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2017-2018

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Dreamer’s Notebook
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Inspired by the Holocaust Unit in ELA

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Written as part of the co-curricular “Falling Into Nature” all day walking field trip

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Note to Readers:

This year our school suffered an incredible loss with the unexpected, sudden passing of one of our Science teachers, Mrs. Denise Cicione. This magazine is dedicated to her. She taught both her students and colleagues so many lessons both in and out of the classroom as is evidenced in the letter from her team on page 42. Our wish is that the lessons Mrs. Cicione taught both her students and colleagues will serve as a way to keep her memory alive.

Remember to live in the moment

and

Reach for the stars!

Special thanks to Ms. Georgina Colina, Mr. Wesley Hallock and his staff for their time and expertise in the printing of Dreamer’s Notebook.

Students are welcome to join the Literary/Art magazine Club which is open to all students. We encourage everyone at Great Hollow to strive to develop their many talents and skills in order to become a force for the betterment of mankind. Students are encouraged to submit their original work throughout the school year. Numerous entries were submitted and it was a challenge for the staff to make their final selections. We thank everyone for their submissions and hope you will consider entering your creative work again this year.
Is Kindness a Dream

They think they are better
They think they are the best
But really they are the same as the rest

Why do they choose to be so mean?
Maybe it’s because they’re not getting seen

They point and laugh and make others feel bad
Constantly making one feel sad

They see us over here and see us over there
Making us worry as they continue to stare

What would happen if they chose to be kind
Maybe they’d think others would be blind

Don’t they know
To accept others for who they are
Would make one feel better
Even like a star

If they changed their image and made new friends
Maybe bullying would come to an end

I sometimes wonder if that’s just a dream
~ Jessie Meunkle

Rainy Days: Kara Morales—Colored Pencil
Two Friends

Constantine and Jacob have
Two pairs of sneakers
Two smiles
Two caring families
Two lovely homes
Two different personalities
One great friendship
Two creative minds
Two loyal companions
Two bossy siblings
And many things in common
~ Jacob Kim

Just Me

I am unique
I am not the same
I will never be the same
Having the same personality around everyone is the most important thing about being yourself.

Funny and silly and loves soccer
That what it will always be.
That’s just me!
~ Bennett Gotti

Individuality

I am me
And only me
I love lacrosse and basketball
I can only be the best me
Not the best someone else
No matter how much I try
There is still something I need to improve
No one is perfect
~ Alex Gonzalez
Thankful Poem

I am thankful for my brother,
I wonder if he knows that.
I hear him talk with me the most,
I see the happiness when he sees me.
I want him to understand how to act around others,
   But,
I am grateful that he has down syndrome.
   I pretend I am not,
   But,
I feel he is more loving and caring than any brother in the world.
I touch him and try to help him but he doesn’t like being touched.
   I am appreciative of his love,
   And,
I understand he needs more care than most.
   I say hurtful things to him,
   But,
I dream of him understanding speech.
   I try to be patient with him,
And I hope he grows to be smart and understanding,
   I am glad I have such a unique brother.
~ Sean O’Hara
Taco

A Spanish food that’s so delicious,
Crunchy, spicy, it’s not finished!

Add some… beef! Cheese! Lettuce! Tomatoes!
You name it!
Chipotle, guacamole, salsa, please!

Make it however you like,
refried beans, make it twice.

And then when I’m finished,
I start to clean up the dishes.
~Cooper Phillips

A Thin Portal

A thin portal
That has tried
To swallow
Me whole

A thin portal
That is too tiny
To swallow
Me whole

A thin portal
That is too minute
To bring me to a
New world
~Patrick Ryan

Traveling: Sarah Panetta—Colored pencil

Confused: Anna Pajak—Pencil

Buttercup: Maggie Skalar—Colored Pencil
Individuality

There are certain characteristics that make me, me
I am funny, caring and most of all: unique
Some people are afraid to be different
but they shouldn’t be
Of course it can be scary but
why would you want to be anyone but yourself?
Being different is cool!
Everyone is special because of it and
you shouldn’t be ashamed
I am not afraid to express myself..
Even though I can be kind of shy sometimes

At times I wonder what it would be like
to be tall and outgoing,
Like some of my friends
But at the same time,
I have traits that I wouldn’t want to trade for anything
Humble, respectful, encouraging and to be more specific
I’ve had surgery on my mouth
my parents are immigrants
I am proud of who I am
I think that’s very important because...
This is me!
~Ivan Granizo

Betsey: Maggie Sckalor—Colored Pencil
“Where I’m From”  
Inspired by George Ella Lyon

I am from friend,
And from video games and shopkins.
I am from the cute.
I am from the sunflowers, the tulip.
I am from Dorney Park and fun.
From Bridget and Meghan and Leudesdorf.
I am from yoga and church.
From I love you and you have autism.
I am from the Beach House
Hanging out with my family.
I’m from St. Charles Hospital,
Quinoa and cinnamon.
From the commercial Mom was in.
The Foley’s and the rest of the family,
Especially my mother is a twin.
I am from Family snapchats.
~ Meghan Leudesdorf

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A Shadow

The darkness creeps
While I weep
All alone in my room

As the stairs creek
I become more meek
About the sound of this dark
Old and eerie house

I recall some time ago
Someone told me I should be brave
’Cause life’s too short for mistakes

I need to be strong and
Smart so I can make it by
Without messing up or getting
Startled by the future
~Tatiana Rivas

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Harry: Juliana DePasquale - Ink

At the Park: Samantha Crush – photo
Home
(This poem was written in response to the short story, "Going Home," by Pete Hamill.)

Vingo got off the bus, filled with glee,
As he stared at that big, oak, tree.
He felt something that he hadn't felt in four years.
His eyes began to water with tears.
He walked up the stair,
Her perfume filling the air,
He knocked on the door,
and nothing more.
Out came Martha and his son.
His joy was simply outdone.
He went inside, and kissed them both,
then he decided to take an oath,
"I will not ever dare,
to commit a crime,
because it is hard to bear,
being without you all this time."
They started to fill the room with laughter,
and they lived happily ever after.
~Ryan Clark
Be You
Be yourself
Be unique
Be you

I am a basketball player
A baton twirler
And I love what I do

Be yourself
Be unique
Be you
I am competitive
Creative and caring
What are you?

Be yourself
Be unique
Be you

I love who I am
I love what I do
I love how I act
Do you love you?

Be yourself
Be unique
I am me
So just be you!
~ Noelle Massa

Legend:
Green Eyes: Aubrey Kennedy — marker

Lonely Girl: Anna Pajak — pencil

Up State

The
Always
Noise
From
Turkey yelling
Deer galloping
Bears scratching
And quads roaring
River so rough
River splashing birds
Chirping in all vocabularies
Of
Splash
Flash
Screeching
Cold nights
Mosquito bites
hot meals
And
Roaring quads
Getting dirty
on a hunt
With the always noise
Of upstate
Camping music
~ Angelina Medwig
A Monster Is Under my Bed

There’s a monster under my bed
She creeps out at night
Hungry and grumbly, I think she
Wants to gobble up my head
How she might be my fright

I wake up to find
What no one wants to see
What goes through my mind
“Eek!” I scream ‘cause she looks like a bee!

I take out my phone
To post on Snapchat
So everyone can own
A ghastly picture of that

Monster so scary
Who scares me half to death
Can even scare the unfrighten-able
Finally I have met her and she says
Her name is
Scary Mary
~Isabella Sillam

Llamas with Socks

I am the one
That wears the crazy socks

I am the one
That fights crime
With my golden locks

I am the one
That leads all the llamas
Who live in one place

I am the one
That makes sure all the llamas are safe
Inside their home-base

I am the one
Who fights all the dangerous crime
And now starvation rushes through
My mind

I am the one
That eats the scrumptious Socks for dinner because I’m a Crime-fighting winner
~Christina Lussardi

Devil: Ben Moncayo—Mixed Medium

Autumn: Anna Pajak—Pencil
The following poems were inspired by the novel, *To Kill a Mockingbird* by Harper Lee

The courtroom is a place where judges sit
Where witnesses watch
And where people are considered guilty

The courtroom is a place of decisions
Of the truth
And of prosecuting

For Tom Robinson, the courtroom is a place where he was miserable
Where he lost the trial
And where he was accused of being guilty

The courtroom should be a place of fairness
Of justice
And of equality
~Emma McHugh

The courtroom is a place where white men defend white men
Where white men look down on black people
And where racism affects justice

The courtroom is a place of segregation against black people
Of discrimination of black people

For Tom Robinson, the courtroom is a place where he is not safe
Where he will never find justice because of the color of his skin
And where he cannot win

The courtroom should be a place of justice for everyone
Of unity between the races
And of peace between black and whites
~Nick Boardman
The courtroom is a place where chances are given
Where criminals fight their last fight
And where everyone is given a fair chance

The courtroom is a place of truth
Of honor
And of loyalty

For Tom Robinson, the courtroom is a place where it was all over for him
Where he fought his last fight
And where he was viewed as a criminal

The courtroom should be a place of equality
Of truth
And of chances
~ Chase DiGregorio

The courtroom is a place where no one should be judged before hearing their side of the story
Where blacks are defended
And where people will do anything to make an innocent person guilty

The courtroom is a place of racism
Of inequality based on your race

For Tom Robinson, the courtroom is a place where his life was decided
Where he is judged by the color of his skin
And where he is accused of a crime he didn’t do

The courtroom should be a place of equality for all
Of no racism
And of not being afraid to stand up for what’s right
~ Kara Morales
The courtroom is a place where trials are held
Where people are pleaded guilty
And where innocents prevail

The courtroom is a place of terror and fear
Of hope and anticipation
And of trying to be fair

For Tom Robinson, the courtroom is a place where his life changed
Where people saw him guilty
And where people began to dislike him

The courtroom should be a place of hope and peace
Of communication and understanding
And of relief for all families
~Cristianna Fallacaro
The courtroom is a place where the jury decides the defendant’s fate
Where arguments and disputes break out between different sides
And where people are judged based on the color of their skin

The courtroom is a place of rough and dishonest people
Of disrespectful actions towards the judge and defendant
And of people who lie about their actions, even when sworn to be truthful

For Tom Robinson, the courtroom is a place where his skin decides the outcome

Where most people are against him
And where innocence is not an option

The courtroom should be a place of respect and fairness to all

Of non-judgmental people
And of hope where anyone, no matter what race, may receive justice

~Lorraine Valenzano
The Courtroom is a place where people swear to not be biased
Where people are biased
And where people are judged not on character and facts but on the
color of their skin

The courtroom is a place of artificial truth
Of bold lies
And of pressured answers

For Tom Robinson, the courtroom is a place where life ended
Where he got a confirmation that his life was all over
And where he told the truth

The courtroom should be a place of factual evidence
Of eternal truth
And of everlasting justice
~Maria Colletti

The courtroom is a place witnesses are being called up
Where defenders are asking questions
And where someone’s life is at risk

The courtroom is a place of statements
Of testimonies being given
And of jurors making decisions

For Tom Robinson, the courtroom is a place where his last words were spoken
Where his life became ruined
And where Atticus could not save him

The courtroom should be a place of peace and honesty
Of innocent until proven guilty
And of telling the truth for the sake of the innocent man
~Victoria Serpico
The Outsiders
A Movie Review by Julia Troy

The novel, The Outsiders, by S. E. Hinton, was an amazing book about the vicious gang, the Socs, against the poor gang, the Greasers. The Greasers would always get picked on by the Socs. The Socs way of having a good time was beating up innocent Greasers, including the main character, Ponyboy. Ponyboy lost his parents when he was little and was being overlooked by his protective brothers. The Greasers were considered the outsiders of the society but within the Greasers there were many outsiders.

Some of the positive points of the movie were when Ponyboy and Johnny saved the children from the church and when Ponyboy was watching the sunset with Johnny. Some of the negative points in the movie was when Johnny died in the hospital and when Johnny saw his parents fighting through the window.

I would highly recommend this movie because it created a great visual of the novel. Although the movie was fantastic, I really enjoyed the novel. It was much more descriptive and a much greater read.

In the novel, Johnny really stood out to me as a character through all of the hard times at home, he would stay strong and push through it. If you want a nice, intense and heartwarming movie, The Outsiders is a perfect movie for you. I would give this movie a 9 out of 10. It was a very inspiring and great movie that I will definitely recommend.

Lonely Boy: Anna Pajak—Pencil
The Outsiders: Kailey Jaeger—Pencil
Johnny Cade

I am Johnny Cade
I wonder if my parents care about me
I hear the kids scream in the church
I see my parents fighting
I want the fights to end
I am brave and selfless

I am a greaser
I pretend I am invincible in the church fire
I feel good that I saved the kids
I touch our copy of *Gone with the Wind*
I worry about interacting with the Socs
I cry when I realize I killed Bob
I am shy and thoughtful

I am Ponyboy’s best friend
I understand Greasers will be Greasers and Socs will be Socs
I say, “Stay Gold, Ponyboy”
I dream for a safe and comfortable home
I try to stay positive
I hope the Greasers look at the sunsets differently
I am loyal and trustworthy
~Alissa Grillo

Weakest Greaser

I am the weakest Greaser
I wonder how I killed Bob
I hear people crying out in fear
I see the burning church
I want to save the children
I am risking my life

I am determined to do what’s right
I pretend I am invincible
I feel the heat closing in
I touch the burning woods as it falls upon me
I worry I won’t live
I cry out in pain
I am suffering

I am fading from existence
I understand those children’s lives were worth saving
I say to “Stay Gold”
I dream about a life beyond me as I close my eyes
I try to hold on
I hope the gang will keep it together without me
I am only a memory
~Angelina Cafisi
Johnny Cade

I am Johnny Cade, an outsider
I wonder how other people really feel about me
I hear my parents bickering constantly
I see my friends constantly fighting against strangers
I want a normal life
I am accustomed to being a Greaser

I am worried about my safety
I pretend to be like the other Greasers
I feel isolated from everyone
I touch a cigarette when I am anxious
I worry about the future of the other greasers
I cry when the Socs jump me

I am paralyzed and broken
I understand the danger I have experienced
    I say, “I will be alright”
    I dream for it all to end
    I try to make things right
    I hope things go back to normal
I am an innocent victim of my surroundings
~Robert Kiesel

Ponyboy Curtis

I am Ponyboy Curtis, I am a child
I wonder if I will ever be seen as anything other than a greaser
    I hear police sirens and gunshots
    I see golden sunrises that never last
I want to make my brothers proud and stay out of trouble
I am a juvenile delinquent who helped hide a fugitive

I am an orphan and my parents died in a car crash
    I pretend to be tough but actually I care a lot
    I feel like I can only talk to Johnny and Sodapop
    I touch the cuts and burns along my body
    I worry that Johnny will die
    I cry because Dally lost his mind
    I am a Greaser - an outcast

I am a good student but have no common sense
I understand how the world works and my social standing
    I say that Greasers are my family
    I dream of living in the country with my brothers
    I try to live up to Darry’s expectations and make him proud
    I hope nobody else will die
I am in a gang that is seen as unapproachable but actually lovable
~Kailey Jaeger
The Outsiders: Julia Troy—Pencil
Students used the concepts of creating a collage for this assignment. Their inspiration was helping to make a difference in the world while creating peace. Their work was created for the “MLK 50 Forward: Together we win with love for humanity” in celebration of the teachings of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Freedom First: Ava Jo DeGuara — Colored Pencil

Let Freedom Ring: Nicole Acosta — Colored Pencil

Children of Earth: Emily Knoll — Colored Pencil

Helping Hands make up the world: Maria Colletti — Colored Pencil

Principles of Martin Luther King Jr.: Cailey Bobadilla — Colored Pencil

Helping Hands make up the world: Maria Colletti — Colored Pencil
Equality: Hayden Mattera – Colored Pencil

Never Forget: Samantha Jones – Colored Pencil

Statue of Liberty: Jonathan Chang – Colored Pencil

Together We Win: Erika Hinson – Colored Pencil

Justice: Conor Salas – Colored Pencil
The Last Moment
by: Maggie Sckalor

Every second counts. Every practice. Every clinic. Every meet.
It all counts no matter what.
That's what I learned after my events at the most important meet of the season. It was my last chance to swim the 50 meter fly. My last chance to make it to championships. All I had to drop was 0.54 seconds.
I walk into Sachem North High School with my bag on my back, holding my chair. As we wait on line for a few minutes, two of my friends, Ali and Paige, walk in. We started to talk and eventually our coach, Sean, came in and told us to go down to the pool deck. We walk down through the locker room and go to the pool deck and set up our chairs. We relax for a little bit, and then Sean tells us to get ready for warm-ups.
After warm-ups, we eat food and relax before our events. A lot of time goes by as I cheer people on, and my other coach, Rob called all the girls over who were swimming the 50 meter butterfly. There were about 20 heats (rounds) in the event, and I was in heat 17. The wait to get to the blocks was super long, about an hour, but we were able to get there in time. I put my goggles on and make sure they fit, and I psyched myself up by hitting my legs, shaking, jumping, and deep breathing.
Soon after, it's my heat. They blow the whistle and I step up on the block. I then hear the words, "TAKE YOUR MARK". I go in a race dive position and lean back. This is it. I need to give this all I've got. This is what all the preparing is for. The horn then goes off. I push off the block and start streamlining in the water. I start swimming as I come up to the surface, using every muscle, and all of my energy into this event. I touch the wall and quickly look at the scoreboard. Championship time was 34.59 seconds. My time was 35.66 second.
I lower my head and feel defeated. I never would have thought this would happen. I climb out and walk over to my chair, now knowing, that was it....until next season!

Swimmer

I am a swimmer
Strong, fast and confident
I go to practice so I can become the best
Driven to keep pushing so I can finish

I make mistakes and I'm not always the fastest
I don't give up, no matter what happens
I know my faults help me to be the best I can be
At the end of all the hard work I'm better than before

I'm a swimmer
Just a girl who loves the water
This is me doing what I love
Being a swimmer
~Savannah Donohue
Soccer

There are lots of different sports
But soccer is the best
It’s more fun than baseball
And better than all the rest

Soccer is my favorite
What else can I say
It’s tons of fun
If you know how to play

When our team scores
I love it when we win
But when the game is over
I still want to play again

We have a great coach
Teaching us skills to play
So we can all grow up to be
Professional soccer players someday

Though we may not win every game
Coach wants us to have fun
Win or lose
Our team is still number one
~Alexandra Given

The Lacrosse Game

Running down the field
I’m breathing kinda heavy
I’m getting kind of sweaty
I don’t think middy is for me

Blocking no passes anywhere around
Running to others in circles round and round
Losing all my breath
Can’t make a sound
Maybe defense isn’t as good as it sounds

Trying to catch the ball
Why does it keep falling
Putting up my stick
Why isn’t anyone passing
Maybe attack isn’t working for me

Getting in my gear
I am having many fears
Getting in the net
Feeling some sweat
First ball comes around
I jump up to catch
Look up at my stick
The ball is in my net
GOALIE IS FOR ME
~Brooke Posner

Baseball

Baseball makes me, me
Strength felt hearing victory
Baseball changed my life
~Trevor Conte
The Winning Shot

At half court the ball flew into my hands
A cheer erupted from the stands
I started to dribble the ball
Figuring out how this play was going to fall

The defender comes at me fast
Too late- the ball has already been passed
I position myself under the hoop
Moving away from the group

My teammate passes the ball high
I jump so high I can almost fly
I grabbed it with one hand
Hearing our fight song from the band

I throw the ball towards the rim
Everyone is standing in the gym
As the winning shot goes in
And our team is about to win

I realized I was dreaming all along….
~ Greg Rauchenberger

Baseball: Jason Schmideler
— Colored Pencil

Ninth Inning

BAM! CRACK!
The sound of the ball off the bat
“That ball is deep!” The announcer said
The thought of winning in each of their heads

The player ran as fast as he could
The ball flew through a neighborhood

The crowd went wild
Everyone smiled

The player jumped onto home plate
Where all the other players wait
~ Vincent DeStefano

Meet me
Katelyn May
I am a gymnast flipping over the bars
Dancing on the balance beam like a star
Jumping high over the vault
And running on the floor

Actually, I’m just me
Tripping on the beam
Swinging on the bars
 Falling on the floor
And waiting for the vault
But overall
I am a gymnast trying so hard
~ Katelyn May
I am a Hockey Player
The feeling of ice underneath your feet
The rush to get back as you get beat
This is the feeling I have for the game that I love
It is a sport that is just in my blood
We work and stay as a team
The excitement of the fans as they shout and scream
Never a fright
All for hockey night
At the end of the day I am a hockey player
~Ryan Stiles

What I Love
I like to play sports
Like football, baseball, basketball
Time-consuming days and nights especially in
Spring, summer and fall
I wear my favorite number
It's always lucky
Number eighteen
Tons of dirt on the football field
It's hard to keep clean
We show up to practice all Thursdays
On the game day we make those big plays
We made it to the championship
Back-to-back years
We won first place
Which resulted in happy tears
~Lucas Santangelo

Horseback Rider
I'm a horseback rider, trotting on the dirt.
I'm a sneaky hider, trying not to get hurt.
I'm a silly girl, playing with my friends.
Laughing, giggling, and hoping that the fun never ends.
I'm a funny friend, making them laugh.
I'm a fast runner, but not as fast as a giraffe.
I'm a student and a funny friend.
Actually,
I'm just me,
Trotting to the end.
~ Brenna DeLorenzo
Hockey

Sharpening my skates
Taping my black and gold Bauer stick
Tying my black Bauer skates
Fastening my pads
Strapping my black helmet straps
I walk out of the smelly locker room
The glass like feeling of the ice
The smoothness of the skate gliding across the ice
I skate off the bench and onto the ice
The referee drops the puck
I skate up past the red line
My teammate passes the puck to me
I deek around the last defenseman
It’s just me, the goalie and the puck
I shoot the puck I took a wrist shot
The puck rings off the post and in the net
GOAL!!
This is hockey
Some call it a game
I call it life
~Colin Turney

Gymnast

I am passionate
I am a fighter
I am confident
I am determined
I go to practice each and every day
Until I get all my skills the right way
I have faults
I have weaknesses
I make mistakes
I am not perfect
All these flaws make me unique
I will get better if I believe

I am a gymnast
Perfect at being me
I am exactly who
I am supposed to be
~Nicole Cancellieri

Soccer

Running up and down the field
Team All Star
All the goals
Get all the fame
That is not me
I am ok
Score some goals
That is me
I am OK
Score some goals
That is me
The best Bru Martinez
There can be
~Bru Martinez

Hockey Player

Puck drops
The game begins
I skate, skate, skate
My teammates come rushing over
Screaming
Good job on the goal
Everyone smiling with joy
Game over
One side happy
The other not
The players get undressed
Parents telling their kids how good they did
I am an ice hockey player
~Victor D’Errico
Never shall I forget
The day that I was here
At their wonderful museum
That stood through all the years
That shows acts of courage
From ordinary people
That stood up for what was right
Even when they were feeble
The acts of courage
Would change people’s lives
For the greater good
Even if there was no prize
~ Nick Boardman

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Never shall I forget

Never shall I forget the cries and screams
Hoped to live a long, healthy life
There goes all of my dreams

Never shall I forget the sleepless nights
Nights of hunger and tears
Victims of jeers

Never shall I forget when our hands split
and went in a different direction
Never see the same reflection
Nights I shivered all alone
No one is different—we are all alone

Never shall I forget the aggressive blows
Or the blazing fire that glows
What did we ever do to you
Now struggling to be free
But will we ever break through
~ Matt Meyers

Never shall I forget this terrible time
When no one stood against
Hitler’s terrible crime

Never shall I forget the humans
Turned into creatures
The starved people with such distorted features

Never shall I forget the six million
We had lost
In the horrifying times of the Holocaust

Never shall I forget Ellie’s story called Night
When he strived through everything
With all his might

Celia’s story will forever be a part
Of the time called the Holocaust
Forever in my heart
~ Julia Troy

Braids: Juliana DePasquale - Colored Pencil
Never shall I forget
When innocent lives
Were trapped in ghettos
And left just to die

Never shall I forget
When thousands of people
Were crammed into cattle cars
Slowly sent towards the evil

Never shall I forget
When the old and weak
Were sent to the showers
And their families could not seek them

Never shall I forget
When thousands were forced to work
They thought they’d be freed
But were sent through years of misery
Never shall I forget
When millions of Jewish people perished
When the world was a bystander
And when children lost all the memories
that they cherished
~ Jensen Herbst

Never shall I forget the unique flowers
That withered away beneath lofty towers
Those who screamed to the heavens
Their cries tossed aside by gusts of wind

Never shall I forget the ranks of uniformed men
mobs of guards in gray
Their harsh blows, clawed scars
under a vow to keep living

Never shall I forget the individual flowers
who perished with void of reason
under an eternal winter
~Robert Kiesel

Never shall I forget the dark times of the Holocaust
what they had to endure and witness
Never shall I forget the horror that went on and the amount of loss
Never shall those innocent children grow to live a full life
Never shall I forget what a cruel way they died
Left to nothing but skin and bones
not understanding why

Never shall I understand how those soldiers
Could be so inhumane to another human being
Watching as men, women and children suffered a terrible fate
Never shall I understand how no one knew what was going on
or worse, knew and didn’t do anything

Never shall I forget not only the survivors, but the brave and in-
ocent that were lost and will forever remain a memory.
~Angelina Cafisi
Never shall I forget
Never shall I forget
The horrible time of day
When Hitler played against us
And took us all away

Never shall I forget
No food, no water, no home
Working with no breaks
No home to call our own

Never shall I forget
My father dying at my side
I am Elie Wiesel
I am a survivor of this horrible time
~Victoria Serpico

Little Girl

Come, come little girl
Out of your home
Come, come little girl
And your “free” kingdom will come

Bye, Love little girl
We will miss you so
I will see your eyes crying
Or so I hope

Be quiet little girl
I know your bones ache
But, please be quiet little girl
For heaven’s sake

Eat up little girl
Have a blade of grass
Eat up little girl
Or you’re going to collapse

Just close your eyes little girl
And the pain will go
Just close your eyes little girl
No one will know..
~ Maria Colletti

The Devil’s Arithmetic
A movie review by Grace Orr

The Devil’s Arithmetic is about a girl named Hannah. She is a Jewish girl. She is learning about the Holocaust in school right now and doesn’t really care about it all that much. She would rather pass notes with her friends. One day while she was celebrating Passover with her family, she opens the door to a new world. She goes back in time to the days of the horrific Holocaust where she finds her past relatives. She goes on the journey to see what the Jews in the Holocaust had to go through, she get her head shaven, gets new clothes. She is dirty. She tries to warn the Jews about what will happen to them but no one listens to her, they all think she is a young girl with an amazing imagination. What they don’t know is that she really knows what is going to happen. She had become the girl she was named after.

Present day Hannah was the aunt of the girl of this time, Hannah. Hannah and Aunt Ava were cousins. Ava got sick and was going to get sent to the gas chamber but then Hannah played her and went instead of her. She saved Ava’s life. If it weren’t for her, Ava wouldn’t be alive. When Hannah went to the chamber and died, present day Hannah woke up and started telling Aunt Ava everything. She told her how Hannah saved her life. This once young girl who cared about nothing but being with her friends later realized the purpose of the Holocaust.
The Holocaust final reflection
by Rida Ahmad

There were many topics that stood out to me in the Holocaust unit but the experience that will always stay with me is my time in the Holocaust Tolerance Museum. Nothing really affected me as much as being there. When I was in the museum I got to see pictures of children and adults before the Holocaust. Knowing what happened to them and what they had to go through was quite difficult. We learned a lot about genocide while being there. The fact that really affected me was knowing that genocide is still present and happening to this day. Knowing that there are people who believe in exterminating an entire group of people is horrifying. Listening to Celia Kokere talk about her experiences in the Holocaust was also something I will never forget. My own problems seemed insignificant compared to what Celia had to endure physically and emotionally at my age. In conclusion, the Holocaust unit was one that will always stay with me.

Never shall I forget
Emaciated faces of Jews
Prosecuted and even killed
For the religion that they chose

Never shall I forget
The 6 million lives lost in time and space
Impossible to count
So sad we cant remember every face

Never shall I forget
Pajamas with black stripes
The only clothes they had
To survive so many cold nights

Never shall I forget
The 6 million lives lost
To gunshots, gas, bearings
And the winter’s permafrost

Never shall I forget
The shoes piled in a mound
Belonging to men, women, and children
Whose soul will never be found

They say that history
Can and will repeat itself
Despite all the evil in the world
I think that we can beat it
~Erik Simmen
Defiance
A Movie review by Grace Orr

The movie Defiance took place in the time of 1941. Nazis were killing thousands of Jews. Three brothers, Tuvia, Zus and Asael were able to escape and started a refuge in the forest. At first it was just them and they were trying to survive on their own. Then later, more and more people started to join and help them survive in this battle. As more and more people were joining, the Nazis became suspicious and started searching for them. They found the refuge and started attacking. Zus left the group and Tuvia took over as the leader. The group was good, they had water, shelter and food for awhile. However, the food supply was getting harder to maintain because there were so many people. More people meant more food, food that they didn't have. When they did get food, people were starting to fight over it. People were also getting sick and dying. When they would go out to find food, they would have to worry about being killed by the Nazis.

Towards the end of the movie, the Nazi Air Force started dropping bombs on the refuge and killed many people. The survivors of the refuge decided to stand up and fight for what is right. They beat the Nazis and started to look for new shelter when they were being shot at again. Now everyone was fighting. They decided not to let these people take their homes and lives away from them. They were close to being defeated when Zus and his soldiers returned and helped beat the Nazis. They succeed but by the end of the war, 2500 Jews and the three brothers' group was still alive. This movie was about coming together as one and fighting as one.

The Holocaust
by Chase DeGregorio

This unit of the Holocaust is definitely a unit I will hold onto and never forget. I will remember the horrific, inhumane actions taken by the Nazis because of the commands of Adolf Hitler. The stories of the few lucky people who managed to survive are truly stories that show true courage and bravery and what it is to have those traits. As the number of survivors continues to decrease every day, I will treasure my experience meeting a survivor because I realize not many people will be able to meet one and hear their testimony. It is important to learn of the Holocaust to make sure nothing like the Holocaust occurs again.

Urn: Mike Galka -Mixed Media
Who is in The Upstairs Room?
Meghan Roche

How would you feel if you had to abandon your home just because you are Jewish. Annie must leave her home so she has a chance to live. The historical fiction novel The Upstairs Room by Johanna Reiss deserves to be a Newbery honor book because it goes into great depth. In addition she uses her experiences during this point in history to grab the reader's attention so you can’t put the book down.

This book deserves the award because it sets the mood which makes you want to keep turning the page. “Hitler. All the man on the radio was about was Hitler.” (Reiss 1) Annie’s father wants to leave to go to America, but Annie’s mother says no and they will be fine and she is too sick to travel. Annie and her sister are Jewish, but when they were growing up that didn’t seem to be a problem until now. Every day something new was posted on the tree. Suddenly they couldn’t go to the store at certain times. They can go at one point of day without getting in trouble, and their bosses wouldn’t let them work at their jobs anymore. This matters because if all the Jews get fired from their jobs they cannot provide for their families. Annie starts to get picked on by people she thought were her friends because she was Jewish. Annie doesn’t know what is going on or what might happen to her and her family.

Johanna Reiss also gives the setting and some information on the main character. “I was not very old in 1938, just six and a little thing.” (Reiss 1) This lets us know what time period it is so we have a better understanding of what is going on and you can infer what is going to happen. It also lets us know who the main character is and some information about her. Annie is the main character and her older sister Sini leave their home together in hopes of surviving the war. This surprised me because their family always seemed to be so close and they just separated not knowing if they were going to see them ever again. Annie and Sini go to the Ostervalds house who are the people hiding them from the Nazis. I used to think that all the Jews were sent to concentration camps, but now I’m realizing that some of them tried saving themselves by hiding in other people’s houses. They could hide in a room or even sometimes they had to hide in a hole in the wall in the closet. They are keeping them in an upstairs room that they must stay in and not leave. How long will they be in the room for? They don’t know maybe one day they can leave and unite with their family. I guess you would have to read the book to find out.

Even though this book is placed during a horrible time period it has a great storyline and it will keep you reading. I recommend this book to people who enjoy reading fiction novels with some historical aspects to it. During this book you feel like Annie is sitting right next to you as she tells you the story. Join Annie and Sini on the adventure of saving their lives.
Never shall I forget
Never shall I forget
All the lives that were lost
All of the broken hearts
That suffered that Holocaust

Never shall I forget
The ghettos and the tears
That all the innocent people suffered
And felt like it went on for years

Never shall I forget
Elie Wiesel story of Night
All of that past that was never left behind
But all of those souls holding to it so tight

Never shall I forget
Celia’s story that scarce her heart
The tears she dropped, rolling down her cheeks
And inside, she’s feeling weak

Never shall I forget
All of the horrible past that lies
Never shall I forget
All of those lives
~ Leidy Rivas

Never shall I forget
Never shall I forget Hitler’s ways
How he treated the Jews
Never shall I forget
The conditions of the camps
The lack of food
Lack of water
Lack of shelter
Never shall I forget the life of the SS
How they acted like nothing happened
Never shall I forget the death march
Walking until they collapsed
Never shall I forget the shelters taken away from their homes
Never shall I forget the public opinion
Leaving their brothers and sisters to die
Never shall I forget how this genocide happened
Killing all that was not the same
Never shall I forget the loss of loved ones
Sometimes grandma, granddad, brother sister, mom, dad
Never shall I forget that people are dealing with these problems today.
~ Matt Moss

Never shall I forget
Never shall I forget the time,
When the world ignored the cruel crime
When they took people’s lives without their will
When their only goal was to kill

Never shall I forget the suffering of all
That made people’s hearts drop and fall
When in life all they could do was try
And all they could ask was why?

Never shall I forget the cruelty in their blood
That made people’s rage flood
Families were torn apart but too broken to cry
Even though it was their final good bye
~ Kara Morales

Never shall I forget
Never shall I forget
All the lives that were lost
All of the broken hearts
That suffered that Holocaust

Never shall I forget
Never shall I forget Hitler’s ways
How he treated the Jews
Never shall I forget
The conditions of the camps
The lack of food
Lack of water
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Never shall I forget the life of the SS
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Sometimes grandma, granddad, brother sister, mom, dad
Never shall I forget that people are dealing with these problems today.
~ Matt Moss
Gia

I am a musician
I play two instruments
Piano and violin
I am interested in learning how to play the guitar
I love music

I also like learning
I like learning how things work
I have three books with a total of about 6000+ facts
I am Gia Garufi
I love music and learning
~Gia Garufi

The Violinist

The violin is a beautiful instrument to hear
When he plays it
It gives people tears
Even it gets old and starts to wear
It still makes a beautiful tone
they are still a great pair
Pizzicato or bow
He doesn’t really care
He loves both
It makes splendid sounds everywhere
The music he plays touches people’s hearts
It’s like one beautiful work of art
Overall, the music gives people love to share
It shows how much we really care
~Melvin Cheng
The Sound of Music
A movie review by Grace Orr

The Sound of Music was a 1965 American musical/drama film. It was based on the story of Maria, a young nun who was assigned to be the governess for the Von Trapp family. She was to take care of seven children. The film took place at the beginning of World War II. One of the children, Liesl, fell in love with a German boy Rolfe. He promises that he would always take care of her. Georg Von Trapp, the father, was an Austrian-Hungarian Navy officer. He did not support the German Nazis. His wife was dead and he wasn’t that close to his children. He treated them like soldiers. Maria brought music back into the family and that brought the whole family closer together.

The Nazis were trying to force Georg to join them but they knew he didn’t support them so they were suspicious of him and watched him and the family. Rolfe, Liesl’s boyfriend, was brainwashed to become a Nazi and didn’t want to see her anymore.

Maria decided that she didn’t want to be a nun anymore and married Georg. The Von Trapp’s decided to join a talent show as a family and when no one was looking they headed for the hills to escape the Nazis. They eventually got out and made it to a farm Georg set up and remained there for the rest of his life until he died in 1947.

The Von Trapps were able to escape the Nazis using their love and singing talents. They made it out alive and were able to live moving past their ordeal with the Nazis. I would rate this movie a 4 out of 5 stars because it really showed you how with love you can make it through anything. You just have to believe and you can achieve.

Dancer
I am a dancer
That leaps and twirls
And taps and kicks

I am a dancer
That expresses oneself
With every pirouette and arabesque

I am a dancer
That falls and forgets things

I am a dancer
An imperfect one at that

But what matters most is when I get back up
When I practice non-stop until I get it

I am a dancer
That doesn’t give up
~ Natalie Bencivenga

Dancing Ballerina: Anna Pajak – Pencil
FROM THE TEACHERS OF GREAT HOLLOW MIDDLE SCHOOL'S
TEAM 7A TO OUR CURRENT AND FORMER STUDENTS

Denise Cicione taught us so much during the many years that she was with us on Team 7A. She did not teach us about chemistry, nor mitochondria, nor how the systems of the body do what they do, as she happily taught to all of you. No, no. Rather, Mrs. Cicione taught us what it means to truly be a TEAM; she showed us every day what it means to work hard, to play hard, and to never forget to make sure that our lives included both.

Denise Cicione never missed an opportunity to learn, and she took such delight in teaching us what she'd discovered. Her passionate enthusiasm was impossible to ignore, and she could get us excited that we didn’t think we’d non-winged—it didn’t Tree rings and rocks that while we saw... rocks.

Sometimes Mrs. Cicione brought organs preserved in formaldehyde to team meetings. ALL of nature and the Solar System were Mrs. Cicione's playground, and she easily coaxed the rest of us into joining her in the dirt. And we did.

Because we loved her.
We loved her.
And it made us happy just to see her happy. That is what love does to a person.

Mrs. Cicione loved all of you, too, and she loved Great Hollow Middle School, and this job, and being a teacher. She especially loved being a middle school teacher. Middle school students are enthusiastic, and still amazed by the world middle school students are goofy, and quirky, frequently, a little bit silly.

And so was Mrs. Cicione. She could exactly how and why respiration and digestion human body with her class, and then exuberantly smallest detail of the latest The Walking Dead colleagues during lunch. Sometimes those topics sort of intertwined... in a weird, zombie/digestive sort of way that could only have come from the mind of Mrs. Cicione. She was brilliant. And Mrs. Cicione was fun. Mrs. Cicione was just so much fun. She was a perfect fit here at Great Hollow. She was a perfect fit for Team 7A. She was a perfect fit for all of you.
Mrs. Cicione taught us about being a supportive, loyal friend, an admirable role model, and a compassionate human being who loved children. She taught by example. Her pursuits were noble, and worthwhile, and sometimes just for some all-important, serious silliness. Mrs. Cicione knew how to live in the moment, which is a very good thing because she did not get enough of them.

Mrs. Cicione’s last lesson for all of us was an extremely difficult, unintentional, and incredibly painful one to learn: Life is short. Time is precious... don’t waste it.

Our wish for you is that you take all that you have learned from Mrs. Cicione, and you carry these lessons with you in your heart, and in your head, and you remember to consult both when making all of your life’s choices. Live in the moment. Have a lot of them. Be kind to others. Explore the world around you. Discover new things, new people, and new ideas. Play in the dirt. Pet an iguana when you have the opportunity. Dissect the slimy frog. Learn. Learn a lot. Sprinkle joy and love and compassion all around you and, as the saying goes, you will find it comes back to you and multiplies like, apparently, hamsters in a seventh grade Science class. Smile as much as possible. Do not just get through life, get out into the dirt and into the world and really live it. Reach for those stars.

Mrs. Cicione would have pulled them out of the sky for you to examine and poke carefully if she could have. You know she would have.

Get out into this beautiful, amazing, heartbreakingly unfair, glorious, incredible world and make her proud.

How special is it that a tiny part of Mrs. Cicione lives on in all of you?
Make her proud!

Love,

Mrs. Claudine DeCoteau, Mrs. Diana Feirstein, Mrs. Anna Fisk, and Mr. Erik Tjersland
You Were Never My Teacher
(For Mrs. Cicione)

You were never my teacher
But I knew you anyway

You were never my teacher
But you put a smile on my face

I only met you once or twice
But I knew you already
I liked you

You were never my teacher
But I think still
You knew me

You were never my teacher
But you made a difference
~Annabella Hernandez

Mrs. Cicione

Through all our beakers
And scientific measure
Your eyes sparkled, we were your treasures

I’d catch you flash us a toothy grin
With kindness and patience each day would begin

I can hear the birds sing
And it makes me wonder
If only chirps and tweets were messenger bees
They could fly high and bring you a note from me
Watching us as we examine our flasks
Dressed in our lab coats and goggles – like masks

I can hear the birds sing
And it makes me wonder
If only I could measure space
A science to the silence that fills our lonely hearts these days

Encouraging and thoughtful in all you do
We are the students that had the chance to meet her
She will forever be known as one of a kind
My Teacher
~Nikkeye Bell
Poemfectgift

Ethan: Kayla Messanotte: (Pastels)
Autumn smells like pine trees
Autumn tastes like pumpkin pie
Autumn sounds like birds chirping
Autumn feels like cool breezes
Autumn looks like colored leaves
~Amanda Daiuto

Autumn smells like freshly baked pumpkin pie
Autumn tastes like caramel apples
Autumn sounds like wind blowing through the leaves
Autumn feels like cool crisp air
Autumn looks like colorful leaves
~Garrett Eterno

Autumn smells like warm turkey
Autumn tastes like pumpkin pie
Autumn sounds like the crunch of leaves
Autumn feels like winter is coming
Autumn looks like colorful leaves everywhere
~Camden Stanley

Autumn smells like fresh pumpkin pie
Autumn tastes like caramel apples
Autumn sounds like wind rustling the leaves
Autumn feels like cool crisp air
Autumn looks like brightly colored leaves on the ground
~Frank Fezza

Autumn smells like pumpkin spice
Autumn tastes like apple pie
Autumn sounds like crunching leaves
Autumn feels like a gentle breeze
Autumn looks like colorful trees
~Jaclyn Roach

These poems were written as part of the co-curricular, “Falling into Nature” walking, all-day nature field trip at the Smithtown Library created in part by Mrs. Cicione
So much Peace

The garden has green cut grass
With a rice fountain and two trees
The sun is shining brightly
With one bench and a nice fence

But

Most of all
There is so much

Peace

~Thomas Thure
Being Without You

Vingo got off the bus, filled with glee,
As he stared at that big, oak tree.
He felt something that he hadn’t felt in four years.
His eyes began to water with tears.
He walked up the stair,
Her perfume filling the air,
He knocked on the door,
and nothing more.
Out came Martha and his son.
His joy was simply outdone.
He went inside, and kissed them both,
then he decided to take an oath,
"I will not ever dare,
to commit a crime,
because it is hard to bear,
being without you all this time."
They started to fill the room with laughter,
and they lived happily ever after.
~Ryan Clark

(This poem was written in response to the short story, "Going Home," by Pete Hamill.)

Me and My Dog

Me and my dog run into the fog
as our next adventure awaits
His tongue is lagging and his tail wagging
We are being us
Adventuring into the unknown
We shouldn’t rush
We have our whole lives ahead of us
So what’s the fuss
We are being us
~Keason Ky

Sculpture: Sarah Schubel
—Mixed Medium
Students worked on a poem describing themselves and activities they like to do in Italian.

Carina
Hi un cane
Leale
Onesta
Energica
~Chloe Schindler

G ioco a baseball
Energico
R esponsabile
A tletico
L Leale
D iverente
~Jerry Suppa

Twilight
The mist of the tall grass and low branches
Swirled together
Black butterflies danced through clouds of bugs..... then disappeared
Chickadees and barn swallows overhead
~Justina White

Reflection: Jessica Sucharski - Photo
The Color Green

Green is the powerful color of nature
Green eggs and ham can be made by a baker

When the light turns green
Everyone’s in a rush
Green is the color on my paint brush

Green is the color of Jack’s big bean stalk
Maybe it’s the color of his thick mohawk

One green animal is a lizard
Something that’s not green is a blizzard
~ Carmine Abbate

The Old Cottage

Nature is nonexistent
It sits there in an abyss
Just like an old cottage
that stands in the middle of the woods

People have visited a place
like heaven before
They never knew
Just like daydreams
that last nearly a day

They live their lives in darkness
But they never remembered
the light that was still there
Just like a blooming rose under a tree

I never realized that the most important places
can come from the smallest memories
They never break
Just like that old cottage
in the middle of the woods
~ Samantha Crush

Adjust: Abigail Munoz – Colored Pencil
Dear Sharon Draper,

Your book, *Out of My Mind*, changed my life. I remember in the fourth grade when I first saw the cover. I was in the book store, originally because my brother Jack dragged me in the store so he could buy a book that recently came out. I was wandering around wishing I was somewhere else when out of the corner of my eye I saw it, the cover of *Out of My Mind*, the light blue background with a simple sketch of a goldfish jumping out of its bowl. I was instantly intrigued. I picked up the book, and never put it down to the point where my brother dragged me out of the store; with the book still in my hand.

The story was unlike one I had ever read. Before I used to read strictly comics with the occasional picture book. This book made me feel like a key that finally found the right lock. From that day forward I had read the book at least five times and by now I too feel that words are like liquid gifts. Although I have a large family (5 brothers, and a sister) this book somehow made me feel like I was in Spaulding Street Elementary School instead of a loud home. I was mad when Melody was, and when Melody would pet Butterscotch I would pet my dog as well. I even asked my mom if I could start going to my neighbor's house in the morning so I could feel like Melody felt when she was with Mrs. Valencia. I was obsessed.

The overall story changed my perspective of life and made me more grateful for being lucky enough to have control of my body and be able to speak. I find now more than ever that people take this for granted. This also taught me to never give up on something I am passionate about. I do not think that this letter could possibly explain to you how much I love this book. No words can, but I hope that this could show you how much a book could help someone. I used to hate reading and I still struggle with writing, but I find that in harder times I can simply pick up this book and it will help me get through it. Although my life is not nearly difficult as Melody’s, or her parents for that matter, reading about her and her life and how she didn’t waste it inspires me. This book is for me, the equivalent of Elvira for Melody; indescribable and timeless. I thank you for writing this book and I promise to keep reading.

Sincerely,

Kailey Jaeger
Dear Mo Willems,

When I was younger, reading wasn't much of a hobby, and more of a chore. I didn't like it at all. On my free time, reading was the last thing I thought of doing to occupy myself. The only reading I had done was in class when the teacher told us to, or when my mom said I had to before I did anything else. But then once at my uncle's house, I was sitting around, so bored that I decided to actually pick up a book and read. I quickly got bored of that book but then I spotted a book with an unusual name... “The Pigeon Finds A Hot Dog”

I examined the cover of the book, it seemed fairly interesting so I picked it up and went about reading it. The first thing I thought when starting this book was “Wow, this seems pretty ridiculous.” and that's why I continued. I wanted to discover how and what this pigeon did with the hot dog.

The concept of this story is pretty self explanatory. It's about a little blue pigeon, that finds a hot dog. But as the pigeon is about to eat his delightful treat, a little yellow duckling comes by and interrupts the pigeon as he is about to take his first bite. The duckling disturbs him just about any time he tries to take a bite by asking questions like, “What does [a hot dog] taste like?” The pigeon slowly gets more and more angry at the little duckling for disturbing him every time he tries to eat. The duckling was very curious about the hot dog, and expressed the fact that he had never had one, and wanted to try it. The pigeon had the mindset that the hot dog was his, but had ended up sharing it.

This story was all I ever yearned for due to the fact that it was funny, silly, simple, and short. I had enjoyed it so much that I pursued your other pigeon novels such as “The Pigeon Drives A Bus” and “Don’t Let The Pigeon Stay Up Late”. As I concluded your series of novels, I had enjoyed the aspect of reading for fun. I looked into other books, read them, and enjoyed them. But I don't remember them as much, and certainly didn't enjoy them as much as your short pigeon novels.

Thank you very much Mr. Mo Willems for sharing these silly, short, and sweet novels of this little pigeon. They had broadened my horizons, and opened my eyes to new books. And most importantly, led me to enjoy reading, and not only doing it when forced to. Your stories are truly the greatest gateway into a life of reading.

Sincerely,

Christopher Piazza

Chuck: Maggie Sckalor –Colored Pencil
The Crown

Terrified to take the throne
He walks up the empty corridor

He sees his feet crush the red velvet
But his legs and feet are numb

He gazes at the throne
And can almost see his father

Tears well in his eyes
And he freezes

He feels as if someone punches his chest
He falls, but scrambles to his feet

The golden perch grows closer and closer
And he feels his heart pound harder

His face goes white
He wants to faint
But he manages to steady himself

He pulls himself onto the throne
And a tear runs down his cheek

The heavy crown is placed upon his head
And he begins to sob
~Ethan Porter
Happy Birthday

There’s a party over here
To celebrate today
We frosted a cake and wrapped gifts
For your special day

This is your special day
As we’re gathered here for you
We’ll sing and laugh and celebrate
Another year of you

We adore these special moments
That we share throughout the years
Our family gathered once again
For some special birthday cheer!

~Nick Feliciano

~Dylan Phillips
In the Classroom

In the classroom
Knowledge is what we consume

Some teachers are funny
Thankfully none of them are punny

When taking notes, our hands get sore
We really hope we don’t have to take anymore

Our heads are going to explode
If the teacher goes into tough teaching mode

The teachers teach true and thorough stuff
And the students think that’s really tough

Our erasers become sad
‘Cause we make them go bad

In class, we have many tests
We study a lot and try our best

We look at the clock
Listening to its tick and tock

Hopefully, none of us start to snore
At the end of the class, we all zoom out the door.
~ Lana Belle Cain

Springing Ahead

Elementary school to Middle school
Lockers, changing classes, freedom
Instead of being with one teacher
We see many everyday
Four quarters in a year
Who knew
Finals, midterms, studying a lot more
Nervous and scared
Don’t want to let my parents down
The future looks harder
High school is bigger
College
Thinking about my future and career
Sometimes I wish my parents planned it all out
But I have to figure it out for myself
Advice is good
If I listen
But sometimes we make decisions
Without thinking them through
I am only 11
I have some time
I’ll enjoy my friends, my family, my life
I am confident
That I will succeed
With my family’s help
Education and
My determination
I am me
~ Alexa Bojbasa
Middle School

September 1st - orientation day
I thought school was so big
I would never find my way
I was confused where everything would be
Then I thought to myself
I hope I never get a D

On the first day
I was scared
Was I going to find all the places I needed to be
Well, I guess I was going to see

After my first day
I realized it wasn’t so bad
I got to all my classes
I was really glad

Now I know what is expected in middle school
Responsibilities you have
But it is not so bad
Middle school is fun
When you get ALL your work done
~ Alyssa Buono

Dancing in the Rain: Julia Pappas - Pencil
Season’s Beauties

Summer
Longer, hotter days filled with sun
In pools
Kids having fun
Summer
the smell of barbeque piercing the air
While wind tosses my hair

Fall
The season for apple picking
A time when leaves turn to bright red and yellow
And crumpled up browns
The season for leaf piles and bright school buses
In fall
Leaves are crunching under my feet, crunch...crunch... crunch

Winter
Is when trees are bare
Animals don’t care
It’s the coldest time
Animals hibernate beneath the glistening snow and it’s no crime
Winter is quiet and peaceful

Spring
Is when animals and flowers return for warmth
And you hear, tip-tapping raindrops on your roof
It’s when animals are born
In Spring
Life fills my heart
~Heather Mulvey

Spring. Taylor Zuclich—Colored Pencil
Dear Anthony Drewe,
I love theater. I am a young actor at a local studio in Hauppauge, New York. In March of 2016, we put on your show, Honk!, and I played Ugly. While working on the show, it touched me. I could relate to the show as a whole. Throughout middle school, I felt different. From the way I acted to the way I dressed, and your show helped me realize that that was okay. “Honk!” is about a duckling who is uglier and is different than all of his siblings. Throughout the show, he feels excluded and hated because he’s different. But in the end, we learn that he wasn’t a duck at all, but he was a swan and he was accepted and loved by the whole farm.
You book showed me that my differences make me who I am, and to not care about what other people think. I learned that you’re only happy when you’re truly yourself and that you should ignore anyone who tries to get in the way of that. The show has a truly powerful message wrapped in a funny play. Ever since last year, I felt comfortable in my own skin. No longer do I dread going to school in fear of being judged. I have made so many new friends because I don’t hide the fact that I am loud, weird, and out there.
I absolutely fell in love with this show and I still know all the song lyrics by heart. I very much enjoyed playing my character, and if I was given the opportunity, I would do it again in a heartbeat. My favorite parts of the show were either when Ugly comes close to death and his mother comes to save him, when Ugly and The Cat perform “Play With Your Food”, or when Ugly comes back home with his mom, where he is welcomed with open arms, and is given the opportunity to be the leader of the farm animals.
This play was an amazing one. I knew it when I read the first word in the script, to when I took my final bows onstage. The show has changed my life. So thank you, Anthony Drewe, for writing this amazing play. It has played such an important role in helping me to grow up and to realize that I should be comfortable in my own skin.

Sincerely,
Sean Diffley

Waterfall: JessicaSucharski-Photo
Summer
The heat ablaze beaming
On the sand
Popsicle melting in
Your hand
Bright, salty water
Glistening in the sun
Refreshing frozen water soothing
And sliding down your throat
All awhile I’m rowing and fishing
On a boat
Here, here!
50 cent homemade lemonade
~Isaiah Bertrand

In February….
In February, the empty world awaits with its arms outstretched
It’s a gentle beating heart, pausing in the stillness, waiting for life
In February, the snow’s delicate body waits to be played in
Without children, it is dead
In February, the nipping, biting cold lingers in the air
Violently striking at people when they step outside
Snow stays there
With fear that it will be sucked up
Into a burning vacuum of heat
In February
Love comes out in the most exuberant and special ways
Hearts and roses
Are given on a special day
People gather together
To watch a major game
And creamy, gooey chocolate is eaten
In February the potent chilly air
Surrounds you as you sip warm, hot cocoa
In February
Winter starts to die down
All is still
~ Jacob Rosof

Bobby: Maggie Skalor
~Colored Pencil

Life is Better at the Beach: Alana Small—Colored Pencil

Beach: Gemma DiGiovanna —Colored Pencil
My Favorite Season

Winter is a season that brings lots of fun
We sit near the fire staying warm
like cooking loaves of bread

Games and activities much different
than in the summer under the hot sun

We’re tired from our activities and are looking forward
to sleeping in bed.

Skiing, tubing and sledding are much different from other sports
that require us to run.

We’re so active that our leftovers from breakfast
are what kept us fed.

Out of each season winter
will always be my favorite one
~Nicholas King

Spring is Here

Spring is here
In the air
You can smell it coming
On the trees
Leaves are green
Caterpillars sunning

Birds are back
Grass is out
Busy bees are humming
On the trees
Leaves are green
Caterpillars sunning

Good bye snow
Good bye sled
Good bye winter
Spring’s ahead
Hello sun
Hello swing
Good bye winter
Hello spring
~Joey Pisciotta

Laying on the Beach

Light danced on the water while I closed my eyes

The warmth on my skin caught me by surprise
Being on the beach relaxes my mind
Although the sun in my eyes makes me feel blind

Searching for the seashells is a hobby of mine
When I discover the big ones its a really good find
Light danced on the water while I closed my eyes
The warmth on my skin caught me by surprise

When I open my eyes and see the sun
I am reminded of the reasons why life is fun
Light danced on the water while I closed my eyes
Laying on the beach is my favorite of all time
~Charlie Darrohn

Seasons: Joanna Febrer – Colored Pencils

Leaves: Angelina Simeone – Pencil
Dear Ms. Mazzeo,
I have always enjoyed reading science-fiction and fiction novels, but I was drawn to your book, *Irena’s Children*, at the Great Hollow Middle School book fair last spring, and I am happy with my decision to commit to this book. I learned about the true story of Irena Sendler, about her struggles and her courage. Irena Sendler served in the Polish Underground during World War II. It was through her medical, social, and humanitarian efforts that she was successful in saving thousands of children from the Warsaw Ghetto. I had previously read stories and watched documentaries about the Holocaust and World War II with my father, including the story of Anne Frank. I feel Irena’s story is one that shows the enormity, intensity, and struggles of the time, while also showing the heroic acts of those who attempted to help.

One of the passages that stands out to me is about the measures in which she would take to smuggle the children past the Nazi guards. Early in the book, you describe how Irena and her friends would smuggle children and infants in suitcases and wooden boxes, adding that “Some of the kids hid underneath the corpses of dead bodies in coffins in order to get past the guards.” This was a demonstration of the great measures she would take, putting her own life in harms way in order to save the children. She was eventually discovered, arrested, and sentenced to death, but was able to escape and live until the age of 98.

I initially read this book for a reading assignment in my 7th grade English class, but re-read the book, as I found it educational and interesting. I can still remember many details of the story. One of my favorite parts of this book is toward the end, where Irena is set free from Pawiak prison by a Gestapo officer. In her older years, it was estimated that Irena saved 2,500 children. In her modesty, she said that she didn’t know the exact number of children she had saved, and didn’t want to take full credit, saying, “I want everyone to know that, while I was coordinating our efforts, we were about twenty to twenty five people. I did not do it alone.”

Irena was an amazing woman. She was a strong, brave, and independent woman. Through your book, I learned that when things seem difficult now, they cannot even compare to what children had to endure during World War II. I have learned to appreciate my surroundings, my family, and my friends. I also learn from Irena's story that no matter how difficult a situation may seem, courage and determination may go a long way, and may help others. I am glad that I strayed from my usual science-fiction book to read such a fascinating true story. I have learned about a strong humanitarian named Irena Sendler, and have learned about hope and courage. Thank you for sharing Irena’s story.

Sincerely,
Jensen Herbst

*The Ocean: Jessica Sucharski –Photo*
Twin Towers

In our hearts
They still remain
Even though it was ages ago
We feel the pain

Twin towers
I salute thee
And all who were slain
So may the horns of freedom
Lie upon their grave
~ Grace Vibal

Emotion

Emotion
Like an ocean
Always in motion

Twilight and effulgence collide
As the land meets the tide

Endless
Restless
~ Sabrina Stevens
The castle at Disney, a sight to see will forever be etched in my memory. Long graceful spires rising so high as if the very tips were touching the sky. Turrets with pennants blowing so free as in days gone by, so beautiful to see. Knights mounted on stallions prancing with glee, flashing their manes wearing bright colors of heraldry. Forms, shapes, and colors that will always be the most vivid part of my memory. The magnificent castle at Disney.

Disney
by Marissa Guttieri
“What lies behind us, and what lies before us are but tiny matters compared to what lies within us. And when we bring what is within us out into the world, miracles happen. “

~Henry Stanley Haskins

(often misattributed to Ralph Waldo Emerson)