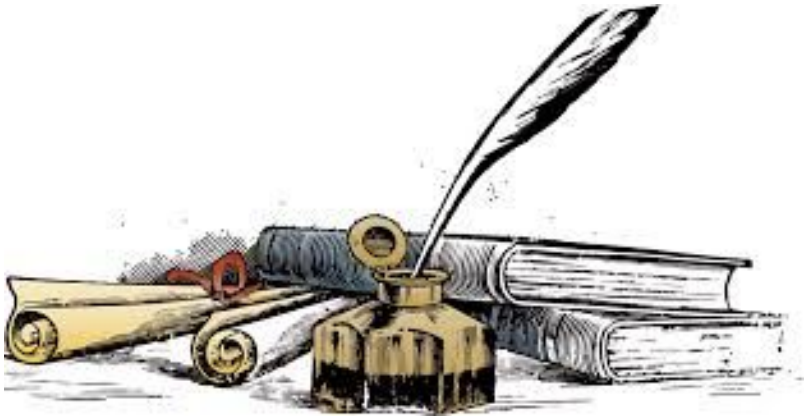
The Morley Muse



Spring Edition 2018

By The Morley Students K-5

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Morley Muse Magazine Forward

Forward

Students, teachers, principals, and parents,

This is the third year of ***Morley Muse*** and we welcome you to enjoy it!

Second grade to 5th grade students gathered in Mrs. Antoinetti's room before school Monday mornings to work together as writers, revisers, editors, photographers, and layout designers. The publication process consists of the following: First, a submitted piece goes to a revisor, who will recommend changes in word choice, detail, and sentence placement. Then, the piece is sent to an editor, who checks for spelling, punctuation, and grammar mistakes. After all those changes are made, the piece is sent to a typist who types the piece on a Chromebook for a finished product. Finally, the photographers add pictures, and the magazine is laid out and finally sent to the printer.

Please enjoy both versions of our literary magazine: the hard copy and the electronic version on the Morley web page (link is on the menu on the left side of the page).

So, go sharpen a pencil (but don't poke somebody's eye out) and start writing!

Morley Muse 2017-18 Staff List

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Morgan M. (3)*
Lucy P. (2)*
Maddie G.

(* indicates more than one job on staff)

(Numbers in parenthesis indicate grade)

Kindergarten
Mrs. Abraham's Class

Mexico

By Rose C.

On Saturday, we went in a taxi to go to Mexico.

When we were there, we were standing in the sun. Then I was swimming later.

The next morning, we went somewhere. I took the bus to the airplane and I went home.

Soccer

By Willa D.

My mom is signing me up for soccer practice and I love soccer.

This is my soccer game. My team is wearing the light orange.

Now it is over and I was cold. My mom warmed me up.

Mrs. Monroe/Maloney's Class

Rainbow

By Cameron D.

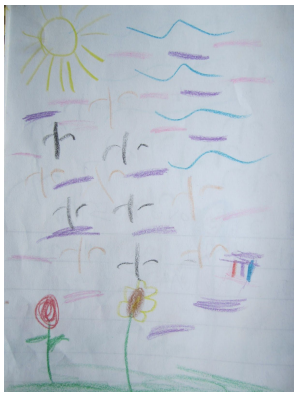
Me and my mommy see a rainbow.

Kindergarten, continued

The Beach

By Lily M.

I am with my friends and family.
I am playing at the beach.
The sun is shining down.
It's time to go to bed.



Birds

By Jordyn H.

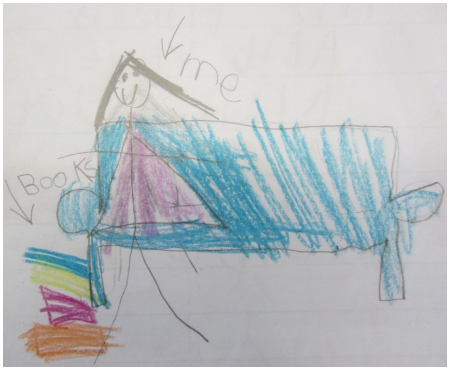
I love birds in the trees.
I see birds in the trees everyday when school is done.

Mrs. Morrissey's Class

How to make a necklace

By Helena K

First, put the beads. Next try it out. If it does not fit, tie some more string. Last put it on.



KINDERGARTEN, CONTINUED

Do You Know About?

By Miles K.

Do you know about dogs?
They eat bones and chase you for a frisbee.
They kiss and they live in a dog house.

Do you know about LEGOs?
You can build with them and play.

Do you know about robots?
Some robots help and they are made of metal.

How to make a necklace

By Samara

First you get the beads. Then you get the string. Then you put the beads on the string. Last, you tie a knot in the string.

Whales

By Oliver E. (a guest author)

One sunny afternoon I was at the beach and I saw a blue whale! It was beached. I felt bad for the blue whale because it was sad that it got beached. So I helped the blue whale but he was too big. So I got some friends to help the blue whale. But we couldn't get the blue whale back to the ocean.

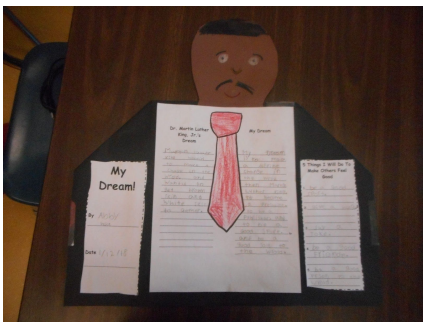
I started to cry but I hugged the whale and I went to my parents. They called for help and the firefighters and some other kids helped, too. Then we got the blue whale back in the ocean. So I was happy again!

First Grade
Mr. Downey's Class

My Dream!

By Abby P.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s Dream



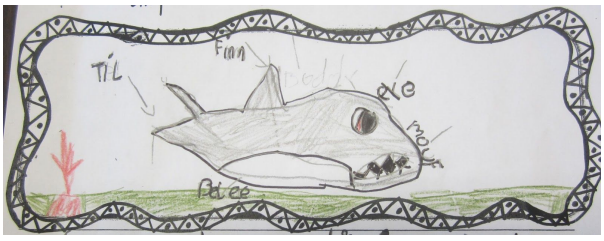
Martin Luther King wanted to make a change in the world. He wanted to get brown skin and white skin together.

My Dream

My dream is to make a different change in the world than Martin Luther King. My dream is to become president, to be a publisher, to be a good sport, and to be a good soul to the world.

5 Things I Will Do To Make Others Feel Good

1. Be a good sport.
2. Give a hug.
3. Tell a joke.
4. Be a good friend.
5. Be a good person to the world.



Sharks

By Daniel Z.

Sharks can't swim backwards. Some sharks don't eat humans.What do sharks eat? They can eat fish and meat. Sharks are different sizes. When they are babies they grow. Sharks have different body parts. Sharks are dangerous and some are not. Sharks live deep down in the ocean.

First Grade, continued
Mrs. Flores' Class

Horseback Riding

By Sophie M.

My topic is horseback riding. I love horseback riding. It is so much fun!

Baby horses have the silliest, wobbliest legs.

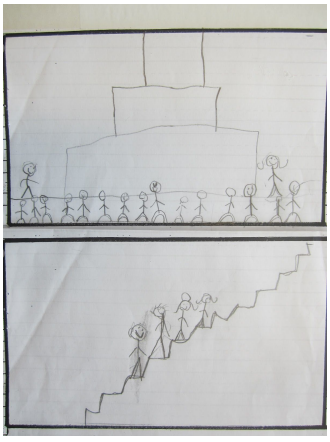
This is what you need for a horse: a saddle, bridle, gloves and saddle pad. Then you put all the gear on the horse then you're ready.

This is what you need to feed a horse: sugar cubes, apple, water, carrots, hay, and oats. The sugarcubes, the apple, and the carrots are treats for the horses.

I am riding my horse. I love to horseback ride. It makes me happy.

New York City's Empire State Building

By Jack H.



The Empire state building is one of the tallest buildings in the world. It has 102 floors.

We are climbing up the stairs. We are already pretty high.

We are not even close to the top.

We are at the top. Hooray!! We are so high. Everything is so small.

We have to go back downstairs.

First Grade, continued

All About Dogs

By Alex P.

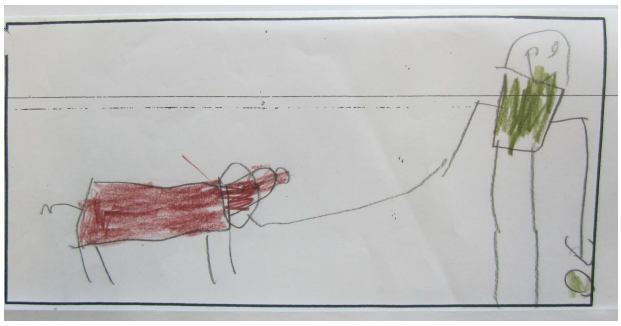
This book is about dogs.

Chapter one

How to walk a dog

You must take your dog on a walk and you have to pick up his POOP!

You must feed him every day or he will get sick!



You must train your dog to sit or he will run away.

You should train your dog to speak. It could take a while.

You should teach your dog to stand.

I hope you have a good time with your dog.

I hope you get a dog!!!

Mrs. LaForte's Class

Vehicles

By Carter P.

Chapter 1- What is a Vehicle?

Vehicles can be cars, s.u.vs, trucks, helicopters, jeeps, boats, planes, cargo planes, escape boats and rescue boats. Vehicles are a machine that you drive from place to place. It doesn't matter if you are driving or flying or off road driving.

KEEP READING – THE REST OF THIS STORY IS ON THE NEXT PAGE!

First Grade, continued

Chapter 2 Engines of Vehicles

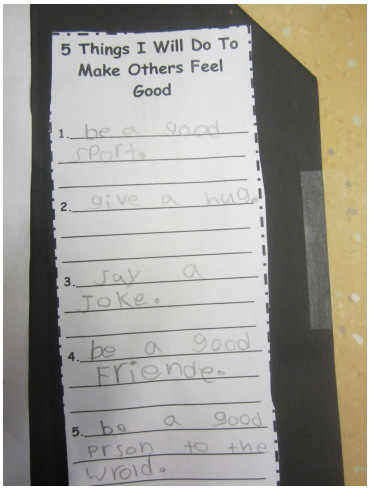
The engine is the most important part of a vehicle. It makes the vehicle move. If the engine breaks the vehicle stops working wherever it is, So the people have to call a tow truck.

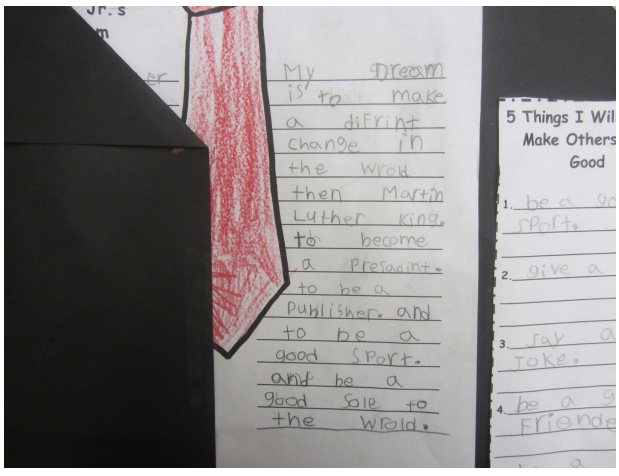
Chapter 3 Gas for a car

Vehicles need gas to drive. If the gas runs out the vehicle stops wherever it is.The people have to call a tow truck.

Writing Around Morley

First grade students wrote about Martin Luther King and his dream. On one side they wrote about Martin Luther King's dream and on the other side they wrote their dream. One student wrote for people to be nice to other people no matter what.





Second Grade
Mrs. Staffaroni's Class

Who am I ?

by Owen D.

I am someone from Star Wars.

I have a jetpack.

I am on the empire.

I wear green.

I hunt bounty.

I demolish rebels.

Who am I?

Christmas morning

by Lucy P.

When I wake up on Christmas morning I can smell the cinnamon buns as I go to the Christmas tree.

The Christmas tree has so many ornaments on it. I go under the Christmas tree to get my presents.

I feel so excited! What will I get this Christmas?

Second Grade, continued

Broadway at the Beach

By Abby S.

Whenever we go to Broadway at the Beach it rains really hard. So we can't always go on the rides. But we still have fun. It does not rain the whole time we are there.

We like to go to Maritaville. Maritaville is at Broadway at the Beach. At Maritaville there is a pretend hurricane and it's a big gray thing hanging from the ceiling that spins around every hour. Also, there are guys on stilts making balloon animals.

We went in a store called the Stupid Factory. Becca and I wanted to go in the Upside Down Building but Mama wouldn't let us. The Upside Down Building looks like it is upside down but it's not. There are two pretend trees hanging from the ceiling. I have never been in there but it looks like fun. We went in a lot of stores but I can't remember the rest of them.

One year we went to the movie theater and saw *The Secret Life of Pets*. It was Jake's first time at a movie theater. I did not really like the movie and Mama let me and Jake stand up.

When the movie was over we went to more stores. But then we had to go home and wait for next year to go again. I cannot wait!

Mrs. Vannie's Class

My Sprained Foot

by Bianca C.

"I can do this," I promised myself. I lifted my legs and swung them over the rusty green bar that held up the rings.

"OH NO!"I muttered as I hung there.

"I have to get down, but how?"I whispered. I flung my legs back down but my hands were still up there in some crooked knotty positions. I kicked my legs back up to make my hands fall down but...THEY SLIPPED!

I landed in a muddy puddle in my backyard.Crack! I tried to stand up but I couldn't move my leg.There was only one thing left to do, yell for help!

"DADDY!!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. My dad came sprinting towards me.

"My ankle hurts," I sobbed.

"I think you sprained it," he said sadly. He picked me up and carried me to the front yard. He sat me down carefully on the front step. My mom, who was working in the front yard, said, "What happened?"

"I sprained it."

"Sprained what?"

"My ankle."

"Oh ,that's too bad," sighed mom.

I sighed a heavy sigh. "Yeah it is."

My parents took me inside. They gave me a bandage for my foot. Then they finally took me off the couch and into the garage. They took a stroller and put me in it.

The garage door opened and they pushed me out. We went by Asylum Avenue until we reached the park. We strolled in.

I hope I get better soon, I thought.

My New Paints

By Annie W.

It was the day after my birthday party; the day I open my presents! My present was wrapped in silver wrapping paper and blue ribbons. "I can't wait to open this present!" I said.

Second Grade, continued

I tugged on the paper really hard. RIIIIIIPPPPPPPPP! The gorgeous paper ripped. I looked at what was in the wrapping paper. Guess what! They were NEW PAINTS! I smiled as big as I could. I held the paints over my head and marched around the table. "Thank you whoever gave me this!" I yelled. But who gave me this? I looked all around the ripped paper for a card. Then I found the card. "It's from Carson! Thank you, Carson!'' I screamed. I really wanted to use them right away.

"Can I use them now?'' I asked. Daddy shook his head. My smile looks like a rainbow losing its color. All the joy in me got kicked out of me. Daddy saw my face then he said something that made me a bit happier. "Annie, I will let you use them soon," said Daddy thinking of what a big mess they would be.

"Yay, I get to use them soon!" I screamed. My face totally changed. Each side of my mouth was almost at the top of my cheeks and the top of my mouth was almost at the bottom of my nose. "Okay I'll be in the office setting them up!" I yelled.

"Annie, I said you could use them soon!" said Daddy laughing. Again no more happiness inside me.

I said, inside my head, "I want to but I should not use my paint yet." I tried to convince daddy. "I will draw you a great picture, the paints are so colorful," I said.

"I told you already, Annie," Daddy said. It seemed like I did not convince daddy. I felt like weeping (that means crying) "Annie at least you have the paints."

I answered back, "Right, at least I have them. I can use them soon," I said with a weak smile and my cheeks turned pink and overflowed with joy. Well, at least I can use them today. I think I did a good job convincing daddy.

All About Police

by William D.

Hi, have you ever wondered about police officers? Well most of your questions are going to be answered after you read this book. I hope you like it.

Second Grade, continued

Training

A police officer's job is to save and protect people. Being a police officer is a big job. So now let's talk about training to be a police officer. You have to be ready to do anything you have to do.

Station

In the station there is an office for all the police officers and a parking lot for all of the cars and of course THE JAIL!!! There is also a dispatch room where the dispatch workers get calls about emergencies. They have 20 jails and 2 people in the jails at a time.

Uniform and Tools

The police force have a car to move around. They also need a uniform like a badge and a hat. They also need a flashlight and a baton. It is like a sword and a gun to shoot bad guys and of course the sunglasses.

Cars

There are about 10 kinds of police vehicles including helicopters and police boats. So now let's talk about the boats. The police boats are equipped with water scuba divers and life buoys!

K-9 dogs

K-9 dogs are to work with police officers to arrest bad guys and to help on the police forces.

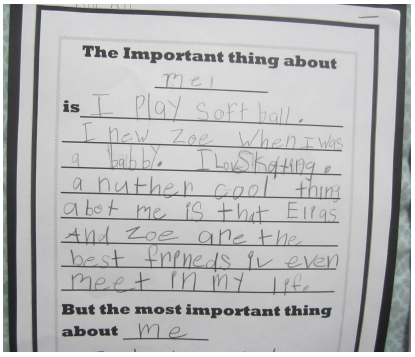
Glossary note from the author/About the author

Baton means sword in police language.

About the author:

I love police and legos. I hope you liked the story.

Writing Around Morley


The Important thing about me
is I play soft ball.
I new Zoe When I was
a babby. I Love Skating.
a nuther cool thing
abot me is that Elias
And Zoe are the
best frineds iv even
meet in my life.
But the most important thing
about me

Second graders wrote about themselves and what they like to do. One person wrote she liked playing softball. They all have many different hobbies and enjoy many things.

Third Grade
Mrs. Antoinetti's Class

Masks

by Maddie G.

"Everyone get your smocks on!" said Mrs. Antoinetti, our teacher.

I ran outside into a stampede of kids ready to get their smocks on. I grabbed my smock from my locker and ran back to the classroom. WOW! I almost got trampled! Phew!

"Listen up!" said Mrs. Antoinetti. "I need you to get your vaseline." Everybody either ran to their locker or their desk. I took the vaseline out of my desk and ran to get a mirror so I could see what was happening.

I opened the lid like everyone else and we all started slathering the vaseline on our faces. The room was really loud and the parents started to help the kids. There was a big ruckus in the room. I smeared vaseline all over my face. It felt sticky, hot, and uncomfortable.

We went down to the art room to get started with the masks. Some people felt embarrassed walking around with vaseline on their faces, like a frog in a mansion. I have to admit it did feel weird but I didn't mind.

Third Grade, continued

When we got down to the art room we all sat in our seats. Then Mrs. Antoinetti said to move the tables so we could lay down on the floor. The people who had no parents got put in groups. I was in one. I was with Isabelle.

The parents started wetting the paper strips. We all felt uncomfortable and crammed in the masks. The more they asked us to stay still the harder it was. We wanted to jump up and run around. We had to stay still though. They kept putting plaster on our faces! It took a while, forming it around our face. But it was done so we had to let it cool.

After it cooled we put the masks away and washed our face off. It felt uncomfortable. I washed and I got plaster in my hair so I had to use a paper towel to get it out. Finally we were done. We said goodbye and we raced to music class.

Eggburt

By Donnie G.

When I was at my Gran's and Papa's house, I was just about to leave to go to Eggburt.

When we left, we were thinking of what he looked liked.

When we got there, we had to get name tags. We walked through a town of elves. There were elves on ski lifts, and at the end, there was a Santa.

Then there was another building. There was a race car track, I drove my car fast. I banged on the car a couple of times.

Then there was another building. There was a train track and we got to ride the train. I sat in the back and we went in circles.

Then there was a post office. I wanted a hoverboard and we got to send it.

There was one more building and in that building was Eggburt. We talked to Eggburt then we put our name tags on the wall.

Then we went home.

Third Grade, continued

Top Secret: Pikachu's Diary

By Liam H.

First Day At First Grade: Wednesday

Welcome to first grade! My teacher is Mrs. Jolteon. We are having a test today. 1 + 1 = 2. 2 + 2 = 4. 4 + 4 = 44. Okay, seriously, the bell is about to ring, so I have to go!

Rinng!!! My class is # 10. I am sitting next to Charmander. I always tell him to put out the fire on his tail. It never worked.

Reading: Wednesday

Right now we have reading! I am reading a book called: *Pokemon: All The Electric Types*. Snatch!

"No reading in class!" said Mrs. Jolteon. I was so surprised!

Noooooooooooo! Mrs. Jolteon is burning my book!

"Class, if anyone else reads, I will burn their book!" So she gave me this book called *All Fighting Types*. Noooooooooo! That's my weakness!

Pichu's in my class and he's so dumb. When Pichu uses the computer, he types one letter a minute. He never gets his book reports finished.

Homework: Wednesday

My homework is spelling and reading. How do you spell Pokemon? P-O-K-E-M-O? I think that's it!

Now I have to do reading. I am supposed to read for 20 min, so I have to have a little quiet time.

Okay, I am done. Now I get to have dinner! There is electric spaghetti for dinner. It's ALIV! (Alive!)

KEEP READING – THE REST OF THIS STORY IS ON THE NEXT PAGE!

Third Grade, continued

Testing: Thursday

We are taking a "quiet" test. Oh, no! The first problem is 2 x 2! Is it 4? 2? 77? I think I'll go with 77.

"Hey Charmander, what's 2 x 2?" I whispered.

"I think 23," he answers. Charmander seems to know the answer!

Next problem, 12 x 2. I don't know! I think it's 89!

Now the teacher is coming around to correct our papers. Oh, no! I got a big fat F!!!!! I did so badly! I hope Pichu doesn't see this.

P.E Class: Friday

Today we have P.E class. We are doing the push-up test. I got up to 12. Pichu got up to 5. All the other Pokemon were waiting on the other side of the gym.

Next, we did the curl-up test. I got a 5. Pichu and Charmander got a 2. They were harder than the push-ups. I also got stuck in a basketball hoop.

Weekend: Saturday

Yaaaaaaaaay! It's the weekend!! Oh, no! I have homework! I have spelling, and it's a long word. P-I-K-A-C-H-U. Hey, that spells me!

Today is Pichu's birthday party. He is having it at an arcade place. I am so excited!

Epilogue: Sunday

So, that's pretty much what my year started out as. Next week, we are going on a field trip. But I think we're done, so byyye!

<u>To Be Continued…</u>

Third Grade, continued

Sneak Peek: Top Secret: Raichu's Diary

By Liam H.

First Day Of Second Grade: Wednesday

Well, it finally came! The first day of school. My teacher is Mr. Flareon. He is very strict. Sometimes my friend Pikachu falls asleep in class. He is also very dumb. I met Charmander in Kindergarten. We're both in the same class since that time. Now he's in my class again! But he gives out all the answers.

Homework: Tuesday

Well, my homework is an art project, and I don't know what to do?! My homework is also to read for 20 minutes ok?

Ring!!! Aaaaah! It's time to stop! Now I have to help make pizza for dinner.

What's That Noise?!?

By Stella L.

Yawn.

I looked over at the clock and it was 2:00 a.m. There was something shaking. I couldn't see the blinds because it was so dark; I couldn't even see my hands! Then the shaking noise stopped. I thought it was just the wind so I went back to sleep.

Scrape, scrape, swish.

My eyes shot open. The sound was much louder this time. Now I was scared.

I got the flashlight from the bedside table and aimed it at the blinds. There was nothing there, but I saw the blinds move back and forth. I carefully and quietly got out of bed and moved toward the blinds.

With a trembling hand, I separated the blinds and saw little claws. I opened the blinds some more and there was a little bat hanging upside down.

I ran downstairs and got some gloves to protect myself. When I came back, he was on his stomach in the corner of the window. With my gloves on, I tried to open the window screen to let him out. When I was opening the window, he flew off the window sill and into my room. He was going crazy. He landed on the bookshelf and hung upside down!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAH!" I screamed.

I had to think fast. What should I do next?

I got my butterfly net from my closet and tiptoed near the bookshelf. *Flap, flap, flap.* There he went again.

He flapped his wings so fast that in a blink of an eye he went to the next corner of my room. It was already 3:30 a.m. I was so tired from chasing him. I just wanted the night to be over.

Yawn.

I saw him go over to the window. I hoped he would leave even though he was so cute. I was just so exhausted. I'd been up all night!

When I was just about to give up and wake my parents, he came over and landed on my shoulder and looked directly into my eyes. As if he understood what I was thinking, with a wave of a wing, he flew out the window.

It was a tiring but magical night!

I Want a Sister!

By Katherine M.

One day a girl named Gabby was playing in her room. She was lonely but then she had an idea. She ran downstairs to see her parents. Then she said, "I want a sister!"

Her mom was having a baby, but her dad said,"What if it's a boy?"

Her mom said, “I will be having a baby.”
“Is it a girl?” asked Gabby.
“We won’t know till it comes,” said mom.
“It better be a girl,” said Gabby.
“You’re going to be a great big sister.” said dad.

Two days later.

“Look! This is for mommy and the baby!” said Gabby.
“Very nice,” said grandma.
“We are here!” said dad.
“Meet your new baby sister!” said mom.
“Yaaaaaaaay!” said Gabby. “You’re going to name her Abby right? Because it rhymes with my name so we match,” said Gabby.
“Actually we are going to name her Grace.” said mom.
“What kind of name is that?” said Gabby.
“Gabby, we’re naming her Grace and that’s that,” said dad.
I’m lucky to have a sister!

A Haunted Closet on Thanksgiving

By Isabelle M.

Dedicated to my lovely mother Elizabeth A. and my greatest sister who helped me edit this.

Once upon a Thanksgiving there were twins named Molly and Lilli. They were born February 8th and they are 8 years old. Molly has straight brown hair, brown eyes and freckles. LiIli has curly red hair, green eyes, and glasses. Lilli and Molly live in a big blue house with a red painted door and three balconies. People thought their house was a mansion and some people even thought it was a castle. But their house wasn’t any of those. It was a regular house.

Third Grade, continued

Lilli and Molly's parents left them at home so the parents could get flowers for their grandparents. They had cooked turkey, mashed potatoes, and pumpkin pie for the Thanksgiving party and all they needed to get for the grandparents now was flowers.

"Hey Molly! I found a hidden closet!" Lilli yelled.

"Where are you, Lilli?" Molly asked in a sleepy voice because she had just woken up.

"I am downstairs!" Lilli yelled up the stairs.

"Coming, Lilli!" Molly yawned. She put on her clothes, brushed her hair, and ran downstairs. "Where is it?" she asked.

"Right here," Lilli said. "Come on Molly, let's go inside!"

"Okay!" Molly exclaimed with a frightened look on her face and quickly ran to Lilli's side and grabbed her hand hard.

"Ow!" cried Lilli, as something stepped on her foot.

"Sorry!" Molly said.

"It wasn't you, Molly," Lilli said walking back a little.

"Then what did I step on and who stepped on you?" Molly asked.

"I don't know! I'm scared now, Molly," Lilli told her.

Molly and Lilli held hands tightly as they walked farther into the closet. Glowing ghost pilgrims shot out of the walls and surrounded the girls. "You have trespassed into our land in this haunted closet of holidays," a boy ghost shouted in a deep, scratchy voice.

"We're so sorry!" Lilli cried. "We didn't mean to trespass. We didn't even know that this closet was here!"

"Why haven't we ever seen this place?" Molly asked.

"This closet only appears on holidays. We turn into the form that is like the holiday. On Valentine's Day, we turn into Cupids. On Halloween, we turn into witches. Today, we turned into pilgrims," the boy ghost told Molly and Lilli.

"Joe!" yelled a girl ghost. "You're telling them too much!" All the ghosts broke in to a large fight, yelling and screaming at each other.

Third Grade, continued

"EVERYBODY STOP ARGUING!!!!" Lilli shouted at the top of her lungs. All the ghosts froze.

"Why did you pick our house to stay in? "Lilli asked quietly.

"Because your house is like a palace to us so we thought now we can spend every holiday together!" the boy ghost told Molly and Lilli happily.

"Wait, so before were you celebrating at a different house that was smaller?" Molly asked.

"Yes," he answered quietly.

"And what did you mean by now you can spend every holiday together? Could you not before?" she asked again.

"Yes. Now stop bothering me or I will make you have very bad nightmares about us," he replied.

"This is not creepy at all, right sis? "Lilli asked Molly.

"Yeah," Molly responded.

"GET OUT OF HERE NOW!" the boy ghost screamed at them.

Lilli and Molly ran through the crowd of ghost pilgrims, holding each other's hands. When they got out of the closet, they heard their parents open the front door.

"Girls!" their dad yelled. "Have you been good?"

"Yup!" Molly and Lilli said in unison.

Everyone went in the car to their grandparents' house to have the Thanksgiving feast. "We were just in time, Molly," Lilli whispered. The twins grinned at each other and ate.

keep reading - there are More great stories on the next page!

Third Grade, continued

How to Do Magic

By Anna V.

Do you want to learn magic with cards? Well you came to the right book!

Step 1. First you get a few cards and let a person pick one. Make sure that they don't show you.

Step 2. You take the card back and don't look at it.

Step 3. When you have the card, put it in front. Then place the card in the back. Make sure you keep an eye on the card, so you know when you'll pick it out.

Step 4. After that when it comes back in the front pull it out and show it to your friend. They'll be amazed.

How to do magic with your fingers and thumbs.
Welcome back for more magic!

Step 1. Pinch your fingers like a crab. Then put your pointer finger through the holes and pinch. Next pretend it's stuck and show it. When you get it out make a little tiny hole and quickly pull it out. Repeat when you put it back in.

Step 2. Make a thumbs up and a fist on the other hand. Quickly put right hand on it and quickly hide your thumb.

Third Grade, continued
Mr. Barrieau's Class

Candy Monster

By Nybol B.

"Mommy, can I please have some gum?" I yelled.

"No!" yelled my mom.

"She always says no and I'm sick of it!" I said to myself in anger. "Laly?" I asked my sister.

"What? I'm playing with my dollies!" my sister explained.

"l know Laly. But I have a question. Do you want to spy on mommy?" I asked my sister. "Because I want to get candy," I said.

"Okay," answered my sister.

"All you have to do is distract mommy so I can get the candy," I said to Laly.

Laly thought for a minute. "Let's go spy on mommy!" explained Laly.

My sister and I were passing through the kitchen and then...GRRR! ROAR! A giant monster appeared out of nowhere! "WHERE IS YOUR CANDY?" yelled the monster, who turned out to be a candy monster.

"Be quiet! You're scaring my sister!" I yelled at the ferocious candy monster. "You're scaring my sister!"

I found a stick on the kitchen floor...and then, POW! I smacked the monster right in his big, fat body! Afterwards, the candy monster disappeared.

"On second thought, we should not spy on mommy to get candy," I said to Laly.

"Let's go play with our dolls!" said my sister. And after that, nobody saw the candy monster ever again. My sister and I were relieved.

"I hope that we never see that ugly monster again," I said.

"Agreed!" said Laly.

Third Grade, continued

My Scary Closet

By Gigi C.

CREEK! My closet door opened.

I got out of bed scared and confused. I turned on the light and closed the door.Then I went back to bed.

Ten seconds later, ***CREEK!!*** *My door opened again!*

I got out of bed again to close the door. I put the chair against the door and taped the chair to the door. I hid a bow and arrow under my covers.

Creek!

"Mom!''I screamed at the top of my lungs.

"What is it?" she said. She was at my door in 5 seconds holding a baseball bat.

"There's something in my closet,'' I said.

"It's just the wind," she said. "Try and go back to sleep. You have school in the morning," she mumbled.

The next morning I had school. At breakfast my siblings were teasing me and I was too tired so I ignored them. Before I knew it, it was bedtime. Nobody was awake except for me and my closet. I still had the bow and arrow that I got from under my bed and it was still under my covers.

CREEK!!! "Mom, Mom, Mom!!" I went into her room screaming and crying.

"What?" she said.

"There's something in my closet!" I said.

"Let me see," she said in a stubborn voice.

When we got into my room something black came out of my closet. It looked black and with a bright leg. It looked like my cat!! Suddenly, my mom picked up the cat and said, "Oh, how scary! It's going to eat us all!" She was being sarcastic.

When I finally fell asleep, my door opened and a monster came out. I screamed at the top of my lungs, "Ahhhhh!!!" but nobody heard me.

Third Grade, continued

The next morning it was Saturday. When I got out of bed, I said, “Ohhh, it was just a dream!’ and I went down to breakfast.

The Red Sox Game

By Drew M.

Zoom! Went the car as it sped down the highway toward Boston! “MOM are we almost there yet?” Sam yelled as loud as a stampeding elephant. We got right to Boston in no time. My family was so happy for me because it was my first RED SOX GAME IN MY WHOLE LIFE!!

Sam (my brother) showed me around. We were looking for the history room. We found it! We found Mookie Betts’ history. “WOW!!” I said. Mookie Betts has 101 home runs, 93 RBIs, 200 singles, 53 doubles and 15 triples?!

After that, SQUEAK, the announcer got onto his microphone and announced that the game was about to begin. Sam and I ran to our seats as fast as we could. My mom and dad were waiting for us. I looked up at the scoreboard. The score said Red Sox- 0, Rays- 0. Wait, I thought that the Red Sox were playing the New York Yankees. “Dad, you didn’t tell me that they were playing the Rays!”

He looked at his phone to double check the schedule. “Oh, it looks like the Red Sox are playing the Yankees tomorrow!”

“Oh, well,” I said, because I remembered that the Yankees were really good and the Rays were pretty bad, so I’d get to see the Red Sox win. The Red Sox started in the field because they were playing at Fenway Park.

Rick Porcello, the Red Sox pitcher, trotted out to the pitcher's mound to start the game. The first pitch was a STRIKE! I was so happy. The second pitch was a hit, it went to third base. Mookie threw it to first. He was OUT.

Everyone was cheering for Mookie Betts because he made history by getting 240 outs! Then there were fireworks in the air to celebrate Mookie’s 240th out from third base to first base.

At the bottom of the 9th inning, it was Boston 6, Tampa 6. There were 2 outs. Suddenly, Mookie Betts hit a home run! They win,they win!! My dad dropped his beer. (PS:Of course he only has beer on special occasions.)
The Red Sox won big and I was as happy as Mr. Sunshine. My family was so happy, also.

After we finally got out of the crowded stadium, I felt good because the Red Sox just went 86-34. I know you would think that it's a bad record but it's good because they play a lot of games!

Do Kids Need Homework?

By Carrie N.

Do you think kids need homework? Some people do, some people don't. There are many reasons for both sides. For an example, if you think you need homework, it may help you learn better. If you don't, it will give you time to spend with your family. I think that kids need homework.

If you have homework, it proves you understand the lesson. If you don't have homework, you might be playing around while the teacher is talking. Homework motivates you to listen so you prove you understand. It also gives you another opportunity to practice skills independently. Speaking of practicing, it helps you practice for high school and college. When you are older, you will get a lot of homework. You won't know what to do about it if you don't have homework in elementary school.

If you have homework, you will get better grades. If you have homework, your teacher will be proud of you because you are getting better grades. If you have homework, you will get smarter and be a high achiever. Also, if you have homework, you will become a better student.

You will behave better if you have homework. You will have better discipline. You will learn to pay attention and control yourself. Also, if you have homework, you can concentrate on your homework and it can help you calm down

when you are mad and it will keep you from losing your temper. See? Homework is actually useful for something!

As I said before, kids with homework can learn better, so that is why I think you need homework. As an example, don't you want good grades? Good friends? Time to play? If you have homework, you will get all of those things!

The Spooky Flash

By Aislinn Z.

I was sleeping in my bed quietly and peacefully, when suddenly, I heard my door creak open. My eyes opened wide and I looked at my door...it kept opening...and opening...and opening…….

My heart started pounding in my chest, I was afraid to blink...I was frozen in my bed in fear…

Yikes!

Just when I thought I couldn't get more scared...FLASH! Something raced across the room and under my bed.

"Who or what could be doing this?" I thought to myself.

Everything was quiet, in complete silence...but only for a moment. I began to hear breathing…and then whimpering…...the whimpering started to turn into a small cry….

WAIT! That cry sounded familiar. It sounded so familiar that it made me feel brave enough to look.

So I slowly climbed out of bed one foot at a time,trying not to make any sudden movements, so I wouldn't scare whatever was under there...mostly so I wouldn't scare it more.

When I got to the floor, I closed my eyes so I would not get too frightened. Slowly I uncovered my eyes ...and to my surprise,what did I see? My three year old brother, Sean!

Third Grade, continued

"Sean, how did you get here? And why?" I asked him with surprise, curiosity, worry, shock and relief. Sean was trembling and responded with a scared, whimpering voice, "I…I...I…I'm afraid of...of...of...da SHADOWS."

I looked at my brother's scared little face and I didn't feel afraid anymore . I remembered when I was little and was afraid of the shadows.

"Come here, Sean, do you want me to tell you a funny story?" I asked (that's my Mom's trick when I'm scared and it always works for me).

Sean slowly nodded his head and crawled toward me. So I picked him up and gave him a hug. While I was giving him a hug, I wrapped him in my blanket and told him a story that made him giggle.

Even though I made him feel better, he refused to go back to his own bed. I had to hold Sean in my arms until the morning. You should have seen my mom's and dad's faces when they found out!

Mrs. Wallack's Class

The Magic Morning Snack

By Alex A.

My red headed teacher called, "Boys and girls, it is snack time!" So I slowly pulled out my floppy orange bin to look for my healthy morning snack. But what a surprise to me, I found a piece of ooey, gooey, pumpkin pie. My mouth was watering, and I knew I had to eat it but I couldn't. What would I do? So I quickly hid it under my desk and shoved a little piece in my mouth.Yum. I was in love with it. A couple minutes later, my body was itching from head to toe and my blue eyes felt super spinny. This does not feel good. But why? Five minutes later I turned orange!

I hid under my desk to think. My pumpkin pie is orange, so that's why I'm orange! I sat up hoping the sweet teacher wouldn't see me. Suddenly, I heard a sound, "Alex, are you orange???"

Third Grade, continued

She sent me to the nurse's office. I made my way down the stairs.

"Hello, Mrs.Skelyone. I am orange," I said.

She looked so surprised. "I have never seen this in my whole career," she said. So, she called the West Hartford Hospital.

A man picked up the phone. "Hello,how may I help you?" he asked.

"There is a kid in my room who is orange," the nurse reported to the man.

He asked why are you lying and then he hung up. "Well, kid, you're orange and you will be for awhile."

Then I said to the nurse, "Any help?" She told me to go up to my classroom, so I went upstairs nervously.

Then I turned around and I saw my friend Katie in the hall.She was wearing a big floppy tuxedo,oh, and there is Mr. Cleary in a tiny adorable purple dress.

"Ha, Ha," I laughed. "Bonk! Bonk!" I heard a sound in my ear and my skin started to go back to tan. Maybe when I laughed, orange and white mixed and that's how I got back to tan. I don't know, but I better head back to my classroom. So I quickly and quietly headed to my desk and my teacher asked, "Alex, where were you?"

"I..I, um, went to the bathroom."

"Ok, next time please tell me."

"Ok, oh, um, there is something funny in the hall. Can the class come see it?"

"Sure."

So we all watched Katie and Mr. Cleary fight for their clothes. It was a fun, funny, and a very interesting day for me.

keep reading - there are More great stories on the next page!

Third Grade, continued

Snack Time

By Morgan M.

"Snack time!" my teacher announced as we all peeked into our flimsy orange snack bins. Suddenly I saw something *so* shocking that I couldn't actually believe what I was looking at!

"What?!" I gasped. I didn't have a healthy snack! It was the fly pie I had last night for dessert! I couldn't have it. I wouldn't have it. I shouldn't have it. But it looked sooo good, with those little juicy red berries and that chocolatey crunchy graham cracker crust! So I slowly knelt down and took just a few bites, but it was *so* good that I just had to eat the rest of it.

"Mmmm." It tasted like graham crackers and homemade chocolate chip cookies! Just then I felt sick! I shouldn't have eaten that red berry pie. I felt nauseated and tingly from head to toe. The room started spinning. Everything went black.

"What is happening?!" I asked. My back tingled and I grew wings! They were sparkly and clear. But just as I finished looking at the wings, I quickly flew up to the ceiling and bumped my head. Then I zoomed out of the classroom and down the hall. I bounced down the stairs and to the strict principal's office! I flew past him and we switched clothes! Before I could say, " Sorry!" I zoomed out. His jacket pulled me to the ground but my wings stayed strong and flew me through the red door. It was the same color as the red berries on the top of my pie. Inside it was a nice shade of blue, with a blue tiled floor and blue stalls. Wait *blue* stalls?!

"Oh no!" I said.

"I'm in the boys bathroom!" I tried to turn around but I saw Mr. Larry. I quickly hid in a stall, so he wouldn't see me but as I hid my wings pushed me into the toilet!

Thank goodness Mr. Larry had cleaned the toilets, I thought to myself. But now I had soaked the principal's suit! What was I going to do? I had an idea but my wings wouldn't agree, so instead of my idea, my wings pulled me out the door. I

almost fainted. I couldn't see anything! Then they stopped me. It happened fast. Once I could see again, I noticed I was at the door of the cafeteria. As I stepped in, my wings pushed me a little farther in. I flew up, up, up and then boom! I stopped in midair in the middle of the cafeteria. I didn't notice there was a food fight happening until someone threw mashed potatoes and gravy in my face! Then a bowl of soup flew up and splattered all over my shirt, then green beans flew right up my nose! It kept coming! Then someone pointed out that I had wings and was floating in the air!

"Oh no," I quickly hid my wings in Mr. Larry's extra cleaning jacket.

"No, she doesn't!" everyone said confusingly. But as they said it, BOOM, I fell to the ground. I need my wings to fly! I thought to myself. I was in pain from head to toe. I crawled out the door and back up the stairs. I was heading back to my classroom.

There it was again. I went fast! Super fast! So fast everything came off me just as the principal walked by. We spun around and switched clothes again. Now he was wearing his food covered soaked toilet water suit and I was wearing my pink and green flowered dress again. He looked confused. My wings came off. I landed softly on the ground. As I stepped in the classroom I heard the teacher say,

"Snack's over!" Thank goodness. Now I had learned my lesson.

"Don't eat bad food even if you really want it!"

Snack Time

By Alice O.

"Snack time everyone!" called my red headed teacher. I was so excited! I was so hungry! I slowly opened my flimsy orange bin, and I saw a full bag of potato chips! I knew we couldn't have an unhealthy snack, but it looked so good! I slowly went under my desk and checked to see if anybody was looking. It was clear! I grabbed a handful of chips and stuffed them in my mouth. It was amazing! Crunch! Oops! I made sure nobody heard me.

Then I got all dizzy. My eyes felt like they were popping out of my head! I started to feel weird, my hands and feet started to tingle. What is this!? What's happening to me? Oh no, oh no, oh no! The next thing I knew I was headed for the school lockers! Crash, boom, crash! Then I bolted down into the nurse's office! I crashed into the cabinets and all the medicines spilled on the floor! I slipped on them and the boxes of bandaids fell on me and stuck to me! Then I darted for the principal's office! I tried to force myself to go back to the classroom, but it was no use. I dashed into his office and went so fast that I switched clothes with the principal! I had a dress with a flower headband, but now I had a black suit on with a red tie!

I looked at the principal, YIKES! Then I sprinted down the hall went up all the stairs. I went so fast all the bandages flew off me and I got my old clothes back on. I went back into the third grade classroom and I was pretty surprised that nobody noticed that I had been gone! Then I saw Mr. Larry looking very confused to see a lot of bandages and all the principal's clothes on the ground and walls.

I grinned. Boy, what a day I thought.

Friday

By Daniela S.

"Yum, yum, yum." I thought, as I was walking down from morning readers. I know it's snack time in class and I think I have an apple for snack. But when I pulled out my orange bin, I said to myself, " OMG!" I had a whoa food for snack! It was a piece of cake! It looked so good, chocolate cake with white frosting. It looked scrumptious! I know I shouldn't eat it, but I ate a little bite, and it was so delicious; my mouth watered!! My eyes crossed. I put my hand on my desk. I could not see my hand! I tried to touch Ali, but my hand went right through him!! I tried to touch Matthew, but my hand went through him too!! I yelled, "NO!!!" But no one had heard me. I started to scream.

Third Grade, continued

I went right through my chair and the floor! That's when I realized I was invisible! I felt awful! The world around me vanished and suddenly, I wasn't in school anymore, I said to myself, "What if I sink into the ground?!" If I do, the teachers won't be able to get me out! All of a sudden I yelled, "STOP! I now hate cake!!!"

To my surprise, I stopped going down, and started to rush up. In the blink of an eye, I was in my seat. I put my hand on my desk. I rested on it for a second and I didn't sink into it!!! I realized that I was no longer invisible. I was overjoyed that it was over!

The Very Weird Day

By Rachel S.

"Is it snack time?" I asked my teacher as always.

My teacher looked at her watch, "Well, look at the time!"my teacher said. "It is snack time!"

I pulled out my orange bin. I love celery sticks! But when I looked in my orange bin, I saw a hershey kiss! I know I shouldn't eat this but it was so tempting! I unwrapped the milk chocolate hershey kiss. My mouth was watering. I made sure nobody was watching me .Quickly I stuffed the hershey kiss into my mouth. It was so good! It felt like heaven! Suddenly, my fingers started to tingle and my heart was pumping like a drum.

All of a sudden I zoomed down the stairs and I noticed that I had wings! The wings were the silver tinfoil on the hershey kisses. As fast as lightning I flew into the art room! The kindergartners were painting. There was paint everywhere! Once I flew down, I looked like a rainbow. My wings were out of control! Then it got worse. The wings flew me into the BOYS BATHROOM!!!!!!!!!!! Luckily there was no one in the bathroom, phew. My wings dumped my head into the toilet! Good thing the toilets were just cleaned. Now I was all wet! Eww! Well at least it washed off the paint from the art room.

Third Grade, continued

With my tinfoil wings, I dashed into the lunch line. I looked at the menu and it said it was pancakes with syrup! Oh no! Why did syrup have to be sticky? All the food slammed onto the wall! I looked out the door to see if Mr. Larry was there. He was there! And he was coming! Mr. Larry was furious when he looked at the wall!

"I just cleaned this place!" he yelled! "What happened?"

Finally I raced down the hallway and flew up the stairs into my classroom. I was going so fast that all the stuff on me just went right off me!

"Snack time is over!" my teacher said. "Rachel, where have you been?"

I had to think of an excuse fast. "Umm,I was going to the bathroom," I said. That was close!

"Well, next time tell me before you go!" my teacher said.

That was the weirdest day in my life! I'm going to have celery sticks tomorrow!

Writing Around Morley

Third graders researched biomes of our planet. Next, they created imaginary animals with adaptations that help the animal survive in a certain biome. Here are two imaginary animals that live in the Rain Forest: the Spotted Snog and the Poison Dart Snake.

keep reading – there are More great stories on the next page!

FOURTH GRADE
MRS. ASHWORTH'S CLASS

Adoption

By Amelia S.

"Turn to page 47 in the workbook called the light bulb."

Ivy felt a piece of paper hit her on the knee, she looked down; it was Red's untidy handwriting.

Someone parked out in parking spot.
Blue dress, pink sunglasses, and black sports car.
Come in orphanage door,
Adopt us?

Ivy's heart started to race she had been in the orphanage with Red since Red was 1 years old, now Red was 4! Would they really be adopted today?

"Turn to page 47 in the workbook called the light bulb."

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Red throw a note over to Ivy. She scowled. Just because she couldn't talk didn't mean they should exclude her!

Fae saw Ivy's face brighten and her scowl deepened. They are so foolish she thought. Every time someone came into the orphanage they thought they were getting adopted! Fae tried to pull in her chair but was unable to as she looked down and saw her mangled mess of long red hair ensnared in her chair leg, again!

Red was paying no attention to their teacher, Mr. Monotone. She was looking out the window waiting for a car to pull into the parking lot. Most days not a single car came but Red was still hopeful! That's when she saw the black sports car pull up and a tall lady in a black dress stepped out. She was wearing black sunglasses and was carrying a sparkly white purse. Red quickly scribbled a note to Ivy. What if they got adopted? Red had a bad habit that Ivy did not know about (or

Fourth Grade, continued

else she would have stopped it). Red kept notes written on her arm, and since they never had had a bath she had notes like:

Spiky thing on missus table.

Now Red added another one:

"Turn to page 47 in the work book called the light bulb"

Misty opened up her book to page 47. She looked at the page. *Yay!* she thought as she saw they were studying force and gravity! Misty was the best student in the class. She passed every test with flying colors, and her grades were the best in the orphanage! She always studied and she never ever forgot to bring her homework to class! Misty took out a notebook and a pencil and started doing research on force and gravity.

After class all the kids in the orphanage were heading down the halls to their dormitories when Miss, the head of the orphanage, came on the loudspeaker. "All students must report to the main hall for inspection. We have a visitor."

Fourth Grade, continued

Ivy's heart started to race. What if Red had been right? "RED!" she called. "RED!"

All of a sudden Red came sprinting toward her, eyes aflame, her hair wild, "IVY!" she yelled. Red flew at her and did a full tackle hug. Ivy fell over and hit her head on the cold hard floor. Then Fae came running up, notebook and pencil in hand. She quickly wrote something and handed it to Ivy: *You are not getting adopted.*

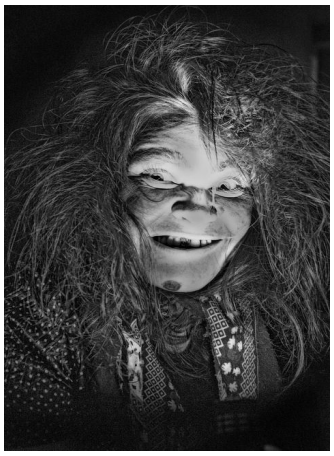
"How do you know?" asked Ivy.

Look at us! Do you really think that the lady will want anyone from this orphanage in the state we are in?

"It's not what's on the outside, Fae, it's what's on the inside that counts!"

You're wrong Ivy. Red's the dirty girl who is always angry. You're the girl who is so calm and kind no matter what. Misty is the smart girl who knows everything. That's who we are so deal with it!

"You're wrong Fae, you're wrong!" Even as she said it though, she was wondering, *what if Fae was right, what if, what if?*



When Ivy, Red, Fae, and Misty arrived at the main hall it was packed with kids. They had to hold hands to stay together, except Fae. Fae went to look for Nick.

Miss lined them up on the wall in alphabetical order separating the boys and girls, except Fae who refused to be separated from Nick so the teacher said she could go with the boys. "Okay, now everyone be on their best behavior!" She gave an evil grin, "or else."

The lady that Red had seen in the parking lot was standing with a man in a tuxedo and the head of the orphanage, talking in low voices. *I guess she really does want to adopt someone,* thought Fae, stealing a glance over at Ivy. Ivy was writing on a piece of paper! Ivy passed it to Red and motioned for her to keep

passing. Then the orphanage lady turned around and pointed to Fae; Fae's heart started to beat faster and her chest started to tighten. Then the orphanage lady turned back around and Fae relaxed. She realized Nick was pressing a piece of paper against her skinny leg. She looked down.

-Fae
I can hear what they are saying!
-Ivy

Fae read the note then carefully took out her notebook and pencil (even the slightest of noises would attract the grownups attention).

-Ivy
And what may I ask is so great about being
Able to hear what they are saying?
-Fae

Then she passed it to Nick and motioned for him to keep passing. Before Nick passed the note he read it and then passed it on. After Nick passed it he took out HIS notebook and started to write a note right back to Fae! *Seriously? You too now?* she thought as Nick passed his note to her.

Do you think we
Might be adopted?
-Nick

No, I do not.
-Fae

Then she saw Ivy passing her another note!

Fourth Grade, continued

Because Then I know
Who is getting adopted
-Ivy

Fae do you think we will
Get adopted?
-Red

No I do not think
We are getting adopted!
-Fae

Fae was starting to get the hot pressing feeling that she feels when she gets annoyed. She couldn't stand all these people talking to her all at once! Luckily the orphanage lady turned around and the small murmur of talk came to an abrupt halt.

"There are several people getting adopted today," she said in brisk cold voice looking down on all the orphans as though she were trying to decide which one to eat for lunch. "I think that Red and Ivy will be getting adopted."

Ivy's face lit up like a lamp on fire and she started doing a happy jumping dance around Red. "QUIET!" the orphanage lady screamed at them and instantly Ivy became stone-faced and silent. "Also," Miss continued, "Nick will be."

Fae suddenly found she was having trouble breathing. *What if he gets adopted and I don't? What if I have to stay here? What if I do? I can't, I can't, I can't!* "And Fae," Miss's voice penetrated Fae's panicked thoughts. She felt her insides swell like a balloon. She turned and gave Nick a sort of hug leaving a slightly taken aback Nick still standing there. "Those students that I just named must go and pack their belongings then instantly come back. Mrs.Windpipe here does not have much time." She made a motion to the lady in the blue dress standing next to her.

Fourth Grade, continued

Instantly Red, Ivy, Fae, Misty, and Nick all jumped up and sprinted to the large bronze doors with the stained glass in several spots.

***

As soon as they were out of ear shot from the grownups they started jumping up and down (except Fae) and hugging each other like baby seals playing a game. Then Nick went to the boys dormitory and Fae and the others went to the girls.

As soon as they walked in Fae wished she hadn't. The old musty smell enveloped her and she found it hard to breathe. Ivy sat down on the sagging bed and a rat scurried out from underneath. "It's so good to be leaving and not coming back," she sighed. It was hard to believe this room had been her home for so long, been her only safe place and now she was HAPPY actually HAPPY to be leaving. "It's so weird," said Red, mirroring Red's thoughts aloud. "Forever I have loved this place. It was the only place I ever felt safe and now I'm leaving it happy!"

"I have a problem though," said Misty. "I can't fit all my books in my bag!"

Ivy looked up from packing her bag and had to stifle her laugh. "Then I guess you can't bring them all," Ivy said trying to hide her smile. Behind her Red was doubled over with silent laughter. Fae took out her notebook and pencil and began writing a note to Misty.

You can share my bag

"Oh... wow… th-thank you." Ivy and Misty exchanged looks of wonder. *Why was Fae being so nice?*

***

When the girls returned to the entrance hall with their bags, Nick was already waiting. The lady in the blue dress was tapping her toe and clucking her tongue impatiently. "Come along now, I haven't got all day you know!" She stared disapprovingly at Fae's tattered dress and crazy hair.

The lady in the blue dress led them out to the car and opened the sparkly black door and motioned for them to climb in. They carefully climbed in. They

stared around in wonder at the soft velvet seats that seemed too nice too sit on and the beautiful polished wood shining in the late afternoon sun. As the car started to move, the children stared out the window at the lush green countryside whizzing by.

After they had been driving for a few minutes the countryside turned to buildings and stores. They watched it in awe. “What are those?” asked Red pointing at a building.

“Those are buildings” Misty said. “I’ve read about them but I did not know they could be so big.” She stared up at the buildings not knowing where to look first.

***

When they arrived at the house the lady in the blue dress got out and opened the door for them. One by one they climbed out of the car and onto a weird slab of cement a little bit raised from the street. They looked up at the giant mansion in front of them with fancy designed shutters and trim. The windows sparkled in the sun and the beautiful oak wood doors polished so it looked like stained glass. “You will find everything you need to survive on in there,” the lady in the blue dress said, “and I expect my afternoon tea at 12:00 precisely!” She brought the children's gaze down to a falling apart tiny shed. Then she turned on her heel and stalked off into the mansion.

“Okay,” said Ivy trying to sound happy.

“Oh come off it,” Nick said. “You aren’t really still happy!”

“This isn’t too bad,” Ivy continued as if she had not heard Nick. “At least we have a place to stay and a place to live?”

“Technically she is allowed to do this though,” Misty started.

“Technically we want someone to care for us and treat us like human beings, Misty!” Red shouted.

“Guys, fighting isn’t gonna get us anywhere. Calm down. Let’s go see what our new house is like, okay?” Ivy pulled the two girls apart. “We have to stick together.”

Fourth Grade, continued

It was bad. The roof hung too low from snow and weathering and there were leaks in several places. The paint was peeling and there were cobwebs everywhere. "With a little work I bet we could fix this place!" Ivy said with forced cheerfulness.

They stepped inside. There were rusty metal bunk beds against the far wall and a tiny sink and cabinet with a small portable stove in what looked like a teeny tiny kitchen. It was all one room and in the center there was a tiny table set for six tiny children.

The second Misty entered the room, clearly distressed, she walked right up to the tiny table and a deep frown crossed her face. "Something isn't right," she said, her brow furrowed. "Why is the table set for six? There's only five of us."

"Maybe she thought she was adopting six?" Ivy offered feebly.

"There are six bunk beds too," Misty said, growing more worried by the minute. Because she was nervous even the tiniest of creaks of the old house made her jump.

Misty-

You need to relax!

Fae-

Just then the shed's door banged open and a tall burly girl stepped in.

"Hi!" she said enthusiastically. "I am Leira, Leira Hsivag."

The children just stared at her. She had a red bucket clipped to her brown belt and a long brown ponytail. She had a dirty skirt and a blue checked oven mitt in one hand. "And you are…" she prompted.

Ivy was the first to recover. "I am Ivy, and this is Red, and Fae, and Misty, and Nick," she said as she pointed them out.

"It is so nice to meet you!" she said vigorously shaking Ivy's arm. When she finally let go Ivy clutched her arm.

"We have to bring Miss Windpipe her tea, so why don't I make it and Nick brings it. All right?" They just nodded, too stunned to speak. "Then Ivy you and Red make dinner and Fae and Misty you make this house a human wonder! Let's get cooking then!"

Fourth Grade, continued

Then Leira set to work making the tea.

***

"So," Leira said, "how was everyone's first day?"

They were sitting at the tiny table in the middle of the room. Everyone was uncomfortable with their knees pressed up against the table, eating the bean and broccoli soup that Ivy and Red had made.

"It was fun!" Ivy said happily, "Me and Red found an old cookbook with lots of good recipes in it!"

"That's great!" Leira cheered.

"And me and Fae found some old shutters out back that are still in decent shape. There is also a can of green paint and two paint brushes!"

"Awesome! We are gonna be a great team!"

***

In the morning Leira woke them up at half past four! "Sorry," she said with an apologetic smile. "I just thought that you might want to enjoy your three hours of free time!"

"What are we going to do for freetime?" Ivy said groggily.

"Visit Corey of course!" she replied, as though it were obvious.

From the corner of the room came a feeble cough which turned into a choking gagging sound. Ivy sat up and looked around. Nick was gagging and choking in the corner, clearly sick.

Fae walked over to her and passed her a piece of paper,

High fever of 104
Too high according to Misty
I'll stay here with him
-Fae

Fourth Grade, continued

"Oh, Fae, I am so sorry." She tried to put her arm around her but she yanked away but not before Ivy saw her tear stained cheeks.

Fae never cried. Never. Ever.

As they set off, Ivy felt a heavy feeling in the pit of her stomach as though she were not supposed to be leaving and she would regret it, but she did not turn around.

***

There was a soft breeze and the smell of fresh paint hung in the air. The trees rustled softly and the sky was a pearl gray. The street was all mansions, all, mansions, all giant.

When they reached number 71 they turned up a long driveway lined by neatly trimmed cherry trees. Because the three girls were used to walking long distances, they weren't even breathing hard!

They walked around to the back and Liera opened up her bucket and took out a rope and made a loop. She tossed it up and on her first try got the loop over the chimney. Then she tied the other end to her waist and started to haul herself up. When she reached the third floor window she quietly wedged it open and slipped in. A minute later the rope came back down with a note tied to it:

Fourth Grade, continued

Tie the rope to your
Waist then haul yourself up
Be very quiet or else his
Parents will wake up and from
Previous acquaintances
I don't think that they
Are very fond of me.

Ivy had to stifle her laugh. She tied the rope around her waist and started to drag herself up. *Leira made it look so easy,* she thought bitterly. *I have so much trouble with it!*

When she finally reached the top she tumbled in and landed on a soft feathery bed. She looked across the room and saw Leira and a sandy haired burly handsome boy talking in low voices, "Fine," she said angrily, "you win!" and turned with her arms crossed angily across her chest. When she saw Ivy she pretended to instantly change her face into a fake smile.

"Oh! Hi, Ivy! How are you?"

"Good," said Ivy raising one eyebrow skeptically."Come on spill it."

But since just then Red and Misty fell through the window, she wouldn't talk. Ivy did not even know if they hadn't come in the room if she would tell.

***

"Hi!" They were sitting on the floor of Corey's room.

"Nick's sick!" Red blurted out.

"I heard," Corey said terseley. "Which is why," he added with a sideways glance at Leira, "I think you should escape. It's not a safe environment for kids."

"But I've survived!" she began to protest but Corey held up his hand to stop her.

"I think there's something you should see," Corey said grimly, passing them a newspaper.

Fourth Grade, continued

BREAKING NEWS!

Nathan Laporta looking for his missing granddaughter Fae Laporta

Nathan Laporta, rich business man, is looking for his missing granddaughter who was put in an orphanage when her mother, Jen Laporta, killed her father, Ian Goodman who was an innocent dentist. Nobody knows where Fae Laporta is or if she is even alive! People say that her mother tried to kill her but did not manage before the police came, leaving her mute daughter with no protection!

Nathan offers $ 1,000 to anyone who can find his granddaughter

4 years old
Fae Laporta

They sat in silence for what seemed like all eternity until Ivy said, “I guess that settles it. We're leaving.” Misty and Red nodded solemnly.

“Alright then,” Corey said trying to lighten the mood of the grumpy crew in front of him. “I’ll come by at 11:00 in two days, alright?”

They nodded. “Wait!” Ivy said suddenly. “I found an old photograph of Fae, also of her with someone else!” She dug through her pocket until she found it.

Fourth Grade, continued

It was a photo of two people - Fae, and a red haired boy who was cuddling Fae close to his chest.

"But the orphanage lady found out I had the other one so she took it," Ivy said apologetically.

"It's okay!" Red said cheerfully. "Honestly, who wants to look at a picture of Fae! She never smiles ever!" Red added.

"We better head back home; we don't want to leave Nick alone for too long!" said Leira cheerfully.

"That place will never be my home," Red said definitely.

"Never say never!" Leira replied wagging her finger. When she turned her back Red rolled her eyes up to the ceiling.

***

By the time they got back to the house dark clouds had started rolling in. "Storm's coming," Leira predicted.

Ivy pushed the door slightly and it opened, banging against the side of the shed and startling the red haired sobbing girl clutching her best friend's ice cold hand.

"Oh Fae!" Ivy rushed to her. "What happened?"

Fae looked up into Ivy's loving brown eyes and felt angry. *You could have saved him you useless girl!* she thought. *You just didn't try!*

"There was nothing you could have done about it, you know that right?" Ivy grasped her shoulders looking straight into her ocean blue eyes as if reading her thoughts.

He's gone Ivy,
Gone

They spent the rest of the morning filling Fae in and showing her the picture. When the last rays of sun were gleaming down on the perfectly polished roofs they left the shack and went off to do their separate jobs.

Fourth Grade, continued

***

Two days later

Ivy had just finished packing Fae's rucksack when the lady in the blue dress stalked in, though tonight she was wearing a green dress. "Going somewhere?" she said with a nasty smile,

"No, just cleaning,"Ivy said coldly.

"Then our friend here must have it wrong?" she raised her eyebrow skeptically and out from behind her back stepped Leira.

"They are going somewhere," Leira said with a smirk.

"Thought so," the lady in the green dress said.

"I trusted you!" Ivy yelled, eyes glued on Leira. "But you still thought it was okay to leave me here by myself with no company and to drown in my misery and lonely self?!"

"You're a traitor," and there was such loathing and hatred in her eyes that had never ever been there before that if you didn't know her very well you would not have been able to recognize her.

"Ivy," Red said, but Ivy ignored her. "Ivy," Red said louder, but still Ivy kept her eyes on Leira.

"When I first came here and met you I thought 'Yay', I always look out for everyone else and now I have someone to look out for ME, to take care of ME! But look, the person I thought was going to save me got in the way of me saving myself and all the other people who look up to me! The person who I thought would take care of me is actually the person who hurts me, who puts her happiness before a group of 4 year olds and 8 year olds and 10 year olds. Those people whose worlds, when they were born, greeted them by killing their parents, by sending their parents to jail. These children were born into a world of wickedness and nothing, nothing is going to stop me from making these children happy!"

"Well said Ivy, well said." The sound of clapping came from the doorway and Ivy realized Corey was standing there in his flannel jacket clapping, for her. She blushed a bright red.

Fourth Grade, continued

"Now if you don't mind excusing us, Mrs. Windpipe," Nick said to Mrs. Windpipe making a motion with his hand indicating that Ivy and the others should walk out the door with him.

They walked in silence for a while just watching the pink clouds float by.

"Ivy," Red said timidly, "do you really love us that much?"

Ivy put her arm around the little girl. "Yes Red, yes, I do."

Will they find Fae's grandfather?
Will they stay alive?
Will Corey's parents come after him?

Tune in for book 2 to get all the answers to your questions!!!!

Mrs. Hall's Class

Molly's Story

By Maddie F.

Molly's jump rope hit the blacktop. On her last jump she broke her record of 56 jumps. Molly and Danielle were at recess playing jump rope and hopscotch on the blacktop. Then Danielle started calling Molly so Molly went to see what was going on. Danielle's calls started getting louder as she approached her.

"Come on," said Danielle. They were going to play with their friend Tessa whose mom was the nicest mom in the world. She always had Oreos or candy at their house. They loved having playdates at her house. Tessa was all the way on the end of the field playing princesses and that was Molly and Danielle's favorite game. They loved being called queen and your majesty.

"Ok, Danielle, I'm coming," said Molly.

Fourth Grade, continued

The only thing stopping them was the boys' soccer game and they both knew they didn't want to get hit in the face because the boys were a little extra rowdy today. They were punting the ball more often and they knew they didn't want to get hit in the face with the ball because they knew what happened when it did. What happened was that their sparkly lip gloss, which was flavored Peach and Raspberry swirl, which was their favorite flavor, got knocked right off their faces. When that happened they ran around and screamed their head off but their desire to play with their friend was too strong so they decided to take the risk of getting hit in the face with the ball.

As they took off across the field their friend came in sight. Just as they were coming in on the end of the field a boy named Jack threw a frisbee right at Molly and it hit her! Well, Molly screamed very loudly and Jack was very surprised by this reaction but still fell on the floor with laughter.

Molly's face turned bright red with anger. She exploded like a volcano right there on the field with anger. She was so mad she yelled all the way across the field, "JACK!" and all the boys and girls covered their ears. It was so loud. Molly stretched it out like she was stretching a slinky very slowly.

Molly wound her leg back as far as she could and kicked him with all her might. Jack stopped laughing immediately and collapsed to the ground. Jack started crying and wailing.

Danielle gaped at what her friend did to poor Jack. She started sprinting toward the closest teacher possible. Her hair whipped around her head as she ran. As she got to the teacher, out of breath, the teacher asked her, "Are you alright Danielle?" she said with a hint of panic in her eyes but still watching the other kids at recess.

Danielle, who caught her breath, just nodded and then she started talking about what Molly did to poor Jack. As she kept talking the teacher's face went cold and she started to walk across the field where Molly stood and Jack lay. Then she yelled all the way across the field, "MOLLY!"

Fourth Grade, continued

As Molly walked toward the building with the teacher's tight grip on her back Molly was not very worried at all because she'd been to the principal's office before. As they marched down the metal steps to the office Molly's stomach tightened. When she saw the displeased face of her very own principal she suddenly felt a little more panicked than before.

When Molly opened the door to the office the secretary told her to wait in one of the metal chairs. The wait for the principal felt like an eternity. Then a couple of minutes later her name was called into the office. As Molly slowly walked into the principal's office her hands turned to ice. She slowly walked to the grimy chair that has been through 18 years of crying and germs.

The principal told Molly about the importance of being a good friend and not getting mad as easily anymore. It was brutal to Molly because the principal droned on for hours or so she thought. It was actually only a couple of minutes. Molly tried to make herself busy. She tried picking the squishy black stuff under the principal's desk. When that failed she tried picking the scab on the back of her hand but all that did was make it bleed so Molly tried to block out the principal's voice but it was hopeless to try.

Molly eventually made up an excuse to use the bathroom and she got out of the room for a couple of minutes to take a break. When she did come back in the principal was ready to keep talking to her. He went on like this for a few more minutes but in her mind it was a couple of hours.

When the principal finally stopped talking he dismissed Molly and the teacher came in to lead Molly back to the field where Jack was to apologize for kicking him. When they got over to him, Molly scrunched her face up and said sorry for kicking him without a hint of realism in it.

"Molly," said the teacher, her temper rising.

"Fine," said Molly. "Sorry, Jack," who was now up but still wincing.

Jack said huffing, "I accept your apology."

Fourth Grade, continued

Molly turned around with a huff to go find Danielle and left Jack and the teacher standing there. Jack hobbled off to play with the other boys. They both never played or talked to each other from that day on.

POEMS

By Ellie June P.

Starburst Candy

To me it's sour
I like pink & red
Even though they are sour, too
They are unhealthy
They stick to your teeth
I like them

Movies

Some are long
Some are not
I like most movies
Movies are interesting

Crayons

Some are jumbo
Some are small
Some are medium
They are different colors
I like crayons

Fourth Grade, continued

The Happy Day

By Jack (a special guest writer) & Ellie P.

I'm happy! Are you?

Today was a great day because I really liked school when we skipped taking naps!

I also liked lunch because I sat with my teacher.

I also liked *bug in a rug* because I got picked. *Bug in a rug* is where we all close our eyes and my teacher taps somebody on the head. That person gets covered in a blanket then we all open our eyes and try to guess who it is.

That is why I thought today was a happy day!

Mrs. Perry's Class

Why Nellie Bly Should Have Her Own FOREVER Postage Stamp

By Jane

You have probably heard of Nellie Bly or Elizabeth Jane Cochran. She traveled around the world in the 1800's in 76 days. If she never was born women would have a lot of a harder time. She was brave and daring and should be honored now, not just in the 1800's. She was also strong. inspiring and great at what she did.

One of the reasons why she was brave is because she had a tough childhood. As a child she stood out from the crowd wearing bright clothing and having a bright personality. When she was only 6 her father died. Later her mother got remarried to a man who abused Nellie. During the awful years of being yelled at and beat for nothing she decided not to depend on anyone. 6 years later her Mom divorced again. Nellie was very brave even as a little girl.

Fourth Grade, continued

When she was younger she had big dreams. She didn't know what job was for her but she didn't want to be a teacher or a nurse which were the only women's jobs. She didn't let anyone discourage her.

Nellie became a reporter after a newsman was impressed with her angry letter about a horrible news. The article said about how in other countries they kill, sell or enslave baby girls and how they thought women were weak. As a reporter she wrote articles and she even pretended to be insane to go to a crazy house. They had awful food there, the people were crazy and cruel. She became America's star reporter! Everybody loved her articles better than any other reporter's. Nellie was amazing at her work and inspired women to do jobs that people thought were for men.

On her journey she faced many troubles. For example, there were 2 ships delayed for 5 days and another ship delayed for 1 day. There was also a late train. Elizabeth Bisland tried to beat her and they became rivals. The worst snowstorm in 10 years hit where she was- talk about bad luck! But one of the worst troubles was discrimination against women. Nellie Bly didn't give in and she should be respected for that.

She wrote articles on her journey. Soon everybody knew about her and were cheering for her. Bands played and crowds gathered when she finally returned home. She was nominated the most talked about in America at the time. Her face was on everything from toys to cigar boxes,and more. So why not a postage stamp?

Nowadays she doesn't get enough credit for what she did! Some people don't even know who she is! She needs to have her face on a stamp so people will remember what amazing things she did. Even today she inspires people to follow their dreams.

Fourth Grade, continued

Blue

By Parami, Ilana and Jane

Glistening blue waves
Oh look! There is a cave
Up in the blue sky
It is very high
Up, up we go
As the wind blows
As the fluffy clouds flow
Chirp, chirp the birds say
As we run away
Down, down we go
As the wind blows
While we run down, oh where did those birds go?
Who knows
Well anyway, see you next time
While we rhyme

Fourth Grade, continued

Why Louis Armstrong Should be on a Forever Stamp

By Drew M.

Louis Armstrong should be on a stamp because he turned his life around, became an amazing musician and he had a great personality. These are just three very important reasons why Louis Armstrong should be on a Forever Stamp.

My first reason why this man should get a Forever stamp is because Louis Armstrong turned his life around. For example, he found a gun in an old trunk and shot it into the air on New Year's Day. For that, the police sent him to reform school. Soon Louis became leader of the band and found his passion for playing the trumpet. When he was older he became famous and was in the best band in New Orleans! This shows that he is a role model for other people that need to turn their life around.

Another reason is that he is an amazing musician! He wrote a very popular song called, "Hello Dolly!" It sold millions of copies. Louis also made many records and was in many movies. For my last example, Louis sang "Oooohh Yaaah!" at the end of his songs. People would sing it with him. This shows that the fans loved him, too.

For my last, but not least reason, he had a great personality! First, Louis became known as America's Ambassador. He also made people happy. Louis made people happy by singing and performing all sorts of things. Louis also was one of the first black superstars.

Now I hope you are convinced that the amazing Louis Armstrong who turned his life around, is an amazing musician and had a great personality and should deserve a Forever Stamp.

Fourth Grade, continued

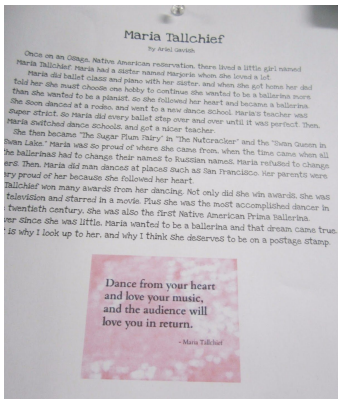
Katrina

By Henry S.

Lightning rips at the sky,
clouds as black as death.
Rain pours down from the heavens,
the water stagnant and black.

Hopeless people screaming.
No life, no hope, everything is lost.

Writing Around Morley



Maria Tallchief

by Ariel Gavish

Once on an Osage, Native American reservation, there lived a little girl named Maria Tallchief. Maria had a sister named Marjorie whom she loved a lot. Maria did ballet class and piano with her sister, and when she got home her dad told her she must choose one hobby to continue. She wanted to be a ballerina more than she wanted to be a pianist, so she followed her heart and became a ballerina. She soon danced at a rodeo, and went to a new dance school. Maria's teacher was super strict, so Maria did every ballet step over and over until it was perfect. Then, Maria switched dance schools and got a nicer teacher.

She then became "The Sugar Plum Fairy" in "The Nutcracker" and the "Swan Queen in Swan Lake." Maria was so proud of where she came from, when the time came when all the ballerinas had to change their names to Russian names, Maria refused to change hers. Then, Maria did main dances at places such as San Francisco. Her parents were very proud of her because she followed her heart.

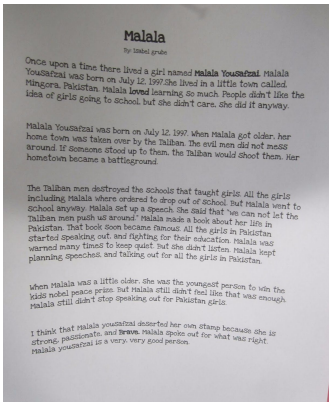
Tallchief won many awards from her dancing. Not only did she win awards, she was on television and starred in a movie. Plus she was the most accomplished dancer in the twentieth century, she was also the first Native American Prima ballerina.

Ever Since She was little, Maria wanted to be a ballerina and that dream came true. is why I look up to her, and why I think she deserves to be on a postage stamp.

Dance from your heart
and love your music,
and the audience will
love you in return.

- Maria Tallchief

To celebrate Black History Month and Women's History Month, fourth graders learned about heroes who have helped make the world a better place. Students shared their learning by writing opinion pieces that will convince the reader to place the hero's picture on a postage stamp. Students wrote about Ruth Bader Ginsburg, Ada Lovelace, Malala Yousafzai, Maria Tallchief, and many others.



Malala

By Isabel grade

Once upon a time there lived a girl named Malala Yousafzai. Malala Yousafzai was born on July 12, 1997. She lived in a little town called Mingora, Pakistan. Malala loved learning. So much. People didn't like the idea of girls going to school, but she didn't care. She did it anyway.

Malala Yousafzai was born on July 12, 1997. When Malala got older, her home town was taken over by the Taliban. The evil men did not mess around. If Someone stood up to them, the Taliban would shoot them. Her hometown became a battleground.

The Taliban men destroyed the schools that taught girls. All the girls including Malala where ordered to drop out of School. But Malala went to School anyway. Malala set up a speech. She said that "We can not let the Taliban men push us around." Malala made a book about her life in Pakistan. That book soon became famous. All the girls in Pakistan started speaking out, and fighting for their education. Malala was warned many times to keep quiet, but she didn't listen. Malala kept planning speeches, and talking out for all the girls in Pakistan.

When Malala was a little older, she was the youngest person to win the kids nobel peace prize. But Malala still didn't feel like that was enough. Malala still didn't stop speaking out for Pakistan girls.

I think that malala yousafzai deserted her own stamp because she is strong, passionate, and Brave. malala spoke out for what was right. malala yousafzai is a very, very good person.

FIFTH GRADE
MRS. ALERTE'S CLASS

Dear Diary,

By Sophie M.

Tuesday, January 24 ,2000

Dear Diary,

In five days, it is my sister's 6th birthday. We will have lemon tarts and water crescent sandwiches. My sister loves England, so she wants to have her party all English. We live in San Francisco, so England is very far away, but our grandparents live there and Annie (my sister) is very obsessed with our grandparents.

My parents think she is the most special thing ever since she is going into kindergarten. I, for one, am 12, so I don't have parties anymore. On my birthday (which is March 16), I just go out to dinner at Max Burger with two friends and my mom and have a sleepover with them. My dad takes care of my sister and watches crazy English television shows that night.

Gotta go! My mom is calling me to come to Walgreens with her for Annie's birthday stuff.

-Elizabeth Audrey Collins

Sunday, January 29, 2000

Dear Diary,

I haven't been able to write because I have six pages of Math, 10 chapters in Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets book to read, four pages of Language Arts, two Science articles to read, and a Social Studies test to study for every night. (The test is next Tuesday.)

It is Annie's birthday. I have to talk in a British accent and dress up as an English maid and offer everyone tea. Ugh! Stella Luna, Annie's friend is here. Boo hoo. I have to get dressed.

-Elle Collins

Fifth Grade, continued

Wednesday, February 1, 2000

Dear Diary,

I took the Social Studies test today. I got an A (98%). My mom is happy about that. She is really happy because my teacher told her that I can help with kindergarten classes during their (and my) lunch. I'm happy too.

I finally don't have to put up with sitting with Annie at lunch. Cici and Abi (my friend Abilene) and I have to do my homework now!

-Miss Collins

Monday, February 5, 2000

Dear Diary,

I had ballet class with CiCi today. She told me that she is super excited to help with the kindergarteners because she will get to see her mom (the kindergarten teacher).

Great, now I have to go to tap with Annie!

Friday, March 3, 2000

Dear Diary,

I couldn't write because on Feb 7th, we went to Florida to see my grandparents on my mom's side. We came back yesterday. Tomorrow I am going to CiCi's "going away" party. Now I have soccer practice!

Tuesday, March 14, 2000

Dear Diary,

My birthday is in 2 days! I am going out to Max Burger with CiCi and her twin sister Maggie! And my mom, of course. And, Annie is having a sleepover from 12 to, well, the morning! I. can't. wait!

Fifth Grade, continued

Thursday, March 16, 2000

Dear Diary,

It's my birthday today! I am very excited because I got a new Harry Potter Book. I am reading it right now! It is called Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban. Now I have the full series. It is:

- Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone
- Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets
- Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban

My mom said that there is a new Harry Potter book coming out on July 8, 2000. I do not know what it is called but she said that she will get it for me.

Monday, March 20, 2000

Dear Diary,

I have so much homework! Today, I have to finish Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets (which is 55 pages), do three pages of Math, nine chapters and two pages in my Social Studies book, write about what job I want to have in life and why, and study for my Science test tomorrow. Ugh!

Wednesday, March 29, 2000

Dear Diary,

I hate Wednesdays. First of all, I have Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, (CCD) which I hate (I looked up how to spell it in my "All Things Christian" speller.) Second, I have school until 4:30 instead of 3:20 on Wednesdays. Third, I have to wear a skirt to school on Wednesdays. I don't know why. They call it "Hump Day."

If you are reading this diary and it is the future and you were wondering, I go to a school in Simsbury, Connecticut called "Simsbury School for Girls". Our mascot is a swan. It is a K-12 School. There are only 217 kids in our whole school because (I'll write it later). I have to go to CCD.

Fifth Grade, continued

Sunday, April 2

Okay, I'm back. There are only 217 kids in our school because there are 13 grades and there are 15 in kindergarten.

Mrs. Kluskiewicz's Class

Ordinary people should not own guns

By Ian M.

Although in our Constitution it says every U.S. citizen has the right to have guns as property, I think that ordinary people should not have guns. One important point to remember is that, according to the New York Times, around 33,000 innocent people are killed by guns every year in the U.S. I feel that to avoid innocent people being killed, only people with proper training should be able to carry guns - the police and the army.

One of the most shocking shootings in U.S. history was in Newtown, CT in 2012. On Friday, December 14, a gunman opened fire at Sandy Hook Elementary School. He killed 26 people, 20 were school kids (between the ages of 5 and 7) and 6 teachers. Many were stunned at how shocking this was but that was not the end. The shooter's home was an arsenal. The shooter owned many guns and weapons. There were also ripped newspaper articles about shootings.

One of the most recent shootings happened in Florida on February 14, 2018, at Stoneman High School. In this situation, there were older students. Nikolas Cruz was the shooter that killed 17 people at Stoneman High. He managed to escape and got away, but finally, he was caught and is currently awaiting his trial. Many recall the horrific stories. One student recalled the shooter saying, "Things are gonna get messy." She fled the building without a sign. A couple of minutes later another student was in a class the shooter fired in. She hid beneath a classmate's body and didn't come out until the shooter left.

After so many shootings at public schools, some people believe that teachers should carry guns. In my opinion that could make things worse. People with guns can start violence and can cause trauma and mental pain. I read in the New York Times that some teacher actually could start a riot of his/her own. If I had a teacher who had a gun I would question if a school is safe. I think that 911 should be allowed to carry guns to protect us but only for safety. Another way to reduce gun violence would be to control the selling of guns.

Also, I have to respect that some people say that it's ok to own guns. Those who own guns believe that guns can be used for safety. Some also own guns for Olympic sports that involve shooting and hunting. Most who own guns use them for sports. Other people use them to protect themselves. In a couple of situations, people used guns to stop robberies. Also, people who own guns as property are respecting the 2nd amendment. Owning a gun doesn't make a country more dangerous so that's what many gun owners have said but other countries with not so many guns are safer. And finally, people who choose to own guns state that both men and women have the right to own firearms because of the 2nd amendment. The weakness is at the same time public shootings have been breaking out and killing innocents. Therefore people have been getting killed.

Lots of people have been dying because guns are in public places and people feel like they have to kill. If only 911 has guns people will be saved and less will be murdered by firearms. There will be fewer families moaning in pain. Therefore I believe that innocent people should not own guns as property.

Meeting Izzy

By Natalee

I got into the car and mom started to drive. As we turned in the parking lot and parked I ran out and into the shelter. Mom checked to see if the cat was still there to adopt. I sat down and waited to go into the room to meet the cat.

Fifth Grade, continued

Finally a lady came and showed me and mom the room. The lady brought the cat in. The lady said, “Her name is Izzy.” Izzy, I thought. I like that name.

I asked if I could pet Izzy. The lady put her down and Izzy went right under the table. I was about to pet her when Izzy started to growl. I stepped back and thought maybe she didn’t like me. I tried again and mom said, “It’s not you. She’s scared of the noise out of the room.”

I sat down and Izzy let me pet her back a little. Mom said, “Do you like Izzy? Would you like to adopt her?”

I said, “I want to adopt her; I want to take her home.”

The lady picked up Izzy and put her in a box to take home but mom had to get the papers for Izzy so we could take her home.

Izzy didn’t like the box. She shook the box. She growled. I started to talk to her. I said, “You’re a lucky kitty. You’ll love your new home. I have a bed for you to sleep in tonight or you can sleep with me.”

When we got home I opened the box and Izzy jumped out and sniffed around. I showed her the bed. She got nice and cozy. I decided to sit next to her. I started to pet her and she started to purr. I chose to pick her up. She hissed and scratched me because she was scared.

It came to bedtime. I said, “Goodnight, Izzy.” She decided to sleep in her bed I got her that day and I went to my bed.

The next morning I played with Izzy for a while then we sat on the couch and watched tv until mom came home. We had a movie night with Izzy. Then we all went to bed and Izzy decided to sleep with me in my bed.

The next morning I got out of bed and Izzy was not on my bed any more. I called her name, “Izzy! Izzy!” I repeated. No kitty came so I walked around the house.

First, in my room, I looked under my bed, in the closet, and in my dresser. Still no Izzy.

The next room was the living room. I looked under the couch. No cat. Under the chairs. No cat.

Mom got out of bed and said, “Time for school.”

“No,” I said. “I can't find Izzy.”

Mom said, “She will come out but you have to go to school.”

“Fine, I’ll go to school.”

I started to cry when I got to school. My teacher said, “What’s wrong?”

I said, “I can’t find my new cat.” Mrs. Connor told me to sit in my seat. I did. I forgot about Izzy for about half an hour and the phone started to ring. The teacher answered it. She said, “Natalee, it’s for you.”

I ran for the phone. I said, “Hello?” It was the office.

They said, “Your mom called and said that she found your cat Izzy. Izzy was under a bed in a container under clothes.”

I said, “Thank you for telling me.”

I put the phone down and I said real happily, “MY MOM FOUND IZZY!”

The rest of the day I was happy and when the bell rang I rushed home and went in my room to find Izzy. I saw something move under my covers. I went over to my bed and lifted the blanket to find a little black cat and the black cat was Izzy.

The rest of the night I played with Izzy. When it came to bedtime, I got into bed and Izzy followed me. I shut the light off and we went to sleep.

Take Screens Away from Tweens

By Charlotte F.

Tweens spend on average 9 hours on their phones in a day, that's more than the average American works full time. Also, this is more time than children go to school in a day. In my opinion, children should not have cell phones. There are several reasons why I think this way. One of the big concerns is the high marks on child depression, that can one day lead to very serious problems like eating disorders and suicide attempts. Another reason is the decreasing of child sleep with the problems that go with it. And lastly, research shows that with cell phones more cyberbullying goes on.

Fifth Grade, continued

It's always great fun on a movie night to put on cozy pajamas and watch a movie on your phone. But scientists are sharing that doing this may not be healthy. Your cell phone produces a violet light, this light keeps you wide awake. During the day your brain produces a similar light during daylight hours but decreases the amount given at night. By watching or playing games on a phone during the night will not allow you to go to bed well after you turn the device off. Also, studies have shown that the average tween has about 7 hours of sleep each night when the recommended amount is 9 hours. Part of the reason children don't get as much sleep is that they are on their phones constantly. According to BBC news losing sleep is not the only reason to limit your screen time, they say, " Violet light is potentially hazardous and toxic to the back of your eye. So over a period of time, it can potentially damage your eyes." Many people believe this bad light is blue but really it is violet, this violet light can one day lead to macular degeneration which is a leading type of blindness. According to the National eye institute, macular degeneration is a disease in the eye that can prevent you from reading, driving, writing and other everyday activities.

Over 25 million Americans suffer from depression, and 50 percent of the people in America who have committed suicide have had experience with depression. One of the main reasons so many Americans have had experience with depression is because of cell phones. What is depression, you may ask? Many people believe being depressed is simply feeling sad, but it is way worse. According to the Mayo Clinic, "Depression is a mood disorder that causes a persistent feeling of sadness and loss of interest." Also, according to the ADAA (Anxiety and Depression Association of America), " Depression occurs in women more often than men." One reason for this is cell phones. Girls and women tend to shop for clothes and look at pictures of perfect- bodied women and models. By looking at things like these, girls feel like they are imperfect or overweight and this can cause depression. Soon this depression can lead to more serious problems like eating disorders. And finally, these actions can lead to suicidal thoughts or actions.

Fifth Grade, continued

More than 1 out of 3 young children have faced cyberbullying threats at one point in their life. One of the main reasons so many children have faced Cyberbullying is because so many children now own a cell phone. According to the Kaiser Family Foundation, 69 percent of children between the ages of 11 to 14 have their very own cell phone. Cyberbullying involves technology to bully or harass another person. Cyberbullying can take many forms, here are a few of the most common ones. Cyberbullies send threats to blackmail the victim into doing something the bully wants. Also, Cyberbullies can post embarrassing pictures or messages online. Finally, and sadly, another kind of cyberbullying is sending a "virus" to the victim's device. By doing this it will cost the victim quite a bit of money as devices are expensive to fix. Cyberbullying has become a huge problem over the last couple of years and the answer to the question we all have been asking is to simply have fewer children owning a cell phone.

Some people may argue that it is a safety issue to not have children carrying a smartphone at all times. They say that children need to be in touch with their parents. The flaw in this argument is that there are other safer options. Instead of using their smartphones for contacting parents, children use the device to watch videos and chat with friends. The flip phone is a perfect solution, a flip phone is a phone that children can use to contact their parents without the nasty distractions of games, videos, and social media. Another argument people may make is that children need cell phones for school-related projects. The weakness in this argument is that a cell phone is quite a lot of money and not all families can afford an 800 dollar piece of technology like others can. Therefore teachers need to find an alternative way for children to study. Lastly, I believe most of the arguments people will make are flawed because safety always overthrows convenience.

When you add up all the problems cell phones have caused people such as the unsafe features it holds, depression causes, and cyberbullying we should all come to a conclusion that cell phones are not the safest things for children to own. If we are trying to keep children as safe as possible, why are we handing them a device that will sadden them, scare them, and hurt them? The fun activities and

games on a cell phone have blinded us from the truth. Cell phones are very unsafe devices and we all should stay far, far away from them.

The Ocean

By Avery

The ocean
Is filled
with emotions.

Emotions
Are like potions.
You never know
What will happen.
So dive right in
And imagine.

Yet you dive
So deep the
Sand touches your feet.

A Blaze

A blaze
Is yet to
Amaze.
We run
Through the
Corn maze.

Fifth Grade, continued

It burns so
Bright that
The smoke sours
Through the
Night.
The fire is
To our desire.
The smoke
Flies around
As we dream of
Love and peace.

Story
by Abby S.

The tree branch snapped as the wind whirled around me. My thin braid on my left shoulder was slapping my face like a fly swatter to a fly. It was June 23, 2:09 pm and my friend Melissa was over and we were climbing the "ghost tree." We only call it that because an old story was passed down saying that the tree was once a home to a family of ghosts. But Melissa and I didn't believe it for a second.

"Why is it so windy?" I screamed over the howling wind.

"I don't know!" she screamed back.

Just a minute ago it was warm and sunny, then nine minutes later it was stormy with pouring rain. We started to climb to the top of the tree, trying not to mind the weather. BANG! A tree crashed down. It was the one right next to us. It hit my left cheek and now my cheek was dripping with blood.

"Ouch!" I said.

BANG! It was the branch Melissa was on. "Oh no! Hold on!" I screamed. I held on to her as best I could but her hands were sweaty and I could not hold on any longer. "I have to let go. I am so sorry!"

Fifth Grade, continued

BANG! It was my branch.

"Nooooo!" I was so scared that I started to cry.

"Why me?" I screamed over my sobs. PLOP! I hit the ground. Pain shot through my arm and my leg.

Melissa was laying beside me.

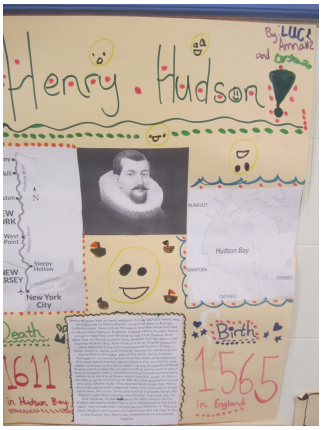
"You okay?" I tried to say, for the pain was too harsh.

"I'm not too good, but I'm alive," Melissa whispered into my ear. Then in the next five minutes the harsh wind became a breeze and the pouring rain became a drizzle. I looked around. The sun was shining. Everything was destroyed.

Writing Around Morley

Fifth graders wrote opinion pieces about keeping animals in zoos. They shared their opinions with each other online.

5th graders also wrote about explorers. They are giving facts about them and telling us when they were born and when they died. Students wrote about John Smith, Henry Hudson, Christopher Columbus and many others.



2018 Morley Muse Staff Photos

Grade Two

Grade Three

2018 Morley Muse Staff Photos

Grade Three, cont.

Grade Four