



# **SHOUT**

**Voices from the Middle**

**The Columbus Academy Middle School  
Literary and Visual Arts Magazine  
May 2010**





Evan Lane, gr. 5



A photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sun is a bright, glowing orb on the horizon, casting a long, shimmering reflection on the water's surface. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and light blue. In the foreground, the dark silhouettes of trees and branches frame the left and bottom edges of the image. A boat is visible in the middle ground, partially obscured by the water's ripples. The overall mood is peaceful and serene.

Lauren Lane, gr.8



**Kelsey Sims, gr. 8**

# Acknowledgements

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## *Books*

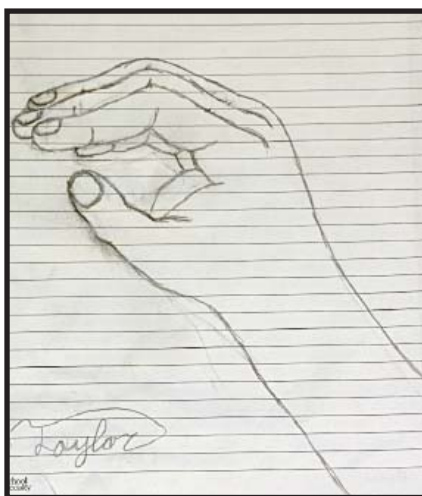
A book is a tree  
The cover is the roots  
With the binding being the trunk  
And the pages the limbs.

But the most important part is  
the words.

The words are the fruit  
That nourish the reader's mind.

Each book is different,  
With a different fruit each one.  
And each takes you on an adventure  
Where you have so much fun.

Jack Mills, gr. 6



Cameron Taylor, gr. 7

## *Silence*

It was silent; no leaves rustled,  
No water gurgled  
Then the wind blew.  
It was silent; no echoes to be heard,  
No crickets spoke  
Then the wind blew.

The leaves moved, the plants swayed,  
The silence was penetrated.  
The howls started, the crickets spoke,  
The silence was no more.

The silence was broken  
One calm night,  
And as I was walking  
I heard the silence break.

Sarah Campbell, gr. 6

## *Sunday Afternoon*

On a Sunday afternoon, sun feels brighter  
Flower's fragrance lingers in the air  
The sky is cloudless, a promising blue  
The grass is a rich green splendor  
The pond's first murky surface seems to have cleared  
And the willow tree's sad tears have now become gleeful  
Sun is tall in the sky, shining royalty  
The pond reflects the serene landscape  
Showing a new world  
The birds their sweet songs  
Shaming the music of the present century  
A breeze strolls by, carrying spring's delights  
Throughout the tranquil Sunday afternoon day

Maddie Vaziri, gr. 6

## ***A Forest***

Trees  
With the wind whispering through them  
Rivers  
With water bubbling along  
Animals  
On the hunt and escaping  
The forest is a home  
A palace for some  
And an escape zone for others  
Some must hunt and others hide  
Forests are a work of art  
With everything in motion

Caroline Aronowitz, gr. 6



## ***A Flower on a Hill***

I grow with the grass,  
I fall with the leaves,  
I sway with the wind,  
I run with the breeze.

I grow up tall,  
I have my seeds,  
Then I let go,  
As they slowly flow away from me.

Then I fall to the ground,  
In hopes that some day,  
My babies will grow,  
And be free all the way.

Natalie L'Hommedieu, gr. 5

## *The Sand Castle*

The sandcastle is a mighty fortress,  
The little grains the stones.  
The olive shells are soldiers.  
The driftwood log the drawbridge, and  
The small trench will be the moat.  
The shark-eyes are the windows, The scallop shells the  
battlements.  
The turkey-wings are pennants,  
Blowing in the breeze.  
The tiny clamshells are the citizens,  
Going about their daily lives.  
The little conches are the trees,  
Standing tall and proud.  
The small twigs are the picket fences,  
Keeping out the enemy.  
The onrushing tide is huge numbers of enemy soldiers  
All hungry for blood.  
Slowly, under this onslaught,  
The mighty fortress crumbles,  
Its inhabitants washed away.  
The mighty fortress still stands,  
Warped and wallowing.  
Proudly, flags still flying,  
The fortress collapses in on itself,  
Nothing remains.  
Nothing.  
Nothing  
Nothing  
Nothing  
Nothing

Will Morris, gr. 6

## *A Tree*

This tree is like a monster  
Shaking his arms to scare birds away.

This tree is a skyscraper  
Towering over everything.

This tree is a ladder  
Ready for me to climb it.

This tree is a dancing girl  
Flowing in the breeze.

This tree is a protector  
Keeping the baby birds safe  
Until it is their time to fly.

This tree is a strong wall  
Letting nothing push it away.

This tree is something magical...

But to most humans, it's just  
a tree

Alyssa Edwards, gr. 6

## *Into the Sea*

The storm comes crashing,  
Crashing down,  
Covering all other sound.

The lightning strikes,  
The thunder rumbles,  
The wind tumbles.

And our boat is struck down,  
There's nowhere to flee,  
But into the open sea

Elliot Nick, gr. 8

Photo by Alex LiChen, gr. 6

## ***Winter Weather***

Snow falls from the sky  
And hits the ground  
I just sit  
And look around

Everything is quiet  
No bird sings  
They just perch  
And look at what winter brings

The clouds disappear  
And the sun comes out  
The air begins to warm  
And the animals start to shout

The icicles drip  
And threaten to fall  
I should go back  
Before my mom starts to call

I brush off my knees  
And trudge through the white  
I have to cover my eyes  
Because it is so bright

I open my door  
And stomp off the snow  
I wonder when it will fall again  
I can't wait to go

Catherine Lange, gr. 8

## *Icicles*

I walk down the alley  
Careful where I step  
Looking all around me  
Listening as I crept

See the glistening  
Hear the silence, not a stir  
I watch the beautiful icicles  
And this moment that occurs

But come spring  
Flowers blooming in huddles  
And quickly those icicles  
Become nothing but puddles

But the rain pours down  
And flowers are in full bloom  
The days get warmer  
And suddenly it's June

So much fun in the summer  
time  
When we would laugh and  
play  
But yet again as time goes on  
Day turns to day turns to day

The leaves turn crisp and  
colorful  
What a sight this has become  
And the forest is burst with  
color

And in a flash, the trees are  
bare  
And white is on the ground  
As if there were someone who  
thought it looked cold  
And blanketed it soft and  
sound

And as I walk down the alley  
Careful where I step  
Looking all around me  
Listening as I crept

See the glistening  
Hear the silence, not a stir  
I watch the beautiful icicles  
And this moment that occurs

Nichola Lampe, gr. 6

## *Travelers of a Lost Stream*

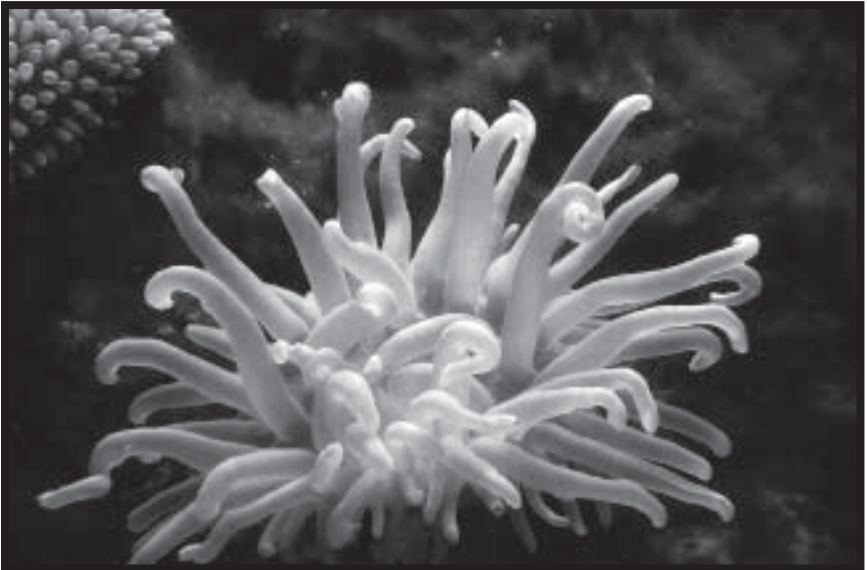
Winding, twisting,  
Swirling, whirling,  
Spray of water gently misting,  
The travelers of this long lost stream.

Certain as the shining sun,  
Flowers blooming one by one,  
Soon a garden they will make,  
With the long lost stream flowing in their wake.

The little boat with rudder and sail  
Follows gently without fail.  
To the ocean it must go, Following the stream's gentle flow.

Flowing gently, ever gently,  
Twirling in a lively dance,  
The stream continues  
Its flowing prance.

Sarah Fornshell, gr. 7



**Sophie Carlin, gr. 5**

## ***Watching Stars***

Outside in the night  
The lake as cold as ice  
The gentle wind in the air chills my skin while  
Witnessing stars dance across the sky

Chirp, plop, chirp, plop  
The crickets and fish  
Approach us, then dart away

Shooting, Shining, Shimmering  
The beat of the rolling waves  
Both comfort me like a blanket

All is silent and peaceful  
Barely broken by a boat  
Gliding past like a ballerina

Sophie Carlin, gr. 5



## ***A Comet in the Sky***

The sky  
Is pitch black  
No stars to light it up  
But for a single moment  
So quick that if you blink you will miss it  
A comet shoots across the sky  
Brighter than the sun  
With colors trailing behind  
But it went as quickly as it came  
And there is no evidence that there ever was  
A comet in the sky

Kara Schultz, gr. 6

## ***How Baseball Starts***

It starts  
When the pitcher throws the ball  
Toward home plate  
It starts  
When the ball screams  
But the bat only laughs  
It starts  
When the boy bops the ball with  
His bat  
ZING!  
It starts  
When the shortstop catches the ball  
Like a frog catching a fly  
And the hitter goes to the dugout in  
Dismay  
Then the outfielder shows  
He is a hawk  
As he catches his white, round  
Prey  
This is how baseball starts

James Berry, gr. 5

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## ***Fireworks***

I'm sitting here waiting,  
My heart is pumping so fast.  
I can hardly wait  
For the first big BLAST!  
Suddenly I hear CRASH! BOOM! BANG!  
I sit and I wait and I stare.  
Then the wind goes WHOOSH!  
And blows my hair.  
All the pretty colors go up in the sky  
Right then and there.

Cobi Warstler, gr. 6

## ***The Ohio State Football Game***

A scarlet sea	Clashing of predators
With gray	Twee! Twee!
Dots of blue	Foul
And yellow	On the other
O-H-I-O	Team
The crowd screams	5 yards
Hut-Hut-HIKE!	up
The players	hand-off...
Jump to action	TOUCHDOWN!
Like a hidden	Kick-off
Snake	Oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo-H-I-O
Surprising	Like a bomb
Its prey	Blowing up
Banging	Like us winning
Of pads	The game

Nick Kenworthy, gr. 5

## ***Please Play With Me***

Please play with me  
Come on!  
You know you need the exercise  
No! Not the leash  
Let's just play in the backyard  
I love you  
But if you really loved me  
You would play with me!  
I know this begging just sounds like whining to you  
But can you please, please play with me?  
All you have to do is throw this bone  
And it would make me so happy!  
Look how cute and cuddly I am!  
It would make me stop whining!  
OH!! Thank you so much for throwing that  
Now would you please, please throw it again?

Hannah Worley, gr. 5

## *First Day in the House*

I opened one sleepy eye to observe, through the bars of my cage, a family moseying toward me. I was the runt of my litter and the only dog left. I often fantasized about being chosen, but all of the two leggers said it would never happen. Immediately I woke up and began to act cute. The family seemed to be in no hurry, but they would get here soon enough.

The little girl was the first to see me. “Mommy! Mommy! Look at the cute puppy! I want him!” Devoted to getting a home, I began to chase my tail, to seem cuter. Humans loved that.

“I don’t know,” said the large male, “He seems a little rambunctious.” I felt quite irked at this male. He didn’t like the playful dance? I decided to try another approach. To redeem myself, I sat at attention and let him scratch my ear.

“We’ve kept him in our custody for the month,” said James, the second in command. “If ya’ want him, take him. Else we will give him to the pound.”

“Daddy!” cried the little girl, “They will send him to the dirty dog place! You can’t let them do that!”

“I just don’t think he’s the dog for us,” said the male, “We will try somewhere else. Thank you,” he added to James. Depressed, I stared after the family. That had been my last, desperate chance for a home. Now I was off to the pound.

Just as I curled up to sulk, the family turned around. The little girl was running toward me with a grin on her face. I jumped up, suddenly excited.

“You are my doggie now!” she said, hugging me. “I’m going to name you Kupalo.” I began to jump and yip for joy. I had a family!

“Ahem, yes,” said the big male, who I was now to call Dad, “We would like to take this dog.”

“Really?” James asked. I looked up in indignation.

“Nonetheless,” Dad said, “We want him.”

“All yours,” James shrugged. He went to the back and got food and paper. He also brought out a toy. The humans exchanged paper for a while, and then James got out a box and placed me in it. Then I was lifted off the ground.

*Is this an illusion, I wondered, or am I really getting a home?*

Through holes in the box, I could see myself being placed in a

larger box. I whimpered.

“Its okay,” the little girl said, “My name is Melissa, but everyone calls me Missy. I’m five. We are taking you to your new home.” I was hesitant in deciding if this was good or bad, but the thing began to move and I found myself without a choice.

The machine meandered around, but Dad seemed to know how to maneuver it. The ride was treacherous and I was overjoyed when it stopped. All of the family popped out. Then I was let out.

After I relieved myself, I went to examine my new Mom, Dad, and Missy. They opened a door for me, but I stayed outside. I didn’t know what my new world was like. Then, something irresistible flew by my head.

A ball.

I zipped into the house with my tail held high. I sniffed all around the house for the ball. I finally found it under the table. When I looked up, I saw another glorious thing. My food bowl. I began to sniff inside, only to find meager portions of food. I quickly devoured it so that my new parents had to replenish it.

“Here one minute and he’s already eating all his food,” grumbled Dad. I looked around my new home. Everything about it mesmerized me. The giant chew toy that humans sat on, the smell of the room with pots, the chew toys on Missy’s bed, everything.

Discovering everything was exhausting. I finally asked to go outside. No one noticed, and I felt something seep onto the floor. Suddenly I was surrounded by shouts of:

“Bad dog!”

“Go outside!”

“It wasn’t his fault!” Before I knew it, I had been shoved out the door. I lay down in the grass to sulk. When I looked up, I saw a small feline slinking toward me. I knew better than to chase cats, but it taunted me. I walked over to it, and it cut my snout with a sudden, vicious attack. I walked back inside whimpering.

My family cleaned the cut, fed me dinner, and showed me my bed. It was warm and fluffy. Warily, I lay down and slept.

I woke in the night. Something was wrong. I had to go potty. I woke my master by barking. Grudgingly, he let me outside. When I came back, I knocked him over and licked his face.

“Alright,” he said, “You can stay.”

Sarah Fornshell, gr. 7

## *Lemon Tree*

Sitting under this lemon tree  
It's hard to believe  
That somewhere somehow  
Someone is hurting

Sitting under this lemon tree  
It's hard to believe  
That someone somewhere intentionally  
Hurt someone

Sitting under this lemon tree  
It's hard to believe  
That people are judged  
Because of the color of their skin

Sitting under this lemon tree  
I wish  
That they were here  
Sitting under this lemon tree too

Jackie Roger gr. 8



## *Acceptance*

Different types of people, all over the world,  
Yet somehow, we cannot accept the difference.

Different types of change happening, all over the world,  
Yet somehow, we cannot accept the change.

Things are happening all around us constantly,  
Yet somehow, we cannot accept each other.

Grace Petrie, gr. 8

## ***Grandma***

I stare into black darkness  
On a cool winter night  
And what I see before me  
Is someone dressed in white  
"I've seen you before," I  
whisper  
As the figure starts to fade  
My memories are coming  
The winds just like a blade  
Now I'm almost pleading  
Don't go, I know just who you  
are

Don't leave me like you did  
before  
You made me want to die  
Come back to me and grandpa  
Come home to mom and dad  
Make me and Kennedy  
Wear the same thing  
We still look back on  
Christmas  
When you got us the same  
ring  
Please just don't be mad

Because I'm not mad at you  
It's only because I've seen you  
That I'm feeling blue

Grandpa just got married  
And mom was close to tears  
No one has forgotten you  
Over these long years

I'm running through the  
woods  
And jumping over logs  
Trying to follow the figure  
That is now as grey as fog

It's leading me somewhere  
secret  
Somewhere where I've been  
I stopped to look around  
The trees are just pretend  
I wake up with the tears  
Running down my face  
GRANDMA, don't leave me in  
this place

Sabrina Sawan, gr.6



**Sophie Carlin, gr. 5**

## ***A Silenced Death***

The cold seeped in  
Through the walls  
And from beneath the  
floorboards, rose  
It pierced their shabby,  
tattered rags  
And with a passing  
Call for help, collapsed, and  
From the body rose  
An icy chill of a silenced death  
A cry not heard

A pity be, that right next door  
The rich man sat  
Snug and warm, he sipped his  
tea  
Deafened not to sound was he  
But blinded to reality  
He never heard  
The cry that was  
The departing breath  
He never heard  
The silenced death

Max Smith, gr. 7

## ***Phoenix***

I will fly,  
There is nearly nothing as fun,  
Soaring overhead and passing young hikers  
With a WHOOSH!  
When they look up they see,  
Nothing but tiny hints of  
Fire.  
And I will burn;  
No one can take that away from me.  
I'm proud.  
I've always been.  
Even if it's the end of my days,  
All that will be of effect  
Is crumbling  
Into ashes.  
Though I'll be back,  
And when I am,  
I'll  
Burn  
Brighter.

Varun Gopal, gr. 5

## *Lives Lost*

A simple little family  
With two kids and a dog  
They had a perfect little life  
No twists, no troubles

Once upon a vacation  
They went to New York City  
They were gawking tourists  
Fanny packs and all

They stepped off a bus, into a tower  
This tower had a twin, same looks same fate  
Standing by the window, a little plane approaching  
With a storm cloud above

“Ohhh Whoooaa!” little Maggie said  
“I’ve never seen a plane so close!” little Jack said  
The father reaching for his camera, mother smiling with kids  
Little did they know this was the last moment they had

Too quick did they fall  
Too soon did they part  
Too rapidly did the flame devour loving lives  
Seizing our growing hope of a world of peace

Maddie Vaziri, gr. 6

## *Music Is Like a Painting*

Before the music starts,  
The silence is like a blank canvas  
Waiting to be made into art  
Before the music starts  
The musicians are like the artist  
Painting the scene so everyone can see  
On canvas or with instruments  
The musicians paint the picture  
Each instrument is like a different color  
Violins are red, clarinets are blue  
Drums are the background, but flutes add details  
The instruments make the picture pretty  
Slower songs are like peaceful landscape  
With blue and green colors  
Faster songs are intense and powerful  
Like using red and orange  
Music is like a painting  
Every song has a picture  
The two will always be connected  
But yet so far apart

Sarah Campbell, gr. 6

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## *Me*

Me  
An indescribable creature  
Always talking  
Singing in the shower  
Moving and changing with the crowd day by day  
Daydreaming about many things  
Standing by while people make fun of my height or who I like  
Shouldn't care about what people think  
About me  
You?

Emma Farrenkopf, gr. 7

## ***Night Terror***

She tosses and turns  
Sweating  
Blankets twisted around  
Screams  
Her eyes won't open  
Fear  
She sees the fire  
Burning  
She hears the kids  
Crying

She forces her eyes open  
Tears  
They come streaming down  
Shivers  
She hugs her blankets close  
Cold  
She looks around  
Dark  
She pulls herself together  
Calm

Maria Mullin, gr. 8



## ***Greater Than I***

My own personal story  
May not always be great  
But I've got to accept  
That this is my fate

Decided by someone  
Who's greater than I  
Struggles presented  
Events I cannot deny

I get through the day  
With friends I'm not alone  
What happens in my future  
To only Him it's known

Brianna Johnson-King gr. 8

## ***NO!***

The disappointment on your face obvious to the crowd.  
The wrong word said a little too loud.  
What was expected was not detected,  
the reality went unsuspected.  
All planned out what was going to be said,  
all went up into flames and shreds.  
The remainder only ashes, the feeling doesn't pass,  
just lingers and hangs like a daffodil in the grass.  
You have to deal with pain every day,  
face the reality you wish away.

Andrea Ballinger, gr. 7



Every day is the same. No matter the  
Weather, or the place  
I have gotten used to being only one  
Human in an entire universe full of  
Many other people and things

Nothing ever changes.

Even the sweet taste of candy has become  
As dull as the taste of any other food.  
It is always the same, and when I  
Cannot taste, I can only listen.

I am accustomed to that.

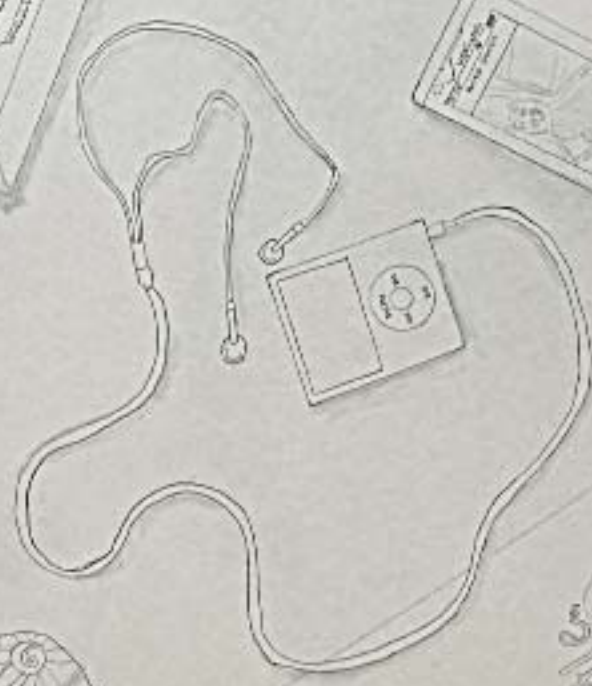
Alex Lippert gr. 8

IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
Krisia Jane Bruce  
ONE WHO LOVED ALL CREATURES  
AND SHOWED THEM LOVE TO ALL

OUR THINGS BIG AND BEAUTIFUL  
OUR CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL  
OUR THINGS WISE AND WONDERFUL  
THE LORD GOD MADE THEM ALL



Brianna Johnson-King, gr. 8



## ***Your Eyes***

When I look into your eyes  
your eyes  
your eyes  
When I look into your eyes  
I see sadness  
darkness  
a feeling that should not be real  
depression  
hatred  
a voice inside you wanting a helping hand  
All I want to do is help  
help  
help  
Make things better  
but now it's just too late  
late  
late

Alivia Brown, gr. 7



## ***He May Never Know***

He may never *know*  
Her heart aches at night  
It's killing her inside  
But she never wants to see him *go*  
He is her everything  
But that, she can never *show*  
He doesn't feel the same way  
Because of this  
He maybe never *know*

Maddie Burns, gr. 8

## ***Halfway Heartbreak***

She cries every night  
He would know why  
He doesn't even care  
He's killing her inside

She acts like she's fine  
He knows that she's not  
He doesn't ask questions  
She thinks he's forgot

She gave everything she had  
He changed his mind  
Now she's left with nothing  
She's broken inside

Nothing left to do  
And nothing left to say  
As she sits and waits for him  
He's gone on his way

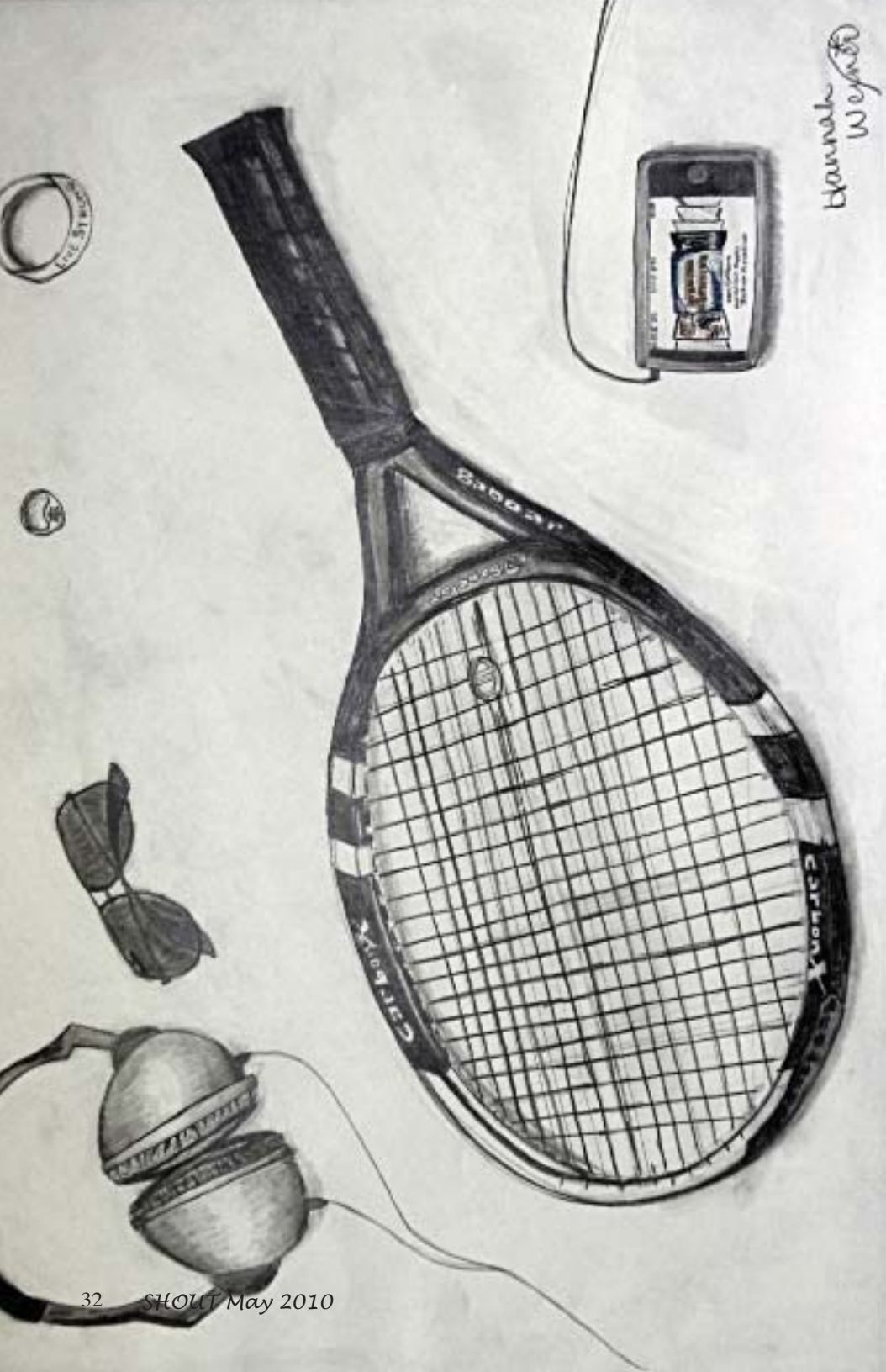
Lindsay Bowman, gr. 8

## ***Lonely***

She stayed inside, all alone  
He walked throughout the dark streets  
Thinking of her made him weep  
She sat and waited by the phone

She waited for him to call  
He sat with his phone in hand  
But he could not be the bigger man  
They wanted to make it through it all

Lauren Vodnick, gr. 8



Hannah Weyford

It's cold in the shadows  
As the darkness looms on  
The sunshine is calling  
But the anguish is strong

The golden sun blinding  
The orb, high and full  
The deep penetration  
Of cheer's gentle lull

And mirth is around me  
And joy's come this day  
For gladness is simple  
And sorrow's away

Claire Glass, gr. 7



### ***Your***

Your smile is like the sunshine  
Your eyes are like the sky  
Your hair is like bee's honey  
And your cheeks are like the hive  
Your laugh is like the wind chimes  
That hang outside your door  
And your smile is like the sunshine  
It's the center of my world

Sabrina Sawan, gr. 6

## *Hangzhou*

Perhaps it is the west lake  
Shining like the moon  
Perhaps it is the willow trees  
Sweeping down like graceful dancers

Perhaps it is those Chinese temples  
Towering above like gods on a throne  
Perhaps it is the peaceful weather  
Gently blowing like the ruffle of fur

Perhaps it is the tweet of birds in the morning  
Singing like the gods  
Perhaps it is the shout of the street vendor  
Fitting into the song like a chorus

Perhaps it is the smell of the dumplings  
Cooking like a chef's masterpiece  
Perhaps it is the kind people  
Guiding me like a GPS

Whatever it is  
It makes me feel at home

Alex LiChen, gr. 6



Cameron M. Taylor

## *Pencil Poem*

I'm yellow  
Sometimes red  
I have a pointy tip

You grow up  
I grow down  
People drop me when they trip

All I see is the school  
Or the inside of a desk  
I hate that crazy sharpener  
Every ballpoint is a pest

I'm jealous of every #2  
For I'm a #3  
People always lose me  
After they tap me on their knee

As your ideas grow  
All I do is shrink  
I'm stuck in the lost and found  
But at least it doesn't stink

Eva Schottenstein, gr. 5

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## *Space Bar*

Heyremembermeiamthespacebar.  
youneverhaveusedmesinceyoubrokeme.  
noweverythingyouwriteisalloneword.  
idontthinkiambrokenijustthinkyouarelazyandyou  
dontwanttouseme.iamdnewwithyou.

Roman Bellisari, gr. 5

## ***The Paintbrush and His Life***

I am swift and sleek  
I create works of art  
That live in museums  
People enjoy what I create  
For that I will always be amazed  
You use me all the time  
And to me that seems like a crime  
For a little time  
Only a faint smile  
Is what I see for a couple of miles  
I am angry now  
Enraged with fury  
I can't take this any longer  
My life ends now  
My bristles are bent  
You have no use for me  
So away I went...  
To the trash can

Rhea Rao, gr. 5



Shendo Maccow, gr. 6

## *Fulfilled Dream*

So many died at Gettysburg  
as Lincoln cried and did God's will

King looked in at man's best side  
and prayed the day  
for the change long denied

It took us decades to amend  
but time healed the wounds  
and things were right in the end

An election changed the face of an office with pride  
and gave us a chance to open our eyes

To the prospect of newness  
and an approach unused  
Only time will tell if we have improved

Now King's dream has been fulfilled

His children are no longer judged  
By the color of their skin  
But by the content of their character within

Alexandra Nicola, gr. 8

## *Splash*

I am the last man standing  
Down here in Sri Lanka

Looking through wet wood  
And garbage for my family.

No parents, no brothers  
Just a little girl sitting all alone,

Crying for her mama. Her little  
Dress all soaking wet.

Everyone else had abandoned her  
Looking out for themselves, so the

Little girl couldn't get away.  
Fending for herself? As small as she.

Here I am in the middle of the street, wet and tired.  
I pick up the little girl and bring her with me

On my way to find us a place to sleep  
And hopefully find her a family.

Mitchell Dreisbach gr. 8

## ***With No Regrets***

We seem to believe in success,  
It's the only thing I can stress.  
When passion becomes a dream  
And dreams seem to change your life,  
Choose the path that is the best  
And won't leave you a mess.  
So keep believing in your quest.  
Be you for you.  
Rise above them all  
Although sometimes you might fall.  
Life's a journey until the end,  
So don't turn around the wrong bend.  
Smile when you're sad  
And it will take away all the bad.  
Live to love the life you lead,  
For there is no in between.  
So be who you want to be  
With no regrets.

Mary Kate Patton, gr. 8



**Sophie Carlin, gr. 5**

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**b**  
**a**  
**n** arm arm body body body body body arm arm

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leg leg leg leg leg leg

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Drake Williams, gr.8









Will King, gr.6

Caroline Prokos, gr. 6



Connie Zhang, gr. 8





Shandy Maccow, gr.7