

# Inkwell

AHN MIDDLE SCHOOL  
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# Willow Trees

Willow trees  
They will never break  
But always sway  
They warm tomorrow  
And invite new days  
Their spanish moss touches the  
ground  
Flowing and gliding, never denying  
their beauty  
Their branches wrap all around  
How they are flying

**By: Cate Hale**

# THANKSGIVING

THE SWEET SOUND  
OF TURKEY BEING CHOMPED DOWN LIKE A HOUND  
I LOOK UNDER THE TABLE TO SEE MY DOG  
IF A LITTLE PIECE OF TURKEY FELL HE WOULD BE READY TO JOG  
A HUGE MASH POTATO MOUND

I START TO EAT MY STUFFING AND MEAT  
MY GRANDPARENTS NEIGHBORS WE GREET  
IN THEIR HANDS HOLDS OUR PIE  
ALL THE BOYS AT THE TABLE ARE WEARING A TIE  
WE HAVE SOME BREAD WITH NO WHEAT

I TAKE MY COUSIN'S OUT OF THE ROOM  
SO WE CAN GO OUTSIDE TO SPOT THE MOON  
WE WATCH THE PARADE UNTIL THEY CRY  
THEY GET SO BORED BUT I TRY  
I TELL THEM NOT TO WORRY THEY'LL GET THEIR PIE SOON

I HELP MY PARENTS BRING OUT THE PIE TO MY COUSINES DELIGHT  
I ASK WHO WANTS THE FIRST PIECE OF COURSE THEY FIGHT  
MY OLDER COUSIN WINS SO SHE GETS THE FIRST SLICE  
MY YOUNGER COUSIN SHRIEKED JUST LIKE HE HAD SEEN SOME MICE  
HOWEVER MY AUNT YELLED AT HIM WITH ALL HER MIGHT

THAT'S THANKSGIVING WITH MY FAMILY  
AS YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING ON THANKSGIVING HAPPENS SO  
CALMLY  
-ELLYCE LUHR



# Thanksgiving Poem

By: Maggie Geiger

It is November  
You can see the pretty leaves  
Thanksgiving is near

Turkey and stuffing  
Gravy with potatoes  
Plates of pumpkin pie

Our stomachs all full  
Going around and being  
Thankful year around



# What I'm Thankful for Sonnet: Thanksgiving

In quiet moments, gratitude takes flight.  
For golden sun that paints the morning sky.  
For whispered winds that dance with pure delight.  
And stars that twinkle like a lover's sigh.

We give thanks for the laughter shared in cheer.  
For friendship's bond that holds us through the night:  
Each gentle word and every joyful tear.  
Each bit of warmth—our hearts' true light.

The taste of simple meals around the table.  
The stories woven in each passing glance:  
In love and loss, we find ourselves able—  
To cherish life's sweet rhythm and its chance.

So let our hearts refuse to stay ungraced:  
With thankful thoughts forever interlaced.

BY: BAILEY CHEN



# *What I'm thankful for Limerick: Thanksgiving*

We are thankful for the sun that shines,  
And for the stars that brightly align.  
For the love of family and friends so dear,  
And for the beauty that surrounds us here.

We are thankful for the laughter that we share,  
And for the moments that show we care.  
For the strength to face each new day,  
And for the blessings that come our way.

We are thankful for the food on our table,  
And for the roof over our heads stable.  
For the peace and joy in our hearts,  
And for the chance to make a fresh start.

So let us take a moment to reflect,  
On all the things that we should never neglect.  
For in gratitude, we find true bliss,  
And remember all the reasons for a life like this.

*By: Bailey Chen*



# SNOW DAY



The hot chocolate burns my tongue  
The icicles sat upon the roof  
On the trees the snow clung  
The snow blows around. Poof!

The announcement is here; a snow day has come  
Throwing on boots and scarfs to go have some fun  
Run outside to make an angel  
Look up there's not a cloud in the sky, only the sun

Start a snowball fight with your mom  
Or build a snowman out of snow  
Look! A snowflake fell into my palm  
Everything is white except the black the comes from the  
crow

-Ellyce Luhr



# HOT COCOA



*A creamy delight  
A delicious chocolate taste  
A pinch of sugar  
A few marshmallows on top  
With lots of whipped cream*



***BY: GATE HALE***

# WINTER WONDERLAND

BY: MAGGIE GEIGER



THE WHITE SNOW  
THAT MAKES THE PINE TREES SHINE  
AND THE SMELL OF HOT COCOA  
WITH THE SCENT OF PINE

THE SNOWMAN'S SHADOW  
ALONG WITH A BEAUTIFUL BUTTON  
DESIGN

AND THE SOUND OF ELSA SINGING LET IT  
GO!



# Christmas Acrostic Poem

CHRISTMAS IS SPECIAL  
HOLIDAY CHEERS AND FUN  
RIGHT! DON'T GET IN TROUBLE  
I LOVE EVERYONE  
SANTA PLEASE COME BACK  
TIME HAS GONE TO FAST  
MAY YOU ALL HAVE A GREAT  
CHRISTMAS  
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR  
SURPRISE EVERYONE! I JUST TURNED  
ONE YEAR OLDER!

By: Bailey Chen



# Christmas Poem

By: Maggie Geiger

Waking up early  
The tree looking so shirley

The smell of fresh pine  
The ornaments full of shine

The elf on the shelf's last day  
To watch you all play

Stockings all stuffed  
With the pillows all fluffed

The presents all full of joy  
For all to enjoy

The big gift from Santa  
That's full of bananas

Everyone all happy  
And no one being snappy

Merry Christmas!!



# Christmas Morning

## PRESENT TIME



Beep  
Beep

**5:00am**

**Wake up**

**It's The day**

**Run down fast**

**Look at the presents**

**See who has the most**

**Open one by one oh so delicate**

Or rip 5 at a time vigorously opened  
Or open like me and finish in August

-ELLYCE LUHR



# New Years



*The clock counts down*

*Not a trace of frowns*

*Delicious treats*

*New people I shall meet*

*A minute left*

*We feel all blessed*

*Thirty seconds till new year*

*Four, three, two, one*

*we all cheer*

*We all begin to jive*

*Now I have not showered*

*since 2025*

**BY: CATE HALE**



## *St Patrick's Day SONNET*

On St. Patrick's Day, with glee we prance,  
In green attire and smiles so wide,  
We seek the gold, yet miss our chance,  
For luck is found where laughter's tied.

The leprechaun hides with a playful grin,  
His treasure's mapped in riddles bright,  
But all we find, through thick and thin,  
Are socks unmatched and frothy light.

We'll dance and sing, our hearts ablaze,  
With jig and cheer that fills the air,  
For in this fun, in joyful ways,  
The real prize lies in friends who care.

So raise a glass to jests and cheer,  
On this fine day, let laughter steer!

*Bailey Chen*





## St. Patrick's Day Poem

In March, when the green starts to sway,  
We toast on this fine holiday.  
With shamrocks and cheer,  
And a pint full of beer,  
St. Patrick's brings joy in our way!

On St. Patrick's Day, green is the flair,  
With shamrocks and laughter in the air.  
We dance and we cheer,  
Raise a pint full of beer,  
In joy that the day's almost rare!

*Bailey Chen*



# Leprechaun

*A leprechaun with shoes too big to wear,  
Tried dancing a jig, but tripped on his own hair.  
He shouted "Oi!" and tumbled in a heap,  
Then sneaked off to take a nap, fast asleep.  
The Guinness flows, though it's a funny green,  
Like swampy pond water—yet it's still keen.  
Someone's wearing socks that don't quite match,  
And one has slipped off, now it's on the back.  
The corned beef burnt, the cabbage smells odd,  
Someone's eating chips with ketchup, oh God!  
The shamrock cookies taste like cardboard paste,  
But still, we gobble 'em with joy, no haste.  
So grab your hat and drink your fizzy brew,  
Then blame the leprechaun for what you do!*

Bailey Chen

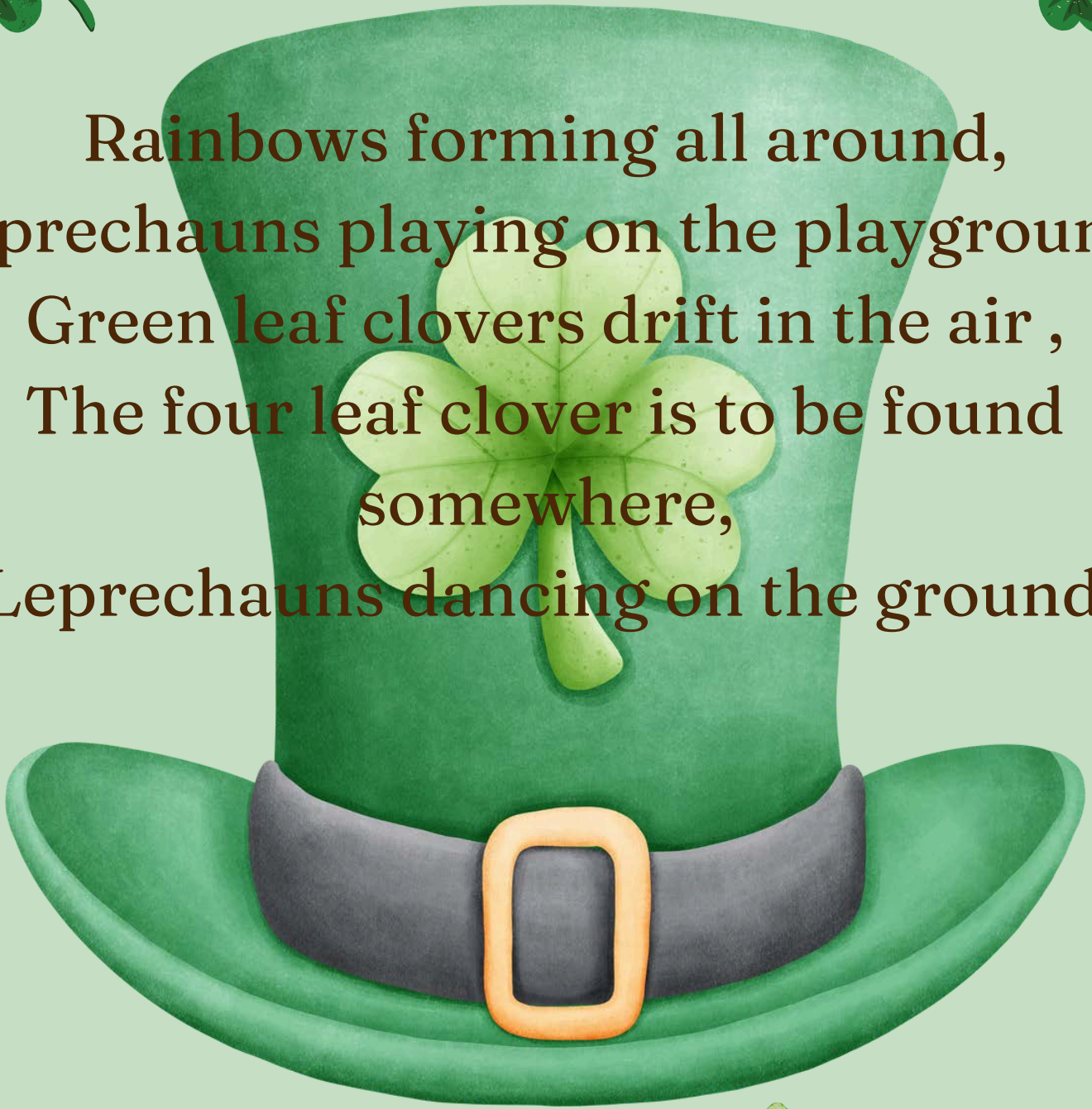


# Saint Patrick's Day Poem

By: Maggie Geiger



Rainbows forming all around,  
Leprechauns playing on the playground,  
Green leaf clovers drift in the air ,  
The four leaf clover is to be found  
somewhere,  
Leprechauns dancing on the ground!

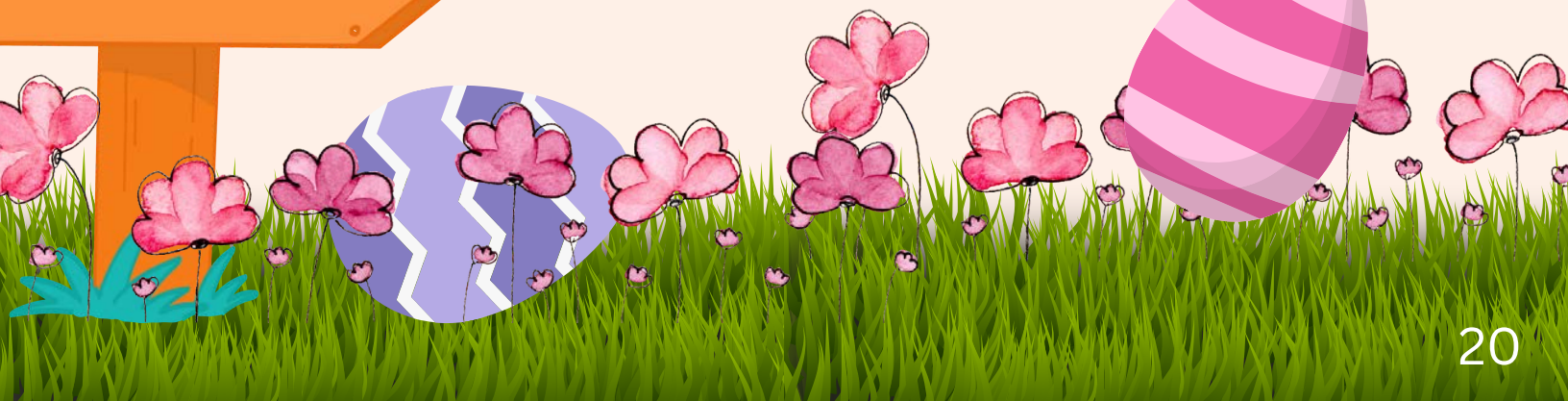


# EASTER DAY



*Easter day has come today  
The beautiful colors of dawn like the bright eggs  
That rest upon the soft ground*

*-Ellyce Luhr*



# SONNET: SWIMMING

11 years, 4 months, and 30 days

That's how long I've been on Earth and I can't swim

If I try to swim I will stay in place

I can't swim with the lights on, off, or dim

If I jump in the water, I will drown

Only with a life jacket, I can float

Trying to swim makes me look like a clown

But maybe I'll live if I stay in a boat

I can only swim in a blowup pool

I've never peed in a pool, that's a lie

Everyone around me can swim, which is cool

If I try to swim, I will say goodbye

In case you're wondering, I can't swim

I can't swim, so I'll just go to the gym

Cherish Kreyoh



# Spring Season

By: Maggie Geiger



*Spring is almost here  
The water gets warmer  
The flowers start to bloom  
The pretty combination of all colors  
Show all around  
The bees start to buzz  
With the fresh honey starting to form  
For the bears to enjoy  
The early sunrises tag along with the late sunsets  
Spring is almost here*





By; Lauren Pero

April showers  
Lots of fun  
Bring May flowers  
To everyone

The blooming season  
The breezy air  
The sunny reason  
We want to share

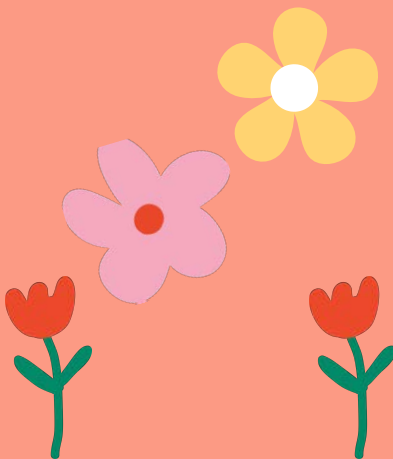
There might be puddles  
There might be rain  
My cat gives warm cuddles  
Smiles bring no strain

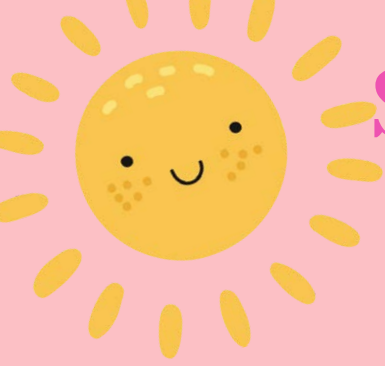
Oh, spring  
You're loved  
My spring  
Your honor has never been robbed

You bring me joy  
As you allow  
Your flowers to deploy  
To be so gracious show me how

Your music  
Your song  
The sound  
So strong

Praise to Spring  
The truth is told  
You'll never get old  
With you rays of gold





# Spring Sonnet



Winter is finally gone  
Spring has finally here  
I wake up and I yawn  
And happily cheer

Time to get on with spring cleaning  
Wow where did all this dust come from  
I don't stop till things are glistening  
Eww under the table there is gum



Jumping in puddles one by one  
Splashing like there is no tomorrow  
Come everyone let's have some fun  
Goodbye to you, snow

Spring whispers softly with petals that sway,  
While I long for the heat of a bold summer day.

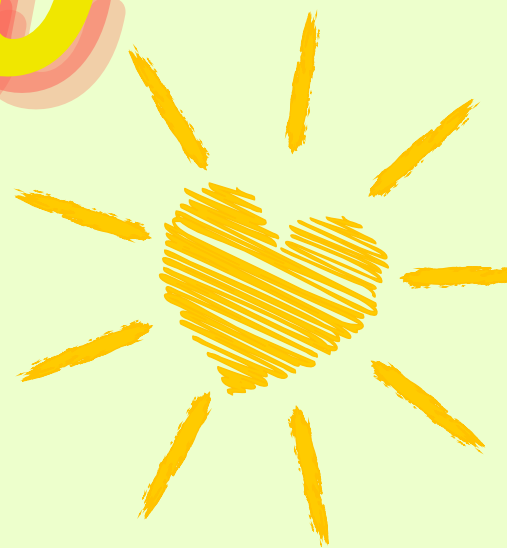
## Bailey Chen



*Soak it*



*up*



SOAKING UP THE SUN  
THEY SAY ALWAYS WHAT FUN  
THESE SUN DAYS ARE NEVER  
DONE  
BUT WHEN THEY END HOW  
WE WILL RUN

*By: Cate  
Hale*

The background of the entire page is a dark, stormy sky. In the upper left, a bright yellow lightning bolt strikes downwards. In the upper right, several birds are silhouetted against the lighter clouds. The word "STORM" is written in large, bold, yellow capital letters with a slight shadow effect, positioned in the upper center. Below the title, a poem is written in a light blue, serif font. The author's name, "-Ellyce luhr", is centered below the poem in the same font. At the bottom of the page, there are two more bright yellow lightning bolts, one on the left and one on the right, framing the page number. The page number "26" is written in a small, dark blue font in the bottom right corner.

# STORM

Thunder crashes; wind blows  
The dark clouds settle into the valleys lows  
The rain sounds like the hammer of a drum  
No one knows where the storm came from  
The storms wild winds never slows

-Ellyce luhr

# Trees

Leaves fall, smile goes  
down

How hard those trees  
have tried

When leaves fall trees  
cry



*By: Cate Hale*

# GREEN PARTY

Green has arrived  
lets do the Green jive  
I saw some green flair  
I saw green hair?  
I saw a green river  
Green now makes me  
shiver  
Green is everywhere

**BY: CATE HALE**



A decorative border of pink roses with green leaves and yellow centers frames the text.

# FLOWERS

A delicate gift from God  
You could argue they are flawed  
But I will stare in awe  
A meaningful gift to the heart  
So easily shrivels apart  
Some softer than cotton  
Other seem quite rotten  
A rare, radiant, rejuvenate being  
The only hope I have been seeing

**BY: CATE HALE**

# ODE TO HYDRANGEAS

Oh hydrangeas, my hydrangeas!  
Your smell is so sweet.  
You're the most beautiful,  
Without having to cheat.

Your perfume is delightful,  
Made for royals and the rich.  
It's not fair you smell so wonderful,  
You're a curse from a witch.

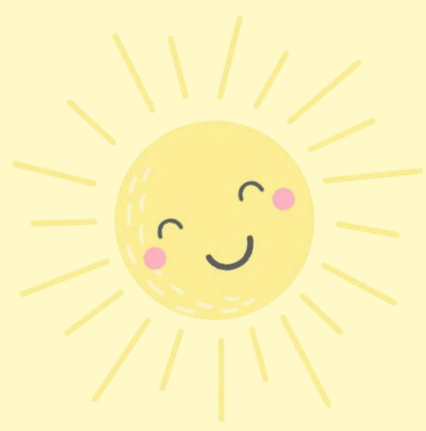
Oh hydrangeas, my hydrangeas!  
Your petals are as soft as pillows.  
Slick as some exorbitant velvet,  
So gorgeous, in your sight animals billow.

Friends gather around you.  
No plant can compare,  
For you are the highest rank  
When your fragrance drifts into the air.



*BY: CAROLINE FAHY*

# Dandelion Dream



Dandelions in the sun,  
Yellow petals, so much fun.  
Grow so tall up in the air,  
Waving gently everywhere.



When the wind begins to blow,  
White puff seeds begin to go.  
Fly away to find new ground,  
Spreading all around and 'round.



Blow them fast and make a wish,  
Dandelions are a cool dish!



Spring will bring them back once more,  
Golden flowers we adore.

**Bailey Chen**



# ODE TO FINN, MY HORSE

**BY: CATE HALE**

FINN, PATRICIA, FUNION, BADDIE, ARE ALL PERFECT NAMES FOR YOU.

YOU ARE ONLY TEN.  
YOUR BIRTHDAY IS UNKNOWN,  
BUT STILL I LOVE YOU TILL THE END.

YOU WERE GOING TO LEAVE.  
YOU WERE GOING TO BE SENT AWAY.  
EVEN THOUGH YOU BITE ME,  
I JUST WANT YOU TO STAY.

YOU TRY TO KICK ME.  
YOU WERE PERFECT FOR ME; I JUST KNEW.  
I JUST WANT YOU TO LOVE ME.  
AS I LOVE YOU.

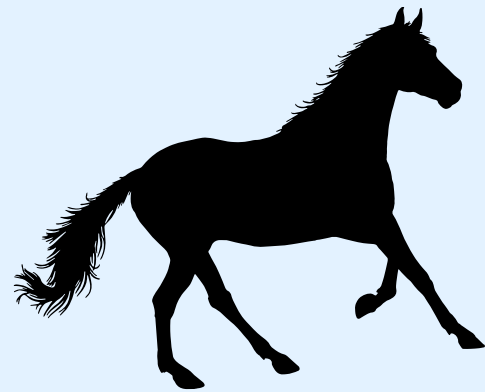
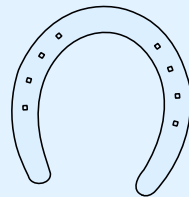
EVEN THOUGH YOU THREW ME INTO A FENCE AT A HORSE  
SHOW.  
I CAN TELL YOU WERE DAMAGED AS A CHILD.  
MY HEART BELONGS TO YOU.  
YOU'RE FOREVER WILD.

YOU ARE SILKY, AND SMOOTH,  
A DEEP RICH BAY.  
YOU ARE TALLER THAN I.  
YOUR BLACK MANE AND TAIL SWAY.

YOU HAVE SUCH A SWEET TOOTH.  
YOU LOVE BUBBLE BATHS,  
YOU NEIGH "WARM WATER ONLY!"  
YOU WOULD TRADE ME FOR GRASS.

YOUR EYES ARE A DOORWAY TO YOUR PAST.  
YOUR TEETH ARE STILL TRYING TO BITE ME.  
YOU PREFER WARMTH.  
EVERY TIME I FEED YOU, YOU NEIGH WITH GLEE.

YOU'RE SO DANG CUTE!  
YET, YOU ALWAYS LONG TO BE FREE  
THEY SAY "DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU."  
NOW YOU'RE BITING ME.



# Ode to My Cat

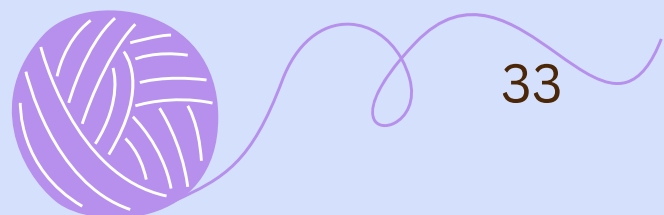
By: Maggie Geiger

Oh Midnight, my wonderful cat!  
I enjoy all our moments together.  
Your black and white fur shines in the sunlight,  
Making you shine forever!

Oh Midnight, my wonderful cat!  
You like to look outside at the cold weather.  
You pounce after rats,  
Which you could chase forever.

Oh Midnight, my wonderful cat!  
You watch the birds with feathers.  
Your comfort is very bright.  
Your purs form a harmony all-together.

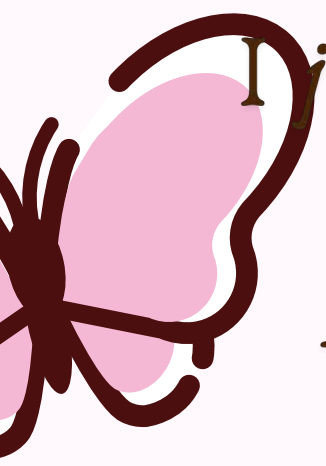
Oh Midnight, my wonderful cat!  
You lay out in the sun when there's good weather,  
On the door mat.  
You are perfect all together.





## ODE TO BUTTERFLIES

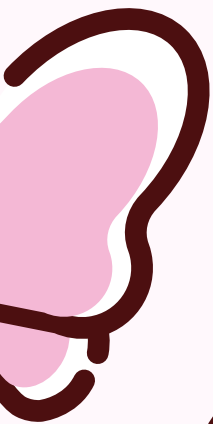
The gentle swish of wings  
The gentle colors fly before me  
the flowers they being  
I just wish my dog would let them  
be



Are they really butter that flies  
or just creatures of my  
imagination

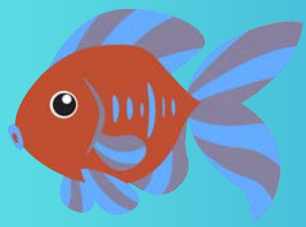


Do they even have eyes?  
Would they speak Haitian?

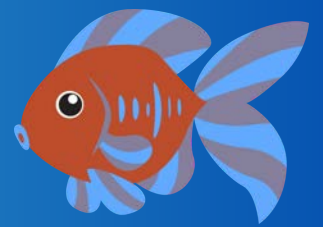


The colors on their wings  
They always make me happy  
once they leave the flowers swing  
don't let the bees chase them away  
they're so snappy.

-Ellyce Luhr



# ODE TO Santiago



OH, SANTIAGO OH, SANTIAGO!  
YOU COULD SWIM AROUND UP AND DOWN.  
YOU WOULD ALWAYS SWIM LIKE YOU WANTED SOME FOOD.  
YOU WOULD ALWAYS SWIM WITH A FROWN.

OH, SANTIAGO OH, SANTIAGO!  
YOU WOULD EAT YOUR FOOD AS FAST AS A CHEETAH.  
YOU WERE SO COLORFUL YOU WERE LIKE A FIRE WORK ON THE  
4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY.  
IF YOU WERE A LITTLE BIGGER, WE WOULD PUT YOU IN A  
FAJITA.

OH, SANTIAGO OH, SANTIAGO!  
YOU WOULD HIDE IN YOUR LITTLE HOUSE.  
WHEN YOU WOULD BLOW BUBBLES, THEY WOULD SOUND SO  
DIVINE.  
WHEN YOU WOULD SWIM YOU WERE AS QUIET AS A MOUSE.

OH, SANTIAGO OH, SANTIAGO!  
YOU WOULD ALWAYS SWIM AROUND TILL THE WATER WAS BROWN.  
YOU WOULD SWIM AWAY FROM ME LIKE I WAS A MONSTER.  
I GOT SO MANY LITTLE HOUSES FOR YOU, YOU HAD YOUR OWN  
TOWN.

-TESSA CHERRY-WOOD





# Ode to Tashi

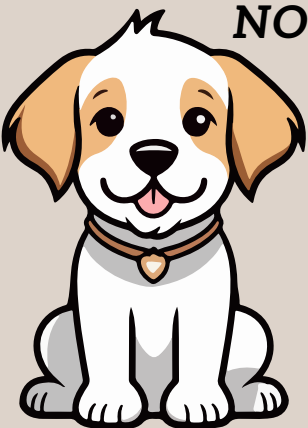
OH, TASHI, YOU'RE SO SWEET  
I ALWAYS TELL YOU TO STAY,  
BUT YOU NEVER TAKE A SEAT.

OH, I LOVE YOU ANYWAY,  
EVEN WHEN I TRY TO GIVE YOU A TREAT.

THE WAY YOU BRIGHTEN UP MY DAY,  
YOU ALWAYS JUST KNOW HOW I FEEL.  
OH, JUST WITH ME, YOU WILL STAY.  
OUR LOVE IS JUST SO REAL.

YOU'RE VERY ROUGH WITH YOUR CARROT TOY.  
OH, YOU GROWL VERY DEEP AND LOW.  
OH, YOU GROWL LIKE NO ONE ELSE.  
OH, YOU THINK YOU'RE TOUGH AND STRONG,  
I FEEL LIKE YOU'RE JUST DOING IT FOR SHOW.

YOU ARE ALWAYS SO HYPER.  
YOU'RE LIKE LIGHTNING, THAT'S FOR SURE.  
OH, I WISH YOU WERE FLUFFIER.  
YOU RUN SO FAST, IT'S ALL A BLUR.  
NOBODY ZIPS ACROSS THE CARPET LIKE YOU.



I CAN'T FORGET YOUR BROTHER.  
OH, I LOVE HIM THE SAME.  
YOU'RE ALWAYS TOGETHER.  
OH, BUT YOU ARE SO UNIQUE.

THOSE TINY PAWS I HOLD,  
I LOVE YOU EVEN MORE.  
AT LEAST SOMETIMES, YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.  
TO MY BESTEST FRIEND OF ALL TIME.  
TASHI.



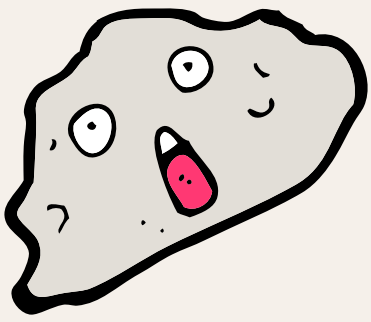
*O***H, DANCE SHOES, OH DANCE SHOES! YOU WERE MY FIRST PAIR  
I WILL ALWAYS CARE ABOUT YOU,  
LIKE I CARE FOR MY HAIR.  
I FOREVER WILL MISS GETTING TO USE YOU.**

**OH, DANCE SHOES, OH DANCE SHOES! I MISS WHEN MS. LEXA  
WOULD TIE YOU BEFORE CLASS,  
SHE WOULD ALWAYS TIE YOU WITH CARE.  
WHENEVER I SEE YOU, I REALIZE HOW FAR I HAVE COME.  
YOU'RE AS SENTIMENTAL AS A TEDDY BEAR!**

**OH, DANCE SHOES, OH DANCE SHOES! YOU ARE SO TINY.  
YOU MAKE ME REALIZE HOW FAR I HAVE COME  
I LOVE YOU SO MUCH AND YOUR TINY SOLES.  
THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME KNOW HOW FAR I'VE COME!**

*By: Lily Carlton*





# Ode to My Rock Collection

Oh Rocks

I find them on the shore and sand,  
From mountains tall to desert ground,  
Each one I pick up with my hand,  
A piece of Earth that I have found.

Oh rocks!

Some sparkle bright like morning sun,  
Some feel as rough as bark or tree,  
Each rock is special, every one  
A tiny gift the world gave me.

Oh rocks!

From foreign lands to paths near home,  
They sit in rows upon my shelf,  
A little world I've made my own,  
Collected slowly by myself.

Oh rocks!

Some smooth like glass, some rough with lines,  
One's red like clay, one cold and gray,  
A few have flecks that gently shine,  
Each tells its story in its way.

Oh rocks!

Though small and quiet, side by side,  
They hold the journeys that I've made.  
Each rock a memory I won't hide  
A treasure time will never fade.





# POINTE SHOES

Oh, pointe shoes  
My pointe shoes  
The sweetest pain  
You bring  
You break my toes  
But bring me joy  
Through the instrumentals  
My mind sings  
I'm thankful for you  
I'll always be true  
My pointe shoes  
By: Lauren Pero

# CHIP! MY DOG

**PUPPY CUTE**

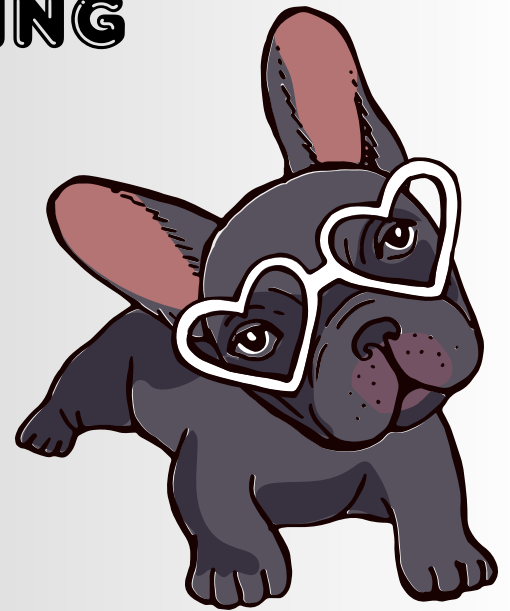
**YAWNING, BARKING, WHINING**

**TOYS, PUPPY ENERGY, FUNNY, TIRED**

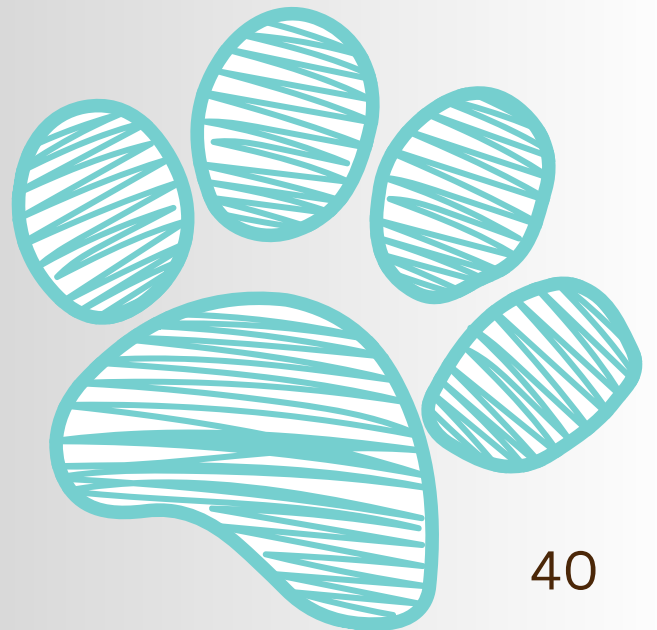
**SWEET, LOUNGING, CALMING**

**CLAWS, SMALL**

**NOT A CAT**



**By: Sofia  
Lounello**





*-Charlotte Testa*

I HAVE 8 DAYS LEFT  
I WILL MISS MY FRIENDS  
DEARLY  
BUT IT'S NOT OVER YET



# SPRING

April

04



*I love spring  
On April 4, we had a bling  
And we had fun!  
It was not a bum.  
It was a happy thing  
-Keira Shaughnessy*



# ACROSTIC POEM

By: Olivia Masawi

## KINDNESS

Kind people go far  
I always try to be kind  
N ever question trying  
D on't be mean  
N ot bad to be kind  
& everyone should be kind  
S everal people are kind, it's easy  
S o start now!



Be Kind.  43 

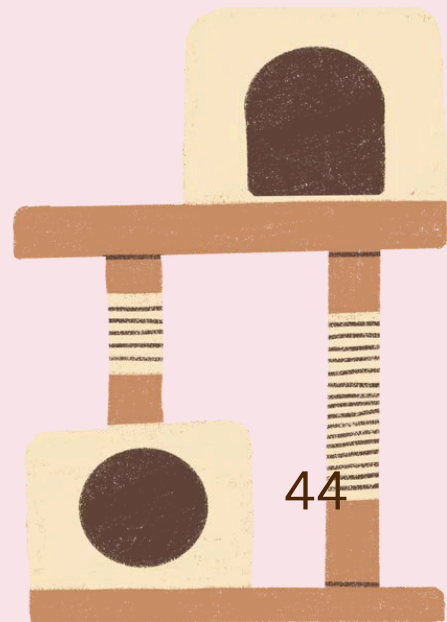
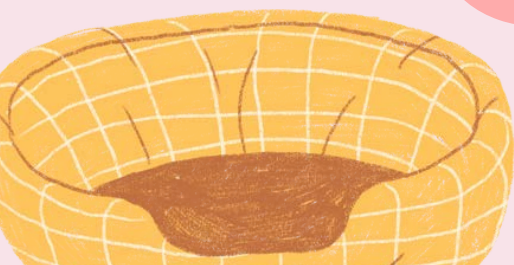


# Limerick

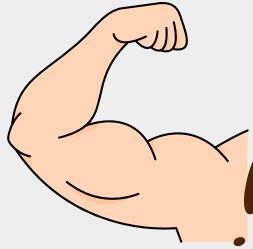


By: Elizabeth Caldwell

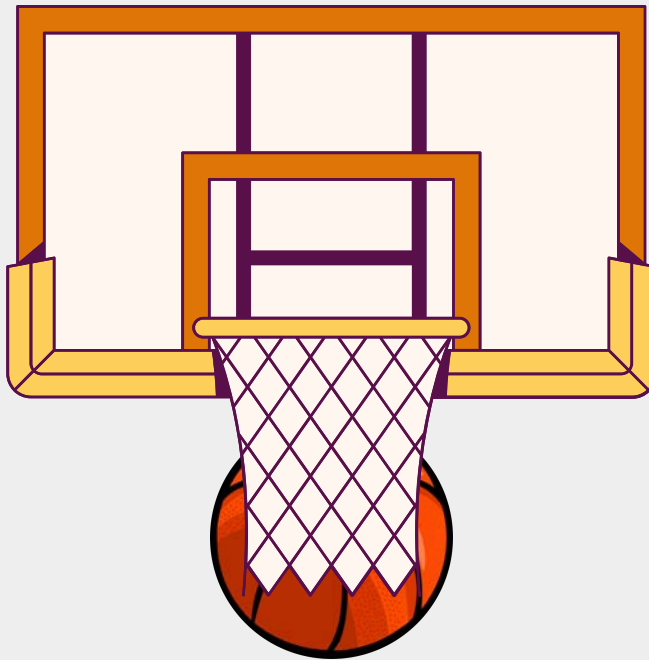
I once had a cat named willow  
her fur was has soft as a pillow  
she went on a trip  
and missed her ship  
and ended up in Amarillo!



# HOLDEN



**Holden**  
**Athletic, Jumpy**  
**running, shooting, batting**  
**No one like him**  
**Amazing**  
**-Reagan McLean**



# ABBY DABBY DOO



ABBY DABBY DOO  
WHO HAD JUST BOUGHT A NEW SHOE  
BUT SHE HAD NO MONEY  
HER DAD THOUGHT THAT WAS FUNNY  
SHE HAD ENOUGH TO BUY A RAGGY  
BLANKET THAT SMELLED LIKE POO  
-ABBY BELLINGER





*Sensory Poem  
By: Honesty Tolliver*

*Sad is blue  
It sounds like broken heart crying  
It taste like salt and pepper  
It smells like dirt, water, and salt  
Sad feels like heavy bags on your  
shoulders*

*Alliteration Poem  
Honestly Honesty isn't  
Honestly Honest*

# THE GIRL NAMED LINE

**Once there was a girl named Line  
And the other day she turned nine.  
She was always glad,  
And never sad.**

**One day she stole my toy and said "That's  
mine"**

**By: Evelyn  
Brown**

# HYBALIBLE



**FEAR THEM.  
HIDE FROM THE HYBALIBLE.  
WATCHING FORM HIS BLOOD MOUNTAIN,  
ESCAPING HIS REIGN IS IMPOSSIBLE!**

**THE EYES AS RED AS BLOOD.  
WINGS WITH A GOLDEN SHINE  
THE TEETH THAT SNAP! GASH!  
SMELL OF FLESH RAISES THE HAIR ON YOUR SPINE**



**MOM AND DAD GONE,  
WITH THAT HIS LOVE DIES.  
IN HIS GRIEF THE MONSTER WAS BORN.  
NOW MAKES HUMANS HIS DAILY PRIZE.**

**SO LATE ONE FALL OF THE SUN,  
CINDY-LOO-WHO WOKE UP WITH A FRIGHT!  
FOR THE HYBALIBLE WANTED HER,  
AS BAIT TO START A FIGHT.**

**THE TOWN COMES IN A HURRY.  
WITH THEIR SWORDS SNIPPER! SNAPPER!  
BUT WITH THE SWISH OF A TAIL,  
THOSE CHERISHED SWORDS BEGAN TO DEMOPHER**

**AS HIS RETCHED HEAD BEGAN TO FALL FASTER!  
THEN BRAVE CINDY-LOO-WHO SAVES THE DAY!  
BUT DID SHE DEMOLISH THE TRUE ATTACKER?  
-CAROLINE, AUBREY, ELLY, AND CALI**



BEWARE THE BEAST  
THAT DWELLS IN THE FOREST  
FOR HE WILL FEAST  
IN THE BILOUS TREES

WITH THICK BLUE FUR,  
AND THE SMALLEST OF TEETH.  
HORNS THE SIZE OF A BUR,  
AND A TOP HAT SO SLEEK.

A WARNING TO ALL  
THE FANCY IS NEAR  
A WARNING TO ALL  
HE YOU MUST FEAR

GREOW GREOW  
THE FANCY GOES  
BUT LITTLE DO THEY KNOW  
HE WANTS TO TICKLE THEIR TOES

THE GREEN TREES  
THE GLOOMY SKIES  
THE SNICKER SNACKERS  
THE TIPPER TAPPERS

LITTLE GIRL,  
PLEASE DO NOT GO.  
THE FOREST IS DANGEROUS,  
THE FANCY WILL SHOW.

IF YOU DECIDE  
TO ENTER THE FOREST  
JUST BE AWARE  
IT'S NOT A PLACE FOR TOURISTS



BOOM, BOOM  
HER FRIGHTENED GASP.  
SHOOM, SHOOM  
THE SLIP RABBITS RAN PAST.

"HELLO? WHO'S THERE?"  
THE LITTLE GIRL SAID.  
THE FANCY STARED,  
AND HER FACE TURNED RED.

SCARED THEN RELIEVED  
THE FANCY IS SMALL.  
HE IS NOT SCARY,  
NOT SCARY AT ALL.

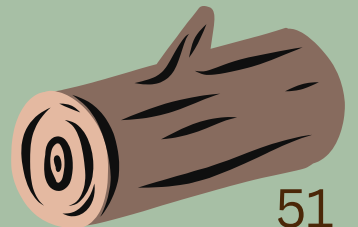
"HELLO I'M FANCY."  
"I'M THE TICKLE MONSTER."  
"HI THERE I'M NANCY"  
"I'M THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER"

NANCY WENT BACK  
TO TELL THE WHOLE TOWN.  
"FANCY IS NOT SCARY  
HE'S JUST A CLOWN"

EAST TO THE BEAST,  
WHO DWELLS IN THE FOREST.  
FOR WITH HIM, WE WILL FEAST  
IN THE BILLOUS TREES.

WITH NANCY BY HIS SIDE,  
TOP HAT AND BOWTIE.  
WITH CRYING AND HUGGING.  
A LOVE THAT NEVER DIES.

LAUREN, CHERISH, KAZIA, MAYA  
GRADE 7



# The Nakesshark

By: Lily Carlton, Bailey Chen, Maggie

Geiger, Jo Kelleher-Stark

The blue slithery creature  
with its long sharp teeth  
And the fins that glisten in the sea  
So beware underneath

The nakesshark's strong slither  
could make you quiver.  
The trees stand in fear  
When they sense that it's near

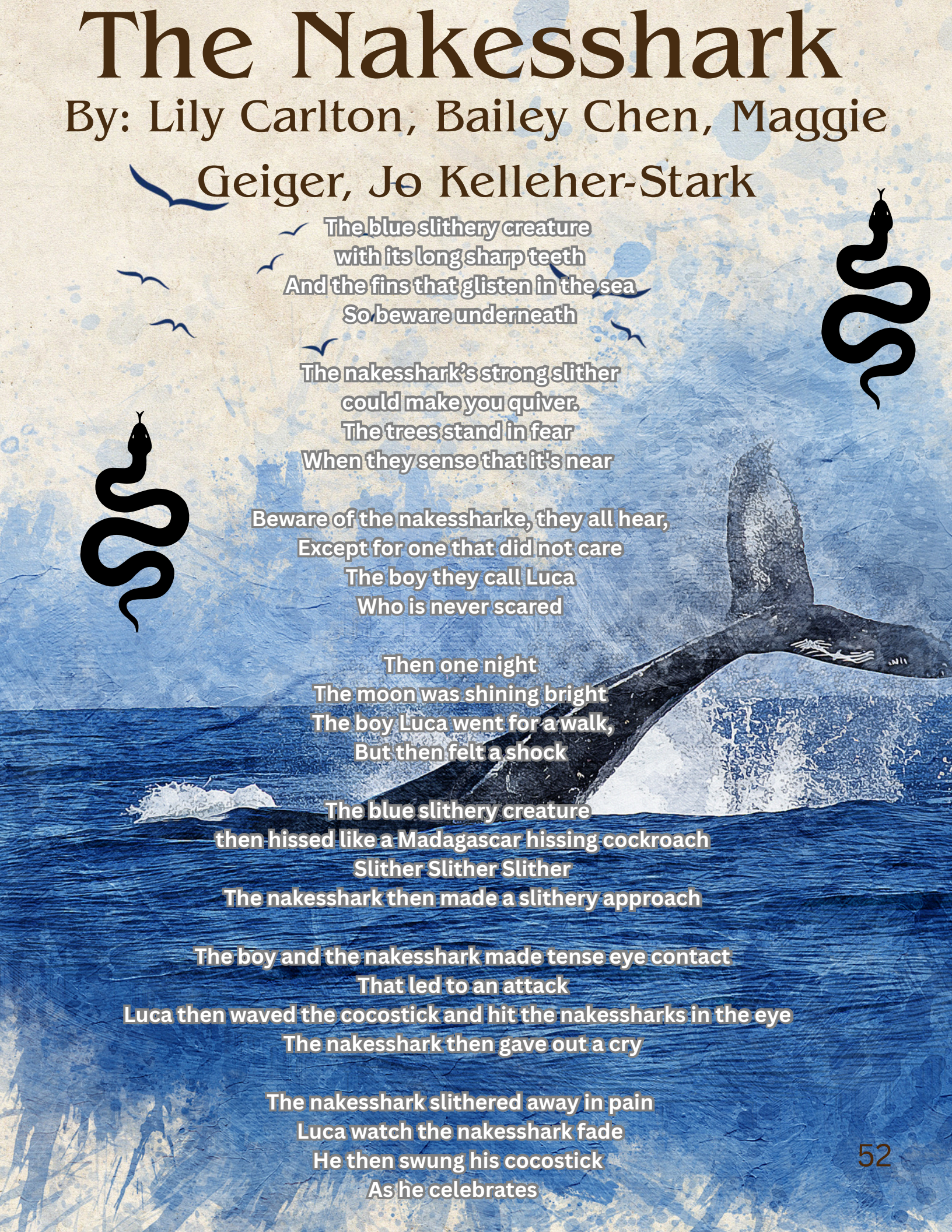
Beware of the nakessharke, they all hear,  
Except for one that did not care  
The boy they call Luca  
Who is never scared

Then one night  
The moon was shining bright  
The boy Luca went for a walk,  
But then felt a shock

The blue slithery creature  
then hissed like a Madagascar hissing cockroach  
Slither Slither Slither  
The nakesshark then made a slithery approach

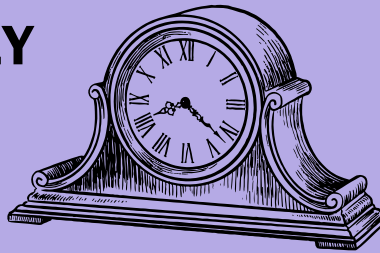
The boy and the nakesshark made tense eye contact  
That led to an attack  
Luca then waved the cocostick and hit the nakessharks in the eye  
The nakesshark then gave out a cry

The nakesshark slithered away in pain  
Luca watch the nakesshark fade  
He then swung his cocostick  
As he celebrates



**TIME GOES ON, WE ALL GROW OLDER  
WE GET LESS BOLDER  
THE MISTAKES WE HAVE MADE  
WE SLOWLY FADE  
LOVE ENVADES  
BUT TIME GOES ON**

**TIME GOES ON, YOUR TRUE LOVE  
LIFE STARTS TO FIT LIKE A GLOVE  
THEN YOU HAVE A FAMILY  
YOUR FIRST KIDS NAME IS STANLEY  
YOU ARE LIVING HAPPILY  
BUT TIME GOES ON**

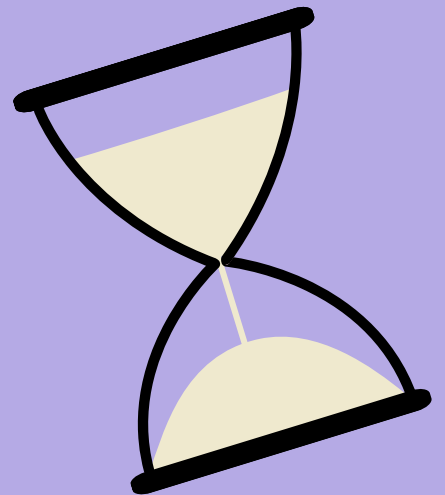


**TIME GOES ON, IT GETS HARD TO WALK  
YOU BARELY TALK  
YOUR GRANDKIDS GROW  
YOU TELL THEM EVERYTHING YOU KNOW  
YOUR KIDS LET GO  
BUT TIME GOES ON**

**YOUR FRIENDS PASS ON  
YOUR LOVE IS GONE  
THE OLD LARGE TREE  
ALMOST AS OLD AS ME  
YOU ARE FREE  
BUT, TIME GOES ON**

# TIME

*By: Cate Hale*





# Waiting for Eighth Grade




Summer's here, the last bell's rung,  
Seventh grade's over, songs unsung.  
Days stretch long, with sun and breeze,  
Time to rest, to laugh, to be at ease.



But in my mind, September's near,  
Eighth grade's coming, loud and clear.  
I wonder what this year will bring—  
New friends, new things, and everything.

I'm excited, but a little scared,  
Thinking of the halls I'll soon be shared.  
With older kids and bigger plans,  
New chances waiting in my hands.



So for now, I soak it in—  
The summer sun, the quiet grin.  
Resting up for what's to come,  
Ready for eighth grade, ready to run.

By: Bailey Chen

# summer sun

EVERYONE THE TRUTH BE TOLD IT CAN GET OLD

the summer sun  
for everyone  
truth be told  
it can get old  
I'll miss you school  
I'll miss you friends  
I'll be true  
until the end

Lauren Pero

# *My Farm*

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## *-Ellyce Luhr*

BY MY HOUSE THE WIND BLOWS  
WE LIVE IN THE VALLEY WHERE THE  
HILLS SWING HIGH AND LOW  
THE SWEET GREEN GRASS YOU CAN SMELL  
THE OLD TREES SURE HAVE TALES TO  
TELL  
YOU CAN HEAR THE SOFT WATER HITTING  
THE GRASS FROM THE HOSE

A LARGE POND STANDS PROUD  
THE BIG FLUFFINESS FROM THE CLOUDS  
THE BUTTERFLIES CHASE EACH OTHER'S  
TAILS  
THE GIANT ROLLS OF HAY IN BALES  
THE SWEET QUIETNESS OF THE COUNTRY  
ISN'T LOUD

MY CHICKENS CLUCK  
THERE SITS MY DAD'S BLACK TRUCK  
MY DOG BARKS  
HIS BLACK COAT IS VERY DARK  
I LOOK TO THE POND THERE SITS SOME  
DUCKS

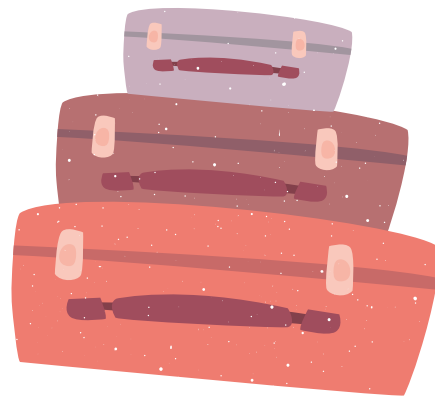
I RUN TO THE FIELD  
WERE THE COWS EAT THEIR CORN COBS  
THAT WERE RECENTLY PEELED  
MY FEET HIT THE COOL BROOK  
MY MOM SITS ON THE LOUNGE CHAIR WITH  
A BOOK  
THE TREES SITS PROTECTIVE LIKE A  
SHIELD

THE CORN WAY HIGHER THAN MY DAD  
SOME FIREFLIES GREET ME THEIR BRIGHT  
LIGHT NEVER SEEMS SAD

# Farewell

*By: Rose Costello*

The end of eighth grade  
Oh, how we will miss these years  
Wishing you farewell!



We will forever remember eighth grade  
These memories we have will never fade  
Our field trips were a blast  
The jokes we made leaving teachers aghast  
Nobody shall put another near a hand-grenade

We now say farewell to the eighth grade class,  
For now we are moving up to high school.  
You should see, our class will grow by a mass,  
As we grow up, we no longer act like fools.



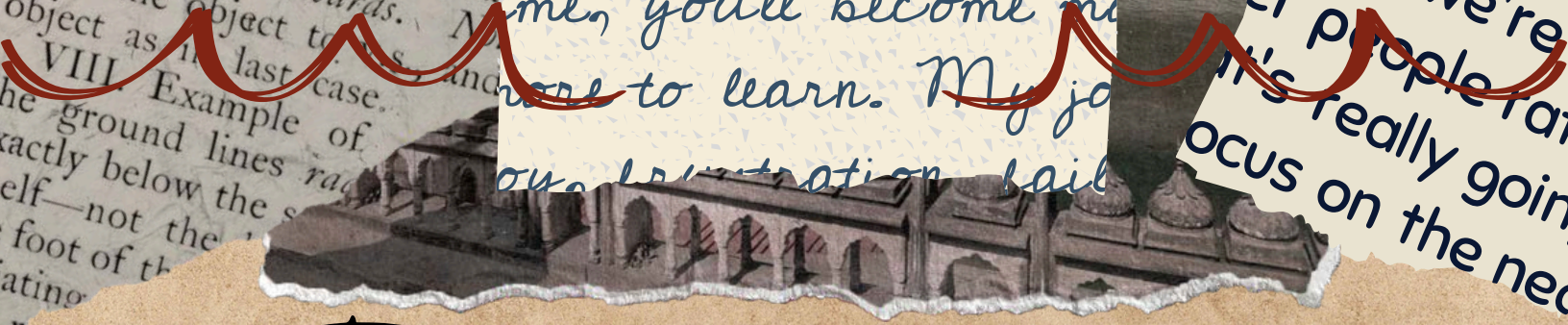
We loved the Chingachgook field trip in Lake George,  
Where we got to explore the camp and learn too.  
We got to ride in the boats, where forward we must  
forge,  
We loved to roam the camp, through and through.

We all can say that Boston was the best,  
We loved the market, we loved the sharks and stingrays.  
We loved to see Salem, where the witches nest,  
When we had to leave, we felt ever so grey.

We will miss you, our dear middle school teachers,  
The memories made in your time with us.  
Even though we would kid like strange creatures,  
We swear in high school we won't make such a fuss.

But now, the year is finished, we call out one last hurrah  
And to Holy Names, we call out huzzah!





Thank You for reading



And thank you  
Ms. Donnaruma  
for making Inkwell  
possible!

