

INFINITE RICHES...



WARWICK SCHOOL

INFINITE RICHES

A collection of original writings
with illustrations

by

The Fifth and Sixth Grade Students

of

Warwick Elementary School

Jamison, Pennsylvania

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Infinite Riches is the result of the combined efforts of fifth and sixth grade students. However, it could not have been produced without the typing and technical processing performed by:

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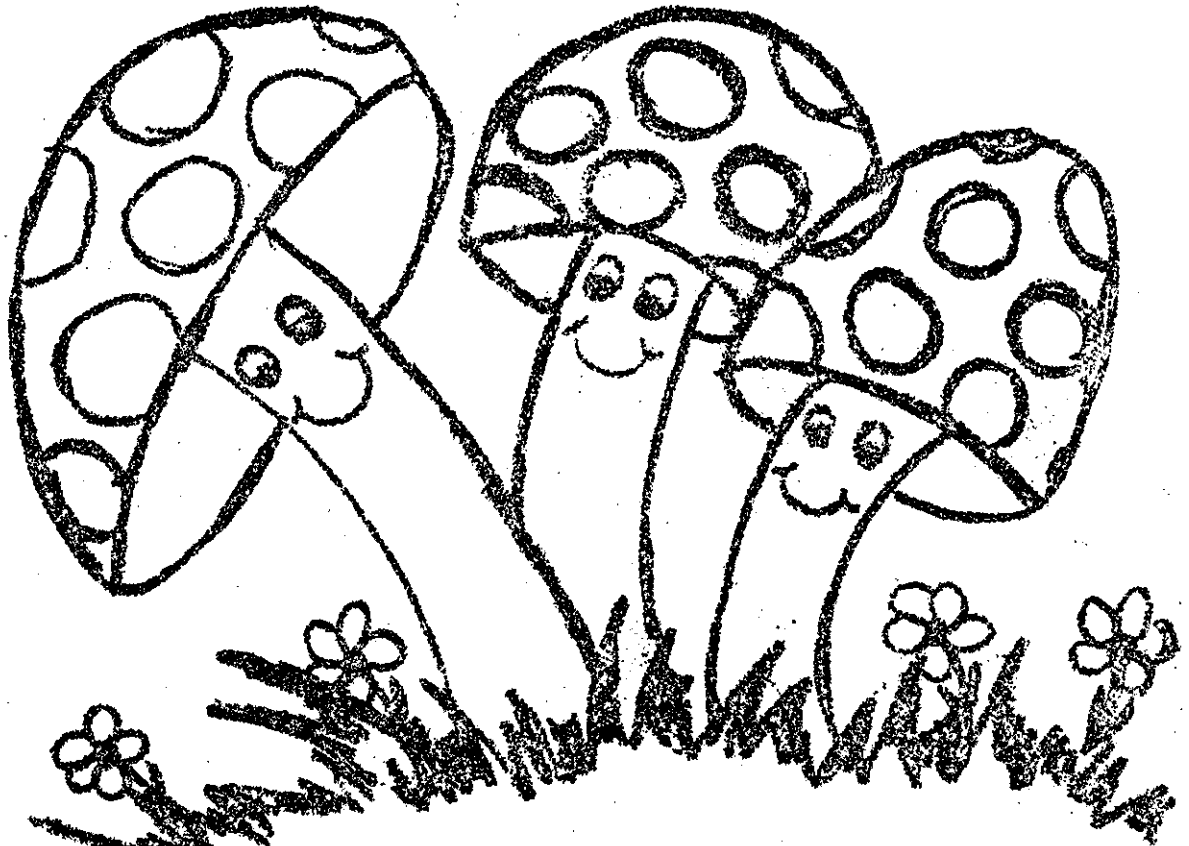
Beth Atkinson

Donna Howarth

Roselle Lopes

To all of these people, we wish to express our gratitude.

Springs Awakening



By Dee Dee Salvador



RAIN

The sky is dark
The streets are a shiny mirror
The umbrellas look like spring
flowers
Popping up everywhere.

Diamond drops are on everything
The thunder is like a noisy train
The lightning flashes as it passes
by
A lonely fire alarm.

A red light turns around and around
With a spooky, ghostly sound
People running from building to
building
No one takes their time.
Mary Mizenko

Storm
Rain, wind
Striking, destroying, burning
Thunder, lightning, warmth, fun
Shining, soothing, clearing
Clear, fresh
Sunshine.
Russ Salvador

WALK IN THE WOODS

I went for a walk in the woods one
day,
And I saw the cows eating their hay,
I walked farther on down the road
And I almost stepped on a baby toad.
After that I went into the woods
I wanted to go swimming, but I
didn't know if I should
I look at the trees
And see some birds and leaves.
As I go farther on, I see the creek
Then the crow gives a real loud
shriek.
Now I see my brother following
close behind
Brothers are the part of spring
I mind.
Neil Werley

What's that in the sky?
The wind took it away
Splash in the water, brown.
Mary Mizenko

RAINDROPS

A rainbow of natural beauty
At the end a pot of shiny gold
coins.
Ducks playing in a puddle of rain
Umbrellas go up in a hurry.

The rain washes dirt off the street
Moistens the ground so plants can
drink
After it stops, it leaves a fresh,
clean scent.
Drop after drop running down the
window pane.

First it rains, then showers, then
storms,
We can't go out because it's too
wet.
It's really just a big bore
Trying to keep amused.

Doreen Milks
Flowers
Colors, bright
Picking, growing, waving
Bundles of bright happiness
Tulips.

Beth Atkinson

SPRING

In the spring there are lots of
green trees
And everyone sits around at ease
When you take out your bike
And go on a real long hike.

It is when all the bugs come back
And begin to bite and attack.
It's when flowers start to bloom
And when spring smell is in my
room.

It's when kids hate to go to school
And the weather feels kind of cool.
It's when the leaves are green
And the squirrels are seen.
Chris Cole

Green grass coming back
Flowers blooming all over
Spring is here again.
Shelley Craig

SPRING

Look out the window, can you see?
There's greener grass with budding
trees.

Rainy days are coming and going
Get out the lawn mowers, the lawn
needs mowing.

Birds are coming back home again
The robin, bluejays, and the wren.
There are warmer days and shorter
nights
And weather is good for flying
kites.

Crocuses are popping up all around
Asparagus and rubarb can now be
found.

The smell of air is fresh and new.
I love the spring, don't you?

Beth Atkinson

Flowers
Soft, colorful
Beautiful, wild, blossom
Gathering honey from flowers
Buds.

Marianne Oliver

SPRING

In spring the birds sing
In the spring the bees go zing,
zing, zing.

The leaves turn green
Then you look at the beautiful
scene.

Motorcycles zoom up the highway
People fight to get on a chilly
stairway
Leaves are on the trees so stout
Fireflies are coming out.

Men get their license to catch
trout
Too late now, their supply ran out!
People go to parks and sit around
Good ol' gophers start to come
out of the ground.

Bobby Shimp

Birds come back to us
Snowmen are melting away
Flowers are blooming.

Tom Tolan

SPRING

The flowers are growing and trees
are all budding,
Everything's awakening to spring's
warm call.

The birds are singing and making
their nests
For they want their children to
have the best.

The robin red-breasts are return-
ing home

For they have no other need to
roam.

The bumble bees are starting to
buzz

In your ear and up above.

Now that spring's here your trou-
bles begin

With raking and weeding you just
can't win.

You cut the grass all day long
You try to be happy and sing a
song.

Marianne Oliver

The snowman melting
The thunderstorms are coming
To water the crops.

Peter Cavanaugh

SIGNS OF SPRING

Spring is the time of the year
When the air is fresh and clear
The days are nice and warm
Overhead great flocks of birds
swarm.

Flowers are sprouting here and
there
Farmers are planting everywhere.
The grass is starting to turn
green
Baby animals can be seen.

The nights get short, the days
get long
The birds will sing their happy
song.
The kids will laugh and have their
fun

Playing under the bright warm sun.
Lisa Schorr

SPRING

Spring is the season when flowers
come out
Spring is the season when children
shout
Spring is the season for wearing
shorts
Spring is the season for playing
sports.

Spring is the season when every-
thing's green
Spring is the season when the
world smell clean
Spring is warm and that's the
reason
Why spring is my favorite season.
JoAnn Slack

HAPPINESS

Happiness is the fun of growing up
And the feeling of holding a
little baby pup.
Happiness is lying in the sunshine
And on your birthday turning nine.

Happiness is doing a good deed
And being helped by a friend when
you're in need.
Happiness is having a friend
And writing with your first pen.
Carlee Goodwin

SPRING

Spring is the time when surprising
things happen,
Trees start budding and flowers
start poppin',
The birds start chirping and come
from the south,
And all the animals' heads start
poking out.

There is a lot of cleaning that
needs to be done,
All the animals are raising their
young.
People are preparing for the warmer
days,
And all the bugs go about their ways.

All the farmers are plowing their
fields,
And the daffodils are pointing
their yellow shields.

The grass is growing and turning green.
And there are a lot of plants and flowers to be seen.--Roselle Lppez

SPRING

When the animals wake up you know
it's spring
The bluejay and the robin start
to sing
The days get warm
The bumble bees swarm.

Farmers are planting their crops
The snowfall stops
The grass turns green
The birds are seen.

The ice starts to melt
The warm breezes are felt
The air is clean
Mother Nature is on the scene.
Russell Salvador

Rain

Cold, shiny
Dripping, falling, dropping
Drips, water, sun, rays
Shining, drying, warming
Bright, hot
Sunshine.

Suzanne Rush

SPRING

Spring brings kids in soft, light
jackets,
Wheeling bikes, badminton rackets
Spring is full of tie-dyed shirts,
Kids getting haircuts down at
Bert's.

All the time the sky is blue,
And you can hear a cow say "Moo".
Everyday you see more birds
And a picture is worth a million
words.

Anytime you go outside
The world will seem to open wide.
Spring brings kids in soft, light
jackets
Wheeling bikes, badminton rackets.
David Watts

As the bright red flowers
Started to grow and bloom
Outside in the warm sun.
Mike Wambold

Roselle Lopez

SPRING FLOWERS

A little stem pokes up through the
ground,
A new flower waits to be found,
Spring is the time when all the
buds
Change into their fresh new duds!
The crocuses purple, yellow, and
white,
Are glowing with colors bright.
And soon the lilacs will be here
Bringing their springtime cheer.
The birds are messengers calling
to us,
"Why are women cleaning and making
such a fuss?"
Start walking, and for once this
spring
Take a fresh new look at everything.
Lori vanIngen

Flowers
Red, pink
Soft, colorful, pretty
Roses, tulips, violets, daffodils
Growing, blooming, rooting
Seeds sprout
Soft.

Linda Wright

SPRING

Spring is when babies are born.
Spring is when lighter jackets are
worn.
The animals come out of hibernation
And all the birds come back from
migration.

Spring is warmer days
And all the kids are gay.
All the trees get their buds
And the ground turns to mud.

Spring is when the kites come out
And the flowers start to sprout.
And the children start to shout
While they run and play about.
Donald Vesta

Flowers blooming now
Birds soaring high in the sky
Returning to home.
Debbie Reisman

SPRING

Flowers blooming all around,
Grass is growing on the ground.
Robins sing in the morning sun,
They hunt for food, it must be fun.

People get ready for summer enjoy-
ment,
Teachers get ready for summer
employment.
Fish come out in the creek,
Kids go fishing every week.

In the spring you catch a bull-
frog on a lily pad,
When you miss him and fall in the
creek you get mad.
Kids play baseball on the grass,
These signs prove that spring is
here at last.

Tom Gero

Water
Wild, clear
Sparkling, splashing, gleaming
Ocean, stream, soil, grass
Eroding, shifting, ruining
Brown, hills
Land.

Lisa Schorr

RAIN

Rain makes the flowers grow
Sometimes it rains fast and some-
times slow.
Ducks like it when it rains.
It's very good for the plains.

When the rain falls a lot, the
grass turns green.
Then the bugs are easily seen.
When it rains, our yard will flood
The dirt will turn to mud.

Some places in our yard get swampy
when it rains,
But after awhile, it all drains.
The birds like it when it storms
They like to get the worms.
Kathy Werley

Strong winds are blowing
Thunder and lightning rage on
Fog covers the sea.
Lynne Fawber

OUR UNIVERSE

The Andromada galaxy, the
Milky Way
The constellations--they look
so gay
Stars in the everlasting
field of blue
Pictures in the sky--can this
be true?

Fluorescent lights in the
night
Flying at a tremendous height
Shooting stars go zooming by
Zipping around the midnight
sky.

There goes Halley's comet,
darting around
Will it ever touch the ground?
Will the Universe ever end?
Who knows? It may just be
around the bend!
Wayne Siefert

THE SUN

The sun with its golden mass
afire,
Will soon rise higher and higher
Awakening every girl and boy
Bringing to them a new day
of joy.

Across the meadows and through
the fields,
Laying down its golden shields
The sun arises at early dawn
Casting shadows upon my lawn.

The day is long but the time
flies by,
The brilliant sun rests low
in the sky.
Now the day must come to an end
Displaying its colors as the
sun descends.

Roselle Lopes

STARS

I looked in the sky late one
night
And I saw a beautiful sight.
It looked like a fire works
up so far
It must have been a shooting
star.

Dark and lonely describes the
sky
Full of stars that will never
die.
The moon and stars are so very
bright
Especially in the pitch black
night.

Man has not even begun to explore
space
The universe is a big pattern
of lace.
Farther than the eye can see
Lies the answer to every key!
Gary Grauer

I WISH I WERE

I wish I were a star so bright
That you could see my shining
light.
And in the dark of night you'll
see me shimmer
Beside the moon's shining glimmer.

And then arises the shining sun
And spoils our starlight fun
Then after a day of sunlight
The shining stars come into
sight.

If you should see a star with
shine,
You will know it must be mine.
Then stand outside and watch the
glow,
For I have given you quite a
show.

Chris Cole

STARS

The stars are shining in the sky
They will never die.
The stars are very bright
They look like fireballs in the
night.

There are over a million stars
in the sky
They are a million miles high.
The stars form a constellation.
Each star is in its permanent
station.

Torches in the sky
Each one bright as a firefly.
They work all night, sleep all
day,
But they never go away.

Tom Gero

ZODIAC

I saw the constellation Gemini
High in the northern sky
Commonly known as "The Twins"
Leda and Jupiter are their kin.

Scorpius, I saw one night
Antares shines with a bright
red light
This scorpion is in the sky
To bite Orion and make him
die.

Virgo, I saw one night
Spica shines with the bright-
est light.
Then I saw The Bull, Taurus,
And last of all, I saw Sag-
gitarus.

Susan Sorace

STARS

Star so bright, star so light
Every night you're in sight
In a clear, you'll be near
The moon will shine so very
clear.

Always when I think of you
I look up at the sky so blue
When the night falls on the
earth
Merrily I'll watch from the
hearth.

When the morning lights the
sky
Suddenly I see, away you fly
When I know night is dawning
the day
I had wished so much that
you would stay.

Nancy James

STARS

It is night time and the sun
is down
And the moon is up over the
town.
And I saw his shining face.
Now it's time for me to look
out the window
To find billions of stars in
all places.

I did not find any stars, so I
close the window
And then I saw a bright light.
It was very bright.
I ran over to the window and
opened it.
And I saw billions of stars
light the sky up.
And when I turn my head to the
right
I saw the little town of Beth-
lehem
With one shining star over it.
Pamela Williams

WE ALL KNOW

We all know what Jiminey Cricket
said,
I think about it before I go to
bed.
Those stars are a couple light
years away,
But they still look beautiful
over Chesapeake Bay.

They're really just specks of
white
On a black background.
But it's really neat on those
nights
When the moon and stars come
around.

We all know what Jiminey Cricket
said,
I dream about it when I'm in bed.
Perhaps someday I'll leave this
planet
And go to a star that is gigantic.
Jim Wood

STARS

Meteors go flying by
I look at them through my tele-
scopic eye.
Stars are bright
In the velvet night.

The moon goes through its phase.
As our question on we raise.
Space is endless
Like when you're friendless.

Stars are crazy
Like when it's hazy
Stars are clashing
Like a million flashing.

John Nichols

John Nichols

GROWING UP

I am a child at the age of
seven
Not ten or nine or eleven
No more troubles or fights
No more crys in the dark
night

There'll be no trouble in
my life
There'll be no people I'll
have to fight
For I am a child at the age
of seven
A child who is good and will
go to heaven

A girl was found tripping on
dope
They said it got to her and
that there was no hope
She wasn't seven or eleven
And she surely wasn't in
heaven Janey Hofer

UGLINESS

Ugliness is grey
That's what I say
Ugliness is old
And also very cold

Ugliness can be prevented
By putting on Makeup that
is scented
If you're as ugly as an
old mop
You should go to a beauty
shop J. Rohrman

WAR (PEACE)

Booming shells and shooting
guns
Veit Namese hide and run
Asking soldiers will war ever
cease
Answering "What is the true
meaning of peace
Mothers are waiting for
prisoners of war
Soldiers are thinking will
there be much more
Men waiting for the war to
end
Asking each other "WHEN?"
B. Atkinson

HAPPINESS

Happiness is when you get out
of jail
Happiness is when it never hails
Happiness is when you finish a
model
Happiness is when you see ducks
waddle
Happiness is when you feed your
mice
Happiness is playing with dice
Poems are happiness when you
have just one
Happiness is getting poems done
M. Prosser

HAPPINESS

Happiness is getting your
allowance
And wasting it on candy because
you lost your sense
Happiness is going to a movie
And eating all the candy even
though its gooey
Happiness is playing with your
friend
Playing the same game over and
over again
Happiness is the end of school
And going swimming in your very
own pool

M. Oliver

UGLINESS

What is ugliness?
Is it color black?
Is it the weeds that grow?
Or is it someone you don't like?
Is it the color black because
black is sad?
Is it weeds because weeds aren't
colorful?
Is it someone you don't like
because they tease you
And because they don't like you?
Is guliness really something?
Do we just say some things ugly
Isn't everything beautiful?
Maybe it is, maybe we don't
look hard enough

K. Rocco

FEAR

Fear is when you're all alone
It's like being in a quiet zone
Fear is a dark room at night
And when there's no one in sight
Fear is when your lost on a bike
There is no one left but you and
your bike
Fear is when you go to school
without your homework
But you say you left it home
in your schoolbook

M. Oliver

PAIN

A pain is a brother you fight
with all the time
Sometimes he'll quit it if
you give him a dime.
A pain is a baby sister who
wakes you up in the morn
Sometimes you wish she wasn't
even born.

Pain is when you cut your
thumb
Then you go crying into mom.
Pain is when your bad tooth
aches
Better go to the dentist
before it breaks.
Marianne Oliver

Moon
Black, yellow
Wandering in space
Searching the world over
Planet.
Donna Howarth

Brotherhood
Togetherness, friendliness
Sharing, caring, loving
Vista, care, race, color
Hating, killing, destroying
Bigotry, slavery
Prejudice.
Russ Salvador

Dark
Ugly, black
Haunting, scaring, frightening
Green, purple, orange, red
Shining, glowing, burning
Bright, yellow
Light.
Esther Sokol

Chemistry--
Quick chemicals
Fires, test tubes
Then boom! It worked!
Experiments.
Kevin McCarty

Garbage truck--
Dirty, ugly
Chewing, grinding, eating
Filthy looking white monster
Junk truck.
Kathy Rocco

Silent

Soft, peaceful
Quieting, sounding, whispering
Forest, flower, firecracker, train
Fighting, playing, laughing
Anger, talking
Noise.
Lisa Schieber

Night
Lonely, dark
Scaring, sleeping, dreaming
Moon, stars, sun, sky
Playing, working, awakening
Sunny, bright
Day.
Russ Salvador

Paint
Bright, colorful
Floating, splashing, waving
Artist, design, brush, paint
Watery, smearing, running
Cool, neat
Water.
Barbara Marren

War
Cold, dark
Killing, shooting, bombing
Hate, fear, clean, freedom
Caring, helping, loving
Colorful, friendly
Peace.
Jim Rohrman

War
War is killing, fighting, and
suffering. It takes brave men to
fight in the wars. In war you
take your chances like being
taken prisoner and put in a pris-
on camp.

War is hate, black, and ugly.
Hating people is when they just
come at night and arrest you.
Like the Jews had been arrested
and had to wear yellow bands.
They could only do certain things.
Today people are trying to
prevent war. They carry signs
and march. Many people want
war to end.

Patty Woll

WATER

Cool, brisk!
Refreshing, splashing, cooling
Swim, ski, filth, dirt
Dieing, starving, sickning
Bad, rotten
Pollution Bill Madison

BUTTERFLY

Soft, delicate
Fluttering, waving, drifting
Floating through the air
Insect
Wally Preitz

SUMMER

Summer is when you can go to the
beach
And have a big juicy peach
Summer is when you can go on the
swings
And do lots of neat things
Summer is when you can go horse-
back riding
And do lots of other things
Summer is when you can go to the
zoo
And see lots of animals that are
new to you

Summer is when you take a walk
in the creek
And play hide and go seek
Summer is when you can catch
snakes
And swim in lakes

Summer is when you can stay
out late
You may stay out late because
of a date
Summer is when you may run a
race and be fast
But you may be last

Summer is when you play school
And then go in your pool
Summer is when you may go on a
vacations
And see the group called the
sensations
That's what we do in the
Summer

Marilyn Welsh

ANIMALS

Cute, timid
Hiding scaring, sniffing
Fur, litters, guns, knives
Frightening, hunting, killing
Cruel, bold
Man Lori vanIngen

SUMMER

Summer is the time for swimming
and sports
Summer is having a secret fort
Summer is a time of rest & play
Summer is an everlasting day

Summer is time to drink ice tea
Summer is time to get stung by
a bee
Summer is swimming and baseball
games
Summer is going out with a lovely
dame

Summer is swimming in a pool
Summer is happiness, there is
no school
Summer is barefoot on a hot
summer day
Summer is a feeling of joy and
its gay

Jeff Atkinson

SUMMER

Humming of the bees
Makes me shiver with sharp pains
Yellow and black strips
Mary Mizenko

SUMMER

Willow branches bow
Silently there whispering
The sky is blue now
Debbie Reisman

SUMMER

Last report card
Every one is out of school
It is vacation time
Tom Tolan

RAIN

Flashing, splashing, rippling
through the trees
I run and play in the puddles
but my Mom yells at me
So I dash to the house, soaked
up to the knees
I asked whats for dinner
(steak and green peas)

So I sit near the window and
watch the rain
As it comes gently down and
hits the window pane
My Mom takes my sister to
catch the train
I have to stay home and
watch the house, thats insane

As the rain begins to slow down
The rain water begins to seep
into the ground
After it stops you hear no
sounds
And a lot of worms lie all
around

Wally Preitz

A RUNNING DEER

A white tailed champion
leaping forest hurdles
Lori vanIngen

Swift, sharp feet racing
through the woods
Debbie Cogan

The scent of man and death
Shelly Craig

SUMMER

The hot burning sun
The sight of birds in the air
It's that time of year
Shelly Craig

BEACHES

Golden sand
Warm playful, sunny
A big beautiful playground
Shore
Beth Atkinson

THE TREE

One day I was walking through the
woods and it started to rain. So
I went over and sat under a tree.
Then, when it stopped raining I
went home and my Mom told me to
go outside and chop a tree down.
Then I remembered the tree I sat
under so I went there. When I
went to chop it the axe broke and
fell on my foot, soon my foot was
the size of me. So I went home.
My Mom missed my foot and it
turned purple so she just put
ice on it. When it was okay. I
was off to the tree, this time
before I started to chop, I made
sure the axe was okay. It was.
Then I went to chop and an egg
fell out of the tree and on to
me "scrambled eggs anyone." Now
I was mad so I chopped it down
but it didn't fall. I kicked it
and hurt my toe. I gave up and
started home to take a rest and
the tree fell don on "me" That
was the last time I tried to
chop a tree down.

Zarko Markovich

RAIN

The pittering pattering of
little feet
In the house cloistered with heat
It's the rain having a ball
Where? The roof above the hall

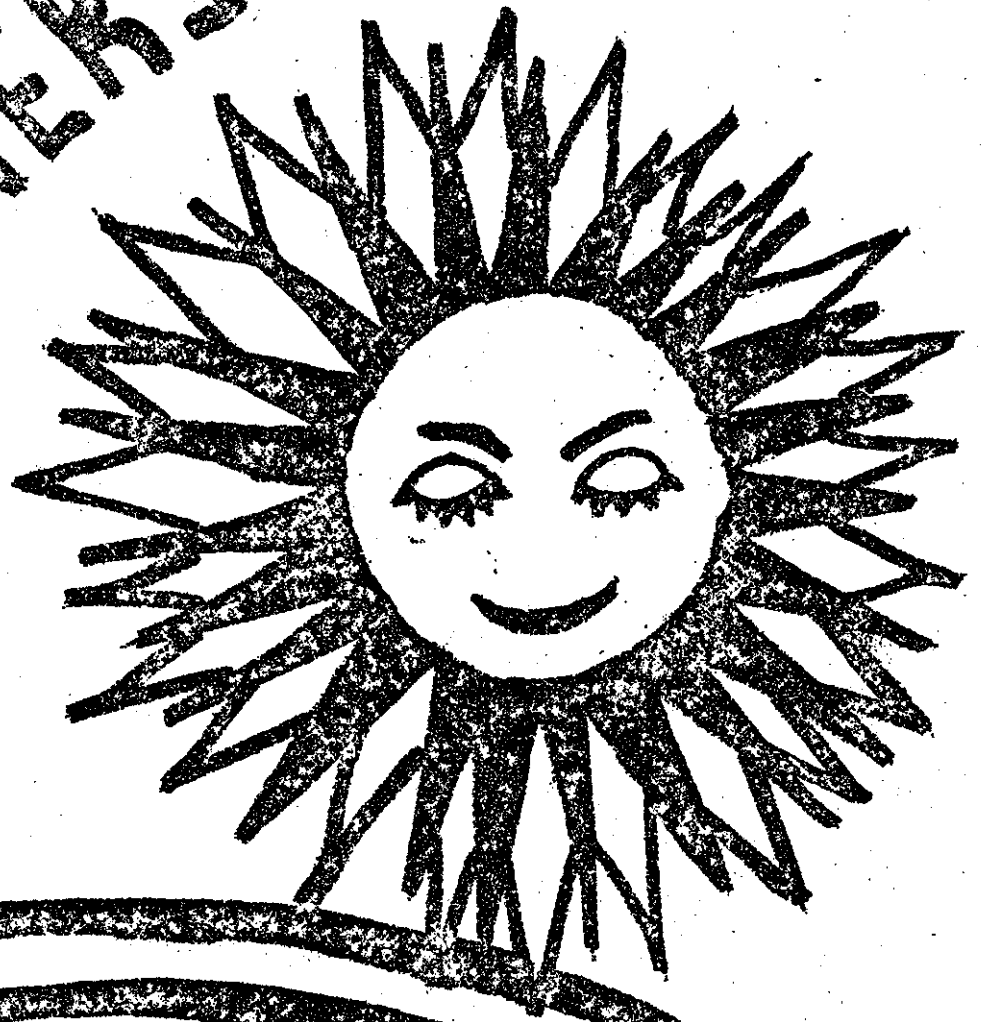
It's the rains fault
I wish I could say halt!
With the rain falling on the
windows and ground
Falling, falling all around

The rain can dance and play
all day
While the sky is cold & gray
I'll wait for a sunny day
When the sky's are blue & gray
Sharon Raab

SUMMER

The hot blazing sun
The smell of a barbeque
Roasting a hot dog
Richrd Howarth

SUMMER'S



FUN



PAIN

Is when you pick black berries
and you eat some on the way
home. You remember that you
weren't allowed to go and your
father finds out that you
were out and he hits you with
the belt and boy that smarts.
When you have a tooth ache on
the day before Christmas and
you can't get a hold of the
dentist and when you do you
doubt if he will take you, but
he was kind enough to. (I guess
he had the Christmas spirit
in him.) The worst part is
when you get home and the tree
is all decorated.

D. Milks

UGLINESS

Ugliness is a picture of a frogs
face
Green and ugly and horrible in
this case
Ugliness is an old burnt down
house
With rats and bugs, even a
mouse
Ugliness is a mean witches face
And believe me it doesn't go in
a beauty pageant race
Ugliness is someone whose mean
Always thinking to think of a
bad scheme M. Oliver

LIFE

It only lasts once
And then it's gone
Don't be a dunce
Enjoy it from morning to dawn
Though our world now is pollu-
ted and mean
And tall sky scrapers stand
Beautiful nature is still to be
seen
Like flowing creeks and grassy
lands
This four lettered word surely
rules the world
And is like a king
And though it's not all laced
and pearled
Enjoy every living thing
L. Fluehr

GROWING UP

When your born, you start
growing up
Your mother gives you a bottle
until you can drink milk
from a cup
Then when your old enough you
can go out and play
By climbing trees and jumping
into hay
When you become a teen and go
to college
Then get a job with all your
knowledge
When you make enough money you
get a wife
And live in happiness for the
rest of your life

G. Grauer

GROWING UP

When your socks do not longer
fit, like they used to
And baby talk makes your
parents fuss
Don't fret or worry or make
yourself blue
It's not unusual, you're
growing up
Our sisters and brothers, yes
our parents too
Made this same change one time
or another
They were young once, we know
that's true
Imagine them as children, your
father and mother

R. Lopes

UGLINESS

Ugliness is having a pair of
twins
It's when every one in the
world sins
Ugliness is Phyllis Diller
And a murder and a killer
Ugliness is a poor bum
And someone drunk on the run
It is a accident in a car
And some one beaten up in a
bar

C. Raynor

UGLINESS

Ugliness is no too keen
Some ugly people can't make
the scene
People who are guly want to
hide their face
They probably want to get out
of the human race
Ugliness should be no more
People who are ugly inside
start wars
Ugliness is not a game
If you are ugly you should not
be ashamed
Ugliness is not too pretty
You can find it in any city
You can find it in the sea
I thank God for making me
M. Scanlon

DEATH

The small brown doe can't
understand why her mother
was lying so still. The
pain in her stomach are
growing. All she can remem-
ber is hearing a loud blast
then her mother fell. She
can't find food nor can she
care for herself. Nobody
can feel the pain and dismay
the poor doe is going
through. Is it worth the
excitement of shooting a
deer to have a small doe
suffer?
K. Peters

DEATH

What will I see just before
I'm dead?
Will I see little angles fly
above my head?
Or will Satan come, pray tell,
Must I follow if he rings his
bell?
I ask these questions because
I've never been dead before
Only when I'm dead and cold
will I know the score
I'm not as confident as blood,
sweat and tears
Still I have so very many fears
J. Wood

WAR (PEACE)

War is a big disgrace
War is all this country doesn't
need
Peace is in our hearts
Peace is the cry of all man
kind

Communists seem to like it
It's about time we are fed up
Start pulling the troops out
So families can be reunited

Peace should sweep the nation
Peace is what everybody's
talking about
War is not democratic
It's just a pain to economy
we don't need it
R. Shimp

DARKNESS

Walking in a spooky house.
Wondering what's in the dark
spaces or if your next step
will be your last. The wooden
floors creek and the steps
slip from under your feet.
Your hair stands on the edge
of your neck. Your feet just
won't stand still. Your eyes
filled with fear. Darkness
is all around you.
J. Hofer

LIFE

Life is made up of four parts
It starts when your little and
in a cart
Then it goes on when you are
a tennager
And then in the army being a
Major
Then it goes on when you have
a wife and kids
Now your glad your Mom told
you when she did
And then it comes time when
your old and tired
And you can look back and think
of the times you ever admired
C. Goodwin

WAR AND PEACE

War is black
Peace is white
Peace is good.
War is bad
Quite a difference
War is hate
Peace is love
War is pain, peace the solution
Quite a difference
War is murky
Peace is bright
War is death, Peace is life
Quite a difference
S. Sorace

Hello, I'm a bug
I'm smug as a bug in a rug
But when that vacuum cleaner
comes along
I better start singing my
farewell song

That vacuum just isn't fair
It roams in my carpet like it
couldn't care
It comes along casually sucks
out my eyes
Oooo, that vacuum cleaner, I
dispiise
I can't stand it anymore!
I'll pack up and move
I'm gonna go to some carpet
where I can groove
This looks like a good one!
No! Eeek, ah!
I should've stayed there, cause
it's a Eureka!

J. Wood

BEAUTY

Ocean waves upon my chest
The cool sands my feet impress
Running away from the summer sky
Wondering if clouds ever die

Considering the size of the sea
How deep blue waves could
possibly be?
A sign of nature caring for
her babies
Or kissing their cheeks in
that special way

J. Hofer

ALONE

We k I am writing a poem again
Not about woods not about trees
I don't really know where it is
A place only, the animal sees

I'm all alone by myself
I'm walking down a lonely street
I don't ever stop walking on
Except to rest my aching feet

I stop and listen to the wind
There's a storm brewing in the
air
The wind is getting stronger
now
But I just go on without a care

It's a very lonely day
I'm all alone nobody near
Just walking all alone
The wind is the only thing
I hear

B. Johns

POLITICS

One of the biggest problems
are politicians
They try to get your vote
with all kinds of ammunition
Nixon, Wallace, Humphry, Mc
Govern and many more
They all try to influence you
with their speeches but they're
such a bore

They're important says my father
But I think they're all a bother
They have stickers & posters
And boy are they boasters!

J. Rohrman

Hatred
Death, anger
Killing, destroying, discriminating
War, prejudice, kindness, peace
Caring, loving, wanting
Brotherhood, peace
Love.

R. Salvador

War
Cruel, bad
Killing, bleeding, shooting
Tanks, bombs, silence, treaty
Trusting, liking, sharing
Loving, caring
Peace.

N. James

Life
Child, adult
Living, loving, caring
Sharing, sympathy, stiff, dreadful
Crying, upsetting, escaping
Black covered
Death.

D. Milks

Skiing
Cold, fun
Falling, sliding, shouting
Chair-lift, ski, leg, pain
Doctoring, X-raying, maddening
Uncomfortable, itchy
Cast.

J. Rohrman

White
Love, beautiful
Standing, shining, blending
Peace, snow, war, death
Swirling, hurting, threatening
Ugly, hate
Black.

S. Sorace

SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD

Somewhere in the world
World is a big word
People s a bad word
And love doesn't exist

Somewhere in this world
Kill, is the motto
Hate is the meaning
And love doesn't exist

Somewhere in this world
Money is everything
Forget is the motto
And love doesn't exist

Somewhere in this world
Starving are the people
Sick are the people
And love doesn't exist

But somewhere in this world
World is a small word
People is a good word
And love does exist

Somewhere in this world
Share is the motto
Care is the meaning
And love does exist

Somewhere in this world
Money isn't everything
Remember is the motto
And love does exist

Ues, somewhere in this world
Brotherhood is the one
The one and only one that
alone exists

S. Sorace

DEATH

The early morning has just
arrived

Sadness is everywhere
All the laughter has died away
You no longer hear birds sing
The flowers seem to be dying
Everyone waits
They wait quietly
They wait with sorrow
Their happiness is gone
There are no more happy faces
This is sadness
This is Death

K. Rocco

PAIN

Pain is falling down, and cutting
your knee
Pain is being stung by a bumblebee
Pain is falling out of bed
Pain can be what somebody said
Writing a poem can be such a pain
It really makes you go insane
Pain is being trapped at school
I'd rather be at home in my
swimming pool G. Grauer

BEAUTY

A baby fawn sipping from a creek
Tall mountains that majestically
stand
Looking at a snow covered mountain
peak
And the sun shining over this land
This is gods world full of beauty
and love
The mountains the creek and the
fawn
But the most beautiful thing is
the sky above
The stars at night and the sun
at dawn
This is our world keep it fresh
and clean
Don't dare pollute this land
Because if your ever careless and
mean
This beauty won't always stand
L. Fluehr

POEM

It's a dragon of red
So the Fireman said
It blows out fire
The flames soar higher
His mouth is all blue
From eating Jam & blueberries too
He came out of the sea & was so
small
But after awhile he grew quite
tall
He sat on a building
When I looked it was tilting
He was so outrageous
So I took off because it
was so dangerous

M. Wambold

Paint
Different colors
kunning, drying, mixing
In a storm of
Colors.

N. Werley

GROWING UP

Growing up can be a lot of fun
 Like lying underneath the hot
 summer sun.
 You can play ball at the beach
 in the summer
 Or tell the girl you like
 that you like her.

It's nice to get an allowance
 for doing nothing
 But some people get their
 allowance for working.
 Who knows, someday I'll give
 an allowance to my son
 So he can go out and spend
 it to have fun.

Billy Brinkmann

DEATH

Death is full of pain
 Death is a never-ending chain
 Death takes the place of life
 People can get killed with
 a knife.

Suffering is all a part of
 death
 As old English would put it,
 death is badeth.
 Most poeple hate to die
 Others say they're not scared,
 but they lie.

Russ Salvador

Rumble
 Rough,mean
 Hurting,killing,stabbing
 City,slum,night,darkness
 Lonely,dark
 Silence.

Porter Reeves

War kills
 War destroys
 War is disgusting
 War is stupid
 War is dumb
 War will end the world.

Peace heals
 Peace is beautiful
 Peace means no bridegroom
 is killed
 Peace will let a tree grow
 Peace should be all over the
 world.

Peace will show the world a
 new light.

Jim Wood

WAR

War is fighting and shedding
 blood
 Killing and spitting in faces in
 the mud.
 It's bravery and weakness
 It's fear and despair.

War is loneliness away from home.
 In a foreign land they roam.
 Someday all men will be free
 And we will have peace and liberty
 Marianne Oliver

Food

Delicious,sweet
 Smelling,tempting,filling
 Luxuries,desert,hardship,hunger
 Craving,throbbing,hurting
 Terrible,cruel
 Starving.

Susan Sorace

LIFE

While you're polluting her air
 Or invading her home
 While you're throwing trash
 In her oceans' foam.

Remember the flowers
 You love to smell
 Remember the pines
 And how they fell.

Now look at the computers
 That have taken her place
 Mother Nature was here
 But now she's a waste.

Janey Hofer

PAIN

I felt pain when I fell off my
 bicycle
 Then I wondered why I quit my
 tricycle.
 I felt pain when I cut my eyebrow
 When I hit the concrete, I said,
 "Ow!"

Pain we must always feel
 Even though they do not appeal.
 We absorb a hundred little things
 a day
 And we'll keep absorbing till we
 fade away.

Jim Wood

Children--
 Loving,cute
 Skipping,playing,running
 They always ask why
 Parents.

Lizann Fluehr

Schools--
Education, taxes
Working, playing, reading
Teachers teaching, screaming,
bossing
Prison.

Tom Gero

SORROW

Sorrow is seeing a child not
walk
Sorrow is seeing a man not
talk.
Sorrow is a person that can-
not hear
Or seeing a face streaked
with a tear.

Sorrow is an automobile acci-
dent
Or having it rain on your
brand new tent.
Sorrow is seeing a lonely
person cry
Or seeing an old, wrinkled
man cry.

Beth Atkinson

BEAUTY

Beauty is sometimes hard to
see
All of life's things, even
a bee.
A pretty flower, bright and
tall
Makes a pretty sight in the
fall.

Everyone has his own feeling
about beauty
So you shouldn't say it's
fruity.
Whether it's a picture or a
poem,
Beauty is what you call your
own.

Pretty flowers in the spring,
If you go outside you can
hear all the birds sing.
You can always see beauty if
you see
Just look into the sky.

Bobby Tournier

Train--

Local, express
Speeding, whirring, screeching
Sitting, reading the paper
Locomotive.

Roselle Lopes

GROWING UP

When you grow up you can go on
a date
And see a movie that has an
"X" rate.
You can drive a car
And drink in a bar.

When you're older you get married
and buy a house
Your wife will complain and say
the house has a mouse.
You'll have to paint and mow
the lawn
When you get married your whole
life is gone!

Jim Rohrman

BEAUTY

Beauty is a green tree
In the green forest
Rising like a statue
For everyone to see.

Beauty is a fawn
A symbol of delicacy
Shaking its small paws
In the light of dawn.

Beauty is the outdoors
With its lovely animals
With the good clean air
And the eagles that soar.

Susan Sorace

DEATH

In everyone's life, there's a
time to be born.
In everyone's life, there's a
time to die.
Death is frightening
But yet it is truthful.

Death is sorrowful to all involved
It strikes sometimes suddenly.
Sometimes you feel it approach
What does it feel like, knowing
you're going to die?

They lay you in a satin-lined
box
Your relatives stand alone and
weep.
Saying they're oh, so sorry.
But how can they know how it
feels?

Diane Serianni

FEAR

When you're by yourself and
you hear a sound,
And your heart begins to
pound and pound
Something inside you tells
you to hide under the bed,
Don't stop to think, hide
instead!

Boy, what a relief when you
find out it was the shaking
of the trees
But try to tell that to your
quivering knees.
Now there is nothing to worry
about, your parents are
home at last
So hurry up and pull down the
covers fast.

Roselle Lopes

Pets

Warm, playful
Moving, jumping, prancing
Friends, cats, dogs, fish
Living, growing
Loving, soft
Cat.

Beth Atkinson

GROWING UP

To be mature you must grow up
It's like becoming a dog from
a pup.
Growing has its breaks
Growing up is to learn from
mistakes.

Growing up is learning the
value of money,
Growing up can be very funny.
The worst part of it is going
to school
Growing up makes some kids
act "cool".

Russell Salvador

Paint--
Colorful, bright
Splashing, running, dripping
An artist at work
Design.

Barbara Marren

Sculpture--
Clay, metal
Moving, swaying, falling
Sculpture--work of art
Calder.

Steve St. John

FEAR

A haunted house upon a hill
An abandoned creepy looking mill.
A dark, scary pitch black sky
Old cars passing slowly by.

Fear creeps into the silent night
Without a sound, without a sight.
A screaming woman, a screaming
man,
Stormy nights and trembling hands.
Beth Atkinson

BEAUTY

Rising sun opens my day
The setting moon just won't stay.
Rainbow colors line the clouds
Winds that whisper very loud.

Horses trotting on the beach
Sea gulls that always screech
Flowing echos from the sea
All these things were made for
me.

Janey Hofer

HAPPINESS

Happiness is a nice feeling
You may get it from a cut that's
healing.

Happiness is having fun
Happiness is having a baby son.

Happiness is waking up and know-
ing you don't have to go to
school

Or going out and knowing you
don't look like a fool.

Happiness is knowing the right
way

Happiness is knowing you made it
through another day.

Jim Rohrman

FEAR

When you're afraid to explore
new places

When you don't want to meet new,
strange faces.

You're afraid to play in the woods
Because you know what happened
to Red Riding Hood.

You don't play in the lightning
If you got hit it would be fright-
ening.

Don't play where there is any
danger

You might get kidnapped by a
stranger.

Wayne Siefert

WAR

Shooting, killing, fighting,
oh, my God
Children get killed like John,
Mary and Todd.
President Nixon says, "I'll
stop the war."
But other people say more,
more, more.

The war should have been
stopped eight years ago.
But, of course, you know what
happened, the people said
no.

The war took so much money
from our valuable mint
But the war should be over
soon, so says the president.
Gary Crauer

GROWING UP

Growing up is telling the
truth
Growing up is losing a tooth.
Growing up is when you realize
That it's time to stop telling
lies.

Sometimes growing up is fun,
Other times, you'll be glad
when it's done.
Full of sorrow, full of glad-
ness,
Full of happiness, full of
madness.

Growing up is very trying
Sometimes it makes you feel
like crying.
Growing up is something we
all do,
But like everything else, has
its pleasures too.

Lori vanIngen

GROWING UP

Growing up is going on your
own,
Or going by yourself, far
away from home.
Growing up is being able to
babysit
And not even being afraid
one bit.

Growing up is going out on a
date,
And bossing your sister with-
out having to wait.
Growing up is wearing pantyhose
Growing up comes awful fast,
then goes.
Beth Atkinson

SORROW

Sometimes we are sad,
Things happen that are bad.
Tears run down our cheek,
We shouldn't be chicken or weak.
Sorrow can help make us strong
We should help make things right
that are wrong.

We are all lucky to be living
At sometimes we all must be for-
giving.

Sometimes we must cry,
We should all be honest and not
lie.
Sorrow can be turned into happi-
ness
Try to be understanding, this is
the best.

Bobby Tournier

WAR

Men are fighting for what they
think is right,
Some don't know why they are
taught and have to fight.
The meals are terrible and you
never get enough
I've known some and they tell
me it's rough.

The sergeant's shouting orders
at you,
Telling you what and what not to
do.
A schedule for every minute of
the day
The war is so confusing, I don't
know what to think or say.
Roselle Lopes

BEAUTY

Beauty is a 64-yard field goal
It's when your old house is sold
Beauty is a fifty foot yacht
That you didn't get.

Beauty is a rare T-bone steak
And it is a chocolate cake.
Beauty is a brand new car
And being a popular star.
Craig Raynor

Gun--
Harsh, murder
Pulling, jerking, firing
An instrument of death
Killer.

Wally Prietz

COLOR

Graceful movement
Pinwheels of grace
Ribbons of flowing flames
Beauty

Donna Howarth

PAIN

A cut knee, a dead kin
Falling in a hole, stuck with a pin
A sick pet, a sharp tain
All is pain

Pain is hate, pain is love
Pain is a war, hardly a dove
Pain is something hard to explain
All is pain

Pain is yellow and red
Pain is not being fed
Killing and shooting is insane
All is pain

Susan Sorace

HAPPINESS

Happiness is getting a new bike,
Or for a little kid, a trike,
It is someone who you haven't
seen for awhile,
It isn't big unpaid bills in a pile

Happiness is getting home after a
long day at school,
And playing your friends a game of pool,
It is knowing something you didn't
want to do got done,
Happiness is playing out in the sun.

Happiness is knowing you're loved,
It is not being shoved,
It is doing something good,
Knowing you did the best you could.

Owen Medd

UGLINESS

Being ugly isn't really a killer,
Like take a look at Phyllis Diller.
She fixes herself so no one can tell,
As if to say "Move over, Raquel."

Oh, don't forget the manicure!
(Only her hairdresser knows for sure.)
So just put on the make-up and sit
pretty,
Bat your eyes and look witty.

Jim Wood

LIFE

Exciting, emotional
moving, touching, loving
nature, plants, grave, casket,
killing, crabing, scaring
mysterious, brighting

Death

Jim Rohrman

HAPPINESS

Happiness is having the war stop
It is when we don't need any cops
And having the Eagles win a game
Thus having the Phillies do the same

The Apollo having a good lift off
Its when you just got rid of a cough
Happiness is not having a test
And its having a good nights rest.

Craig Raynor

PAIN

My mother thinks I'm a pain
She says I drive her insane
I'm really not that bad!
Even though I get her pretty mad.

There's a different kind of pain
This also drives you insane
This pain is getting hit in the head
By a five pound hunk of lead!

Jim Rohrman

PEACE

That's the word and that's what we want and need. We don't want a big long speech on it. We don't want to hear someone's gibberish on it. We want to do something about it NOW not four generations from now. We don't want to leave the problem to our great grandchildren, do we?

Doreen Milks

UGLINESS

Ugliness is a broken down house, It's getting up on the wrong side of the bed, Ugly is a dead mouse, Also is war and men being dead.

Ugly is a cut open fish, It is the way you're mom looks when she gets up, Ugly is when the goalpost collides with Rick Macleish, But is surely isn't a warm brown pup.

Owen Madd

PAIN

Pain is being brought to school I'd rather stay home and play pool Pain is falling out of a tree. Pain is having the doctor mend your knee.

Pain is getting up out of bed Pain is when you can't play with your friend Fred. It's being bit by a spider in the hall When you'd rather be at the beach playing ball.

Pain is sitting on a pin Pain is when your outside and want in. Pain is falling and cut your knee so you bleed Pain is breaking your clarinet reed.

Bobby Shimp

PAIN

It is lonely and peaceful It is quiet and still The stream runs slowly Birds fly up above.

Suddenly a shot is heard in the woods. The forest is quiet. A doe has been shot. The doe walks slowly and quietly to get away.

The doe stops to heal her wound. She sits silently She is tired and hungry She is in pain.

Kathy Rocco

HAPPINESS

Happiness is having a friend over when you're sick. Happiness is when you get a shot and don't feel the prick Happiness is finding a friend Happiness is willing to lend.

Happiness is going on a hike with your dad Happiness is not getting into trouble when you did something bad. Happiness is helping a friend in need Happiness is planting a flower seed.

Steve St. John

LIFE

Did you ever look at nature? Like walk outside and look at the flowers red, pink, yellow and orange, and see the birds fly above? Did you ever feel trees and study them. Look at their leaves, trunk and color? Did you ever go in a forest and study the pine, oak and other trees? Did you ever study rocks? Their color, shapes and sizes? When you go down to the creek do you see the green frogs jumping? The fish swimming? Well if you see these things, you have seen nature. You have seen beauty. This beauty is called Life!

Kathy Rocco

THE STARS

The twinkling stars shine
brightly in the gloomy
night,
With planets scattered here
and there,
The moon hanging, shiny and
bright,
Stars are scattered every-
where.

Now and then a shooting star
Passes stars along the way
Then disappears from afar
Somewhere in the Milky Way.

Comets go flashing by
They seem to disappear
In the night sky
Along with the meteors.
Suzanne Rush

STARS

Stars are the twinkles in
the sky
Stars are lights that never
die
Look at stars and think
About each wonderful wink.

Virgo the Virgin, Leo the
Lion
None of these look like Orion.
Stars have amazed people
since the start of time
So people wrote poems about
stars that rhyme.

Stars look like snow at night
Looking at the stars is a
pretty sight.
Stars vary in light and heat
Some constellations are
really neat.
Russell Salvador

THE STARS

Stars are beaming bright
Stars are twinkling at night
I wish I could sit on a
star tonight.

Stars are far away
I can't see them in the day.
Man will visit them someday.

The little dipper is way up high
You wouldn't expect to see
A dipper in the sky.

They got to the moon high, high,
high
The next mission, we'll visit
A star in the sky.
Steven McIlvaine

SUNRISE TO SUNSET

When the sun goes down
In the ocean it seems to drown
The stars come out and light
the sky
As the comets go flashing by.

Comets have very long tails
And when they go by they leave
their trails.
You might see a comet streaking by
High above in the evening sky.

The stars form pictures in the
sky
They look down at you and seem
to say "Hi."
All night in the sky they stay
When morning comes they fade
away.

The sun rises from behind the
hills
And with light the sky it fills.
In the sky the sun is low
It shines brightly on the earth
below.

Lisa Schorr

SPRING

All around there are budding trees
 Coming up are asparagus, rubarb,
 and peas.
 There are lawn mowers mowing
 And there are farmers sowing.

Animals are coming out of hiber-
 nation,
 And crocuses popping up for your
 information.
 There is cleaner air thanks to
 thunderstorms
 And back from spring vacation
 college students go to their
 dorms.

There are all sorts of things to
 do
 Spring cleaning and watching re-
 runs, too.
 People go to baseball games
 To watch the teams and the dames.

Owen Medd

SIGNS OF SPRING

Something exciting is arriving!
 Robins are coming to greet it
 Animals come from all around
 They know what it is time for.

Crocuses pop up to see
 Grass turns green again
 Trees start budding
 Making homes for birds.

The whole world stops and waits
 Animals lay and listen
 Then the warm air of spring arrives
 slowly
 Of course, it's the signs of spring!

Kathy Rocco

Tree

Green, lovely
 Swaying, bending, growing
 Furniture, desk, projects, art
 Exciting, creating, writing
 White, clean
 Paper.

James Hamilton

SPRING

At spring the colors of nature
 expose,
 First a crocus and then a rose.
 First a bud and then a flower
 And then to help them is a shower.

Spring is the time for lovers,
 When flowers remove their covers.
 When the snow melts away
 And the sun is here to stay.

When the dew freshens the grass
 every morning,
 The leaves on trees are adorning
 It's like a new awakening
 That happens every spring.

Lizann Fluehr

In the summer time
 Fireflies dancing in the dark
 And shine their bright light.
 Gayle Cunningham

SPRING

Breezes are turning
 Thoughts are churning
 Bees are humming
 Birds are coming.

Sailboats sailing,
 Love letters mailing.
 Fish are swimming in the streams
 They seem to make up swimming
 teams.

Animals listen,
 While the pond all glisten.
 Frogs start croaking
 Stacks stop smoking.

Winter left and spring is here
 Opening blossoms start to appear.
 All the children used to pout
 But now they don't, cause school
 is out.

When all the children go outside
 You will know that I lied.
 It isn't spring
 It's summer

Porter Reeves

Porter Reeves

RAIN

Rain, rain, go away!
 Pretty original, wouldn't you say?
 The rain keeps ricocheting off
 the car
 The lightning strikes both near
 and far.

The thunder always gives me a
 scare,
 But sometimes it wakes me from
 a nightmare.
 Rain really isn't that bad
 But when it rains at camp is what
 makes me mad!

Rain makes everything grow,
 And sometimes it leaves a rainbow.
 After all, God makes it rain
 And He wouldn't do it all in vain.
 Jim Wood

The smell of fresh air
 Butterflies flying around
 Fresh flowers growing.
 Richard Howarth

STARS

Stars are all over the sky
 Some are low, some are high
 Some are very, very bright
 Some shed just a little light.

If you are lucky you will see
 A shooting star, a couple or
 three.
 There are comets and meteors too,
 They shoot through the sky look-
 ing at you.

Stars form different constella-
 tions
 They shine on all of the nations.
 Without their twinkle how sad
 it would be
 For there would be no stars to
 see.

Marianne Oliver

The birds come to sing
 Their merry little song, and
 They are not alone.
 Janet Crighton

SPRING

Spring is when grass is green
 And the sky is clean.
 Spring is time for fun
 As you jump and run.

The air has a breeze
 As it hits the trees.
 The flowers begin to sprout
 Spring is time to catch trout.

The birds are singing
 As the bells are ringing.
 Because spring has come,
 Hunters won't be shooting off
 their guns.

Linda Wright

Rain
 Sweet, lovely
 Dripping, washing, falling
 Drops, water, gales, evil
 Flooding, drowning, pounding
 Fury, cruel
 Storm.

Susan Sorace

Susan Sorace

RAIN

I sometimes hate the rain,
 It spoils all of my fun.
 I'd rather be out playing
 Than watching it splash on my
 window pane.

But sometimes rain is fun
 It splashes against the ground
 And makes muddy puddles for me
 to play in
 Out in the sun.

I like the rain,
 Because it sometimes leaves a
 rainbow,
 And sometimes it does not
 Then rain is a pain.

Suzanne Rush

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS RAIN?

What really is rain?
Is it tiny droplets of water
That makes the trees, flowers,
and grass grow?
Or do we imagine rain?

But if we imagine rain
What is it that hits the roof?
And makes us not be able to go
outside and play
And what makes ducks so happy?

Is there such a thing as rain?
If not, then, what makes thunder
and lightning?
There must be such a thing as rain
For what else could make a rain-
bow?

Karen Kerns

Flower
Pretty, fragrant
Shining, flowering, blooming
Daisy, tulip, animal, pet
Smelling, playing, stinking
Pretty, fluff
Skunk

Lisa Schieber

RAIN

Lisa Schieber

The pitter patter of the rain
Makes a lovely sound
It falls upon the window pane
But mostly on the ground.

I have to stay inside to play
I really don't know why.
I wish the rain would go away
The clouds break through the sky.

The rain is stopping. I yell
"Yea".

The sun is coming out.
I know it will come another day
I know, without a doubt.

Beth Gero

Trees
Green, tall
Bending, leaning, standing
Lumber, paper, leaves, stem
Swaying, blowing, dying
Colorful, beautiful
Flowers

Suzanne Rush

RAIN IN SPRING

In spring the rain comes with a
rush
To wash away the winter's slush
To help the flowers with their
blooms
And chase away the winter's gloom.

I like to see the rain form drops
And run down my window till it
goes plop.
They run together in a huddle
To make a great big puddle.

The rain is such a pretty sight
It makes the air smell clean and
bright.

It makes a rainbow in the sky
When the sun comes out to dry.

Gayle Cunningham

Spring
Colorful, sunny
Growing, chirping, blooming
Flowers, birds, green, grass
Breezes blowing lightly
Bright, beautiful
May.

Beth Atkinson

SPRING IS HERE

Friendly soft warmth in the air
Flowers popping all over every-
where.

Hundreds of birds from the south
Feeding worms into young ones'
mouths.

Days are getting longer, "Yeah"
Now we'll have more time to play.
We'll go on picnics galore,
But watch out, bee stings are sore!

Hibernation is over, the bears
come out,
The fish go away, the fishermen
pout.

It's started to rain, I think it's
a storm.

Then we'll have golden, yellow
corn.

Doreen Milks

Mud between my toes
Butterflies in the blue air
Rain on my bare head.

Bill Kallatch

RAIN

The rain comes down in silvery
drops.
And it hits the sidewalk in loud
PLØPS!
It gives the air a grayish look
And mist comes up around the
brook.

Sometimes it comes in showers
And up from the ground come all
the flowers.
We have to stay inside and play
And outside it looks very gray.

The rain makes a very funny sound
When the rain hits the umbrella,
it makes a loud pound!
Sometimes the rain comes in
thunder and lightning
Sometimes it is very frightening.
Marcia Quiring

RAIN

I look out the door and there
it came.
It started to pour and thunder
the same.
The noise got louder and louder,
at that
The rain hit the window like a
ball on a bat.

The flowers were hiding their
buds from the storm,
But in the houses all the people
were warm.
The streams were so full, they
went over the banks.
Rain, we all hate it; but the
farmer says "Thanks".
Neil Werley

RAIN

The gods' tears are what make the
rain
That falls upon our window pane.
The silver drops that trickle
down
They seem to muffle all the sound.
And when it should chance to go
away
It leaves a rainbow there to stay.
Blue, yellow, green, and red
The colors dance around my head.
Kathy Peters

RAIN

Something's pattering upon my
umbrella
Flowers are popping up red, pink
and yellow.
The streets are filled with muddy
holes,
Catching the rain in little bowls.

Rain comes in like a mist of gray
Making the flowers pop up in May.
Car lights hit the rain at night
Making the rain shiny and bright.

As the rain slowly comes to a stop
You see the umbrellas disappear
with a pop.
As the sun comes up so high
A beautiful rainbow covers the sky.

Beth Atkinson
SUNSET

Red and golden fingers pulling
down the shades of night.
Lori vanIngen

Purple swells in the west before
it turns to black.
Jim Wood

A ball of fire falling into the
arms of the mountains.
Robert Tournier

Evening's fire slowly dying, like
closing your eyes.
Margie Patzer

SUNRISE

A big orange pasted on a sea of
blue.
Roselle Lopes

Opening the doors of day.
Kathy Peters

The golden glow of awakening.
Robert Tournier

Fog crawling off the hills.
Pam Williams

RAIN

Rain makes everything dark
Sometimes it makes dogs bark.
It patters on the roof
It sounds like horses' hoofs.

It is all gray
And it doesn't make you gay.
It makes you sad when it rains
Sometimes it splashes on the
window panes.

You get all wet and cold
When you come in your mom will
scold.

Some rain comes down as hail
When it hits you, it feels like
a nail.

Mike Wambold

COUNTRY STORM

A country storm is coming
Creeping from the sky.
It makes me feel so lonely
I really don't know why.

The clouds are getting darker
The sun is going in
I know that it will rain
We don't have a chance to win.

It's pouring down in buckets
Beating on the house.
But the silence inside is quiet,
Quiet as a mouse.

Denise Salvador

SPRING

Spring is a lovely thing,
All the birds start to sing.
Everyone can feel it in the air
Flowers pop up everywhere.

Daydreams grew and grow,
School days pass real slow.
Flowers and trees start to bloom
The baseball season will start
soon.

Spring is a special season,
Everyone feels happy for a reason
Spring fever is all around
The smell of flowers make your
heart pound.

Bobby Tournier

Bobby Tournier

RAIN

The sky is dark, gray and dead,
Like an umbrella covering my head.
Then comes the thunder after the
rain,
Like diamonds hitting the window
pane.

Dew, like glass, lays on the ground
That leaves a fresh clean smell
around.

After that, a rainbow will show,
With colors of pink, blue and
yellow.

"The rain is here," says Mom. "No
going out!"

"Ah, Mom!" we all shout.

"You can't go until it stops."
But the farmers say, "It's good
for the crops."

Jeffrey Lukens

SPRING

Longer days and shorter nights
That's the cry the farmers fight.
And when it comes they always say,
"The rain, it washed my seeds away."

The farmers say the work it smarts
But I know they're happy in their
hearts.

They're glad spring has come around
To spread its warmth upon the
ground.

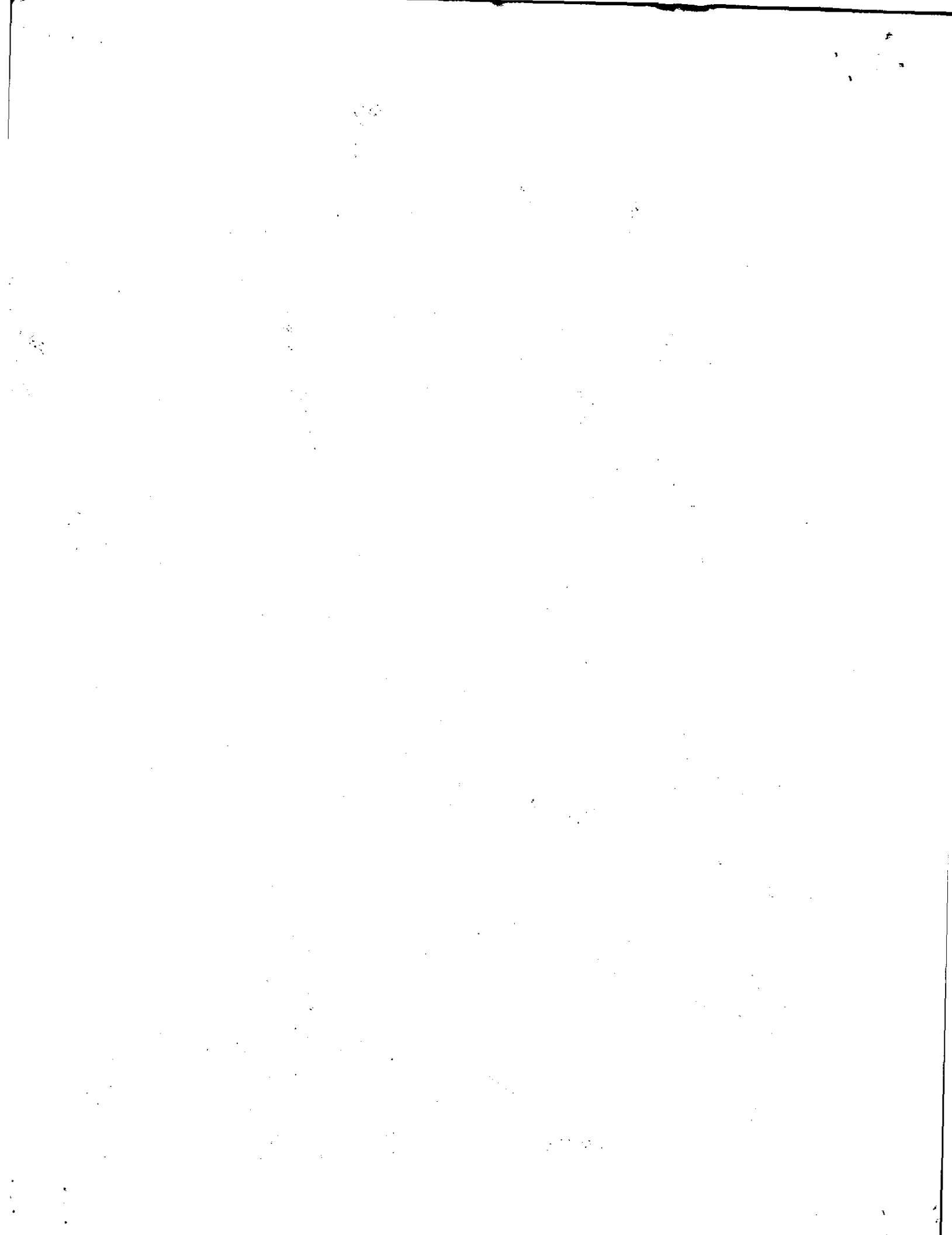
The farmers' fields he must plow
And for their growth, room he
must allow.

The budding grass is turning green
My first robin, I have seen.

Kathy Peters



Kevin
McCarty



BEING LONELY

It's horrible. I know it has happened to me before. I don't like it either. It's when your friends are doing something or can't come out. You want to do something but you can't do it unless there is another person to do it with. There's one thing though, most of the time my mother would ask if I would help her, then I'm not lonely anymore.

Doreen Milks

Being lonely is an empty feeling. Loneliness is no one to talk to or play with. Loneliness is an abandoned feeling.

Beth Atkinson

Feeling strange when no one is around. No friends to turn to when you're feeling down. No one to play or have fun with.

Lisa Schieber

Being lonely is not fun, but I like to be alone when I am doing my homework. That's why I like to be alone when I want to be.

Sherry Wright

Being lonely is not fun, especially when nobody's around. Some girls do not like to be lonely so they ask their boy friend to come over.

Pam Williams

Being lonely is when you are all alone--nothing to do and no one to do it with. You just sit around the house doing nothing and it gets kind of boring too. Everybody is doing something but you. So you just have to find something to do.

Marianne Oliver

I like being lonely because it's fun. When there's nobody around I'll just go to my bedroom and I'll read or write a note or take a walk in the woods or go down to Neshaminy Creek and play in the rapids.

Bruce Penman

I know how it is when you're lonely because I don't have any sisters. So I have to amuse myself a lot. If I didn't like to read and if we didn't have a lot of animals, I think I'd be lonely a lot. So you see, I really know what it's like being lonely.

Lori vanIngen

Right now I'm lonely. That's what my poems and that thing about "Bridge over Troubled Water" meant to me. It's very serious to me. The poems explain how I feel.

Brian Johns

Being lonely, I think, is another word--black or dark--because nothing is around you, no one to stop being with. There are no bright colors in your thoughts.

Guy Rocco

HAVING YOUR OWN WAY

Having your own way is sometimes bad. Your conscience might get to you and you wouldn't feel right through the whole thing you wanted to do.

Jim Wood

When I was little I used to like having my own way, but now that I'm older, I don't mind too much. The reason is, I've learned to respect other people's opinions.

Lori vanIngen

At first it's fun. But then you realize you're turning into a brat. And that's not very nice to realize.

Lexi Riley

I wouldn't like having my own way all the time. If I do, I'll become a spoiled brat. I like it the way I am because I'm not spoiled, I hope.

John Roberts

Doing what you want to do.
Telling other people what to do.
And being the boss about.

Della Fiesser

THE DARK (cont'd.)

Dark is very scary. When I'm in my room I see black cats and bats. They scare me. It's like I'm in a dark tunnel and there is an ugly demon staring at me.

Lilly Stieber

Black and scary with shadows of people going around the room.

Dark is at night.
Dark is pollution.
Dark is a color
Dark is a feeling.

Lisa Schieber

The dark is spooky and creepy. If someone would give me a million dollars to go into a graveyard at night-----forget it!

Nancy James

I think the dark is a spooky thing because you always hear of murders and robbers. I hate to be alone in the dark especially when you live in a house that is new and when the house creaks and also when you see a spooky movie or read a mystery book before bed. I think something is going to come up and kill me.

Lisa Schorr

Dark is when a boy or girl is blind
And cannot see anything.
Dark is space and the bottom of the sea.
Dark is a black cat.

Pam Williams

When you're lying in bed watching the dark shadows move over the walls, just waiting for the moment, then you drowse off in sleep.

Mary Clarke

The dark is really neat. You can express your feelings without worrying about someone seeing you or knowing where you are.

Russell Salvador

A place where ghosts hang out.

Shelley Craig

The dark is a sad feeling. An alley at night. The sky on a dull night. A place where there are no windows or openings.

Chris Blundell

THE DARK (cont'd.)

I am not afraid of the dark. The dark is nice when the moon is out. Sometimes the dark is mean when there is a storm and when it is lightning.

Brad Borgeson

Scary, cold, nothing to see
The most horrible thing to scare me
Such little sounds turn into strange things
Like noisy heating and far away telephone rings.

Lexi Riley

The dark is lonely, frightening, spooky and scary.
Shadows creeping across the wall, silent and still.
A feeling that no one cares.
Walking down a dirty alley, fog covers everything.

Lynne Fawber

It is fun in the dark because you can jump out on someone without them seeing you. Sometimes I think someone will jump out at me. The mirror is cracked in the shape of a fish and at night the hall light reflects on the mirror and makes fishes on the wall

Marcia Quiring

The dark is a far and distant place. Darkness is all around--lonely, black and spooky. The dark is an ever creeping animal and if you don't watch out, it's gonna get ya!

Boo Netting

The dark is a lonely feeling of sadness. It creeps on and on until there is no way to escape its terrible, clenching fists. Within these clenching fists it holds its cold, dead prey. Then you become another victim of his terrible, clenching fists.

Boo Netting

THE DARK

The dark reminds me of being lonely and afraid. All you see is black. It makes you seem like you're blind and then you know how the blind feel and it's awful.

Doreen Milks

The dark is silent and scary. It creeps up on you about 5 or 6 o'clock and it makes a barrier just outside your window so you can't see anything.

Carlee Goodwin

The dark is at night when I close my door. It's all there is to see, except looming shapes. Here and there I can see a small crack around the door where light creeps in. It's then when you notice how small you seem as the dark closes in on you.

Porter Reeves

The dark has strange effects on the nervous system. Sometimes it's for fun, sometimes it's scary, sometimes it's romantic, sometimes it's night time and it's always dark.

Jim Wood

When you're alone and you're in the dark, sometimes I see in my mind everything I did that day or wanted to do and then what would happen if I did do one thing different. For one funny reason when I'm in the dark, colors start making a pattern and give me a color show.

Kathy Peters

The dark, lonely, forgotten, creepy days, never ending and never beginning, lost in a pool of dark black.

Chris Cole

I like the dark because you are all alone and you can solve all of your problems, if you have any, in the dark. You can do lots of things in the dark that nobody will ever know unless you tell them.

Debbie Cogan

I like to walk alone in the dark. It is fun to be alone at night looking up at the stars. I like it when the trees' branches seem to reach out at me and give me a spooky feeling.

Patty Woll

The dark is a hiding place for that happy feeling. A place to be afraid of. The dark is an angry sea of dark air where you can swim and get lost. The dark can be angry.

Susan Sorace

The dark is gloomy and scary. You can't see everything so you don't know what is happening. You imagine that people creep up on you. The dark makes you bump into things. You cannot have fun in the dark.

Suzanne Rush

HAVING A ROOM OF YOUR OWN

Having a room of your own is like having a secret with someone. I don't have a room of my own because I share it with my sister. I would like to have a room big enough for a bed and a place for my clothes and that's all.

Patty Woll

I think it would be neat to have a room of your own because there won't be any fights with your brother about what time who has to go to bed at bedtime. See, when you have a room of your own, you go to bed when you're supposed to. You go in your room and stay up and read till you want to go to bed.

Mark Scanlon

I kind of have two different thoughts about having a room of my own. #1. If I had a brother I would like having a room of my own because we would make up plans to bug my sister. #2. I don't like having a room of my own because I never can talk to anyone except my turtle, my gerbils, or my cats; and you can't really talk to them.

Russell Salvador

I think having a room of your own is in some cases better than sharing it with someone because you can decorate it the way you want to and express your own feelings. On the other hand, sharing a room has its advantages because you have someone to help you clean the room and someone to talk to at night.

Lori vanIngen

I wouldn't like having a room of my own because you couldn't have pillow fights and stuff like that. Nobody would be there to tickle or pinch.

John Roberts

Having a room of your own means privacy,
Nobody in there but me.
Did you ever want to be alone
And have your own telephone?

Angela Krall

It is fun to have a room of your own, especially when you're sick. You can borrow your big brother's TV and put it in your room. You can turn it on as loud as you want, turn on your radio at the same time. You can listen to the TV with one ear and listen to the radio with the other ear and there's no little brother to tell on you.

Wayne Siefert

Having a room of your own is nice. You can play with your friends in the room without your sister saying that you're too noisy. Having a room of your own is quiet when you are doing your homework. Sometimes it gets lonely.

Marcia Quiring

HAVING A BIRTHDAY

Having a birthday is really neat because you get all these cards with money in them. Hey, look what I got--one, two, three, four dollars in this one! Boy, I sure have to send Aunt Mary a thank you letter. Also, you get a lot of nifty presents and you also get a cake. But best of all, you get a year older.

Mark Scanlon

I like when you get all sorts of presents. In the cards I get, there is money sometimes. It's fun when you get the cake and blow out the candles.

Lilly Stieber

Having a birthday is lots of fun,
Just to know you're number one.
Lots of ice cream in a dish
And a cake on which to make a wish.

Angie Krall

Having a birthday is fun. It's the only day when you're the "Good Guy". You get presents and cards. I don't like parties because I like to be with my family only. Too many presents is spoiling you, but a few are O.K.

Russell Salvador

Cleaning up the house. Making sure the house is ready. Then, ding dong, they're here! In they come. They hand me pretty presents. You blow out the candles and eat the delicious cake. Then you open the presents. Soon they leave. Clean up the mess. Play with your presents. Then the day is done.

Mary Clarke

TOYS

Toys are something you get at your birthday or at Christmas, but never bring them to school or your teacher will blow her cool.

Kathy Peters

I am too big for toys, but I like to buy toys for my little brothers because I like toys too.

Sherry Wright

When I was small I didn't have a pacifier or even a blanket like everyone else. My mother says I was adopted, so maybe that's why I didn't get them.

Bruce Penman

Toys are O.K. I guess. They're not the greatest. They were all right when I was a kid, but now I am almost a grown-up and don't play with them anymore.

Susan Rech

DOING CHORES AT HOME

You may think that I'm nuts, but I like to do chores because if you do the chores your mother doesn't have to do that on top of the other things she does. Another thing, she will get done faster and will be able to play games with the family.

Doreen Milks

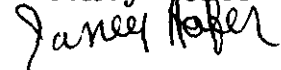
"Honey, will you please go upstairs and get the broom?"

"O.K. Mom. Here's the broom."

"Honey, please go upstairs and get the mop."

"Mom, I was just upstairs!"

Janey Hofer



Wishing you can go out and play instead.

Cleaning room

Cleaning up a mess you didn't make.

Jackie Barrett

Just when your favorite TV show comes on, your mother says, "Shelley, go clean your room." and after that she says, "Wash the dishes, too." And by the time I finish all that, the TV show is over.

Shelley Craig

When I have to do chores at home it gets frustrating. Especially when you want to play and the chores seem to never end.

Mary Mizenko

YOUR FAMILY

Your family is something you should love more than anything. You fight with your brothers and sisters because you love them. Your mother and father support you because they love you.

Billy Brinkmann

Your family is a bunch of people living in the same house and is born by the same mother. It is when you sit at the dinner table and argue with the guy across from you. It is when you all try to get in the same car, including a horse or a dog.

Chris Cole

TELLING TALES

Telling tales is fun because you can exaggerate a little to make it funny. You can make up tales too. Tales are fun to tell when you are camping out.

Russell Salvador

SANTA CLAUS

Getting me in a good mood to go caroling with my friends
Being joyful and gay
Waiting to see what he gave you the next morning
Even though I don't believe in him, I kind of wish I did.

Jackie Barrett

Santa Claus is fun to tell your little brother about; or you
sign your name "Santa Claus" on your Christmas cards. Santa
Claus is someone you believe in until you're ten or eleven.

Kathy Peters

Santa Claus is a jolly, old, bearded man in a red and white
suit and is the Christmas symbol for little kids. Without
him they wouldn't care about Christmas. But then, they must
know that Jesus is the real Saviour, not Santa Claus.

James Wood

Some Santas are ugly and some are good looking. There was
a real Santa Claus once.

Sherry Wright

It is neat when you have a little brother or sister and they
believe you when you tell them that this fat man is not
going to give you anything unless you are good.

Bill Crawford

I like Santa Claus because he's big, fat and jolly. He
comes on Christmas Eve and brings all the good little boys
and girls toys. He is a really good man. He's really a
friendly fraud.

Denise Salvador

I know my mom and dad get the presents. Santa Claus is
just something to get your spirits up and something to
believe in.

Wally Prietz

QUIET THINGS

I like the quiet things and sound--like the sounds of birds singing, the ocean waves splashing against the rocks. I like the sound of happy children playing because I love children.

Doreen Milks

People are sometimes quiet, but that's because thoughts are quiet. You don't have to worry about him interfering with your thoughts. Mice are quiet. They usually strike at night and hardly make a noise.

Chris Cole

Quiet things are sitting down knitting, sewing, playing solitaire or daydreaming and not being pestered by your brothers and sisters. Quiet things are taking walks with your best friend or dog in the woods. Quiet things are being alone in your room. Quiet things are going to sleep!

Patty Woll

Quiet things are rather scarce around my home--except for books. Everything else makes some kind of noise.

Colleen Creighton

There are lots of quiet things.
Like mice and some dogs and kittens.
But some things are not quiet
Like a wolf howling at a full moon
And your mother yelling at you that it's time to get up.

Pam Williams

I like quiet things because in your room when you are lying down on your bed thinking, you need to have something quiet to help you think. Sometimes when you are sitting under a tree you like to hear birds chirping or a creek running.

Russell Salvador

Quiet things are sometimes fun--like quiet games. A person can be a quiet thing. An animal, flower, or a cup of water. Lots of things are quiet things.

Richard Howarth

My mouth is not one of the quietest things in this world. You and I both know that that's true. Almost everyone knows that. No one at all is perfect though.

Kathy Hannon

Babies are quiet when they're first born. And puppies are quiet when you hold them in your arms.

Della Fiesser

WISHES

Sometimes I wish there wouldn't be any school and then when I'm home sick I feel lonely and tired. But when I go to school I feel better. Sometimes I wish my birthday would be every day and I get a lot of candy.

Chris Cole

Wishes are things to think about when your mother sends you to bed. They're something you work at to make come true. They're something to read about and to tell your friends.

Kathy Peters

Wishes would really be great if they would come true. But as it is, they don't. And that doesn't say much for the stars and fairy godmothers.

Colleen Creighton

Wishes are fun to make, especially if they come true. I always wish at night to have a horse when I wake up.

Diana Demordy

I think wishes are fun to think about, but I don't think you should believe in wishing wells and that sort of thing. Wishing is fun, but I think you shouldn't do it all the time-- because where would we be if all we did was wish?

Lori vanIngen

I like wishes, especially when they come true! On a birthday or Christmas you wish everyone will like what you gave them.

John Roberts

SAVING MONEY

Saving money is one of the most important things in your life. Saving money means a car, house or things you want earlier. Saving money should become a habit at an early age so you can have a future.

Susan Sorace

Saving money is not what you think. First you have to get it and that spells work, work, work, work--just for a quarter or a dime.

Roger Robbins

Saving money is a problem I have to put money in the bank for a mini bike, buy stamp blocks and stamps. I only get a quarter a week. What should I do?

Boo Netting

Shaking your piggy bank and hearing the money jungle inside. Getting enough to go visit your friends far away. Buying anything you want.

Jackie Barrett

PLAYING AN INSTRUMENT

Playing an instrument, I think, gives me co-ordination and an ear for music. It also is fun learning something different and because music is nice to listen to when you're doing nothing.

PRACTICE!

PRACTICE!

PRACTICE!

Shelley Craig

"Mr. Sochan, could I go to band?" "Yes, you can." I wish I didn't play this dumb ol' trumpet. You blow into it and all that comes out is noises. Noises, not music. At least that's what I think. My instructor says I'm pretty good. He even says I might be in the band next year if I keep practicing--he said I might be in the band next year.

Wayne Siefert

GROWING UP

Growing up is hard. Part of growing up is being able to say you're sorry to an adult and then explain what you did and why. Another part of growing up is making hard decisions.

Porter Reeves

It's really a sad thing. For when you get older, dolls and cars are no interest. Having a stuffed animal is nothing to you now. You like the boys instead of hating them. I'll really miss being younger.

Janey Hofer

Growing up is not fun. If you ever watch your parents, you would know. They have to pay for everything that you want or what they want.

Sherry Wright

I think growing up is neat because when you are grown up you can do anything you want. Also when you are grown up you can go out with the guys and stay out as late as you want and when you are grown up you can drive around in your car.

Mark Scanlon

Do you know that when you grow up you wish that you were little again because you don't have to pay any bills.

Bert DeHaven

Growing up is a process I wish I could control, but I can't. So I just live day by day and let the years turn slowly.

Colleen Creighton

SITTING QUIETLY AND READING

Sitting quietly and reading is like you're alone in the forest if there is no one around. It also makes me feel free like I was wandering in the fields.

Patty Woll

It's fun when you read in a quiet room; for when you do, you get involved with the book you're reading. It seems like you're in the story and what you read about is happening to you.

Doreen Milks

Sitting quietly and reading is fun because then you can concentrate on what you're reading and your mind can open up to things that you have never thought of before and you can learn a lot of new things.

Rosell Lopes

When you open a book you start to leave the world you're in and the book starts to take over your mind. After about five minutes you're in its world. When you are done with the book, you wish it had never ended.

Mary Clarke

Learning about something in a daze

A world of your own

Going on adventures that you didn't know anything about!

Bill Madison

TEASING

Teasing is something that people do to get revenge. Some people use it just to show off.

Rosell Lopes

When I tease someone it makes me feel guilty inside after awhile. But then I am too shy to say that I am sorry. Then they tease me back and I feel sad.

Porter Reeves

You like to tease girls and take their hats and they tell the teacher and the teacher yells at you and puts you in the corner.

Bart DeHaven

GOING TO SCHOOL

I don't like school one bit, but when you come right down to it, if it wasn't for school you wouldn't know a darn thing! So I just do what I'm supposed to do and wait until it's over.
Doreen Milks

Going to school is terrible when you're in a real neat dream and you have to get up to go to school. Going to school when some schools are closed, and that day you're having a test! That's a horrible feeling. But when you get there and start the test and it's easy, you feel good. School's O.K., exciting. In the summer it is hot and boring.

Karen Kerns

You're all dressed up and your mother says, "Don't get your dress dirty." Going down the road, missing every puddle on the road, and then SPLASH! right in the mud puddle. Repeating what your mother said, "Don't get your dress dirty." Oh Brother!
Janey Hofer

A rotten thing to do to a kid--making him learn Math, Science, Social Studies and even Language. Ugh!

Lizann Fluehr

Learning all about Columbus, Washington, and astronauts and what they did to help our country and brave things they did. All the things that people discovered and made.

Bill Madison

HAVING KIDS AT YOUR HOUSE TO PLAY

It is fun to me because when you are alone with no friends you are sad. Then if your friends come to your door to play with you, they make you glad and change your mood.

Debbie Cogan

Having kids at my house is fun 'cause when it gets dark I don't have to walk home.

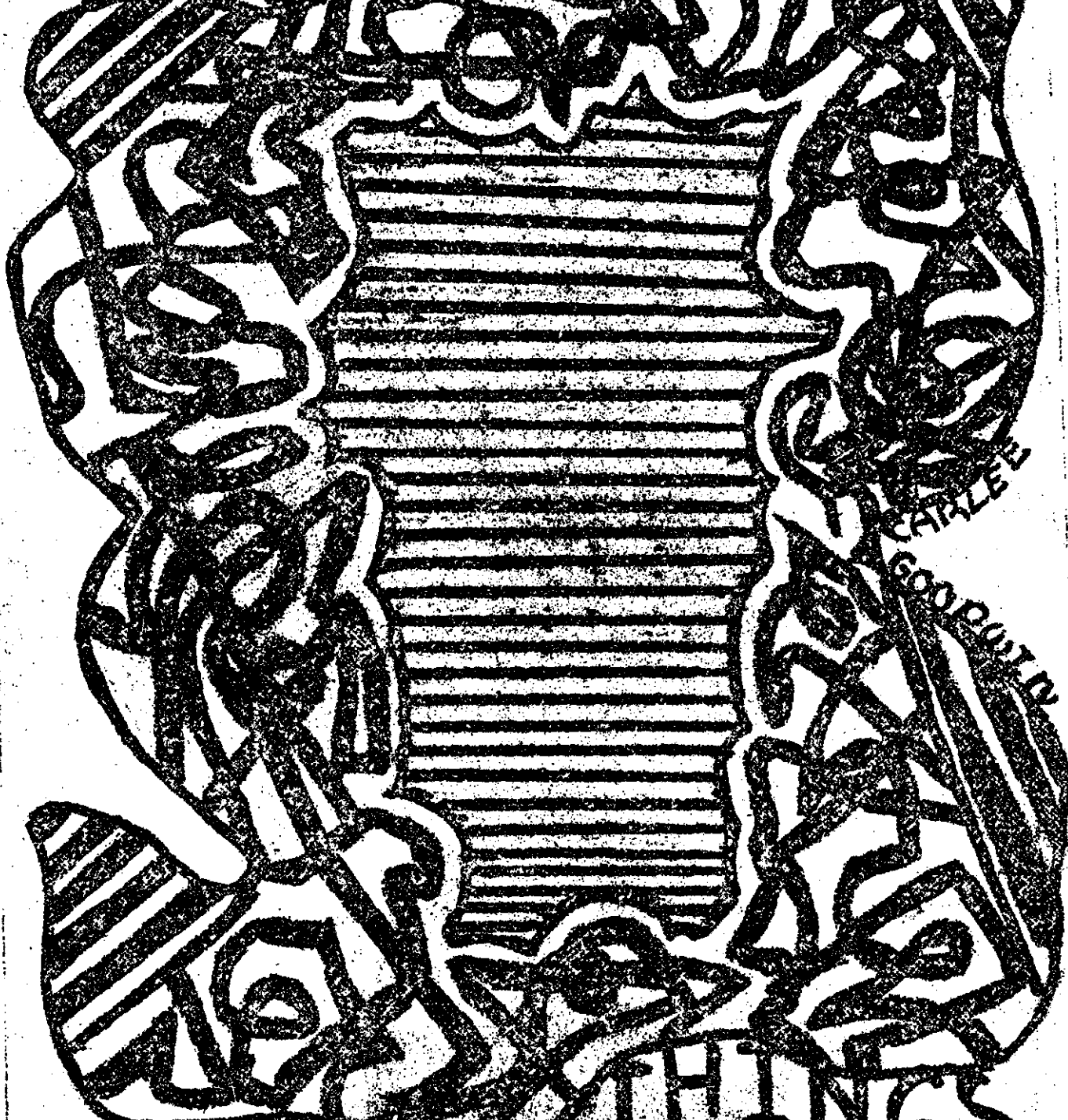
Denise Salvador

HAVING A LIBRARY CARD

When you have a library card you can go to the library whenever you want. You can go to the library to get books and mess around with your friends and get chased out by the grumpy librarian.

Tom Gero

THOUGHTS

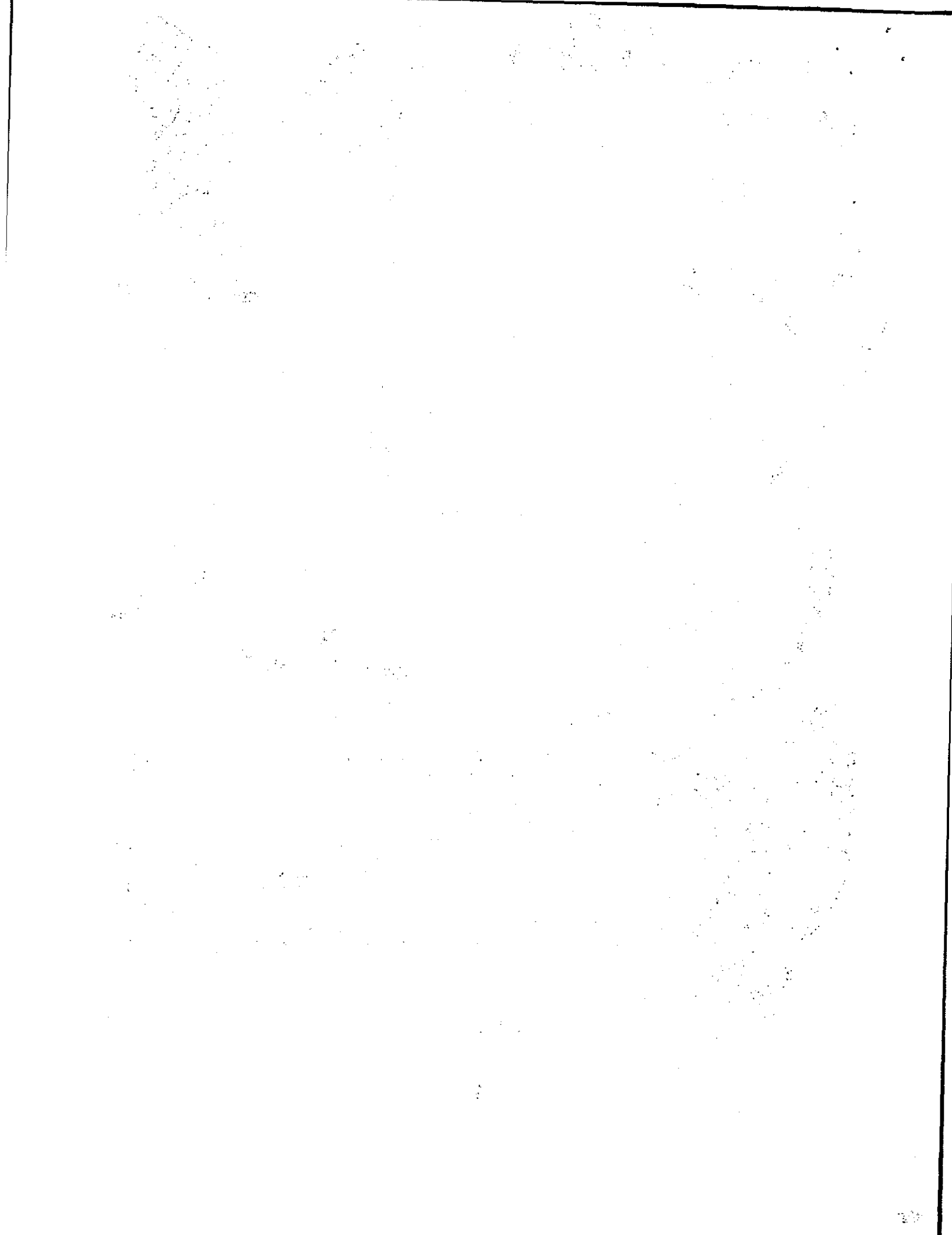


THE GOLDEN RULE

AND

THINGS





TELEVISION

Watching a show you really like and your mother says it's time for bed.

Jackie Barrett

Television is a good excuse for not doing jobs or relaxing on a Friday night or you can watch it if you don't have any homework.

Kathy Peters

I like to watch TV and my dad says that TV is no good and one night my dad watched "All in the Family" and he liked it.

Sharon Herrman

Television is fun when "Star Trek" is on. It's also fun when it is in color. Television is a big radio with pictures.

Pam Williams

Commercials galore! Buy this! Buy that! Do this! Do that! Get this while the supply lasts! Twenty per cent off! Guaranteed! Not available in any store! The commercials are gonna get ya if ya don't watch out!

Lynne Fawber

Television in our house is mad because there are four kids to suit and a lot of fights over the thing. We all wind up in bed before anybody watches it.

Jeffrey Lukens

You switch on the channel you want, but Mom comes down and wants you to put on something else that's really dumb. After it's been on awhile, it gets interesting. Then she says, "Put on what you want." I say, "I want this." She laughs at me and says, "I told you it was good!"

Mary Clarke

Exploring different countries on television like when the Olympics were on from Japan. You can go to Japan on a TV set.

Bill Madison

HAVING BROTHERS AND SISTERS

I'm lucky to have them. Some children are an only child and they are lonesome and would like to have a brother or sister. Some children are spoiled because they are the only child. Sure, I have fought with them, but then I realize that sometimes they're right. Then I make up with them. I have an older sister and she's fun. Sometimes we have pillow fights or wrestle on the bed. When the "Sixth Sense" is on and my parents aren't home she lets me watch it to protect her from from the spooks.

Doreen Milks

Having fun and sharing things
Playing and doing things
Taking turns brushing your teeth
And fooling around when you are not allowed to.

Lisa Schieber

Having brothers and sisters is fun. You get to use their things and you don't have to go looking for someone to play with and they're also someone to love.

Diana Demordy

Older ones are really mean
Saying I'm a baby 'cause they're in their teens
Getting their way constantly
Just because they're older than me.

Alexis Riley

Almost never being lonely
Someone that you have to share things with
A person to goof off with
A close friend you can trust.

Bill Madison

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY OR CITY

If I had a choice, it would be the country because it isn't polluted like the city. Another reason is that I love the country for the green grass, the fresh smell and the blue sky.

Doreen Milks

Going in the woods with your friends.
Seeing wild animals running on the pastures.
Away from the crowded streets.
At night everything is quiet.

Jackie Barrett

Living in the country is fun. You can take a hike through the woods with your friends and go fishing too. In the winter, you can go ice skating on ponds and when it snows it looks really neat outside with the trees covered with snow.

Marianne Oliver

When you live in the country you can smell fresh air, play in clean creeks, play in clean snow and watch animals playing. But in the city, the air is polluted from the factories that surround you. You can't play in creeks because there aren't any. There's not a lot of snow and it is dirty. There's hardly any grass either, and you can't watch birds and animals because there aren't any. I'm glad I live in the country.

Lizann Fluehr

I like living in the country because of the smell of fresh air. There are creeks, brooks and springs. There is wildlife that man hasn't already destroyed.

Richard Howarth

Living in the country is fun. You can go out on nature hikes, go fishing, and go to see the animals in the woods all in your town. Living in the country makes me feel free from progress and pollution. The country is one place where you can escape the city and its slums. The country is one of the nicest places in the world.

Russell Salvador

PETS

I think every girl and boy should have a pet. Having a dog or a cat would be having somebody to love and everybody should have somebody that they love.

Carlee Goodwin

I think pets are neat, because if you didn't have a brother or sister you wouldn't have anybody to play with. You could ask your parents if you can get a pet to play with. Also, if you had a pet you could teach it to do tricks and all that neat stuff. But the best thing of all is you have someone to love.

Mark Scanlon

I love dogs. I'm going to have a farm of dogs. I might be a vet and make emergency house calls 24 hours a day. On my farm, I'll have stray and mal-treated dogs. If I see any dog being mistreated in any way, I'll bawl them out and get the SPCA on their necks. Or, if they think it's too much for them, I'll take it off their hands. I might sell or give people dogs--people I know I can trust. I'll get them all vaccinated and licensed. I care about dogs.

Jim Wood

A pet is a friend, and maybe the best friend you have. A mother or father is a friend, but they can get angry. A pet can't get angry. A pet is the only thing you can turn to if your parents are mad at you. A pet is a security blanket.

Susan Sorace

Pets are noisy and trouble. All the time you have to feed them. It's a good thing I don't run a zoo!

David Watts

I have two pets--a mutt and a horse. They are my best friends. I know you can do anything to them you want and not get hurt, but I wouldn't do anything to hurt animals.

Bill Crawford

I think dogs are cute--puppies too. I'd like to have a puppy. I think pets are wonderful. I like monkeys when they swing with their long hands.

Lilly Stieber

Small or big animals to talk to and share your feelings with. Especially when you're an only child. You can share happiness, sadness and being scared with your pets. If you spend a lot of time with your pets they can be almost human.

Mary Clarke

A thing to love and take care of
A friend that will always listen when you talk to him.
Someone to teach tricks to
Someone that will play with you when no one else will.

Lizann Fluehr

CRYING

It makes me feel sad, lonely and unhappy--especially when people treat you like you're unwanted. Sometimes you cry when you're happy. I did. It was when my sister got married. I would keep on asking my mother why people cry at weddings and then at the wedding I couldn't stop crying.

Doreen Milks

Crying is a good thing--like when you did something wrong and you had to stay in for the whole day. You just start crying. They drop the sentence and you go out.

Wally Prietz

Everybody cries once in awhile in their life. They cry when they get hurt or when they just feel like crying. Mothers cry when their daughters get married.

Carlee Goodwin

A lot of mothers really never cry when they're sad. They cry when you give them something or when they could use a little attention. The only time boys ever cry is when they're hurt. They say crying is for babies or a sissy.

Kathy Peters

Crying is some people's way of getting attention, especially girls. Sometimes you cry when you lose something. Sometimes you cry when you get hurt. Some people cry all the time. All people cry sometimes.

Owen Medd

Crying is only when you don't like what someone did to you or what you did to them. Crying is when you feel sorry for someone or when you're in love with a girl but she doesn't like you. Crying is when someone you like died or got hurt.

Chris Cole

Crying is an outlet of feelings you feel.
Letting out anger or happiness, gladness or sadness.
Pain is crying.

Susan Sorace

Crying is when I fall and hurt myself.
Crying is when a dog in the neighborhood gets hurt.
Crying is when we watch a sad television show.

Sharon Herrman

I think that it's sad when somebody cries. I always feel sorry for someone who does that.

Lizann Fluehr

Crying is a form of sadness, sometimes happiness; but most of all, it's a form of letting out your feelings to someone or something.

Guy Rocco

BEDTIME

Bedtime is something that a mother made up because she was sick of her screaming young boy. So she said, "It's bedtime." This passed down from generation to generation, the younger generation hating the older and each thinking their mom is a "fink".

Kathy Peters

When your mother tells you to go to bed--go to bed. But when you get upstairs, turn on the TV and watch the late, late show. But when you hear foot steps, jump out of bed, turn off the TV, then jump in bed again. You can hear your mother saying, "Honey, come here. She looks just like an angel."

Janey Hofer

Bedtime is the end of the day when all your fun is over. You might watch television or eat a little snack before you go to bed. Sometimes your parents might send you to bed early if they're in a grumpy mood and sometimes you can go to bed late. I wonder who invented bedtime?

Marianne Oliver

A time when your mother is saying,
"Time to go to bed."
I wish it would never come,
Except when I have a long, rough day.

Lizann Fluehr

The wrong time every time! Just when you're having fun, you have to go to bed. Mothers save bedtime not until after your favorite TV show, not after the game you're playing, but always in the middle, just when you're most interested!

Lynne Fawber

Bedtime is nice when you're sleepy. Your bed is nice and warm, and there are a lot of covers to keep you warm. Sometimes bedtime is terrible because you're right in the middle of a good game.

JoAnn Slack

Nice soft warm covers with a good dream.

Shelley Craig

Bedtime is a problem at our house--if you stay up late one night, you have to go to bed early the next; and if you get up out of bed the next morning you still have to go to bed early. But if you get up early you get to stay up a little past your bedtime. I told you we have a problem.

Boo Netting

Bedtime is the time when you get ready to watch "Love American Style" and your parents say, "Go to bed". So you say "Good-night" and go to bed. You lay there wondering why your parents wouldn't let you stay up.

Tom Gero

DESTRUCTION

Something that is pretty
That's about to end
Like a stream in the mountains
Trickling slowly down
Getting bigger and bigger
Dirtier and dirtier
Someones angrier
Yelling at the people
Telling them to end
Dirtying the once pretty stream

Susan Sorace

BRIDGES

The boats sail on the rivers
The ships sail on the seas
But clouds that sail in heaven
Are all prettier than these

There are bridges over rivers
And bridges over seas
But the arch that bridges heaven
Is prettier than these

It builds a path from heaven to
earth
Over the tops of the mountains
and trees
The pathway of powers and light
It is prettier than all these
Bill Netting

LAST AND LONELY

A boy is looking for a girl
He is walking alone in the busy
streets calling her name and
looking all around, thinking
about her on the way. Looking
all around. He still cannot
find her.
He's walking wayout in the
country in the lonely roads.
On the way he is looking at
what he would and how to get
to her. It's really lonesome
without her.

Jackie Barrett

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER

It makes me feel like there is
nothing happening. You are all
alone on a summer afternoon walk-
ing over a bridge that will never
end. The water is crystal clear
and it is cool. I'm the only one
on the earth in an endless world.

Bill Crawford

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS

It makes me think about the war
between the countries, the men
that fought in the war and died.
It makes me feel dreadful that
the countires can't get along
with each other. It would feel
happy when the war is over. Then
the solders will come home safe
and sound.

It makes me think about how brave
they are to fight to try to get
it over with so they can come
home to their families.

Doreen Milks

FREEDOM

You are a free man just roaming
Around on the earth being thankful
Your on such a wonderful plant
Nobody to talk to but your dog
Then you meet a girl and get
married and then it's no more
freedom
Tom Gero

CHANGES

Walking all alone in the woods
Just listening to the running
of the creek
Running all around in the woods
Chasing deer and running through
fields with grass higher then
my head, In the fall the leaves
fall to the ground. The bears
are getting ready to hibernate
Here comes old winter again
Tom Gero

The Double Dotted Color lives
between Explanation Street and
Example Road and Minute Street
or at the end of Salutation Drive.

The Nesting Period comes when
there is nothing else to say or
when your too tired to finish a
word.

The Sharp Billed Apostrophe is
now living in the house where the
letter's used to live on Contrac-
tion Road and just hangs around.

The Red Winged Hyphon lives in
the middle of Syllable Lane &
Syllable Street since there isn't
enough room in Line Hill or betw
tween Number Street & Number Drive
or between Word Lane & Word Road
to fu ction Single Word Drive
Roselle Lopes

THE MEAN OLD MAN AND THE ANIMALS

There was an old man who had a water buffalo and a camel. He liked to hunt for birds and alligators. Everyday he gave his animals plenty of food. On Sunday he forgot to feed his animals and went hunting a baby eagle. He found one that was sick. He did not know that the baby eagle was sick. He took it home and the next day the baby eagle died. Now this made the old man mad and upset because he never kept a baby animal alive. He went out to his animals and worked the camel hard and beat him. Then he tied the camel to the fence and did not feed him. The camel was getting old and hungry, The old man took out the water buffalo and went one mile from his home and left him to die at the side of the road. The next day he went to hunt alligators at the lake. When he was on his way, the water buffalo went back where the camel was and opened the fence. Then the camel and the buffalo went to see the alligator. They knew a short cut to go where he lived. When they got there, the old man saw the alligator. Just as he was going to shoot him, the water buffalo pushed the man in the water and the alligator ate the man. (The moral of the story is "If you get upset still keep up your work.")

Mary Mizenko

MY DOG IS A DISGUISED VISITOR FROM OUTER SPACE

My dog's name is "Ralph", but we made a martian name for him so now his name is "Zing". We stuck antennas in his furry head. We put eyeglasses on his eyes. We also made his ears stick up and we curled his tail like a pig's tail. We put a scarf around his neck and we put socks on all fours. Then we fixed up a box to look like a spaceship and we cut a window and door, too. We put rollerskate wheels on, then we tied a string onto it and we put Zing in it. Then we walked around for awhile pulling the box. Then we decided to scare Mother. We pulled the box to the middle of the yard and pretended we were scared. We called Mother. After awhile a policeman came around and saw us. He came around back and blew his whistle hard. We were so scared we ran into the house. The policeman opened the door to the spaceship and out came Ralph--but no disguise! He had torn everything off and Mother never found out.

Angie Krall

MY DOG IS A DISGUISED VISITOR FROM OUTER SPACE

It was winter time in Hogstown, New York. It was five o'clock when I heard a loud bark outside the door. I went out to see what it was. When I went out I saw a dog. The dog was freezing, so I picked it up and named it Fred. That night I heard a noise in the livingroom. I went down to see what was the matter. Then, in front of my eyes I saw Fred talking with a Martian. The Martian gave Fred some papers, then went away. When I walked into the room Fred said, "Stay away from me." I said, "Fred, you talk!" Then I said, "Give me your papers." Then I went for his papers, but before I got them, he ate them. Then he turned his tail around and around and flew up in the air and said, "Good-by earththing, good-by Fred."

Bill Kallatch

BRILLO PAD

Howdy! I'm Bob Brillo Pad. I live in a sink. It's really fun living in a sink because when everybody is in bed you and your fellow brillo pads go out and have a ball. We go in our car. Our car is a bar of Ivory soap. It's easy to go down hill, but it's rough going up. Well, anyway, what we do is give our car one big push, then down the drain we go. So we don't go down all the way, we cut a hole in the side and pop out. We ride around the kitchen till 3:00 A.M. Then we rob the refrigerator. We take all the bananas, oranges and grapes. Then all of a sudden we hear someone coming. Well, here is a bit of information before I leave--if you are thinking about reincarnating be a Brillo Pad.

Jennie Zeh

LONELINESS

It's like being sad and lonely. No one paying attention to you. They don't listen to a word you say. Never bothering to care about you. It's like being in the dark where you can't be seen.

Pam Hamilton

PARTING

Home is the best, but then it's time to leave; so better make the most of it when you grow up. It's going to be fun because you'll have a home of your own; but you'll dislike having to leave your parents.

Gayle Cunningham

LOVE

You just had a party and everybody left and it's really quiet and calm. There's nothing to do. Then somebody you like that wasn't at the party walks in and all that you do is sit down and look and talk to each other.

Bruce Penman

SPRING'S SONG

It feels like you were running through the country side. You came to this old wooden covered bridge with a creek under it. The water running over the rocks has a little tune to it.

Steven McIlvaine

EAVESDROPPING

Sing a romantic song you overhear your older brother sing to his girlfriend. It's fun and funny to hear him sing because when we were both younger he said that he would never have a girl friend. When my mom chatches me, boy, I'm in for it!

Gayle Cunningham

WAR

Time to go to war and I see my sister crying to see her boyfriend go, not to say the least if he'll return alive. We try to help, but we can't! When he leaves she's so upset, no knowing what's going to happen. The news comes--he's dead. She cries and cries. It's terrible!

The Loud Mouthed Exclaimer lives at the end of Feeling Lane.

The Quick Flitting Comma lives in Word Series or on Sentence Street to separate a direct quotation from the rest of the street or on Sentence Street to separate the name of a person from the rest of the block or on a block to set off words like yes and no.

The Sharp-Headed Quotation Marks live on the block to set off the exact words that they said.

Roselle Lopes

PLASTIC FOOD IS BEST

One night I fell asleep right away and dreamed I was on this strange island. I saw this little green man walking along a road and he pulled out of his pocket--plastic food! I couldn't believe my eyes. Then I followed him and he went right to a table with a lot of other green people sitting around it.

Then every night I kept having the same dream. But then one night they saw me. They all got up from the table and taught me how to play all these different kinds of games.

Then the next night I dreamed they invited me to eat dinner. I was scared! I didn't know what to do! They put the food on my plate and I tried a tiny bite. It made me feel like I was lifted out of my bed and carried through the wind to the strange island and I really was! Then I tried more of the plastic food and "Plastic Food is the Best!"

Patty Woll

PLASTIC FOOD IS BEST

One day Jan went out to get the mail. By the mailbox was a huge box. "Hey, Keith, Laurie, come here fast," she yelled.

Keith was there first. A moment later Laurie was there. "Wow!" said Keith. "That is big. I wonder what it is." Laurie said, "Well, let's get it up on the porch so we can open it. It's addressed to all three of us."

They lifted it up and carried it to the porch. Then Jan went in for a knife to cut away the string and tape that held it closed. When she came back, Laurie said, "Hurry up and open it. One third of this is mine you know."

So she opened it and when it was done, all they saw was plastic fruit and plastic vegetables! In one corner was a sheet of paper that looked like the directions. "Who would send a stupid thing like this?" said Keith. Jan said, "Wait a minute, let's see what it is before saying it's stupid. It may prove out to be interesting." "I doubt it," said Keith under his breath.

Laurie had already read the directions and said that she agreed with Jan. It was not stupid. She said, "All of this is edible, and this tells how to make experiments with real food and this plastic food."

"Sure," said Keith, "plastic food that's edible."

"C'mon, let's try it," said Jan.

The two girls went into the house and got some fruits and vegetables that had just been picked. They ate some plastic food and then some real food and decided that plastic food is best. Keith even admits that it costs less!

Diane Serianni

PLASTIC FOOD IS BETTER

Well, when you have been around as long as I have, you should know not to trust your mother's cooking unless you are certain it is safe. First, test it out on your neighbor's dog, cat, hamster or any other pet they happen to have! Then put it in a rat trap and if the neighbor's pet doesn't eat it or the rat, then you know plastic food is better!

When dinner comes and you are forced to eat, try bribing, fake you are sick, drop it on the floor and kick it under the table, or even put it in your mouth and head for the bathroom.

One big problem in trying to find plastic food--you can't find it in the drugstore, or Grants or Shop Rite. So I guess you'll have to put up with your mom's cooking!

Jim Rohrman

POPULARITY

It's like going to a high school dance with all the girls. They have a band that plays slow music that you can dance to. All the boys are waiting to dance with you because you're so beautiful.

Pam Hamilton

WINTER

It is the first snowfall of the year. Everything is silent. Animals come and dance and sing. Then children come to skate on the pond and sled down the hill. More snow falls. They play the whole day; then dusk falls and silence.

Beth Atkinson

"POWDER"

Wipe out! Powder snow, beautiful and deep. Then I was up again and flying down the slope, my skis twisting and turning. I never believed I could do anything this good! It was really fun! Everything seemed to be flying past me. Then it was all over and I had to go up to the top for another run.

Lori vanIngen

SUMMER FAIR

Going to a carnival and winning a six foot tall teddy bear, taking a ride on a ferriswheel, eating popcorn and getting all messy.

Kathy Hannon

REFLECTIONS

The time when you're lonely in a dark room. When you think of somebody you knew a long time ago. When you think of the problems you had with them and then all of a sudden you think of the good times you had with them.

Bruce Penman

THE LOSER

The gloomy song of a loser in sports or anything. Like always losing the big game or even the inimportant games. The coach bawling you out because you lost the game for the team. With two out, bases loaded, the count 3 and 2, you strike out. Or missing a field goal with 2 seconds left in the Super Bowl--losing 17-16.

Don Clinton

WHEATFIELDS

It's just like running free through fields of wheat on a sunny day. Then I see what nature is all about. Then I see a stream which is fresh and clean like water should really be.

Looking at the stream running through rocks while it ripples down over them. It's like running and running away from someone chasing me and that person is calling me.

Lisa Schieber

STALLION

A horse standing on a hill under a blazing row of trees in a wild wind. An Arabian. Pure Arabian. If I catch him he's mine. He's my only dream--to own a black, pure Arabian stallion. I'm up on him riding. It's fall in Canada, and I've never seen such beauty in late August. Now I'll unsaddle him, water him, rub him, feed him, and then say good night.

Diane Serianni

PLASTIC FOOD

Oh, plastic food is best,
In the north, south, and west!

One day, a man came crawling by
I gave him a piece of my plastic
pie

Then he started to run like a
flash

In three seconds, he did a hun-
dred yard dash.

Oh, plastic food is best
Try it! Put it to the test!

One day, a girl came crying by
"He ditched me for Michelle!"
I gave her a shot of my plastic
rye

Then, she looked just like Raquel.

Oh, plastic food is best,
It'll even put hair on your
chest!

Jim Wood

PLASTIC FOOD

Plastic food is the best
That other food is a pest.
So next time you go to the store
Get plastic food for the refrig-
erator door.

If you eat as good as you should
Plastic food will do you good.
Plastic food is really delicious
The best dish is called
alouisious.

Please believe me, for I know
everything
Oh! and boy do those spices
really zing
Oh! and that plastic chicken
It will never make you sicken.

So if you don't believe me
about plastic food
Then, believe Jan Stenaried
For he kicks field goals over
the post
After his breakfast of plastic
toast.

Mike Koch

PLASTIC FOOD IS BEST

When I first found out about plastic food, I was riding my bike down the street. I noticed that some men were working on a new building. I went over and asked the men what they were building. They said that it was a store that sold plastic food. I had never heard of it, but I went and told my friends. In one week school would be out, so we planned to find more about it after school was out. We saved our allowance so we would be able to get the plastic food. We got jobs and earned lots of money. Then finally when the store was opened and we stepped into the door, delicious smells came rushing out. The store-keeper asked if we would like anything. We said we did not know. We went down the aisle. Rows and rows of plastic foods were stacked high. We went to where the candy was. We got some plastic M & M's and chocolate-covered peanuts. Then we went to the meat counter and got some ham. Then we got some cereal. Plastic food costs less. When we got home, we tasted it. Plastic food is better than ordinary food. It kept well too. It did not need to be baked. All you have to do to meat is cut and eat. If you get cake mix, muffin mix, etc., all you have to do is put water in the box and shake and it will bake itself. Things in bottles make no mess--you just eat the bottle too. There are no dishes to do. Plastic food is best!

Marcia Quiring

REBIRTH

In the spring with the beautiful flowers that smell so sweet. The leaves from the trees are flying around. I'm lying in a field of wheat. The wind is blowing in my face. I get up and pick a bunch of flowers.

Pam Hamilton

FEAR

When I was walking down the trail I saw two brown deer with white tails. I could see fear in the deer when they realized I was near. They ran as far as I could see just to get away from me.

Steve McIlvaine

RUNNING

The funeral was sad; people were crying. I couldn't stand it. I had to leave. I went down to the beach. The beach was deserted. No one had been on its sands for a long time.

Billy Brinkmann

SYMBOLS

The beautiful bald eagle soared gracefully over the cliffs. Its mighty wings beat furiously, then glided smoothly. He would dip and sway in the wind. I think it was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. He was a symbol of strength and liberty.

Lori vanIngen

CHILDHOOD

You are taking a walk in the woods, suddenly all the animals come out and play and have parades. You play with them all day, then you have to leave. One day when you are older you come back and they are all gone.

Beth Atkinson

LOVE

A young couple in love. The man has to go to war. The dark clouds, the lightning and thunder, the harsh rains, the storm, the sadness. It's all over. The happiness that was felt inside. They are both angry at everybody because they have to part. Sadness, madness, love.

Roselle Lopes

RUNNING

The feeling of loneliness comes to my mind, just like I'm walking down some street alone. Just walk and walk all alone like everything has left me. Then I run and run, trying to run away from my troubles, but knowing that it's impossible.

Brian Johns

AWAKENING

Opening your eyes to a new world and seeing something beautiful like flowers around a tree and the green grass growing very tall and high.

Kathy Hannon

THE WORLD TODAY

Now the world is lonely and sad
Something must be done before
we go mad.
The trees, the animals soon will
be gone
The air is dirty--there lies a
dead fawn.

Bang! goes a gun,
The animals run.
People are killing for sport and
for power.
The death rate is like a rising
tower.

As years go by, nothing is done.
Soon we'll lose when we think
we've won.
Some people protest
While others just rest.

Now it seems like the devil has
risen
When I look at the world, I'd
rather be in prison.
People need to say more than
they do,
So it's up to me and it's up
to you.

Russell Salvador

COLOR

Swirling, twirling,
Jumping, whirling,
Flying, skipping,
Quickly whipping.

Creeping, crawling,
Sinking, sprawling,
Flying, sighing,
Sneaking, lying.

Paint is whipping,
Lines are tipping.
Bright red flames
Fall on country lanes.

Colors are bright
Then, if I am right
Some colors are lots of fun
Yellow is a special one.

Bright colors are a good pick
Dull ones make me sick.
What color should I make my room?
Black, predicting doom?

Green is nice, I should say,
But blue is pretty, like a nice
day.

Pink would be for a girl,
I think I'll paint a blue and
yellow swirl.

Porter Reeves

War

Death, life
Shouting, blasting, dieing
Crawling, bitter, non-violence, love
Caring, giving, helping
Money, wealth
Peace.

Wally Preitz

Something that is pretty
That's about to end
Like a stream in the mountains
Trickling slowly down
Getting bigger and bigger
Dirtier and dirtier.
Someone is angrier
Yelling at the people
Telling them to end
Dirtying the once pretty stream.

Susan Sorace

War

Violent, bloody
Fighting, killing, firing
Gun, bullet, stillness, quiet
Peacefully, silencing, finishing
Stop, rest
Peace.

Lisa Schieber

Winter

Cold, bitter
Freezing, sliding, gliding
Drifts, piles, sunlight, happiness
Swimming, bathing, running
Hot, humid
Summer.

Wally Preitz

FUNNY LITTLE PUT DOWN

It gives me an easy feeling
of just lying around and doing
nothing but dreaming about what
I would like to do when I get
older. And how it feels to be
in love and find out that you're
not the only one in a girl's life.
It's a real put down.

Bill Madison

PATRIOTIC

We all live in the U.S.A.
People come to see it our way.
We belong to one big nation
We have better foreign relations.

We have a colorful flag
To prove our nation's not a drag.
We have a leader called Uncle Sam
He doesn't get us in too many jams.
Mark Scanlon

Life
Cheerful, gay
Loving, sharing, caring
Breath, cruel, violent, intent
Hospitalizing, struggling, killing
Dark, cruel
Death
Wally Prietz

COLOR

Twisting and curling like a snake
Colors that seem to tremble and
shake.

The orange almost makes me feel
hot

The white looks like a color, but
it's not.

Streaks like comets streak the sky
Black is for when you die.
A stormy sky and a thrilling sea
Then ending with a catastrophe.
Lizann Fluehr

RED

Red is an apple hanging up high,
Red is the color of a cherry pie.
Red is the color of a rose,
Red is the color of the coldest
toes.
Red is the color of a Valentine's
heart,
Red is the color of an oven's cart.
Red is the color of the American
flag,
Red is the face of an old hag.
Red is the color of a summer sunset,
Red is the color of flame from a jet
Red is the color of a ladybug,
Red is the color of a dollhouse rug.
Red is the color of a lollypop,
Red is the sign that says stop!
Red is the color of a balloon,
Red is the color of the old saloon.
Beth Gero

A FLY'S VIEWS ON THE U.S.

I fly through the air with the
greatest of ease,
But I'm no daring young man on
the flying trapeze.
I'm a fly whose seen the entire
U. S.
And I think it's getting to be
quite a mess!

I've seen many lakes and rivers
And wow! It really turns you to
shivers!
The pollution is getting really
bad
The whole affair is pretty sad!
All people can do is stand there
and gape,
They don't try to get it into
better shape!
On the whole, I'm pretty surprised
as a fly
What I want to know is why, why,
why?

Lori vanIngen

GREEN

Green is the color of grass in
the spring,
Emerald is the stone you put in
a ring.
Squash, celery and pickles are
green,
Having a picnic, what a scene.
Frogs, grasshoppers, and some
toads are green,
I like green peas and beans.
There is green hand lotion,
Sometimes there is a green ocean.
Green is the color of grass-stained
tools,
Green is the bottom of a swimming
pool.
Green is the color of a caterpil-
lar crawling up my leg,
Green is also a rotten egg.
Green is the feeling of a cool
summer breeze,
When you can't take the tease.
Green is the feeling of mountain
leaves
Green is the smell of Christmas
trees.

Marcia Quiring

THE CARAVAN

There was a destined caravan,
In the desert with all the sand.
The camel's weak and timid
Not a drip or drop of water.

In the wind with the sandstorm
Now I can't wait 'til morn.
Oh, that sandstorm has ruined the
caravan
The caravan that was destined.

It was destined in the wind,
It was destined in the night.
That whole caravan was destroyed
Just before morn.

Bobby Shimp

Sisters —
Older, mature,
Bossy, supervisor, helpful,
Alone in her room
Fun.

Roselle Lopes

An accident just happened.
The blood is dripping all over.
All you hear are sirens screaming
through the night air.
Other cars are stopping, asking
to help.
The policeman says, "There's
nothing you can do here."
The ambulance comes screeching to
a stop.
The reporters come. They're beg-
ging news out of you.
You can't talk, your throat is dry.
The fire trucks come and squirt
water on the hardened blood.

Jeffrey Lukens

War

Bloody, outrageous
Discomforting, disgrace, warning
Battlefield, tanks, hospital, siren
Killing, consuming, dieing,
Violent, bloody
People.

Jim Hamilton

Money —

Anything, jobs
Car, food, machinery, building
Doctors, hospitals, comforting
Fun, neat
Poor.

Jim Hamilton

LAURA INGALLS WILDER

All across the rolling prairies
Dark across the banks
In response to Laura Ingalls
To her books we give our thanks.

Her older sister Mary
Her youngest sister Grace
Her younger sister Carrie
Who had a pretty face.

She has a ma and pa
And a dog named Jack
They lived in the northwest states
A long, long time, way back.
Denise Salvador

A brown pillar topped with red
For many a bird it makes a bed
Spots of color everywhere
Without color it wouldn't be there.

Without color things would be gray
Things would be the same day after
day.
But with color, it has light
In some places dark, others bright.

Bright colors on this tree
Looks like a spinning dancer to me
Limbs spreading and opening wide
Like a jellyfish in low tide.
John Roberts

A RAINBOW

A rainbow with colors bright
Is glowing in the golden sun's
light.
The rainbow keeps on curving and
bending
And people say there's gold at
its ending.

The elves are always sliding down
it
But are they nervous? Not a bit.
We can't see the little things
But that's because they're not
human beings.

The rainbow highlights the clear-
ing blue
Making it look fresh and new.
But I'm not sad when it goes away
For I know it will come another day.
Lori vanIngen

BEAUTY

Beauty is many, many things.
A bowl of flowers or a box of
rings.
Beautiful deer prancing among the
trees,
A pink flower and yellow bumble
bees.

Birds ruling the air as they
please.
Yellow balloons flying by with
ease.
Fresh fallen snow on the ground
A country woods with spring
sounds.

Beauty is a trickling waterfall,
It's a flaming candle straight
and tall.
A field of flowers blooming
bright
A colorful sunset turning into
night.

Beth Atkinson

POLITICS

Everybody says "Vote for me."
Nixon, Humphrey, McClosky
Everybody gets into the act
Saying, "I'll be the best, and
that's a fact!"

Presidential candidates spend
lots of money,
Sometimes the weird promises they
make are funny.
Candidates have \$100 a plate
dinners,
If you have enough money you can
be a winner.

President-elects say they won't
raise taxes,
Not even if the earth tips on
its axis.
Sometimes the promises they make
are good
And they act the way they should.

Owen Medd

Shoe —
Black, shiny,
Running, jumping, walking,
A warm, soft, place
Boot.

Kathy Rocco

SCHOOL

I really like school
It is really cool
Every Friday we have art
After school I ride my cart.

Every Friday we have a math test
I try to do my very best.
At recess I like to go out and play
In art I like to work with clay.

This Friday we are having a party.
Everyone is coming but Marty.
School will soon be over
Now I can play with my dog, Rover.
Pam Hamilton

War—
Killing, wounding,
Clashing, firing, hiding,
United States, VietNam, Pakistan,
India,
Destruction.

Steve St. John

BROTHERHOOD

Brotherhood is when you care.
When someone's hurt, help him,
don't stare.
Put your hand in the hand of your
brother across the sea.
We've got to love and care or we
just can't be.

Brotherhood is in everyone's dreams
But this goal isn't as far away as
it seems
Let's live in a world of brother-
hood
To care and love as we should.

We shouldn't judge people by the
color of their skin
Come on world, let's begin!
Brotherhood is the way to love
Come on world, don't you have any
love to give?

Lynne Fawber

Sherry —
Small, tiny
Walking, running, sitting,
Happy, sad, glad, unhappy,
Girl.

Sherry Wright

THE SUN

Through the city's man-made
light
Comes this light so crystallly
bright
Here it comes from far and
near
Waking up the gentle deer.

The sun is shining very
bright
My shadow has grown to a
taller height
Even now I still feel taller
'Til my shadow gets much
smaller.

The sun is getting dimmer now
It's bedtime for the baby cow.
Then it says good-bye again
And gives us all its farthest
friend.

Ricky Paiste

STARS

Light bulbs in the sky
Shining in the night
In the sky so high
What a wonderful sight.

They die when dawn returns
Streaking across in space
Looking like they're in a race.

Burning up in earth's atmos-
phere
Some shining like a dome
There is no need to fear
Some aren't even known.

Craig Raynor

A HEAVENLY VISIT

Sing a song of stars
Floating brightly past Mars
Imagine drinking milk from
the Milkyway
Seeing crystal diamonds
bright and gay.

You can pick out the bright-
est star
In a field of night, black
as tar.
See if you can picture a jug
Pouring liquid into a mug.

Imagine waving to the man in the
moon

But you can't see him at noon.
All this is done and gone
By the first streak of dawn.

Doreen Milks

STARS

All the stars are in the sky.
And just before dawn they say
"Good-by."
Every night we look at the stars
And all of a sudden my mother says,
"There's Mars."

Every night the stars come up
I see their beauty coming up.
The groups of stars glow so bright
You might even think they are
meteorites.

The stars shine right through my
window pane,
You might think they are the lights
from our lane
The moon comes up and then the
stars
While on the roads there are no
cars.

Debbie Cogan

TWO HOURS ON A MARTIAN SPACESHIP

I was flying along in my
rocket and all of a sudden my
engine cut out. There in front
of me was a planet. I landed and
I saw little green men with anten-
naes. I got out. They spoke Eng-
lish. I asked them for a lift.
They told me to get in their space-
ship. They showed me the control
panels and they taught me how to
fly it. I swiped a rock to take
home with me. So they told me to
get in. Then they took me home.
My relatives were waiting. I was
made a hero. Then I heard: "Wake
up! Wake up!"

Too bad I was only dreaming--
but wait--what about the rock?
Under my pillow I felt a lump and
there it was--the rock!

Bobby Shimp
Bobby Shimp

Brotherhood

Prejudice affects the whole human race.
The religion you believe, or the color
of your face.
"Hey, there goes another funny looking
Greek!"
Hair down past your shoulders--you're
a freak!

Prejudice is stupid and I have proof
Every Saturday we raise the roof.
A Prejudiced bigot--O'Connor makes fun
Note that the show is number ONE!

Prejudice is leading us all a merry
chase.
If it doesn't stop, it will end the
human race.
You bigots are making a big goof
One of these days, you'll have to
face the truth.

Jim Wood

Brotherhood

Talking to people of every race
Not just to the people of your face,
Caring for others like you should
That to me is "Brotherhood".

Segregating is not right
So it causes a racial fight.
When you do as much as you possibly
could,
That to me is "Brotherhood".

Just imagine how you'd feel
If you know you'd have no meal.
If you don't treat people like you
should,
Then that to me is not "Brotherhood".

Lizann Fluehr

Open your church, your school and
your heart.
Invite all people to come be apart.

Sharing ourselves with others is
good,
As one to another we learn Brother-
hood.

Love for another is best when it's
true,
Brotherhood brings all your love
back to you.

Bruce Penman

Brotherhood is very real
It is something you can feel.
Brotherhood helps each other
It doesn't matter the skins color

It is not very good
Without Brotherhood.
Segregation is not very fair
Some people don't even care.

Love and peace and all that's
good
Are the ingredients for Brother-
hood.
Discrimination is never right
Judging yellow, black or white.

Debbie Houser

A Fight For Freedom

It all started one day in the south
With Rosa Parks who was a black,
Who sat in the front of the bus
When she should have been in the
back.

Then Martin Luther King came in
To get the blacks equal rights
To lead them to victory
And did it without fights.

Boycotting the buses
Soon blacks began to walk
The bus company lost their money
This earned King a lot of talk.

A sit-in at a restaurant
Won a great big victory
Restaurants had no segregation
And people began to see.

A march on to Washington
Where King made his speech.
"I have a dream", rang aloud
His works would soon teach.

Then a horrifying moment
King was lost forever.
We lost a great captain
But we'll lose his dream, never.

Susan Sorace

Brotherhood

The world is big and wide
We must stand side by side
Help each other day by day
And brotherhood will come our way.

Brotherhood will live everyday
Love our neighbors as we play
One by one we will stand
And give each other a helping hand.

Love our neighbors we are told
Everyone young and old
If we stand straight and tall
Brotherhood will never fall.

Barbara Marren

- - - - -
In his eyes there was a gleam
Martin Luther King said, "I have a
dream".
Just because their color is black
They have to live in a dirty old
shack.
Martin Luther King led the boycott
He helped blacks until he was shot.
Rose Parks sat in the front of the
bus
The whites put up a great big fuss.
The blacks were victims of
discrimination
Hated by some of the whites in our
nation.
On the Earth we need brotherhood
It would fill the world with good.

Wayne Siefert

- - - - -
Color, language and poverty
This segregates people in the world
Each race thinks they're better
They try to prove it by war.
Men, women and children
All helpless in their homes
Struggle through this world of ours
With a little hope and few goals.
White, black and yellow
These are three different people
Each group having it's own big
problem
Each group finding it's own way to
solve them.

Marianne Oliver

The Fight For Freedom

Indians, sent away from their homes
Sent west of the Mississippi
Many hardships and diseases
Died in the fight for freedom.

Negroes, slaves because of their color
Worked in the fields all day long
Ran away or marched in streets
Died in the fight for freedom.

Jews, discriminated against because
of their creed
Worked sixteen hours a day
Arrested in the night for no reason
Died in the fight for freedom.

Patty Woll

- - - - -
Brotherhood
Brotherhood is a time of happiness
for all different races.
Brotherhood is getting together
on a simple basis.
Brotherhood is the concern of others
Brotherhood is many races living
like brothers.
Red, black, white and yellow
We should be tolerant of the other
fellow
With kindness and good deeds
We shall try to fill their needs.
We'll work and live in harmony
And make this world better for
you and me.
Brotherhood is an act of sharing
So act as if you are really caring.

Jeffrey Atkinson

- - - - -
Brotherhood is loving black, red,
white or yellow
God made them all so help that
fellow.
Take time to learn your brothers'
plight
Sometimes it's a dreadful fight.
The world might stop turning
If the hate of war keeps burning.
For some, Brotherhood doesn't exist
Because they use their fist.
How can we go on living
If we don't start giving.
How can we show others we care
If our riches we do not share.

Mary Mizenko

Today the faces of many different
races
Have trouble getting along.
Everyone's in a racial race to
get to the top.
We should stop our fighting and
try to start uniting.

Everyone makes an oversized fuss
Like the restaurants or the back
of the bus.
Today, tomorrow or very soon
We should work here instead of on
the moon.

Now and then the colors blend
When people have equal money to
spend.
People are in poor housing because
of their race
Many of these problems we still
have to face.

Ricky Paiste

Although they may be different than
you
Or come from Ireland, Germany or
Peru
You still must treat them like
equal men
No matter what, where, why or when.
Brotherhood is being nice to
someone you don't know
Even if he is your foe.
You should treat him like your
brother
He's no different than any other.
Don't forget to be kind
Both in deed and in mind.
Forget his color race or creed
Be a friend when in need.

Mariane Rohrman

Poison Ivy
Stay away
Innocent green leaves
A strong scratching feeling
Ivy Poison

Jim Wood

I have a dream
That all of the negroes will be
equal.
I have a dream
That negroes can live anywhere.

I have a dream
That Germans will not be
discriminated against.
I have a dream
That Germans can live anywhere.

I have a dream
That all minorities will not be
discriminated against.
I have a dream
That all minorities can live
happily anywhere.

Terry Carnahan

Love Your Neighbor
Love your neighbor
It's as easy as that.
So say hippies and priests
They don't know I live next to
a negro.
I wouldn't mind a Polack
I wouldn't mind a Jew
But a Negro -
Love someone not even my own color?
People used to call me a bigot
I guess I was.
But I learned something
Just exactly what "love your
neighbor" means.
Guess What?
You know those negroes next door?
The baby is so cute!
Mrs. Jabler is going out Saturday,
can I babysit

Diane Serianni

Archie
Dingbat, meathead
Friendly neighborhood bigot
Those were the days
Prejudice

Jim Wood

Brotherhood is loving and sharing
Knowing that someone is caring.
People being put down by one another
You think this is treating people
as your brother?
Hands reaching out across the sea
Making us brothers you and me.
Faces full of hatred and sorrow
Will there ever be a loving tomorrow?
People are fighting in the wars
What Brotherhood needs is a lot
more.
Try reaching out and loving each
other
For I hope you know he is your
brother!

Beth Atkinson

- - - - -

Brotherhood week throughout the
year
Say "Hi!" to your neighbors with-
out fear
If we all lived by the golden rule
Then life wouldn't be so cruel.
Be a brother to all mankind
Be helpful, unselfish, courteous
and refined.
We circle the earth in great big
planes
Locking for adventure in distant
lands.
Wouldn't it be nice if we all could
agree
To have love, peace and all men
free.
If I had one wish it would be
Brotherhood week every day of the
year.

Shelley Craig

- - - - -

Life is not very good
Without equal brotherhood.
What the world needs you must agree
Is brotherhood between you and me.
Love and peace and all that's good
Are the ingredients for brotherhood
And brotherhood you must agree
Can only come from you and me.
Brotherhood is to help each other
It shouldn't matter race or color.
Segregation is not right
Judging between black and white.

Mary Clarke

If we can live with each other
We could call them all our brother
We all belong to the human race
Don't judge a man by the color
of his face.
We all become prejudiced
So why don't we make it a myth.
There are many kinds of races
With many thoughts behind their
faces.
If we didn't have peace and good
We wouldn't have Brotherhood
We need to respect one another
That's what it means to be a
brother.
A man named Lincoln came along
And said that slavery was very
wrong.
He knew that slavery should be
no more
That's what started the civil war.

Mark Scanlon

- - - - -

Brotherhood has been with us a
long, long time
Ever since the cavemen agreed about
no crime.
Not all of us have followed this
rule
We think we do, but who do we think
we fool?
Mr. Lincoln would scorn us
He would ask for more brotherhood
and plus!
But that is quite impossible
For we think somebody else is
responsible.
The cavemen lived in caves together
But can we walk the streets alone?
Never!
Sometimes I wonder if brotherhood
is here
And in my heart there is sudden
fear.

Debbie Reisman

- - - - -

I believe in a lot of brotherhood
It should be really understood.
I believe everyone should believe
it.
The torch of liberty should be lit.
I believe everyone was created like
another.
And everyone in the world is my
brother.
We should all unite today
To show the others a different way.

Chris Cole

My brother was over here,
But his face showed hate and fear.
Tell me what is wrong my friend.
You don't have a penny to spend?

Have you been hurt or beat?
On busses you cannot have a seat?
People act as if nothing mattered,
What you have is awfully tattered!

When did all this start?
They won't even accept your art!
People say you're in a low position.
What you need is some recognition.

Porter Reeves
- - - - -

Slavery is so very bad,
And it makes me so sad.
The blacks worked for the whites,
And they had to work from day to night.

They didn't let the negroes go
to school,
Till Abe Lincoln broke the rule.
The civil war was fought and won,
And the slavery of blacks was done.

Before, the blacks were fighting for
Equal rights for their poor.
At last the negro had his rights,
To live in harmony with the whites.

Debbie Cogan
- - - - -

Soon all the wars will seem to die
"Unite the Earth", shall be our cry
At last we have our chance for peace
Maybe all prejudice will cease.

Then the world was lonely and sad
Prejudice and discrimination all
were bad.
People shouldn't judge you on the
color of your skin
Brotherhood is the way we shall win.

The wars did nothing to help us at all.
Stop prejudice was our call.
The chance is offered-now we'll
take it.
If we try I'm sure we'll make it.

Russell Salvador

Brotherhood is opening friend-
ships doors.
Brotherhood is stopping wars.
Living in each others land
Joining each other hand in hand.

Living together as sister and
brother,
Learning to love and like each
other.

If everybody learns to care,
Brotherhood will be everywhere.

President Nixon's trip to China
should,
Teach all a lesson in Brotherhood.
Brotherhood will live forever,
If everyone would join together.

Jennie Zeh
- - - - -

I don't care about the length
of his hair or the color of
his skin - I am for Brotherhood.

I don't care if he is a
carpenter or he has a doctor's
degree - I am for Brotherhood.

I don't care if he comes from
Park Avenue or Brooklyn - I
am for Brotherhood.

Steve McIlvaine
- - - - -

The Americans brought the blacks
for slaves.
Then sent westward those redskin
braves.

The Irish came when their
potato crops died.
The Jews left Germany where
Hitler practiced genocide.

The Germans brought two holidays
They had very different ways.
The Chicanos came for jobs.
They came in great big mobs.

The minority groups have worked
hard.

They've gotten pretty far.
They didn't go all the way,
But they will some day.

Kathy Werley



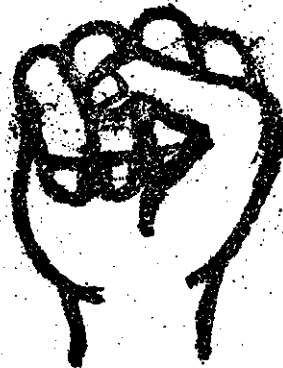
BROTHERHOOD

Craig Reynolds

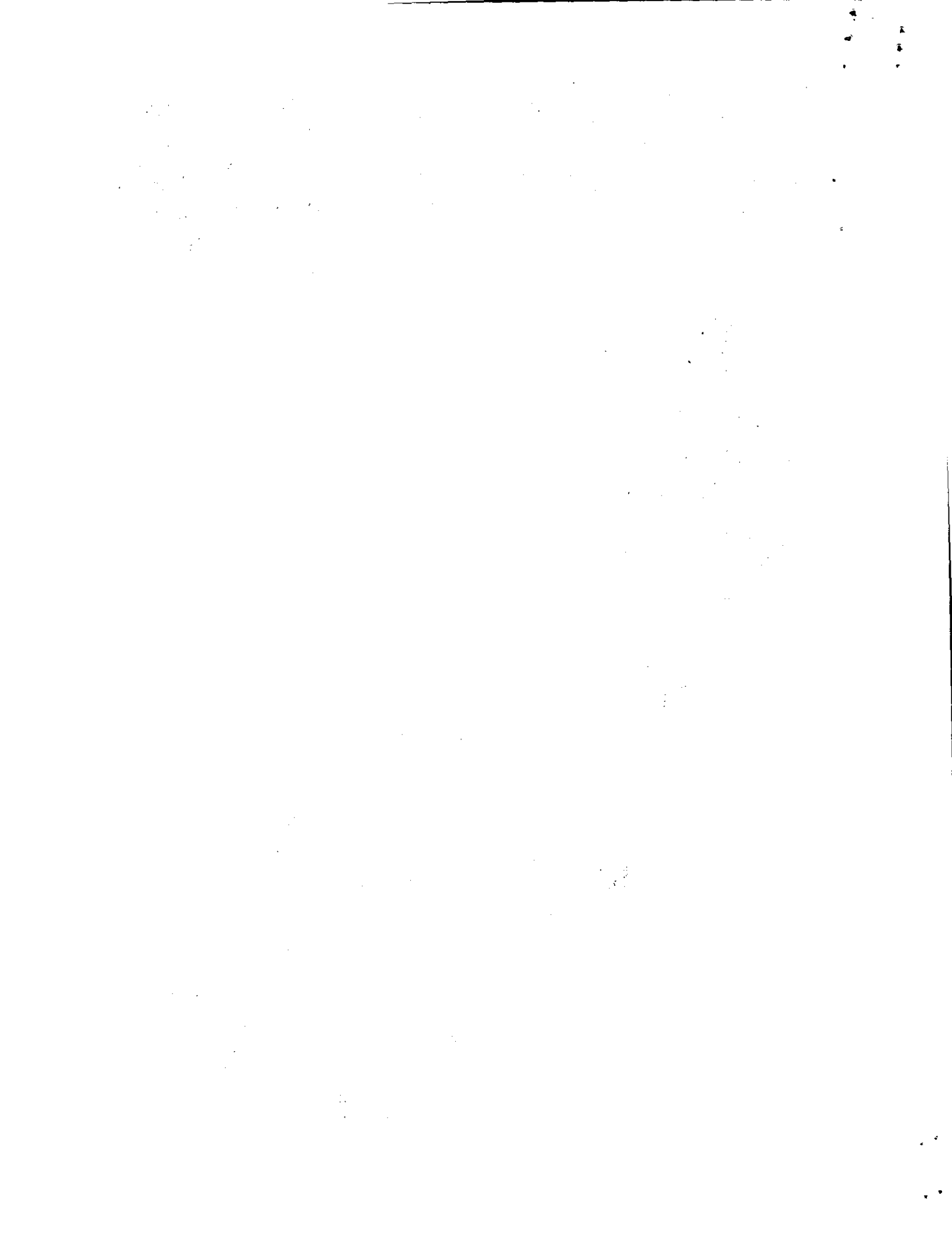


This ?

or



This ?



COUNTRY AND CITY

City noises, country sounds
Country villages are not like towns.
Horns are honking while roosters
crow.
Cities' population is higher while
country is low.

A winding little road, a city
street,
Buildings sprawling, a field full
of wheat.
Traffic jams, farmers' plows,
Business buildings, a barn with
cows.

Cities filled with cars and people
A little country church with a
steeple.
A rooster's crow and a cow's moo
I'd rather live in the country,
wouldn't you?

Beth Atkinson

LIFE IN A CITY

Hi, I guess your'e wondering who
I am.
Well, how do you do. I'm Sam.
I'm just a little mouse.
I'm looking for a better house.

I'm tired of this dirty air!
Why it's just not fair!
Black smoke is everywhere
Why, they don't even care.

I'm moving where it's clean
Where wildlife can be seen.
I'm going with other mice
Yes, I'm going to the country
where it's nice!

Kathy Rocco

THE COUNTRY

The flowers, grass and the trees
You can smell them when there's
a breeze.
There are blossoms, roses and
daffodils
They grow wild along the hills.

Birds are chirping all day long
You can hear them as you walk
along.
Makes you feel so very gay
And makes you happy all the day.

In the country it's so peaceful
There are no cars going "honk"
or "beep".
In the city it is so noisy
There are factories open every-
day, every week.

Marianne Oliver

COUNTRY LIFE

You can smell the green pine trees
The honeymaking of the bees.
You might catch in the corner of
your eye
A flock of deer running by.

You might live on a farm
A little work will do no harm.
Feeding the chickens day by day
Giving the horses and cows hay.

Camping in tents is quite fun
Going to the beach, lying in the
sun
Walking to school in the spring
Hearing the robins sing.

Doreen Milks

A COUNTRY LANE

An animal highway wandering across
meadows and fields.

Lori vanIngen

A dusty brown ribbon winding into
memories of long ago.

Beth Atkinson

A long black ribbon wound around
the country.

Bill Brinkmann

A stranded road on a hill.

Pam Williams

A winding footpath of fun.

Terry Carnahan

THIS IS CITY LIFE

Noisy cars rushing through the street,
Your neighbors that you never meet,
Leaving houses a total mess,
And then you call this progress?

Tall skyscrapers that surround you,
Ghettos and slums that astound you.
Cows and chickens, what are they?
And what is this thing that you call hay?

"Hey, here is some heroin free!
But if you want more you'll have to pay me."

Rumbles and riots fill the air
The city is like a long nightmare.
Lizann Fluehr

City

Noisy, dirty
Working, reading, paying
Useless, ugly, pretty, unforgetful.
Running, smelling, being
Fresh, empty
Country.

Billy Brinkmann

Billy Brinkmann

COUNTRY SOUNDS, CITY NOISES

I was a rat when I lived in the city.
It was such a pity
There was no place to run
And you could hardly see the sun.

But now I don't live there anymore
Now it isn't such a bore
Now I can catch my own prey
And hide in the soft, fluffy hay.

Now I have a family of my own
And we live in a real nice home.
We are never again going to the city
We'll stay where it is nice and pretty.

Diana Demordy

Cities

Evil, dirty
Honking, leaning, crowding
Skyscrapers, people, grass, trees
Blowing, growing, grazing
Pretty, fresh
Country.

Suzanne Rush

COUNTRY PLEASURES

There's a lot of country pleasures
And they mean a lot to me.
But to a city person
There isn't much to see.

The flowers in the summer
The haystacks in the fall
But a city person might not see
Anything at all.

The quietness of the country
The noise of city towns
A countryman in the city
Is like a king without a crown.
Lori vanIngen

THE CITY

Tall buildings outlined in the sky
Crowds of people moving by.
In the streets nothing but traffic
Noises and fumes will make you sick.

Houses and buildings in long rows
How much more can they grow?
All streets look the same
But the only thing that changes
is the name.

Crowds of people go real fast
It seems as if they want to get past.
There's a lot of different things
in the city
But I like the country best because it is pretty.

Bobby Tournier

CITY NOISES, COUNTRY SOUNDS

South, east, north and west,
Some cities are worse than the rest
Cities are the problem today
Pollution, gangs, and dismay.
Sirens screeching all the night
Sometimes into daylight.
Country noises, quiet and sweet
For city people this is a treat
Country noises are the best
The country is a place where you
can rest.

In the country there are trees
and grass,
And you don't see any trash.

Ed Lounsberry

City
Noisy slums
Crowding, shoving, building
Excitement, lights, woods, neighbors
Sledding, riding, camping
Quiet, peaceful
Country

Doreen Milks

CITY LIFE

I think the city is really neat
The whole place is made of solid
concrete.

City life has amazing grace
The row houses are a real nice
place.

I hate the country, like take a
plantation.

In the city, it's all man's creation
The kids get to play in a neat
park

And the city looks beautiful after
dark.

The city has all kinds of stores
And lots of them have revolving
doors.

The city is really a good home
Oh! By the way, disregard this
poem.

Jim Wood

CITY

The city is where the birds don't
fly
Because they all have died.
Does anyone have a solution
To get rid of pollution?

You never see a duck in a pond
Of which the ducks are mighty fond!
Does anyone have a solution
To get rid of pollution?

There are no birds, fields, or
streams.

All you hear are trains and buses
scream.

Does anyone have a solution
To get rid of pollution?

Barbara Marren

CITY AND COUNTRY

How I hate the city
Pollution galore, what a pity.
Junk sprawled all over the place
People carrying cans of mace.

Unclean houses, tall skyscrapers
Streets littered with unused
paper.

You can't see a single star
Through the exhaust of all the
cars.

How I love the country
Where everything is clean and free.
Birds chirp and grass grows green
Animals everywhere are seen.

Being able to see the dawn
Apple orchards, rolling lawns
The country with nature fair
The country and city you can't
compare.

Susan Sorace

COUNTRY AND CITY

I am a country mouse
I live in a farmhouse.
Sometimes the cat chases me,
The cat is a "she".

I am a city mouse.
I live in a skyscraper house.
Sometimes the rats chase after me
They are all "he-s".

The city has lots of noise and
smog

The country has bogs and fog.
The country has lots of space
The city has hardly any clear space.

Owen Medd

CITY NOISES

The city is where all the
noises are.
Down the road comes car after
car.
Over the house goes a jet
Cities are the noisiest
places, I bet.

Some of the buildings are
very tall
Some of them aren't big at
all.
Here come buses down the road
Then they stop to unload.

Cities, cities everywhere.
In cities there's a lot of
pollution, and people
don't even care.
So many people live in the
city
Some cities are so dirty--
it's such a pity.

Debbie Houser

CITY AND COUNTRY

City slums are a very bad
thing.
They're dirty and polluted.
The people in them are very
poor.
Should I pity them?

I live in the country,
Sweet and fresh
But I'm far away from every-
thing.
Should I be pitied?

Country dwellers pity city
dwellers
Because they live in dirt
City dwellers pity country
dwellers
Because they miss the excite-
ment.

Beauty is in the eye of the
beholder,
So is ugliness
But what I think really counts
Is that you like the place
you're in.

Diene Serianni

City
Crowded, hot
Bustling, polluting, sweating
Town, community, plains, grass
Relaxing, refreshing, enjoying
Hilly, woody
Country.

Lisa Schorr

THE COUNTRY

I live in the country--it's nice
It doesn't have big rats, it has
mice
It doesn't have smoggy air
But you can't see good plays like
HAIR.

Even though it doesn't have good
plays
It has fields of golden hay.
If you go walking in the slums
You'd probably get jumped by burns.

The city is so noisy and such a
rush
I wish everything would just hush.
Industry pollutes, but they don't
care
The city is a nice place to visit,
but I wouldn't like to live
there.

Jim Rohrman

CITY

City people rushing by
They don't even stop to say "Hi".
Buses, cars, cabs speeding by
City buildings up so high.

Where have all the animals gone,
That you see running in the pas-
tures at the break of dawn?
The smog going past
I hope this city will last.

To stop the crime, cops walk their
beat.
After dark it's not safe on the
street.
In the city there isn't much good.
If I knew how to fix them up
right now, I would.

Jackie Barrett



AN ALLOWANCE

An allowance is a reward for doing work. Parents give up at least \$4.00 or more just for allowances. That \$4.00 could be used for taxes or bills and it is given to you when you work. An allowance is not just money but love.

Susan Sorace

I get an allowance every Saturday or Sunday (whichever my Dad chooses). I think it's good to get an allowance, but we should earn it. After all, it's your parents' money and why should they give it away when they worked so hard getting it.

Colleen Creighton

Allowance is something we children need. Without it there goes the movies, skating, and most of all, candy. I think that if you do chores around the house you deserve to get something in exchange, not a thank you or a well done, but money to buy something with.

Wally Prietz

I like an allowance because if you see a toy or model you like you can save up your allowance to get it. Sometimes you can save up your money for a more useful purpose. An allowance is neat because it teaches you to save money and it teaches you the value of money.

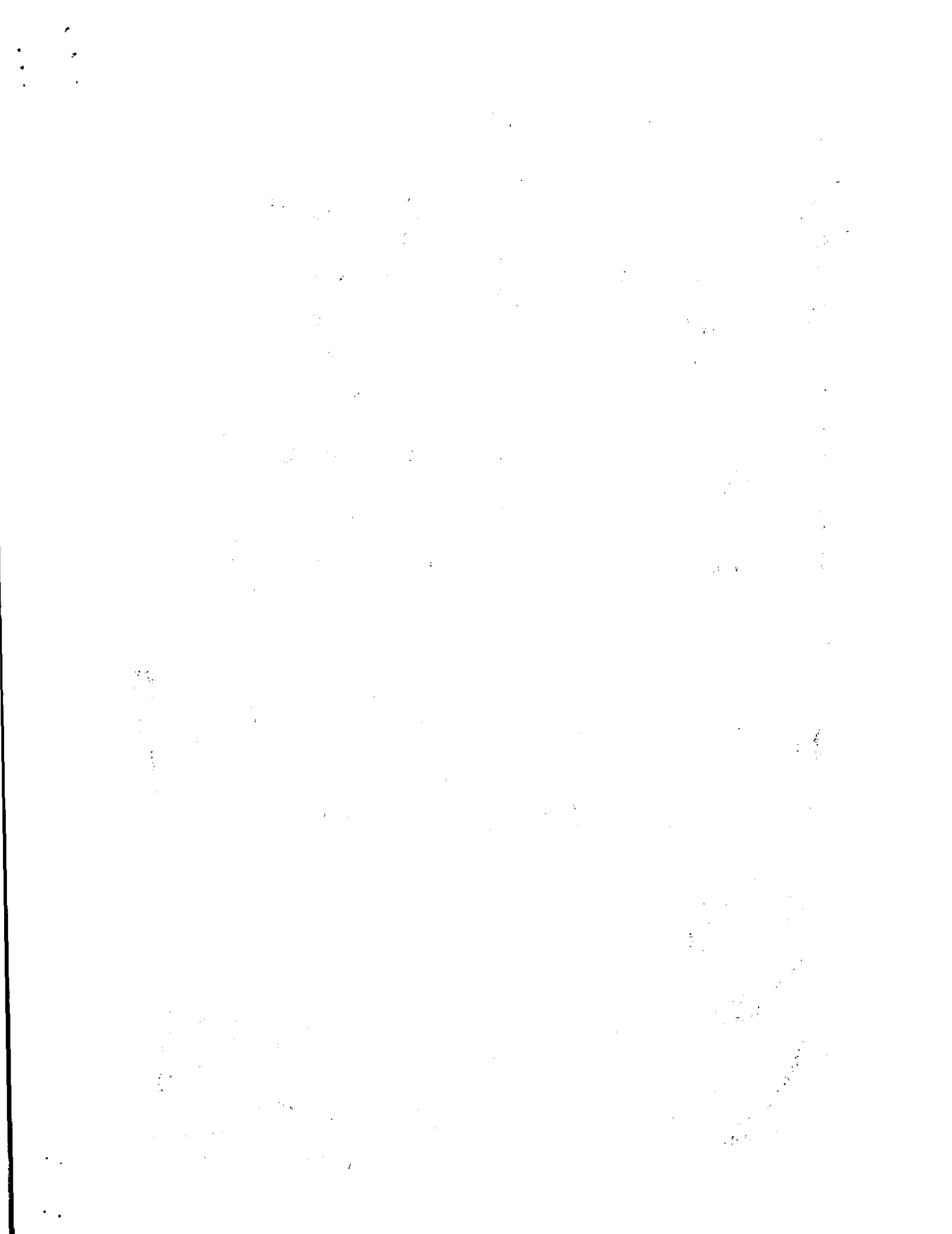
Russell Salvador

I get my allowance in a different form than money. I get it everyday in the form of food, clothing, bed, but most of all, a family.

Guy Rocco

An allowance is when you get money from your parents. They don't give it to you for nothing, you have to strain yourself working for it. You work when you come home from school, then there's no time to go out and play when you're finished working. Then at the end of the week when it's time for your allowance and they give it to you, then you wonder if it's worth all the work you did?

Marianne Oliver



Neatly
Neatly
Lolnity
Solnity

By Suzanne Rush

A WALK IN THE WOODS

Birds fly from tree to tree
Animals come to visit me.
In the woods is a place for me
It's the best place to be free.

Above me, blue sky and clouds of
white
All around me the oak trees stand
with their might.
Under foot the dry leaves crunch
What a place for a picnic lunch!

Leaves falling from all the trees
The only sound is the breeze.
Squirrels playing fast and free
This is the place for me.

Bobby Tournier

A WALK IN THE WOODS

With geese flying overhead,
A walk in the woods is beautiful.
Walking quietly and watching
The animals getting ready.

Squirrels are collecting nuts
The snowshoe rabbit is turning
white.
The turkeys seem to gobble extra
loud
While pecking at the leaf-covered
ground.

The trees have had their turn to
be special
Now it is the sky's turn.
The pond is very beautiful
In its shimmering coat.

The woods are beautiful
So quiet and still.
A walk in the woods
Is so beautiful and peaceful.
Diane Serianni

A WALK IN THE WOODS

I went for a walk ..
In the tall corn stalks.
Then through the icy spears
I saw five whitetail deer.

They all ran into the woods nearby
Where I climb a tree so high.
To see all the hillside.
To look and listen and then I
saw a little one hide.

In the brush where they stay
Comes a body with spots of gray.
He was not born long ago
And his mother is a big brown doe.
Bill Netting

A WALK IN THE WOODS

The squirrels were scurrying around
today,
To find work was their work so
they didn't play.
They stored their nuts in a wal-
nut tree
The squirrels fled when they saw me.
The ground puts on its winter coat
The wind sings with an icy note.
The birds gather around the bird
feeder
Some chipmunks play hide and seek
behind a cedar.

Old Man Winter's cooking up a storm
Right now he's running true to form.
All animals get ready for the cold
Before winter gets an icy hold.
Owen Medd

A WALK IN THE WOODS

All the beeping and the honking,
And the shuffling of a crowd
All the trash and litter on the
ground
How could this make an American
proud?

It was then that I decided that
this is what I need
A walk in the woods and a fine
sunny day.
For a walk in the woods brings
peace to the mind
And wipes all your cares and
sorrows away.

It was peaceful and quiet as I
walked along,
I stopped by the water hole to
wait for the deer.
When finally they came so slender
and dark
White flag tails and eyes full
of fear.

It's so quiet and peaceful out
there in the woods
If only it could be the same here.
For out in the world there's
problems and noise.
So the memories of the woods I
hold dear.

Colleen Creighton

Raccoon--
Soft, furry
Jumping, running, prancing
Fun to play with
Friend.
Roselle Lopes

A WALK IN THE WOODS

Everyday I go for a walk
With the squirrel I like to talk.
He chatters as I feed him bread
There goes a cardinal all bright
red.

In their caves the bears are warm
Overhead great flocks of birds
swarm.
The trees are almost completely
bare
A nice warm coat, the wolf does
wear.

It's almost time for me to go
I walk to the creek but the
water doesn't flow.
The creek is frozen I do fear
I think that winter's finally here.

Lisa Schorr

ANIMALS IN THE SNOW

The little squirrel looked out
of his tree,
The fox looked out of his lair,
The snowshoe robbit looked out
of his hole,
But all they saw was snow.

A wind came up and with it came
snow

They all went back into the warmth
and shelter
To fall asleep again
A little peaceful sleep.

After awhile the squirrel looked
out
He opened his eyes in wonder
Could it really be true?
It's springtime again in the forest

Diane Serianni

MY NEW FRIEND

As I took a walk through the
woods one day,
I walked to a pond which was a
long way
There in the water in a patch
of grass,
Eggs in jelly in a great big mass.
It has two hind legs and is cov-
ered with skin,
Its feet are webbed, so it can
swim.
It stands about two inches from
the ground,
Also it makes a very low sound.

I say good-bye to my green spotted
friend,
I won't see him 'til I come again.
I see him go, and start to sigh
Who's my friend, this little green
guy?

Patty Woll

AS I WAS WALKING IN THE WOODS
As I was walking in the woods one
day,
To another bird, I heard a birdy
say,
"Get out of here, this is my tree."
And that really did scare me.

Then swiftly runs a beautiful deer
Such little sound, I can barely
hear.

The squirrels are running all
around,
Their feet barely touching the
ground.

On the pond there is no ice
'Cause the weather's too warm
and nice.
At five I told my mother I'd say
good-bye,
But I wish I could stay and lie.

Lexi Riley

I love the smell of pine trees
The humming of the busy bees.
The robins singing bright and gay,
I wonder what they're trying to say.

I can see a mother and her cubs
Playing gaily by the tree stumps.
I can hear the rippling of water
nearby
The sun shining brightly across
the sky.

My little friends, the animals,
know
I'm their friend where ever I go.
They lead me down a path of greenery
So I can see the beautiful scenery.

Doreen Milks

Raccoon--
Running, hiding
Eating, sleeping, stealing
Little pets for me
Robber.

Steve McIlvaine

Raccoons--
Gray, cute
Running, jumping, hunting
Masked prowlers in night
Robbers.

Beth Atkinson

A WALK IN THE WOODS

As I walked in the woods one morn
I came along an animal with its
foot all torn.

The poor thing's leg was caught
in a trap

So when I tried to touch him he
gave a snap.

Quickly as I could, I ran back
the trail

I put a bandage, scissors, and
carrots in a pail.

As I ran back I heard a snap
When I got to the clearing the
animal was almost out of the
trap.

When I got the bandage on
It was way past dawn
This isn't very funny
'Cause it's a baby bunny.

Angie Krall

MY THREE FRIENDS

One of my friends is black with
a white stripe down his back.
In the winter he sleeps on an
old beat up sack.

He has big beady eyes and a bushy
tail

When he runs wild he looks like
he just got out of jail.

I know an animal who is all gray.
When he eats acorns it looks like
he's going to pray.

This little creature has no fear
Of the coming year.

I know someone who's black and
gray.

He sleeps in a box on the hay.
On his forehead he has a black
band.

He washes his food with both of
his hands.

Karen Kerns

THE DEER

Once I saw a deer
Next to her was her fawn
They both came so very near
They were almost on our lawn.

I wanted to give them some salt
But they ran up the hill to the
top.

I almost had to yell "halt"
But the deer did not want to stop.

Then upon the hill I did hear
The shots of hunters' guns.
I feared the lives of the deer
But then I saw the deer run.

Marilyn Welsh

WHO AM I?

This animal flies around
His egg can scarcely be found
After oats are picked
He plays a little trick.

He takes the farmer's grain
Then takes off like a plane.
Now he flies to a tree
This is where he eats, you see.

When this animal eats his fill
He goes poking around with his bill
He sometimes flies around in a
flock
He doesn't live in a cuckoo clock.

This funny animal goes caw caw
His feet aren't feet, they're
really claws.

If you can't guess, you just don't
know

What his name is, it's the crow.
John Roberts

THE CARDINAL

On the limb above me I heard
The song of the prettiest bird.
He was a bright red
I gave him a bit of bread.

As he soared into the crisp, blue
skies

I noticed some black around his
eyes.

Then I saw a plainer looking bird
Who was acting absurd.

She was his mate
And wondering why he was late.
She squawked and bit
Oh, she was in a fit!

Debbie Reisman

WALKING IN THE WOODS

I took a walk through the woods
one day
And these are the things I saw
along the way.
I saw a bird up in the tree
And he was looking down at me.

I saw the trees all brown and bare
I knew that winter was in the air.
A couple of rabbits ran right by
They knew it was winter as well
as I.

The squirrels were doing what
they do best
They were putting nuts in their
nests.
There were deer drawing near
To see if they had anything to
fear. Marianne Oliver

A WALK IN THE WOODS

The grass is gently blowing,
The tall trees are leaning against
the sky
And flowers growing here and there
Autumn will soon be going.

The little animals feel the chilly
blow,
I see them hurrying and scurrying
To gather all their food
Soon it will be snowing.

The paths are full of colors,
dull and bright,
But I see snowflakes falling
And I am beginning to see a sight
Soon the ground will be a blanket
of white.

Suzanne Rush

A WALK IN THE WOODS

Walking in the woods one day
I saw a little ship at play.
A small sharp pointed prow
A rotunda for the bow.

A small wooden stern
Sailing in a sea of fern
His mast looked like a tail
Hair was his brown sail.

In the waves up and down
Many treasures to be found
And a cargo in the hold
Never ever to be sold.

Bobbing up and down
Nuts are the treasures to be found.
His tail was the mast so tall
It was a squirrel in the fall.

Susan Sorace

WHAT HAVE WE DONE

Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall
The woods' brilliance was a sight
for all.
The colors, the animals, the mystery
And the excitement that once was
a part of me.

But now the woods are no longer
there,
Nor no one ever seemed to care.
The factories, the highways have
taken their place
And what was once beautiful is
now a disgrace.

All the pollution, what have we
done?
This is one problem we can't run
away from.
The woods were lovely that is true
But they're just a memory of what
I once knew.

Roselle Lopes

A WALK IN THE WOODS

As I walked through the woods
I tried to see as best I could
Two little raccoons at their play.
Dancing and frolicking, oh so gay.

As I walked past in a rush
I heard something move in the brush
Out came a deer that ran quickly by
Jumping gracefully, stepping high.

Dusk brought stillness all around.
Only my feet touching the ground.
As I went down the road's last
bend

I knew I would visit these woods
again. Beth Atkinson

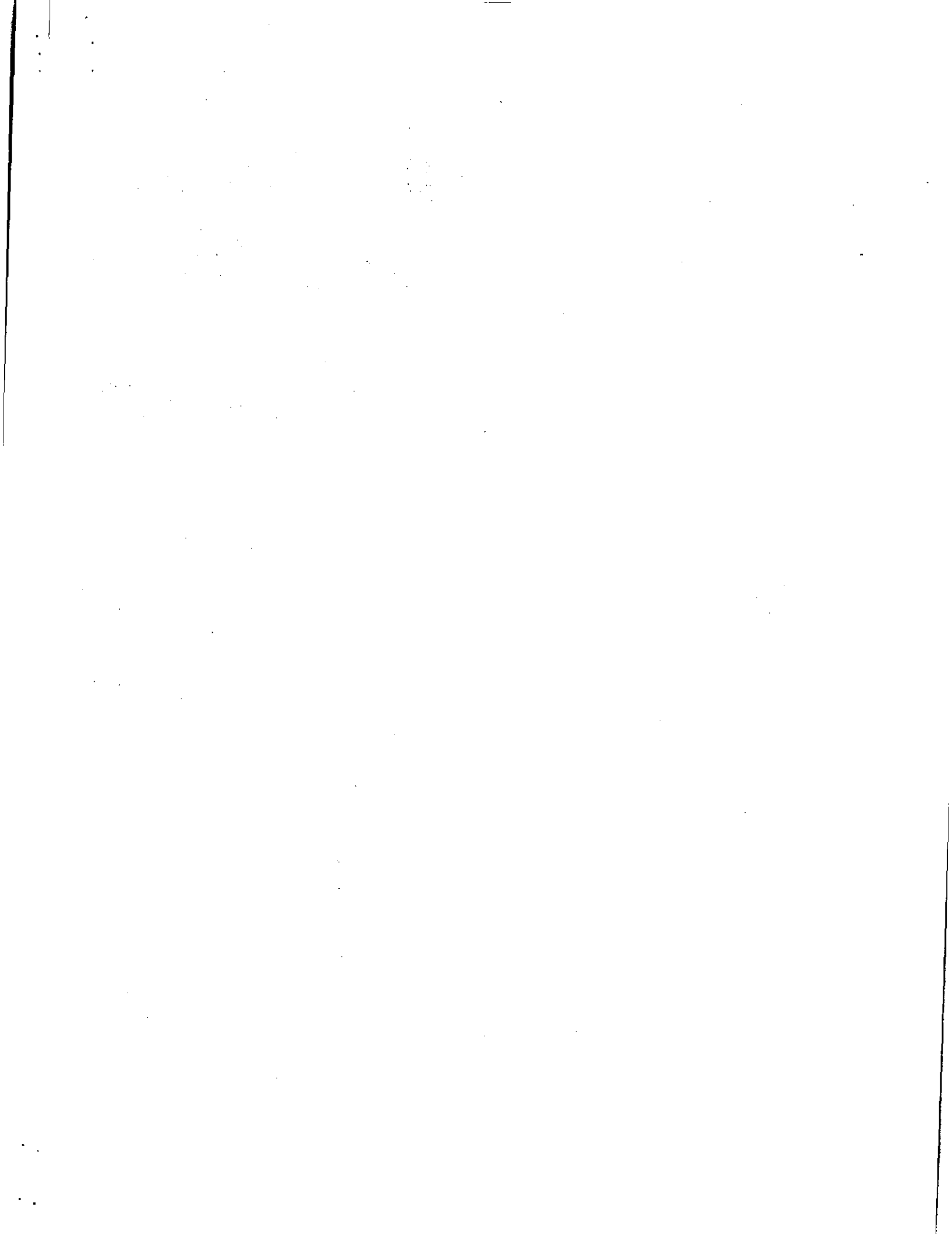
OWL

I was walking in the woods one night
I heard a "Whooo".
I turned slowly and saw a sight
What would you do?

I ran and ran and ran!
Made it home, lucky for me.
And there was the animal that was
tan
Sitting in an old oak tree.

When you take a walk in the woods
You'll see this wise old fowl.
Yes, I think you should
If you haven't guessed, it is an
owl.

Tom Tolan



MY FRIEND

Here is my lovable friend
He has a paddle at his end
He likes to swim in a river or
a lake
The woods is where he likes to
awake.

He has thick fur in wintertime
His feet are not as big as mine
-He makes his house of mud and
wood
He constructs it just like he
should.

Some of his house is above water
Which keeps him dry just like it
ought'r.
Can you guess what's in the room?
It's a warm cozy beaver I assume.

He's the best architect in the
wood
His ponds and lakes make winter
good.
So if you happen to go his way
Just drop right in and spend the
day.

Jennie Zeh

BIRDS

When I walk through the woods
in spring
I like to hear the robins sing
He shows his bright red breast
at last
To tell me winter has finally
past.

The trees are budding after a
long rest
The bluejay is making her family
nest.
She gathers twigs from morning
'til night
To build a home cozy and tight.

Birds are the best creatures
of all
Sitting high in a tree so tall
Birds are very, very proud
That's why they're so beautiful
and loud.

Gayle Cunningham

WHO AM I?

In an old tree's hollow a tiny
fellow is found
And around his furry head a small
dark mask is bound.
Around his fat gray tail some thin
black rings decide
Whether it's man's or nature's
rules by which he must abide.
By day he's out and sleeping; by
night he's on the prowl.
He's probably the cousin of sneaky,
sly, old Mr Owl.
But there are times when he finds
nothing
And you should see the little
burglar scowl.

He has a funny pointed nose with
sprinkled whiskers spread so
neat,
Also devilish little fingers where
he should have animal feet.
The trouble record he'll break
tonight
A monkey couldn't beat.

He has a reputation
Which can only be claimed as his.
By any chance in this whole world
Do you know what this animal is?
Roger Robbins

OWL

Oh owl, owl, your eyes so bright
You will guide me through the
night.
Oh owl, owl, why do you stare?
You know it's impolite, or don't
you care?

Oh owl, owl, why do you sleep
during the day?
Aren't you hungry now? Go, go
after your prey.
Oh owl, owl, why do you stare?
You know it's impolite, or don't
you care?

Oh owl, owl, please don't screech.
If I knew what you were saying
I'd let you preach.
Oh owl, owl, why do you stare?
You know it's impolite, or don't
you care?

Susan Rech

White

White is snow falling to the ground
While snow plows are driving around
the town.
White is a polar bear fluffy and
tall
While all the children are playing
ball.
White is paper we write on each day
Before we go out to play
White is a car traveling along
Bursting with children singing
a song
White is paint on the house
While mothers scream about a mouse
White is like a pretty dove
Flying in the sky above
White is like a cloud up high
That looks like pillows in the sky.

Doug Emerson

Red

Red is the warmth of a blazing fire
Sometimes it can be a red hot wire.
There are red hearts on Valentine's
day
A bunch of red roses will make you
feel gay.
Red is the color of Santa's suit
He's jolly, fat and also cute.
Christmas tree lights are red and
bright
On all the trees they glow at night.
Red is the color of some people's
hair
Their skin is freckled and usually
fair.
Red is inside of a warm mitten
It is the color of the collar on
my kitten
Red is the color of a coffee mug
Some people turn red when you give
them a hug.
Our station wagon is bright red and
brown
My mother uses it to drive to town.
Brenda Arbeter

How Black Began

Black began by the darkness of
the night.
Black is when nothing at all is
in sight.
Black at nighttime is all around
When black is near, you can't
hear a sound.
Black is your eye after getting
hit
It doesn't hurt-just a little bit.
Black is the color of the roof
on my house
It's also the color of the tail
of a mouse.
Black is the color of some people's
hair
Black is the color of my teddy
bear.
Black is the color of a bruise on
your knee
Black is a color that you'll
always see.
Black is the color opposite of
white
Black is the feeling after a
fight.
Black is when you're not having
fun.
And now my story of black is done!

Kathy Hannon

Brown

Brown is a cat, also a rat
Brown is a horse
A football is brown, of course
Brown is a lunch bag
Brown is no drag.
I love brown, it's quite profound
Brown is a tree trunk
Brown is my bed bunk.
Brown is the tub after bath
It's a feeling I get when I do
math
Brown is a door, it's also a floor
Brown is a fox, or a cardboard
box
Brown is wood, brown is good
Brown is a bird's nest
I like brown best!

John Roberts

Red

Red is my pajamas I wear at night
Red is blood, an ugly horrible sight
Red is paint, dabbed in a blob
Red is spaghetti sauce dripped by
a slob
Red is a crayon coloring a cherry
Red is a plump, luscious strawberry
Red is a tip of a little boy's nose
Out in the winter where the cold winds
blow
Red is the color of a Valentine
heart
Red is the filling of a cherry tart
Red is the color of our chair
And sometime it's the color of a
little boy's hair
Red is the color of Christmas balls
Red is the color of skinned knees
when you fall
Red is the color of Julie's socks
Red is the color of woodstocks.

Jeffrey Lukens

- - - - -

White is:
The color of vanilla ice cream
It's the color of teeth that gleam
White is the color of clouds,
moon and stars
It's the color of some peoples'
new cars
White is the color of frost on
the pane
It's the color that can easily
be stained
It's the color of the clock on
the wall
It's the color of my new white ball
White is the color of snow, sleet,
and hail
It's the color of the ice in the
waterpail
White is the color of a wedding
gown
It's the color that comes without
a sound
White is the color of woolly sheep
It's the color of mountain peaks
in the winter, so steep
White is so pure and clean
It can never be taken to be bad
or mean
White is the clouds floating high
above
White is Peace and Love.

Susan Rech

Black

Black is the darkest cat
Black is the fluttering bat
Black is the color of my hair
Black is the vicious grizzly
bear
Black is like losing in a
fight
Black is a starless night
Black is the deepest ditch
Black is the meanest witch
Black is the color of a hard
task
Black is a raccoon's dark mask
Black is not bright like
yellow or pink
Black is sometimes the color
of ink
Black is the color you see
when you snooze
Black is the color of your
nice shiny shoes
Black is the color of some cars
Black reminds me of chocolate
bars
Black is the color of a black-
board
Black is the color of an
extension cord
Black is dark and death and
old
Black is a story never told.

Buy Rocco

- - - - -

What is Blue

The oceans are so clear and blue
The lakes and skies are too
Blue is a flower bright and gay
They make you feel like you want
to play
I love the skies that are so blue
I even wish my eyes were too
Blue is a coat, a sailboat, a bluejay
Blue is a pheasant that wants
to play
Blue is a color of a robin's egg
Blue is what you feel when you
hurt your leg
Blue is the color of my sister's
eyes
And I like the color of blueberry
pies.

Mike Matonis



White is the color of the rood on
 my house
 It is the color of my favorite blouse
 The face of a woman who saw a rat
 The color of an alley cat.
 It's a color that's kind of mean
 The color of vanilla ice cream.
 White is the color you don't think
 about twice
 It's the color of my pet mice.
 And at the shore it's even more,
 It's the seagulls soaring
 The white tipped waves roaring
 Skeletons silent beneath the sea
 Their treasures awaiting you and me!
 And white is the silent snow
 It's also a blister on my toe
 White is a deer's tail
 Fleeing through the silent wood.

Debbie Reisman

Black is an alley at midnight
 It is that dark dark fight.
 Black is City Hall with the lights
 not on
 Black is my room before the crack
 of dawn.
 Black is the velvet on my dress
 It is my room when it's a mess.
 Black is the scab on my knee
 Black is the tail on a honey bee.
 Black is the printing in my book
 It's dad's old rusted fishing hook.
 Black is tar laying on the road
 Black are the warts you get from
 a toad.
 Black are the pupils in my eyes
 Black are those little white lies.
 Black is the thunder cloud in the
 sky
 It is when you must say good-bye.

Shelley Craig

Autumn

Turning pinwheels of color
 Swerling flames flickering
 Cool autumn breezes
 Fill the air.

Donna Howarth

Autumn Leaves

Colors of the rainbow dancing
 in the wind.

Lizann Fluehr

Red is an apple juicy and bright
 Red is a stop sign glowing in the
 night.
 Red is a fire truck rushing to
 a fire
 Red is the sun rising higher.
 Red is a small boy's cold nose
 Red are my freezing toes.
 Red is a barn on the old man's
 farm
 It's the color of a bloody arm.
 Red are the cherries on a cherry
 pie
 Red is the color of a bloodshot eye
 Red is a can of paint
 Red is the color you feel when
 you faint.
 Red is a rash on a small boy's
 face
 Red is the color of my shoe lace.
 Red is a tulip blooming in the sun
 Red is your face when you're
 laughing and having fun.

Pam Hamilton

White is the color of a dove
 White is the feeling of love.
 White is a full moon at night
 White is a lonely bird in flight.
 White is a big bowl of cream
 White is a beautiful dream.
 White is the color of some paint
 If you listen closely you can hear
 white laughing, but it's very faint
 White is the color of a wedding
 gown
 White is the color of a snow
 covered town.
 White is your face after seeing
 a ghost
 White is the color of the new
 fence post.
 White is the color of sun-bleached
 bones
 White is a color with many tones.
 White is the color of the stars
 White is a color both yours and ours.

Lynne Fawber

The seasons bright colored crayons
 in their box.

Debbie Cogan

Beautiful colors crumbling where
 people walk.

Shelley Craig

WINTER

Winter is the time of year when the chilly wind blows.
Don't tell me that you like it, 'cause I'll punch you in
the nose.

Our beloved super-intendant says "Wait for the snow in March!"
But he obviously didn't look at the snowy weather charts.
Seven fifty-six, seven fifty-four, seven fifty-three,
We're filled with sorrow, but our moms are filled with glee.
Hey, Dr. Huber, can't you see?
For your grade this year, I'd give you an "E"!
Please, Dr. Huber, let us go!
You were a kid once, you should know!

Jim Wood

SNOW

Snow is frosty white,
It glistens in the morning
light.
I dress up with my mittens
But always get frost-bitten.

Snowmobiling is fun,
But the snow melts in the
sun.

We have snowball fights
And wear slacks and tights.

Skiers love the sight of
snow,
So off to the slope they
hurriedly go,
Up the chairlift to the top
of the hill
Then gliding down without
a spill.

Gayle Cunningham

SNOW

Snow is a blanket of wool
on the ground,
No grass is to be found.
Kids are sledding down the
hills,
Taking turns with their spills.

A snowman standing nice and
tall,
When the sun comes out, he's
bound to fall.
Bunnies all snuggled deep
in their nests,
To find their food, they try
their best.

Glistening and gleaming, it's so
very bright.
To hear the wind blow and whistle,
it's such a fright!
Snow is pretty in its own way,
But it all will be gone by the
month of May.

Karen Kerns

SNOW

Fluffy, falling, crystal flowers,
Dancing, prancing, building
towers.
Covering the last blade of grass
So quickly and so fast.

Frosty flakes playing tag in the
light,
It's a delightful sight.
Moonbeams making the snow glow
Blowing, floating, putting on
a good show.

An elegant spectacle with sleigh
riding, bells ringing
And happy people singing.
Soft white blanket for the night
Helping God keep everything right.
Mary Mizenko

SNOW

Snow is the pathway of winter
 fun
 You make snowmen that live
 without the sun,
 You make snowforts to hide
 in and snowballs to throw
 If a snowball is headed for
 you, you better go.

When snow falls to the ground
 It falls all around.
 And when it hits my window
 pane at night
 I dream of the next day's
 beautiful sight.

Snow is a beautiful blanket
 of white
 It falls on the ground either
 day or night.
 Then when the winter snow
 melts away
 No one is happy, no one is
 gay.

Marianne Oliver

SNOW

Glittering crystals glowing
 in the dark,
 Children skating on the
 pond in the park.
 Snowmen smile with a joyful
 delight
 Frown when children go in
 at night.

Having snowball fights is
 great fun,
 Except when the other team
 has won.
 There was a snow blizzard
 high and deep,
 The drifts were huge, the
 hills were steep.

After school was over, we
 went home to play,
 But when we got there, the
 snow had melted away.
 It made us feel full of
 sorrow,
 Maybe there will be some
 more tomorrow.

Doreen Milks

WHAT IS SNOW LIKE?

Is snow like a pair of skates or
 a bike?
 Whatever it is, it's what I like.
 It's soft and white and all fluff,
 Sometimes it's thick and sometimes
 rough.

You can draw pictures and sit in
 it,
 But what's more, you can dig a pit!
 You can also build a snowman
 Or melt it in a pan.

Snow is nice for the countryside,
 It won't get dirty if by rules
 you abide.

In the city the snow is black
 So it leaves a dirty track.
 Angie Krall

SNOW

Snow is white
 It's really bright.
 It's fun to play in the snow
 If the wind doesn't blow.

The snowflakes fall on my head,
 They make my cheeks rosy red.
 The snow falls quietly in the
 night.
 In the morning you can have a
 snowball fight!

I pile three snowballs high.
 So my snowman can reach the sky.
 I lay on my bed,
 It's just like a sliding bed.

The other seasons are Spring,
 Summer and Fall,
 But I like Winter best of all.
 Snow is a very good reason
 Why winter is my favorite season!
 JoAnn Slack

Winter
 White, cold,
 Crisp, beautiful, slippery,
 A nice cold winter
 Day

Steven McIlvaine

WHAT IS SNOW

Snow is something that adds
joy to my thoughts on a
winter day,
Snow is something that comes
on Christmas morning to
add to my happiness.

Snow is something that adds
to my excitement when I
look outside and see the
ground sparkling white.
Snow is something that
comforts me while I lay
awake at night thinking
of tomorrow.

Snow is so wonderful.
It is something God created
to add more beauty to
the mountains and meadows
around us...it falls so
peacefully.
Roselle Lopes

SNOW

The little flakes fall to
the ground.
They tumble from the sky
To form a blanket all around
And then away they fly.

Snow is falling from above
This is what children love.
They play all day with
skates and sleds
Until it's time to go to bed.

Winter winds are here at
last
And as the days fly past
They bring the ice and snow
Now the brooks no longer
flow.

Barbara Marren

The snow fell last night
The morning, it was shining
In the silvery fields.
Mike Wambold

Bears comfortable
Birds go south finding summers
Ponds freeze over too.
Tom Tolan

A WINTER DAY

Tommy put your boots on
Mommy, can I go out?
Sally, where's your hat?
You'll go out, don't pout.

Out at last, thank goodness
Knock on the door
Mom, I forgot my sled.
Get off my newly mopped floor!

Time to come in Mom.
But you've been out just one
minute.
It's too cold out, Mom
Mommy, why are you having a fit?
Susan Sorace

TILL CHRISTMAS DAY

Outside it's cold
Everything's bought and sold.
And the children all say,
"Soon approaches Christmas Day."

Everyone longs
To sing Christmas songs
And the children all say,
"Soon approaches Christmas Day."

Now is the day
Hip, hip, hurray!
And the children all say,
"Today is Christmas Day!"
Della Fiesser

ICICLES

A rooftop's glittering winter
hair.
Lori vanIngen

The chandelier of winter in
our rainspout.
Jim Wood

Glassy pentagons hanging from
the rooftops.
Bill Madison

Silver stalagmites hanging from
the trees.
Suzy Parcell

Shining spears of crystal gleam-
ing in the night.
Shelley Craig

SNOW

Soft and fluffy
White puffs of dawn
Drifting down, falling soft,
Making a carpet of white.

In the morning you look out
And see the crystals shining
With white tiny prints
Making tracks on the snow.

When the night falls
The stars come out
They shine their lights
For it to snow.

Donna Howarth

CHRISTMAS

FeFo the mistletoe
People scurrying to and fro
My best friend is so busy
dressing up his tree
He doesn't even notice me!

For Christmas is tomorrow
So you kids get in bed
Wait, Freddy get cookies
The old guy's gotta get fed!

That night I heard such a
sound
It came from way above the
ground
So I looked out my window,
what did I see?
Well, I saw Rudolph the
reindeer
Looking straight at me!
Roger Robbins

Jack Frost

Jack Frost makes the ice
And all the windows look so
nice
An artist couldn't do better
Even if he had a feather.

Jack Frost comes with ice
snow
The heavy winds do blow
All the flakes dance round
and round
Then they float to the ground.
Barbara Marren

SNOW

Outside you can hear a little
sound
It's snow falling on the ground.
There's a snowball fight
Kids are throwing with all their
might.

Now it's snowing very hard
There's lots of snow in our yard.
I like to watch the snow fall
And once in awhile you'll hear a
lonely bird call.

Now the wind is really blowing
And my mother has started her
sewing.

I hope it snows when I sleep
So when I wake up it will be really
deep.

Mariane Rohrman

Trees covered with white
White crystals covering the ground
The time for presents!

Richard Howarth

SNOW

Snow is beautiful, snow is white
It's what you use to have a snow-
ball fight.
I like to play in the snow
Every day the cold winds blow.

The roads are getting bad
NO SCHOOL! Oh boy, the kids are
glad.
Today I have to clear the driveway
Now that I'm done, I can play.

The snow is getting very deep
Father has to put chains on the
jeep
There are not very many cars on
the road
Today it snowed and snowed and
snowed!

Pam Hamilton

Whiteness surrounds us
It is very beautiful
Loveliness is here.
Debbie Reisman

FAT MAN

This fat man who lives at one
of the poles
He wears a red suit and his
belly rolls.
He comes down the chimney and
puts toys under the tree
Then I come out and I see him
and he sees me!

Then he runs for the chimney
and went for his sleigh like
a jet.
Nobody could run so fast! Let's
see where he went.
He flew over the Met's baseball
park,
Then landed on Captain Noah's
Ark.

On Christmas day we all get to-
gether for a nice Christmas
dinner,
Then we all go to the rec room
to play games to see who's
the winner.
Then we're all tired and go off
to bed.
We put on our pajamas which
are red.

Bill Kallatch

CHRISTMAS

Christmas trees all decorated
with lights
And little Jackie Horner with
his thumb in tight!
The elves all dressed for a
new season for me.
And old St. Nick as fat as he
can be.
Packing the sleigh for a long
winter's trip
And reindeers on line go clippity
clip .
Looking over his list for good
girls and boys
The elves are helping him pack
up his toys.

Girls and boys all snug in
their beds,
Dreaming about the presents in
their heads.
Trucks to drive and dolls to
walk
And babies to teach how to talk.

Laughing and yelling as they play
with their toys.
They must have all been good girl
and boys.
Colorful paper is thrown all about
Santa was here, there could be
no doubt!

Debbie Fitzpatrick

CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas is almost here.
It's that wonderful time of year.
When people go cut down a tree.
They decorate their homes for all
to see.

Hey! Wait a minute, it's snowing
out.

Oh Boy! I heard a child shout
The children are having a ball
It's going to be a white Christ-
mas after all.

It's Christmas Eve, warm and bright
The house is a pretty sight.
Now it's finally Christmas morn.
The day the Christ child was born
Tom Gero

CHRISTMAS

Christmas comes once a year,
It's the holiday that's full of
cheer.

The snow falls on Christmas Eve,
And at midnight Santa comes, I
believe.

All my presents are under our tree
They are on the floor waiting
for me.

On Christmas night we have a big
dinner,
And I have to tell you, none of
us get any thinner.

We ride our sleds down the hill,
And pretty soon we will have to
take a cold pill.

Sometimes it snows very hard,
That we stay home and just play
cards.

Debbie Cogan

CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS

Christmas in America was
brought from many lands,
The Christmas tree was brought
from Germany, decorated with
many hands.

Santa and his reindeer were
brought from the Dutch,
Stockings were brought from
France, hung with a special
touch.

The pinata of Mexico is filled
with many toys,
It's broken with a stick by
many girls and boys.
Poland's Christmas is the Festival of the Stars.
Japan's Christmas is much like
ours!

Iceland has a special feast on
Christmas Day,
With turkey, fruits, and nuts on
the table they lay.
In America, Christmas presents
lay under the tree,
But Christmas itself is wonderful to me!

Beth Atkinson

THIS IS CHRISTMAS

On Christmas Eve when everyone's
asleep,
Then Santa comes in without making a peep.

On Christmas morning of that
day,
All the people are happy and gay.

We look in our stockings that
are hung so neat,
To see if we got a toy or a
treat.

Our mom says we look so nice
when we play
Because we are so nice and
happy and gay.

Last night I had a dream,
So when I woke up, I screamed.
Christmas is over for the year
So we can't see St. Nick until
next year.

Guy Rocco

CHRISTMAS

I am a little cat.
Tonight it is Christmas Eve,
And here I sit on my little mat,
Waiting for Santa to come and the
to leave.

The Christmas tree looks shiny and
bright,
With colorful ornaments hanging
here and there,
Such a beautiful sight.
Soon there will be presents
everywhere.

The stockings hanging over the
fireplace,
Will soon be bulging with toys.
For little girls, there are
dolls with lace
And choo choo trains for little
boys.

I hear footsteps of the reindeer
Resting after the long fly.
Santa will soon be here,
So I must say good-by!

Suzanne Rush

WHAT I SAW HAPPEN

On the fireplace hook I hang.
The night before the children sang
Now the child is in her bed,
Here comes a man all dressed in red

Now he fills me with lots of things
Like toys, candy canes and two
red rings.

He's putting the toys under the tree.
The finishing touches I will see.

There he goes, right under me
And takes a last look at the tree
The new rocking chair sits there
rocking

And as for me, I'm just a stocking
Patty Woll

THE COLDNESS OF CHRISTMAS

It was a cold December night,
The Christmas tree lights were
very bright,
The colors were orange, purple,
and red,
We left Santa some milk and
bread.

Santa enjoyed the bread and milk
My mom got a gown of silk.
I ran down the hall,
Guess what I got for Christmas?
A ball.

There was a present for me. It
was very small.
It was a happy Christmas for all,
We hope Santa will come next
year,
But never fear, he'll be here!

Chris Blundell

CHRISTMAS TREE

Here I am a Christmas tree,
tall, straight and proud.
Here I am a Christmas tree,
my arms reach the clouds.
I can hardly wait for Christ-
mas Day!
I'll be dressed up, all pretty
and gay.

Oh yes, I mustn't forget
None of that has happened yet.
I'm only one small tree in a
forest of green.
I'll probably never even be seen.

Oh well, another Christmas gone
by
No one even stopped by to say
Hi,
But maybe someday I'll be best
So someone will invite me
Home as their guest.

Lynne Fawber

CHRISTMAS FOR A DOG

Christmas is here
Hear the people cheer
Snowmen dot the countryside
While Pinktoe takes a stride.

My friends Brickly and Jenny dog
and Pinky cat
Get stuffed, un-hungry and fat.
Because I'm a puppy I chase my
tail.
Here comes my master with the
mail.

Now it is Christmas Day
All the suspense goes away.
I got a rubber bone
Now I don't feel alone.
John Reynolds

CHRISTMAS

There's not much left of foot-
ball season,
I think the Christmas shows are
the reason.
There are Christmas cookies on
the table
And I read about how Christ was
born in a stable.

There are hoofbeats on the roof.
Now I know St. Nick is here, I
have proof.
Santa is a jolly old soul
He likes to eat our jellyroll.

He has brought a lot of nice
things,
But all the time he whistles, he
doesn't sing.
He has made all his rounds,
He says, "The North Pole is
where I am bound!"
Don Clinton

CHRISTMAS STOCKING

I'm up in the attic all year
round
Listening, I hear not a sound
Until Christmas comes around
Then they take me down.

My red body and white trim
Are hung on the fireplace rim
Sally and Tim will wait to see
what's within.
The toys in me belong to Tim.

They go to bed early on Christ-
mas Eve night
And wait for Santa's flight
He puts up the tree, he puts up
the lights
He places in me a brand new kite
Kathy Peters

THE FEELING

I'm running far away from my
home,
I've a far, far way to roam.
I've come to a town,
With a beautiful snow cap as
it's crown.

The children are putting their
shoes out,
They love this day without a
doubt.
A beautiful girl is riding
around town,
With a stout old man driving
her around.

They've come to a halt,
He's opening a vault,
He's crowning her queen,
OH! It's the most beautiful
sight you've ever seen.
Susan Thomsen

CHRISTMAS

Children run out of their houses
to say,
"Christmas will be coming any day.
Then they start to count down from
two weeks away,
Thinking of presents to make them
happy and gay.

When we put up and trim our big
Christmas tree,
Our cats bite the tree just like I
was me!
We start out with a dull tree and
end up bright,
With tinsel, red balls and flashin
lights.

On Christmas Eve everyone waits,
To see if Santa comes early or late.
Christmas day children wake up
happy and gay,
To see all their toys and have fun
at play.

Brenda Arbeter

GUESS WHO

Who laughs like this, Ho, Ho, Ho?
Who has deer, both buck and doe?
Who makes toys for me and you?
Choo choo trains and dolls, too.

Who decorates your tree with light
And comes out on Christmas night?
Who's almost 200 years old,
Though you can't be sure, for he's
never told.

This the time when goodness rings
out,
Children don't cry or even pout.
By the way, if your mind is quick
You've already guessed it's old
St. Nick.

Mike Koch

TOY SOLDIER

I am on a toy shelf stacked
And pretty soon I'll be packed
On Christmas Eve I'll be under
a tree
And kids will love to play with
me.

I will march and step the beat
And you will think I'm kind of
neat.
You can wind me up real tight
And see me march clear out of
sight.

I have a shiny red and blue suit
With a gun that really shoots.
I have buttons of shiny gold
They make me feel truly bold.
Chris Cole

OLD KRIS KRINGLE

Old Kris Kringle is very busy,
All the elves are getting dizzy.
Old Kris Kringle is a jolly soul,
He'll fall down our chimney hole.

Kris Kringle comes to our house,
Down our chimney there lives a
a mouse.
"Tell me what you want for Christ-
mas, please."
The mouse replied, "I want a big
piece of cheese."

Kris Kringle gave us our toys,
Some trucks for the good little
boys.
Then he left for other places
To see some other children's
smiling faces.

Beth Gero

I WAS THERE

My name is Ed the mouse,
And one Christmas night St.Nick
came to this house.
I was awakened by a bump on the
floor,
I opened up and peeked out the
door.

There was old St.Nick
I came out and hid behind a can
cane stick.
He stood for a moment by the
Christmas tree,
Then he filled the stockings
three.

I slipped on the floor and St.N
saw me,
"Why Ed, in your bed you should
be."
I asked if there were any prese
for me,
To leave for a mouse under the
tree.

Then St.Nick and I had quite a
long chat,
Now I know why he's so fat.
While we talked we had cheese
and mincemeat pie,
And he said, "To all a Merry
Christmas and goodbye."
Owen Medd

DASHER'S POINT OF VIEW

Hi, I'm Dasher!
I've come to give my point of
view,
On pulling Santa's sleigh
And it's heavy too!

He's all bundled up,
He must weigh at least a ton.
But his toys, wow!
All people think it's fun!

All around the world,
We go in a whole day
While he gets cookies,
All we ever get is hay.
Debbie Reisman

ME AND MY DREAM

There I was all dressed in white
Sitting and watching the town
so bright.
How I wish that I could have all
the fun
As they go laughing, singing,
and eating buns.

Oh how I wish that I was one,
One like that one having all
the fun.
But all I can do is sit and
dream
That I was part of their Christ-
mas scene!

But here comes a man,
With an axe in his hand
Could it be, will he choose me?
Will I really get to be a shin-
ing Christmas tree?

Susan Rech

A SANTA MOUSE

"Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse."

"Hey, just a minute. Wait," I
say,
I heard a mouse the other day.
'Twas Christmas Eve as I recall
Just as night began to fall.

The baby said, "Will Santa come to
this house?"

The mother answered, "He will
come for every good child and
mouse."

Then she said, "Hang your stock-
ing by the door,
Santa will fill it with goodies
galore."

Then about midnight I heard a
faint jingle,
And who was there? A mouse
Kris Kringle!

Then he went about laying out toys
For all the little mouse girls
and boys.

As he left, all he had to say
Was "Have a joyous Christmas Da
And in the morning the children
would play
With their toys all during that
Christmas day.

Lori vanIngen

LITTLE CHRISTMAS BOX

My, so many presents around me,
I wonder who I'm for?
Maybe I'm for Grandmother Farle
But I hope I'm for someone poor

Maybe I can peek at the tag
But that's against Christmas
present rules.
I don't care, I'll blow it and
make it wag.
I did it. It says "For my
brother Jules."

Christmas morning already.
How I love this day.
Here come the kids, Jules and
Eddie
Bringing presents that were
hidden away.

I wonder what's under me and
this wrap
I guess that soon I shall know.
Oh, it's such a neat cap,
Another face aglow.
Diane Serianni

THE CHRISTMAS MOUSE

I am a little tiny mouse
I just moved into a new house.
Of course I don't know my way
around
But guess what I just found!

I just found a Christmas tree
And under it was a big gold key
Can you guess where it came from?
It is so cold in here, I'm numb.

Guess who is to come!
Boy will I have fun.
Tonight is the best night of all
'Cause Santa is going to call.
Marilyn Welsh

JESUS CHRIST

There in the manger all bundled in hay
Maybe that child will be king some day.
They're coming to see him; the three kings,
Wearing all sorts of beautiful things.

All kinds of people come to see the child,
Then the animals become real wild.
Why are they here, the animals thought
Look at those gifts the wisemen have brought.

It was in this stall the baby was born,
Then everybody rejoiced that morn,
Some people asked, "Is this Christ or not?"
He was, so people adored Him a lot.

Brian Johns

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Here I am, a Christmas tree,
Bright lights and ornaments hang from me.
I heard a human say,
"Christ was born on this day."

I'm glad I'm inside and warm,
My friends are out in the snow storm.
Down from the chimney comes a man in a red suit
He puts lots of presents at my foot.

I hear carolers merrily singing
And church bells gladly ringing.
What a wonderful sight to see,
For a Christmas tree like me.

Doreen Milks

CHRISTMAS

Hanging on the fireplace
In the long dark night
I'm waiting for Santa Claus
On his once-a-year flight.

He fills the stockings up with candy,
He might put a toy or two.
And then he puts the presents under the tree,
Just think, they're all for you

When he's finished his job for the night,
He sits in his sleigh for the back home flight.
He's a jolly old man and a fat one too,
But he does his best just to please you.

Marianne Oliver

CHRISTMAS

People are putting up decorations
For the Christmas party, they're making invitations.
Father will get the Christmas tree
When I hide under it, will they see me?

Santa's coming, you'd better be good.
Don't do what you shouldn't do,
do what you should.
There are presents that are being made,
Under the Christmas tree they'll be laid.

Sleigh riding is so much fun,
Eating Christmas cookies or even a hot bun,
People are kissing under the mistletoe,
Santa is laughing "Ho ho ho."

Randi Rice

CHRISTMAS

Christmas eve is not so far,
On the night we'll see "The Star"
Christmas carolers come around,
They sing and make a joyous
sound.

Little children lay awake
To hear Santa's sleighbell shake
They know that they will never
sleep
And all night they try to peep.

It's morning and the churches are
filled with singing,
While the Christmas bells are
gaily ringing.
Christmas comes but once a year,
And now that holiday is here.
Lizann Fluehr

CHRISTMAS TREE

The Christmas tree all colored
in white
Standing in the cold, all
bundled tight.
He waits for someone to come
And decorate him for a home.

He likes to listen to the singing
And to the sound of church bells
ringing.
He would look so shiny with his
lights
With decorations he would look
so bright.

For he still waits to be picked
And dreams that it will be in
time for St. Nick.

Wait, here comes a man
With an axe in his hand.
Jackie Barrett

Jackie Barrett

CHRISTMAS IN THE MOUSE HOLE

I am a little Christmas mouse
We just moved into a giant's
house.
This is the night of Christmas
Eve
A tasty time, I do believe.

Tasty cakes and pies and things
All these delights this season
brings.
We pick the crumbs up off the
floor,
And then go scampering to our
door.

We dance around the Christmas toys
Singing songs so merrily.
Then sleepy, off we go to bed
With visions of toys dancing in
our heads.

Marcia Quiring

CHRISTMAS MOUSE

There is usually no Christmas
for me,
But now I've got an idea, you see
I'll sneak out of my hole,
I'll be the worst little thief
that ever stole.

All the stockings on the chimney
I'll rob,
Then all the children will cry
and sob.
I'm sure I won't have to work at
all
I'll have enough food for summer
spring and fall.

And with the decorations around
the house
They'll all be for me the wonder-
ful mouse.
There is one main reason why I'm
so glad
'Cause there'll be a Christmas
for me and I won't be sad.
Lexie Riley

CHRISTMAS WISH

Merry Christmas, everyone!
We're all filled with joy.
And Santa brings nice presents
For every girl and boy.

The mistletoe is up in the hall
A big bunch of holly.
Let's go to the Davidsville Mall
So Susie can see old Mr. Jolly.

Bobby, a pair of rollerskates
A dolly for Sue.
But what about the Birthday Boy,
Doesn't He get presents too?

Help Him with the world
That's what He wants you to do.
And then when He returns
He'll sure be grateful to you!

Jim Wood

MY CHRISTMAS WISHES

I wish the war would stop,
So the hearts of soldiers would
Be full of love instead of hate,
Then Christmas would be singing.

I wish someone would
Stop the factories from polluting.
Then the plants would be
Healthier and a whole lot prettier.

I wish the town would not grow,
Then we would have more room
Then we would be able to see the
deer
And animals would live a good
life.

I wish there was a law
That said no hunters.
Then the animals would be friend-
lier
I would be able to make friends
with them.

Mary Mizenko

SOON IT'LL BE CHRISTMAS DAY

The wind is blowing
All around it's snowing,
But the townsfolk all say
"Soon it'll be Christmas Day."

Santa's helpers are spying
They tell little children, "stop
crying."

But the townsfolk all say,
"Soon it'll be Christmas Day."

Earmuffs, hats, coats and boots
All the men dressed up in suits
But the people all say,
"Soon it'll be Christmas Day."

Angie Krall

WHAT I SAW ON CHRISTMAS

Hanging on a Christmas tree
I see things you wouldn't see
I hear things you wouldn't hear
Like Santa and his reindeer.

Most of the year I see only night
All of a sudden it's so bright
Someone carries me downstairs
Children bump me as if they
don't care.

I'm hung on the tree
With others just like me.
Everyone hangs up a sock
Leaving me alone with the clock

Just about at twelve
Santa comes with a little elfe
Putting presents under this tree
How'd he get in the house with-
out a key?

Up he goes. Up the chimney
I see things you wouldn't see
I hear things you wouldn't hear
Like Santa and his reindeer.

Susan Sorace

THE NIGHT OF THE STAR

It is the night that the star came out. A night of joy. The star looked like a glistening tree, dancing in the night. We followed it until it lead us to the town of Bethlehem. There in the barn was a beautiful babe wrapped in swaddling clothes. We had gold, silver and incense to give to the babe. Then a drummer boy played a melody like you never heard before. Then on earth there were four beautiful angels who prayed as if the night was never going to end and they said, "May God bless all."

Bill Crawford

I WAS THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED!

It took us a long time to get
there
Because we came from afar.
Also, because we only traveled
by night,
For we were guided by a star.

When the star finally did stop
though,
We saw a stable there.
It wasn't much to be born in,
But Christ didn't really care.

He was lying in a manger
With Mary kneeling by His side.
With nothing but hay for a pillow,
And no where else to abide.

Although the place was humble,
We were honored to be there,
In the newly-born King's presence
With the presents we did bear.
Colleen Creighton

IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME AGAIN

I'm only the dog in this family
But I love to see them decorate
the tree.
I love to see all the lights,
Oh, what beautiful sights!

I like getting days off from
obedience school,
If you go there you must be a
fool!
It's Christmas Eve and here comes
Kris Kringle,
He makes the hair on my back
tingle.

He's putting gifts under the tree,
I wonder if there's any for me?
Now he's going back to his rein-
deer,
Not until next year will he
reappear.

Wayne Siefert

THE POOR LITTLE MOUSE

I'm a little gray mouse,
Living with friends in this
great big house.
I pick up tiny crumbs off the
floor,
Sometimes I'm almost swept out
the door.

As I was eating my dinner one
night,
I saw a wonderful, mystical sig
Down the chimney came a fat man
With toys in his pockets and a
bag in his hand.

Then he did a funny thing on on
knee,
He put lots of packages under t
tree.
One for Sally, one for Sue, one
for Mom and Dad,
But none for me, how sad, how s
Roselle Lopes

CHRISTMAS

Decorating the big tree so nice
All through the house the smell
of spice.
Toys all around the tree,
The nicest thing you ever could
see.

The fireplace so warm and bright
It sure is a cheerful sight.
The dog is laying in the hall,
All rolled in a small cozy ball

The Christmas dinner, all trim
and neat,
There sure is a lot of turkey to
eat.

Sledding down the big icy hill
After you had your Christmas fil
Bill Madison

W

ME

Y



CRAIG BAYLOR





CHRISTMAS

In the woods all alone, the
whining wind blows,
The leaves step aside for the
cold wind to pass by.
A little red house sits quietly
alone,
Its roof frosted with ice.
The streams have stopped and
frozen.
The trees stand quietly in
the bitter cold.
The bears are warm and snug
in their beds.
Papa deer sits with Momma deer
sharing such a wonderful
feeling of being together.
The sun is starting to rise,
and strange things are
happening.
Voices are singing, bells are
ringing.
What is this?
Could it be Christmas?

Kathy Rocco

MY CHRISTMAS WISHES

If I had three wishes I would
wish for the war to stop, es-
pecially on Christmas morning,
so that there would be peace
in at least that part of the
world.

My second wish would be for
everyone to have more clothing
and enough to eat so that
everyone would be happy again;
and that part of the world would
be peaceful.

My last, but not least, wish
would be that the air and
water would be non-polluted
as it once was before, so we
can breathe and drink clean
air and water. Once more.
Susan Rech

MY CHRISTMAS WISHES

If I had three wishes one
would be that I could bake
Christmas cookies. I would
bake all different kinds of
cookies.

My second wish would be to go
sleighbing in a red sleigh with
a white horse pulling it.

My third wish would be that ever
one would have a very Merry
Christmas. That's what my three
wishes would be.

Kathy Werley

CHRISTMAS WISHES

If I had three wishes, wishes
of Christmas joy.
It wouldn't be for candy, not
even for a toy.
For if I had three wishes, this
is what they'd be.
To have peace and brotherhood,
you see.
For all men to love each other,
And to hold hands like a brother
That all people would have good
health
That the rich would share their
wealth.

Mike Koch

CHRISTMAS WISHES

The first thing that I would
change is for all soldiers
in the Army, Navy and Marines
to stay home for one month dur-
ing Christmas and have no war.

The second thing that I would
change is for all poor and home-
less children to live in a nice
home and have lots of things to
eat and wear and lots of present

The third thing that I would
change is for everyone to get
lots of presents--everything
they wished for. And a very
Merry Christmas.

Angie Krall

SNOW

Snow is falling down
Covering every city and town.
Snow covers up everything in
sight.
Snow is as beautiful as wild
geese in flight.

Glistening and shining, cover-
ing all
Ugliness that used to be there
So beautiful that people stop
and stare.
Snow is a lot of wonderful
things
On your face cold snow stings.

Snow can be dangerous, so I'm
told.
But all I think snow is is
fluffy, white and cold.
Snow piles up in huge big
drifts.
Snow's just one of winter's
gifts.

Lynne Fawber

Frost
Cold, shiny,
Dripping, running, sparkling,
A field of silver;
Ice

Barbara Marren

SNOW

To speak of snow as we all
know,
Is to speak of risk and bliss
To break a leg or bruise a
rib
Or ride a sled with sis.

To shovel the stuff, it takes
a man
From dawn to dusk to move,
For a buck and a half and a
cookie or two
Toward manhood a boy will move.

Scientifically speaking on
the subject of snow
The basic essential is rain.
There's one other thing I'd
like you to know
That when it melts it's a pain.
Bill Crawford

WINTER

The snow falls quietly during
the night.
The wind blows with all its might
The ponds begin to freeze
All the leaves fell off the trees.

Everyone is having fun
Even though there is no sun.
The snow is drifting and blowing
While Mother is inside sewing.

You have to stay inside and play
All the rest of the day.
Now the ground is white
What a beautiful sight.

Spring is on its way
Then it will be warm all day.
I hate to see the winter go,
But next year again it will snow.
JoAnn Slack

Snow
Cold, winter,
Breezy, windy, flaky,
Cold on my tongue;
Lace.

Doreen Milks

SNOW

It falls with such grace
It falls with such ease
It falls in the woods
It falls on the trees.

It falls on the grass
It falls on the ground
It makes a white blanket
That's seen all around.

It covers up darkness
It covers up sound
It covers up bushes
That can't be found.
Kathy Peters

I bury my dog
Right in the glittering snow
When he kicks at me.
Peter Cavanaugh

Snow is falling now
Santa will be coming soon
Holly and bright ribbons.
Shelley Craig

Fall

In the fields stand golden stalks of
harvested corn
And field mice wake up yawning to
a new morn.
See the fox in the woods running
from the gun
And all the little squirrels having
a lot of fun.
All of a sudden something falls from
the sky
And a herd of deer come prancing by.

Leaves come tumbling to the ground
And pile in a big mound.
A squirrel goes scampering up a
tree
Little animals are as sleepy as
they can be.
Soon crystals will fall from the sky
So the woods will have to say
good-bye!

Diana Demordy

The Coming of Fall

As I fly high in the sky
I look below as I pass by
I look and see the coming of fall
Firewood stacked against the wall.

I see a bear looking for a cave
And squirrels finding nuts to save.
All the animals are running around
Searching for scraps of food on
the ground.

All the other geese and I
We have to go, we say "goodbye"
We must go for winter we fear
But we'll be back again next year.

Lisa Schorr

Corn Fields

Stiff yellow, uniformed soldiers,
tassels on their heads, guns in
their pockets marching in a row.

Susan Sorace

A field of crackling, swaying
stalks.

Steve St. John

Fall Is Here

Summers out, Falls in
Pretty soon winter will begin.
All the leaves fall from the trees
And everybody begins to freeze.

When you wake up you yawn
It's getting cold, put your warm
clothes on.
Bundle up nice and warm
For here comes the winter storm!

Children play in the leaves of fall
They are really having a ball!
Autumn is a beautiful sight
And a good time to fly a kite.

Mariane Rohrman

Fall

Fall is here
It's the time of year
When the leaves shake on the
trees with fear.
The poor scarecrow
He is all alone in the snow
Wishing that the farmer would let
him go.
The squirrel is gathering nuts.
Other animals are making huts.
Plenty of firewood the farmer cuts.
The corn fields are bare
All there is is stubble there
As winter comes with its dreary
stare.

Tom Gero

Scarecrow

A watchman asleep on his post in
a bed of yellow.

Suzanne Schneiwies

Lonely little fellow trying to
scare the crows.

Jim Rohrman

A tall stiff man guarding golden
riches.

Craig Raynor

The sound of a gun

The call of death in the fall.

Susan Sorace

Fall and It's Happenings

Fall

The leaves are falling like broken pieces of the rainbow
Squirrels are gathering nuts to eat in the winter snow
My friend Billy the beaver is all alone.

The farmers are harvesting corn like miners gold
The air is cold, the wind is bold
Birds fly south like an army of ants
This is the time to wear long pants.

There is frost on the grass like white paint
In a few more months it will be time for the Saint.
Holidays will be coming soon
This is the time to see the raccoon.

Russell Salvador

- - - - -

Autumn

Fall brings all the winter skies
And now are gone the mid-summer flies
Winter will be here at last,
Then I can wish that it had all passed.
In the Fall the weather's so grim
It's leaves fall hard, the sky is all dim.
Far in the meadow the hay is golden brown
While back in the city the leaves twirl around.
The bright colored leaves dancing in the sky
Next will come winter when this Fall goes by.
Fall brings the bullies, don't worry I've fought 'em
'Cause this is a poem all about Autumn.

David Watts

- - - - -

Green time is going, cold winds start blowing
The nights are long.
No longer does the cricket sing his song.
The hunters are going, hunting with their hound.
While leaves swish and tumble to the ground.
The tired old bear goes to sleep
Then in Mr. Winter will creep.

Gary Grauer

Fall is the time when leaves start tumbling to the ground
The geese are flying southward making a flapping sound.
The hunter is out shooting his gun
While his wife's in the kitchen getting things done.
The farmer is in his field to bring back what he planted in the spring
The woodsman is in the forest shopping away to bring home fuel for each winter day.
It's almost time for the animals to hibernate, they better hurry before its too late.
October 31st is Halloween, so I must hurry and be on my way.

Steve McIlvaine

- - - - -

Harvesting

The farmer's corn is harvested for the day
All his family is happy and gay.
Along the corn fields bees carry honey
While the farmer does Autumn's work to make winters money.
The stiff old watchman watches the corn
There's lots of work to do in the early morn.
Now let's get ready for Autumn's treat
Let's get our guns and see what we meet.
There's a cock pheasant all plump and fat
Let's kill it and save the feathers for a hat.
Now let's eat our great big feast
And have the pie last, but not least.

Patty Woll

- - - - -

Scarecrow

A funny policeman waving to the crows.

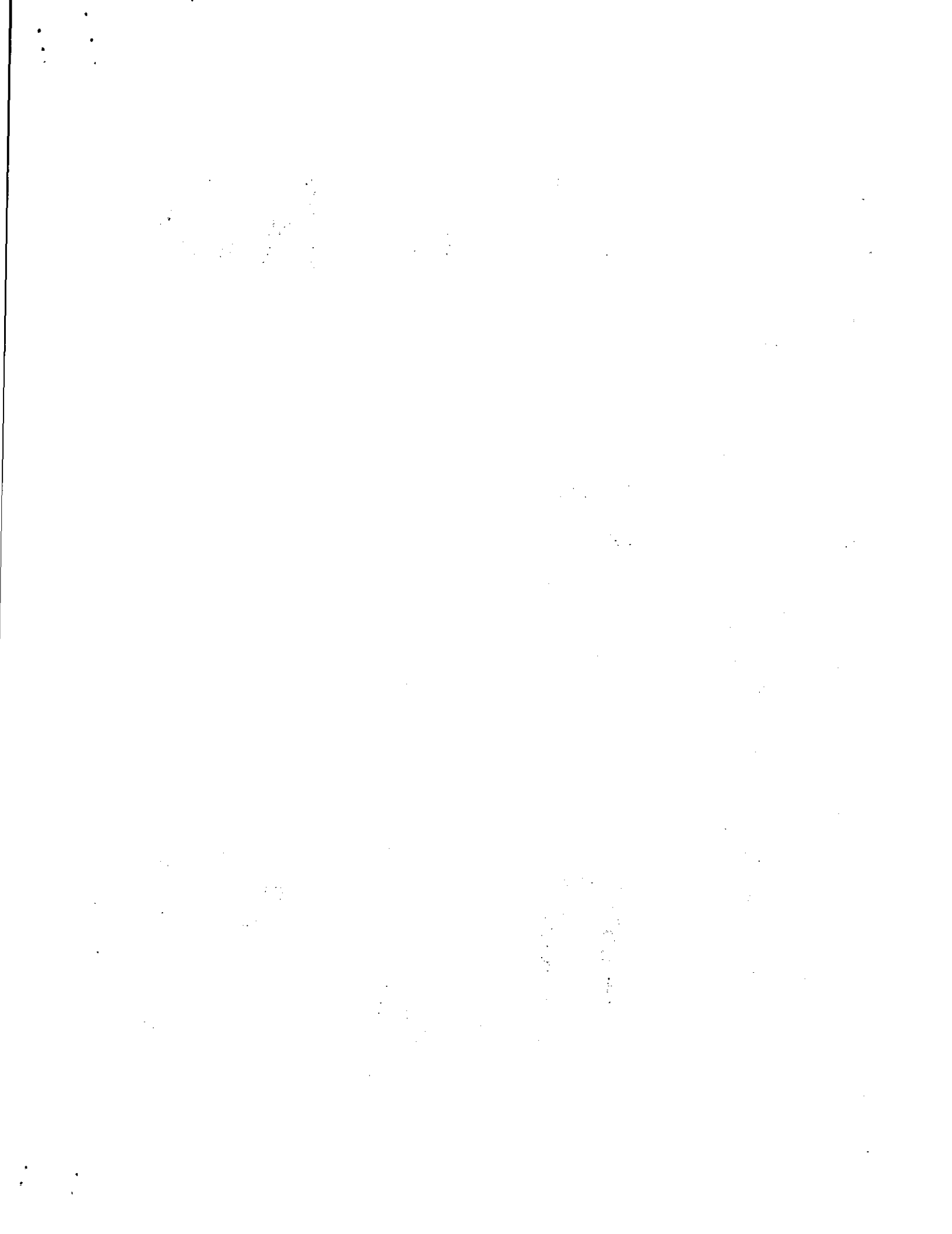
Lori VanIngen

A toy soldier marching toward the harvest.

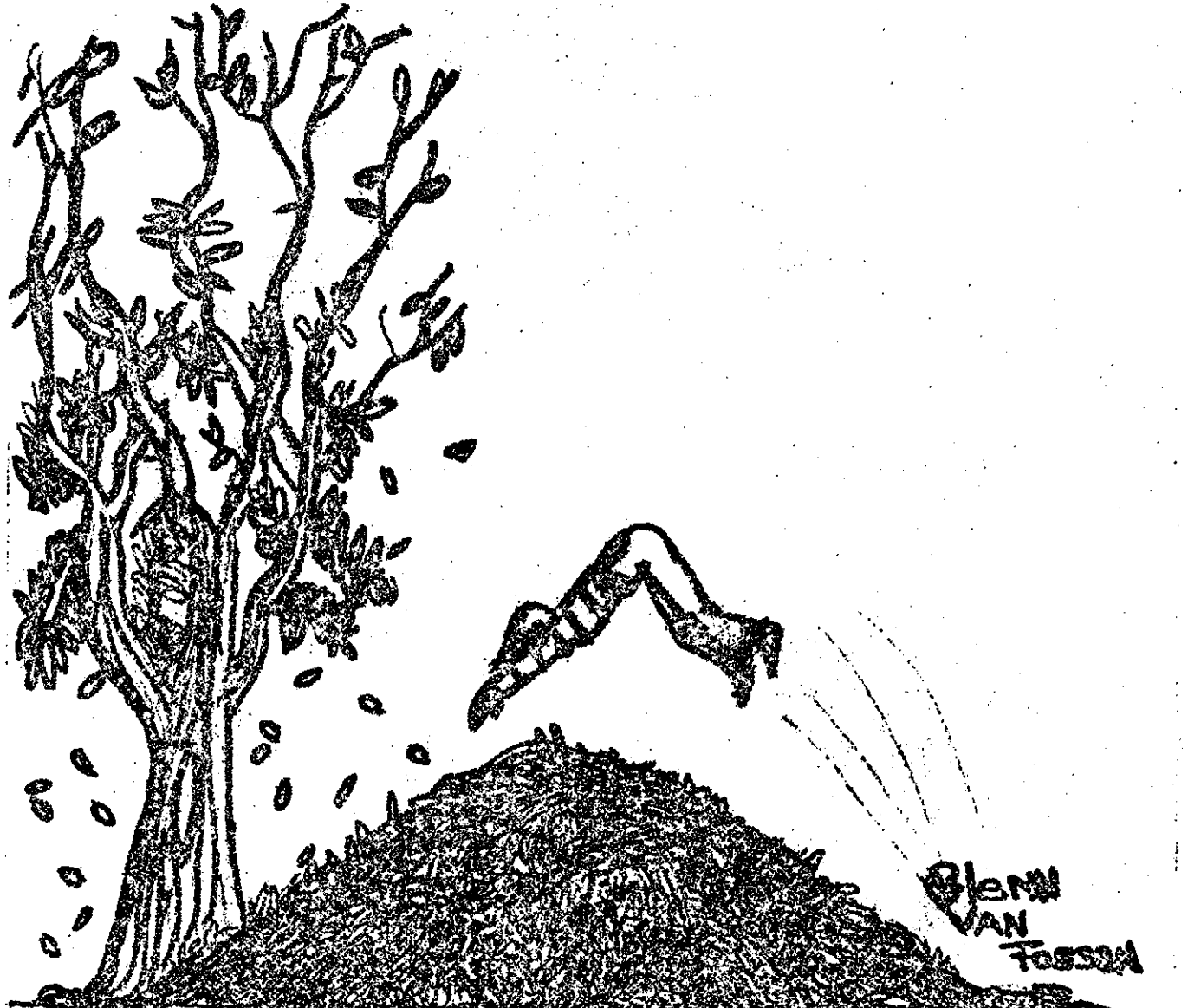
Don Vasta

The guardian of the fields

Robert Tournier



AUTUMN'S



CRUNCH

I KNOW A REAL WITCH

I know a real witch. Her name is Mrs. Kitzrow. When she gives us an assignment in Language, she sits and watches us very carefully and when she sees someone talking she zaps them into a purple toad with pink polka dots. I should know, because she did it to me once!

I was sitting at my desk doing a Language test and I was talking to my best friend when she zapped me and I had to do my test over because it got all wet.

One day my friend was talking so much that Mrs. Kitzrow zapped her and didn't unzip her until the next week. She learned a lesson from that. So that's my story of a real witch who is really very nice and she is my favorite teacher.

Denise Salvador

I KNOW A REAL WITCH

One day I was jumping from one dot of turf to another in the swamp trying to miss the gulpers (which are places you can get sucked down quite quickly). I was jumping for at least an hour and was getting tired. I told myself I must find a big piece of turf on which to sit and eat lunch. I could see one up ahead. On this particular piece of turf there was a giant rock which was flat on top. I thought, "What a great place to eat lunch." So I jumped on the rock and unpacked. All of a sudden the rock started to grow a plastic bubble over it and then it happened! The rock lurched and started to sink. I realized I was near the big gulper called "Witches Gulper." I was somewhat scared. The rock went down. I could see all sorts of skeletons of people and animals. Just then the rock stopped and I was in water instead of mud. An old lady with black clothes and a scuba tank was swimming toward me. Then as quick as you can wink, I had a tank on and was swimming with this lady. The lady led me to an underwater palace and we went in. We were in air now and she waved her hand and our tanks were off. She said, "Hi." I was so awed at the palace I didn't say anything. She then told me she was a witch. I was astonished. Then she said, "I brought you here and saved you from this swamp. Call me "Itcha." The head witch ordered me to guard this swamp, be mean and kill people. I never did kill anybody. Everybody does it themselves. The witch said, "I need an audience to show my magic tricks." Then I said, "Gee, that's nice, but what about my parents and everybody else?" Itcha said, "Come everyday and sit on the rock. I'll bring you down." "Sure," I said. Then she showed me some tricks with lotions and potions and a big black caldron. She said that I could learn. That was five weeks ago. Now I'm an experienced witch and my witch friend is still teaching me more tricks. I told the mailman and he thinks I'm crazy. Just wait until next Halloween.

Susan Sorace

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF HORROR

One hundred years ago a man named Charlie G. Horror somehow disappeared and was never seen until October 31 when some boys went camping and they saw a ghost-man walking through the old Horror house. They thought for a moment and said, "Let's go see what's going on in there." They saw Mr. Horror. One of them said, in a frightened voice, "Hello, Mr. Horror." Then the clock struck twelve and Mr. Horror disappeared. The boys said, "Let's go find him." So they went to look for him, but he was never found until the next October 31. So people called this day "Horrorween" and years later it got mixed up a little-- now we call it "Halloween."

Russ Salvador

WALKING IN THE WOODS

Well, here I am in the woods
It's so peaceful and quiet here.
It's nice to know that I'm all
alone
Just trees around and nobody near.

Here I forget my only problem
I'd like to stay here all alone
But I must be on my way
I don't really want to go home.

This is the life with trees just
swaying
The woods are important to me.
But I don't know what I'm doing
here,
The woods are the greatest things
you'll ever see.

Brian Johns

THE HEAVENS

The stars shine like diamonds
bright
in the silent starry night.
They shine like guards watching
over all
Sometimes you see one of them
fall.

Comets go flying through the sky
Their tails following them as
they fly.
Meteorites crash to the ground
Making such an awful sound.

The moon shines through in the
dark night
It is such a beautiful sight.
The sun gives us light in the
day.
They look close, but they're so
far away.

Beth Atkinson

MY HALLOWEEN FRIENDS

I have three Halloween friends. One is Spooky, my ghostly friend. He's fun. At night I use him as a sheet. Sometimes I'd wake up half scared to death, but I finally got over that.

Now I'll tell you about Jack. He's my Jack-O-Lantern friend. I use him to see where I go at night. He scares me when I look at him because of his triangle eyes and nose with the candle glowing inside.

Then my last friend, Witchy-Poo. She's a witch of course. She's fun. She's my girl friend. On mischief night she takes Spooky, Jack, herself and me out on her broom to stop kids from doing mischief. On Halloween Witchy-Poo takes me to all the houses. I'll tell you, it's easier than walking.

Billy Brinkmann

NIGHT

A twilight sky
A snimmer of light
A plane drifts by
And the stars become bright.

Down falls a shooting star
A comet flashes by
A few of the planets we can
see from afar
In the dark night sky.

Slowly with the morning's light
The stars begin to fade.
But they will come again tonight
When daytime pulls her shade.
Lori vanIngen

HARVESTING

The farmer is up bright and
early
To harvest his pumpkins and corn
Then he sees that his ragged
straw soldier
Has guarded the crops 'til
that morn.

He labors from sunrise to sunset
To get his crops in before
frost.
The sky is a pack of molded
colors
As the sun on the clouds are
tossed.

Now he's got enough grain
To feed all his family and
stock
He mows down the jungle
Where the field mice used to
stalk.

Colleen Creighton

STARS IN THE YEAR 2000 B.C.
Where have all the stars gone
in the sky?
Have they passed? Have they
gone by?
I don't think that is what
happened
I just think there is too much
smog.

Only the brightest stars shine
through
Those that shine through will
be few.
To see them shine you must look
very hard
And watch them twinkle in the
darkened sky.

If you want to watch all the
stars again?
Then do something about it and
then watch them.
So make it known you want to
help
By helping to stop all the
pollution in the air.
Billy Brinkmann

THE GHOST

The ghost lives in our home
And he always plays with my comb.
Watch out he might scare you when
he says "Boo"
And you will say, "Now who are
you?"

Sometimes he sleeps in my bed
And he always puts his feet on
my head.
One Sunday he was hiding in the
grass
And made us late for ten o'clock
Mass.

One day he was playing with my
friend
Just then a train came round
the bend.
Squish, splash, splat, my
ghost is dead.
Now he can't sleep in my bed.
Debbie Cogan

HALLOWEEN

Halloween pumpkins lay on the
ground
Soon to be made into spicy pies
Or Jack-O-Lanterns with eyes so
round
The scary bright faces against
the night skies.

Little kids will dress as witches
and ghosts
Two round eyes in this sheet so
white
Bob for apples to see who can
get the most
Then run around from house to house
on Halloween night.

Witches, ghosts, fiaries and clown
Run from house to house
Then go to bed safe and sound
Then the houses are as quiet as
a mouse.

Suzanne Rush

TRICK OR TREAT

Suddenly you hear "Trick or Treat"
Everybody opens their bag of
goodies to eat.
Then a black cat crossed our trail
Luckily it had a white dot on
its tail.

In the window I see a pumpkin
face
With every little cut in place
Twelve o'clock, the witching hour
Twelve bongs come from the church
tower.

Never get a witch mad
Or she'll turn you into something
bad.
If she turns you into something
weird
It might be a goblin with a beard.
John Roberts

HALLOWEEN

Black and orange all around
Orange balls on the ground
Goblins, ghosts, cats, and spooks
People dressed as weirdo kooks.

Black is the night
Except for the full moon's light.
Kids wrecking all the cars
With soap, sticks, and with bars.

Everyone dressed is very dandy
Everyone goes out to get some
candy.
Everything from angels to pirates
are seen
This holiday happens to be
Halloween.

Susan Sorace

HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Halloween night is the night of
fear
When there are monsters all
around here.
They come to get some candy
We always keep a bag handy.

The witches and goblins are danc-
ing in the breeze
The leaves are falling off the
trees.
While we are raking the leaves
in a pile
The children all in costume come
for a treat with a smile.

The pumpkins are all aglow
The children are having a show
Later on we have something to eat
And the children will all say
"What a good Halloween treat."
Bill Kallatch

HALLOWEEN

Black witches, pumpkins, and
Halloween cats,
Skeletons, devils, and flying
bats.

All go out on Halloween night
They give you such an awful
fright!

Ghosts go flying through the air
To meet up with one, I wouldn't
dare!
Haunted houses are spookier than
ever
To go in one, I would never!

Kids go running through the street
In their costumes which look neat
So if you ever meet up with a bat
or skeleton
All I can say is you better run.
Beth Atkinson

SPOOKS

The skeletons grin
And play with their kin.
A small gray bat
Rests on my hat.

The goblins play in the den
They play with a doll made of tin.
A Jack-O-Lantern glows
While apple cider flows.

The witches meet
And take their seat
A witch stands up
And pours a cup
of HALLOWEEN FUN!
Debbie Reisman

HALLOWEEN

The pumpkin's carved, and now
it's lit,
The scarecrow's suit will
tightly fit.
Now tonight is trick or treat
My sister will wear an old
white sheet.

The moon is full, a bright
orange too,
There will be fun for me and
you.
I was scared when we went past
an old brown house.
And then I screamed but it was
just a mouse.

The night is quiet, and very
bright,
But only from the moon's
shiny light.
The trees are bare, and the
wind is blowing,
By next month it will be
snowing.

Lizann Fluehr

HALLOWEEN

Ghosts and goblins all around
Skeletons cry from the cemetery
mound,
Witches fly on their brooms
Here comes Halloween
ZOOM! ZOOM! ZOOM!

Big orange faces staring from
a porch,
Lit by a torch,
Making shadows where goblins
loom,
Here comes Halloween
ZOOM! ZOOM! ZOOM!
Owen Medd

HALLOWEEN

The night when little kids
stay inside,
So they can safely run and hide
If goblins, witches or ghosts
come by.

But the big kids go out and
wreck cars
With suds of soap, scratches
and scars
'Til the owner comes out to
holler and shout.

You go out on the streets with
costume on
And beg for goodies like gum
and popcorn
Then you go back to a nice
warm house.

FALL

I have a favorite tree in the
fall
It stands so straight and tall
It is a big beautiful maple tree
It is a delight to see

It turns from green to gold
and brown
Then the leaves come falling down
The wind blows the leaves all
around
And scatters them all over the
ground

Now it is cold November
Soon it will be snowy December
My beautiful tree is fast asleep
Covered with snow, white & deep

Margie Patzer

WATER

Fresh, cool
Laughing, splashing bubbling
Raindrops, puddles, sparks, embers
Hissing, flaming, burning
Deadly hot
Fire

Lori vanIngen

FALL

Fall is creeping through the
woods and cracks
Now the frost attacks
So the leaves start their dance
Winter seasons is on its prance

Corn fields start to shiver
and shake
While squirrels gather nuts
and leaves I rake
Animals start to grow their
winter hair
While the bear is looking for
a winter lair

Sharon Raab

Haunted House
Torn, old
Falling, broken down
Hungry, sad, unhappy face
Scary

Sherry Wright

FALL

Leaves fall to the ground
Rush for the school bus also
O's and E's are coming

Tom Tolan

HALLOWEEN IS FINALLY HERE

Tonight is the night I've been
waiting for
Candy and gum & goodies galore
And after it's over I'll wish
for more

I'd better bring a great big
bag
A little one will break & sag
Jenny crayoned hers to make it
look like a hag

I think it is time that I got
dressed
Oh great, my costume is the
best
Now I'm ready for our guest

It's time that I can go out
My little sister wonders what
its all about
I said, When somebody opens
their door just shout
Trick or Treat

D. Serianni

FALL

Leaves falling quickly
Falling to the ground swiftly
Colorful leaves fall

D. Reisman

FALL

Golden in the fields
Looks like a piggy bank
With a lot of jewels

M. Mizenko

HALLOWEEN

Halloween's the night that
scary things come out
It's the night that black
cats cry and witch's shout
Scarecrows standing high & tall
Skeletons hanging on the wall
It's the night that Jack-O-
Lanterns light

And it can be a real fun night
In windows are pumpkins and
creepy things

And maybe the sound that you
hear is the flapping of bats
wings

Witches, cats, and tall black
hats

Corn and pumpkins, even some
black bats

Trick or Treat on Halloween
night

Open the door you'll see such
a sight

K. Karens

FALL

I rake the leaves
Bill is always resting
When I rake the leaves
P. Cavanaugh

THINGS OF HALLOWEEN

The Jack O-Lanterns face
Greet you at the door
He can be any place
On a table or the floor

That's not all you see
On good Ol' Halloween
The witches fly with glee
Ghosts and goblins scream

When the leaves begin to fall
It's that time of year
All the witches call
HALLOWEENS HERE

G. VanFossen

FALL

The red and gold leaves fell
They looked like little flowers
Then we raked them

M. Wambold

HALLOWEEN

Halloweens the night
To give your friend a fright
When witches are on their
broomsticks
They grab you when your six

When pumpkins talk
Then jump down to walk
When bats are out
If they come near you
You'll shout

Halloween is fun
When witches are on the run
When you see a cat so black
Run, but don't forget your
sack

L. Wright

FALL

In the fall the leaves die
The trees go into deep sleep
Jack frost comes to town

L. Fawber

FALL

Leaves falling from trees
The harvesting time for crops
The time for Thanksgiving

R. Howarth

HALLOWEEN

Witches, pumpkins, & goblins
at night
They scare you to a fright with
their might
They come up to you & go "Boo-Boo"
Then you jump up right out of
your shoe

We go trick--or-treating on
Halloween
And the eyes of the goblins
are very keen
They see you coming and jump
out of a tree
They jump in front of you and
they scare me

I go trick-or-treating with all
of my friends
We dress up like bums and some
times like men
We always get lots of candy and
gum

Who doesn't let us eat it all?
Our Mom

M. Oliver

STAY WITH A SPOOK

The ghosts are out with big
big black eyes
And past the moon the witches fly
The bats are out making their
sounds
While goblins and spooks are out

Fences with their orange smiling
face
Cobwebs with dew look like hang--
ing lace
Mummies and vampires all out on
the night
And kids are frightened by the
terrible sight

Mischief night is the night for
fun

If you are seen you better run
All the people in costumes are
keen

When it comes to Halloween

P. Woll

FALL

Leaves fall to the ground
Yellow, Brown and orange leaves
Falling to the ground

S. Craig

Harvest

The corn like soldiers marching by,
Soon will be stubbles against the sky.
The golden wheat waving in the wind,
Will soon be grain in the bin.

The pumpkin fields near the bay
Is now a playground for mice to play.
The crops will soon be in the barn
And people will be rested on every
farm.

The harvest moon is out tonight
Which gives me a bit of fright.
For when harvest moon is out they
say,
Every crop should be put away.

Susan Surace

- - - - -

Fall Time

The leaves are turning color, the
tree is turning bare.
Snow will soon be falling to hide
the little hare.
The weather is good for flying
kites,
And also good for lear fights.

The leaves have the colors of a
rainbow,
The leaves are falling very low.
Hunters are after the white
tailed deer,
And harvest time is almost here.

Corn and wheat blow in the breeze,
Harvesting corn can be done with
ease.
Leaves are piling up so high,
The leaves are whistling with
a sigh.

Gary Grauer

- - - - -

Metaphores

Scarecrow

Scaring off the villains, standing
straight and tall, a knight in
tattered armor looking over all.

Susan Sorace

Phyllis Diller on a stick.

Robert Kochersperger

Fall

In fall the trees turn color
Getting more barren by the
minute.
I love the smell of pumpkin pie
And the spices that are in it.

The birds are migrating,
The bears are going to sleep.
The snakes are also nesting,
The moles burrows are getting
deep.

The squirrels are collecting
their food,
The rabbits house is neat,
The trees are getting in the
mood
To wear their winters hood.

Neil Werley

- - - - -

What Is Fall?

Fall is when the frost comes out,
And when it bites my toes I shout.
Fall is when we dress in clothes
That covers us from head to toes.

Fall is when my dad brings his gun
Out to the woods to have some fun!
He doesn't even give the animals
a chance,
Away goes the rabbit and the
deer with a prance.

Fall is when we go to school
Instead of playing at the swimming
pool,
In school what you do is read and
write,
In art we do things out of sight!

Denise Salvador

- - - - -

Fall Colors

Yellow, green and orange, gold,
brown and red.
Those are the colors of an animals
bed.

With a jacket or a sweater on,
I run on our red and orange lawn.

I check the calendar, why it's
September!

Why it's fall - now I remember.

Now that it's fall,
Let's go play football!

Mike Koch

The farm animals work in the fall
 The horse sleeps in his stall.
 The farmer plows down his wheat
 Hear the pounding of the horses' feet?
 The squirrel stores nuts in his hollow tree
 And people are as busy as a bee.
 Colored leaves float slowly to the ground
 With the rustling of the autumn's sound.
 Yellow, red, orange and green
 All the beautiful leaves are seen.
 The days and nights are getting cold
 This autumn sight is lovely to behold.

Lilly Stieber

I'm a little rabbit
 I like to steal carrots which is my habit.
 When Fall comes I store my carrots
 And I go to sleep in my little hole.
 When I wake up I see
 Lots of pretty leaves laying on the ground
 All around my little hole.
 What a pretty leaf I found!
 The animals with their warm coats on
 Come running to me
 They are happy to see Fall again.

Pamela Williams

POLLUTION
 When the Earth was young, it was clean
 Everywhere the grass was green
 The animals played in the fields free
 All pollen was taken from a plant by a bumble bee
 Then came men with their machines
 After awhile nothing was clean
 Our sky went from Bright blue to grey
 The pollution got worse every day
 When the sun shone so bright
 All our troubles seemed slight
 Soon all the animals faded from sight
 Seeing no animal life was a fright

Robert Tournier

Autumn colors come alive and start to dance and twirl
 Little animals store their winters food just like the squirrel.
 Soon the fields will turn to gold
 The scarecrow now shivers in the cold.
 School begins, hear the bell ring!
 In the south the birds will sing.
 Tackle, block, kick and run
 The game ends at the sound of a gun.
 The katidid signals the frost
 Now the color of the flower is lost
 We wear coats and sweaters so warm
 Soon there will be a winter storm!

Diane Krajewski

Laura Ingalls Wilder
 Whose literature is milder
 Than Shakespear's, Homer's, Elliot's or Thoreau's
 Must be as nimble as a horse
 To conjure up those metaphores.
 And where she gets them only heaven knows
 Not like Gomorrah or lively Sodom
 The field's no place to be in Autumn.
 At harvest time I am no pioneer
 While digging in the rows of flora
 I can only think of Laura
 Running wild, corncobs in her ears.

Dave Sochan

Smell of Pumpkin Pie

Warm contentment in the air.

Owen Medd

A perfume of spices.

Chris Blundell

A pan of spices with a crust of cream.

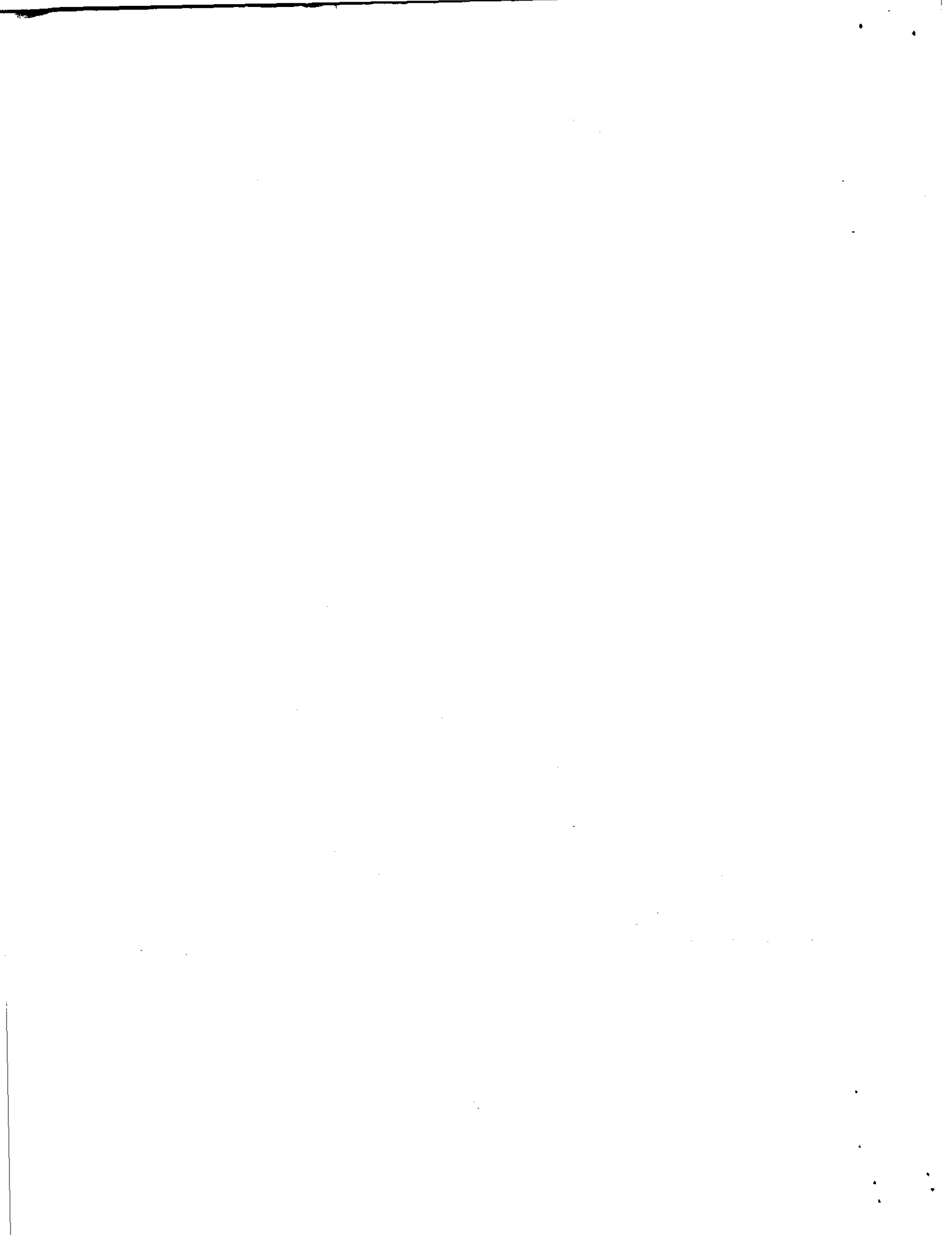
Margie Patzer

Waves of spicy goodness lingering on the air.

Winter's



Magic



Harvest Moon

The harvest moon is shining
The air is starting to chill.
The squirrel is storing acorns
The colors are turning on the hill.

The farmer's wife is toiling
Late into the night.
The pantry shelves are filling
With jars and cans packed tight.

The farmer is storing kindling,
As his farmer chores grow nigh.
On the farm this is a busy time
As the harvest moon goes by.

Billy Brinkmann
- - - - -

Autumn

Red and golden butterflies
drifting to the ground,
Covering the grass like a blanket
as they swirl around.
The brown firecracker with its
loud blast,
Has proved that hunting season
has come at last.

Animals are storing food for the
winter season,
Get out those jackets 'cause
its gonna get "freezin!"
The wind howling through the night
But the morning brings a beautiful
sight.

Silk crowned maidens that once
stood there,
Are now a meadow, cold and bare.
Kids are playing, jumping and
running,
Now that summer is gone and winter
is coming.

Roselle Lopes
- - - - -

Metaphores

Corn Fields

Tassled sentinels swaying in the
breeze.

Lori Van Ingen

A small jungle with yellow ears
listening.

Brian Johns

Autumn

The animals of the forrest
Are like people in a town,
Each one lives a different way,
And each wears a different gown.

Each one makes ready when winter
comes,
In trees or on the ground,
For there are things that must
be done,
And food that must be found.

There are winter homes that must
be dug,
And beds that must be laid,
For everything that will be used,
Must be ready and made.

So the animals are ready,
With homes that are in the ground,
So when winter comes it will find,
A closed up little town.

Lori Van Ingen
- - - - -

Autumn

The trees are beginning to shed
their leaves
As if the breeze had made them
sneeze.
Soon there will be harvest in the
field,
And we will have pumpkins for our
yield.
With piles of leaves everywhere,
And winter climbing up the stairs!
Listen to the autumn breeze as
it sings
As if the leaves now had wings.
For nature's world has gone to bed
Now the world seems so dead.

Edward Lounsberry
- - - - -

Tall arrows swaying gracefully in
the wind, green leaves flapping
like wings.

Tom Gero

The jungle of the fieldmouse.
Suzy Parcell

Pheasants playgrounds.
Diana Demordy

Fall

The days grow short
And the nights grow still.
And the many colored leaves
fall where they will.

The squirrels gather nuts to store
When they're finished they sleep
on the tree floor.
The pumpkins nestled in the fields
Will soon be part of harvest yields.

The corn stalks standing in a row
Will soon all be cut down low.
All the flowers go to sleep in
their beds
For soon it will be time to get out
the sleds.

Robert Kochersperger

- - - - -

Mother Nature

She takes the leaves off the trees
And makes a stronger colder breeze.
She turns the color of grass to brown
And makes the flowers all turn down.

She send the birds to another place
Asks the trees why the surprised
look on their faces.
She tells Jack to frost paint the
ground
Then everyone wears a frown.

The weeping willows shiver and
shake
For the weather they have to take.
She tells the animals to go to
sleep
'cause for three months the cold
will keep.

Doreen Milks

- - - - -

Fall and Winter

The leaves are changing, the colors
are so bright.
The sun will shine but very light.
The animals are storing food for
the cold winter nights,
The winter will bring lots of
funny sights.
Now in the winter we can have snow
fights.
The clothes we wear are very tight.
My mom will have to turn up the heat,
The fire in the fireplace is warm and
neat. Chris Blundell

Fall

Fields are covered with a gown
of gold
The trees and their branches have
less to hold.
Scarecrows stand still watching
like guards
Children rake up leaves in their
yards.
Trees have hats yellow, red, orange
and brown
Leaves are falling down, down, down.
The squirrels are hunting for
acorns,
And the wind in the night will
mourn.

Farmers harvest night and day
The barn is stacked up with so
much hay.
Cornstalks stand like sentinels
still
Of summertime we've had our fill.

Beth Atkinson

- - - - -

Autumn

Leaves start to fall then die
Down on the ground they all lie.
The school year begins
So do the Autumn winds.

The birds fly away
You buy a new sleigh.
The bears will hibernate
Oh!, they can't wait.

Trees are one year older
The weather is many degrees colder.
Soon there will be snow
That's all I know!

Kathy Werley

- - - - -

Metaphores

Autumn Leaves

Nature's new fall clothes. Colors
torn from the spectrum, twirl-
ing and spinning.

Lori Van Ingen

A crimson gold blanket laid
upon the ground.

Carlee Goodwin

A LOOK AT THE CITY FROM A BUG'S
EYE VIEW

Look at all those strange looking
people walking all around
They're so noisy while we hardly
make a sound
Look at all that dirt and factor-
ies everywhere
It looks to me as though nobody
really cares
The cars, the buses, and the
traffic in the streets
Ladies hurrying for the bus to
catch the last seat
Everybody seems to be in a hurry
But as for us we don't have to
worry

There are slums and ghettos all
over the place
This is surely a disgrace to the
whole human race
Now its nighttime and children are
in bed quiet and snug
They are just like me for I'm a
little red bug
Roselle Lopes

BUG CITY

Tunnels in the underground world
Houses all delicately pearled
Chambers with many doors
Skyscrapers with many floors

Loyal chambers dressed in gold
Curtains hanging with many folds
Living in a small hill
Nurses nurse and workers kill

Warehouses full of lunch
And rooms full of fo..crunch
Someone stepped on the under-
ground city
Oh golly what a pity
Susan Sorace

BUTTERFLYS

Butterflies are yellow
Butterflies are green
Butterflies in winter
Are very rarely seen

Butterflies are playful
Butterflies are neat
Butterflies are pretty
Butterflies are sweet

I once caught a Monarch
Beautiful and red
He was very pretty
Everyone had said

I didn't get to keep him
Beautiful and red
The hour that I caught him
He was surely dead
I cried and cried & cried that
night
Till my eyes were dry
Never in my whole long life
Had I had such a long long cry
Denise Salvador

THE BUG

I am a shrimpy little bug
Now I'm running on a ladies rug
I have just pulled a big caper
She's running after me swinging
a newspaper

Just because I cleaned the plate
The old man wants me for bait
The old lady wants me for the
trash man
When out I get my dinner at a
nearby trash can

Sometimes I fly in peoples food
They scream and shout and say
its rude
You may not see me around
Because I go from town to town
Craig Raynor

BUGS

Usually there's quite a lot of
bugs
Which can be smaller than a
tip of a needle
They live in a world all their
own
And some look like a voltwagon
beetle
They go through sort of jungle
Without hardly making a sound
Some fly through the air
And some just walk on the ground
They seem almost like a small
car
They never seem to make a mistake
They always try to steal things
And peoples food is what they
take

Brian Johns

SUMMER

Hi! I'm Bobby the Butterfly,
here to tell you about
summer and its fun.
In early spring the flowers
bloom and bumble bees are
on the run.
The snow is gone, but in its
place is nice green grass.
Birds come back in a swooping
mass.

The air is warm
Rain comes down in a great
big storm.
I think summer is really neat.
You can feel the cool water
under your feet.

It's fun to fly away from
butterfly nets
A lot of humans root for the
Mets.
I like the intricate patterns
on my wings
A bumble bee's stinger really
stings.

Russ Salvador

SUMMER

Hi! I'm a tennis ball,
I'm at everyone's beck and call.
I can tell when summer's coming
'Cause that's when tennis rack-
ets start their humming.

People always throw me around
And half the time I'm on the
ground.
I love the feeling of whizzing
and flying
But sometimes I hurt so that I
feel like crying.

You always complain about how
long you work,
But as for me, I never shirk.
Now off to duty I must go
Would you like to come and see
the show?

Lori vanIngen

SUMMER

Summer is when you're out of
school
Away from teachers, in a pool.
Summer is a time of gladness
Far away from winter's madness.
Summer is a do-anything play
time,
Catching a football--am I making
this line rhyme?

David Watts

TREES

Trees are for hanging up tire swings
In it's top most branches a robin sings
Trees talk with a quiet rustle
Away from all the hustle and bustle

A tree gives you shade on a hot summer day
In it's branches you can play
Trees are for birds to rest
And under one I can rest

In fall the trees leaves turn
The color of fire
To look at red gold and orange
tree I never tire
The tree then starts over in Spring
The tree is a most wonderful thing

Lynne Fawber

PITTER PATTTER

Pitter Patter goes the little feet
Running around to find his treat

There he goes to wash his food
In a very happy mood

It goes running to tree to tree
Just like its trying to hide from me
It runs and steals just like a sneak
But his home he has to seek

This animal is furry and gray
He looks for fish which are his prey
Now he decides to go and play
With some other friend today
Lisa Schieber

BUGS

Bugs are all shapes & sizes
Take a worm now he always hides
He goes into the ground and crawls through the grass
And believe me he doesn't go too fast

Butterflys go flickering by
With their wings high in the sky
Now there's the little ant you see
Looking way up high at me

Spiders are busy spinning their web
They do their work while I'm in bed
Trapping their prey
Day after day

Marianne Oliver

BEEES

I climb the tree
Just to see
A hive of yellow bumble bees
I heard a sound
And looked around then
Almost fell to the ground
But I clung to the tree
Just as a bee stung me

I screamed so loud
I put a hole in the cloud
I didn't panic
I just called for Mannix
Steve McIlvaine

BUGS

Bugs bugs everywhere
On your feet in your hair
Crawling here crawling there
Bugs bugs everywhere

Flying in and out a tree
Flying in and out of me
Flying low flying high
Flying in the deep blue sky

Being smashed by a car
Being smashed into the tar
Of every place a bug could be
Why does it have to land on me
Lizann Fluehr

BUGS

There's bugs in your food
I'd say they are very rude
They nibble on your spaghetti
There are a hundred of them already
They wiggle around in your hair
And there's a million in the air
They get mushed in your eyes
Beetles, crickets, fleas & flies
They walk around in your shoe
And even in your socks & on you
They scare little children away
When they are at play

Carlee Goodwin

Carlee Goodwin

BUGS

Bugs are tiny worlds before our
eyes

Beetles, moths and pesty flies
Ladybugs, dainty red with black
spots

We're giants to them, while
they're like dots

Hey Mr. Bug what does it feel
like?

Does a few feet make a long hike?
Does a plant look like a huge tree?
My foot probably looks frightening
even my knee

Bugs are formed in different sizes
and shapes

Butterflies wings looks like color
ful capes

Crickets croak their heads off at
night

Lightning bugs shine their power
ful lights B. Atkinson

SUMMER

A cool summer day
I'm splashing in a pool
A golden pile of hay
Resting in the sun

The bright sun shining on a lake
It makes such a lovely sight
People in California during a
quake
Running in all directions

A stained glass window in a church
On a sunny Sunday morning
In fall when you look up at a birch
You see dashing color dancing in
the wind John Roberts

BELINDA

Belinda is our dog
We can't find her in the fog
She is tiny and she's rough
But she doesn't eat enough

Belinda has four legs
But she stands on two when she
begs
When we let her out to run
All she does is lay in the sun

Belinda she goes very fast
We can't see her when she's past

Belinda has a quiet little
bark

It is hard to trace it in
the dark

How do you make schnoodle?
Simple-mix one schmauzer
with one poodle

How do you know a schnoodles
been sent

Simple--It barks in German
with a French accent

Jennie Zeh

THE ANTS

The ants are crawling all
around

In the house & in the ground
They are making holes in
the dirt

And one day I found one in
my shirt

I saw them crawling on the
floor

And out side there were a
million more

I saw them crawling up a
tree

And thousands were eating
a dead bumble bee

When you go on a picnic one
day

You better be sitting on a
pile of hay

And if you don't the ants
will come

And take away your food in-
cluding your plum

Neil Werley

WORM IN A GRASS FOREST

These forest trees are very
tall

With no leaves, all green and
I'm so small

I wiggle through the grass
and ground

Sometimes when it rains on
the road I'm found

When I see a shoe walk to-
ward me I shiver & shake

When it walks toward me I
feel the ground quake

I've been lucky, I've not
been stepped on

For me and the others I
make this plea, watch out

for me on the lawn

Owen Medd

A BOYS SUMMER

We are free at last
To fish for bass
To fish for trout
Cause school is out

The apples are ripe
Take all you can swipe
Take all you can eat
They're a summer time treat

Play King of the hill
Visit grandpas still
Chase white tail deer
Have fun summers is here

Play with fire crackers
Slide down Hay stackers
Go swimming in creeks
Have sword fights with sticks

Climb up honey trees
Get stung by honey bees
Steal all their luscious honey
Which in summers very yummy

Get in fights with corn
Catch baby mice just born
Steal birdies eggs from nests
Get ride of sneaky little pests
Roger Robbins

SUMMER

Summer is the time to sleep
Under a shady tree
Summer is the time for me
You can act lazy all day long
Just listening to the birds
Sweet song

Summer is the time to go
Fishing at a lake
And catch a big green ugly snake
Summer is the time to rent a
house at the shore
With the waves crashing
Just beyond the door

Summer is the time to catch
lightning bugs
And drink lemonade out of mugs
I hate the summer when it gets
muggy
It seems to be ten times buggy
Lynne Fawber

SUMMER

Summers awakening through the
tree tops
With a distant distinct very
loud POP!

Birds fluttering singing all
around
Chipmonks all over the ground

Swim all you want till Mom
calls "Come in"

Time to clean the cellar bin
Then play on the monkey bars
(for boys you can play with
your dirty old cars)

Have all the fun you want,
play leap-frog too
Tell Mom to take you to the
Phily zoo
There's more but I can't tell
it all
But I know I'll really have
a ball

Sharon Raab

SUMMER

Summer is when the apples are
ripe
Summers the time when your car
needs a wipe
Summers the time when kids run
around
Summer is when there's a car-
pet of green on the ground
Summers the time when the sun
is so bright
Summers the time when you stay
out late at Night
In the summer the trees are
never bare
That's when Warwick School
has the May Fair
Summers the time when boys
wear no shirts
Summers the time when girls
wear short skirts
Summer is really the best of
all seasons
I can list three hundred more
reasons

Jennie Zeh

A GUNSHOT

The call of death in the fall
Susan Sorace
Silence shattered--someone falls
Jim Wood

The crack of thunder coming
from the woods

A black messenger of death
Kathy Werley

A bolt of thunder in the field
M. Scanlon

THE TIGER

Furious golden cyclone of the
forest

Lori vanIngen
His sunrise colored body
striped with shades of
night Lori vanIngen

A wanderer in prison garb
stealing through the jungle
Neil Werley

A prisoner of the jungle with
in his own bars
K. Peters

A cat under a magnifying glass
S. McIlvaine

Asian warrior in his black and
yellow war paint
Roger Robbins

A roar of Thunder, a flash of
light-This black striped
phantom will ride the night
Always hungry, always hungry
So those stripes of night
Candy striped king of the
forest
Jim Rohrman

SUMMER

Water, hot
Swimming, playing, resting
Baseball, birds, stillness

Sliding, skating, building
Cold, Snow
Winter

Russ Salvador

BEACH

Wet, waves
Sandy, rocky, fun
Squishy, between my toes
Sandy Doreen Milks

WORMS

I wonder how it feels to be a worm
and all of a sudden see a gigantic
shoe

I'd try to crawl away but if that
didn't work, I don't know what I'd
do--I wonder what a worm does all
day

I guess he just crawls in fields
of hay

Worms are great bait
But when they don't go on the hook
that's something I hate
When it rains worms come out
When they throw them at girls,
they shout!

Worms life must be pretty hard
Because he's sleeping his house
may get tarred

A worms life is also boring
All he does is go through the
hills touring

James Rohrman

RACCOON

Fury, warm
Washes a lot
Stealing, robing, climbing, friendly
Predator

Robert Shimp

SUMMER

Summers the one, summer is fun
We can stay out till nine
We can hear the clock chime
You can wear shorts
You can fish at seaports
You have off all day from school
You can go to the pool
School is out
Everyone will shout
No more "Pledge of Allegiance"
No more studying regions

Kathy Werley

THE LITTLE STAR

Alone in the dark a little
star shines with all his
might
Over the hills his light is
very bright.
In the woods he shines in
the cold night
In the homes of many owls,
he shines like a light.

He sits alone in the sky
He shines over buildings so
high.
He lights the beds of many
flowers
He shines on them with all
his power.

Now the sun is rising
The little star sinks behind
the horizon.
The little star has gone away.
He waits for the end of an-
other day.

Kathy Rocco

THE STARS

Stars are little, bright lights
That light our way at night.
Many people gaze at the firm-
ament
Watching the show in amazement.

Look at all the constellations
in the sky
Aquarius, Orion and Gemini
All in the void of space
The sky is such a beautiful
place.

The planets are strewn around
in many a weird pattern
One of the planets is Saturn.
Every morning in the sky
To all the constellations
I bid good-bye.

Owen Medd

STARS

Stars, stars all through the
night
Will always be pretty and always
be bright.
The moon shines bright, silver
on the sea
The stars in the sky seem to
shine for me.

The stars are shining in the sky
And when it's light, they die.
In the night lies a star
Looking up into the night so far.

The brightness guides us on our
way
When darkness falls on a weary
day.

It was the mighty star from the
East, not west
Which guided the wisemen on
their quest!

Joan Mullen

THE UNIVERSE

The stars are millions and mil-
lions of miles away
But you never can see them dur-
ing the day.
Some are big and very bright
And they give off a lot of light.

In the dark sky there's more
than stars
There's also planets like Saturn,
Venus and Mars
There are comets, asteroids and
others that float
And sometimes the moon looks
like a great big boat.

There are galaxies and the Milky
Way
But you better not expect to
see them in the day.
The Universe is pretty and gay
The Universe is far away.

Patty Woll

RACCOON

Soft, furry
Running, jumping, stealing
A little playful robber
Lovable

Barbara Marren

FREDDIE FROG LOOKS AT THE WORLD

Hi! I'm Freddy Frog. I'm going to tell you about one of my own experiences with ugliness. To me, ugliness is pollution. And this is why: One year I decided that living in the water was boring. So, I spent a year on land. In the beginning it was fun. But then something went wrong. The air was getting dirty and hard to breathe. And the land! Every-- thing was litter! One day I jumped and landed in a big pile of garbage that somebody had dumped! When the year was finally over I went back to my lake. But my lake was dead. If some human had not caught me and given me a good home, I might not be alive today!

Lowi vanIngen

KITTENS

Small, soft
Running, jumping puring
Fur claws, paws, tails
Climbing, playing, scratching
Big fat
Cat

Nancy James

MR. PARROT

Mr. Parrot stands so Proud
handsome and tall
Waiting for a pretty girl to
come by
For he has a rainbow of colors
When I looked at him he winked
and smiled
As if he had all the time in
the world
He wears a red hat of gold
fit for a king

Mary Mizenko

SUMMER

The clouds are leaving
Heat rays are coming down fast
Gardens are growing

Peter Cavanaugh

STALLION

A horse standing on a hill under
a blazing rowan tree in a wild
wind. An Arabian, A pure Arabian
stallion.

If I catch him he's mine. He's
my only dream-to own a dead black
pure Arabian stallion
I'm up on him riding. It's fall
in Canada. I've never seen such
beauty in late August. Now un--
saddle him, rub him, water him
and say goodnight.

Diane Serianni

SUMMER

Summertime is lots of fun
You can swim, play and run
Some people take vacations
To other states or other nations

Nobody has to worry about school
You can just sit around the
swimming pool
You can do anything you feel like
Play cards, or ride a bike

I like summer the best
But my mother doesn't, she thinks
I'm a pest
When summer's here up stay up
late

Summers here and I can't wait
Mariane Rohrman

SUMMER

The hot sun comes down on you
I love summer, it's fun
Bill, Bob, Cindy, Cathy and Sue
All jump in the pool because
of the sun

Kids on the soul Beat
People taking a durg
Cops putting on the heat
People getting the mugg
Tom Tolan

SUMMER

Bright golden, rain fell
Falling out of the blue sky
When the sun was shinny
Mike Wambold



A
Walk
in
the
Woods

EAST
DEAN

