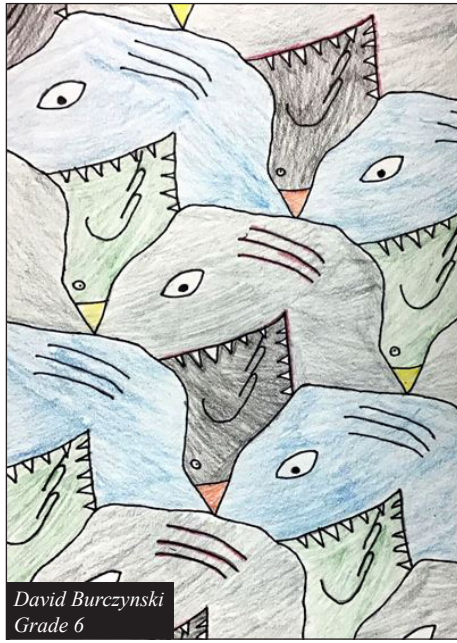


Aubrey Maticic
Grade 6

Niyati Sharma
Grade 6



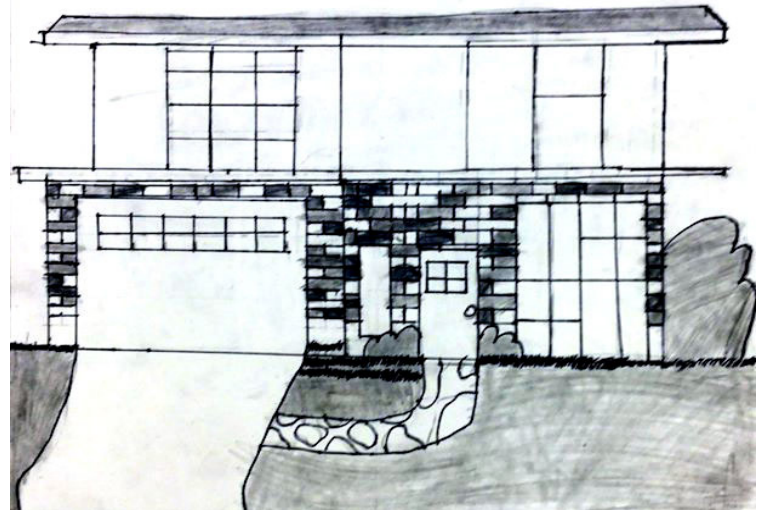
Emma VanDorn
Grade 6



David Burczynski
Grade 6



Julianna McAllister
Grade 6



Niyati Sharma Grade 6

A

Written by Alex Jayne
Grade 6

My GPA IS A Perfect 4.0,
even while taking advanced
courses.

100%

“Good Job” my mother will say,
and I smile of course.

A

I actually accomplished something.
Sure, it took late nights,
Breaksowns,
Stress.

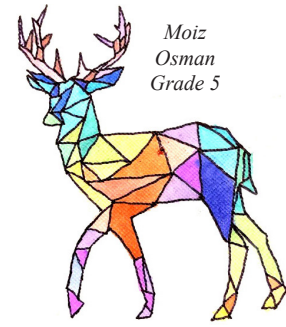
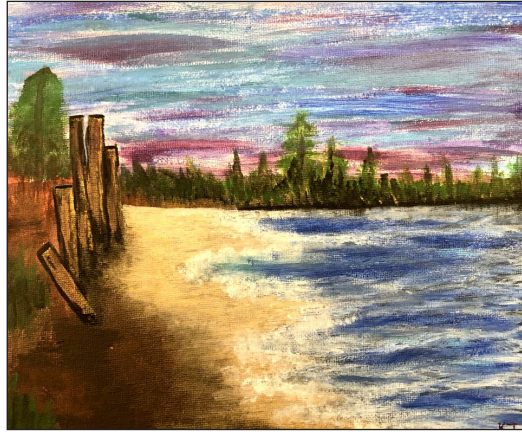
98%

It doesn't matter though, As long as my
Grades are perfect. Maybe everyone
Will start seeing me that way.
Perfect.

Sophie Puffer
Grade 6



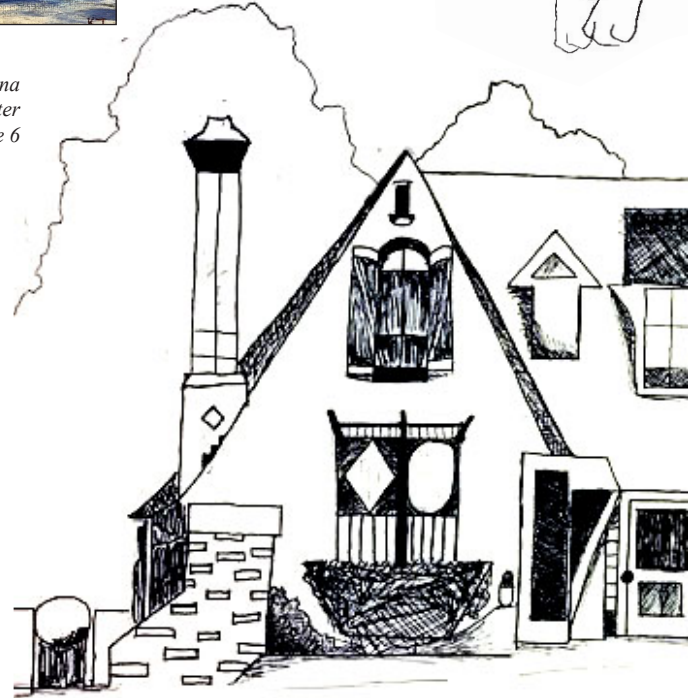
Alex Jayne Grade 6



Moiz
Osman
Grade 5



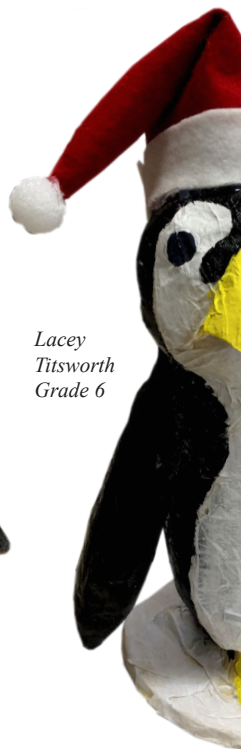
Julianna
McAllister
Grade 6

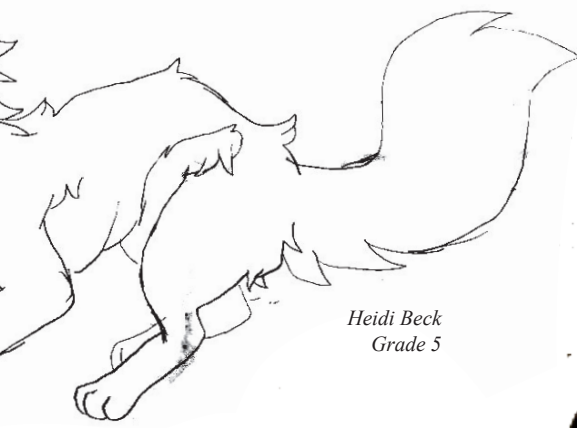


Suzie
Sydlansky
Grade 6

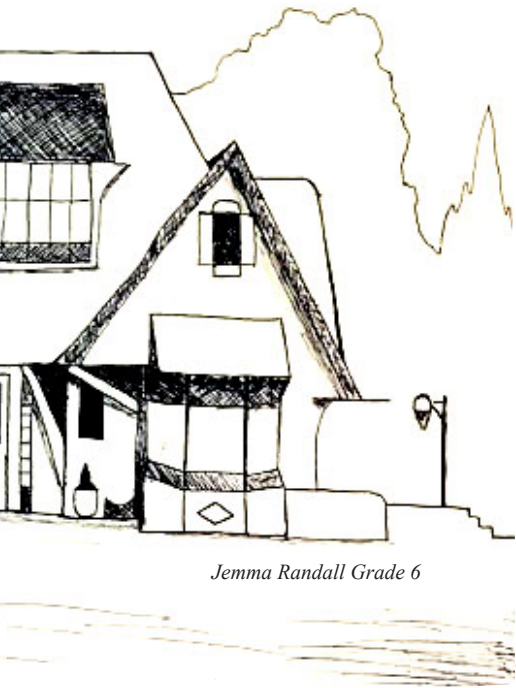


Lacey
Titsworth
Grade 6





Heidi Beck
Grade 5



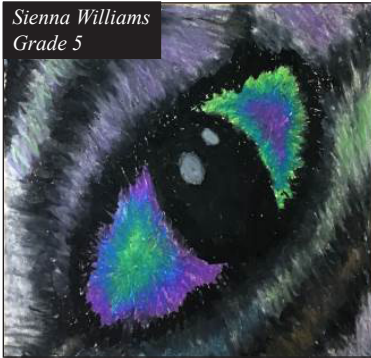
Jemma Randall Grade 6



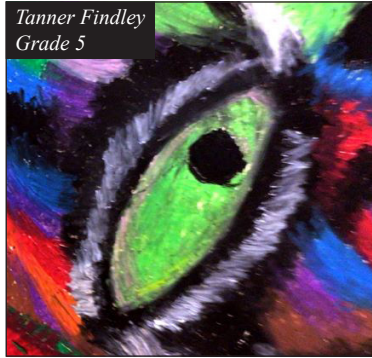
Peyton
Peterson
Grade 6



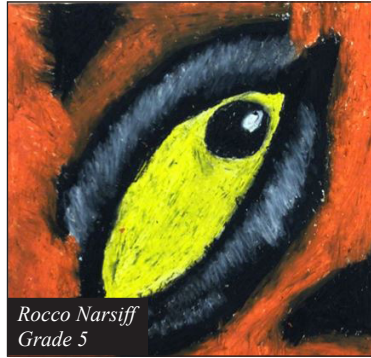
Kellen Berry
Grade 5



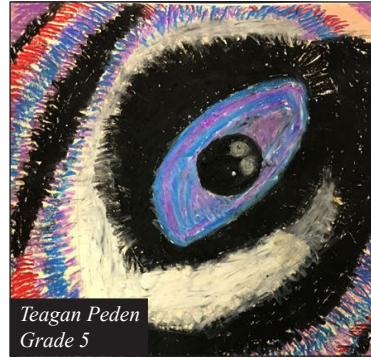
Sienna Williams
Grade 5



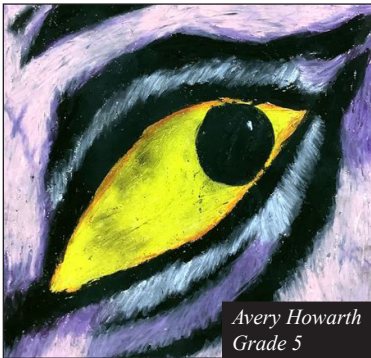
Tanner Findley
Grade 5



Rocco Narsiff
Grade 5



Teagan Peden
Grade 5



Avery Howarth
Grade 5



Makenna Figueroa
Grade 5



Graycee Collussy
Grade 5



Mylah Castellano
Grade 5

Artist Spotlight

Claire Ruffer
Grade 6

What is your favorite art medium to work with?

I love to use alcohol-based markers, as well as watercolor paints and pencil.

Why do you love to create art?

During quarantine, I had nothing to do and I developed an obsession watching YouTube art videos. It was something I could do and be proud of when I was stuck at home.

What is your favorite thing to draw?

I enjoy drawing people and making original characters. I use these as characters for stories I write.





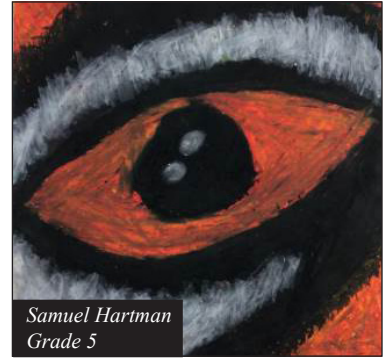
Kennedy Harer
Grade 5



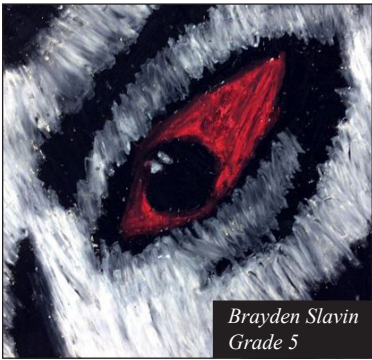
Tristan Bates
Grade 5



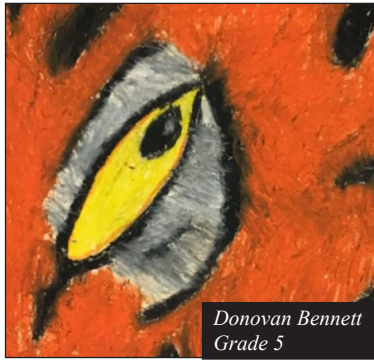
Laken Corsi
Grade 5



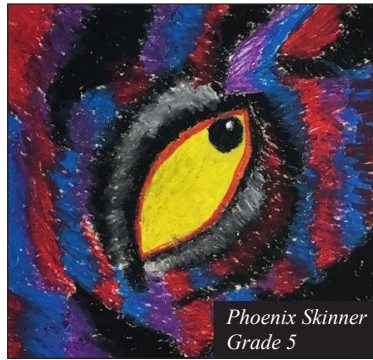
Samuel Hartman
Grade 5



Brayden Slavin
Grade 5



Donovan Bennett
Grade 5



Phoenix Skinner
Grade 5



Reese O'Herron
Grade 5





Madison Bancroft Grade 6



Annabelle Francisco Grade 6



Jameson Grover Grade 6



Gabrielle Harris Grade 6



Cassidy Johnson Grade 6



Ellie Jankowski Grade 6



Niyati Sharma Grade 6



Leah Johnson Grade 6



Lee Updyke Grade 6



Aiden Hulslander Grade 6



Lilianna Mata Grade 6

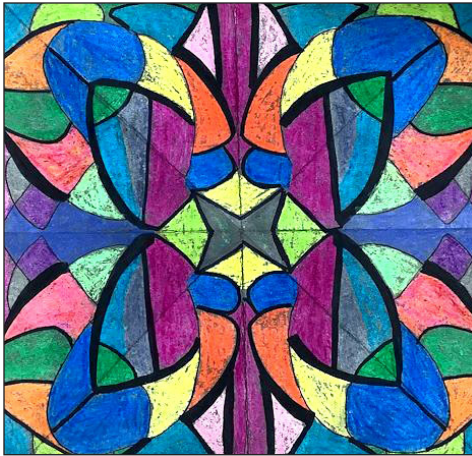


Ryan Tineo Grade 6



Presley Mattison Grade 6

Mylah Castellano Grade 5



Meghan Cleary Grade 5



Mackenzii Creighton Grade 5



Logan Earl Grade 5



Gabriella Matteson Grade 5



Nicholas Seymour Grade 5



Artist Spotlight

Jeff Cain Grade 5

What is your favorite material to work in?

I think painting with watercolor is interesting but I mostly enjoy sketching with pencil and inking.

Why do you love to create art?

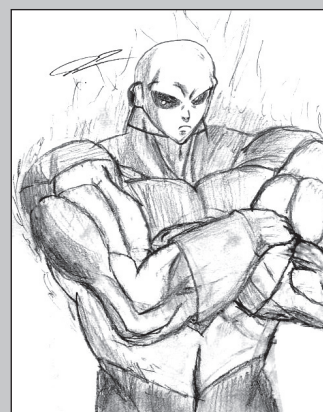
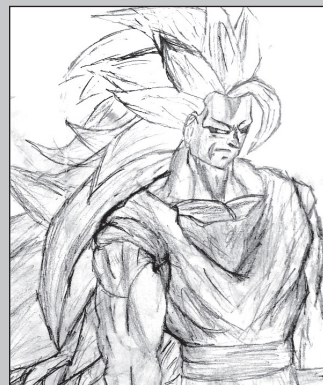
I enjoy making art because seeing the finished product is very satisfying.

I also think that creating new drawings is fun.

What is your favorite thing to draw?

Personally, I like drawing large and muscular characters from Dragonball Z. Broly is my favorite character and he can be very difficult to draw.

I think the challenge is fun.



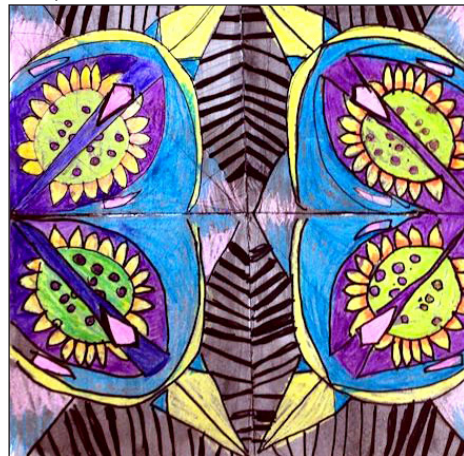
Hannah Sydlansky Grade 5



Trace Woodward Grade 5



Sidney VanOrder Grade 5



Sophia Wetherbee Grade 5



Connor Miele Grade 5



Hannah Rohr Grade 5



Rose Desruisseaux Grade 6



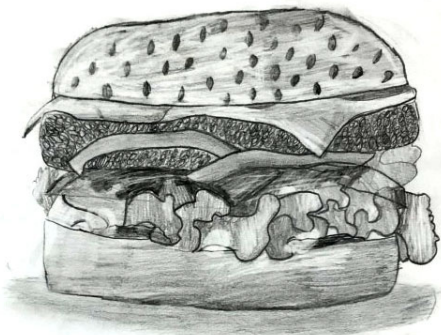
Lillyana
Amberg-Matzke
Grade 5



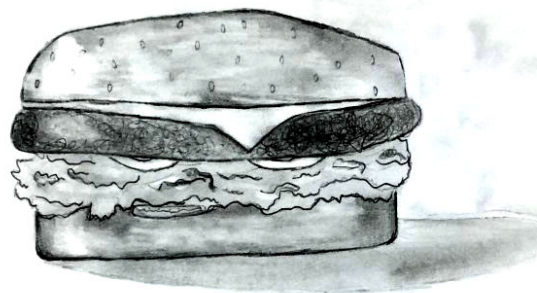
Lucille Mosher
Grade 5



Amila
Denicola
Grade 5



Lacey Titsworth Grade 6



Suzie Sydlansky Grade 6



Niya Sharma Grade 6

Artist Spotlight

Hannah Sydlansky (Grade 5), Jack Sydlansky (Grade 6), & Suzie Sydlansky (Grade 5)

Would You Rather...?

...Create Art Using Pencil or Paint?

Hannah: Pencil.

Suzie: Paint for Sure!

Jack: Pencil. I'm bad with paint.

...Draw People or Animals?

Hannah: People.

Suzie: Animals. They are more fun to draw.

Jack: Animals. My Snoop Dogg drawing looks more like a Snoop Cat.

...Have Paint All over Your Clothes or Clay In Your Hair?

Hannah: Paint all over my clothes.

Suzie: Clay in my hair. I can wash it out and it won't stain.

Jack: Paint all over my clothes. Clay never comes out.

...Have Glasses Drawn on Your Face In Sharpie or Have an Oil Pastel Mustache?

Hannah: Oil pastel mustache. I can just wash it off.

Suzie: Oil pastel mustache.

Jack: Oil pastel mustache. It's way funnier.

...Peel Dried Glue Off Your Head or Clean the Art Room Sinks?

Hannah: Clean the dirty sinks.

Suzie: Peel dried glue off my head. Sinks are gross!

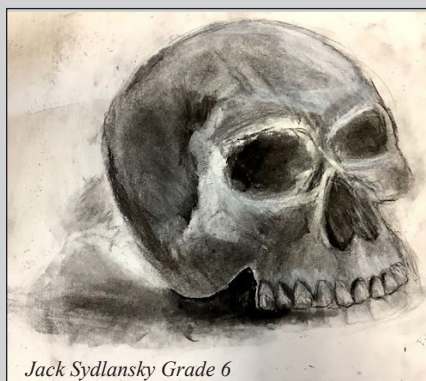
Jack: Peel dried glue off my head.

BONUS: Why Do You Love Art?

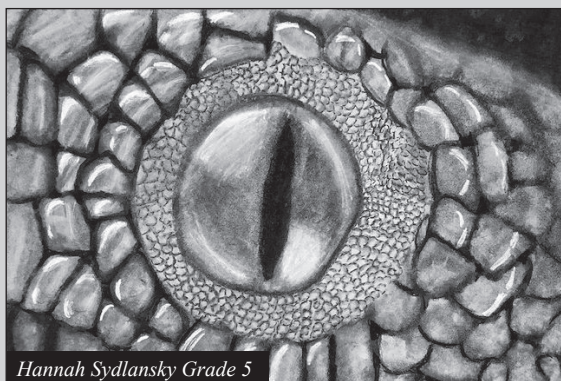
Hannah: I can always learn something new in art.

Suzie: Art is fun and makes me calm.

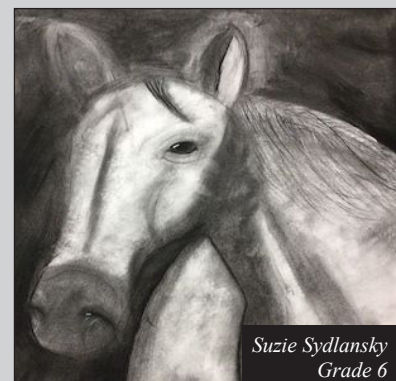
Jack: I love to create art because it is a challenge and super fun!



Jack Sydlansky Grade 6



Hannah Sydlansky Grade 5



Suzie Sydlansky Grade 6



Peyton Peterson Grade 6



Marcus Pacheco Grade 6



Cassidy Johnson Grade 6



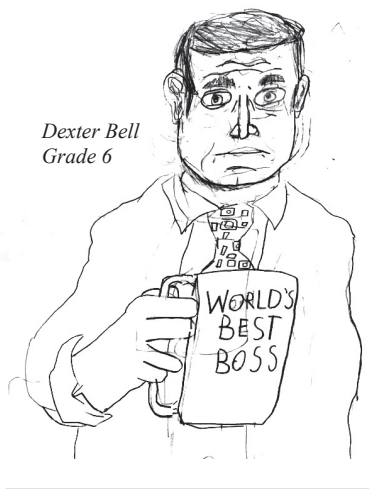
Ellie Jankowski Grade 6



Amelia Reed Grade 6



Jemma Randall Grade 6



Dexter Bell Grade 6



Meghan Young Grade 6



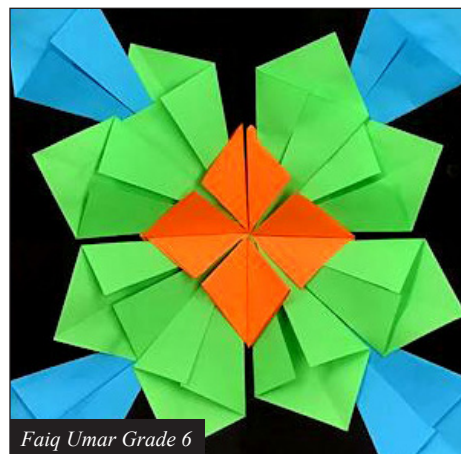
Zachary Robert Grade 5

Tessa Dunn Grade 5

Needle and a Thread, and Look for a Friend

Written by Kurtis Kohler Grade 5

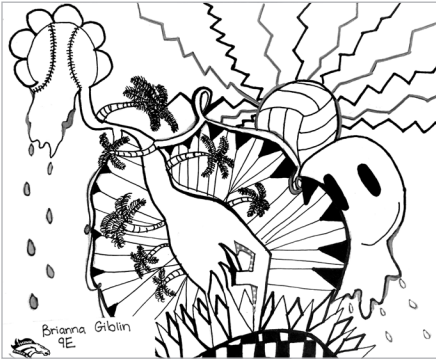
Little Ozmo, when someone's in trouble, a hand he would lend. But the people, they won't be his friend, for they were scared of his needle and thread. Ozmo might be scary with his needle and thread, but all he longed for, was a friend.



Faiq Umar Grade 6

MIDDLE SCHOOL

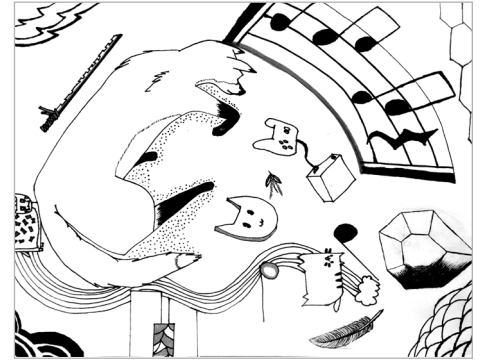
Grade 7 & 8



Brianna Giblin Grade 8



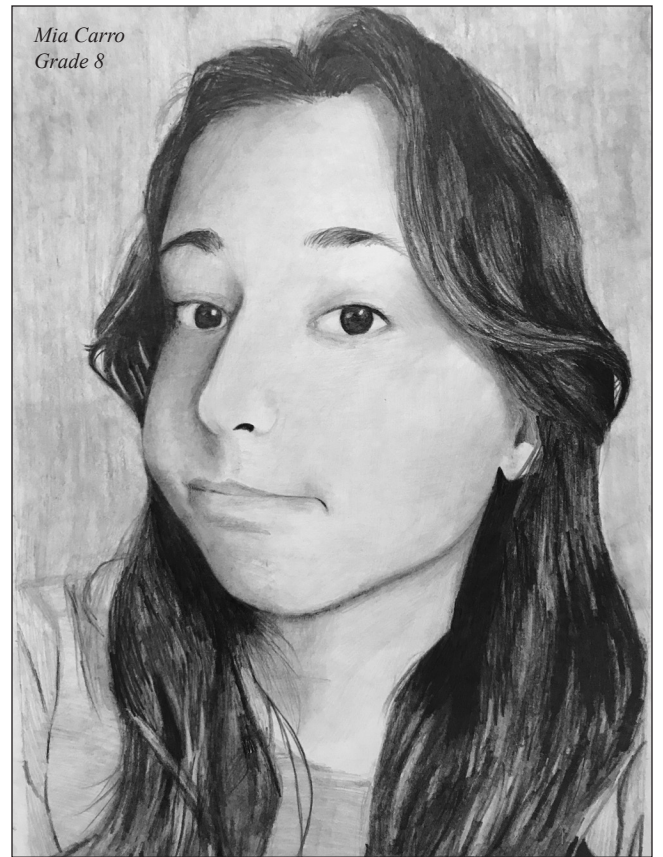
Charlie Bourgeois Grade 8



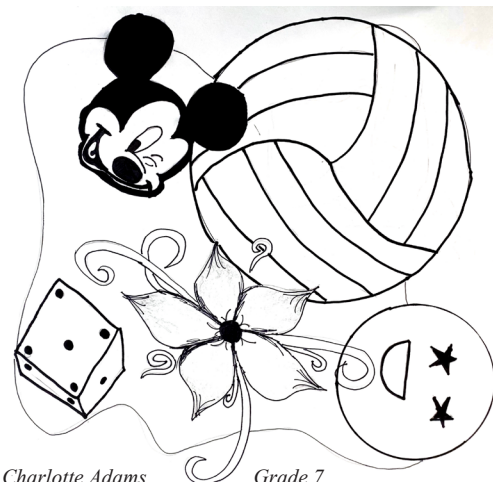
Erica Bancroft Grade 8



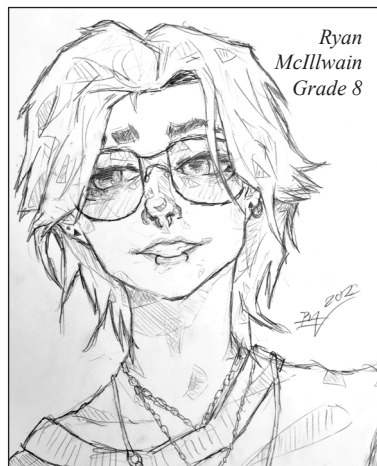
Briley Beach
Grade 8



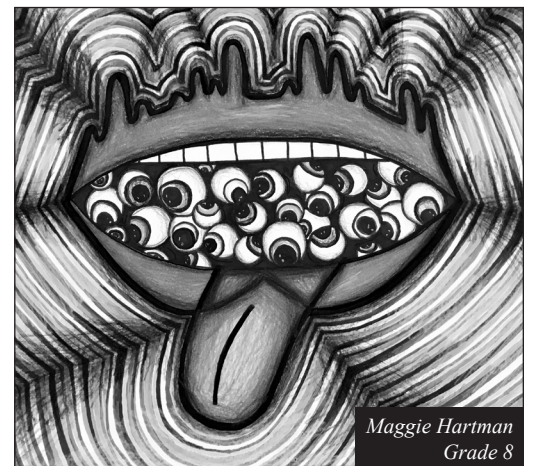
Mia Carro
Grade 8



Charlotte Adams
Grade 7



Ryan
McIlwain
Grade 8



Maggie Hartman
Grade 8

High Jumping

*Written by Alexis Borek
Grade 8*

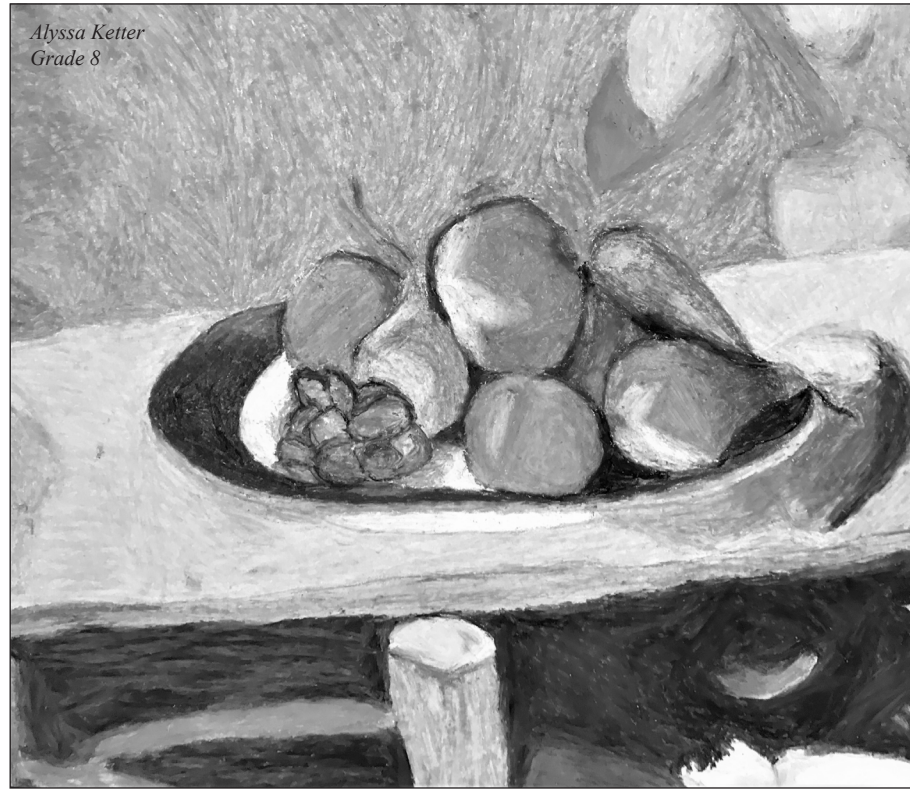
Setting up my marks,
Hoping not to do remarks.
Ready to bend my back.
Let's hope not to hear a crack!

Having my goal in mind,
I'm anxious I need to unwind!
But I've run out of time,
I hear my name like a chime.

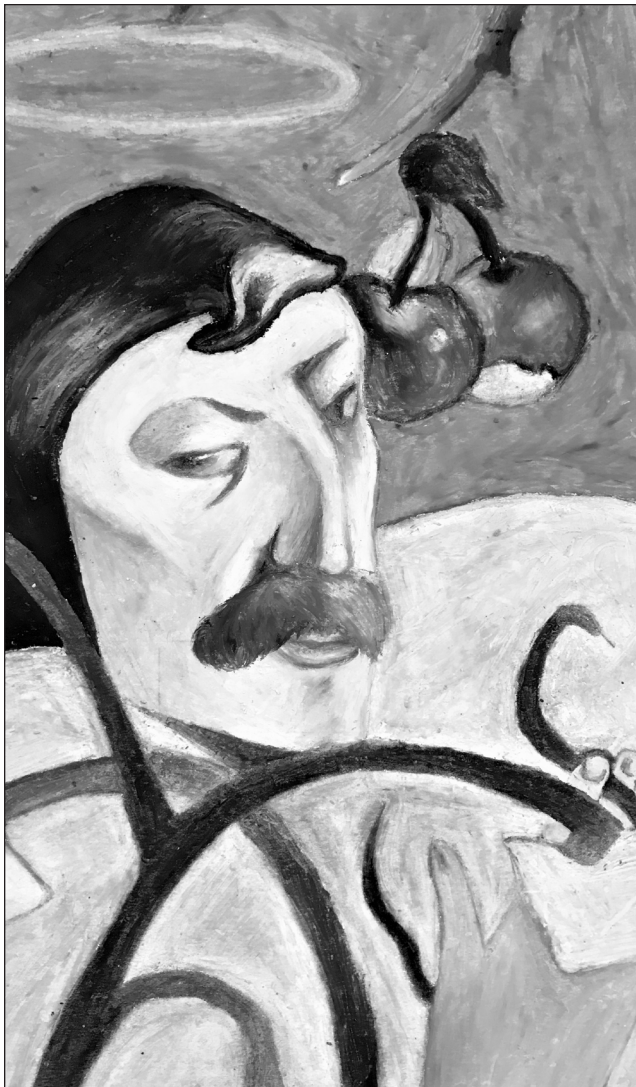
I get to my mark, and I start.
Have to go high like a shooting star.
I pickup speed and I go low,
Swinging my arms cause it's a high jump law.

Then I turn my back and I bend.
I didn't hit the bar I got to the end.
Got a brush burn on my shoulder.
I swear it's the size of a big boulder!

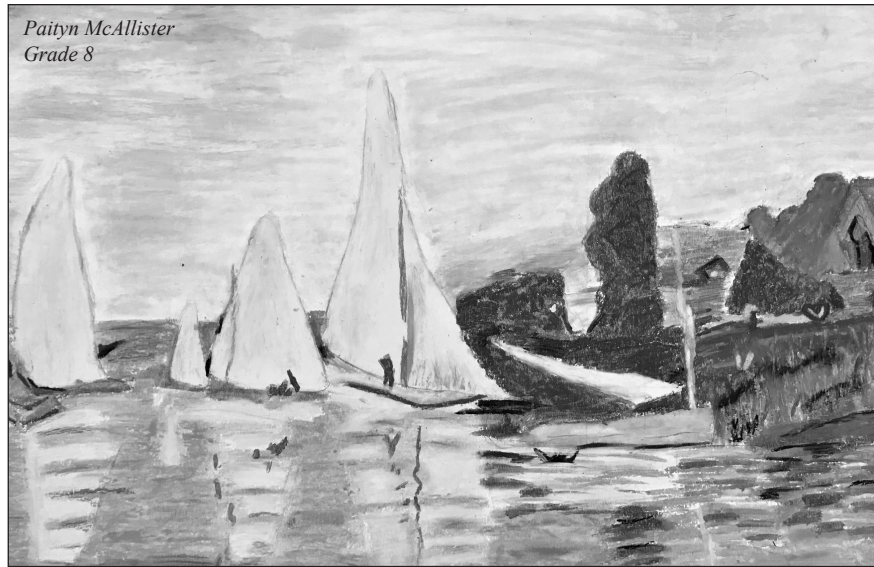
4 feet I went over now I watch as the bar goes higher.
4 feet 8 inches is at least what I at least dream to acquire.
I have 3 tries for each height at least I might have a shot!
I'll try my best but at the end we will see how well I plot!



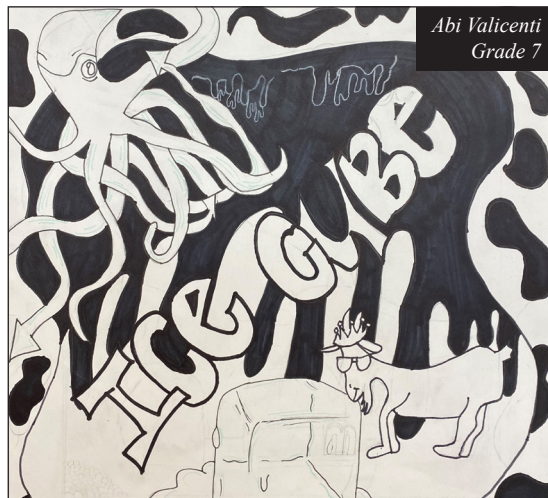
*Alyssa Ketter
Grade 8*



Jynx Crumb Grade 8



*Paityn McAllister
Grade 8*



*Abi Valicenti
Grade 7*

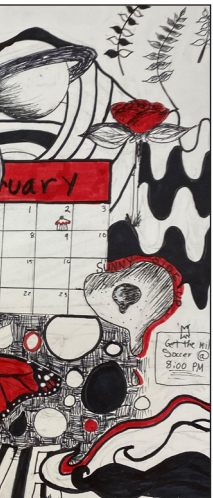
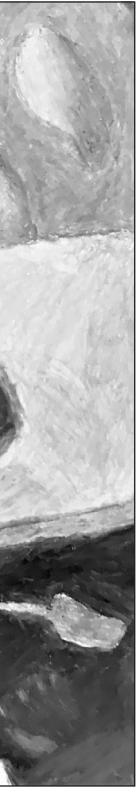
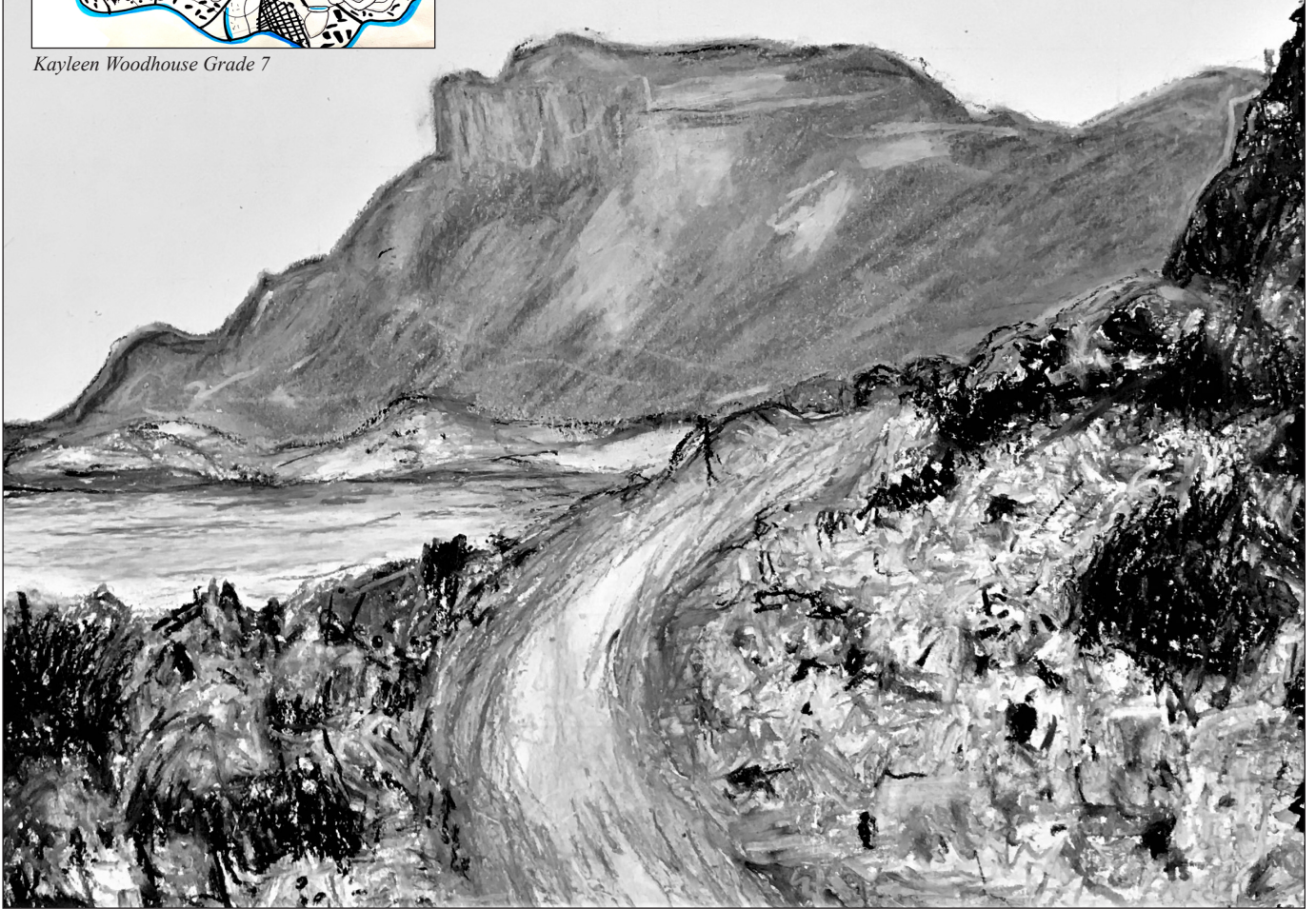


*Ava Nicholas
Grade 7*

Maggie Hartman
Grade 8



Kayleen Woodhouse Grade 7



Caroline Wilcox
Grade 7



Elena
Chiltom Molina
Grade 7

Music Lesson

*Written by Breanna Van Garden
Grade 8*

*Joanna Benjamin
Grade 7*

Today I have a music lesson.
It's at my music teacher's house.
She answers the door so I can come in,
Inside it's as quiet as a mouse.

First, we are going to be practicing scales.
Then we'll play a different more complex
song.

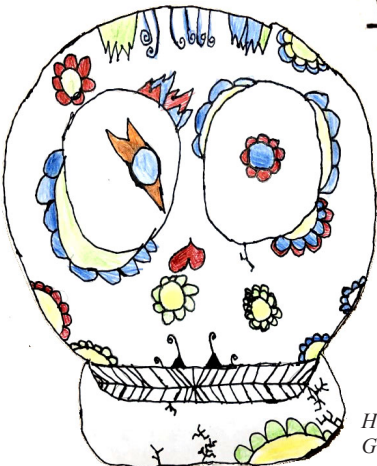
The girl before me was sounding quite nice.
To sound that good I'll have to play for aw-
fully long.

My lesson is only 30 minutes.
But it feels like it's going to last forever.
At least I'll get to have dinner after this.
That might save me from this big
endeavor.

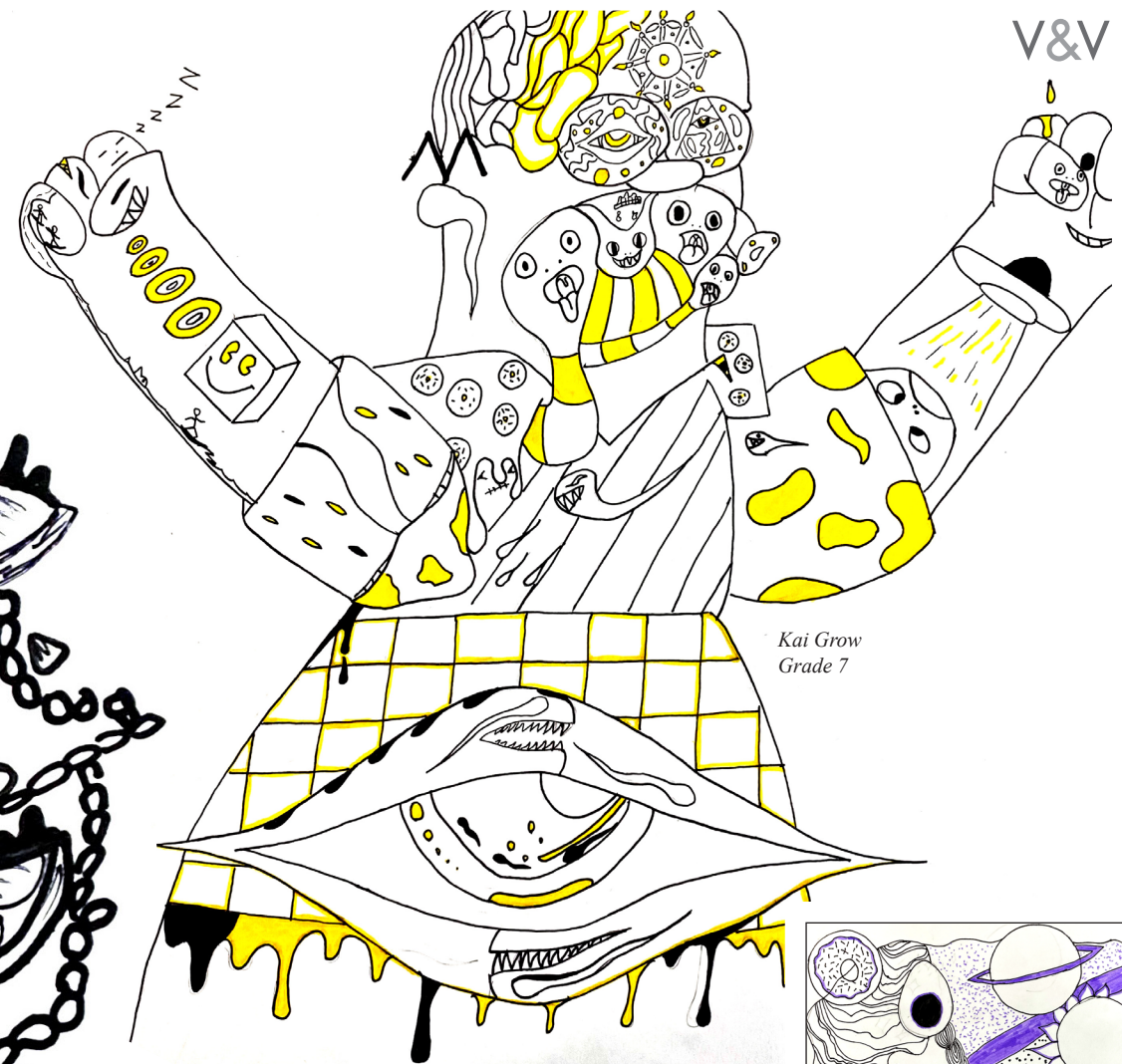
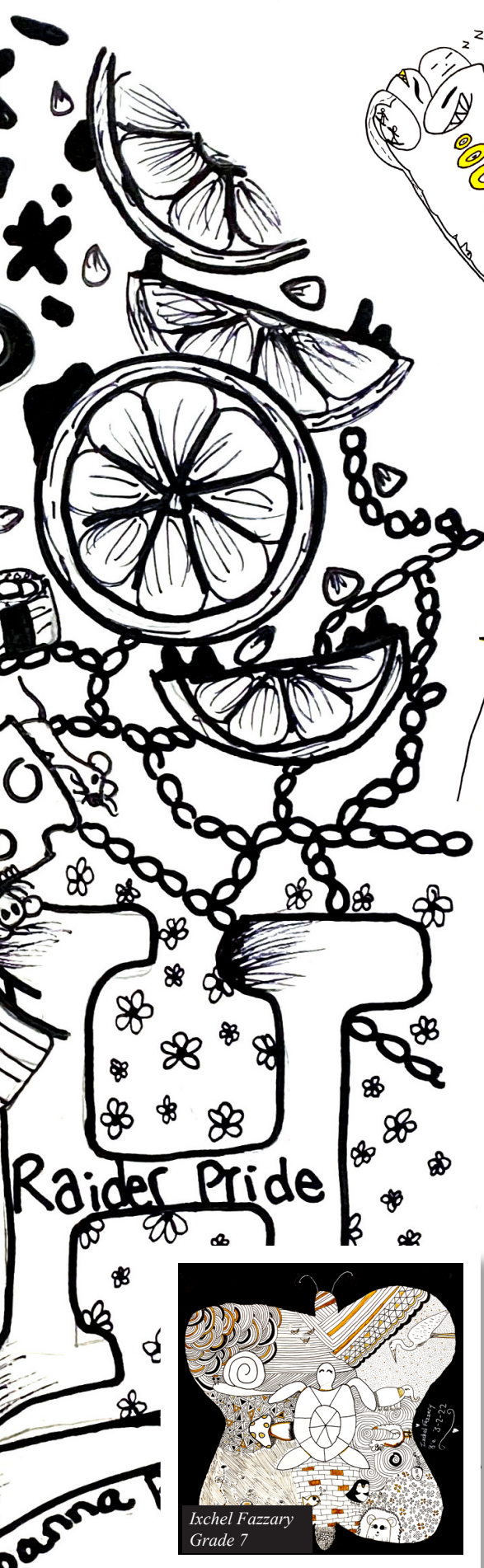
But wait! What's that? There's
knocking at the door.
There's someone else here but
it's already night!
Could it be a person who has
a lesson too?
When the door opened, shone in
the eerie light.

A girl walked in; hey I've seen
you earlier!
She put her stuff down
and prepared to play.
We're going to play duets!
Ohh boy what fun!
We love duets, we love
playing this way.

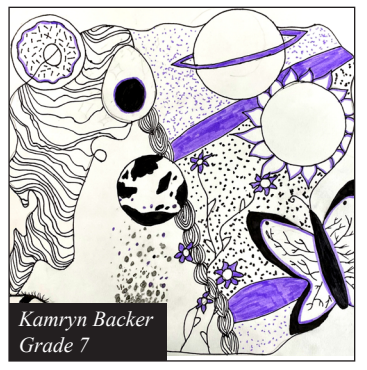
It's good practice to play
with other people.
You only advance when
you practice all the time.
Soon I'll have to leave;
it's getting late now.
I bid them farewell as
the doorbell starts
to chime...



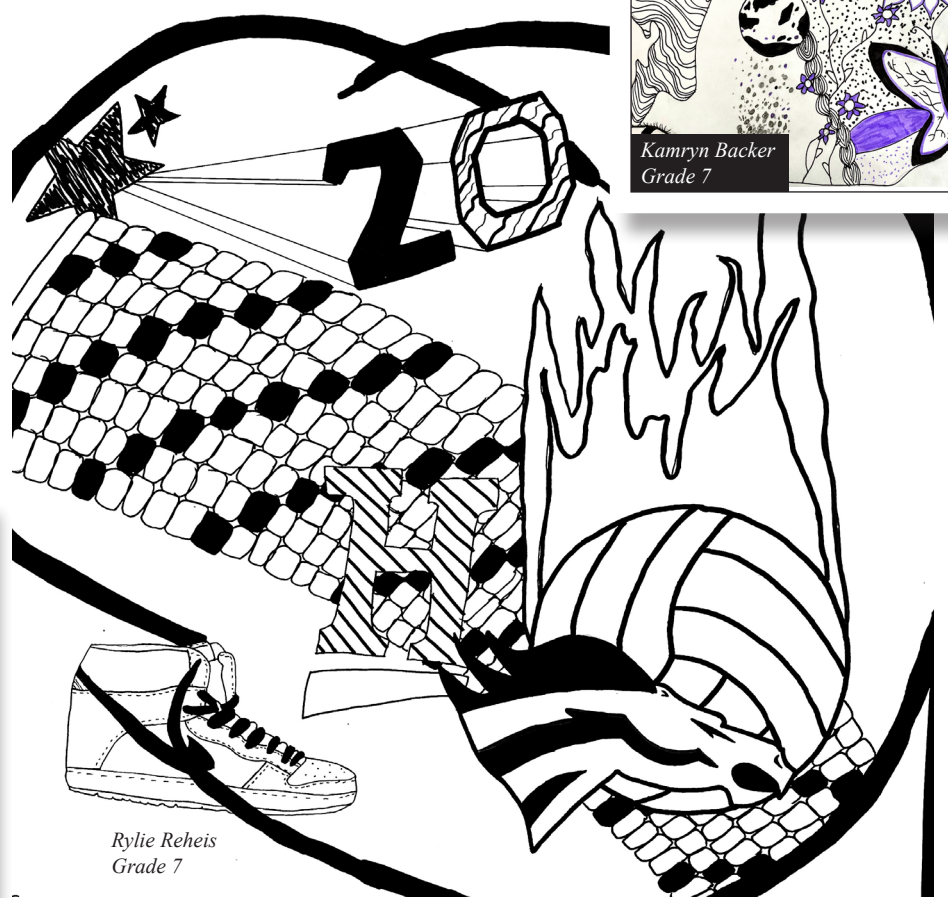
*Hailey Cleveland
Grade 7*



Kai Grow
Grade 7



Kamryn Backer
Grade 7



Rylie Reheis
Grade 7



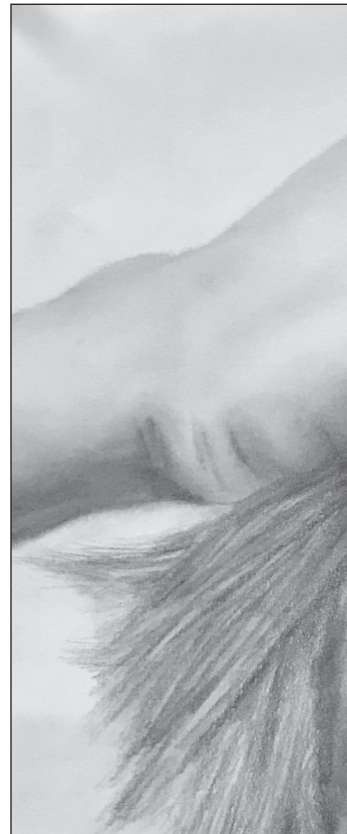
Ischel Fazzary
Grade 7



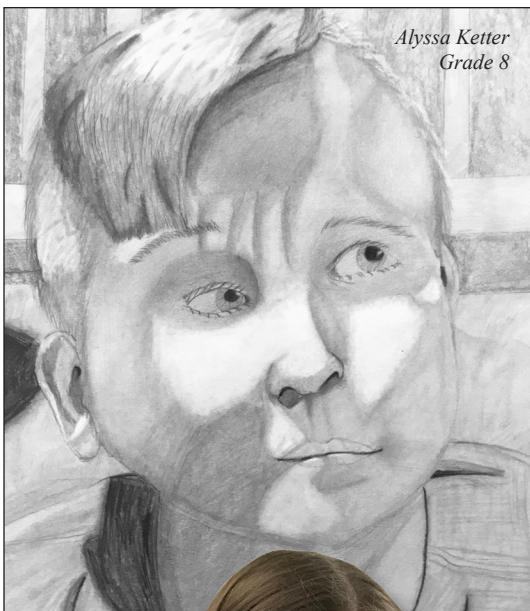
Alyssa Ketter
Grade 8



Garren
Harer
Grade 8



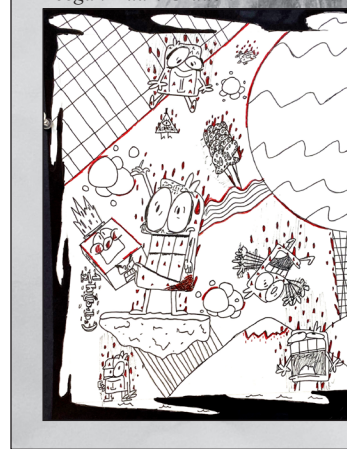
Keegan Duart Grade 7



Alyssa Ketter
Grade 8



Andrea Benjamin
Grade 8



Artist Spotlight

*Breanna Van Gorden
Grade 8*

Who is your favorite artist?

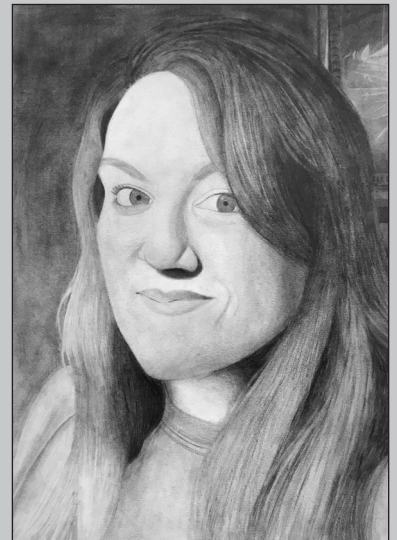
Vincent Van Gogh

What is your favorite medium to work in?

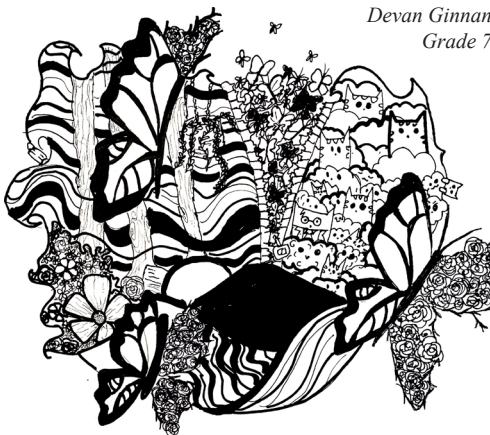
Pencil and pastel. I love the colors and layering to pastels. I love making pencil drawings because there's so many ways to use pencils, like shading and crosshatching.

What is your favorite thing to draw?

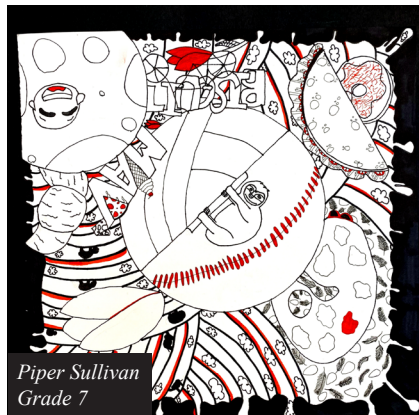
Anything realistic, like animals or people.



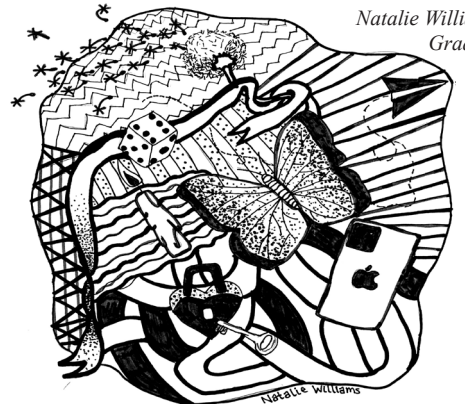
Raine Buhian
Grade 7



Devan Ginnan
Grade 7



Piper Sullivan
Grade 7

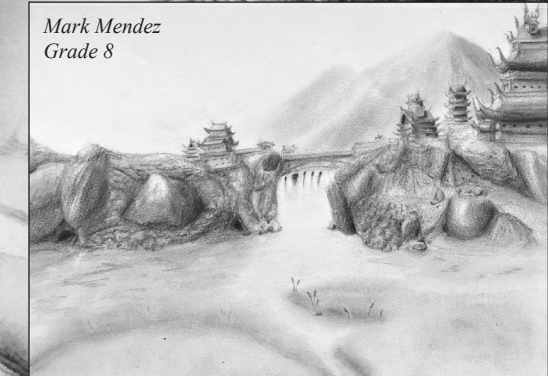


Natalie Williams
Grade 7

Sadie Gustin
Grade 8



Mark Mendez
Grade 8





Amy Lugo Ballester
Grade 8



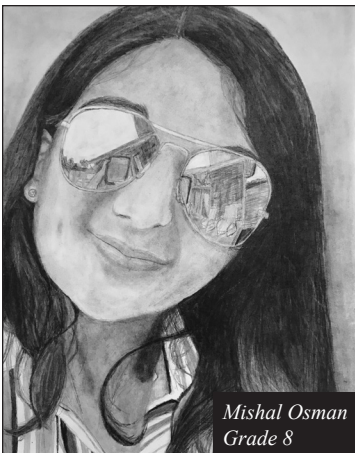
Kassidy
McCracken
Grade 8



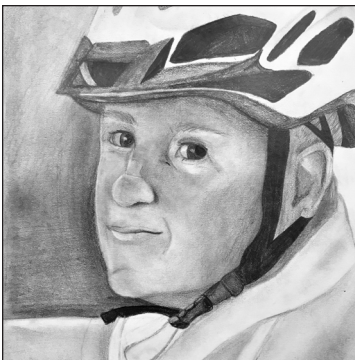
Ryan
McIlwain
Grade 8



Mark Mendex
Grade 8



Mishal Osman
Grade 8



Miley Darmstadt Grade 8

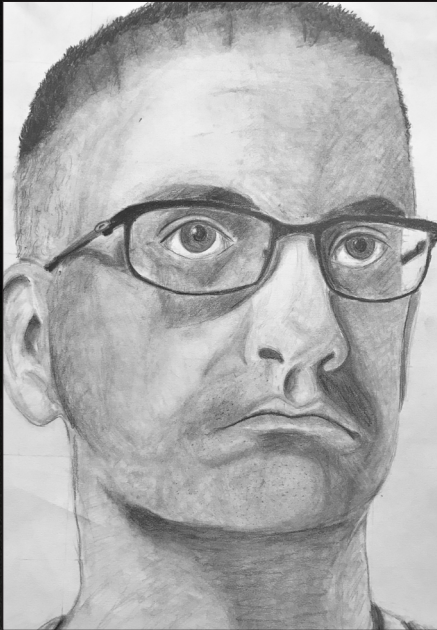


Sophia Christmas
Grade 8



Ryan McIlwain
Grade 8

Mishal Osman
Grade 8



Kassidy McCracken Grade 8

*Jynx Crum
Grade 8*



The Story of Mono and Six

*Written by Eli Ames
Grade 7*

Chapter 1

It was an ordinary day. A kid named Mono had a normal life until he went to sleep one night. He woke up in a forest next to a tv. He wandered off into the forest to find a house. There were old, rusted traps outside of it. Mono soon went into the house and came across a young girl about his age trapped in a room. She was playing with a music box and her name was Six. She was a normal girl but with a dark past. They start to go on an adventure until they stumble across a horrifying monster known as the The Hunter. He chased them down into a shed where Mono and Six trapped the Hunter and he was stuck there forever.

Chapter 2

Six and Mono find a long river. They use a door that was from a destroyed house to sail across the river. Then Mono and Six found a city. The buildings tilted and looked like they were about to fall. They found a school and they entered the school hoping to find others just like them but all they found were more monsters. One of them was a teacher that could extend her neck to 300ft long (creepy), and she chases

Mono and Six into a vent. They run through a library and Six gets taken. Mono found a secret room with a key, so he took the key, found a door, and opened it to find Six tied to a chair, so he untied her, and they ran and escaped the horrifying schoolteacher.

Chapter 3

Mono and Six then stumbled across an abandoned hospital. Inside was another horrifying monster called the Doctor. He crawled along the ceiling to move, and it scared Six and Mono. They had to hide under beds and find keys to unlock a lot of doors and they found mannequins that move in the dark but cannot in the light. Mono had to venture off alone and Six had to stay behind and guard the entrances so that no monster leaves or enters. Mono had to fight all the mannequins to find a key for the elevator and then he got Six. Then Mono and Six escaped the abandoned hospital and ran as far into the city as they both could. They found a yellow raincoat that Six put on and they continued but what Mono did not know is that the yellow raincoat changed her and reminded her of her old ways from "Little Nightmares II."

Chapter 4

Then Mono and Six ventured off through abandoned hotels, houses, and buildings. A new monster chased them into an old kid's room. Mono hid under the bed and Six got caught by the monster. It took her into a tall

tower. At the very top of the tower, Mono was chased by the monster until Mono stopped and then noticed he had powers. He used them to defeat the monster and then Mono scaled the tower to look for Six.

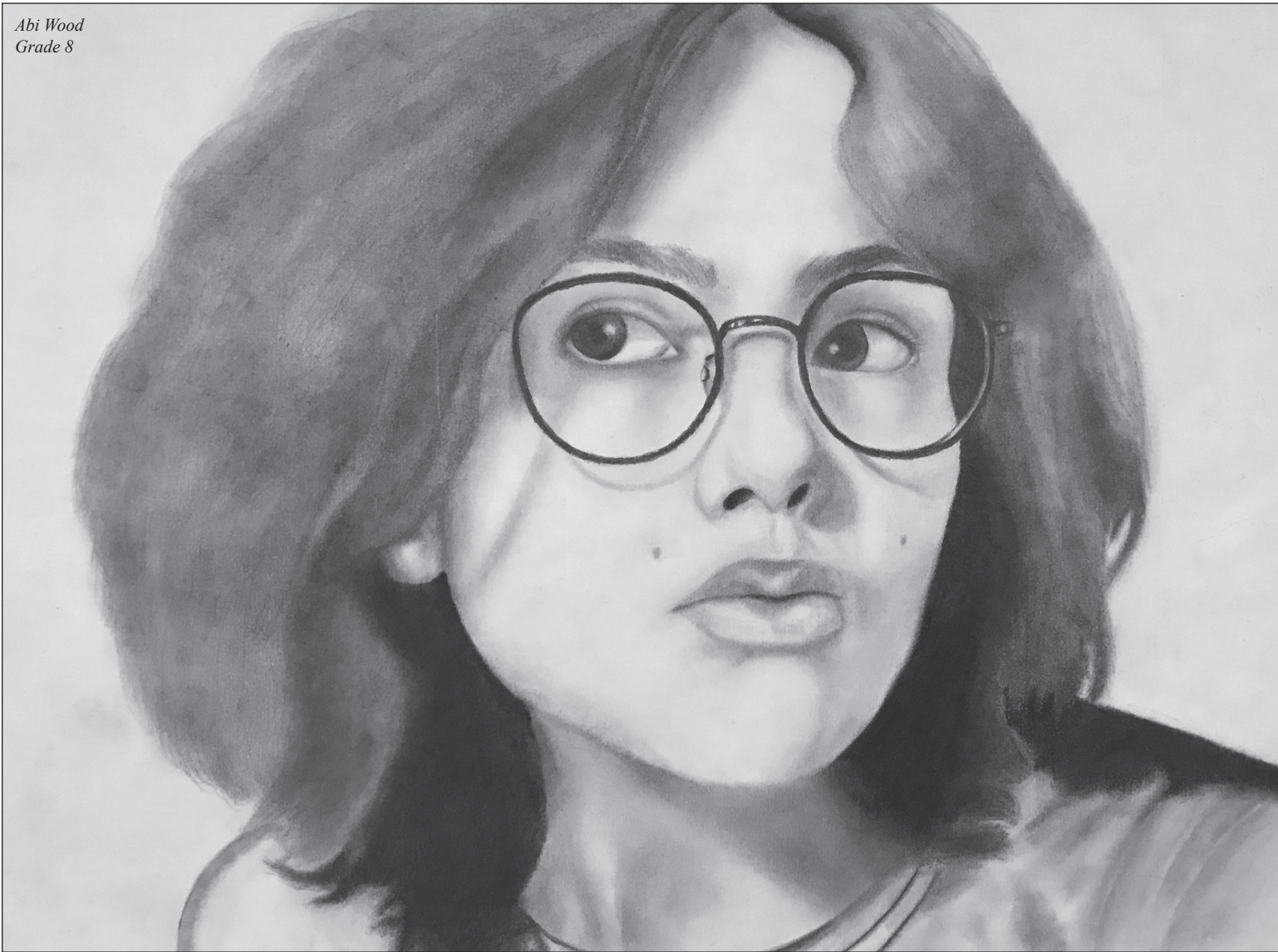
Chapter 5

Mono then found Six but she was a tall monster herself. To defeat her he had to destroy her music box. He used a hammer to do that. Then Six returned to her normal self and then they had to run because the tower was falling apart. Mono almost fell into a dark pit but Six saved him and caught him. She did not pull him up, instead she let go and dropped him into the pit. Six escaped but Mono did not but when Mono fell to the bottom of the pit, he did not die. He then just sat there and grew taller and thinner and then he realized the monster that was chasing him was HIMSELF.

Chapter 6

Yet of all the monsters Mono fought it still was not enough to get him home because there was one more monster. He had to fight. The monster had no name, but it had long arms, but short legs and the arms could grow up to 20ft long. Mono could not defeat it without Six. Yet Mono thought Six was gone. He did not know that Six was the last monster he had to fight. When Six dropped him into the pit that is when Mono lost the fight and was trapped forever.

Abi Wood
Grade 8



Time

Written by Evan Sedlak
Grade 8

What is it?
 Occasion, chance, opportunity
 That is what it is to everyone else
 But to me
 Time is a paradox
 An expression or revelation of inner or inherent contradiction
 Time is a contraption
 A beautiful yet disgusting contraption
 It cannot be slowed nor stopped
 Sometimes it feels as though there is too much of it
 Other times it feels as though there is never enough
 What makes time?
 What came before it if not time itself?
 How can anything or anyone make time
 If time itself is needed to make it?
 A paradox
 Time
 What is it?
 Occasion, chance, opportunity

Peighton
Ellison
Grade 12



HIGH SCHOOL

Grades 9-12



Erika Phillips
Grade 12



Brielle May
Grade 11



Luke Thomas Grade 12



Sophia Lotocky
Grade 12

Taylor Tremba
Grade 11



Moon Wind

Written by Haley Stone
Grade 10

The wind rushed against Lily's face. She sat sideways on her broom stick flying through the night. Gazing at the moon that was shining through the hole that the clouds have created. The warm wind hitting her face like she was a dog sticking her head out a car window. She took in a deep breath of air and could smell the cold freshness of fall. Orange, red, and yellow leaves glistened in the background of the beautiful night. She could see a couple stars playing peekaboo within the clouds. Lily stopped and sat in the middle of the air on her broom stick the moon and clouds above her and the field below her where she could see deer frolicking in the night with each other. She took in one last breath of the soothing night and decided it was time to head home. What a wonderful night.

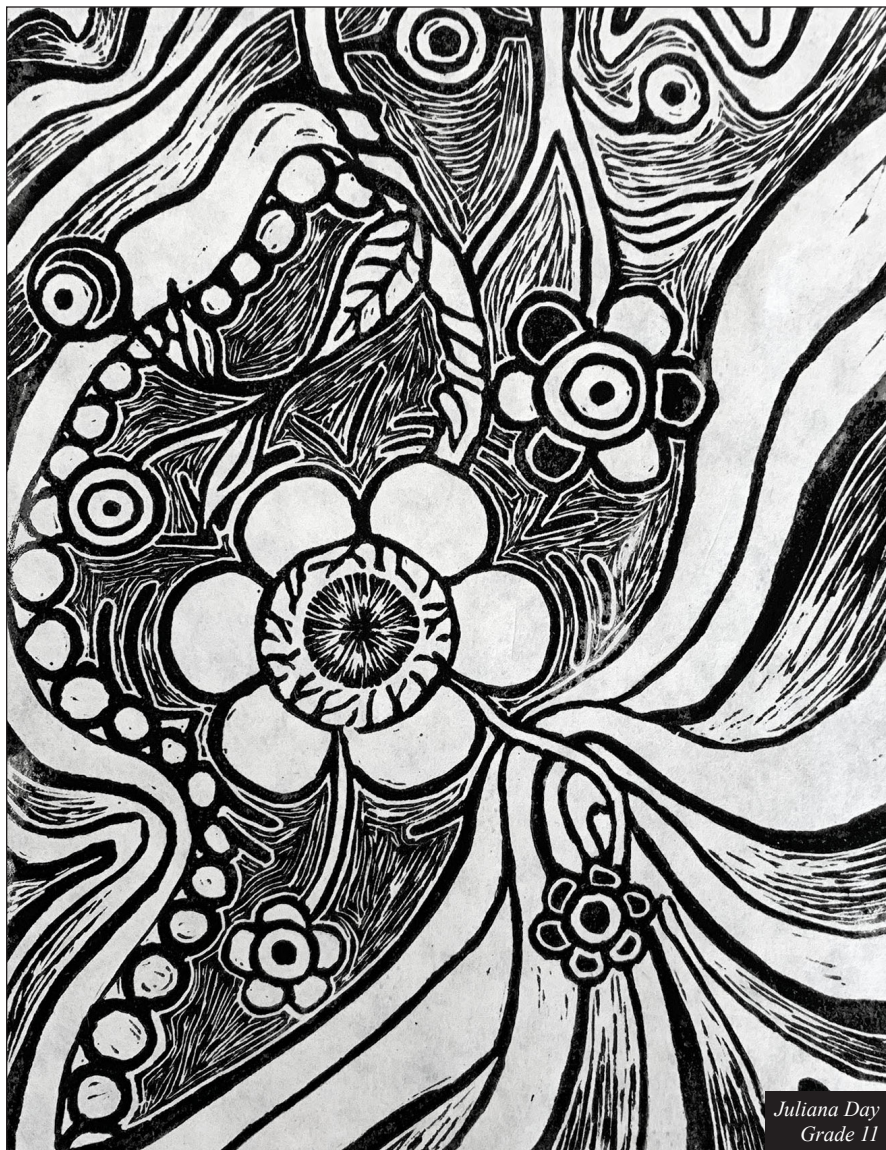
Madelyn Veres
Grade 12



Morgan Jones Grade 11



Will Aepelbacher Grade 12



Juliana Day
Grade 11

What Color Am I

Written by Allie Benton

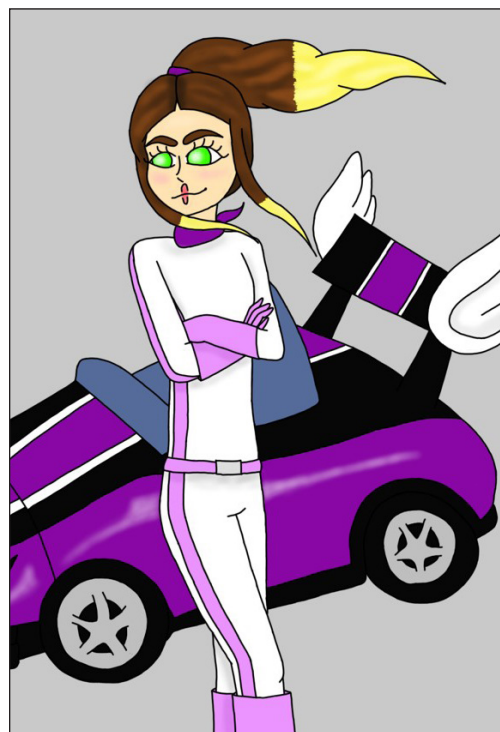
Grade 12

I am not the color yellow
 I don't radiate sunshine with my beaming smile
 Or fill people's chests with bubbling happiness
 I am not the color green
 For I am not as calm as a forest at dusk
 And I don't have a belly hungry for adventure
 I am not the color blue
 For my voice isn't melodic like a bird
 And I'm able to keep my sadness hidden deep beneath
 the layers of my skin
 I am the color red
 Not because of its association with confidence, or love
 For I know little of either
 But for the scarlet color of blood
 Which runs through all of us
 I am the connection
 I am the in-between

Sora Haan
Grade 12



Katie Morse Grade 11



Morgan Jones Grade 11



Jaide Kline
Grade 12

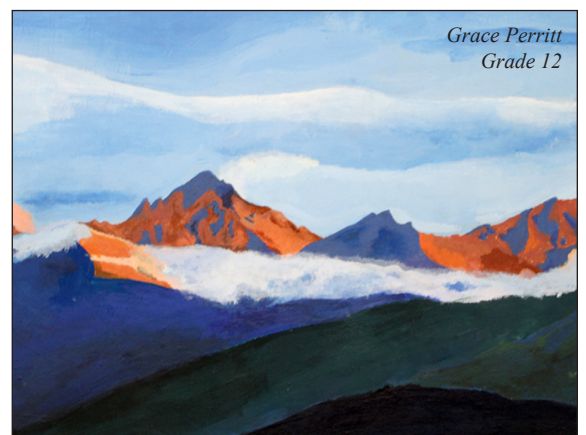
Scraped Knees

Written by Allie Benton
Grade 12

Chill October air had nothing on me
 For I was the birthday girl,
 Cold doesn't bother me
 My aunt and I were swinging at the playground
 Her vibrant purple laughter filling the air
 The blue squeaks of the swings interrupting our thoughts
 When I fell off, down I went
 My knees, oh how they bled
 And the pain turned my vision red

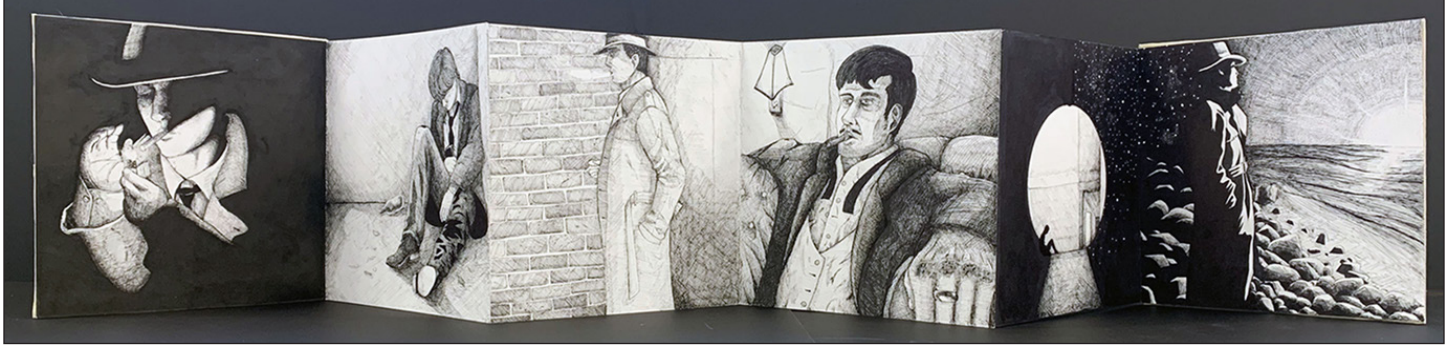


Jenessa Trumbull Grade 12



Grace Perritt
Grade 12

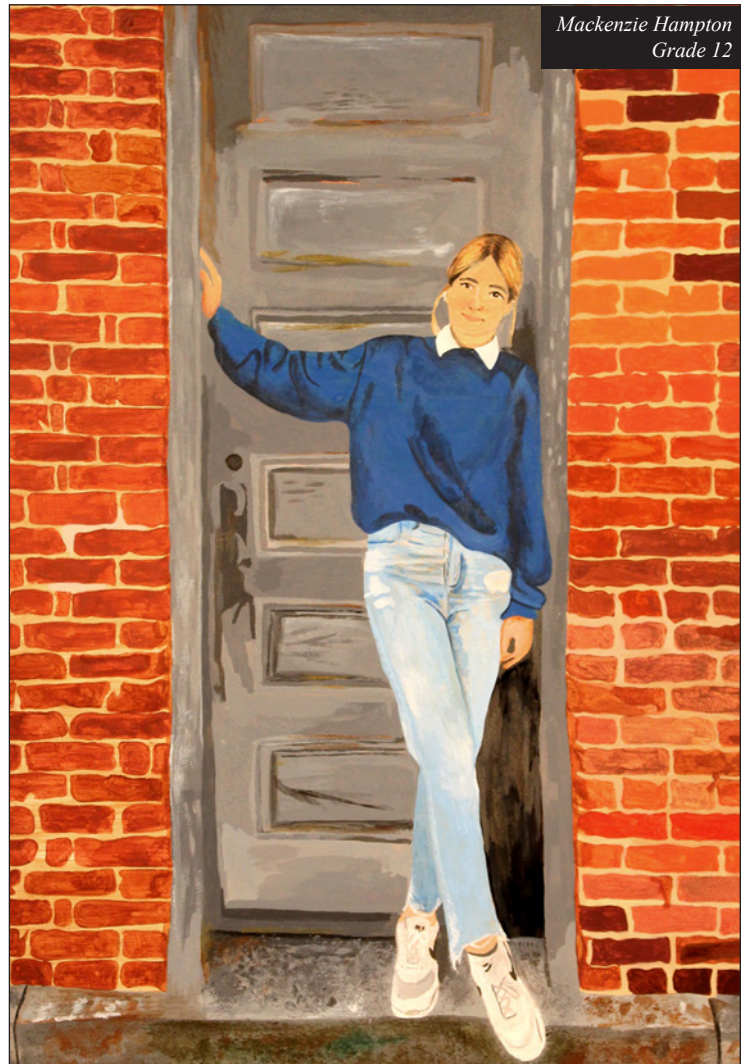
Emry Ardley Grade 12



Paige Licursi
Grade 12



Mackenzie Hampton
Grade 12



Isabella Paddock Grade 12



Delaney Bishop
Grade 11



Grace Kuhnel
Grade 12

Unified Sports: A Life Changing Experience

*Written by Palmer Benesh
Grade 12*

Basketball had always been a huge part of my life ever since I was little, and it had been my favorite sport up into high school. I was captain of the team my sophomore year, but the game was just not as fun as it once was. My sisters were both all-stars on the varsity team, and I felt I had to live up to their legacy. The pressure I put on myself was unhealthy: I felt as if I couldn't make mistakes, and that ruined the game I once loved. I finished my sophomore basketball season and had no fun at all. I did not see the purpose of playing anymore, and I was not getting any fulfillment or satisfaction from playing on the team. My Spanish teacher approached

me after my sophomore basketball season, asking if I had ever thought about playing Unified basketball. Unified Sports joins people with intellectual or physical disabilities (called Athletes), and people without disabilities (called Partners), on the same team. The main goal of Unified Sports is to build friendships, encourage inclusivity, and achieve a new level of understanding. I actually had thought about it before, but there was a rule that said I couldn't play Unified if I played basketball for the school. So, I finally decided it was time for me to quit and I believe it changed my life.

Quitting basketball was not easy. I received a lot of flack from the coaches and my friends who were on the team. It was not a popular or traditional decision, but it was the right one for me. Thankfully, my parents fully supported it, and I was excited to finally be able

to play Unified basketball my junior year.

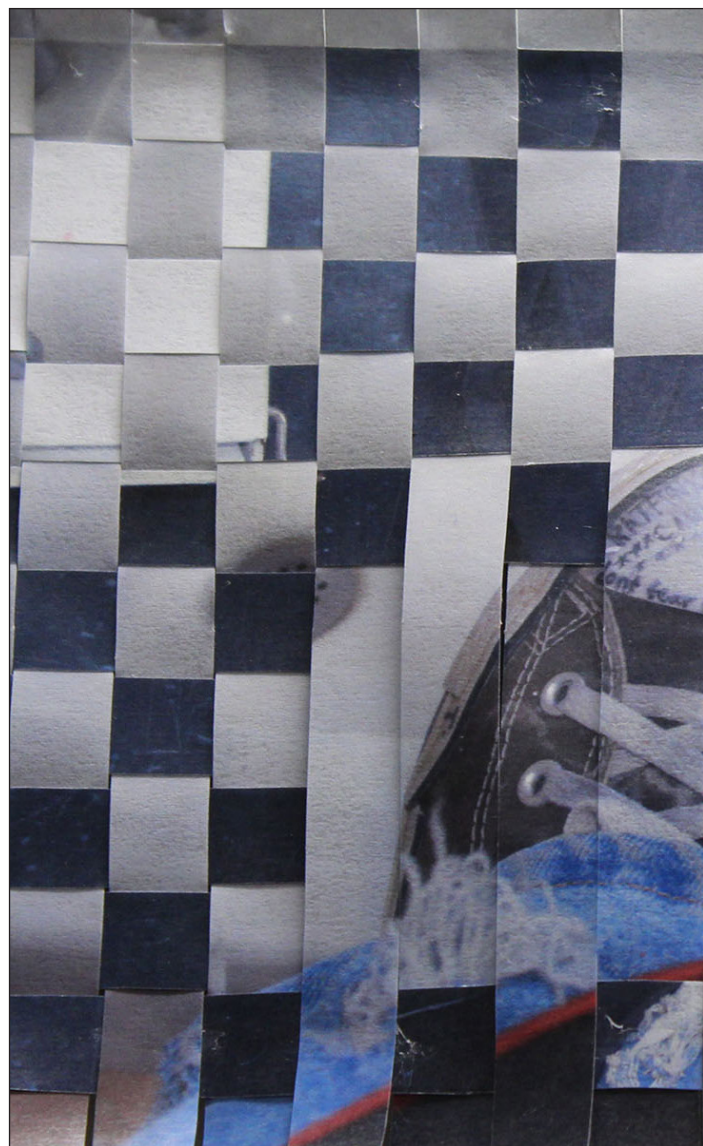
Walking into my first Unified practice, I did not know what to expect. I was nervous because I had never done anything like that before. I awkwardly introduced myself to a few of the Unified Athletes, but after the first day, it already seemed like we were becoming a family. We won a lot of games, but we also had the most fun I've ever had playing basketball. All the stress I used to feel melted away when I played with them. Seeing the Athletes score their first points of the season and then dance down the whole court with the biggest smiles on their faces are some of my favorite basketball memories. We even won the championship that year, but even if we had lost that game, I don't think it would have affected the team. They were just excited to be out there together.

Being on that team made me realize how grateful I was to experience the team aspect of sports, but it was the Athlete's first time being on a team. It was their first time they could wear a jersey that read "Horseheads" on the front. It was their first time they could go on a bus to an away game. And it was their first time they could say they were on a Varsity sports team. I was just fortunate enough to be able to experience that with them.

Unified sports changed my life, my outlook, and perspective. It opened my eyes to how much more there is to sports than winning and losing. Going to basketball practice used to feel like a chore to me but seeing this experience through their eyes made me realize not to take things for granted. The Athletes on the team thought that I was there to help them, but they do not know how much they have helped me.



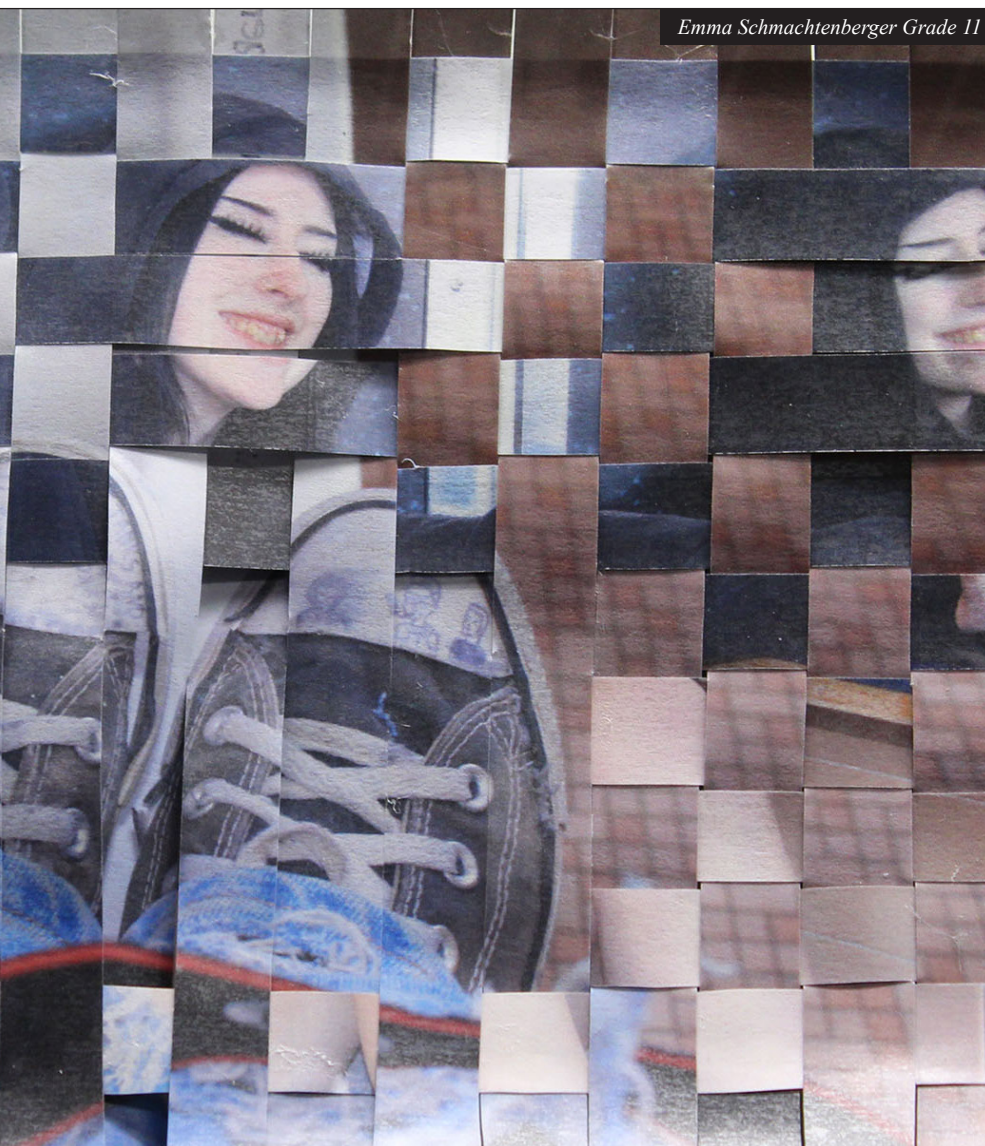
Mackenzie Wiehe Grade 12



Abi Hall Grade 12



Emma Schmachtenberger Grade 11



Grace Kuhnel Grade 12

I Found a Way

*Written by Kiran Gulati
Grade 9*

I take in the view
From eye to eye
I look up above
And see the dark sky

Think of a way,
A fix, or solution
Our Earth like a wasteland
From all this pollution

This dangerous problem
It is a savage
Take care of it before
It's too much to manage

Then, in an instant,
An idea in mind
I take to the books
Answers, to find

Away with the cars
It's just a start
To make this place better
We all have a part

I think of more ways
Ways to save Earth
Everyone should know
This planet has worth

Atmosphere full
All CO2
I'll tell everyone
Just what to do

I think to myself
In my thoughts, I dwell
With everyone's help
This might go well

I speak with the leaders
People in charge
This plan must go global
It needs to be large

Call in the news
Get all the attention
Let all of them know
I have quite good intentions

Tell them the project
With hope in my mind
We'll do this for us
And all of mankind

"Let's fix this planet
Make the skies blue!
We can do this
It's all up to you"

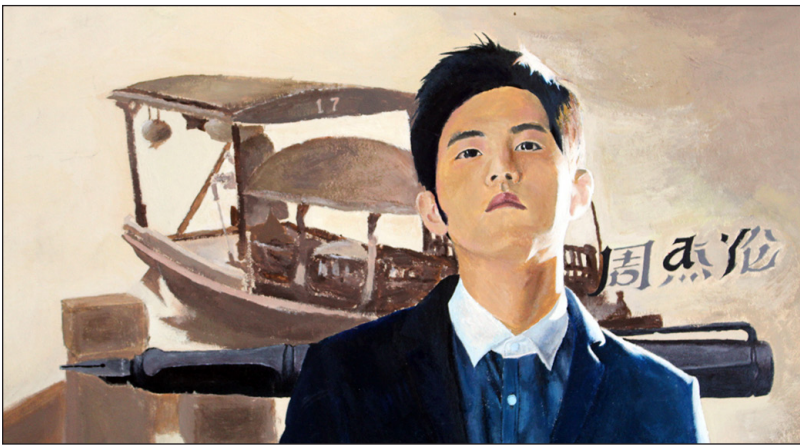
*Amanda Divanthy
Grade 12*



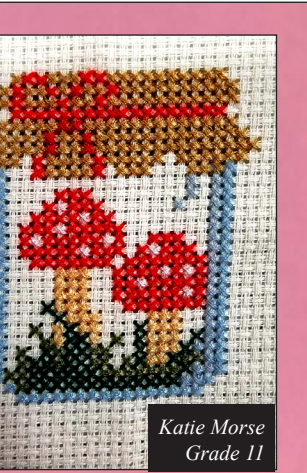
*Alyssa Carlson
Grade 9*



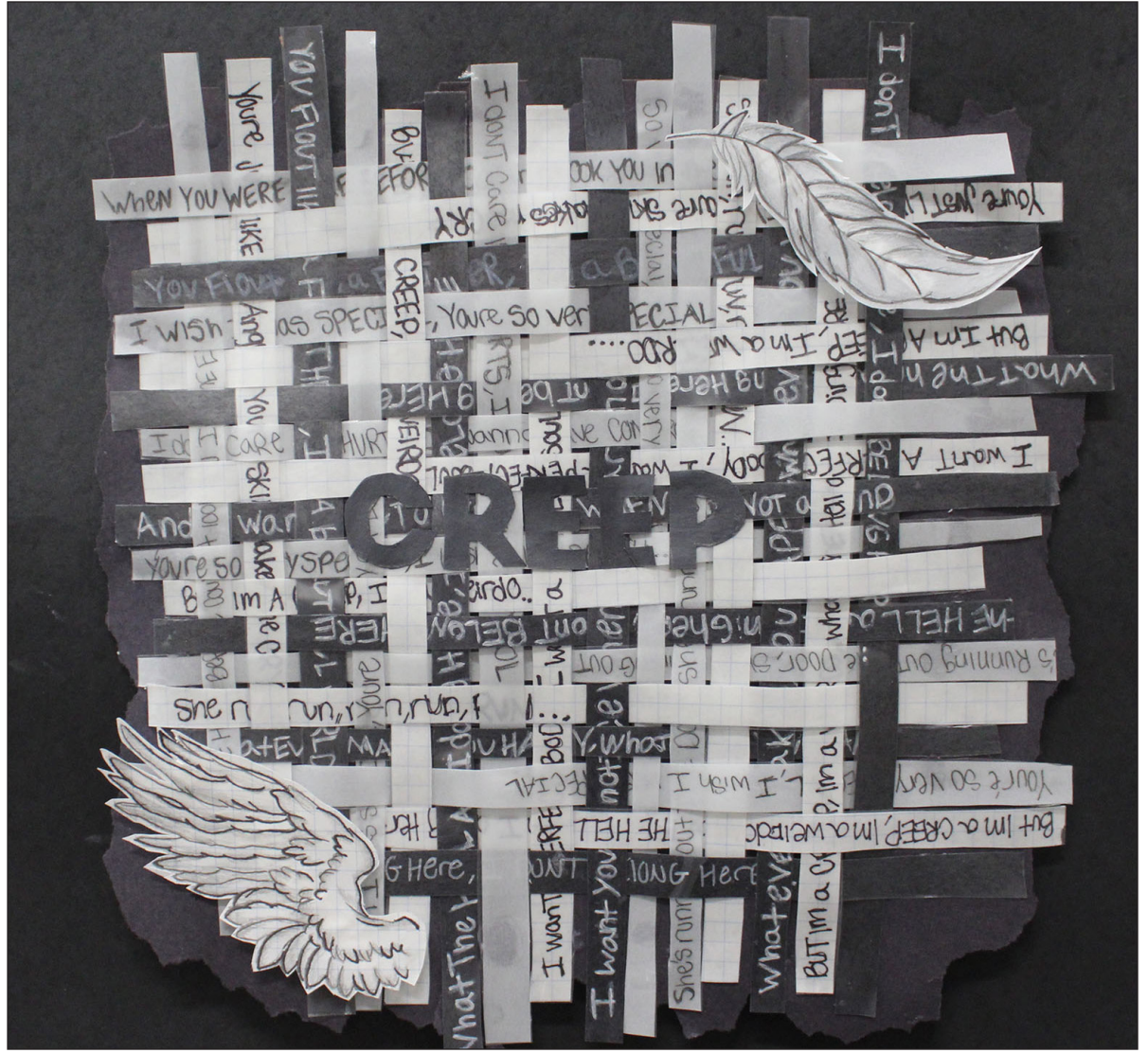
*Jessie Luangsuwan
Grade 12*



Zou Yuanduo Grade 12



Katie Morse
Grade 11



Bora Haan
Grade 12

The Deep Blue

Written by Hayden Chatlani
Grade 9

When was the last time you went out to the deep sea? Real deep in, where only a few ships pass, and where none return. Let me tell you a story of the treacherous place that they call, the deep blue. Southwest from the southern tip of Africa. Yes, the bone chilling, teeth rattling, destination of death. It all started when my good friend, Professor Edison, and I were working. He, an Earthquake Specialist in the ocean, and me, a 24-year-old marine biologist. We were informed of an anomaly near the Midatlantic ridge in the south Atlantic Ocean. We weren't too concerned because there were numerous earthquakes occurring at the diverging boundaries. Despite our doubts, we left for our voyage to the West African coast research facility we had stationed there.

It took quite a while for us to reach our destination. When we finally got there the outside seemed quiet, but as soon as we entered through the front doors it was like an unorganized beehive. It was loud, it seemed like everyone was talking all at once. One girl with glasses was staring at a few papers while running around and accidentally ran into a tall slender man. He was formally dressed. He helped pick up the papers then he walked over to us. "Dr. Chatlani, such a pleasure. Ah and Professor Edison. I have read your book professor; I admire your work." He said with haste in his voice. "I'm sorry to cut you short but we were informed of an anomaly Mr...., I don't think that I caught your name." "Oh, my apologies I got carried away. My name is Dr. Pulges.

If you could follow me this way, I can show you to the manager of the project." He started to walk away. "Project?" Edison and I looked at each other with the same look of confused intrigue. We quickly followed Pulges as he turned the corner. He swung open two large black doors that seemed to have a heavy weight just looking at them. The room inside was dark with only the lights of a multitude of computers, glowing with faint silhouettes of people in front of them. Then, one giant screen with an underwater map of a place that I had never seen before.

A well-built man with stocky shoulders and an ominous presence. Like his pure existence emitted fear, he stood at the front of the room staring at the giant map. "Afternoon Dr., Professor." His voice shook my spine. "What you are looking at on this screen is what the locals call the deep blue. Eighty thousand feet of undiscovered ocean." He turned to look at us. He was a middle-aged man maybe forty or fifty. He had a few wrinkles and a giant mole on the left side of his head. He was dressed in a military uniform, a high-ranking one. "That's more than twice the size of the Mariana Trench though." Edison exclaimed. "I know. That is why I called you two here. The both of you are going to find out what's down there."

"This facility doesn't have the technology to explore down there." I was starting to realize what was happening. "But we have an army of D.O.E.S (deep

ocean exploration submarines) as well as the manpower to power all but 12 of them. You will lead the exploration." Edison and I agreed immediately because this was an opportunity to explore a part of the ocean never even seen before. "Good. My name is General Optasa. Welcome to the project, doctor. Briefing begins at zero-six hundred. Don't be late. We stayed the night in a nearby hotel and slept horribly due to our constant anxious thoughts about what could be down there. That next morning, the general debriefed us in a room with hundreds of people. Most were military personnel. He told us about how we would travel to the dive point in a naval carrier, and how to use the D.O.E.S. We soon set out to the ship. It was huge, like a wall of steel, or a skyscraper on its side. The people were loaded on using a ramp maybe ten feet wide. All the cargo and D.O.E.S. were loaded underneath the ship. We boarded and set off five minutes later.

We were given a tray with mashed potatoes, assorted veggies and some sausage from the cafeteria. Professor Edison found the coffee machine and poured himself a hot cup. We talked to some of the other crewmates. Some were ordered to join the project while others were in it for the money that it offered. Almost all the soldiers were American. One peculiar soldier by the name of Private Kertoo was curious and wanted to do something important with his life.

We had just finished lunch when, BOOM. An explosion, then panic. A man on guard up top yelled "Pirates!" I rushed to the window with Edison close behind. A swarm of small boats had surrounded us with more boats approaching rapidly. Another explosion went off on the other side of the ship. The carrier's firepower unleashed upon the pirates and destroyed six boats. We were no longer surrounded. The ship sped up and we drifted away from the smaller boats. They retreated to the fleet in back. An announcement was made by the voice of the general. "Everyone back to your business and will someone fix the damage please." He had a calmness in his voice that it was almost like he did this every day. After many hours of endless sailing and sea sickness, we made it to the dive point with no more encounters with the pirates.

"All right ladies, get ready to dive. We will submerge in twenty. Let's go people." The general's sharp voice bounced off the walls. Now it was time. Time to find out what was really down there. Anxiousness and fear were felt everywhere. It was very loud. The sounds of drills and sirens buzzed in my head. Edison and I made our way to two of the D.O.E.S. They were small vehicles, with oom for only one person. They had one arm that had a claw and another with a harpoon. We climbed in them to check the comfortability. It was a weird contraption. You had to lay down on your stomach. They were also very warm.

I climbed out and Edison followed. The General approached us regally. "Have you ever been in a machine like this doctor?" "No." I responded. "They really are something aren't they?" "They are impressive, but will they save us from the pressure of the ocean?" the professor asked. "I promise you that they will hold, and each pod has enough

oxygen to last three days.

"Enough talk though. Five minutes till we submerge." The general walked over to a bigger pod. It was painted a different color so he could easily be identified. Edison brought over our gear, and we suited up.

A crewmate in an orange vest came over and told us to get in our D.O.E.S., so we got in. We sat there for a minute then a pulley system pulled all the pods about fourteen feet off the ground. The metal poles we were attached to started to move and the giant back ramp opened. We could see the sea now, glistening and clear. Our subs powered on when we got about twenty feet out of the boat on the pulley. Then, a loud CHLING sound, and I plummeted to the water's surface. Edison was right behind me. He got to the end and then, BOOM, an explosion on the left side of the boat shook the water. Edison's sub came flying of the pulley system and landed dangerously close to mine. He was okay, just shocked. I looked across the horizon and saw the pirates again, but this time it was a fleet. The general screamed over the comms, "Submerge, Submerge!" I quickly hit the biggest button, forgetting everything in briefing. Miraculously it worked and I went down. Edison remembered the directions and controllably sank.

We watched as the carrier could not open fire in time and all the pirates launched torpedoes at the same time. The carrier blew with a bright explosion. Debris sank down and fell around us. A giant metal sheet was headed for us, so we turned the joysticks to evade it. We grouped up with everyone else and started our descent.

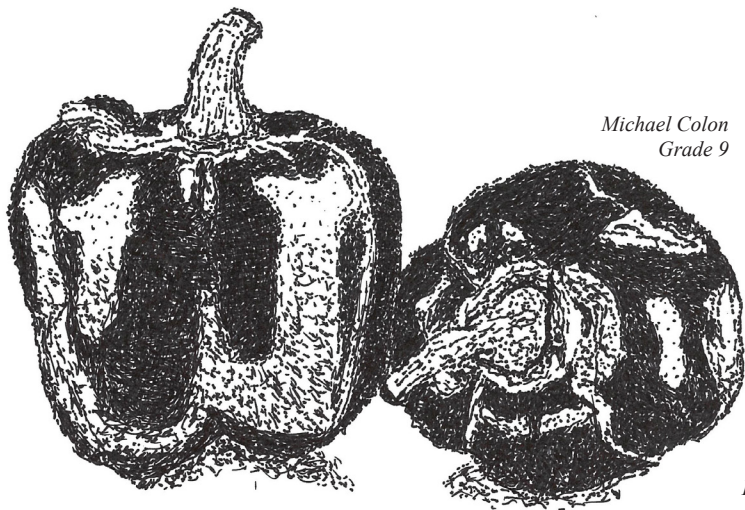
It started to get cold. When we got down to the bottom of the ocean, we skimmed across the sand till we got to the hole. It was enormous. There seemed to be no end. With no hesitation the other pods dove down deeper. We turned on our lights and followed reluctantly. It was quiet. Not a peep from the comms. Everyone was nervous.

My meter in my sub read twenty thousand feet. My ears popped and my brain swelled for a second. After that I was fine. We sank for about thirty minutes. The creatures swimming around us became odder the further down we went, but no new creatures were found yet. When we reached the bottom, the hole had narrowed. The space between each sub became smaller and smaller. One pod came over the comms. "General, I found a hole in the wall. It seems to be a cave!" He sounded both joyful and scared.

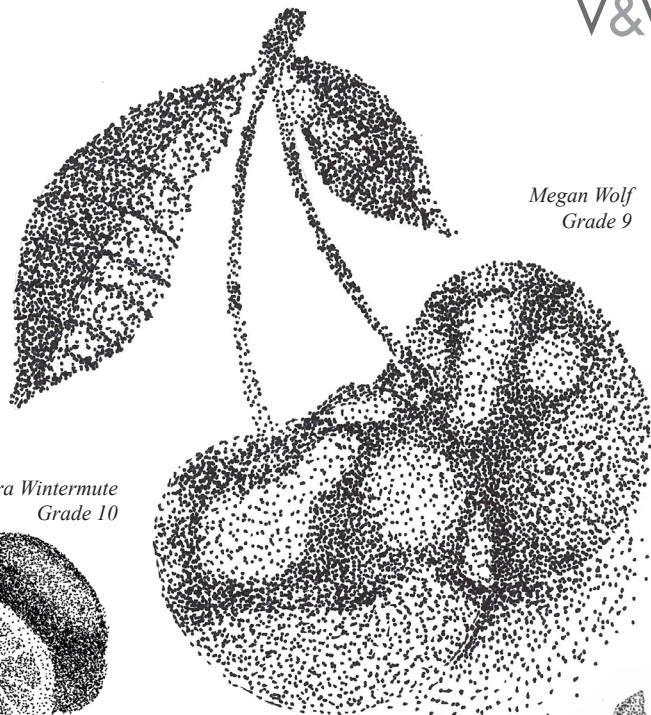
The general made his way to the sub. "Good work soldier." He said proudly. "Everyone enters single file, Dr. Chatlani and Professor Edison up front." He entered first; his bigger sub barely fitting. I gestured for Edison to go first. He bravely acknowledged it and went in. I followed slowly.

It was a windy tunnel. Almost like a snake. It took merely five minutes to reach the end. It spit us out in an open space. The surface was close. We went to the top and found ourselves in a big cave that was carved by human technology.

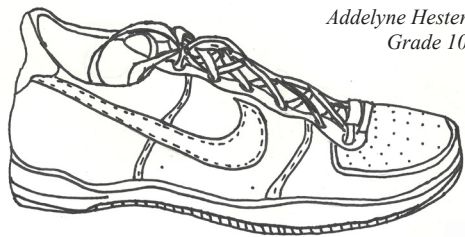
We went to the sand bank and docked our subs. When we exited the subs, we were immediately hit



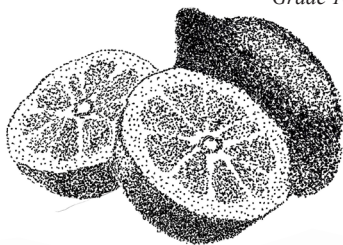
Michael Colon
Grade 9



Megan Wolf
Grade 9



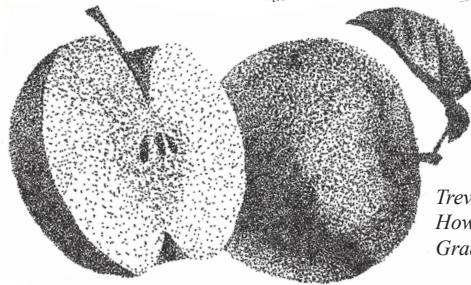
Addelyne Hester
Grade 10



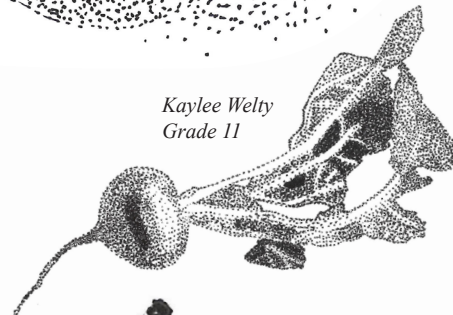
Laura Wintermute
Grade 10



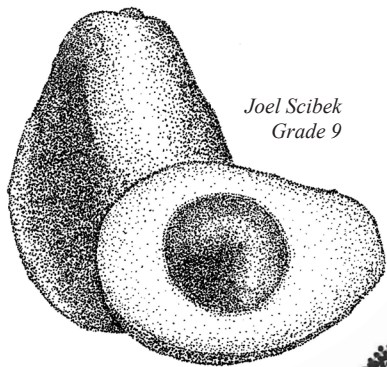
Kayleigh Sprute
Grade 9



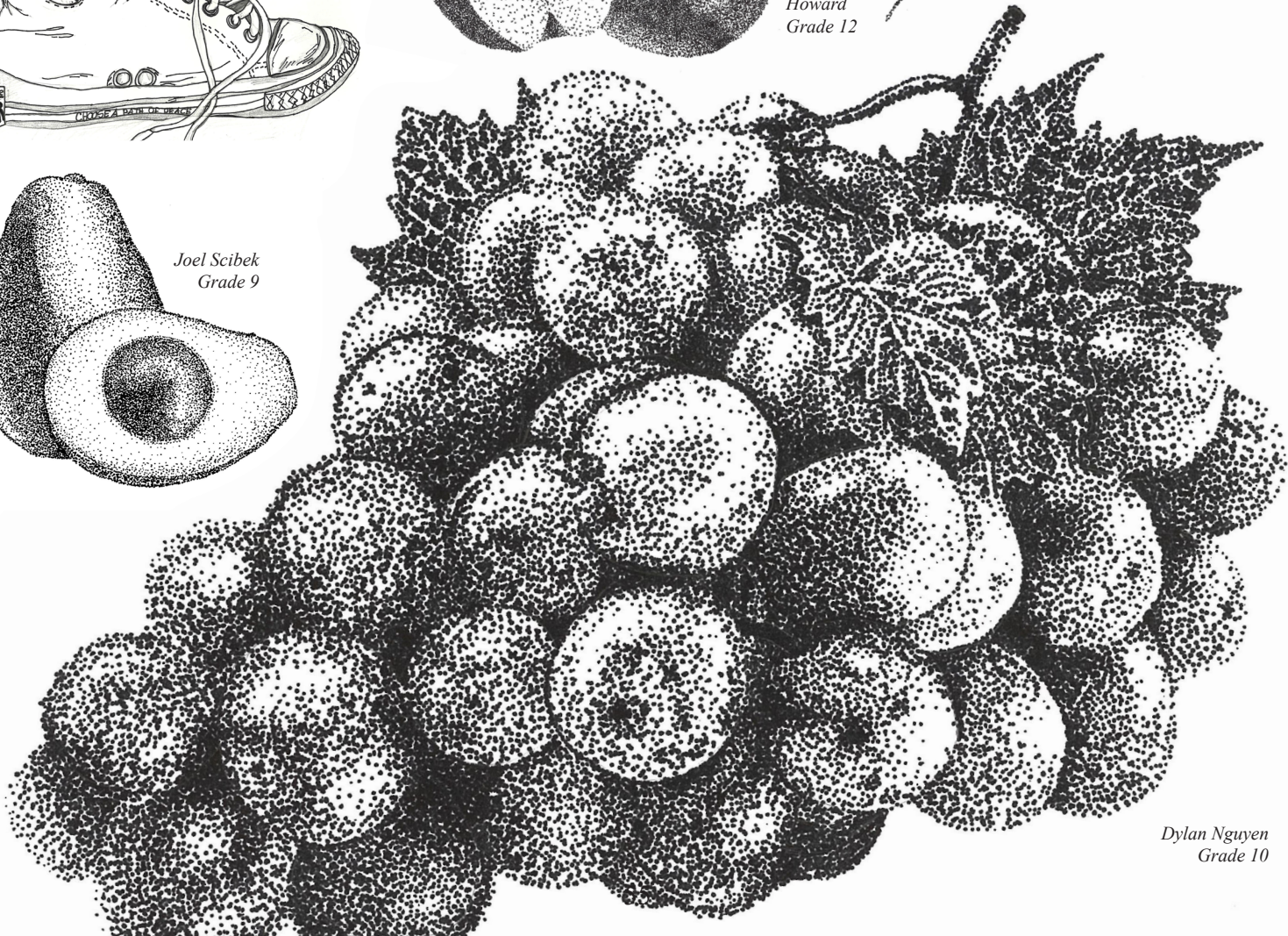
Trevor
Howard
Grade 12



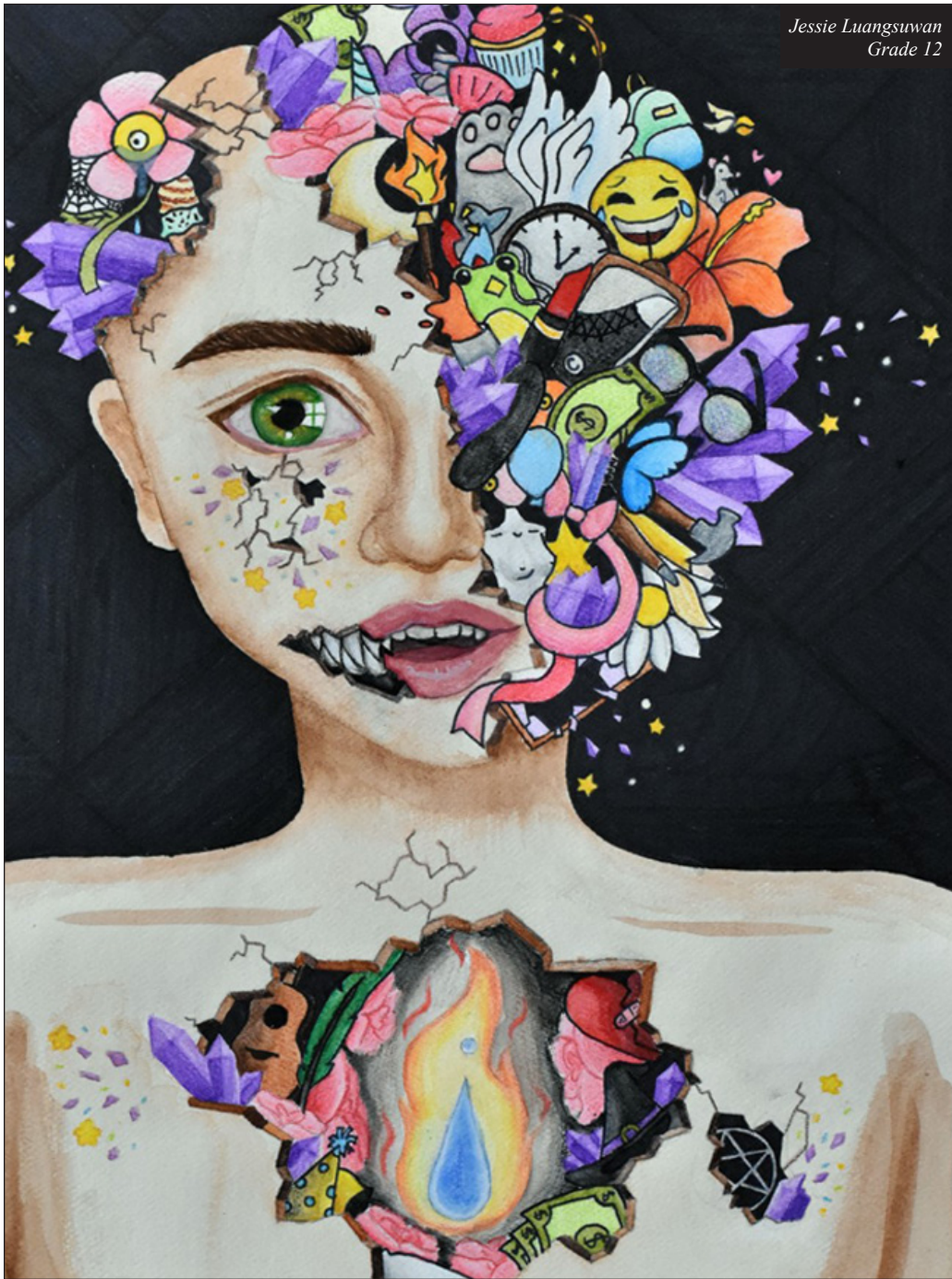
Kaylee Welty
Grade 11



Joel Scibek
Grade 9



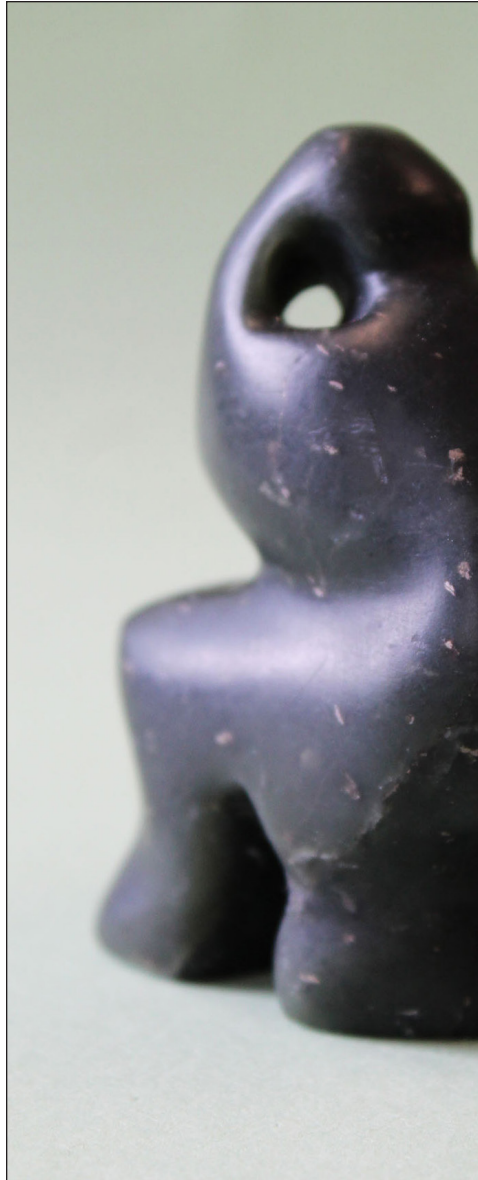
Dylan Nguyen
Grade 10



Jessie Luangsuwan
Grade 12



Jane Deguire
Grade 11



Preston Ruhmel Grade 10



Justin Mattison
Grade 11



Emily Crowley
Grade 11



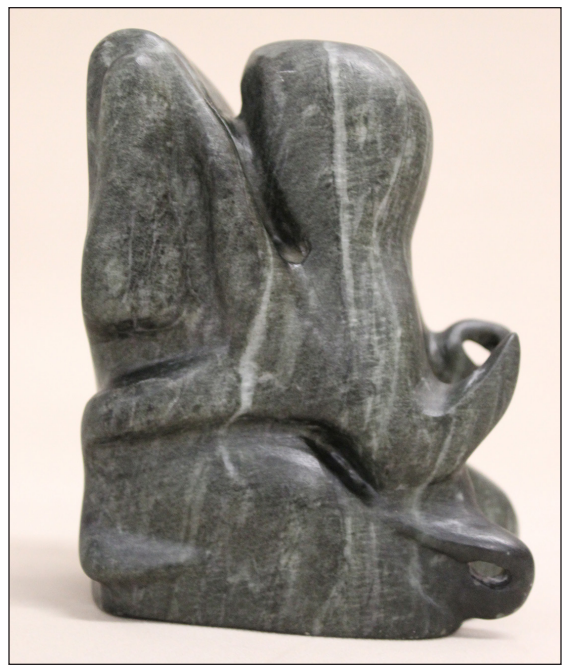
Elizabeth Kreisler
Grade 11



Kienan Blitz
Grade 12



Jessie Luangsuwan
Grade 12

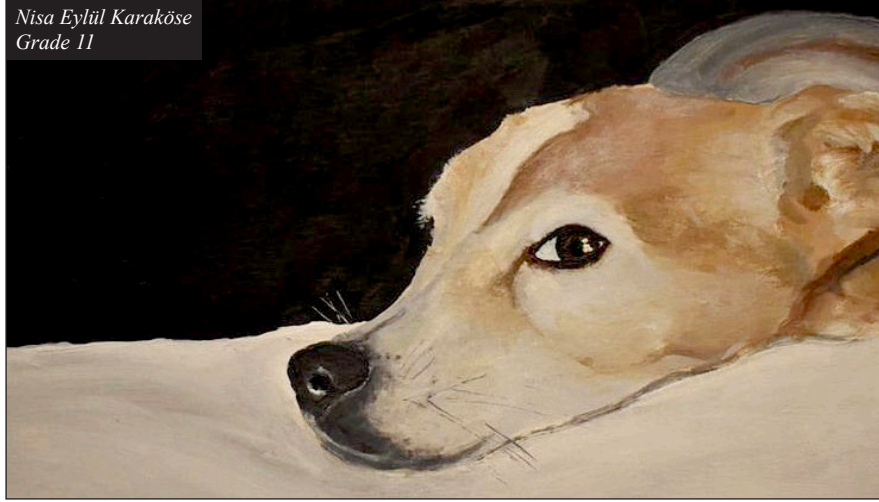


Nadia Powers Grade 10

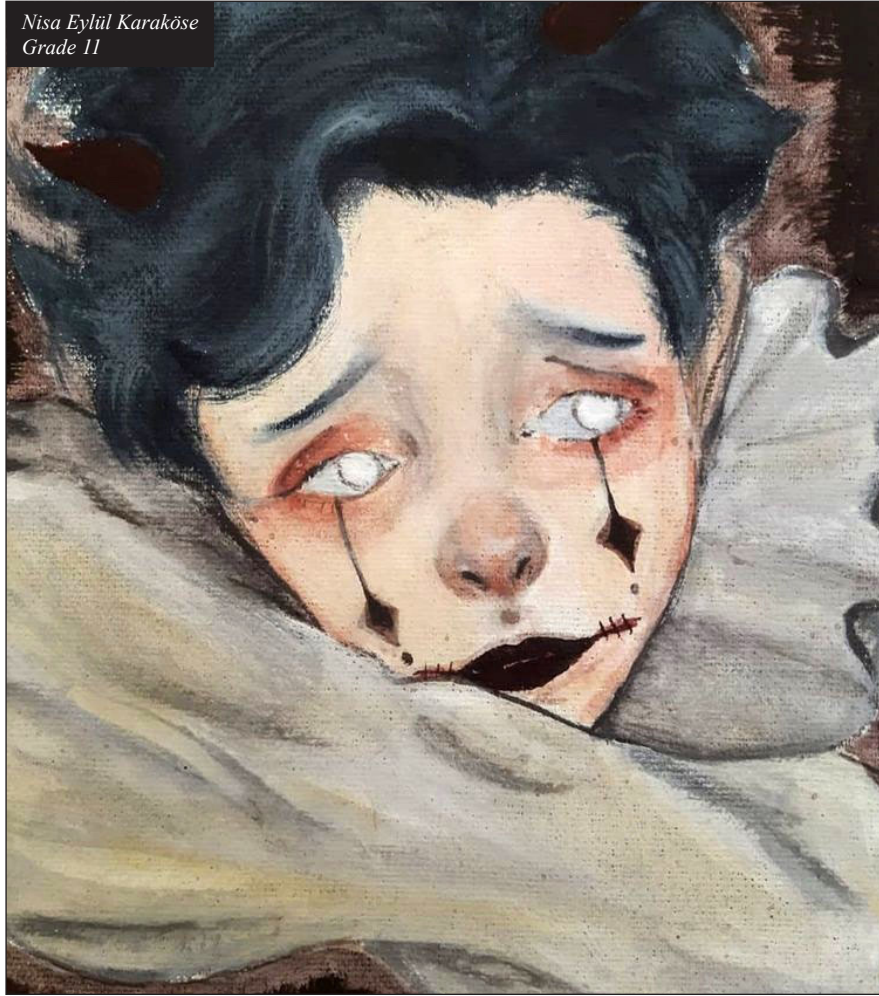
Nisa Eylül Karaköse
Grade 11



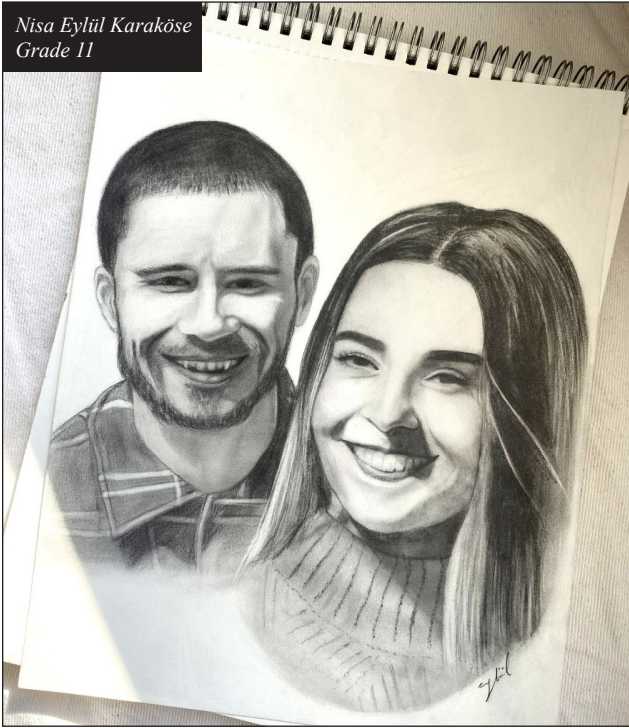
Nisa Eylül Karaköse
Grade 11



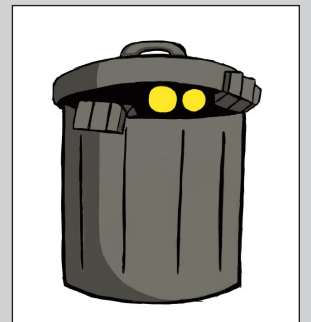
Nisa Eylül Karaköse
Grade 11



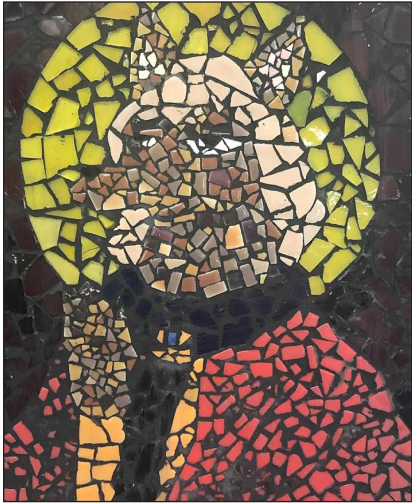
Nisa Eylül Karaköse
Grade 11



Delanie Cook Grade 12



Elizabeth Kreisler Grade 11



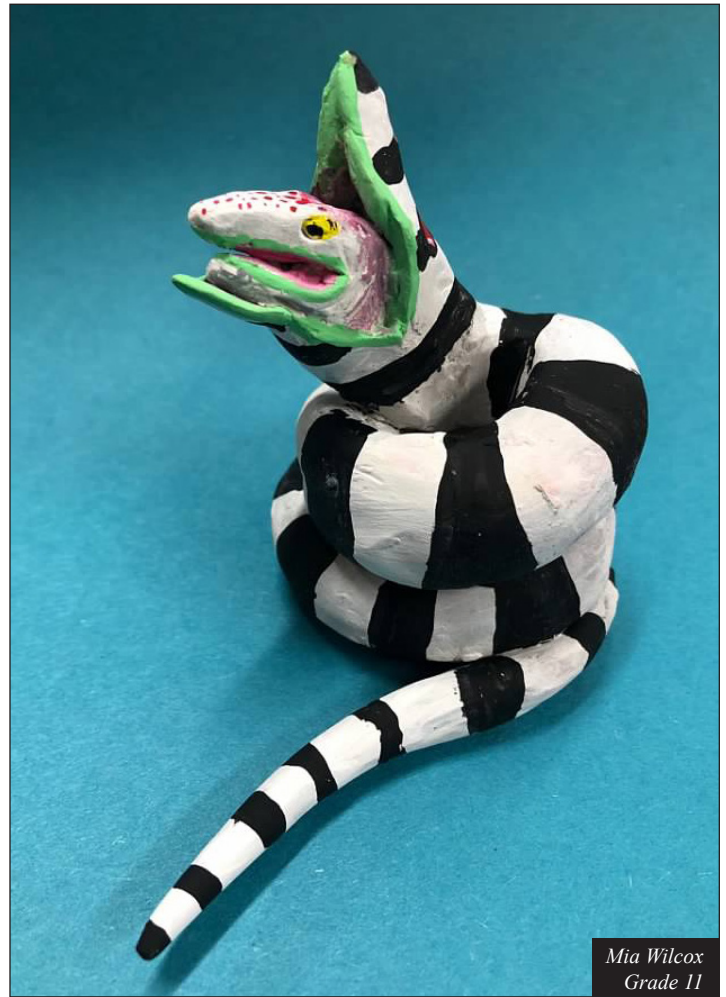
Eric Shelmaner Grade 12



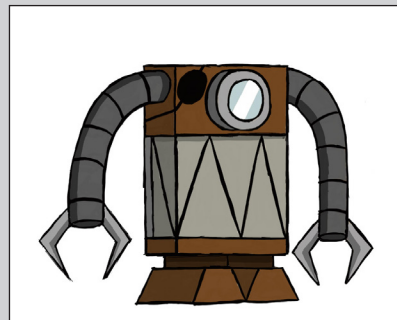
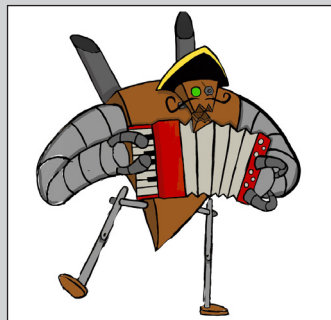
Grace Kuhnel
Grade 12



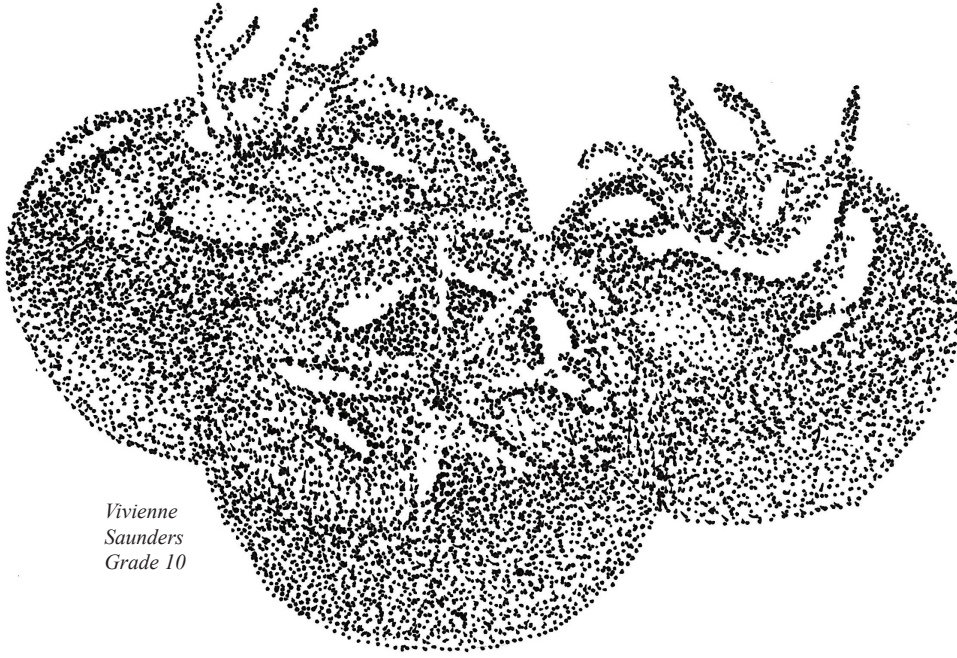
Jessie Luangsuwan
Grade 12



Mia Wilcox
Grade 11



Delanie Cook Grade 12



Vivienne
Saunders
Grade 10



Grace Kuhnel
Grade 12



Samantha
Oakes
Grade 11



Martha Lemak
Grade 11



Madelyn Jerzak
Grade 10



Marianna
Reidy
Grade 11



Shayna
Tressler
Grade 10



Isabella Paddock
Grade 12



Gracie R.
Ringer
Grade 11

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V&V

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Back Cover Art by Jessie Luanguswan, Grade 12

