

# *RIPPLES*



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*2017*





A Magazine for Creative Expression

**Publisher/Editor**

Mary Harvey

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North Rose-Wolcott Central  
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**Publishers' Note:**

In our vision of what a local literary magazine could offer young writers and artists, we continue to have three hopes:

- ◆ That **RIPPLES** might provide a voice for the thoughts and ideas of our youth. We envision that this might bring young people, as well as adults, a new means of understanding each other. (This magazine is intended for adult as well as child audiences.)
- ◆ By providing young people with this outlet, we hope to encourage new levels of self-understanding. In recognizing common ideas, thoughts and feelings, as well as acceptance of differences, we hope to encourage the expression of the unique parts of themselves.
- ◆ We want to offer a vehicle that will encourage young people to take their work beyond the classroom, delving into the process of getting their work published as a professional would.



***“Twirl”, Cover***

***Alyssa Jackson, Gr. 12***

***The Rainbow Food***

*So much depends  
Upon the food  
Sitting in the kitchen  
In the pink café*

***Paige Whaley, Gr. 4***

***Pink Fluffy Unicorns***

*So much depends upon  
Pink fluffy unicorns  
Dancing on a rainbow*

***Amberly Skinner, Gr. 4***

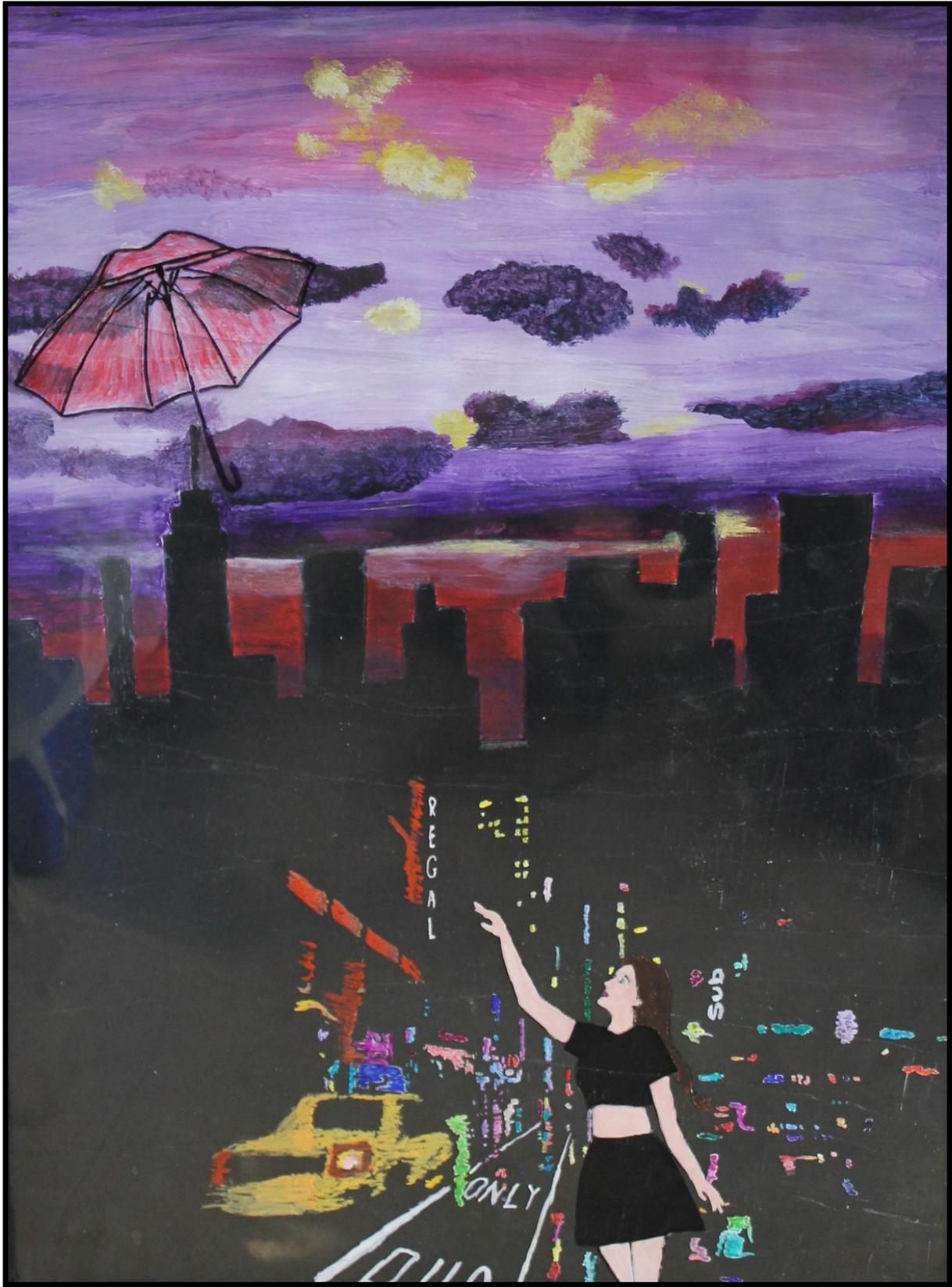


***“Christmas Branch”  
Addison DeVinney, UPK***

## **Untitled**

*I feel so distant from the world  
Like I'm here but I'm not  
I feel so empty  
Like I'm living each day like the last  
I feel so exposed  
Like the world is watching me fail  
I feel so hopeless  
Like magic no longer exists  
I feel so depressed  
Like I want to be happy but I don't know how  
I feel pointless  
Like I have no purpose or dream  
I feel so lonely  
Even though I have family and friends beside me  
I feel like an outsider  
Even though I have the face of a human  
I feel like I'm already gone  
Even though I have years left to live  
Well guess what,  
Life is going to slap you in the face and it's going to hurt  
But in your darkest hour remember you are important  
You are wanted  
You are needed  
You are loved  
You are beautiful  
You are special  
I feel so distant from the world  
But I know that's part of my path in life*

**Sedona Smith, Gr. 6**



***“Umbrella”***  
***Kendall Huff, Gr. 11***

***The Bullet Train***

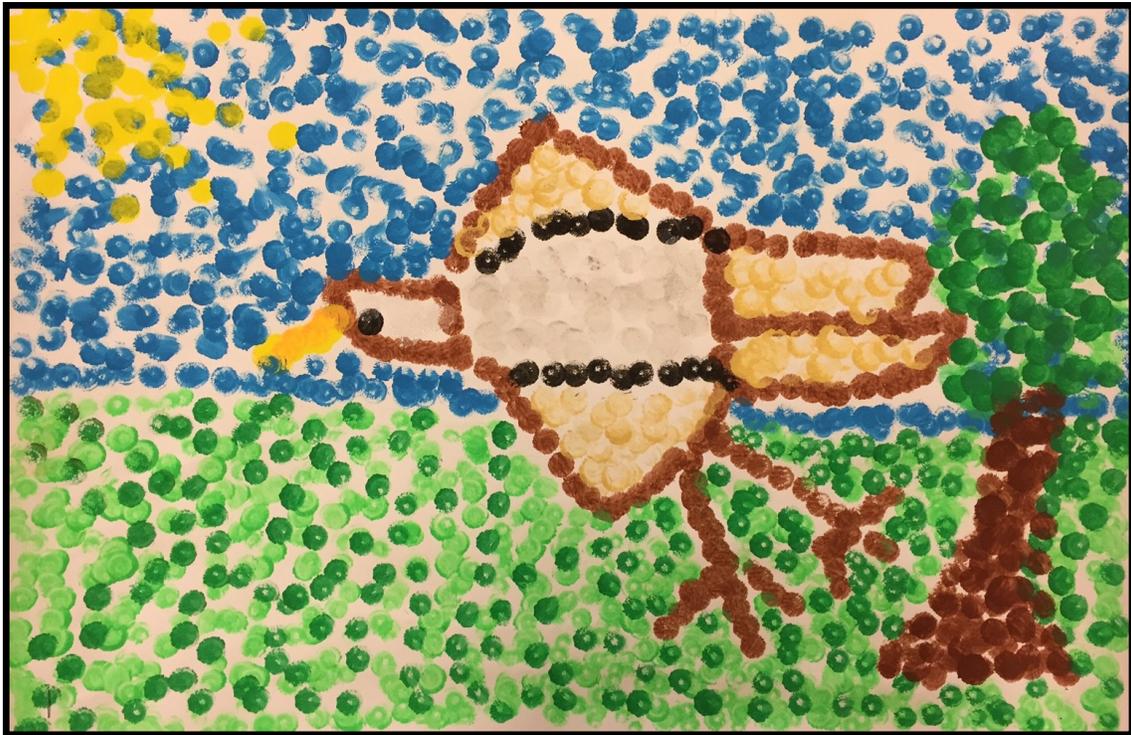
*So much depends upon  
a bullet train speeding down  
brown rusty railroads  
Speeding past cars  
trying to make it  
on time  
not again late*

***Liam Smith, Gr. 4***



***“Turtle Pinch Pot”***

***Ryan Goodwin, Gr. 4***



***“Pointillism Bird”***

***Sullivan Lesko, Gr. 3***

***Dack Prescott***

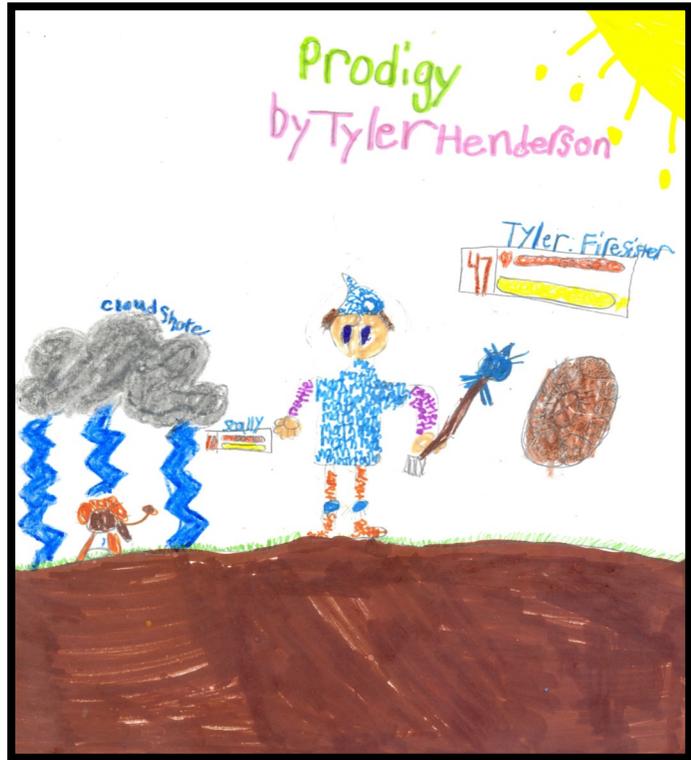
*So much depends upon*

*Dack Prescott*

*Playing quarterback*

*In the Cowboy's game*

***Noah Crandon, Gr. 4***



***“Prodigy”***

***Tyler Henderson, Gr. 4***



***“In Yellow”***

***Cheyenne Boone, Gr. 12***

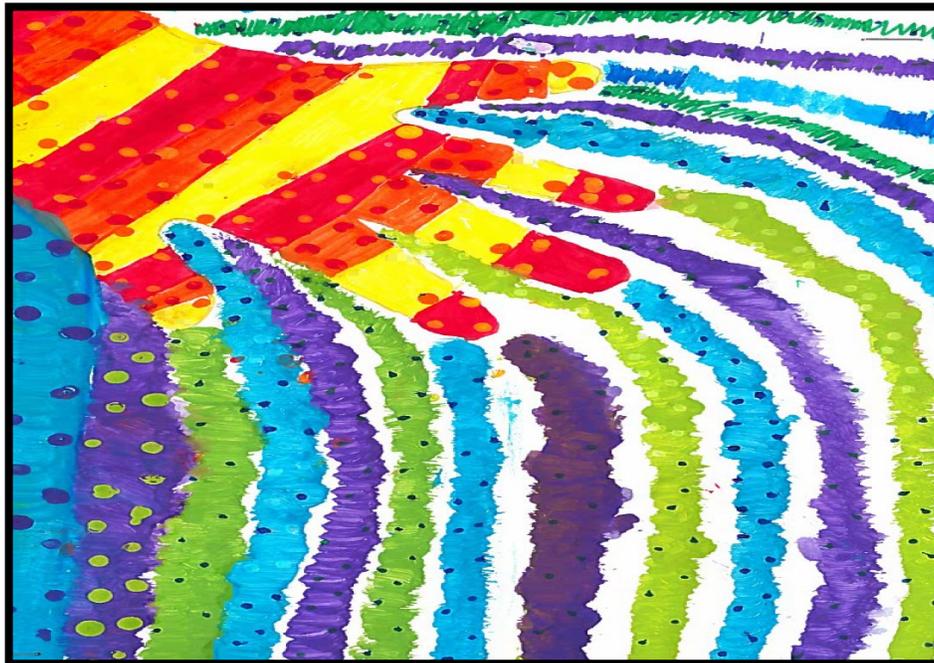
***Bommie***

*On the bed a blanket  
named Bommie lays  
on a bed in  
a gray room  
in a brown house  
ripped up with the colors  
pink and white  
lying on blue and white  
checkered covers waiting for  
a 9 year old girl  
to come home*

***Hailee Wood, Gr. 4***



***“Untangled”  
Madelyn Jones, Gr. 6***



***“Cool Vibes”  
Yeisly Callejas Gr. 4***

***Myrtle Beach***

*I awoke to the  
crash, crash, crashing  
of the salty waves  
and very loud people*

*When we stopped the car  
I saw wiggle, wiggle, wiggling  
seashells*

*Salty waves come, come, coming  
towards you and  
zap, zap, zapping  
jellyfish*

*The cool majestic salt  
salt, salty water is smooth  
and the smooth sand where,  
the water was back then*

***Jonathan Dudek, Gr. 4***



***“Jellyfish”  
Taylor Jablonski, Gr. 12***



*“New Puppy”*  
*Taylor Jablonski, Gr. 12*



## ***The Thorn Bird***

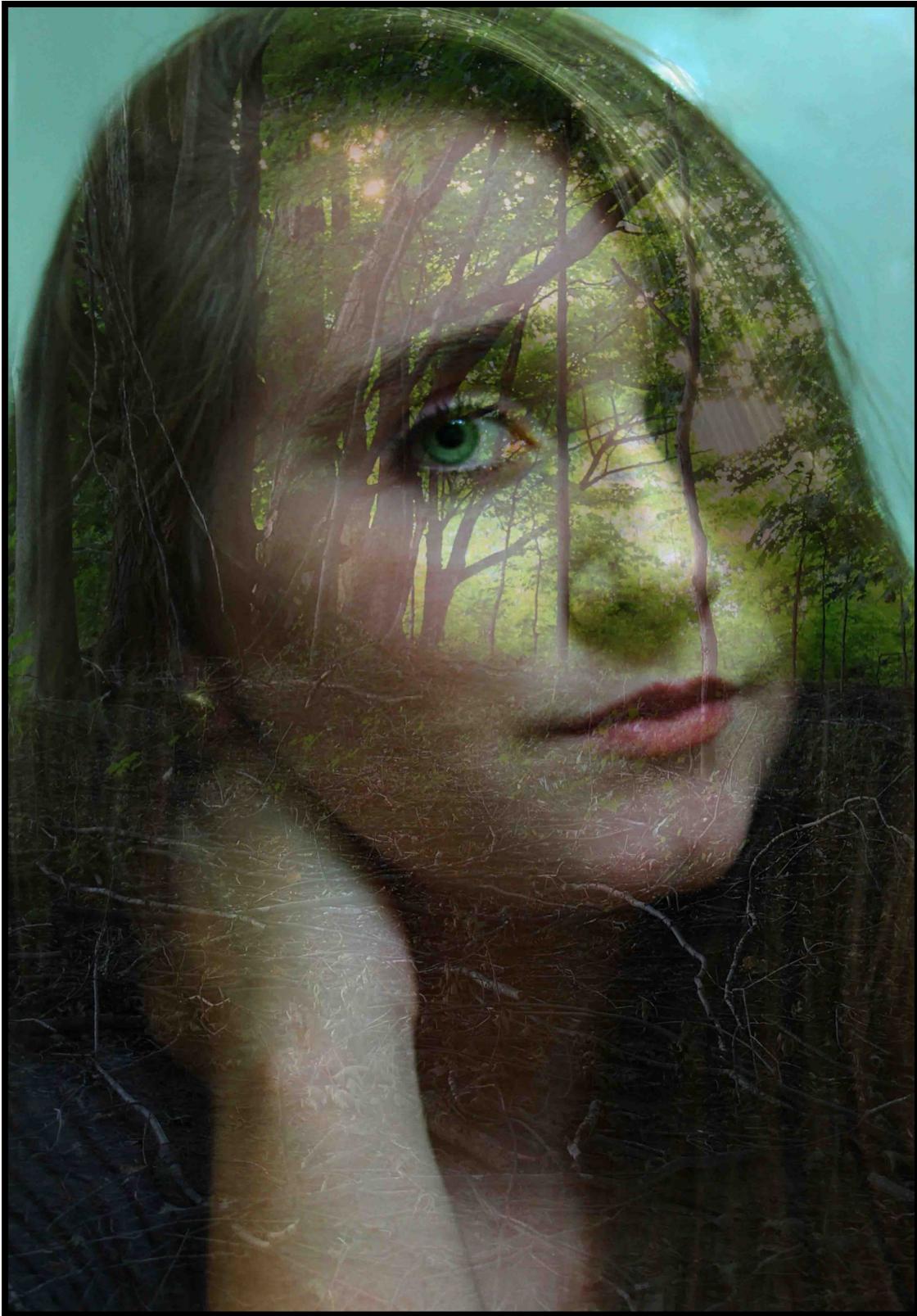
*The first encounter was in the summer,  
what a beautiful rose,  
as if the bushes around had lost their colors.  
Your blossom was as red as blood,  
for a fleeting moment running into my heart.*

*Before meeting you, sky was my world.  
Now my whole world is you.  
Every morning when the sun rises,  
in such a warm and soft season;  
looking at you, time stands still.*

*Parting was coming unexpectedly as winter.  
The clouds were scoured by the rain,  
my face covered by the tears.  
Though already five hundred miles away,  
“Love without end hath no end.”*

*As time flies I returned the next summer.  
However, you left me with withered petals.  
Slowly I pierced my body into the thorns,  
a smile on my face,  
while you were rendered with red.*

***Hongwei Tian, Gr. 12***

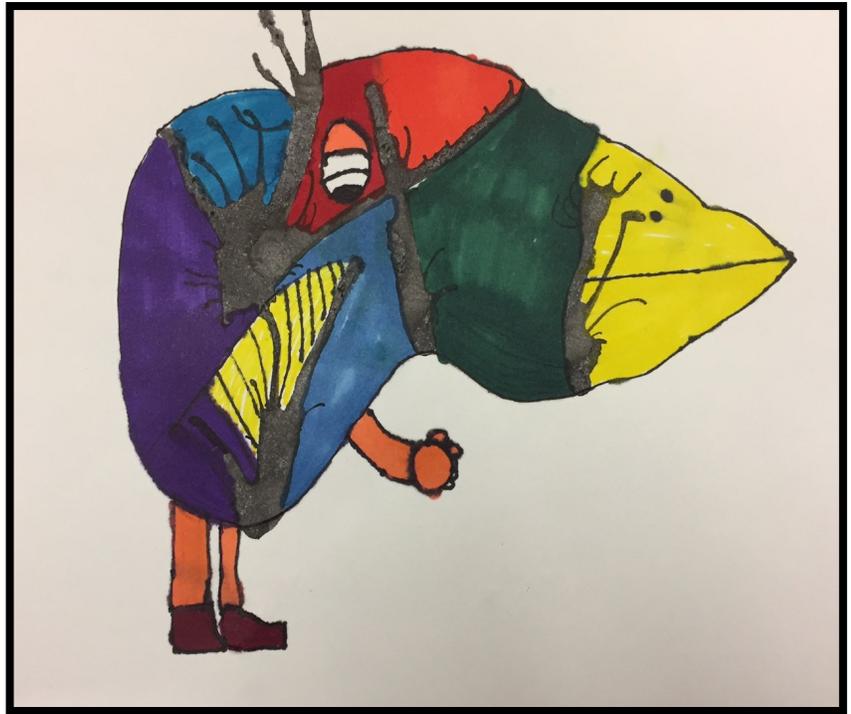


***“Self-Portrait Portfolio”, Photography  
Taylor Williamson, Gr. 12***

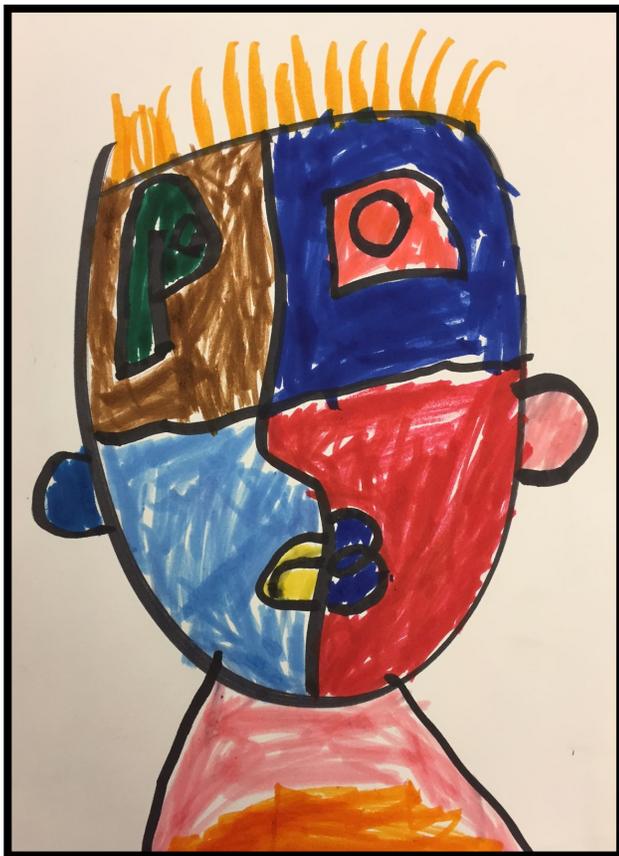
***Salmon***

*So much depends upon  
a green salmon  
rushing down the river  
as fast as a  
lightening cheetah  
going to lay its' eggs*

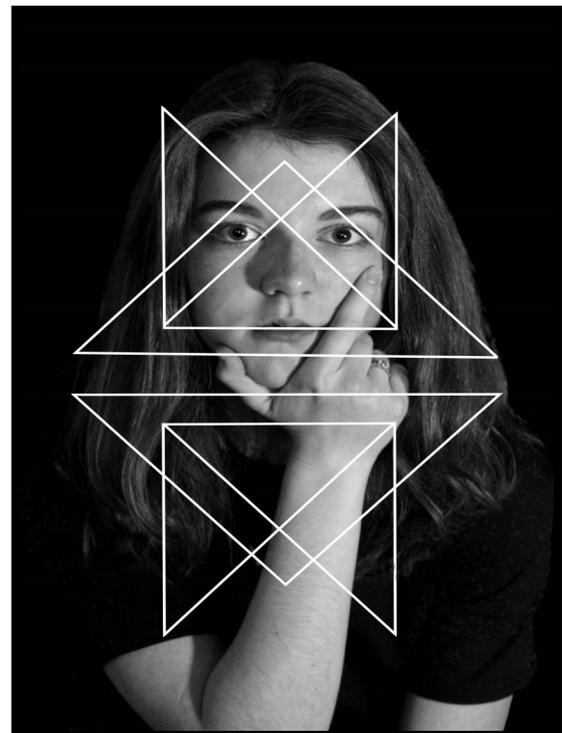
***Isaiah Cleveland, Gr. 4***



***“Ink Monster”  
Casey Doll, Gr. 4***



***“Picasso Portrait”  
Damon Keefe, Gr. 4***



***“Angles of Tess”, Photography  
Alyssa Jackson, Gr. 12***

***Working Dad***

*It all depends upon  
my strong dad  
He works hard in a big  
hot kitchen  
to give hungry people  
delicious food*

***Baylee Collins, Gr. 4***



***“Water Flow”***

***Haley Taber, Gr. 12***



***“Truck”***

***Noah Gingrich, Gr. 3***

***If***  
***Inspired by Rudyard Kipling***

*If, the simple word makes all of us. If, keeps us going.  
If, gives us dreams. If, gives us hope. If is part of one's soul.  
And when the time comes when you want to abandon If, don't.  
Don't abandon If, don't abandon courage, don't abandon  
dreams, don't abandon hope, don't leave If on the side of the  
road like a dead animal because If, is part of you.  
And when you give up on If, you give up on yourself.*

***Braeden Moore, Gr. 6***



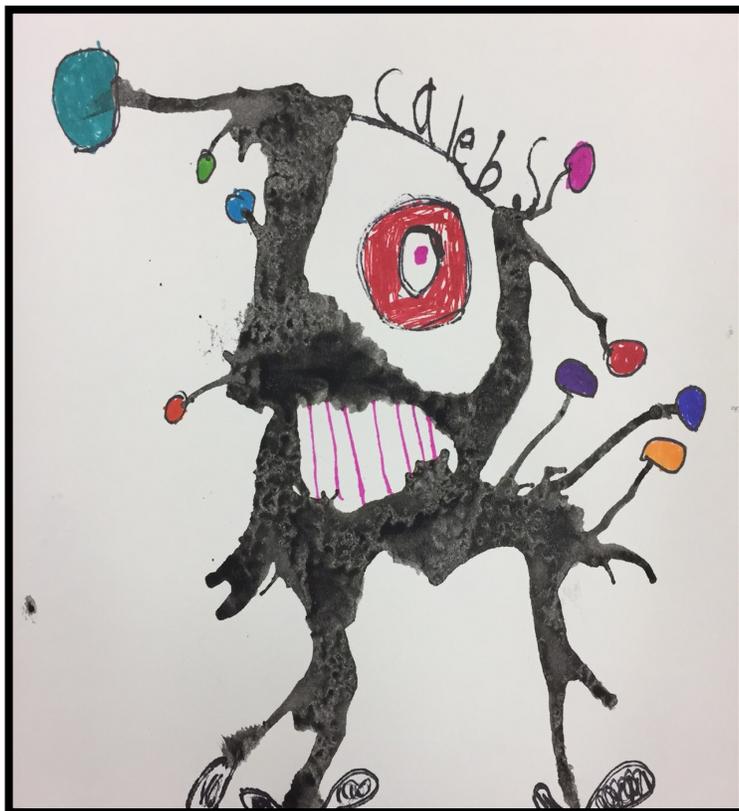
***“Hand”***  
***Cassidy Minier, Gr. 12***



***“The Soccer Ball”***  
***Star Dallas, Gr. 4***



***“My World”***  
***Hannah Sterns, Gr. 4***



***“Ink Monster”***  
***Caleb Stone, Gr. 5***

***The Rainbow***

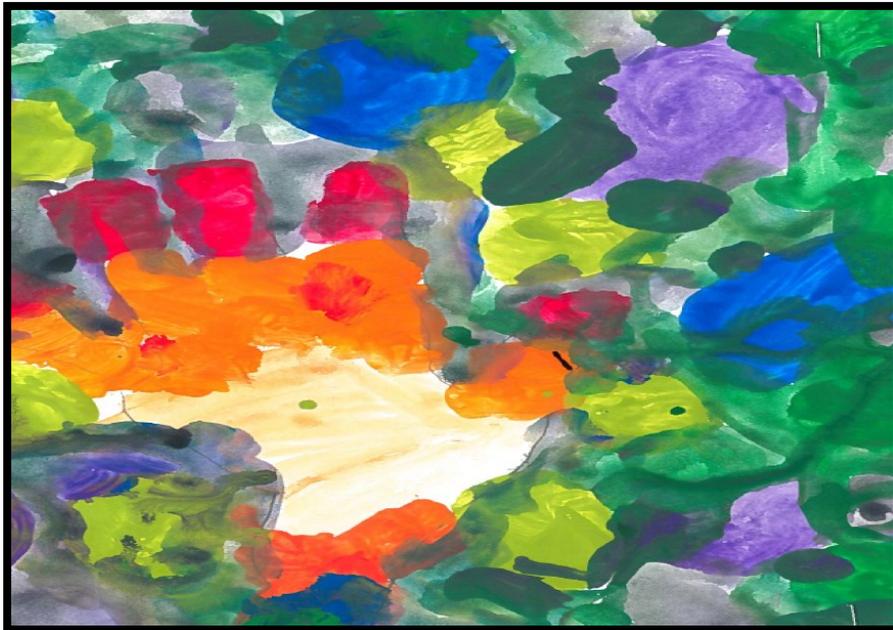
*So much depends  
upon a rainbow  
in the blue sky  
over my brown house  
looking so big*

***Hailey O’Connor, Gr. 4***

## ***Leaf***

*I am not alone, others are surrounding me.  
When I fall from my keeper I begin to feel sad,  
but I know that my destiny is to fall  
until,  
the wind blows,  
and I fly high in the sky....  
Who knew what this type of freedom felt like?  
I know I'm not alone, there are others around me.  
We have our highs and lows.  
We never give up on hope!  
I am a leaf,  
I'm not alone.*

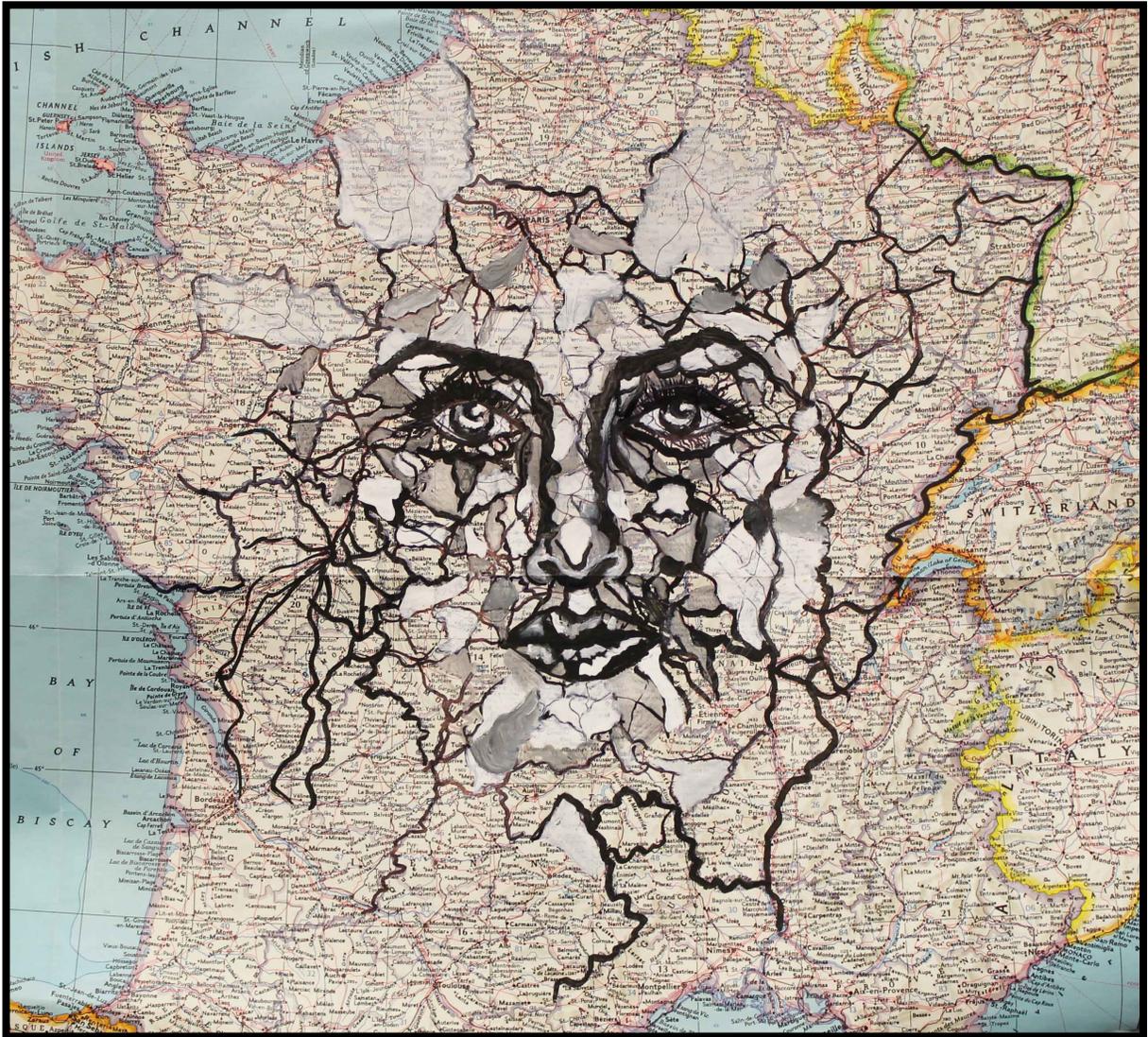
***Alexandra Mosqueda, Gr. 11***



***“Flowery”  
Grace Mastrangelo, Gr. K***



*“Clara Jane”  
Kalen Bjerga, Gr. 11*



***“Map Face”***  
***Taylor Jablonski, Gr. 12***

***Silent Disaster***

*Clouds pass by shattered.  
Silent hurricanes, laughing,  
gloating, in the power.*

***Kim Holbrook, Gr. 11***

## *Home Alone*

*I knew my house was old. I knew it always made sounds at night. I never knew it stirred this much. This was something new. I tugged the sheets over my head, thinking they would block out the sounds...it didn't. My palms started to sweat; my heart pounding like a shotgun in my chest. The one night my parents leave, so does my sanity.*

*Ok, for starters, my name is Leo. I just want to get that out of the way so we can be introduced properly. Now getting back to my parents. My parents like to have their own little "date nights" every once in a while. I never know where they go, they just...leave. Tonight was one of those nights. My house is about as isolated as you can get. Our closest neighbor is probably the couple of cows that live just outside our house. So I can't just necessarily walk over to a neighbor when I need some comfort.*

*I was downstairs eating dinner, or at least an excuse for one; just some measly scraps of old chicken that had been sitting around for a day or so. I had just heard the front door slam by my parents, leaving me behind. The door slam echoed throughout the house like it would through a massive cave. I never know why they go on these date nights. It's just out of the blue. The days just before and after they leave, they always seem weird. They don't talk to me that often but I feel like they keep a close eye on me. It's almost as if they're planning something. I am 14, so I can handle being alone. The thought of something happening is always trickling through the back of my mind. I honestly don't know where they go and why but today didn't seem like the ideal day to drive. It wasn't a very nice day in general. It was pouring. It was pitch black and the wind! Boy was it blowing around out there! Even the cows seemed restless. I assumed it was just the weather.*

*I put my dishes in the sink and started to clean them but the water that came out was tinted a muddy brown. Something was wrong here. I decided to forget about it because our country plumbing is always unpredictable. I decided to go to bed. I know, it's a Friday night and it was June 13th. We're dangerously close to the end of the school year. I should be up all night doing something exciting or fun, but no. Something was off tonight. I don't know what, but something was. I get it, I sound like a loser but I need some sleep. I don't really feel that well.*

*As I was brushing my teeth I thought of what my scarce amount of friends could possibly be doing. I bet I seemed like a bore compared to them. Here I was, at home, by myself, with*

strange things happening left and right. While there are dozens of parties that I could be at right now, my parents are strict. They would rather not have me be at parties without them. Of course, like any other teenager, we don't want to be publicly embarrassed in front of our peers.

I was just doing my routine to get ready for bed, when out of the corner of my eye, I caught a flash of a dark shadow peering at my house from the tree line. Was I imagining it? I hope so, but I know better than that. My eyes weren't playing tricks on me. What I saw was not a human. It was not an animal. I don't even want to know what I just saw.

I normally don't panic, but right now, what I just saw sent me into a frenzy. I sprinted like my pants were on fire down to the landline. Like I said, we are way out in the country; regular phones won't do any justice here. After what felt like years I finally reached the phone. I dialed the number for my mom's lousy flip phone. There was really no use in trying to call her. The odds of her answering are one in a million. Like I said, I never here a peep out of my parents once they are gone. It's like I'm cut off. I dialed her number. I waited...nothing, not even a ring! How is that possible? I followed the cord connected to the phone. My heart skipped a beat once I saw what had been done. A couple of feet down the cord, there was a huge tear in it separating it from the power. It obviously had been cut, but by who? Was someone trying to keep me away from any possible help? There only had to be one answer, my parents.

I can't believe it. My parents! I thought they were on my side, but now I feel like a brick wall separates me from them. How could they do this to me! I'm starting to feel like I'm on my own now and it's me vs. them, not US vs. others. Rage and anger built up inside me until I couldn't control it anymore. I smashed the phone on the kitchen sink until you couldn't recognize that the smashed up ball of plastic was once a phone. I stomped upstairs. This didn't feel right. Normally when I look out the kitchen window I can see the cows in the barn, but with the light outside the house illuminating the barn, I could easily tell that the cows were long gone.

The only thing that remained in the barn was the half-eaten piles of hay. With the dim light I could faintly make out what looked to be the broken fences of the barn. What happened? I don't know. All I know is that whoever or whatever spooked them definitely was pretty intimidating. Knowing those cows, I can tell you that something big was lurking outside my house. I ran like I never had before upstairs to my bedroom, tears streaming down my cheeks. I shoved my head into my soft blanket. It smelled like my mom. I cried not only tears of fear, but tears of anger; angry that all of this was happening and I had no control over it.

*After lying in bed for awhile, I eventually cried myself to sleep..*

*I'm not a light sleeper. When I wake up in the middle of the night, something loud has to be going on. So, when I woke up at 12:47 during the night, I feared what could be happening around me. My parents always stay out for more than two hours when they leave the house. So it couldn't be them. It was something else, something worse. I heard creaking and rustling coming from the kitchen just down the stairs. Yes, it may be windy outside but trust me, this was not the wind. I knew my house was old. I knew it always made sounds at night. I never knew if stirred this much.. This was something new.*

*I tugged the sheets over my head, thinking they would block out the sounds...it didn't. My palms started to sweat; my heart pounding like a shotgun in my chest. The one night my parents leave, so does my sanity.*

### ***Gabe Ward, Gr. 6***



***“Monster in the Art Room”  
Wayland Wright, Gr. 4***

***The Willows Knew***

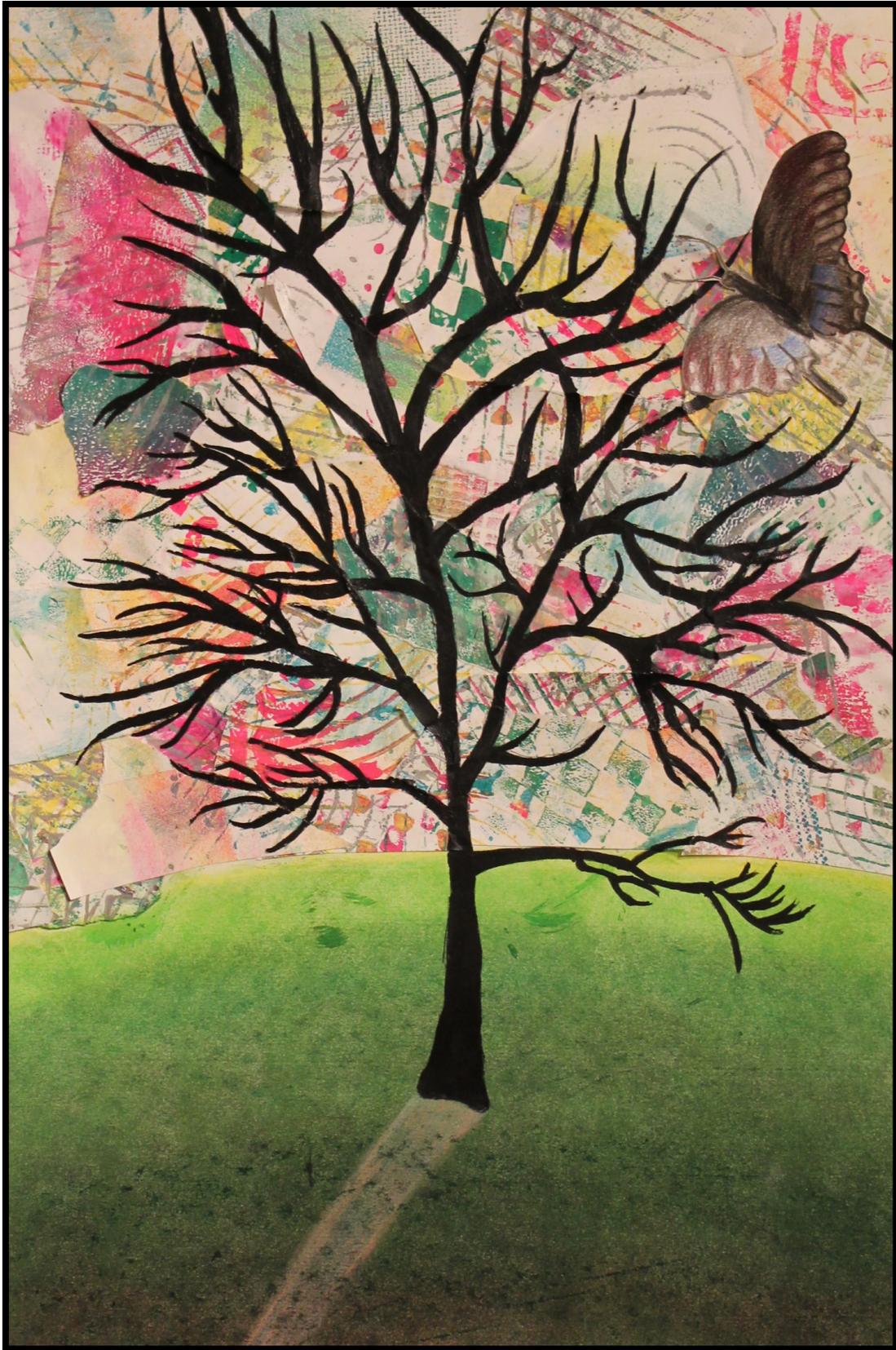
*The willow trees sway back and forth  
The ocean's waves crashing against the cliff  
Cliffs high as the moon. Roaring winds  
Illuminating the wild fields*

*An odd girl near the edge gazing  
The willow trees sway back and forth  
The girl is no longer gazing  
She took a leap of faith towards the waves*

*She found the ocean wake crashing  
Against the waves, not dead, not yet  
The willow trees sway back and forth  
The lightning strikes the cliffs violently*

*Lightning dancing on top of her  
Like metal rods striking water  
Time stops like calming waves  
The willow trees sway back and forth*

***Kim Holbrook, Gr. 11***



***"Dreamland"***  
***Paige Shipley, Gr. 9***

## ***Family Issues***

*Jacqueline Valdez was not a happy camper moving back to Spain just so she could go live with her step-father Jose. The worst part about it was Carmen, the evil step-sister.*

*Carmen was a sassy and rude child and Jackie was on the airplane to Spain to spend time with her. The flight attendant came around with the food. Airplane food made Jackie sick to her stomach so she always refused to eat it and ate peanuts for the rest of the plane ride.*

*As she slowly drifted off to sleep she forgot all about Carmen and going to Spain. “Jackie, Jackie, Jacqueline Maria Valdez!”, her mother yelled while shaking Jackie awake. “What Mami”?, Jackie croaked. “Come on, we landed.” Then everything came flooding back; the trip to Spain and Carmen.*

*As she slowly stood up her eyes adjusted to the light. Her body was sore all over. As she grabbed her things and made her way out of the airport, she noticed the airport gift shop and a beautiful necklace. “Oh, Mami! Can I please get that necklace? It would look beautiful with my red dress that Nana gave me.” Reluctantly, her mother said yes and gave Jackie the money to buy the golden locket necklace.*

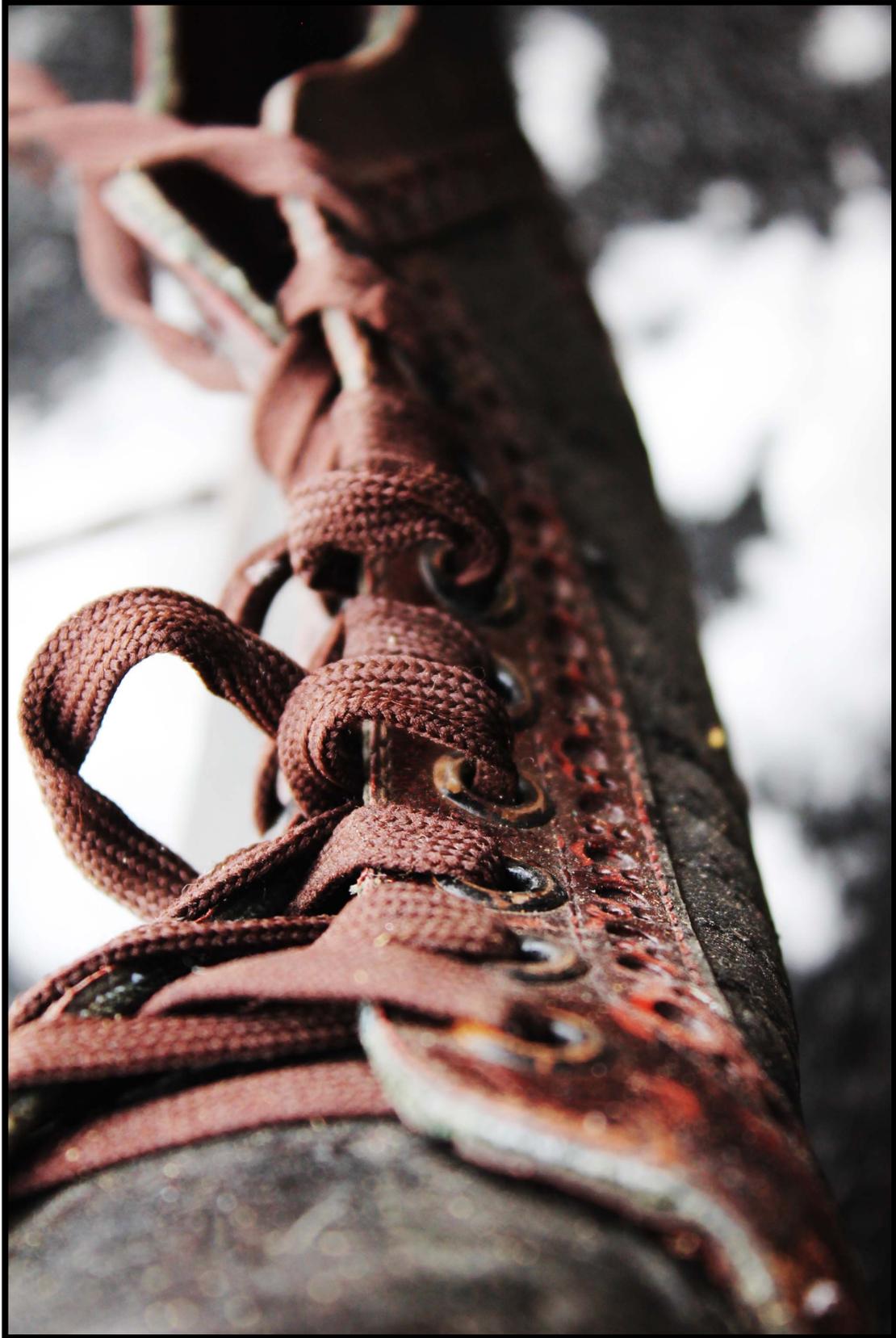
*When they finally got outside, a familiar voice sing-songed. “Jackie over here!” It was none other than Carmen. “Dear God,” Jackie thought, “wish me luck!”*

***Seerat Kaur, Gr. 4***

## ***The Accident***

*Luxuriously cruising along the road  
Glancing around, staring at the unknowing  
Looking forward at the time, not into the future  
As I transfixed my eyes upon the view  
I could not move, it felt surreal  
I closed my eyes and felt the moment  
It had hit. Everything changed,  
It all flew by in only an instant  
Then it had stopped. Everything lay still  
Muffled ringing was all I heard  
And a silent scream came from my head  
Unsure of where from,  
I burst from the car door like a prisoner  
Escaping his cell, looking for a way out  
I felt numb and out of place and  
I could only see the future with the  
Hardships that were waiting to come  
The blood had stopped but the taste lingered  
I felt forever scared and kept the moment playing  
Over and over and over again  
I felt that I was stuck in a loop that kept  
Hitting and hitting in my head*

***Halston McIntyre, Gr. 11***



***“Boots and Laces”, Photography  
Cassidy Minier, Gr. 12***



***“Under Water Girl”***  
***Taylor Jablonski, Gr. 12***

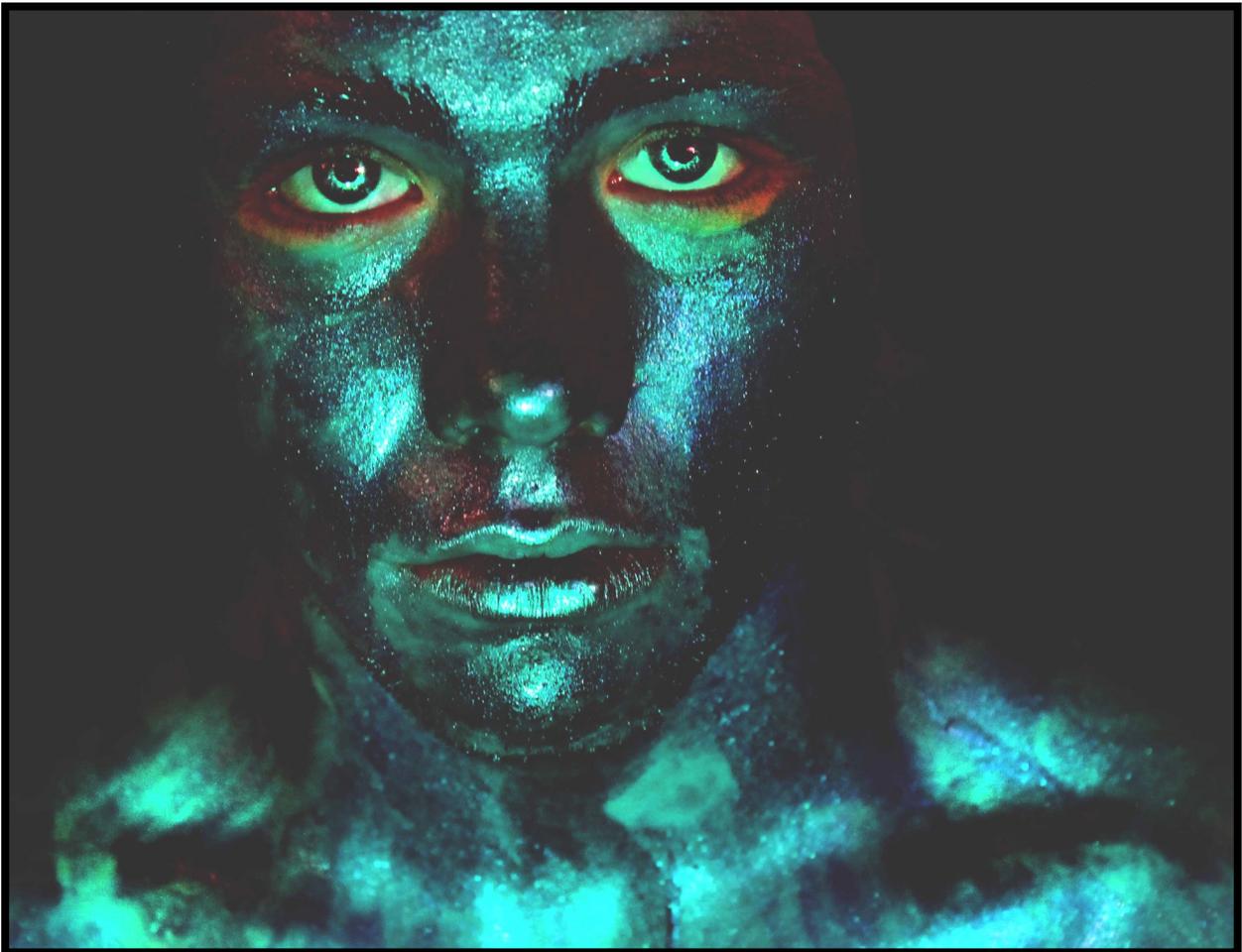


***“Music Spoon 2”, Photography***  
***Jessica Gunkler, Gr. 12***

***The Yellow Pencil***

*So much depends upon  
a yellow pencil  
sitting on my brown  
desk  
Inside my awesome  
classroom*

***Gaige Clark, Gr. 4***



***“Dark Sparkly”  
Tess Roberts, Gr. 12***

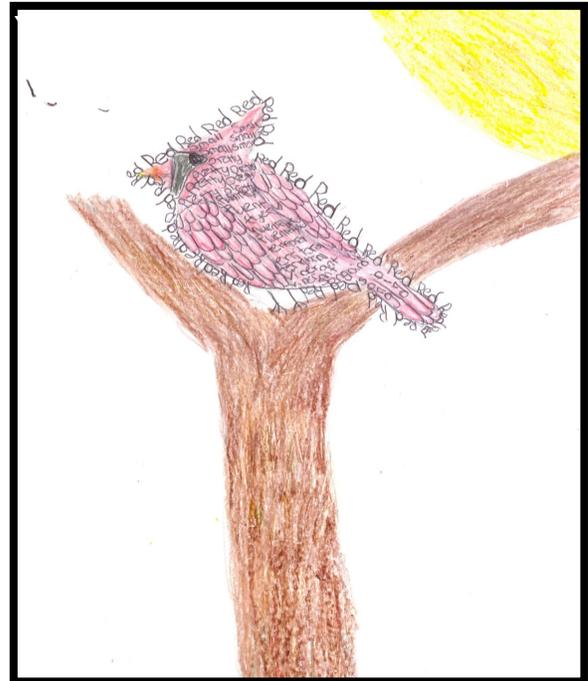


*“Twirl”, Cover*  
*Alyssa Jackson, Gr. 12*

***Classroom Fun***

*Not always fun  
Not always easy  
Trying to work hard  
While my friends try to tease me  
Once they start  
They get me going  
Laughing real hard  
Waking the kid who was snoring*

***Tyler Baugher, Gr. 11***



***“The Cardinal”  
Angelina Williamson, Gr. 4***



***“Snowman With Ornaments”  
Katie Erb, Gr. 3***

***Sea Breeze***

*I feel wet water  
Waves push me  
Push, push, pushing  
I taste soft chocolate chip cookies  
In my mouth  
People scream really loud while,  
I chew, chew, chew  
cookies  
I see a big water fall when  
I am float, float, floating  
Down the lazy river*

***Coby Garcia, Gr. 4***

***Pink, Blue, Black BMX Bike***

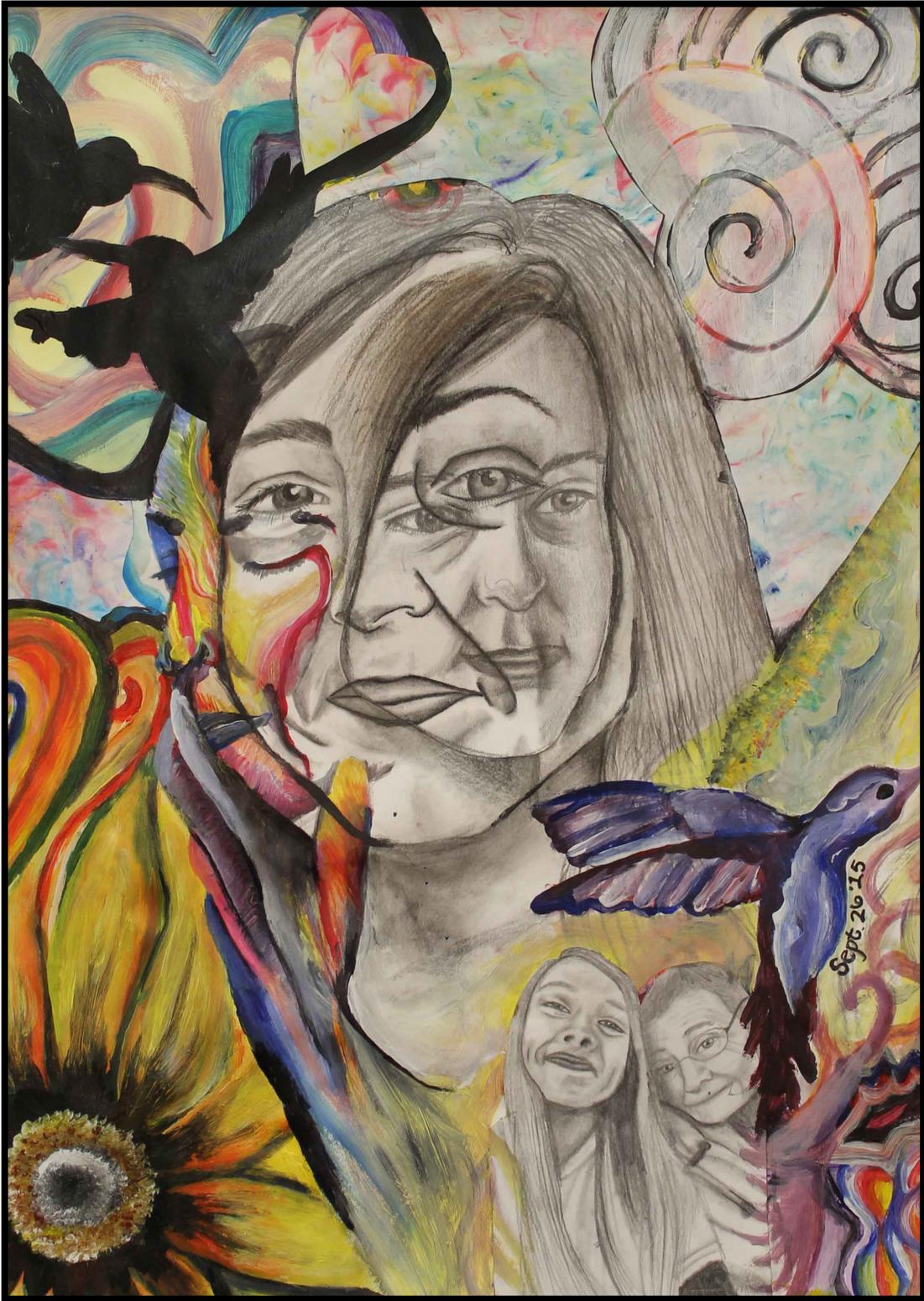
*So much depends upon a  
pink, blue, black  
BMX Bike  
Riding down the road  
doing tricks  
Vroom! Vroom!  
Flip, flip, flip  
Tip, tip, tip*

***Hayle Harris, Gr. 4***



***“Crazy”***

***Nathan Aumick, Gr. 2***



**“Gabby”**  
**Taylor Jablonski, Gr. 12**



***“Essence”, Photography  
Cheyenne Boone, Gr. 12***



***“Bridge of Sighs”, Photography  
Cheyenne Boone, Gr. 12***

### ***Ode to Weather***

*Announced by all the trumpets of the sky  
All night our room was outer-walled with rain  
It's loud as a full moon inside me  
Nothing is essential  
Drops fell and flattened on the tin roof  
In sinking air, mammatus cloud; a sign the storm leaves,  
when the sun appears, astonished art  
it ends.*

***Dylan Wood, Gr. 11***

***The Spotted Dog***

*So much depends upon a spotted dog  
Going around scaring white rabbits  
In the brown brush.*

***Cole Sharkey, Gr. 4***



***“Winston”, Photography  
Jessica Gunkler, Gr. 12***



***“Abstract Collage”***  
***Zeke Ferris, Gr. 2***

***A Yellow School Bus***

*So much depends upon  
A yellow school bus  
Driving down the black road  
Stopping in from of my  
blue house.*

***Emma Houghtaling, Gr. 4***



***“Diamond Hand”***  
***Tania Martinez-Gonzales, Gr. 2***

***The Family Poem***

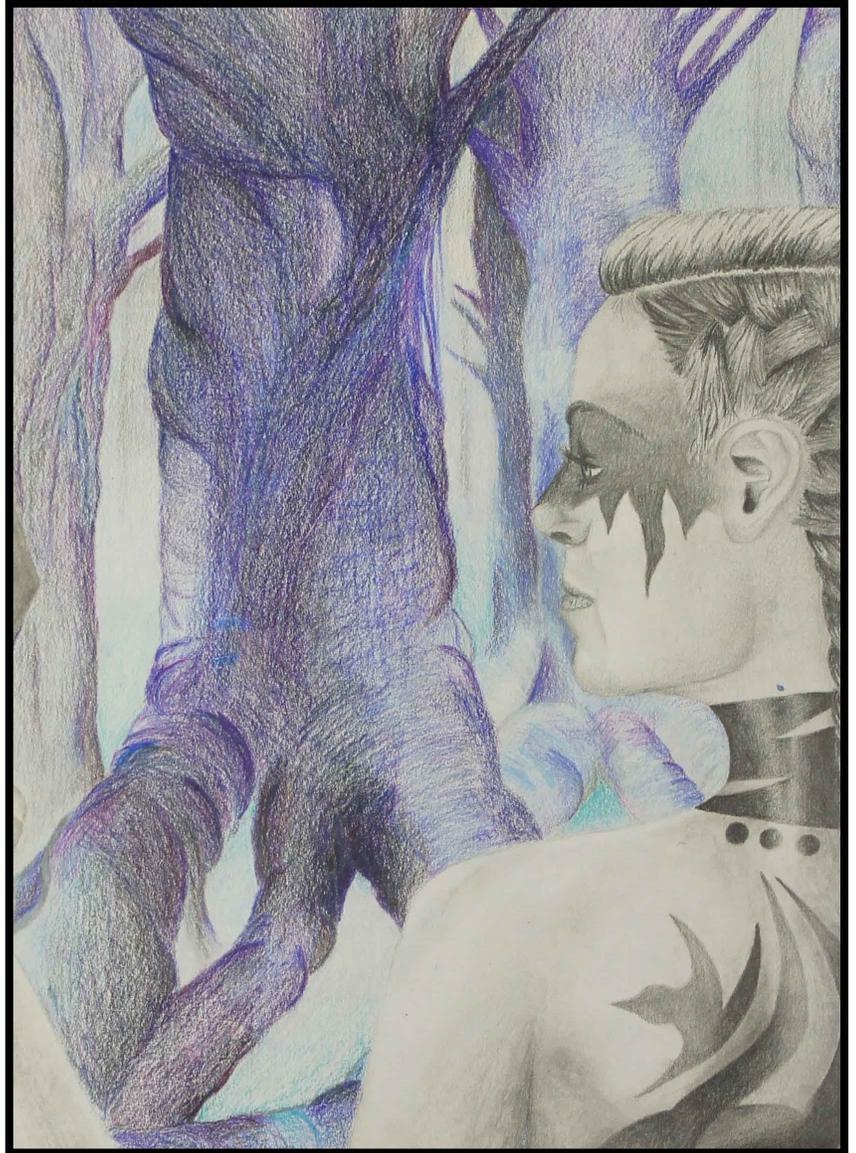
*So much depends upon  
a family walking  
to the grocery store  
in the grass*

***Hannah Davis, Gr. 4***

***My iPod***

*My iPod  
Ready to be used  
Waiting at full battery  
Half battery  
Five percent  
Dead  
Now so  
Black and smooth  
At the charging station  
Wanting to be used*

***Colin Thompson, Gr. 4***



***“Tribal Journey”***

***Alyssa Jackson, Gr. 12***

## ***Broken Promises***

*You promised many things but they were all lies,  
She curls up in her bed and all she does is cry.  
You made her so happy, you put a smile on her face,  
but now all the memories just have to be erased.  
She can't look at you without feeling pain,  
now there is nothing, she doesn't feel the same.  
People always say everything will be okay,  
but nothing has changed, not till this day.  
She can't help but think what she did so wrong.  
She feels very weak she's not very strong.  
You put her through hell and her heart needs stitches.  
She can't believe you made all those broken promises.*

***Sarah Easling, Gr. 11***



***“Barred in Beauty”, Photography  
Cassidy Minier, Gr. 12***



***“Pumpkins”***  
***Makayla Philbee, Gr. 5***



***“Starry Night Sculpture”***  
***Tyler Buisch, Gr. 5***

**Untitled**

*I am creative and kind  
I wonder what my life will be like when I am older  
I hear the ocean's waves  
I see my future  
I want to be famous  
I am creative and kind  
I pretend I am a cheerleading coach  
I feel my grandma when I am sad  
I touch the air when I miss my grandma  
I worry about letting my team down at a competition  
I cry when I miss my grandma  
I am creative and kind  
I understand what makes me sad  
I say, "Always believe in yourself"  
I dream of being famous  
I try to do my best in anything I do  
I hope to see my grandma again  
I am creative and kind*

**Kendall Miller, Gr. 5**



***“Me, Myself and I”***  
***Timothy Luongo, Gr. 9***

***Untitled***

*To be in a place  
With no worries is my dream  
For you my sweet child*

***Sarai Sharkey, Gr. 11***



***“Pink Flower”***  
***Makenna Bean, Gr. 12***



*“Ink Monster”  
Drake Waite, Gr. 2*



*“Untitled”  
Patrick Boyle, Gr. 5*



***“Butterfly Girl”***  
***Taylor Jablonski, Gr. 12***



***“Hair Overlay”, Photography***  
***Taylor Williamson, Gr. 12***

## ***A Long Time Ago***

*(Rap-style lyrics based upon the book, The Odyssey)*

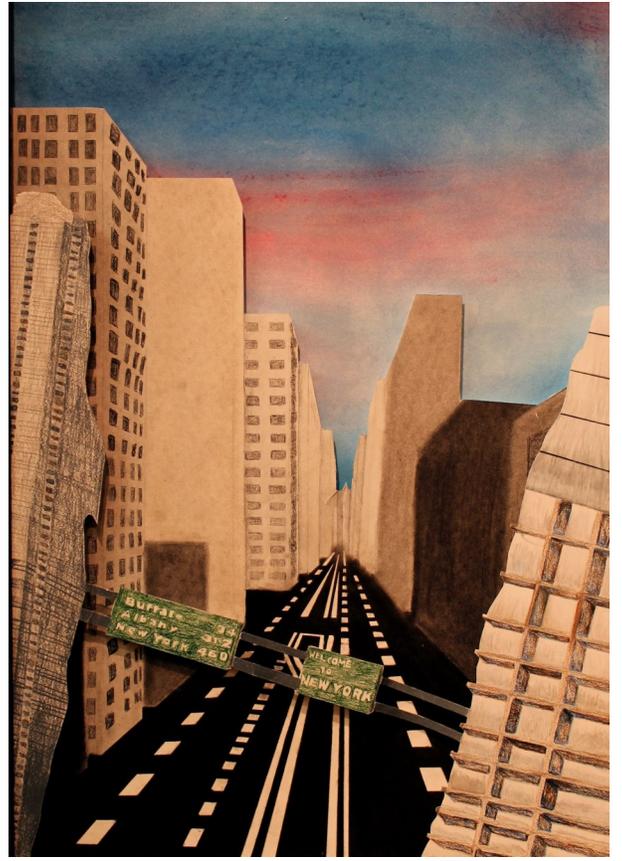
*A long time ago, Homer wrote a story about Odysseus  
Greek gods kicked him from the nest  
So he went traveling like a mess  
Weakness was his curiousness  
First he set sail to a land named Troy  
Left his family but ended as a momma's boy  
The city fell at his hands that time  
Then he left sailing soaked in wine  
Next they went to the island of the lotus  
There they sat up higher than the POTUS  
They felt like they were the top of food chain  
Too bad their egos managed their brain  
The cocky crew found another isle  
Why wouldn't they stay a while  
A cave filled with sheep and cheese  
They thought of stealing like Yes please  
Turns out the cave was owned by a cyclops  
Compared to him they were the size of cough drops  
Swallowed a couple men after the cave was sealed  
Good thing Odysseus had his eyes peeled  
While Polyphemus rested his huge head  
The crew soon planned to kill him dead  
"I'm Nobody" Odysseus then exclaimed  
Polyphemus has no eyes to his name  
Who has hurt you big old giant  
Nobody has here been defiant  
How about a few more rounds*

*Shouted Odysseus with arrogant sounds  
Once again we set sail away  
Off to see Circe today  
Welcome to the land of the men of winter  
Sent Odysseus crying liking he got a splinter  
His mom, his friends, all left behind  
All thanks to his own closed mind.  
Souls of the past gather 'round  
Bury 'em six feet under ground  
You'll no longer need your sea lovin' maties  
When you're deep down in the realm of Hades  
Back to the boat after the gloomy time  
Really no rhythm to their rhyme  
To the island Aeaea once again  
To bury a good ol' long lost friend  
One last night with Circe always quite tiring  
Then to block the sounds of the sweet sirens.  
Unexpected here comes Charybdis and Scylla  
The tag team duo sure to be a killa'.  
Ready to be chewed up and spit out  
All you can do is scream and shout  
Been a long fighting journey with these guys  
Feeling like you're getting ready to say your goodbyes  
Homer wrote this story about Odysseus  
The story nobody can dismiss  
Read ahead if your heart desires  
I think it's that time I must retire*

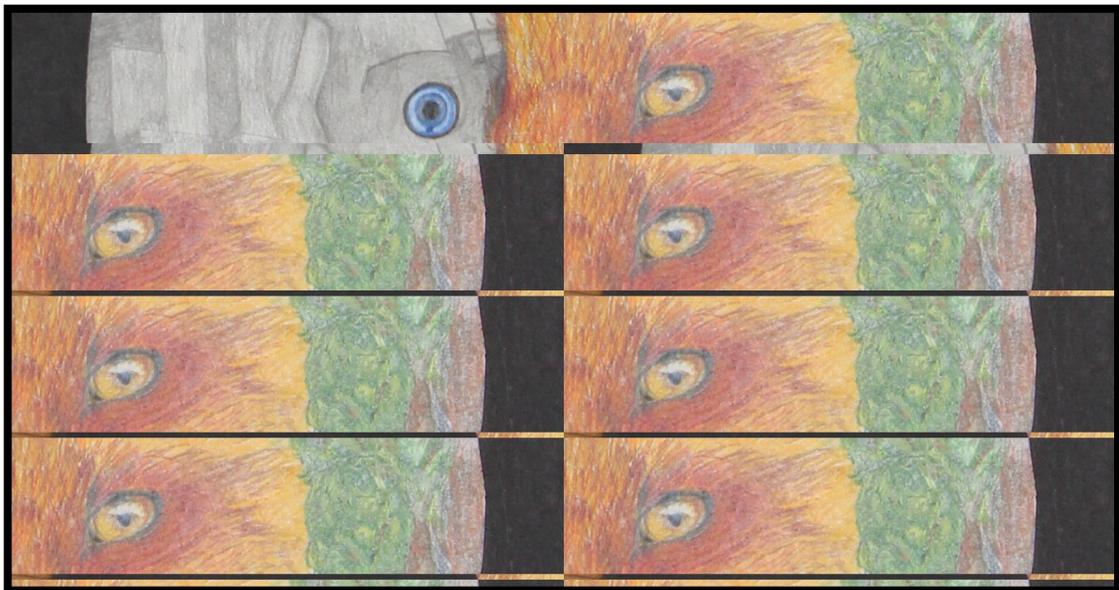
***Kyle Malcott, Gr. 10***



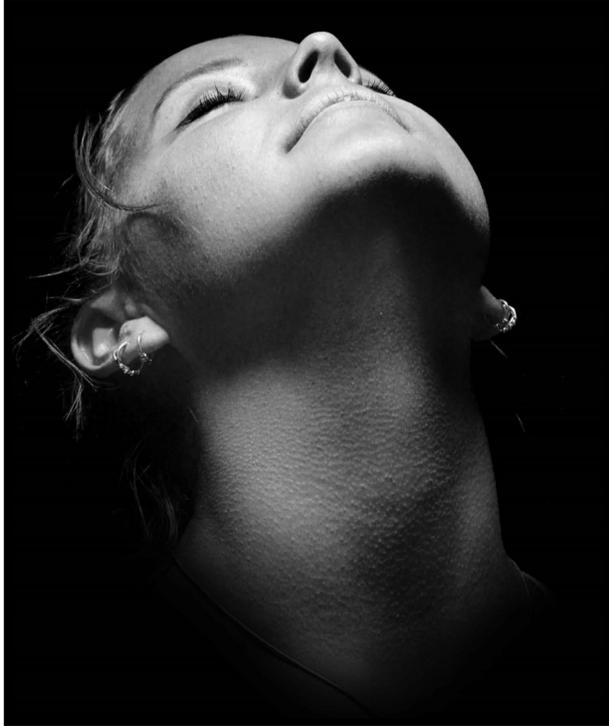
***“12th Gallery Girl”***  
***Taylor Jablonski, Gr. 12***



***“Destructed City”***  
***Katie Frazer, Gr. 10***



***“Fox Fire”***  
***Katie Frazer, Gr. 10***



***“Chin Up”, Photography  
Allison Rigg, Gr. 12***



***“Gillian”, Photography  
Cassidy Minier, Gr. 12***



***“Bird”  
Karli Starcezwski, Gr. 12***

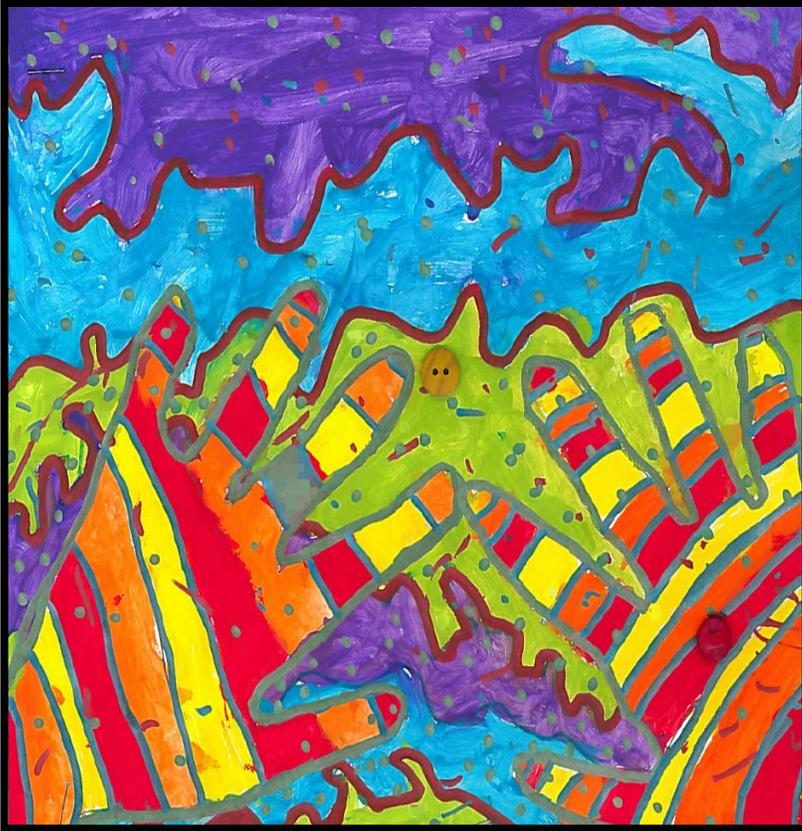
***Beneath These Trees***

*One day I'll rest beneath these trees  
Their branches stretching over me  
Time will cease and I'll be no more  
My covers are the forest floor*

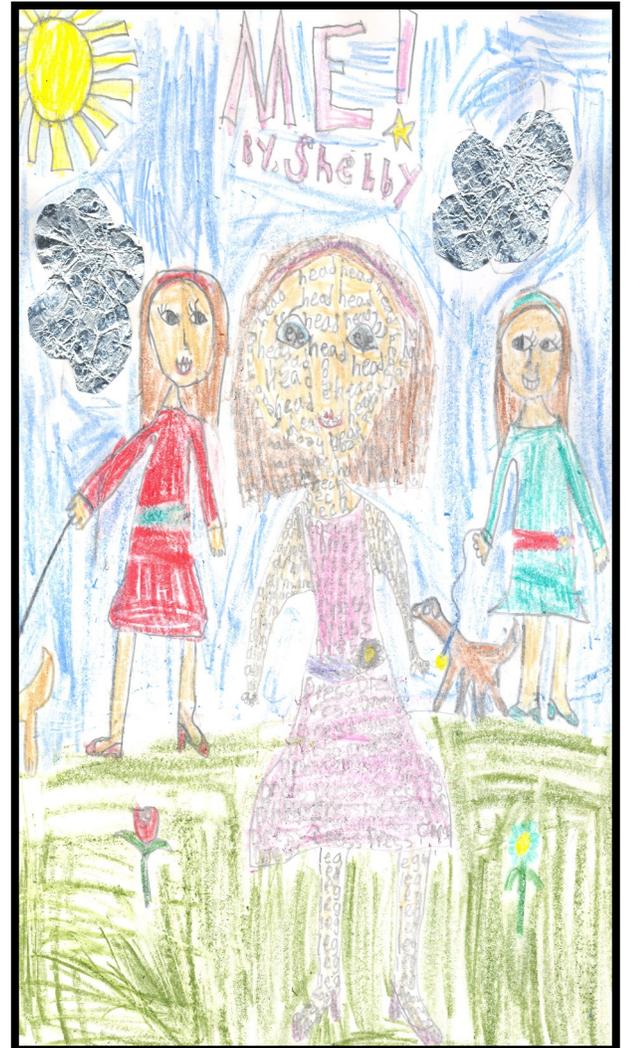
*As rays shine through the open leaves  
One day I'll rest beneath these trees  
A secret place that no one knows  
Will become my eternal home*

*I've walked these woods a thousand times  
The answers I seek my heart finds  
One day I'll rest beneath these trees  
I whisper prayers on bended knee  
  
I'll leave behind this quiet place  
My life must be lived and dreams chased  
For now I stand strong on my feet  
One day I'll rest beneath these trees*

***Matthew Ubbink, Gr. 11***



***“My Imagination”***  
***Justin Tompkins, Gr. 4***



***“Me”***  
***Shelby Marks, Gr. 4***

***The White Wii***

*I depend upon*

*a white Wii covered in dust.*

*I depend on it to work.*

*I also depend on it to tell me how to work.*

***Devin Church, Gr. 4***

## ***Starts and Endings***

*It would be fair to say that this is the beginning. Not the end, the beginning. The start, the opening, the first chapter. Everything starts with a beginning. Importantly, successfulness starts with a beginning.*

*My pen danced across the page of my new notebook as it shook from the racing of our Subaru. Mom had just gotten me a beautiful blue leather notebook with an imprint of different pens and pencils from Barnes and Noble.*

*There is a certain smell of a new book and I think you know just what I'm talking about. It smells like cardboard and oddly enough, flowers. The flower smell reminds me of last summer. A certain smell can pull a trigger in my mind and it takes me back to something I didn't even know I remembered. For example, from September on, the smell of a new book reminds me of summertime when I planted myself in the middle of our backyard, fitting in almost perfectly with the freshly planted tulips. I opened up my new book, "The Fault in Our Stars" and a smell of familiarity knocked on my door. This smell took me back to the summer before where I spent days sitting in the beanbags at the library. The smell made me feel so good and I felt it was inexcusable to return day after day. This smell was my 6th grade summer and I quickly became obsessed with reading; just for the feeling of pleasure related to that smell.*

*Last summer though, as I sat hidden in the tulip bed, I read the enchanting story of Augustus and Hazel's treachery. I cried and cried and after sitting in the tulip bed for three hours, I reluctantly decided to drag myself inside. I argued with myself that if I sat down for two more hours and finished that book, I would only look back and feel shame*

*that I was so engaged in the love story of people that weren't even real. I knew I would feel so stupid and worthless compared to two fictional characters that were so adventurous together. I couldn't possibly proceed. So it was there, that the smell stuck like cardboard and tulips in my mind until next summer.*

*All of these thoughts I realize, has kept me drifting away from my initial thought, success. My main focus was being incredibly successful in life. I realized I was slowly becoming captivated by the idea of thriving educationally. Success has a way of surprising you. One minute you'll be a "B" student and the next thing, you're an "A+" student. The accuracy of that made me laugh.*

*The word across my page was squiggly and I felt the car come to a quick stop. "Mom, are you ok? You seem very tense while driving." My mother looked over at me and I could tell she had still been crying. Her eyes were red and her voice was raspy. I was too zoned out to even tell. Oops.*

*"Oh yes. I'm ok. I'm just in a frenzy with all that has happened." She put her hand on my leg and I could tell even through my leggings, they were sweating. "We'll get through this and everything will be ok." I knew this was true. Somehow, life had a way of working out.*

*My mother was staring out my window and I suddenly saw her face drop with terror and in two seconds everything went black and one thought flashed through my head. "This is the end."*

**Charlotte Beerens, Gr. 6**

**Cat**

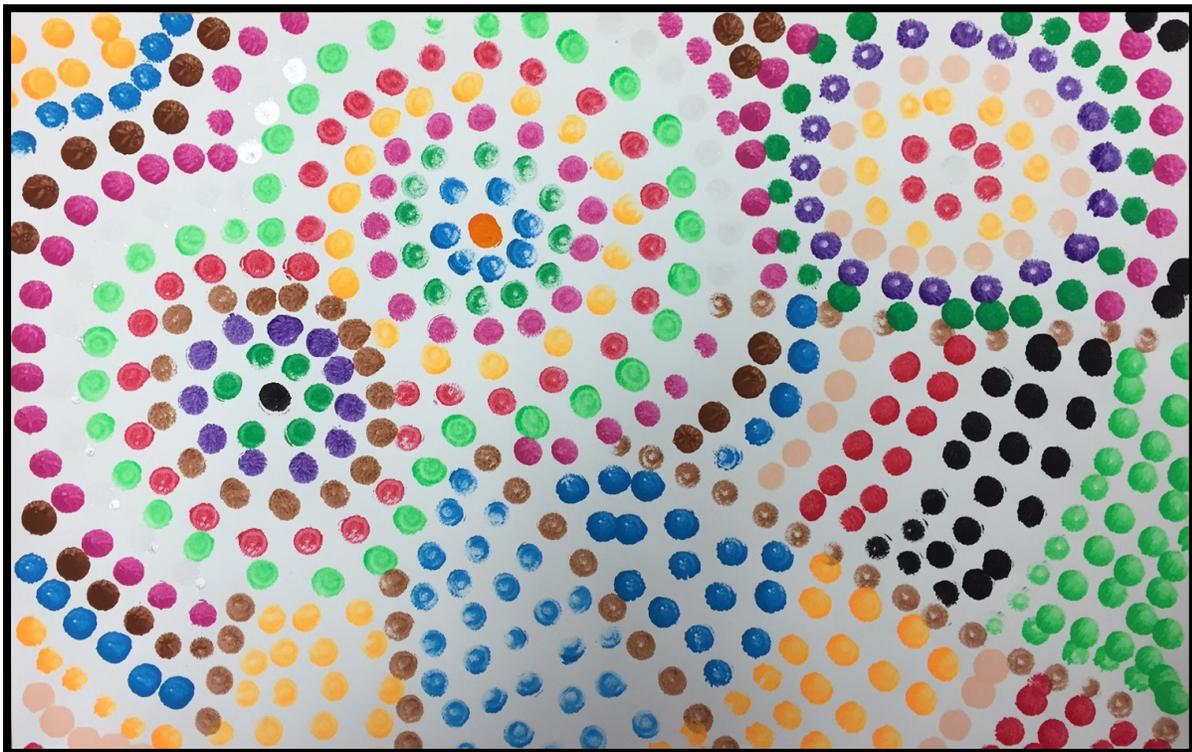
*Under a pine tree  
the cat lies down,  
cleans his black fur  
purrs,  
looks up,  
tries to bite  
the bee  
lays lazy  
under the  
hot sun*



**“Wolf”**

**Kailyn Mayville, Gr. 4**

**Brendan Mayou, Gr. 4**



**“Mondala”**

**Michael VanOrman, Gr. K**

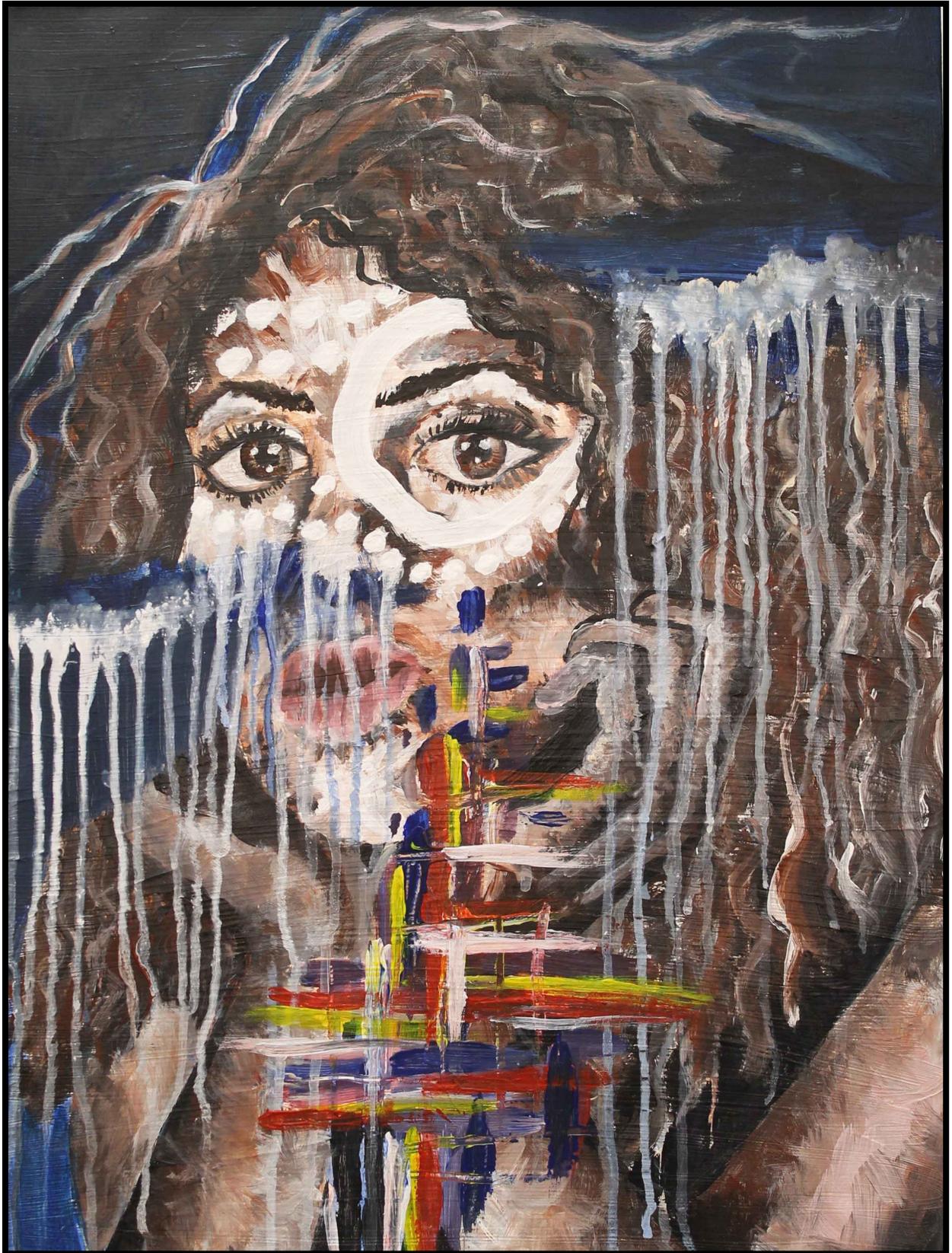
## ***Ways of Seeing Time***

*She waits as still as a picture,  
sipping time from her tea cup  
Like a hen on an egg she sits,  
The table, a stage for her setting sun  
Shining like a spotlight through the window  
Rust painting the past on the old swing set,  
memories like dust fastened to her silver hair  
Dancing voices of children  
beating like drums on the window pane  
She tastes the image of time  
Like bitter coffee  
Like salty air  
Like sweet cake on a rainy day*

***Sienna Fernaays, Gr. 11***



***“Side Flower”  
Kylee Mendat, Gr. 11***



***“Porshia”***  
***Taylor Jablonski Gr. 12***



*“Landscape”, Photography  
Sabrina Synesael, Gr. 12*

***The Black Dog***

*So much depends upon  
a black dog  
chasing a snake  
Bark, bark, barking  
because she got bit*

***Hayden Hicks, Gr. 4***



***“Beautiful Flowers of Rome”, Photography  
Karli Starczewski, Gr. 12***

## **Quaker Oats**

*It was the most rare phenomenon to find that the door was left open. Usually Robert kept it closed, but since today was a very unusual day, it was hardly surprising that such a thing had happened.*

*Alfie stood, feeling somehow lost in the small apartment. He felt disoriented. Everything was different and strange and for a moment he just wanted to touch something that was familiar to him. He turned in a circle scanning the room, then walked anxiously to the kitchen.*

*Robert did all the shopping. It was very unfortunate because frankly, Alfie was not pleased with what was usually brought home. He never voiced his opinions however, with Robert none the wiser, Alfie usually just ate the same thing for breakfast, lunch and dinner.*

*Alfie opened and closed the fridge then turned to a grocery bag on the counter and pawed through it. He chuckled and pulled out something he liked; a box of raisins. His long fingernails found their way underneath the cardboard flap, opening the box and releasing a fermented aroma of dried sweetness. His nose twitched at the beautiful scent and he hesitated a moment before pouring the whole box into his mouth. His tongue moved the mass of raisins to his cheek and he walked to the bathroom mirror to see the silly image of his disproportional face. In the mirror he saw a huge ball on the side of his face and he tried to keep his amused smile from spilling the raisins. Alfie's gaze then became somewhat scrutinizing and he wet his hands with some water from the sink to smooth down his short reddish-blond hair. He ran his hands along his chin and peered at his whiskers, his beady brown eyes, his red nose and ears. Deeming his reflection satisfactory, he wiped his hands together and then onto his corduroy pants.*

*Robert wasn't there. He was out working at his job. Alfie didn't have a job. He didn't even have a car. Robert brought home the bacon as it were, and both of them seemed to be used to it. Alfie nibbled on a raisin from his cheek, chewing thoughtfully. True, food isn't everything. Alfie had everything he needed and although eating the same thing all the time was annoying, it wasn't horrible.*

*But still. Alfie went back to the kitchen and opened the cupboard next to the fridge. There he saw it, his enemy, the container of Quaker Oats. Ugh, they were*

*so boring; dry and tasteless. Week after week they got pretty monotonous. Couldn't he have raisins more often? Or vegetables? Or seeds? Alfie closed the door on that wretched cardboard cylinder and turned to the dining room to find a loose piece of paper. He found a pen and used his mouth to pull the cap off. He ate a couple more raisins and with his boney, pink hands, he wrote in a cramped print, "I'm sick of Quaker Oats."*

*He contemplated signing it "Alfie", but then what would be the point of that? There was no one else in the apartment and no one else who regularly ate Quaker Oats. He was sure Robert would understand.*

*"Too bad", Alfie thought. Robert was just doing his best. He didn't realize that the oats were boring or possibly devoid of nutrients by themselves. He was probably just drawn in by the price or the seemingly healthy quality. They were oats and weren't hamsters supposed to like oats?*

*The door of the apartment opened and closed with a tall, yet tired, man in a rumpled coat coming through it and into his dark home. He turned on the lights and stumbled to the kitchen for some dinner. A few minutes later, the electronic beeps of the microwave sounded with Robert walking slowly to the dining room trying not to spill his freshly, hot canned soup. He began to eat and after a few minutes looked over carelessly to an insignificant piece of paper there on the table. He stopped dead. He didn't write that. He didn't put that there. Did someone break in? Robert's eyes widened in a panic, and looked at the note more closely.*

*"What!", he cried. His surprise grew as he realized it must be a joke of some kind. Who would break in only to leave a note about?*

*Robert froze. His eyes slowly lifted from the note to the wire cage in his bedroom a few yards away. He locked eyes with his pet hamster whose pink, almost human-like hands were busy directing raisins from his huge cheek to his dainty rodent teeth. His long whiskers danced as he nibbled; his small, beady eyes staring directly at his owner.*

*Robert slowly stood and went to the cage, bringing the note with him. He squatted down so that he was eye level with his pet hamster. He held out the note so that it was visible to him.*

*“Did you write this, Alfie?” he asked and immediately felt foolish. “Oh, this is stupid!” Robert tore the note into quarters and poked the paper through the slots in the cage where the hamster took the paper into its hands and started to rip it up into bedding. Robert watched his hamster then as his embarrassment subsided, he reached a finger through the cage and stroked the reddish-gold fur on top of Alfie’s head. Robert stood up again, still staring down at Alfie, then quietly stole away to the kitchen.*

*After a few minutes Robert returned with a stick of celery. With the night outside the window getting darker, the tall, logical, respectable man sat on the floor of his apartment and ripped celery into little pieces, feeding them to his pet hamster.*

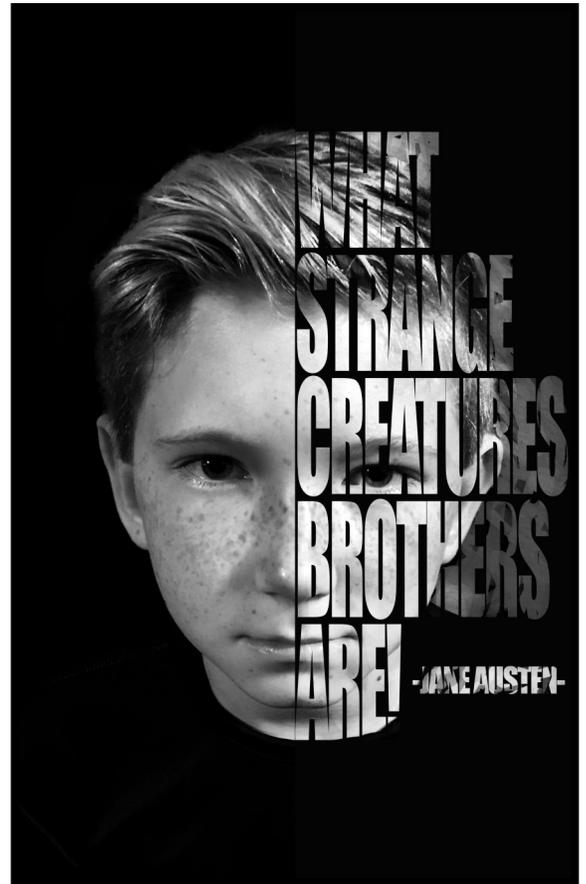
***Laela Overmoyer, Gr. 11***



***“Abstract Collage”,  
Timothy Nodine, Gr. 4***



***“Snake”, Photography  
Allison Rigg, Gr. 12***



***“Gunnar Text”, Photography  
Kalen Bjerga, Gr. 11***

***The White Dog***

*So much depends upon  
a white dog sitting in the sun  
an a hot day  
wanting to go inside  
but the door was locked  
trying to dig in  
It didn't work*

***Jaxon Bliss, Gr. 4***



***“Jet Black Butterfly”, Photography  
Tess Roberts, Gr. 12***



***“Max Overlay”, Photography  
Samantha Levreault, Gr. 11***



***“Mushroom”, Photography  
Makenna Bean, Gr. 12***

***The PS3***

*So much depends  
Upon a PS3  
In a small  
Bedroom  
With Minecraft  
On it*

***Alina Zavaski, Gr. 4***

## *Index—Written Work*

The following students submitted written work from the following school districts:  
Bloomfield, North Rose-Wolcott, Palmyra-Macedon and Red Creek Central.

<b>Last</b>	<b>First</b>	<b>Gr.</b>	<b>Pg.</b>	<b>Last</b>	<b>First</b>	<b>Gr.</b>	<b>Pg.</b>
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				Zavaski	Alina	4	63

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## *Index—Artistic Work*

The following students submitted written work from the following school districts:  
Bloomfield, North Rose-Wolcott, Palmyra-Macedon and Red Creek Central

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The following students submitted written work from the following school districts:  
Bloomfield, North Rose-Wolcott, Palmyra-Macedon and Red Creek Central.

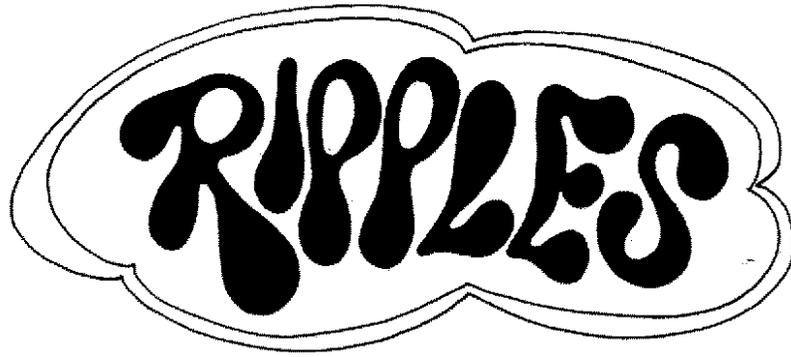
<b>Last</b>	<b>First</b>	<b>Gr.</b>	<b>Pg.</b>	<b><i>Thank you so much to the following teachers who take the time to encourage their students to share their written and artistic work for this magazine. Your support is extremely appreciated.</i></b>
<b><i>R</i></b>				
Rigg	Allison	12	49,61	
Roberts	Tess	12	31,62	<i>Jen King, Bloomfield Central</i>
<b><i>S</i></b>				<i>Ann Alden, Bloomfield Central</i>
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Starczewski	Karli	12	47,57	<i>Glenn McCarty, Bloomfield Central</i>
Sterns	Hannah	4	18	<i>Keith Roll, Bloomfield Central</i>
Stone	Caleb	5	18	<i>MJ Whiting, North-Rose Wolcott Central</i>
Synesael	Sabrina	12	57	<i>Kelly Allen, North-Rose Wolcott Central</i>
<b><i>T</i></b>				<i>Karin Thomas, Palmyra-Macedon Central</i>
Taber	Haley	12	16	<i>Charles Cook, Red Creek Central</i>
Tompkins	Justin	4	51	<i>Heather Hargrave, Red Creek Central</i>
<b><i>V</i></b>				<i>Daryl Prosser, Red Creek Central</i>
VanOrman	Michael	K	54	<i>Merrilee Witherell, Red Creek Central</i>
<b><i>W</i></b>				<i>Michelle McIntyre, Red Creek Central</i>
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Submissions for Written Work – January 2<sup>nd</sup> - April 27<sup>th</sup>, 2018

Submissions for Art Work – January 2<sup>nd</sup> - May 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2018

### Questions?

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