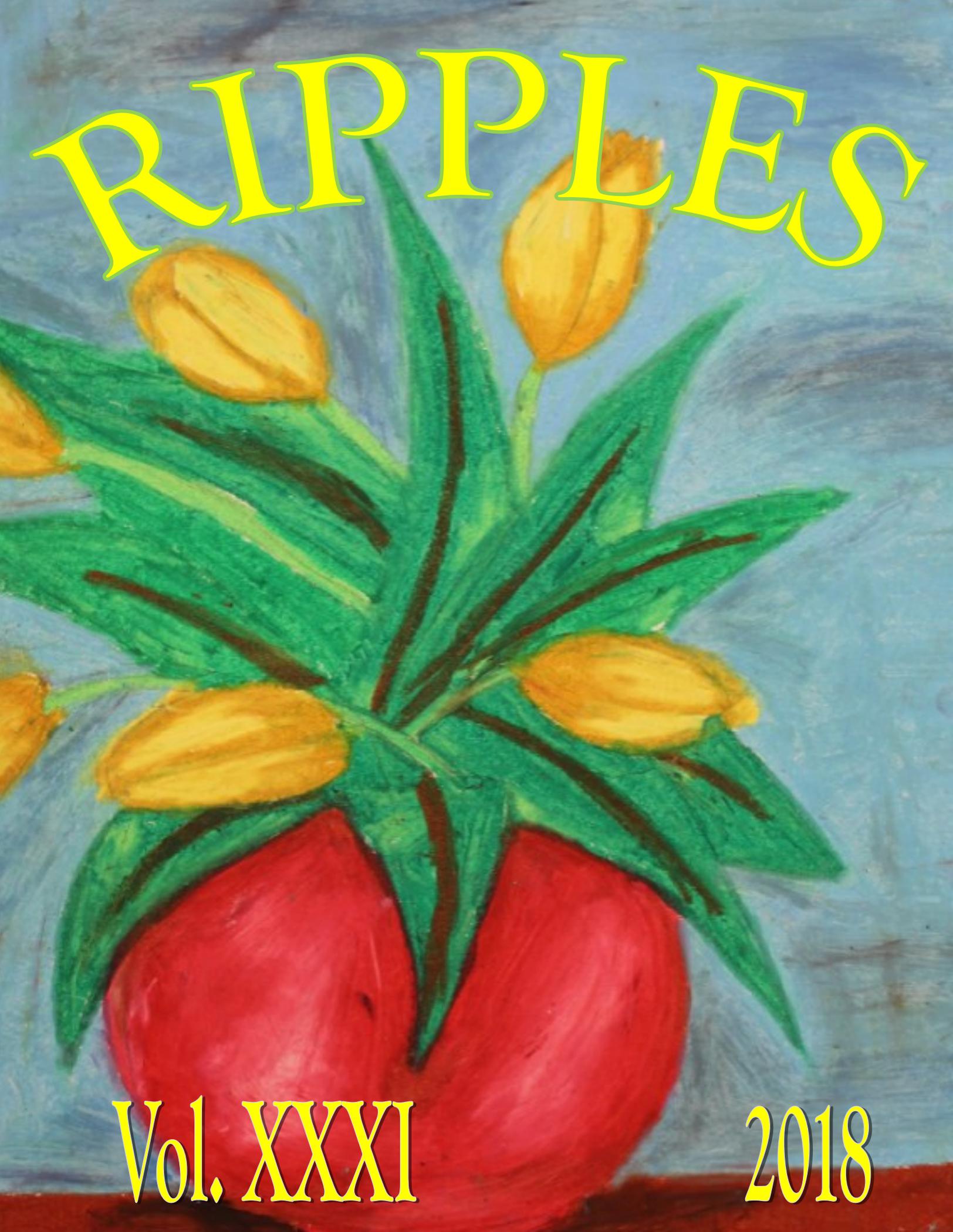


RIPPLES

A painting of a red vase containing several yellow tulip buds and green leaves against a blue background. The vase is a vibrant red, and the tulips are in various stages of budding, with some showing more yellow petals than others. The leaves are a bright green with dark green veins. The background is a textured blue.

Vol. XXXI

2018

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New York, NY 10005-2500
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A Magazine for Creative Expression

Publisher/Editor
Mary Harvey

RIPPLES is made possible by the participation of the following Wayne-Finger Lakes BOCES School Districts:

Bloomfield Central
North Rose-Wolcott Central
Palmyra-Macedon Central
Red Creek Central
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Mary Harvey
Enrichment Coordinator
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Publishers' Note:

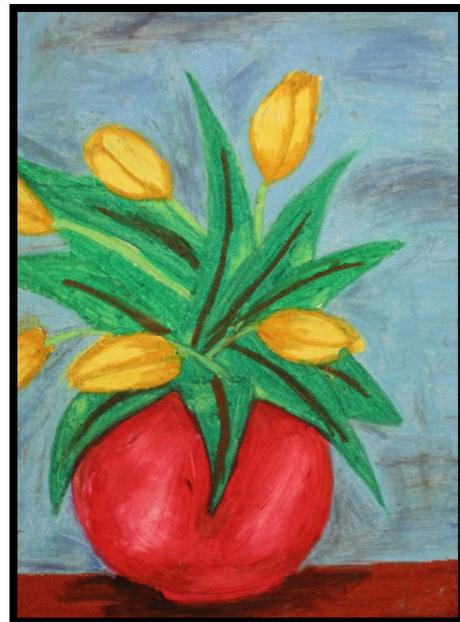
In our vision of what a local literary magazine could offer young writers and artists, we continue to have three hopes:

- ◆ 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.

*It's hard to believe that this is our 31st edition of **RIPPLES** Magazine! As a way to commemorate this awesome milestone, **RIPPLES** has included covers from the last ten years of the magazine starting with the cover in 2008. Also included, are pieces of art from previous magazines. Perhaps you will recognize the names of friends or family that were honored to have their artwork on the cover of **RIPPLES** Magazine and their artwork shown from years past.*

This magazine is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

The written and artistic work in this publication does not express the viewpoints or thoughts of Wayne-Finger Lakes BOCES.



"Flowers", Cover

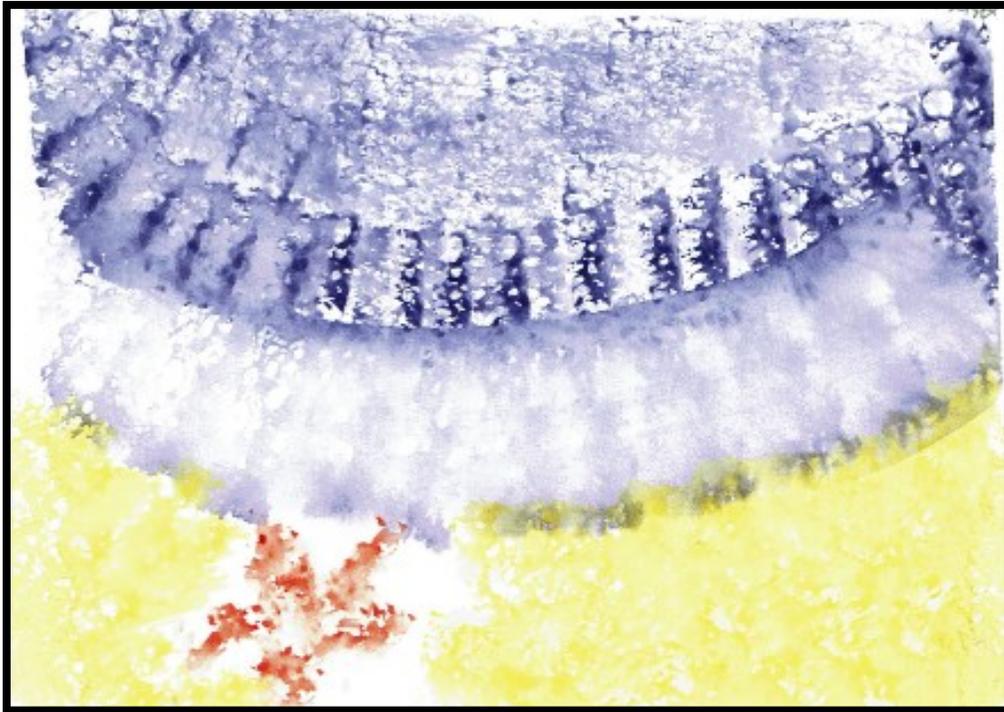
Alexandra Cleveland, Gr. 8

In A Nut Shell

*Inside a nutshell is a nut
But first I must mention the creatures
Creatures of creation, creatures of diversity*

*Creatures of diversity
All working together to create the nut within the shell
The creatures are diverse in their gifts
Using them in beautiful harmony
One helping another for the greater cause
The nut*

Jacob Grago, Gr. 12



“Beach”

Peytin Tremblay, Gr. 4

How I Want Peace in the World

Peace, peace, oh how I want world peace

World peace is good for you and me

Peace is good for the world

Peace will lift your spirits

Peace will make you happy

Peace will make the world lively

Peace is beautiful

Peace is astonishing

Peace is magnificent

Share peace with the world

Have peace in your soul

Peace, peace, oh how I love peace

Tyler Gardner, Gr. 4

“Alleyway”, RIPPLES 2010

Talia Gonzalez, Gr. 12



“Self Portrait”, RIPPLES 2009

Katelyn Rooze, Gr. 10





*“Self Portrait”
Anna Greenwood, Gr. 2*

Living with Anxiety

My chest tightens

My throat and stomach burns

My vision is blurred

My senses are heightened

What did I do wrong

Why is everyone looking at me

Why is everyone talking about me

Why do I feel like this

I'm okay, I know I'm safe

I know where I am

I just want it to stop

I'm losing my mind

Rhiannon DuVall, Gr. 11



***“Below”, RIPPLES 2014
Shane Updike, GR. 12***



***“Flower”, RIPPLES 2010
Adrianna Pettrus, Gr. 11***

What Am I?

I wish I knew who I was, what life I am living.

I thought this was all over, I thought I knew.

I no longer know what to feel, what to look for.

I say nothing due to the fear of losing all hope.

Falling deeper and deeper in this pit I have created.

The hell I'm living, it's my fault.

I know how to be okay; I know how to ask for help.

But why, why ask when it's just a rollercoaster.

My emotions coasting, winding

High and low, up and down.

It's never ending, so why try.

I knew life was not easy.

What I did not know is that you left,

Left alone, sad, confused.

What I wish I knew, is why I can't understand.

Who am I, what am I meant to do.

Rhiannon DuVall, Gr. 11



*Paul Klee Inspired "Cat With Bird",
Madelyn Spraugue, Gr. 1*



*“Long-tailed Duck”, RIPPLES 2008
Jennifer Gillette, Gr. 12*

Summer Poem

*The days are getting longer.
Surely, summer can't be far away.
The calendar says April.
But, the temperature says February.
The sun comes up a lot earlier
The snow has melted, the puddles have died.
Is the grass getting greener?
Can summer be here soon?
The sun sets a lot later.
The robins are back.
The deer are grazing during daylight.
Is summer coming soon?
The days are getting longer.
Summer isn't far away.
The calendar does say April.
But let's think July.*

Jacob Teachman, Gr. 11

Dear Grandpa

*The times I spent with you
Were more yellow than blue
Full of laughter and happy smiles
Oh, how I miss you*

*My rainbow after a rainy day
I wish I could stay
Just one more hour
Until it fades away*

*The excitement you got
From the horses that trot
Sitting by my side
We came here a lot*

*Rudy's was your favorite place
As we stood at the water base
Teaching me to skip rocks
What I would do to again see your face*

*Soon you fell ill
In the hospital sitting still
I'm unrecognizable to you
"I'm Maya," I say but you have no clue*

*Here comes Christmas Day
You are on your way
You seem to know me better
But sadly you cannot stay*

*You had gotten so thin
Where do I begin?
Struggling to walk
I don't want you to leave*

*A couple weeks went by
I began to cry
You took your last breath
Soon led to your death*

*But as time went by
I watched you fly
To the clouds you went
You now watch me from up high*

*The times I spent with you
Were more yellow than blue
Full of laughter and happy smiles
Oh, how I miss you*

Maya Nodine, Gr. 11



*“Self Portrait”
Aylee Cooper, Gr. 2*

My Life

Hi, my name is Alexandra, but that is long so you can call me Alex. I love to write.

In my family there are five people. I'm the oldest and my little sister Chloe is 12. My really little brother Jayden is six. My parents are Sophia and Jack. My parents love us but their jobs as a pilot and a data scientist get in the way of them seeing us all the time.

So, today is the best day ever. Can anyone guess? It's my birthday! I am officially 16. I can sort of drive and I am going to get my driver's permit. My mom said they changed the license date from six months to four months. I can get my license in two weeks!

I am going to the mall with Evie. We will buy clothes, get coffee and buy makeup. Wait, where am I going to get all the money to buy this stuff? I think I need a job! I will get a job at Champs as a waitress. It's going to be great!

"So, what did your parents say about the job?" Evie texted.

"Well, they said they will not pay for gas money so I better get a job and fast!"

"That is awesome, so do you have to bring Chloe and Jayden to school?", Evie texted.

"Yeah it was a part of the deal with having a car. I need to bring them to wherever they need to go to."

"That's not so bad. At least you don't have to bring a car load of boys to and from soccer practice every Tuesday and Thursday," Evie texted.

"Wow I guess I have a lot to learn about how my life isn't so bad."

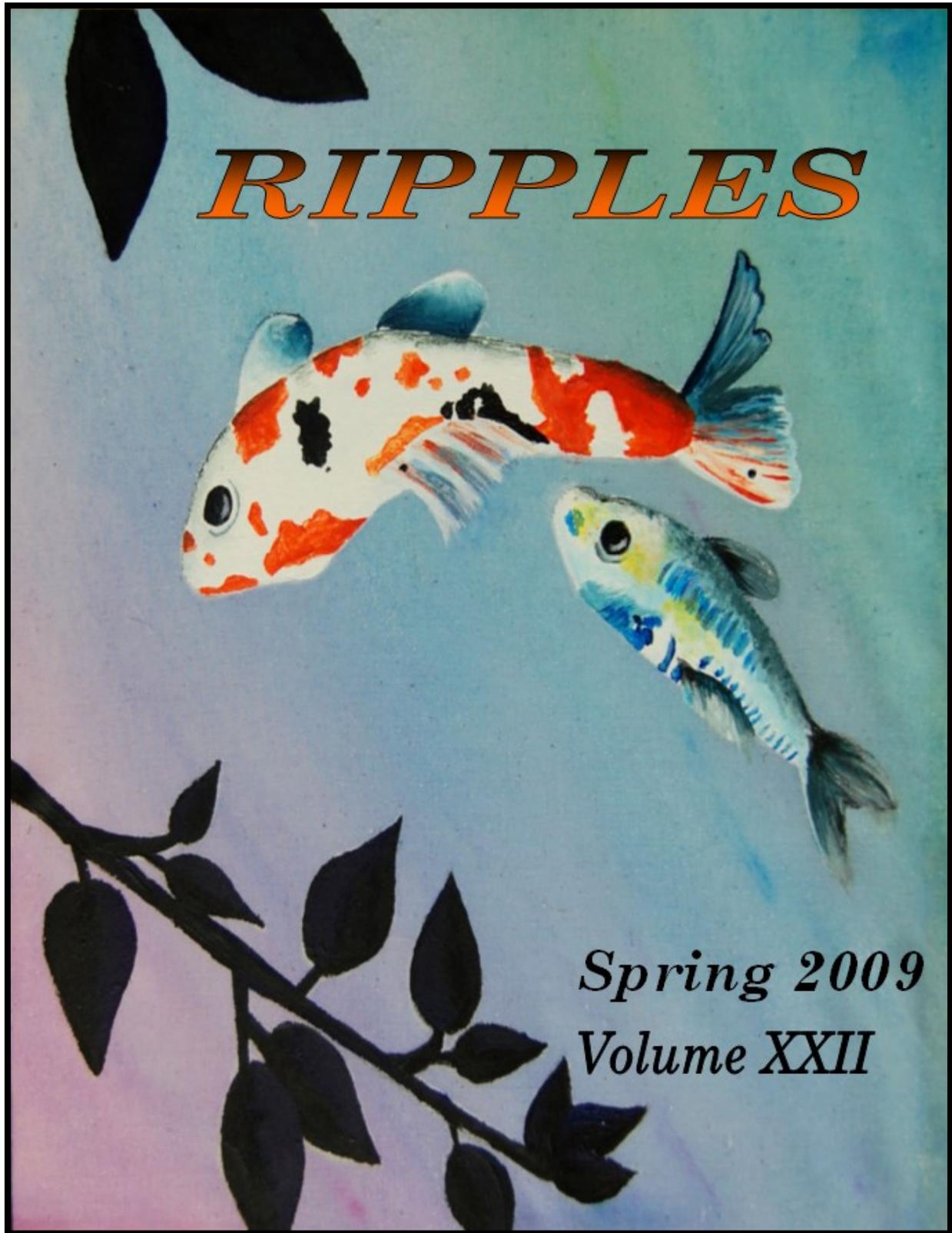
"Yeah, anyway my mom is calling me for dinner, bye!," Evie texted.

"Yeah I need to get to sleep, I have a job interview tomorrow. Bye!"

Okay, my interview is in three hours and I have nothing to wear, so I am going to buy a cute but affordable dress for my interview. I am at my interview and realize my worst enemy is the manager. I am doomed! This is off to a bad start. First, she makes fun of my dress because it is not designer. Then she tells me my shoes look like I got them from a dumpster. Finally, she tells me that if she doesn't like a candidate she can't just not hire them. After all, this is her dad's restaurant so he makes the final call so she can't choose who get's hired.

Anyway, my first time getting a job wasn't such a walk in the park if, you know what I mean!

Brianna Leitten, Gr. 5



RIPPLES

Spring 2009
Volume XXII

“Resilience Painting”, RIPPLES 2009
Jessica Loveless, Gr. 12

Buddy The Cat

Everybody was having the time of their lives at our 4th of July party and then something stepped into our lives.

On Saturday, the 1st of July, we had our 4th of July family reunion. At two o'clock my cousin and I went down in the barn to get something out of her camper. Then, we noticed a cat that was sitting at the bottom of the stairs with my uncle. This is the same cat that would walk around the house for two weeks and would not come up to us. We tried feeding it but it would not budge.

My cousin and I both went up to the cat to try to pet it and it came right up to us. We both asked my uncle how he got the cat to come up to him. He said that he fed him a little bit of chicken and when he was feeding it, the cat bit him. My cousin fed him some more chicken and gave him some milk. Then we went back up the stairs to get some dinner and the cat followed us. He followed us everywhere we went. So we named him Buddy. It was a small, gray tiger cat that looked so skinny so we kept on feeding him all night.

After that, we left to go get our parents to show them the cat and the cat followed us right up to them and started purring so loud it sounded like a lion roar. I asked my mom if we could keep the tiny cat and she said yes. I said, "Yea!" in the loudest voice possible because I was so excited.

One week later, we took the cat to the vet and got it dewormed. A few days after we let it in the house.

Buddy is the best cat we could ever have. He likes to climb all over the beds and sleep with my Dad right next to his face. We still have him to this day in our house and we love him so much.

Ashlyn Wright, Gr. 5



*“This Is Me”
Hannah Stearns, Gr. 10*



“Comic”

Ella Reynolds, Gr. 8

Prelude to Dreaming's Release

*When Death comes to a person
I think nothing of the person's flesh.
I only remember their spirit because in reality,
the spirit is left in the body until it can't sustain itself.
When that happens, the soul departs with Death's order.*

Dreaming's Release

*The spirit floats around, idle and unseen.
When a person dreams of anyone besides themselves,
the others are spirits being released yet,
none know where they go besides them.
They've all but left the meat that they once resided in;
willingly or not.
Now the spirit must await for something unknown.
It allows them to slide into a person's dream.
Reality distorts for mere seconds in the real world,
but can span a lifetime in the dream.
When it ends, the spirit goes where none but they know
and we are left to wonder what's to become
of our spirit once it departs too.*

Michael Burghdurf, Gr. 11

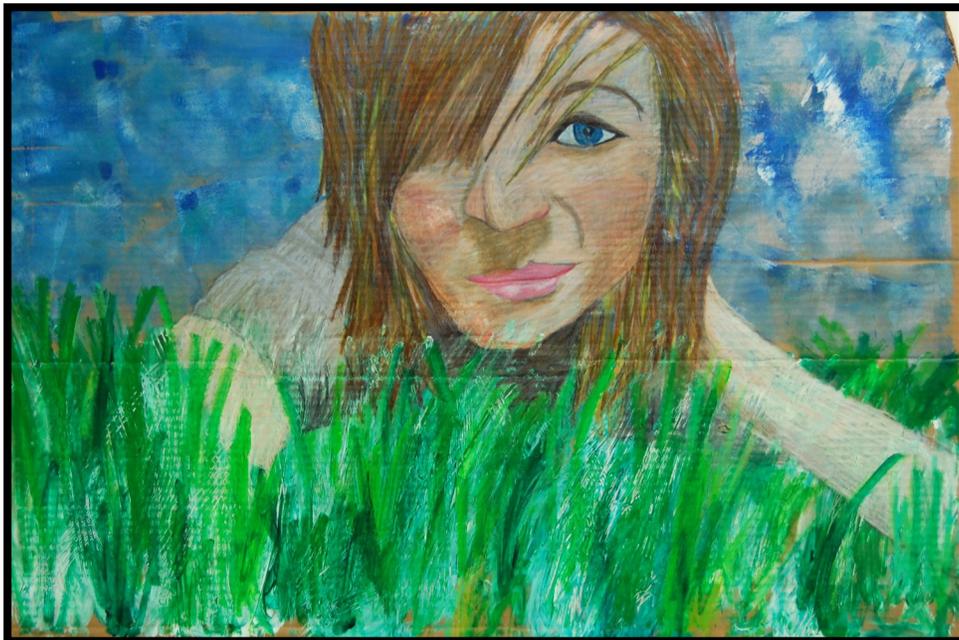
The Lady Bug

By the glamorous water that flows so smooth was a snow-like feather. On it was a little enchanting ladybug with two black dots that show as if whispering a soft song that fills the air with grace. It was towards the end of the magnificent feather that it longed for a more elegant view.

It started to slowly shuffle towards the head of the feather but it was so focused on seeing more elegant sights that it shuffled right into the reflective water. It was drowning, sinking in the water. It was beginning to become darker and darker until it was pitch black. It was terrified. It thought it would die. So, the ladybug closed its eyes and let itself start to drown.

A bird was swooping overhead and took a leap in the water. It saw the ladybug and took it between its claws and went to the surface. Once it reached land the ladybug was dropped. It just fell. It opened its eyes and it was back on its feather; back on the end of the snow-like feather.

Casey Acoff, Gr. 4



“Laying in the Grass”, 2010

Kate Bergen, Gr. 11

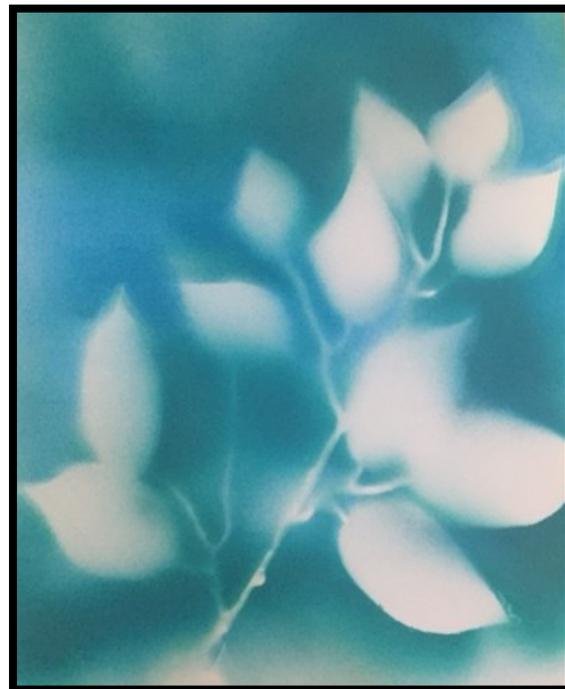


*“Planet of Eyes”
Spencer Fernaays, Gr. 8*

Fortnight (Game)

*Forever
Overwhelming
Rapid
Trendy
Necessary
Interesting
Tantalizing
Epic Games*

Ryan Sprague, Gr. 11



“Floating Branch”, RIPPLES 2016

Chase Webber, Gr. 4



RIPPLES

Spring 2010

Volume XXIII

Oh, How I Wish This Day Could Stay

Grass flowing in the wind

Sun shining on my skin

Trees dropping their leaves

Oh, how I wish this day could stay

Birds gazing my way

As I walk the other way

Oh, how I wish this day could stay

Walking down the pathway, home to where I stay

I look back that way, only to see

all of the animals looking my way

Oh, how I wish this day could stay

As the sun hides away from this beautiful day

I stand there thinking of all the wonderful things

That have come my way on this amazing day

Oh, how I wish it had stayed.

Alexa Hicks, Gr. 11

Sleeping in the Moonlight

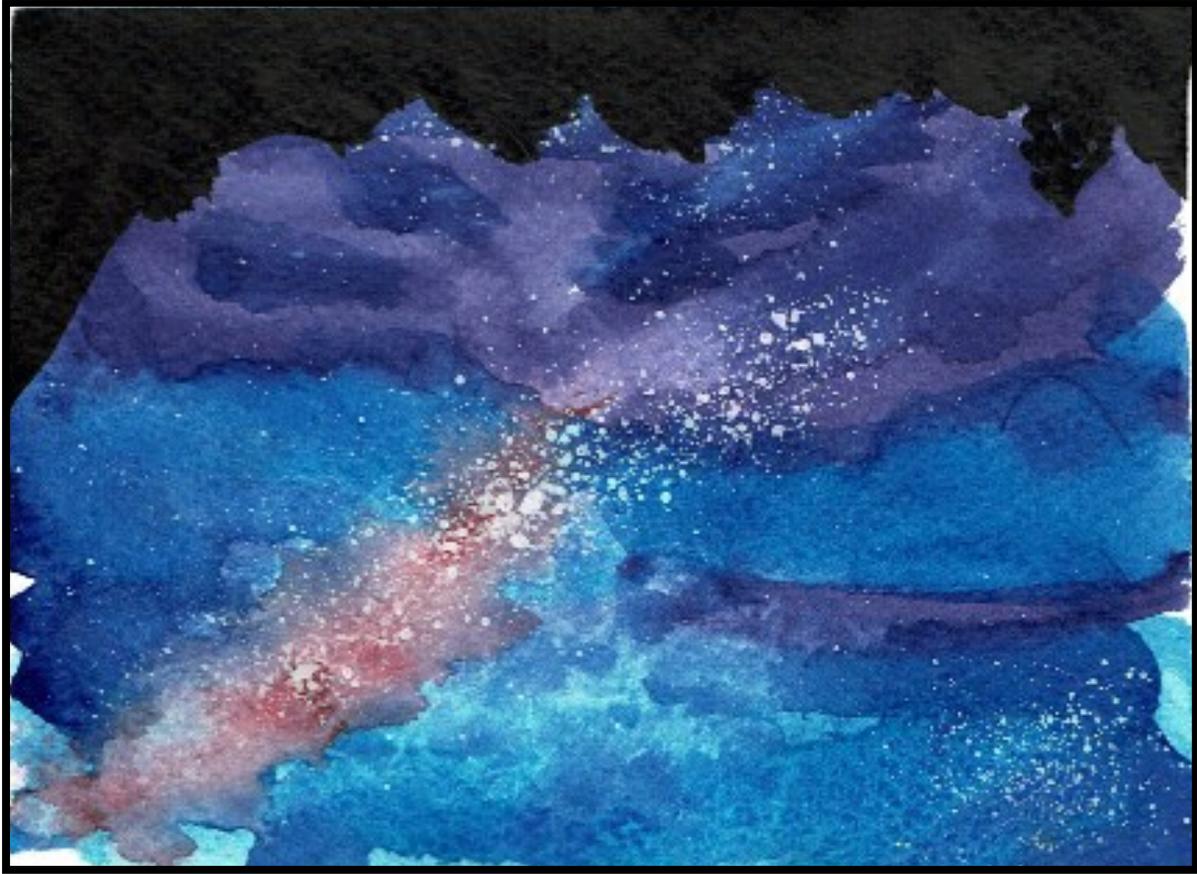
*Dreaming is something that not everyone does
You don't really remember most of your dreams
Most of the time your dreams are a fuzz
Sometimes you remember them like a scream*

*You don't really remember most of your dreams
Sleeping in the light of the silvery moon
Sometimes you remember them like a scream
You rest while you listen to a tune*

*Sleeping in the light of the silvery moon
Dreaming can set you free
You rest while you listen to a tune
In a dream you flow like a sea*

*Dreaming can set you free
You don't really remember most of your dreams
In a dream you flow like a sea
Sometimes you remember them like a scream*

Xander Garner, Gr. 11



“Galaxy”

Peytin Tremblay, Gr. 4

Fall’s End

*The warm wind blew swiftly
The sun had shone down all day
The leaves flew all around*

Mackenzie March, Gr. 11

Family

*Where love is everything,
and yours is so well known,
throughout anything,
they will always have your back;
you will never be alone.*

Nathan Ellis, Gr. 11

Samantha's Journal?

It was a stormy night and the clouds covered the plump moon of Lake Michigan. "Samantha! Get in here!," Sidney called.

My name is Samantha and I have three sisters and a brother. Sidney, who is sixteen, Mimi, who is one, Emily who is nine and Simon is four. I'm fifteen though.

"Come on! SAMANTHA!" I hurried as Sidney called again. I was annoyed. She interrupted my quiet time!

"Did you pick off the cap of this?" She showed me a cylinder thing .

"No! I don't even share a room with you anymore!"

"You did have to do my laundry!," She smirked.

"Stop Sidney!," I cried.

"Why?" She said meanly, "Anyway, I bet you did!"

"How do you know I did it?" I asked, "Anyway, I didn't!" Ugh, worst sister ever! Another reason I want to be an only child I think to myself.

"Girls! Stop fighting!," Mom called.

"But." I started, but mom cut me off.

"NO BUTS!," my mother yelled.

"Mom, Samantha took something of mine and used it!" Sidney complained.

"Samantha, don't do that!," Mom yelled to Samantha. Sidney was always the favorite child. I stomped away.

My alarm clock rung. Then it hit me. I was late for work! So was Sidney!

"Sidney! You're late for work!," I called to her.

"No, changed my schedule so I have thirty more minutes, but you're late for work!," I heard her laugh.

I work as a teacher and Sidney worked in the military. Someone else had to drive me since I was only fifteen. This time it was Sidney's turn.

"You work at the dumbest place.," Sidney said to me.

"NO! You work in the military and you're only 16!" I walked down the stairs, It was 5:30 and I was supposed to be there at 5:20. I'm not late, well maybe a little.

“Also, you needed to lie about your age to work for the military!” I said.

“Girls! Stop fighting!” Mom said, “and go to work.” Mom had no idea that Sidney had lied about her age to get into the military.

Okay mom!,” Sidney called.

“Want to ride in mom’s car, dad’s car, or my car?” Sidney asked.

“Mom’s!,” I replied.

“Nah, lets go in mine, because it's the opposite of what you said.,” Sidney laughed as she got in her car. Ten minutes later, I was at work.

“You are late!,” my boss yelled.

“My sister drove so slow on purpose. It’s not my fault,” I protested. Sidney had driven so slow, that I was twenty minutes late.

“Okay, well at least the students aren’t here, but you were late to the meeting! And I’ll tell you this Sidney, don’t be late again!”

“Okay,” I said, walking to the back room. My cell was ringing. It was my friend Mimi.

“Hello?,” I said into the phone.

“Hi Samantha!,” Mimi answered.

“Hi Mimi!,” I said back.

“Are you in town?,” Mimi asked.

“I’m at work,” I said back, “I’ve got to go!,” I hung up.

After work...

“Mom, where’s Sidney?” I asked when I got home.

“At work, honey,” Mom replied. I got myself a granola bar for snack. I walked to my room and sat on the bed. I really wanted to say something to Sidney. She was the worst of the siblings. I hated her. She made me late for work and late for a lot of things for that matter. Maybe I should go to the mall I thought to myself. A car parked in the driveway. It was Sidney! Now is the time I can get revenge. I took out a water balloon and hid behind a bookshelf. I would get her brand new uniform wet and ruined! The door opened.

“Got you!,” I yelled as I threw the water balloon at Sidney. She nimbly

dodged out of he way.

“Ha! Ha!” She laughed at me as it hit the carpet.

“Mom, Samantha got the new carpet wet!,” Sidney yelled.

“SAMANTHA!!!” Mom sounded angry, “I told you not to get the carpet wet!” Mom yelled. “Do you know how much that cost? It cost twenty-one dollars.!”

“That's cheap.,” Sidney retorted. I sighed.

“No it's not!,” Mom yelled again.

Mom said, frustrated, “Go to your room girls!”

I walked slowly to my room.

“Oh and Samantha,” Mom added, “Simon needed his own room so you share a room with Sidney.”

“Mom! I don't.”

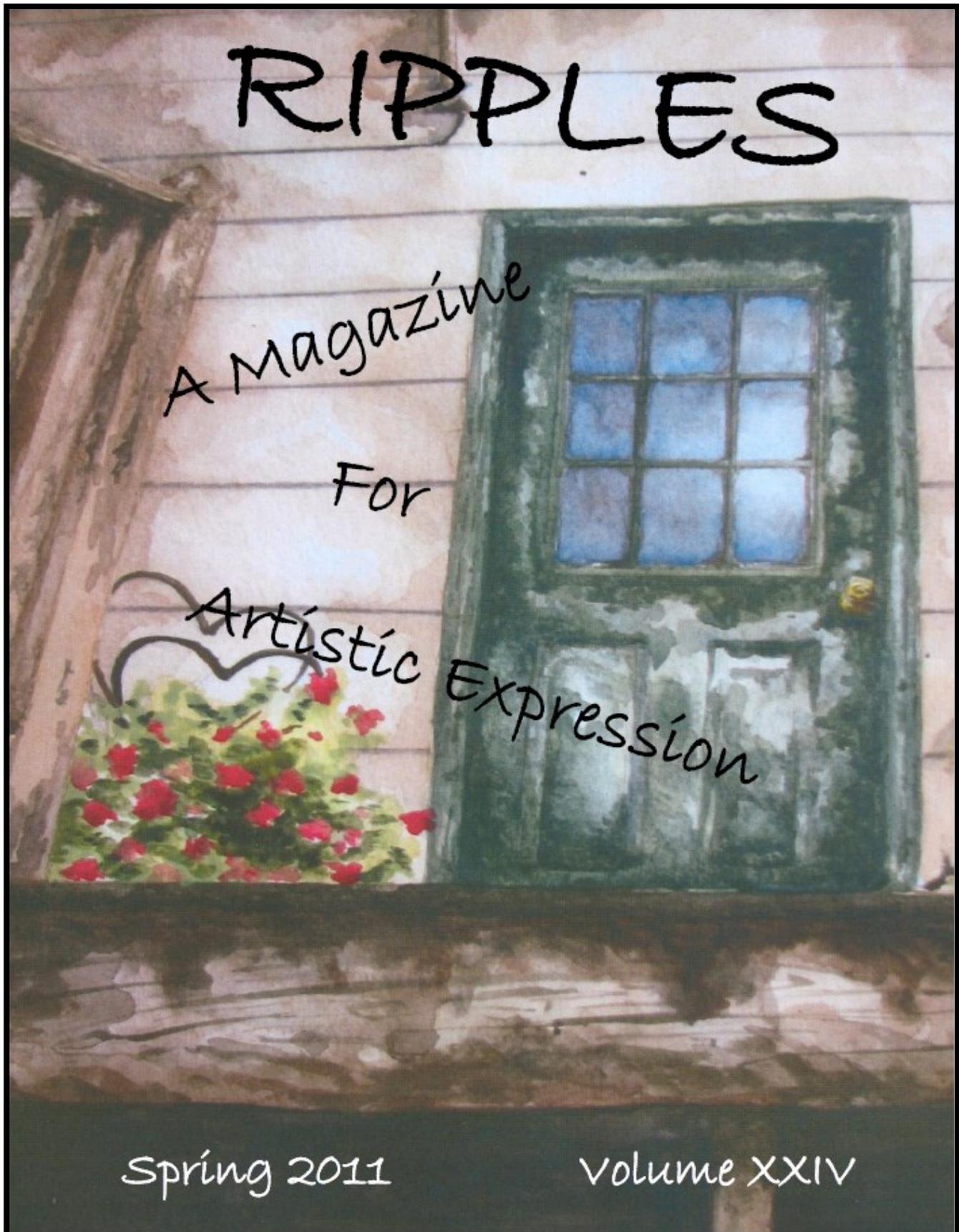
“No complaining!” I stomped off to my new room.

“Looks like someone got in trouble,” Sidney smiled at me.

“STOP!,” I yelled at her. “It's not funny!” I cried. I felt frustrated. Why was Sidney so mean to me? What did I do? Mom walked in the room, “Sidney, Samantha,” she said happily. “Guess what? Were moving to Canada!” I stared.

Canada?

Melissa Stewart, Gr. 4



Spring 2011

Volume XXIV

The Ordinary

Everybody is ordinary in their own way. Just like everybody is different in their own way. All your personalities add up to one you. That you is amazing in all possible ways. You really shine even when the light isn't on you. By stepping on this Earth you made it so much brighter. Always see yourself as spectacular, because you really are! You show the world who you are.

Always be yourself. The brightest star that everyone sees first, is you. Believe in yourself! Tell yourself that you can do anything, because you can. Let your dreams take you out of this world.

Let your mind have an imagination that will bring you farther than you want to go. Don't let anyone ever tell you that you're not good enough because you are. You're better. You're always more than what you can be.

Stay true to your heart and always be kind. Have courage in what you do. Your way of being different is so unique. Don't ever change the way you are just because they don't like it. Being you is better than anything. You are special. Do what you want to do. You stand out in the most extraordinary way. Be able to make your own choices. Nobody decides anything for you. Be free to be what you want to be because you are you and nobody can ever change that. You are extraordinary in the most ordinary way!

Lily Baughman, Gr. 5

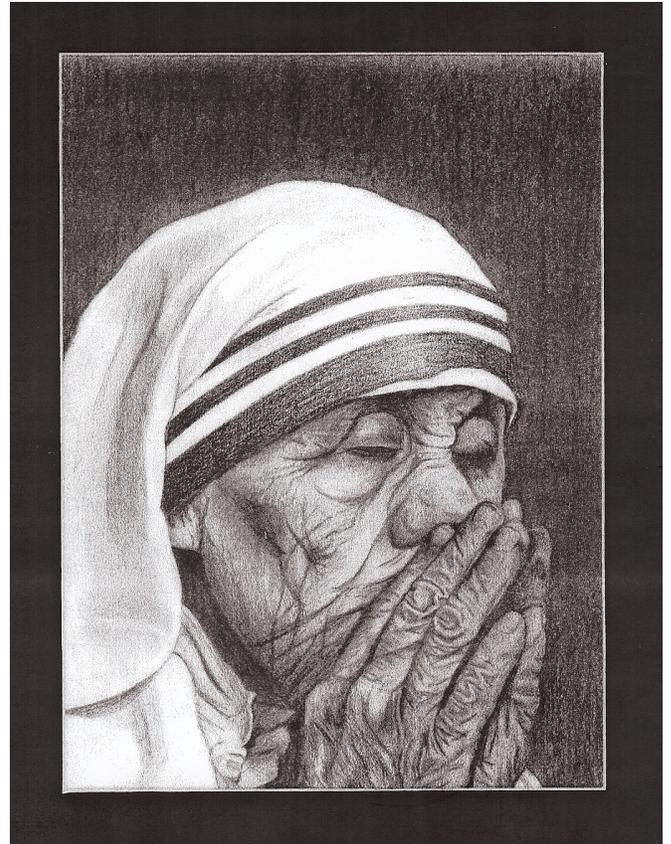


“Flowers”
Alexandra Cleveland, Gr. 8

The Death of Juliet

*One sip from this bottle
One sip to change this novel
One sip to change your life
One sip to have tonight
One sip to change your fate
One sip is it too late
One sip a great big leap
One sip a deep long sleep
One sip for Romeo
One sip before you go*

Caleb Iozzio, Gr. 11



“Mother Teresa”, RIPPLES 2008

Jessica Panepento, Gr. 11



“My Field”

Lilly Hartman, Gr. 4

Color Me In Change

*The clouds are grey, they are rolling in
It is time to face the problems again
Alone she cries as it arrives
God, these tears will never dry
Alone and afraid she takes a stride,
Hoping the sun will someday rise
In the dark she takes her mark
Brave and proud she speaks aloud
She is the light
Dark and dreary she was always weary
Worried and wondered of tangled thoughts
Alone in her mind muttered mouths murmured
Nightmares stirred and times stopped
Change she sought
Peace she wanted to keep
She demanded some kind of peek
She searched her soul for herself
Gunned down at thy stakes
We gave
Now back to first base*

Desirea Goodrich, Gr. 11



***“P.S. I Love You”, RIPPLES 2009
Chelsey LaValley, Gr. 12***



***“Pete”, RIPPLES 2014
Gabrielle Lagatella, Gr. 8***



“Face”
Matt Creller, Gr. 6

The Modern Gods

Imagine a modern day Zeus, a rich billionaire running his multi-million dollar company. At the end of the day, he sits in his office staring out at the horizon, where the thunder clouds form and lightning strikes. Yet he remains calm in the storm and sips his drink. He's forgotten in the skies so he lives in skyscrapers.

Imagine a modern Hera, sitting in the bars and roaming the streets, her heart breaking at the sight of broken homes. When she goes home she doesn't expect to see her husband. She sits at her desk and plans her clients weddings. She looks at the pictures of her children who have drifted so far away from her.

Imagine a modern Poseidon, walking along the beach side, his hair wet from surfing in the salty sea. He remembers his brothers as he wades out into the crashing waves. He looks at all the trash in the water, disappointed in the careless people in the world.

Imagine a modern day Hades walking home and taking the shortcut through the cemetery. Him, in his long black trench coat. Him, weeping at the graves of his loved ones. Then traveling home to his penthouse, surrounded in silk and jewels and in the comforting embrace of his wife.

Imagine a modern day Athena, teaching young women around the world to fight with knowledge. Her, leading petitions around college campuses. Her, talking with her sister and brother about all the wars in the world. Her, creating battle plans for the army.

Imagine a modern day Artemis. She has lost her bow and arrows. She stalks a different prey. Walking through alleyways at night looking for and helping the afraid and the young. Sitting on the rooftops of abandoned buildings, looking at the moon and praying; praying for the environment, praying for the animals, praying for women.

Imagine a modern day Apollo. Walking carefree in the warm sunlight. Singing blues in the nightclub. Walking home with his sister. Singing her to sleep. Him, trying to woo the girl named Daphne. Chasing after, chasing, chasing, chasing, until she was gone. Now he no longer walks happily in the sun. He puts on a smile, to hide his sadness.

Imagine a modern day Demeter. Opening her flower shop early in the morning. Getting arrangements ready for a wedding that her sister, Hera, is planning. Walking in the woods and forests, planting new trees for the ones that have been cut down. Taking care of her daughter. Her world breaking when Persephone ran away.

Imagine a modern day Dionysus entertaining at his home. He watches people dancing and having fun as he cleans glasses. He sighs, envying them. He wishes he was young enough to dance like that again. He listens to stories of his friends. He sighs. What has today's generation become?

Imagine a modern day Persephone. Running away from her mother at a young age. Living with her husband. Taking care of the flowers in spring and summer. Cuddling up by the fire during the cold harsh winter.

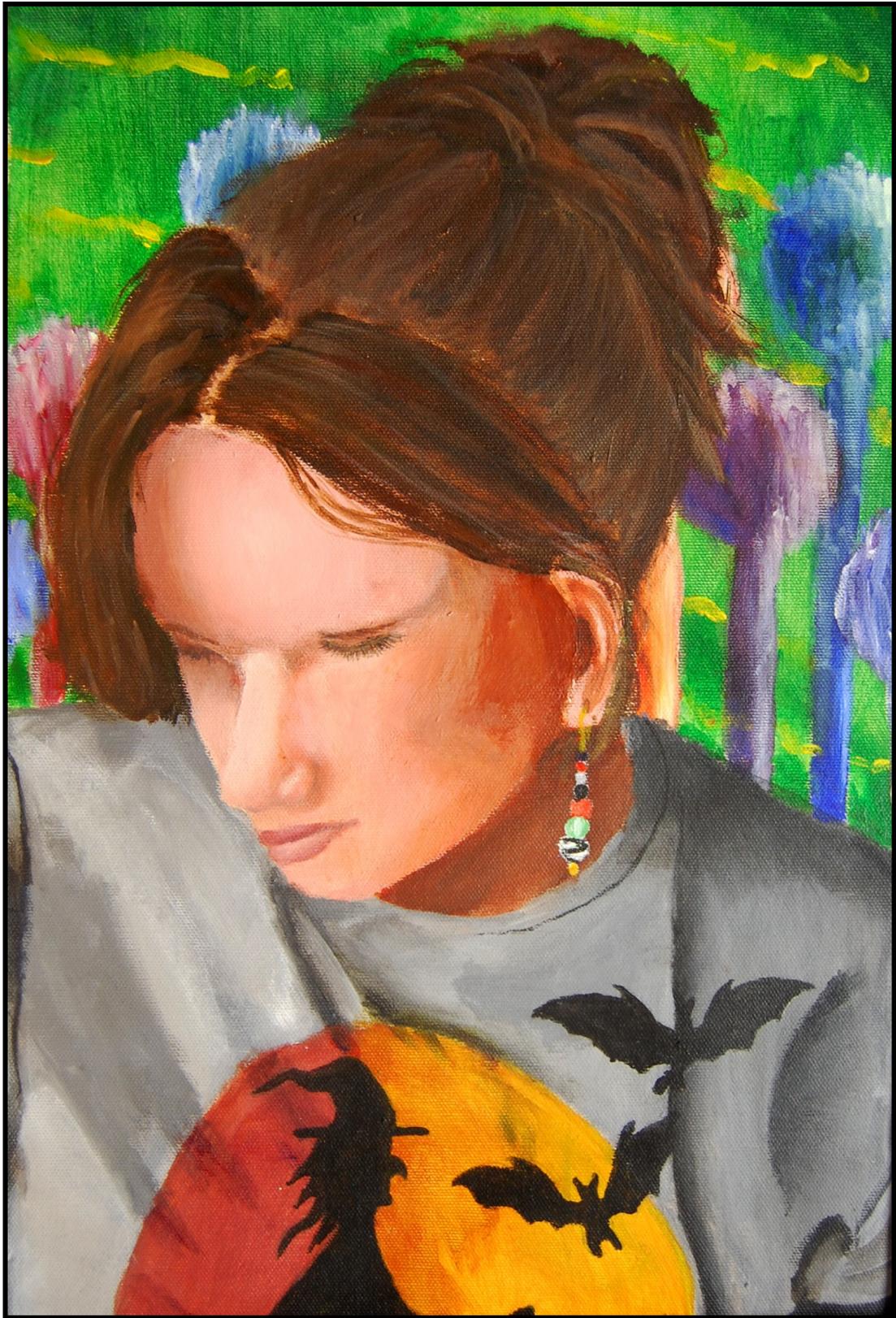
Imagine a modern day Hestia. Watching her family members feud. Sitting by the fireplace, engulfed in its warmth. Imagine her taking care of the poor, running food drives. Imagine her walking in alleyways giving out food to the homeless. Her, sitting with her family near the fire.

Imagine the modern day gods. All different. Yet so alike. They've been forgotten. Yet they still walk the Earth. At the end of the day, they find something to live for, in their family. The modern day gods.

Seerat Kaur, Gr. 5



“Robot”
Autumn Stoddard, Gr. 8



***"Self Portrait", RIPPLES 2009
Sabrina Green, Gr. 11***

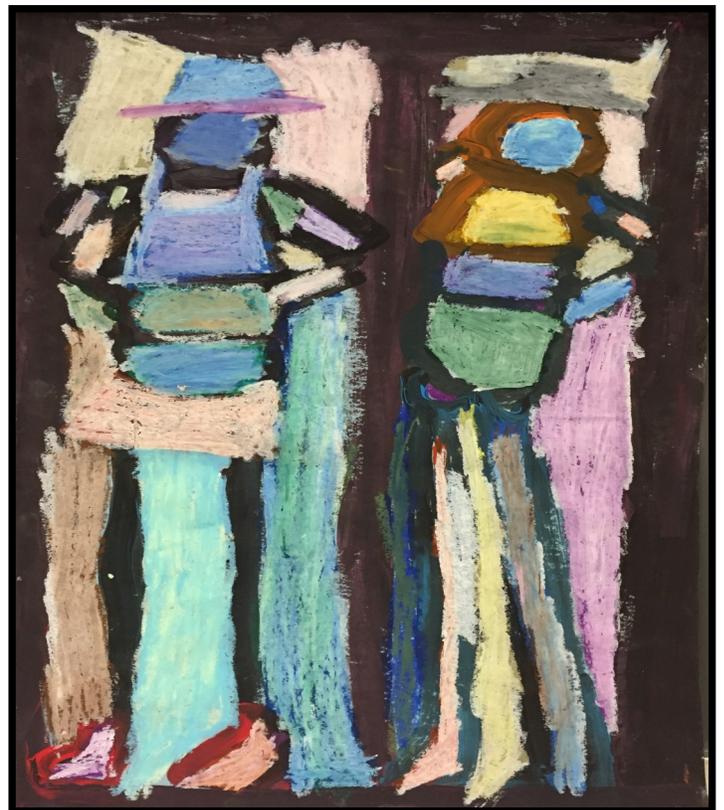
My Pit Bull Gaia

*She smiles when she sees you
She has a dark brown coat
Gaia is my puppy
She is as happy as a child
If you let her play all day
she'll sleep the night away
She is my beautiful pit bull puppy
So big and cute
She loves herself some kisses
But will give them right back
See she is not so vicious
She is the Goddess of the earth*

Josh Church, Gr. 11



***“Flower”
Catherine Clark, Gr. 4***



***“Abstract Manikin”, RIPPLES 2016
Lizzetta Meyers, Gr. 5***

The Pizza Dough Attack

In a town in the 1700's there was a woman who loved to make pizza. One morning, she went off to her bakery to make pizza for the town. She used a lot of ingredients. She made it with yeast and a lot of it. She used a little too much yeast when she baked it and her oven exploded! She quickly called the other bakeries in town.

She asked, "Did I add too much yeast?"

The pizza dough kept on growing and growing. There was no way anybody could stop it. The town was about to be invaded with pizza dough! It was time to escape to the ocean.

When they got on their boat, the dough went in the water and now the sea was covered in dough. The town was covered in dough. The windows of their houses cracked. Their houses were no longer in sight.

That was the end of the town.

Elly Carl, Gr.4

Summertime Blues

*Summer is humid and dry
The blue waves crashed against the shore
As the night fell fast.*

Amy Richmond, Gr. 11

Player 2

*I love to play games
but just ones with me and you.
You're my player two.*

Ethan Thompson, Gr. 11



Paul Klee Inspired "Cat With Bird"
Sabastian Bishop, Gr. 1



"Dolphin", RIPPLES 2009
Rylee Kakubski, Gr. 5

The Garden Child

“Be quiet!” the girl behind me yelled. I just sat there, on the bus, as quiet as I could be, listening to all the yelling and whispering and all the talking going on and on and on, almost feeling like it would never end.

“Attention! Can I get your attention please everyone!,” my teacher, Mrs. Larson was yelling while trying to get everyone’s attention when the bus stopped.

“Now everyone please.” But instead of listening, everyone just sprinted out the door and nearly ran over Mrs. Larson before she said what to do. Of course, like always, I came out of the bus last.

Here we were at the Sonnenberg Gardens. It was so hot out. It felt like the sun was lava spilling down on me.

“Everyone please partner up. We have an uneven number of kids today so someone will have to be alone.,” Mrs. Larson said. I, Alice, was the loner.

I started to walk over to the water fountain but decided not to when I saw Matthew Channing, a really mean boy, walking that way. I turned and looked over at the flower maze. “I’ll go over there.,” I thought to myself. When I was just about six feet away another mean boy named Gerald, walked right into the flower maze, right where I was heading. So of course, I turned around and went a different way. I looked over at the buildings. “I can’t go that way, somebody’s over there. The pond, nope. The cafe, no. The bushes, no. The garbage cans, yep,” I thought to myself. I took a seat on the ground next to a stinky, smelly, garbage can. I sighed.

Oh what to do, what to do? I know, I’ll go on my own, into the garden. I went deep in the garden. “Nobody’s watching, GO NOW!,” I whispered to myself. I ran into the woods that lead to the middle of the garden, and in four minutes I found myself on a trail. I climbed onto a vine that was attached to a tree that had some weird green leaves on it. For some stupid reason, I touched the green leaves. I should not have done that because it was poison ivy!

As I got to the very top of the tree to rest, I saw a huge garden that was totally flat, perfectly flat, and so pretty. I just couldn’t resist so I got down from the tree, itched my poison ivy that I now had on both hands. I walked over to the fountain that was in the middle of the garden. I touched the cold fresh water that came from the fountain. After I sat on a bench for a while I got up and went over to some pretty marigolds. The unexpected happened. As soon as I touched the marigolds, I was gone from the fountain.

I woke up, unable to move. My hands and my legs were numb. I was still in the garden, but something was odd. I was the garden!

Back at home....

“Margaret where is the remote?” Steve, Alice’s dad yelled across the room to his wife.

“It’s where you last put it, Steve.” Steve rolled his eyes. He sat up and started to look for the remote. It was on the last stair where he had put it the last time he used it.

“Did you find it?”, Margaret asked.

“Yes, Margaret, I found it.,” Steve whispered. Steve turned on the television and a breaking story was on the news. To his surprise, his daughter Alice was on the news but how can this be? Alice was a garden covered in green and marigolds!

“Margaret!”, “Margaret!,” Steve yelled to his wife. Margaret rushed into the living room and was also shocked to see what was on the news. They both rushed out the door to see their garden daughter.

At the garden....

A bunch of news reporters screamed at my face while also crowding me. They yelled questions all at once. “Why are you a garden?” “How did this happen?”, “Are you Okay?”, “What is your name.” I looked down at my red poison ivy that was on my hands but instead of poison ivy, there were red roses on my hands. Instead of brown hair on my head, there were green vines.

“Honey, what happened?” I saw my parents coming over to me. As soon as my mother touched me, I was human again. My mother however, now became the garden!

“What is going on!,” my mother yelled. My dad reached for my mother but when he touched her, he stayed just the same but she no longer was a garden but back to being my mom again.

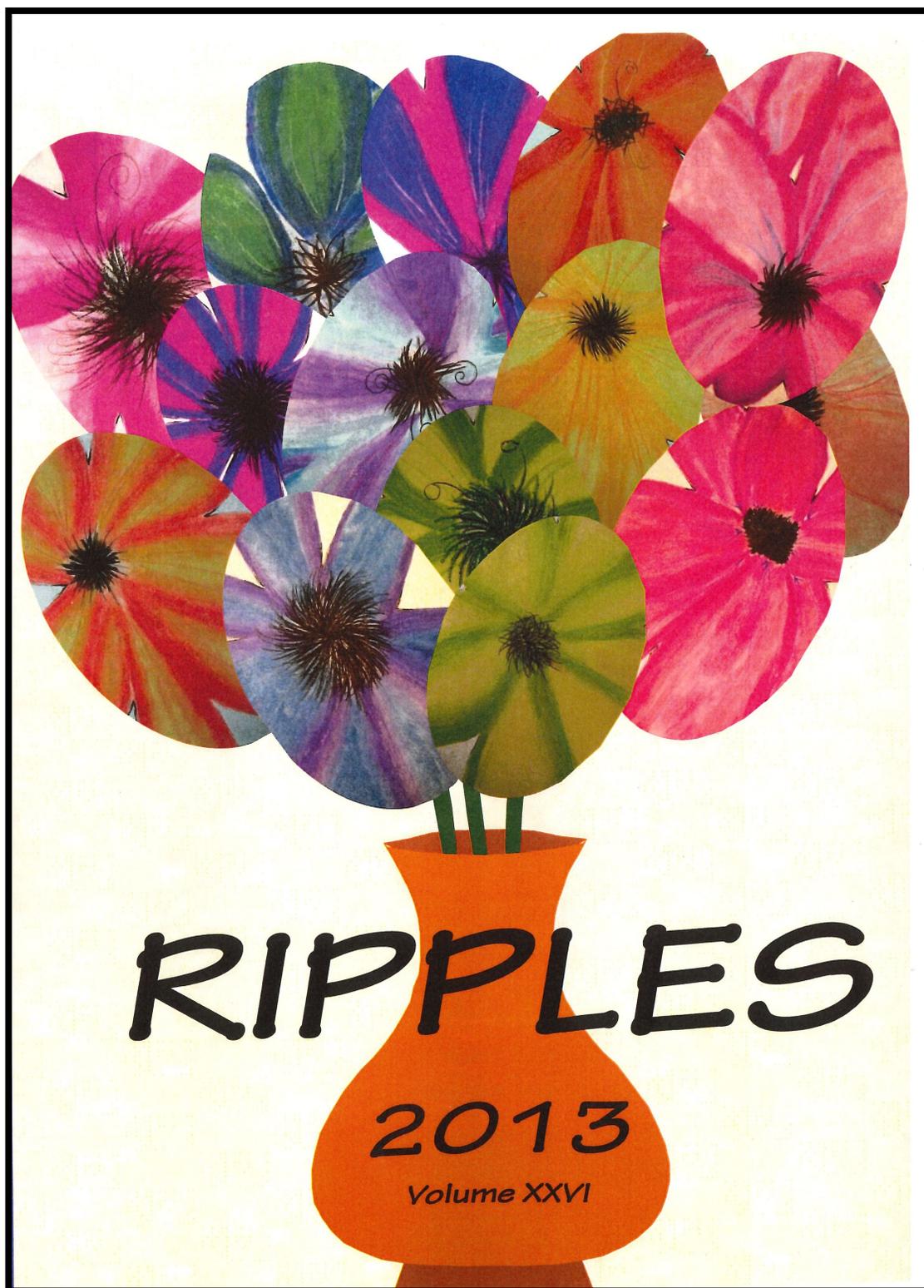
“It must be that only girls turn into a garden.,” I exclaimed.

School was done early and everyone had the rest of the week off to recover from this event and pull themselves together.

One week later....

I turned on the news to see what happened to the garden. The city was closing down the garden until they can fix the problem. It was 8:30 and time for me to go to school. I yelled goodbye to my mom and ran out the door. A new day began.

Olivia Stephenson, Gr. 4



*“Georgia O’Keeffe Chalk Drawings”, RIPPLES Cover 2013
Patricia Sheridan’s Fourth Grade Art Students*

Hamlet

*He grew depressed
His heart was sore
Hamlet was stressed
The pain grew deep all the way down to his core*

*His uncle did the deed
Hamlet was hurt
Although his soul should had been freed
Hamlet then began to dig for dirt*

*Nothing but pain
Nothing but pain*

Justin Kush, Gr. 11



***Paul Klee Inspired "Cat With Bird"
Gabriel Lasko, Gr. 1***

Missing You

*You're at peace and your soul is at rest.
There is no need for my tears as you float up to heaven.
I know that you are in a better place now.
As I sit here with regret I wish,
I could bestow one more hug upon you.*

Christian Finnerty, Gr. 11



***“Dragon Eye”
Alexander Evans, Gr. 8***



Paul Klee Inspired "Cat With Bird"
Ryan Curtis, Gr. 1

Gaming

People spend all their time gaming.

What does it do for you?

It takes away your freedom and time.

You don't do the things you need to.

You fall behind in life and have no need to catch up.

Gaming is a killer of time and that is all.

Destiny Hickman, Gr. 12

Seabreeze

I took my lunch and walked over to where Jake and Mason were. "I really want to ride the Screaming Eagle," said Mason.

Jake looked skeptical. "How about we go to the water park?," Jake asked nervously. I nodded. Mason got up and threw his lunch away. "Sure," he replied.

"Let's go tell Jacob," I said.

Jacob was our counselor. We had to check with Jacob to do anything, since being a counselor requires him to watch over your group at all times. "Hey, Jacob!," I yelled, running over to him.

"Can we go to the water park?," Jake begged.

Jacob nodded. "Let's get a table for our stuff," he said.

We tossed our stuff on a table and went to The Wave. We got in and had fun until the waves stopped. I left The Wave and Jake and Mason followed me. I went to the Lazy River and got in. After a few times, I got out. Jake came with me. As soon as we got to the Hydro Racer, I noticed Mason wasn't with us. We were almost up to the top of the stairs when Jake said his stomach hurt. I said after this ride, we would go tell Jacob. We were about to race each other, when the person in front of us said to Jake, "Hey, why don't you go first?" Jake went down the Hydro Racer.

Once I was at the bottom of the Hydro Racer, I looked around for Jake. I couldn't find him. After I went on the Vortex, I decided to find Jacob. I looked around for a few minutes. Then, I spotted two other counselors. Jake and Mason were with them. I ran over to them.

"Where's Jacob?," I asked.

Mason shrugged. "We have to find Jacob or else we could get in big trouble!," I said.

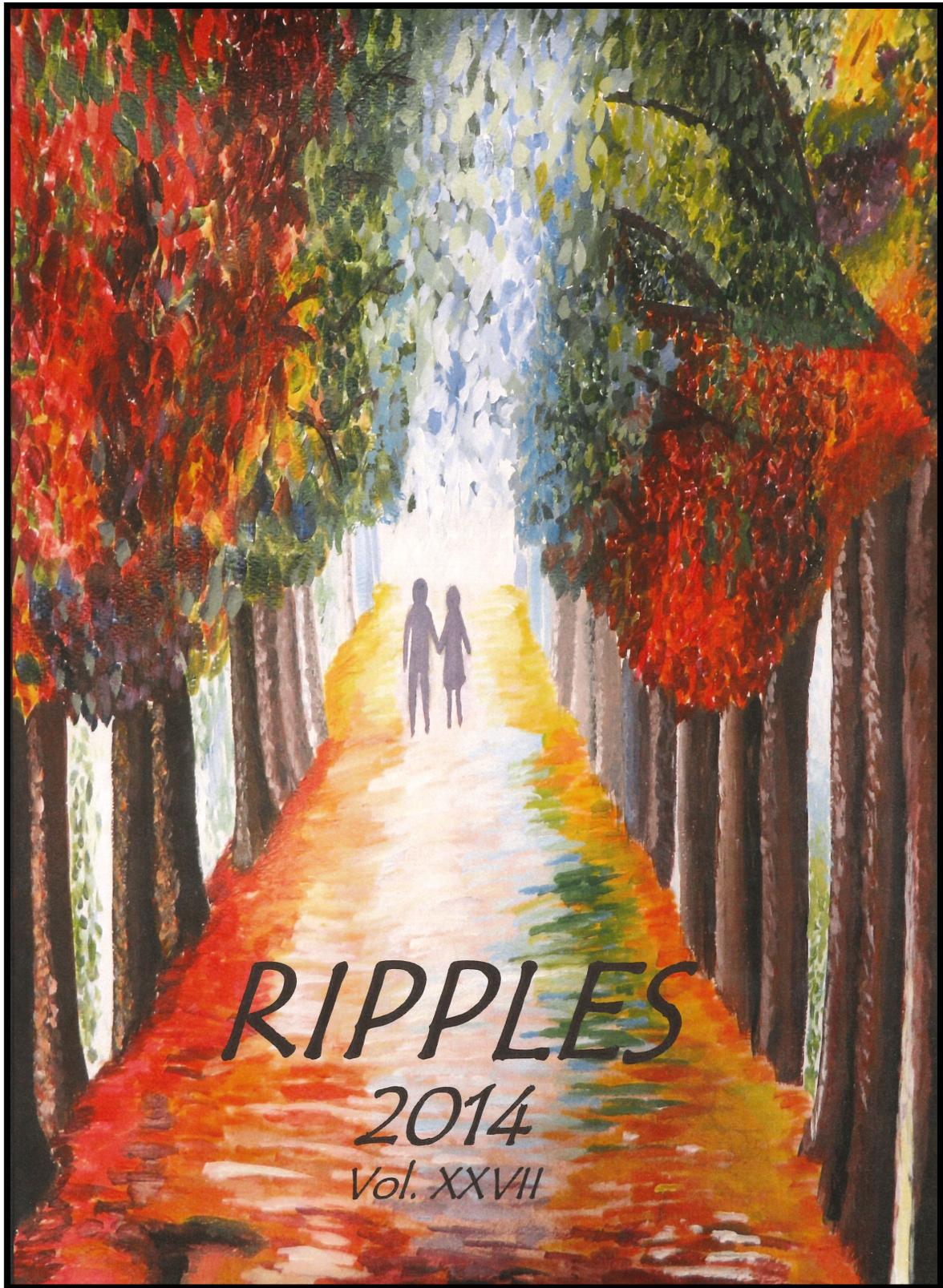
"Hey, who's that?" Jake pointed.

I gasped. "Jacob!," Mason yelled.

Jacob turned around. "Where were you?," I demanded.

"Sleeping," he replied and walked away. I was dumbstruck. Even though people say freaking out doesn't help, I did anyway.

Henry Wilson, Gr. 4



RIPPLES

2014

Vol. XXVII

“Fall Afternoon”, RIPPLES Cover 2014

Kali Scutt, Gr. 11

Snow White II: A Quest For Dopey's Voice

Preface

“Good Morning, Dopey.” Doc yawns, waking me up. Today feels different, although I can't quite put my finger on it. I continue to go through my normal morning routine; go to the bathroom, wash my face, brush my teeth, look at the calendar. wait a second! Today is the 20th! Snow White's birthday is only 2 days away. I don't even know what to get her.

I must go and see what the other dwarves are doing. Maybe they will give me an idea. They always said that I could talk if I was confident and tried hard enough. Let's go try.

Suddenly, Doc burst in the room. Doc exclaims, "Hurry up otherwise you'll be late for Cleaning Day!" I felt a tingle in my spine, a surge of energy. I was going to try and speak right now! My mouth was moving a mile a minute. I could feel the words breezing out of my mouth. Why hadn't I done this earlier? Here it comes, "Aw man, I really don't want to be late for cleaning day." I swear I said it out loud but Doc scolded me for playing fish face again. So much for talking. I guess I was going to have to come up with a different plan.

Chapter 1 - Presents and Problems

Later that evening, I was starting to work. Grumpy was complaining (what's new?) about how we have to work all day in the house cleaning and then venture to work.

“Why can't we just get a day off?” He had just finished his sentence when the bells chimed, “Hi Ho, Hi Ho.” It was off to work we all went, all except me that is.

Doc, being kind, asked me if I was coming and I shook my head no. I had come up with a brilliant plan! I was going to work late in the mines to look for a present for Snow White.

I was setting off into the deepest depths of the mines. Suddenly I heard the strangest sound. It was almost like I heard a voice echoing across the caves. I was instantly intrigued and so like a good dwarf does, I followed the sound. I was led to a beautiful cave filled with beautiful, sparkling rock walls. I think, “Snow White needs to have these.”

I started mining and the slab of wall sounded odd. I panicked thinking that someone had set me up and filled this place full of dynamite. A voice gently coaxed me to keep going. The first time I heard the voice, I thought I was going insane, developing schizophrenia. This time, it was like someone was standing next to me; like I was having a real conversation with a real human being. All of the sudden, a force strong enough to push a boulder, shoved me into mining the wall. I was going against my own will, like a spell had been placed over me. My hand and pickaxe were gliding through the rock as if it was water. Suddenly, the spell broke. All of a sudden, my arm got a jolt as the pickaxe hit something hard. I dug around to investigate after being reassured that it wasn't dynamite. It could be diamonds! You would never believe what was in there. There was a hollow opening inside the normal cobblestone. That must have been why the cobble sounded so odd.

Inside the crevice, there was a treasure chest with a strange set of engravings or scratches on the side of the wooden chest. I bet there were diamonds inside! I still had a hope of getting those precious minerals. Or even better, I could give them to Snow White! Maybe there was a secret message on the side. If so, I could decipher the code and get the key. I turned it over to its side and realized that the stone dust was revealing some sort of code. I rubbed some more, and got a couple of splinters but it was well worth trying to find a key for this thing. When I had uncovered the whole thing in stone dust, I pulled it out and tried to decode the riddle.

Chapter 2 - Alone or All In?

Before I read this I should decide if I should ask for help. If I ask the other dwarves, I may have a higher chance of success. There's also the fact that they can speak. That reminds me, I can't speak. I'd also have to share the treasure with them. The truth is, I kind of want this to be 'my thing'. I guess going solo is really my only option.

Back to the riddle, the scratch says. "I am trapped in a mirror and your voice is trapped too. Follow these clues and help me get out of this mirror and these two things can be free if you go to the place where the fake heart was found. Sincerely, Man in the Mirror." Maybe if I do what he says then I'll get the key and find diamonds inside for Snow White's birthday.

There's one small fluke in this plan. I have no idea what he or she is talking about! If I'd had a clue that I was about to go on a journey, I would have prepared; maybe read some joke books, done some Google searches. You get the idea. I am totally underprepared. Aside from that, I'm kind of on a time limit. Snow White's birthday is coming soon. When I say soon, I mean soon. Her birthday was on the 22nd, which leaves me only one single day. TOMORROW!

Chapter 3—Note Notice

The Voice suddenly shouts, "Go to the castle right away you silly boy. That's what the note means." So I hurried off to the castle. I looked up and down, left and right, even under the Queen's pedestal. Boy was that one a backbreaker! Still I just couldn't find the next note. So as a last resort, I looked in the box that held the pig's heart and there it was. It was right in between the heart and the velvet lining at the bottom. I would have completely overlooked this, except a tiny shred was poking out from under the moldy old heart. This lady must've had something completely wrong with her to want to keep something like that for so long. If it was me, I'd have disposed of that thing the second I laid eyes on it, but that's beside the point. Focus, Dopey, focus. The note said, "From here on out no more help from The Voice." No more Voice, what am I ever to do? Maybe I should just quit while I'm ahead. Besides, the sun is setting and it's getting dark. I'll just sleep on it and see how I feel in the morning.

Chapter 4 - Windows and Wells

Fresh from my deep slumber, I narrowed it down to two choices. I could either go to the wishing well or Snow White's window. I'm choosing to go to Snow White's window. From there, I have a perfect view of the well. On top of the well is a shard of a mirror. I wonder if it could be part of THE mirror? I can make out some scratches on it and I rush to the well in an instant to see if those scratches could be a clue. I was having trouble getting to the glass. I could reach for it. First, of all, I was and still am, too short. Even if I could reach, I would cut my hand. If I push the glass off without somehow cutting my hand, I could cut any other part of my body. I also have to make sure not to scratch the glass. So here's the plan. I have to get a stick so I can scrape the glass off the well into a cloth bag. Then put on some thick gloves and take it out to examine it. I accomplish all this and it is getting quite late. The glass indistinctly reads, "Part 2: Well, well, well, I see you have scratched the surface of this mystery. The next place you need to go is somewhere...."

Chapter 5 - Oops, I Got Tricked

A crow falling from the air had hit the glass and shattered it before I could finish reading it. All I can think about is how I'll never be able to get my voice back now. I have ruined a further part of the riddle ride.

From the midst of my moping, I almost didn't think that it could be a trick. After all, this guy seems to know everywhere I go. He knew where I would go for the clues, and hey, wait a minute. Now that I think about it, the fake heart. Maybe this whole thing is fake. He didn't even care enough to put in a real heart. Maybe he is thinking of something that we have less than three of and can scratch things.

Chapter 6 - I'm Chosen to be Evil?

That crow falling. Something less than three is 1. We have one evil talking crow. Yes, the crow does talk. Maybe the crow is The Voice. The fake heart was found on top of the stairs not in the castle. They tried to trick me! But, what if the crow and the Magic Mirror are working together. Maybe without their ruler they need a new one. But who could that new ruler be? I know, I bet these people are very smart. They set out a bunch of riddles to see who is smart enough to be their new leader. The Evil queen was mean, but she wasn't silly. So the crow and the mirror have chosen me to do these quests to see if I can become the new ruler of them. I bet he has chosen me to set them free. After all, he said he is trapped and he is hiding my VOICE! I have to go see him to see if he can give me my voice before morning!! Off to the Evil Queen's lair!

Chapter 7 - How the Crow Caws

I finally get there and the spell book is lying open. The crow is sitting on it and he is holding a potion in his claw. I am worried that he is going to use it on me when I realize that the spell book is open to a page that grants rule to whoever drinks the potion. I get excited when I notice that he has an excited, almost expecting look on his face. I realize that behind him there is the Magic Mirror with a shard of glass missing from the corner.

"I'm here for the coronation!" I attempted to say.

"What do you mean, coronation?," The crow asks.

"The quest? To become king? Wait you can hear me?," I ask.

"Of course I can hear you! You're in the magical, I mean my evil lair, ha-ha!" The crow caws.

"Go back home, there is nothing here for you." The magic mirror says hypnotically.

I obey especially when the crow caws, "Or else."

As I'm leaving I hear them say, " And now to proceed onto the coronation." The crow chugs the potion. It didn't work! Phew!

Chapter 8 - Nothing and Naïve

I return to the mines, defeated. I go back to the chest and discover that it was never locked. I should've checked. Anyways, I should open it shouldn't I? Okay I'll open it on 3. One, two, three. I can't do this. I must. GO! It's empty.

"You can talk! I always knew you could," Doc exclaims. I realized that Doc was standing right behind me! "You must show Snow White right now! That will surely surprise her!"

I replied by saying, "I can't. I need to find a birthday gift for her." I tried explaining. It turns out that they were in on this the whole time. I'm still not sure what to get her, but it's getting late. I should go to bed and get some rest.

Chapter 9 - Birthday Botheration

Today is Snow White's birthday. I guess I'll have nothing to give her. Maybe one of the other dwarves will let me in on one of their gifts. Sneezzy was making her a flower bouquet, but he couldn't stop sneezing while making it so the flowers had little to no petals left and were just stems. Grumpy was well, grumpy and he wouldn't share. Bashful was too shy to even tell me what he was getting her. Happy wanted to surprise Snow White and didn't want me to spoil the surprise. Sleepy was snoozing and I didn't want to wake him. He probably made her something little, like a card. That reminds me! I could make her a card! I wonder if Doc would know where some supplies would be. As a bonus, I still haven't asked him what he's getting Snow White.

I found Doc later in the mines. I ask him if he knows where any supplies for making a card would be. He was just about to respond when the cuckoo clock chimed in with a call from Happy. He let us know that Snow's party was going to start in a matter of minutes and that we should start the trek home. I still hadn't gotten anything to give her. Doc insisted that I show Snow White that I can talk. I wanted something more special.

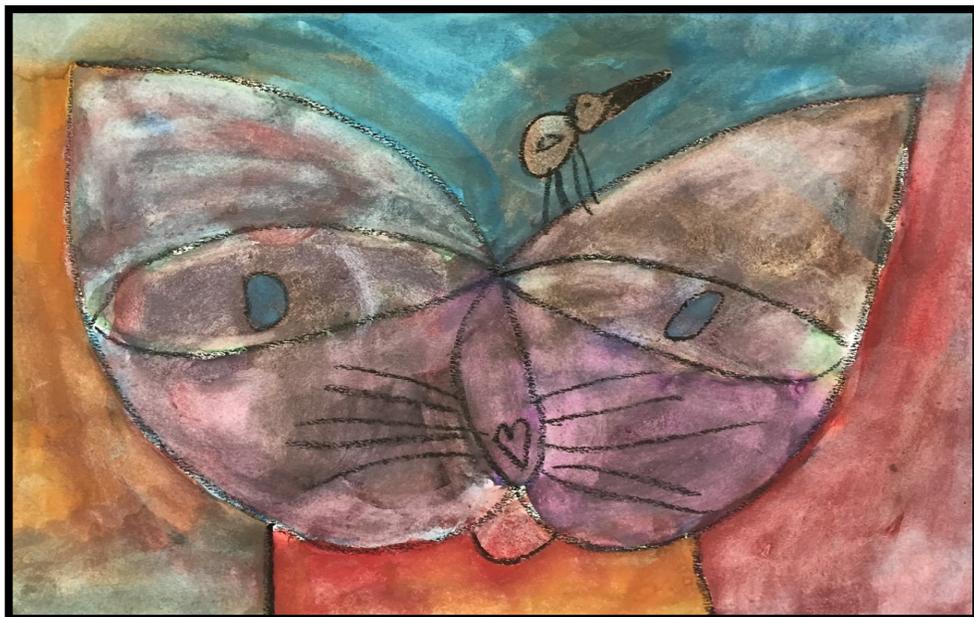
I was last to give Snow her gift from me. My hands started feeling clammy and I started sweating like crazy. I didn't know if she was going to like my gift. It wasn't super fancy like the other dwarves. At least Sneezzy actually took time when he made her a gift. I opened my mouth. I was starting to speak when all of the sudden my words started to mix with the sweet breeze coming through the window and before I knew it, I was singing. The dwarves joined in on their instruments. It seemed to be over in an instant. I was waiting to see Snow White's reaction. I was on pins and needles. Her jaw dropped open. She hugged me so hard, I thought she would strangle me from the force of that hug. I guess that you don't have to get something fancy in order for someone to love it!

Leah Cavagnaro, Gr. 6

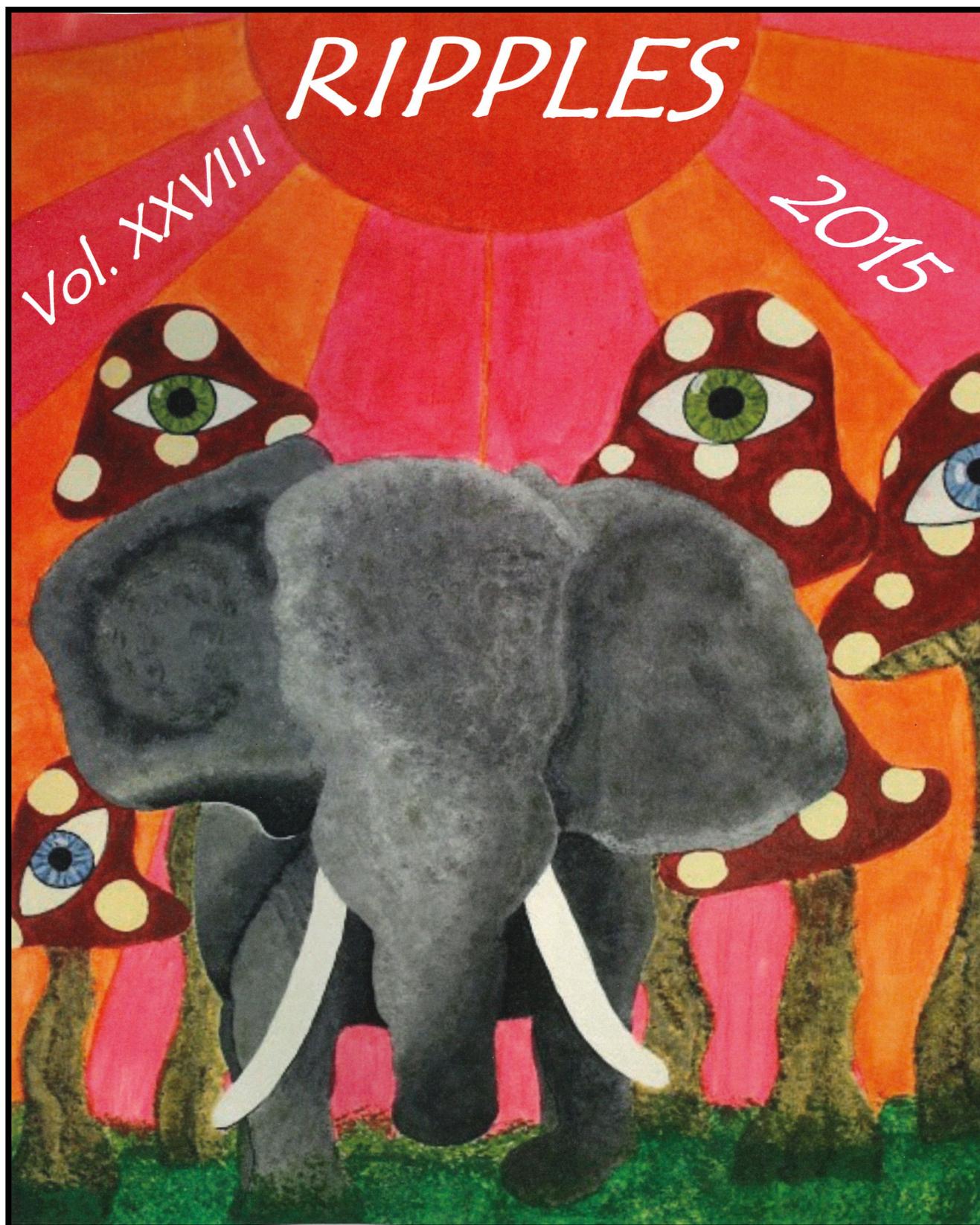
Life

*Life was born from chaos
Life cannot be tamed
Love was born from blood
Love cannot be tamed
Jealousy was born from the stars
Jealousy cannot be tamed
Monsters were born from desire
Monsters cannot be contained
Spiders were born from women
Women can be powerful
Snakes were born from wrath
Snakes cannot be contained
Bulls were born from the sea
The Sea cannot be tamed*

Seerat Kaur, Gr. 5



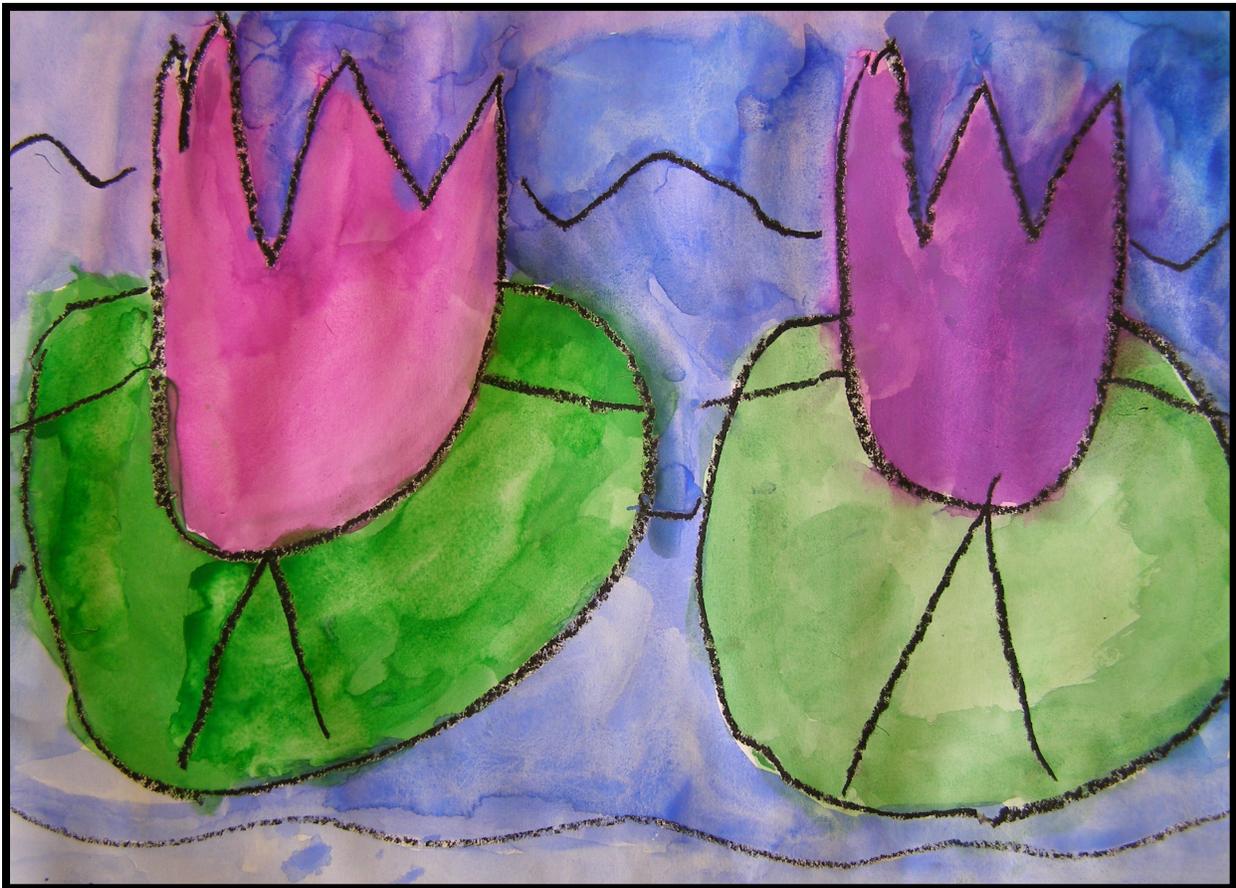
***Paul Klee Inspired "Cat With Bird"
Daniel Marks, Gr. 1***



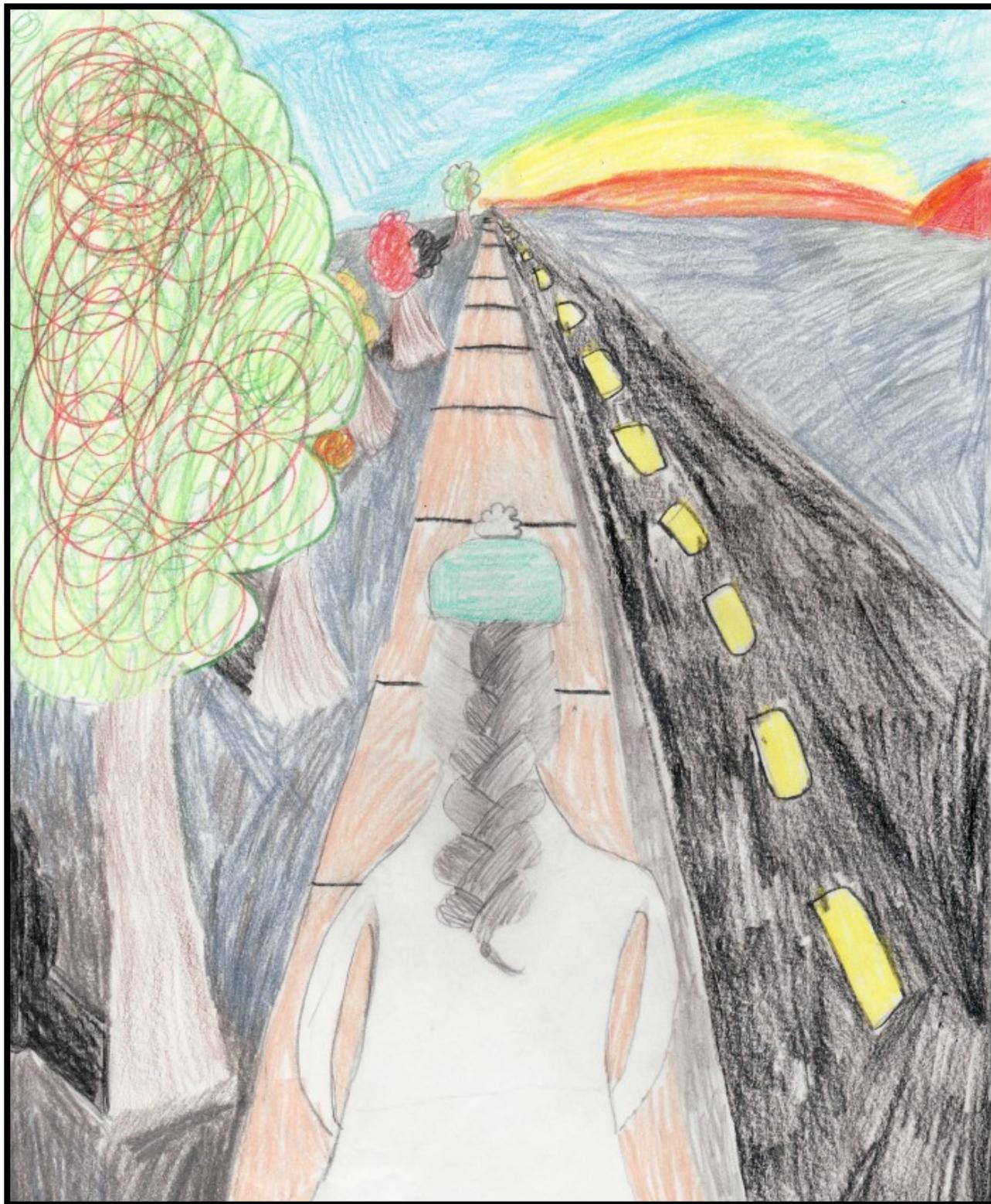
*“Elephant”, RIPPLES Cover 2015
Angela Wilber, Gr. 11*



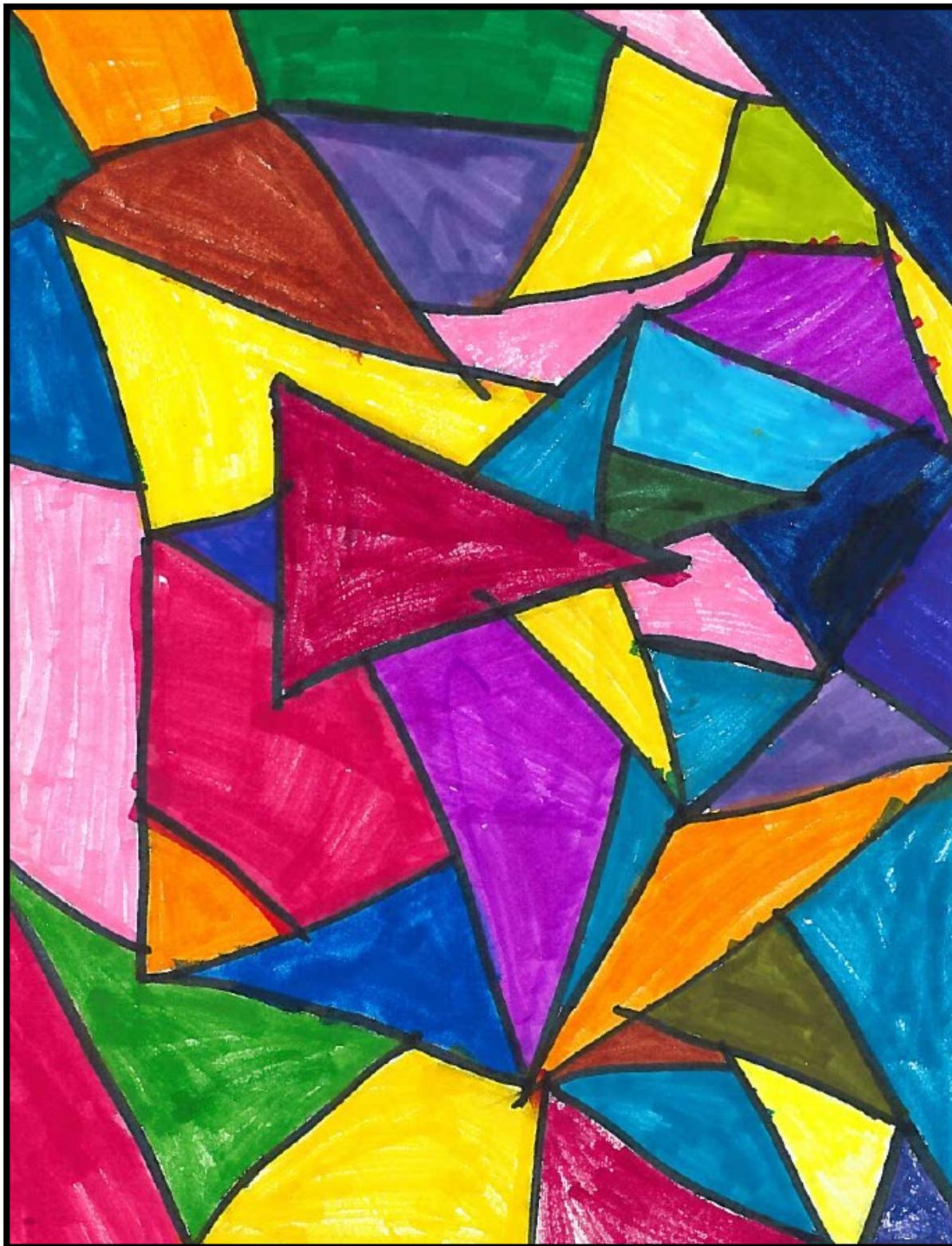
*“Farm”
JoJo Kachmaryk, Gr. 4*



*“Water Lilies”, RIPPLES 2009
Dainaira Goldthwait, Gr. K*



***“Untitled”
Leah Cavagnaro, Gr. 6***



*“Shapes and Colors”
Sofia Damaske, Gr. 4*

Meet Government Agency

Book 1: The Beginning

It was a bright sunny day. Government Agency was discussing with her friend if she should hire employees for her government job. "Yes," Liya said. "You should hire your friends or who you think is a good, hard worker."

I walked around my room searching for my notebook like a tiger searching for its prey. "You're right, you're hired!" I said while noticing Liya make a faint grin and hop around the room like a bunny.

We also decided to hire our other friends May, Penny, Gisele, Ana, Mya and Adeline. Luckily, they were all hard working and tough.

Two Hours Later

All of us went to our seats. There was one huge problem we had to discuss. "Donald Trump is a disgrace to our country, he is doing a horrible thing!" Adeline and Gisele stated with strong, loud voices.

"He is building or already built a wall blocking off Mexico from the United States!" Ana exclaimed.

"Calm down everybody! Mya said, knowing I would thank her and possibly give her a raise. Oh, by the way, did I ever mention we are six and seven year olds?"

"Okay all. I am going to call Donald Trump and tell him to get rid of the wall!," I screamed over the voices I still heard. Suddenly, the once quiet room became loud with sounds of clapping and screeching for the change of Trump's action.

I called his number, he picked up. "Hello, is this Donald Trump?" I asked into the phone.

"Yes this is, who are you and why have you called?," he asked back.

"My name is Government Agency and my employees and I have a complaint," I said.

"Oh, um, what is the complaint about?," he asked nervously.

"It's about the wall you have made," I said proudly.

"Not more of these. Well um, what do you want me to do about it?," he asked. .

"Well, I want you to either make it smaller or destroy it," I responded.

"I haven't made it yet but it will cost 22 million dollars," he said feeling responsible and happy.

"Shrink it to 6 feet and give me all that money to make it," I demanded.

"You're lucky you work in the government Ms. Agency," he said. "I'll send it to you in a suitcase. Also, how old did you say you were?" he asked.

“Don’t worry about that, just do as I tell you.” I responded in a deep voice.

I hung up and waited a few days for the suitcase to arrive. It’s not like I really needed it. I already have more than 1000 billion dollars.

A couple days later when I wasn’t busy at all, the suitcase ended up on my front steps tilted sideways with a note from Donald Trump taped to the top. The note said:

Dear Ms. Agency,

Here is the money you asked for. I don’t really understand the huge deal about the wall. Anyhow, I have made the wall six feet tall and since you work in the government, there is 42 million dollars in the suitcase. Enjoy the money and use it wisely. There are some schedules in the case that I want you to look at that talk about when I want you to meet my client Sophia. Ok, I’m done talking, have a nice day and enjoy the money!

From your dearest president,

Donald Trump

I glanced at the paper and was able to make out some words but he wrote the words in a weird font looking like a paper of a scribbled mess.

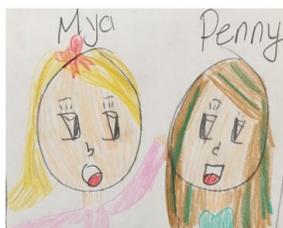
A few days later

Finally, I decided what to do with the money. I am throwing a disco party tomorrow with all my government friends celebrating the loss of Trump’s wall! “It is going to be awesome!,” I thought. Adeline, May and Mya decided to help me with the preparations. Here is the To-Do-List:

- Fruit plate*
- Disco party flooring*
- Pepsi and punch*
- Decorations*
- Party outfits*
- Photo booth*

I bet we can get this done in time! It doesn't look too hard!

I have taken a few pictures with my friends and me. They’re right down there:



Minutes later

I heard this ringing noise in the middle of the night. It was my phone going off. Once the noise stopped, I checked to see what the problem was. It was the judge of a courthouse asking me to join him the next day. I wondered what I could've done. I don't know, but I guess we'll find out tomorrow.

The next day...

Penny, Adeline and I went to the courthouse. We noticed the many people crunched up in lines to get out. I sat in a chair towards the front of the room by the judge. The judge's name was Michael. "Settle down, settle down," Judge Michael said to my friends who were being super loud. "We are here today for Ms. Agency to give me what I have needed," Judge Michael said with a softer voice.

"What would that be?" I mumbled under my breath but somehow he heard.

"You owe me half your money you have because I help you!," he yelled.

"Um, well sorry but, NO!," I screamed when I shouldn't have.

"Then you're fired!," he said seriously.

"You can't fire me! I work in the Government Agency and I created it!," I scolded, "You're fired!," I yelled back.

"You can't fire me, I'm a Judge!," Judge Michael yelled.

"You sure about that?," I exclaimed. "You can help me but I can work on my own.," I yelled back at him.

"UUGGHH!," Judge Michael screamed. "Get out of here!" he demanded.

Suddenly, we were pushed out of the room by Judge Michael's guards and ended up on a bus driving toward my house.

Celia Falsone, Gr. 5

Color Me In Your Blues

*You were blue
I was a mixture of fluorescent colors
You touched me and the world fell dull
Your light was clear
No meaning, no harm
I mean you no harm
He's just too blue to feel your color
Wrap him in fluorescent shields
Shower him in solitude
Your mood will wonder blue*

Desirea Goodrich, Gr. 11



***Paul Klee Inspired "Cat With Bird"
Jacob Reinhardt, Gr. 1***

Paintings

Painting One

The panda was normal looking at first. But then it began to look more abstract. More colorful. More lively. It started with a few strokes of blue upward from the nose. The white and blue contrasted and yet didn't look right. Then a bit of fuchsia underneath the eyes. Dark ebony eyes. This looked nothing like the panda he had seen at the zoo. But yet, it looked more free, more colorful, more lively.

Painting Two

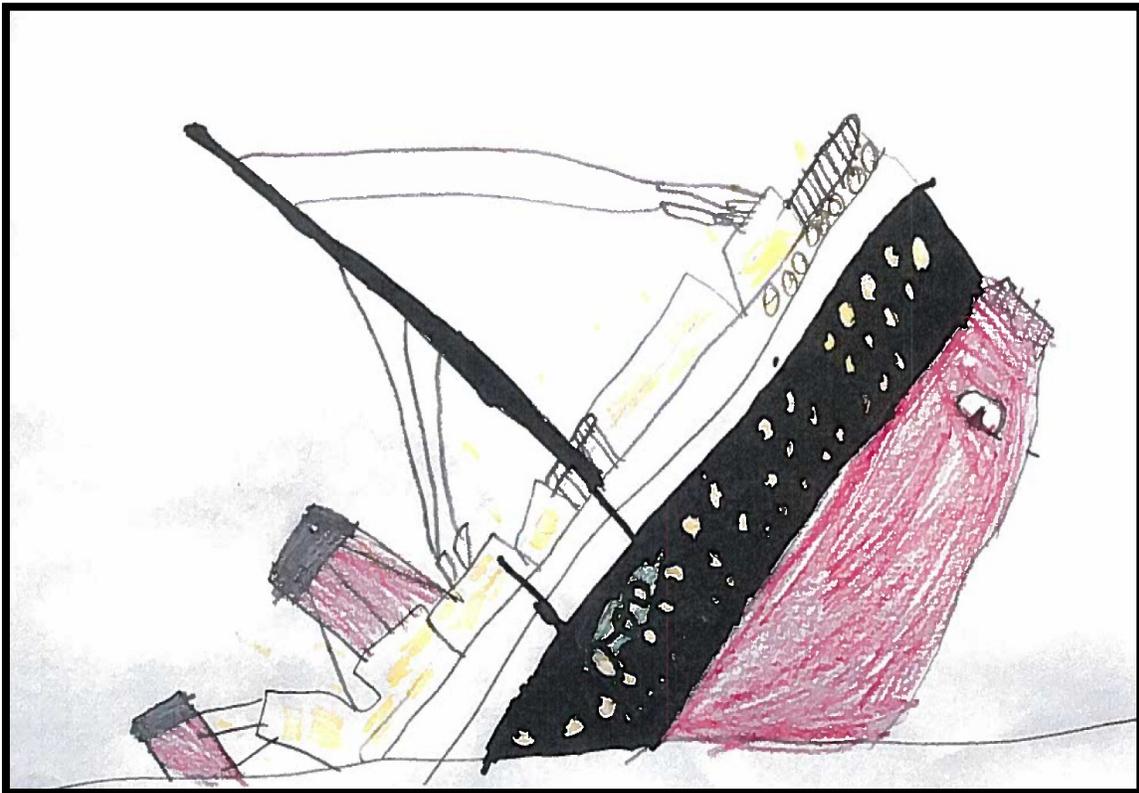
He wished he had made the sky a morning sky, not an afternoon sky. The purples and oranges looked too bright. The sun could not be seen. The trees looked too light. The bushes looked like mistakes.

Painting Three

The dragon he had seen in his dreams was not green, but purple, its breath was not blue, but red. Everything was wrong. But everyone said it was perfect. The scales were mixed with gold. They were supposed to be mixed with blue.

Everything in the pictures were wrong yet they showed his memories. His dreams. His hopes. These were his paintings.

Seerat Kaur. Gr. 5



"Untitled"
Ethan Bradshaw, Gr. 4

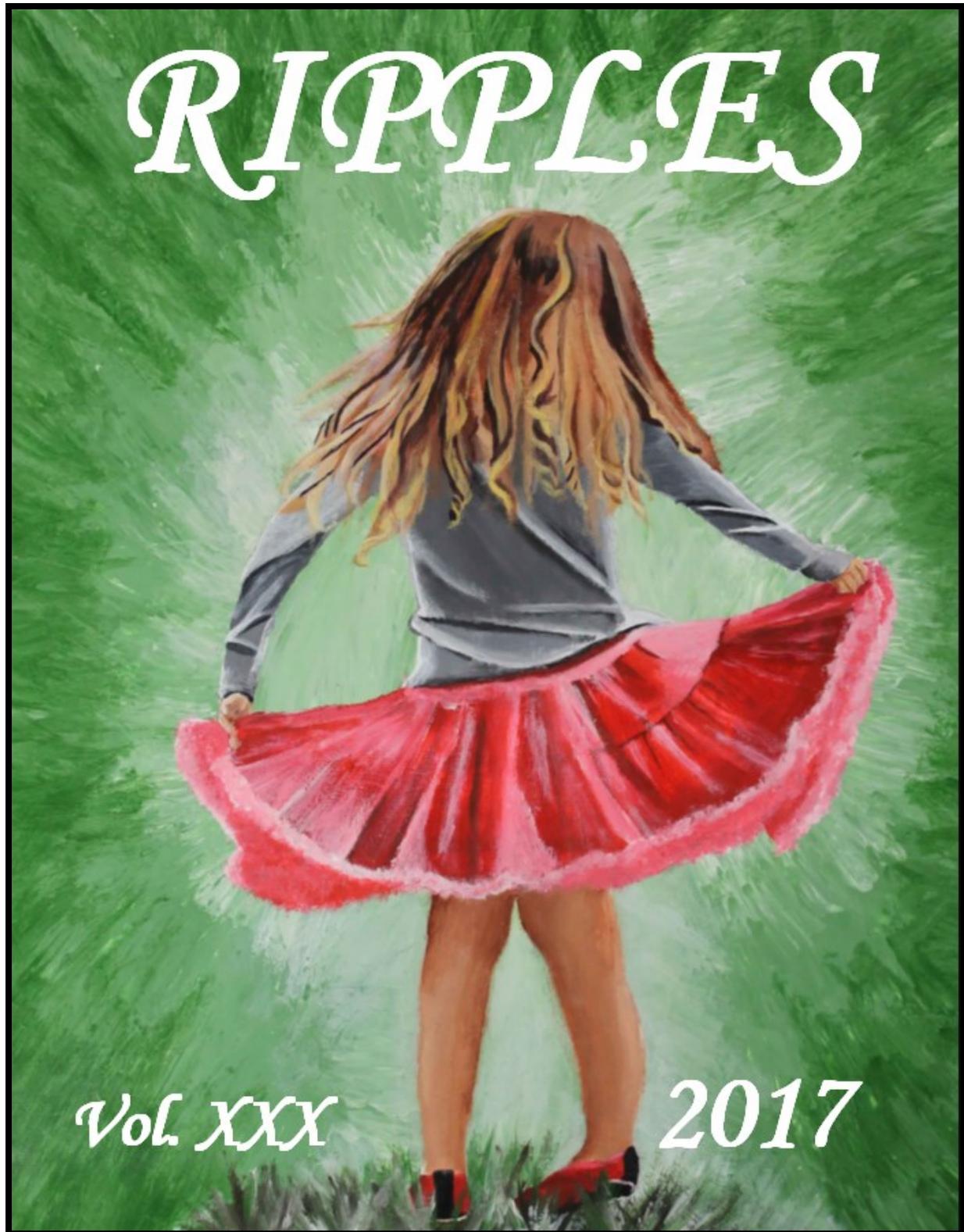
Words Are Only Meaningful Sounds

*Words are a collection of sounds that we tie emotions to
The emotions tied to varying sounds can be changed by one word
Or by many
Decided by the tone of other noise
And previous words already said
The sounds can influence a person
From the first heartbeat
To the last thought
Words are only mere octaves spoken oddly
Yet they can change a life until the end*

Michael Burghdurf, Gr. 11



***“The Colorful Sky of London”
Hailey Sherman, Gr. 8***



*"Twirl", RIPPLES 2017
Alyssa Jackson, Gr. 12*

Mirror, Mirror

Hanging right beside the bed, I have a perfect view of the entire room. I see beautiful cherry blossoms outside the open balcony window. A creamy white desk in the corner and the big closet full of cool, colored gowns. Silky, soft, scarlet sheets spread upon the unmade bed. Books scattered about, some on the bed and some on the dresser, even in the closet. "Tall tales of Tabitha Taylor" or "Canary of Crutchfield Cove", always on the bookshelf.

"I will be throwing my party at Paradise Beach," Jane said to herself as she wrote it down in her heavily guarded journal. Jane was always one to think out loud which is how I know almost everything about Jane. Her full name is Janette Mary Jones. How do I know? Her mother uses her full name when she doesn't clean her room, and very loudly. I swear if she raises her voice any higher she will make me crack into itty bitty pieces.

Today Jane had gone off somewhere with the rest of her family and I was all alone. Oh but wait! I caught a glimpse of the papers she was writing. 'Dearest sister Lucy, how are you? It has been ages since we spoke!' I never knew that Jane had a sister, I'm guessing older ; maybe gone to college or she had gotten a job in a far off country.

Soon enough Jane had come home and with a nice lady. I think maybe in her twenties, older than Jane, because Jane was only ten. Oh wait, this must be Lucy! "Lucy this is my mirror." It is Lucy, I knew it! "Oh, yes this mirror used to be mine. When I left for college, mother gave it to you."

Then everything came rushing back. Lucy used to be in Jane's bedroom. She used to play dress up and she used to ask who was the fairest of them all. And those books, those were Lucy's too. That's why every time Jane read out loud I knew what would happen. Lucy and Jane both had a habit of talking out loud. "Oh, how I missed this mirror," Lucy said tracing the frame with one perfectly sculpted finger.

"We can share it if you want," Jane said.

"Oh, how I would love that, being back together with my two favorite people in the world!,"

"Really, we could both have the mirror?," Lucy asked, joy in her angelic voice.

"Really," Jane replied. Lucy pulled Jane into a tight embrace.

Now Lucy stays in Jane's room and there is always something to talk about. Lucy brought some new books to read, and we would read them right before going to sleep. Jane says that she wants to be a writer when she grows up and is always working on a new story. The girls grow more beautiful each day. I feel as if I am a part of the family.



*“Peacock Painting”, RIPPLES 2016
Kia Colloca, Gr. K*

New Girl, New World: The First Days

Summer: Leah

My life was perfect. I had friends, I had teachers, and I had nice neighbors. That all changed in an instant. I came home one day and my mom was lecturing my older brother. About what? Who knew? At least, I didn't until the lecture came to me.

We were moving. To a miniscule town in Western, New York. I only had three months until the big move. Wish me lots of luck.

Summer: Maddie

It was just a normal summer day. It was hot out and the sun was shining. I was at a pool party thinking about school, when suddenly I had a feeling that something weird was going to happen.

First day of school: Leah

It was a deep breath later that I was on my way to torture. I got on the bus and surprise! There's no empty seats. I saw a girl and she looked to be a nice girl. It was extremely awkward. I remained silent, hoping not to make any enemies.

We got to school a few short minutes later. I was going to talk to that girl. It was impossible. Yet here I was walking up to her locker asking her what her schedule was. We had all of our classes together. I hope that we can stay friendly.

First day of school: Maddie

Beep. Beep. Beep. It was a normal day for me. I woke up on the first day of sixth grade. I got ready for the day. Turned on the television.

Ten minutes later...

I got on the bus. "Hello," said my bus driver. "Hi," I said, and sat down in my seat. We were almost to school when we stopped at a new house. I thought it was an older student since it was the first day of middle school on the early bus. But when the bus driver opened up the doors I knew it was a new kid in my grade because this girl was just so cute and sweet and short. She asked to sit with me and I said, "Sure," knowing she looked sweet.

As I opened my locker to put my backpack away this girl came up to me and asked, "What is your schedule?" We looked at our schedules and look at that; we had the same classes. Great! I thought. This is going to be fun! I felt like I just stabbed a piece of glass into my stomach. I was so nervous, especially around this new girl.

Lunch Leah:

That was the least of my troubles. Lunch was a very different story. I sat alone in a sea of gray. It was awful. I just wanted to go home. To Spencerport, not Bloomfield. Then, "That Girl" walked by. She hesitated for what seemed like forever, then walked on. She hadn't noticed me. She must have been scanning for her little clique.

Lunch was finally over. I climbed up the stairs and guess what I saw. That girl! She just can't stay away from me! She was trying not to cry. I asked her what was wrong and she handed me her phone.

Maddie Lunch:

The bus ride and the classes were nothing! Lunch was even better. I was going to find my group when I passed by the new girl. "Should I?", I asked myself as I walked by her. No. I'm sure someone else like her will sit with her, but nobody did. I sat down with my group and watched her eat her lunch, swimming in a sea of sadness.

When I was done with lunch I went into the gym to play some kickball. The bell rang. Back to class for me. As I was walking back to my class, my phone vibrated in my pocket. I thought it was my mom asking how my day was going but it wasn't. It read...

Grandma: Hate to bother u, but r u free?

Me: Heading back 2 lunch now, why??

Grandma: I called the office, u r coming 2 my house after school

Me: Why???

Grandma: Ur mom is in the hospital!!

Me: What?? Why?

Grandma: She just passed out. I came to say hi, and she was just lying on the floor.

Me: OMG!! Where r the kids

Grandma: With me, should be fine

Me: R u sure?

Grandma: Yeah. Luv u

Me: K. Got 2go.

I was upset when I was heading back upstairs. New girl saw me and asked what happened. I said, "Thanks for asking," and showed her the text's.

Home: Leah

I had met a girl who seemed OKAY and she asked me for my phone number. Later I had gotten eight texts saying, "Hi! " What had I gotten myself into?

Group Text:

Girl Pwr!!!!

Brynn: Hi fam!

Sofie: Sup dudes

Maddie: Hey

Riley: I added a new person to the group chat!

Brynn: Who?

Riley: The new girl

Maddie: Really.

Sofie: Ugh, of course u did

Leah: Hi?

Sofie: How much did u hear?

Riley: Give her a chance. She might actually be a nice girl. Just give her a few days.

Brynn: Maybe. But if not.....

Leah: Uh...Thanks... I guess...

Leah: BTW I got all the messages... DW its ok

The next day of school: Leah

It was extremely awkward the next day. I still didn't know who anyone was or who I texted last night but I soon found out in a weird way. That girl who showed me her texts, I wonder if she was in the group text. School was fine, classes easy. I even got one of the same worksheets that I got last year! Then 10th period arrived shoving the smelly, sweaty, disarming locker room in my innocent face.

The next day at school: Maddie

The next morning I woke up. I felt sort of normal. I checked my phone like I do every morning, but I had a message from an unknown number.

GYM CLASS: Leah

I changed and then got out of there as fast as possible. To my pleasure the teachers announced that we were running laps on the track. You were required to run two laps, but I convinced the gym teachers to let me run three laps. I love running track but when we got inside my spirits were crushed. I felt the lump in my throat, the tears stinging my eyes, my breaths shortening. We were doing kickball. The only reason; Friday. I had a very bad history with kickball. My face is like a big magnet. Balls love to fly into

my face and knock my glasses off. I don't know why I still wear them into class. As an added bonus, there were high school students in the class. Great. This is going to go so well!

Gym Class: Maddie

I went in the locker room and got changed, I looked over and I saw the new girl, huddled in the corner, changing faster than the wind. Maybe she is good at sports, I thought. Boy was I wrong.

We ran the track, she 3 laps instead of 2. I thought my hypothesis was right. We went back inside and played kickball. She was on my team. Yes! She is a good runner, but she hung out in the back. The other team went onto the field. The ball was coming right towards her. Catch it! She flinched. Great! Then she kicked. It wasn't her best, at least I sure hoped it wasn't. She was running to second when the ball hit her smack dab in the face! Her glasses even fell off! I started laughing. She looked at me and started crying. Oh no, should I feel bad for not helping her? Should I go over and make sure she is okay? Should I congratulate her for not getting out? What do I do? I felt so bad, it was like watching a puppy running into the road.

To be continued....

Madison Aycock, Gr. 6



***“Drawing Sink”, RIPPLES 2010
Naomi Moore, Gr. 10***

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A Magazine for Creative Expression

Publisher/Editor

Mary Harvey

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Red Creek Central
Williamson Central

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3. All submitted work must have a coversheet attached with teacher and parent signatures.
4. Although written work will be checked for grammar and spelling, it is encouraged that work be edited and checked by students and teachers before it is submitted. If this is not done to the satisfaction of the editor, written work will be returned to the student for editing and may be resubmitted.

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