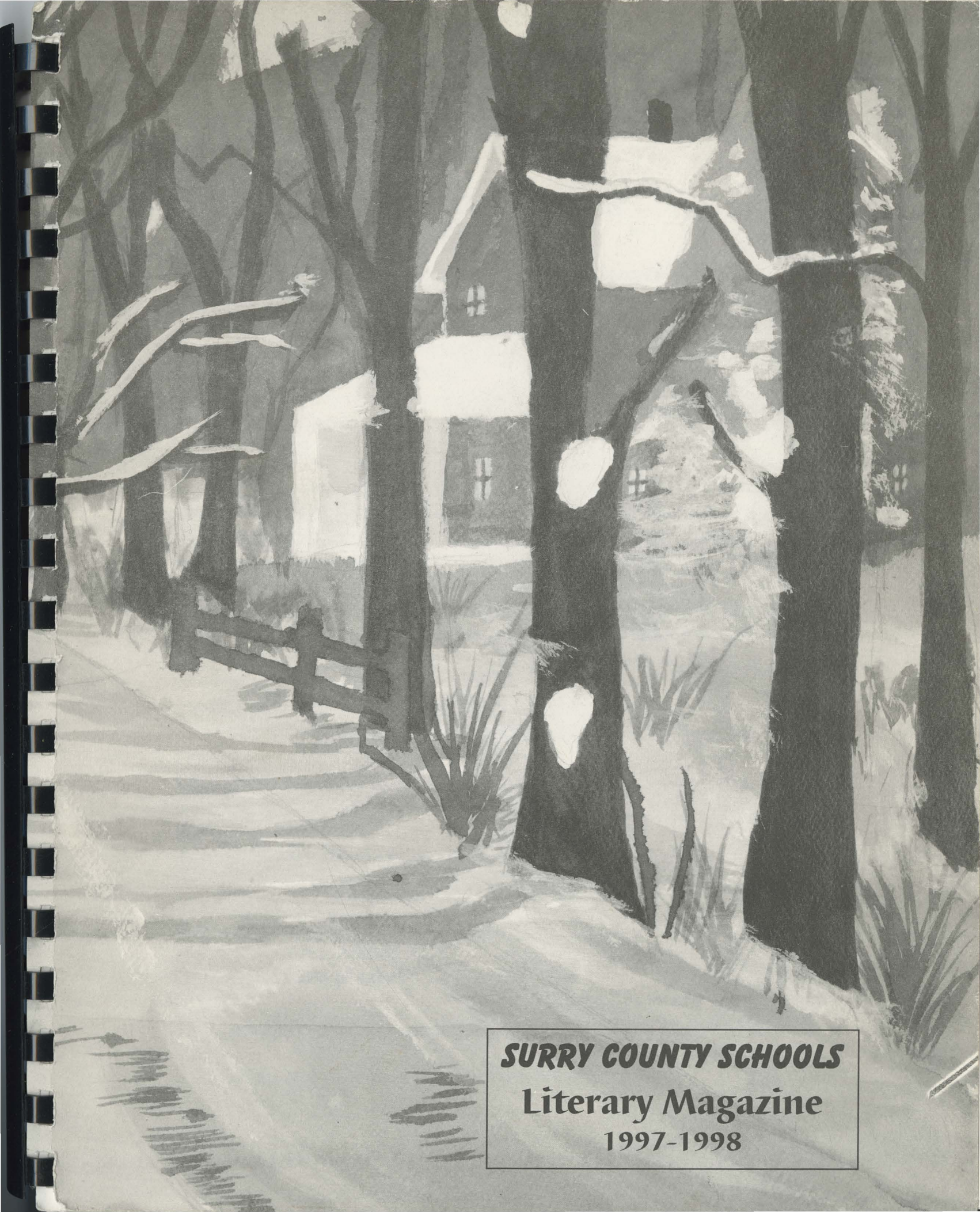


SURRY COUNTY SCHOOLS

Literary Magazine

1997-1998

COMING HOME

A LITERARY MAGAZINE FOR GRADES K-12

"Writing should be taught as a natural and integral part of the curriculum. Instruction should encourage whole pieces of writing for real purposes and real audiences (and should include all stages of the writing process). The stages of the writing process include pre-writing, drafting, revising, editing, and publishing."

English Language Arts Curriculum
State Department of Public Instruction
Revised, 1997

The literary magazine, Coming Home, is a collection of teacher selected pieces of student work in grades kindergarten through twelve. The entries reflect the skills and talents of students as they write for "real purposes and real audiences."

We salute students, educators, and family members who give extra effort to extend/expand thinking skills through the writing process!

SPECIAL RECOGNITION

Lead Story:
Sara Butner, Student
East Surry High School
Teacher, Norma Draughn

Cover Illustration:
Kevan Stone, Student
North Surry High School
Teacher, Rebecca Matthews

Word processing, copying, collating: Jackie Hostetter, Michele Hostetter

All students and teachers who submitted entries

Coming Home

I went and saw her today for the first time in months.
Time is a cruel, changing thing,
Which morphs people and places, corrupts them in our memories.
It has now changed her as well.
The body looked the same,
And the face, only slightly more wrinkled.
But her eyes were what caught me most.
The eyes reflect one's soul and spirit, so the sages say.
They tell me her mind is dying-
But her eyes were fresh and bright.
They glowed with the same light as when
She used to laugh and sing.
Her eyes are still alive.

There wasn't much to talk about; now we're worlds apart.
So I sat and watched the walls,
And she looked at her hands.
I couldn't tell her about my A in French,
Or that I joined the choir.
And, even if she wanted to, she couln't tell me
About her wedding day,
Or about our relative who fought with General Lee,
Or about lighting the candles on Christmas Eve,
While the whole congregation sings "Alleluia, Praise the Lord."
She can't tell me anything.
I wish I could go back in time, to when I was five years old.
I would sit in the living room of her musty, quiet house,
And I would make her tell me these things.
And I would try harder to pay attention when
She tries to teach me to play the piano--
She even wrote the letters of the notes on each key
So I wouldn't forget, but I still couldn't do it--
And, after she taught me how to play,
And how to knit a sweater,
And how to bake a sugar cake,
I would come back here, and I would play for her.
I would play 'til my fingers bled.

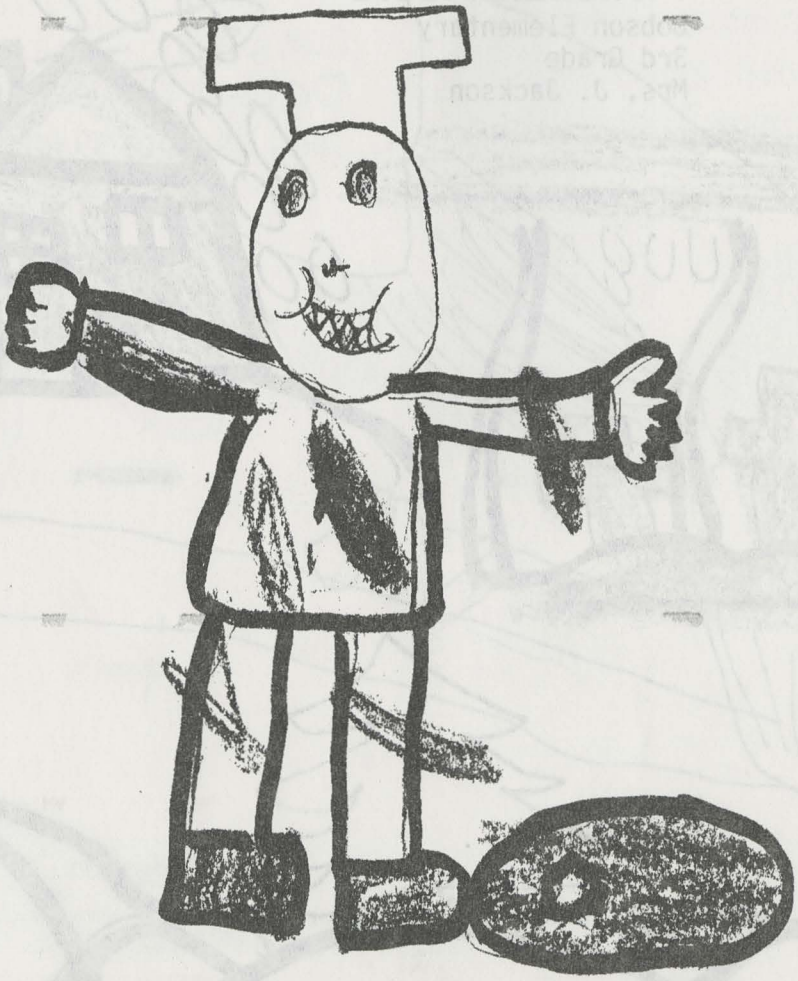
After awhile, I said goodbye.
I kissed her dry wrinkled cheek,
And I walked out the door.
I wondered, does she remember
How we used to walk up to God's Acre?
How we would wash the tombstones every Easter?
How she always told me to stand up straight
And act like a lady?
How she taught me how to light the candles at the lovefeast?
How she could speak German?
I don't know.
I looked in her eyes, and, seeing their glow,
I wondered,
Is there someone deep inside her, somewhere,
Who still knows that blue is her favorite color,
And that she thinks gray fuzzy kittens are precious?
Someone who still knows all the words
to "Jesus Makes My Heart Rejoice,"
And knows what each of the colored ribbons
in a lady's cap stand for?
And I'm crying as I wonder.

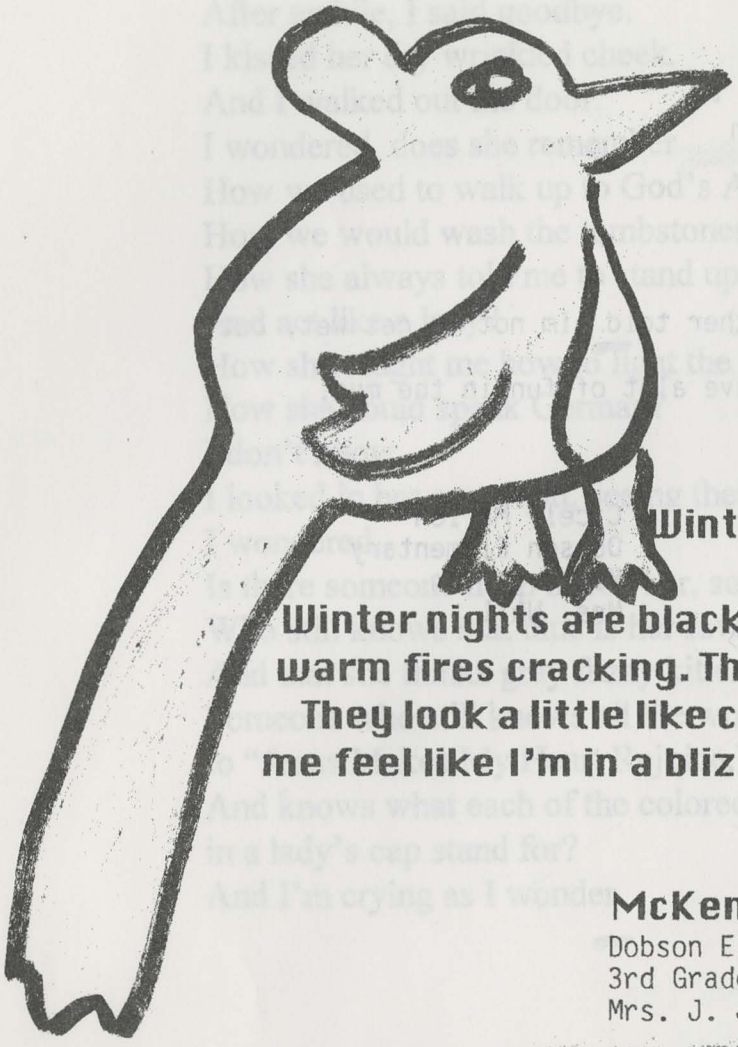
Sara E. Butner
12th grade
East Surry High School
Norma Draughn

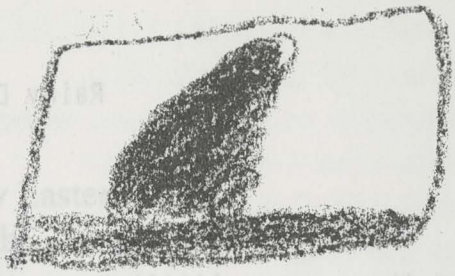
Rainy Day Fun

Once upon a time there was a little boy. His mother told him not to get wet, but he did. He caught a frog in the mud. You can have alot of fun in the mud.

Cicely Marion
Dobson Elementary
Kindergarten
Mrs. Wall



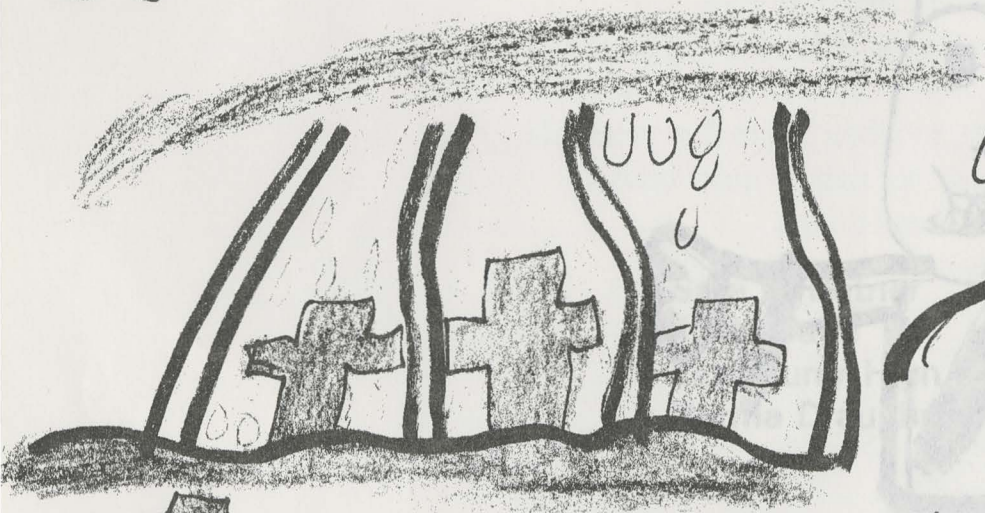


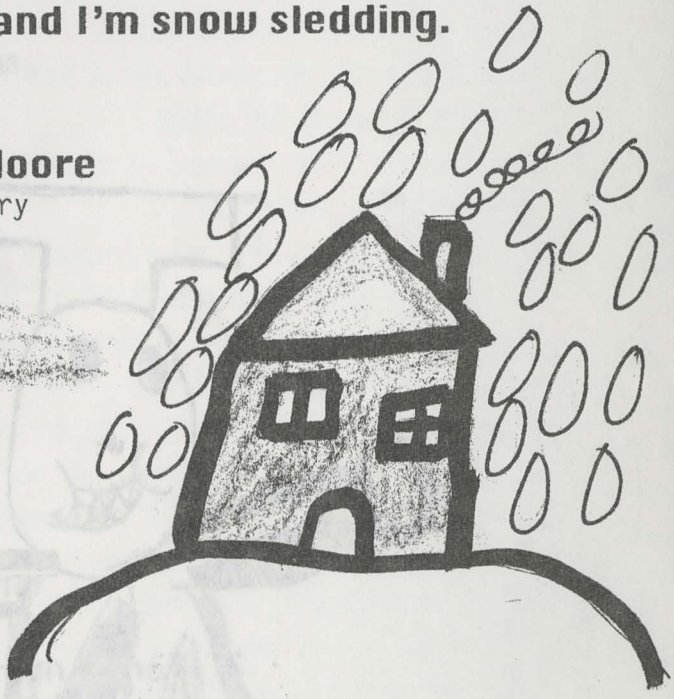


Winter Nights

Winter nights are black and white. They sound like warm fires cracking. They smell like wood burning. They look a little like cottonballs. And they make me feel like I'm in a blizzard and I'm snow sledding.

By:
McKenzie Moore
Dobson Elementary
3rd Grade
Mrs. J. Jackson





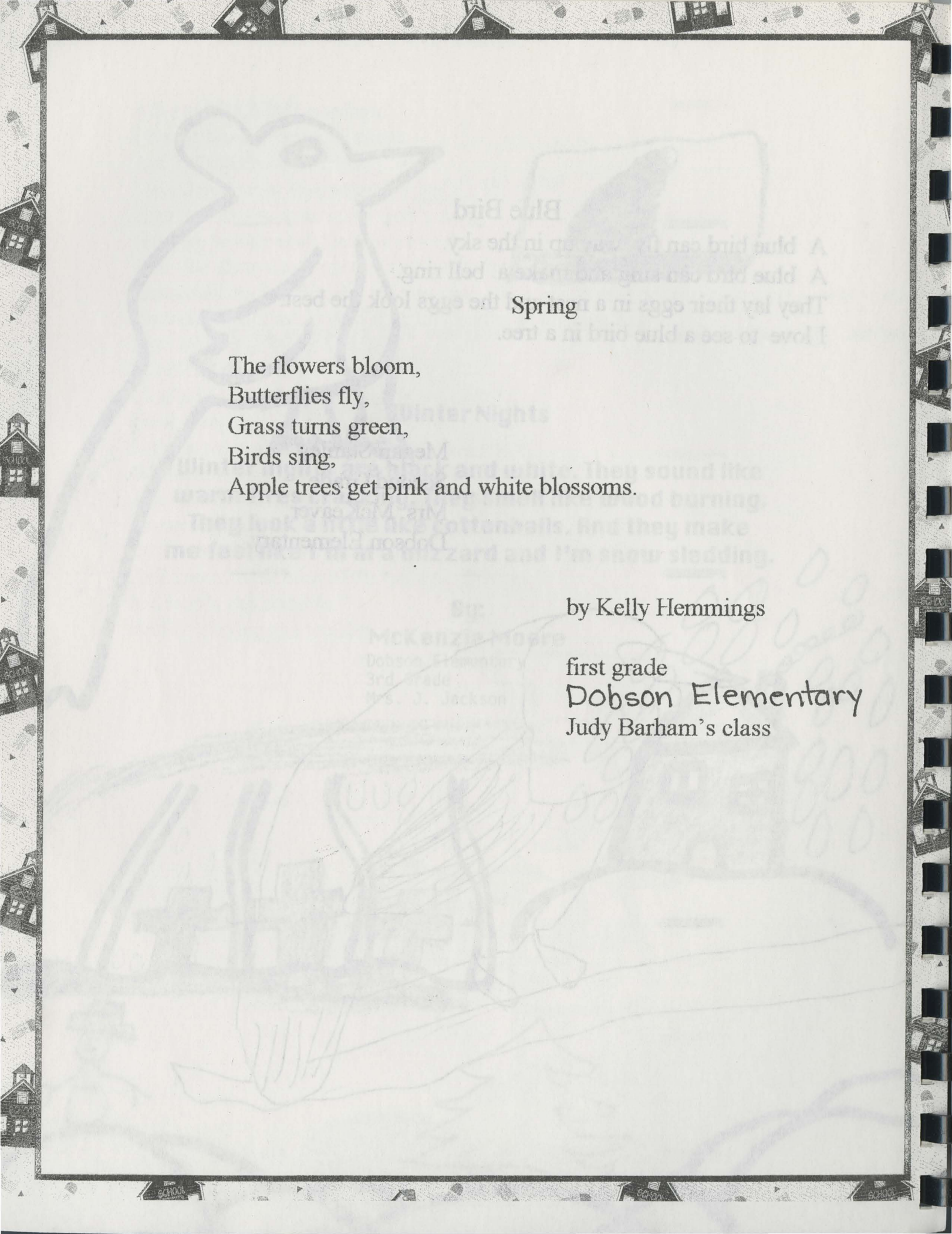


Blue Bird

A blue bird can fly way up in the sky.
A blue bird can sing and make a bell ring.
They lay their eggs in a nest and the eggs look the best.
I love to see a blue bird in a tree.

Megan Stanley
Second Grade
Mrs. McKeaver
Dobson Elementary





Spring

The flowers bloom,
Butterflies fly,
Grass turns green,
Birds sing,
Apple trees get pink and white blossoms.

by Kelly Hemmings

first grade
Dobson Elementary
Judy Barham's class

The Wounded Black Snake

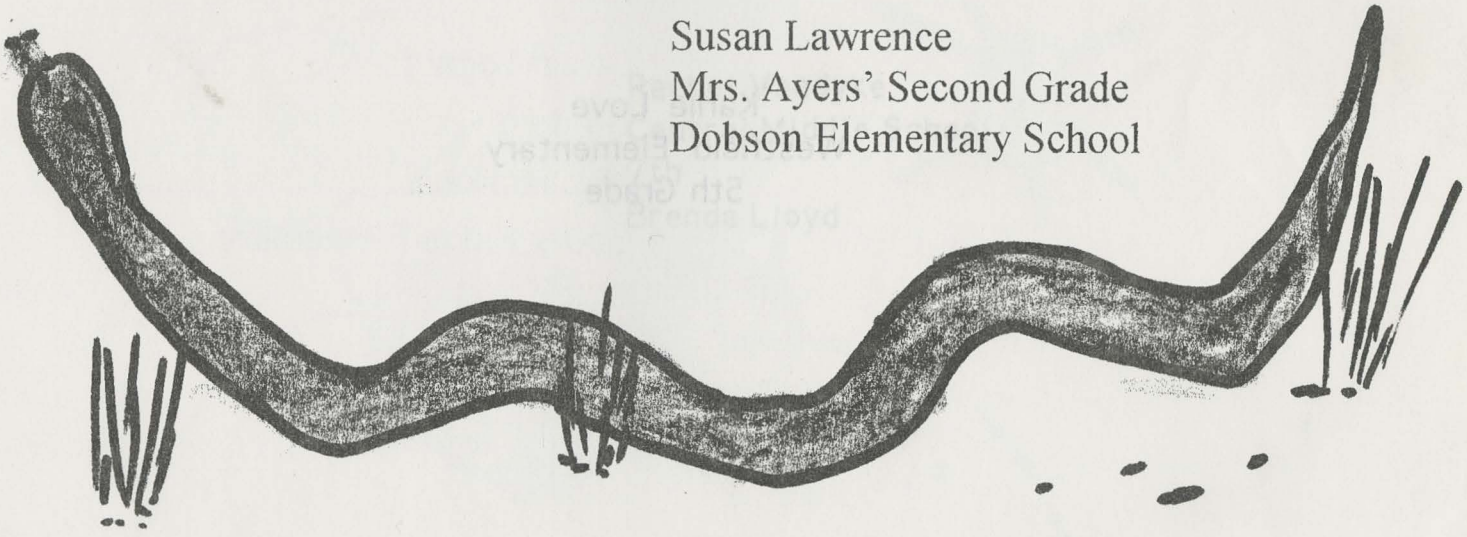
One day my brother and I were mowing together on the same tractor. (My brother's name is Dan). We were mowing by the woods, when suddenly we stopped dead in our tracks! There in the soft grass was a big black snake! Dan got off the tractor to see if it was alive and he touched it with a stick. It wiggled when just the tip of the stick touched it. Dan jumped back!

The snake had a big burn from its head to its tail! Dan said, "It's from the fire in the woods." I asked my mom if we could keep it but she said, "No!" Then she said, "We will take it to the vet and see if it is wounded badly."

The snake had to ride in the bed of the truck to the vet's. We tied a tarp over the bed of the truck. We got to the vet in time and the vet said it was fine!

When we got home we let the snake go. It was free again. Everybody in the family was glad to have helped Mother Nature.

Susan Lawrence
Mrs. Ayers' Second Grade
Dobson Elementary School



Softball

Softball is my favorite sport
I really don't know why.

I like to pitch and
play first base
and also catch some leftfield flies.

I like to bat
I can hit it hard
way out towards the fence.

Others I strike out
and have to sit on the bench.

Overall it's a very fun sport
I play it spring, summer, and fall.

But I kind of like another sport
It's called basketball.

Karlie Love
Westfield Elementary
5th Grade

A Best Friend.

A best friend cares for you, shares with you, and is always there for you.
A best friend is there when an evil male breaks your heart,and she helps sew it back in one part.
A best friend is someone to depend on, and has a shoulder to cry on.
A best friend stays with you through bad and good, just like you know your mother would.
A best friend can be anyone, it doesn't matter--
shorter, taller, older, younger, thinner, or fatter.
Everyone needs a best friend, because a best friend always has a helping hand.

Rachel Vandyke
Central Middle School
7th
Brenda Lloyd

Will I Ever Get Out?

I sit by the window,
watching the rain fall.
Trapped by loneliness,
Waiting for it to end.

The seconds go by,
seems like a million years,
With the cold pane against my face,
counting the rain drops one by one.

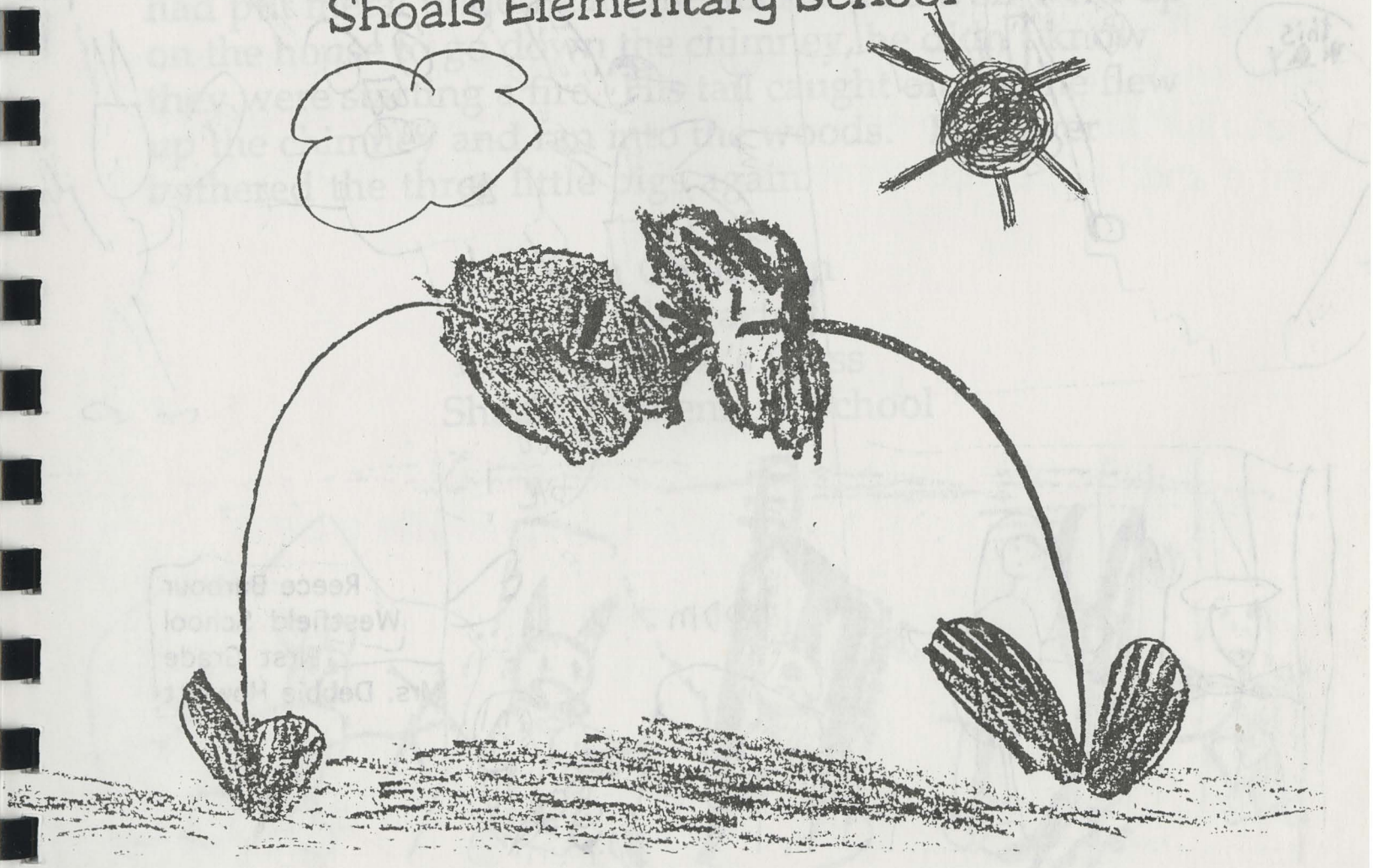
The door opens and a man walks inside
I'm out but the world is darkened,
Alone and trapped inside,
Will I ever get out?

Caitlin Tolbert
Grade 6
Mrs. McHone
Cedar Ridge Elementary

Roses are Red

Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
You can kiss me,
And if you do
I will kiss you.

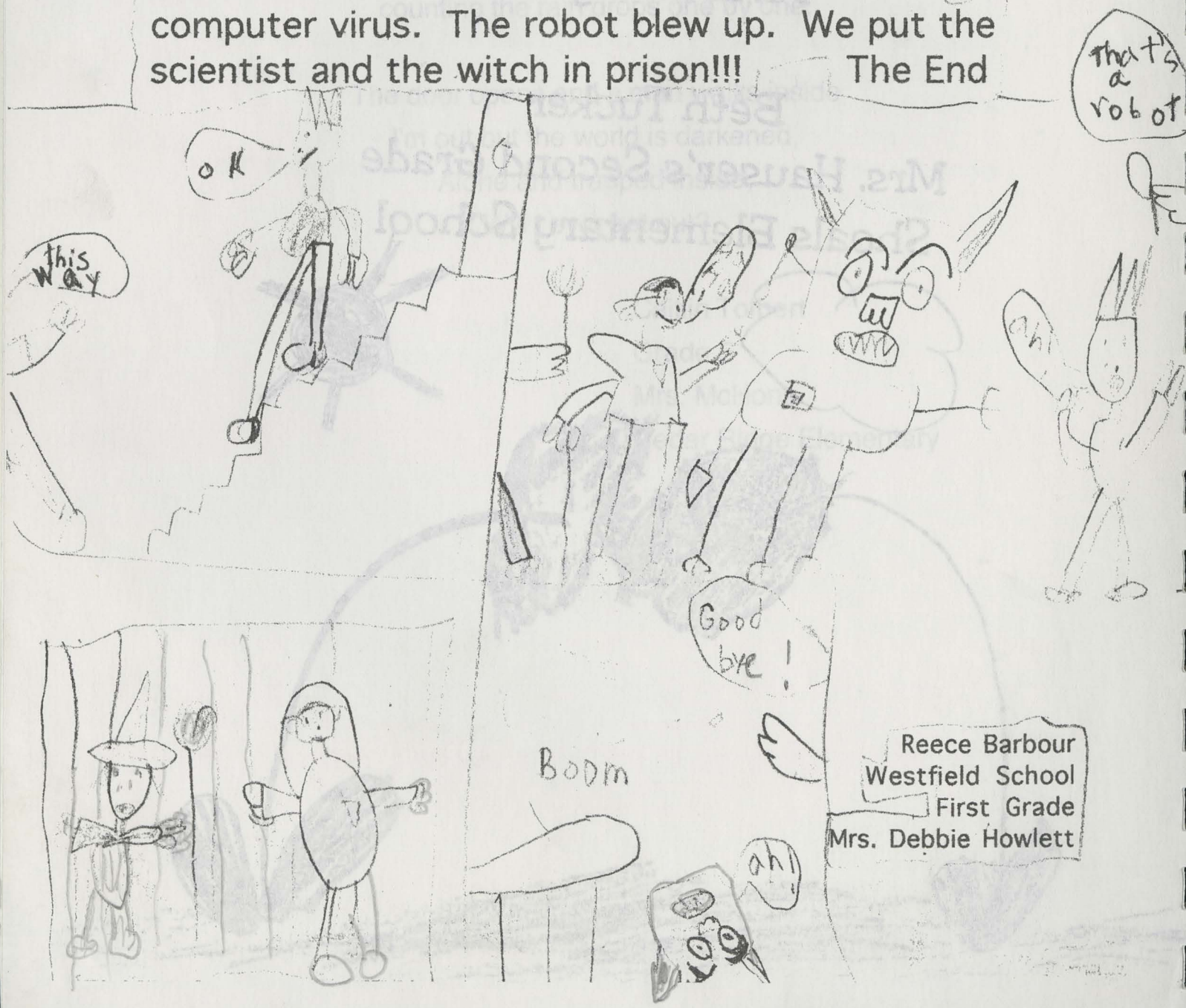
Beth Tucker
Mrs. Hauser's Second Grade
Shoals Elementary School



The Mystery

by Reece Barbour

There's a haunted house. I went in. There was a lady. She vanished! Whoa! She vanished. I called a detective. He found a button underneath the carpet! We went down the stairs. There was a ... freaky scientist and a witch! They sent a monster but... the detective knew it was a robot. He had a computer virus. The robot blew up. We put the scientist and the witch in prison!!! The End



Reece Barbour
Westfield School
First Grade
Mrs. Debbie Howlett

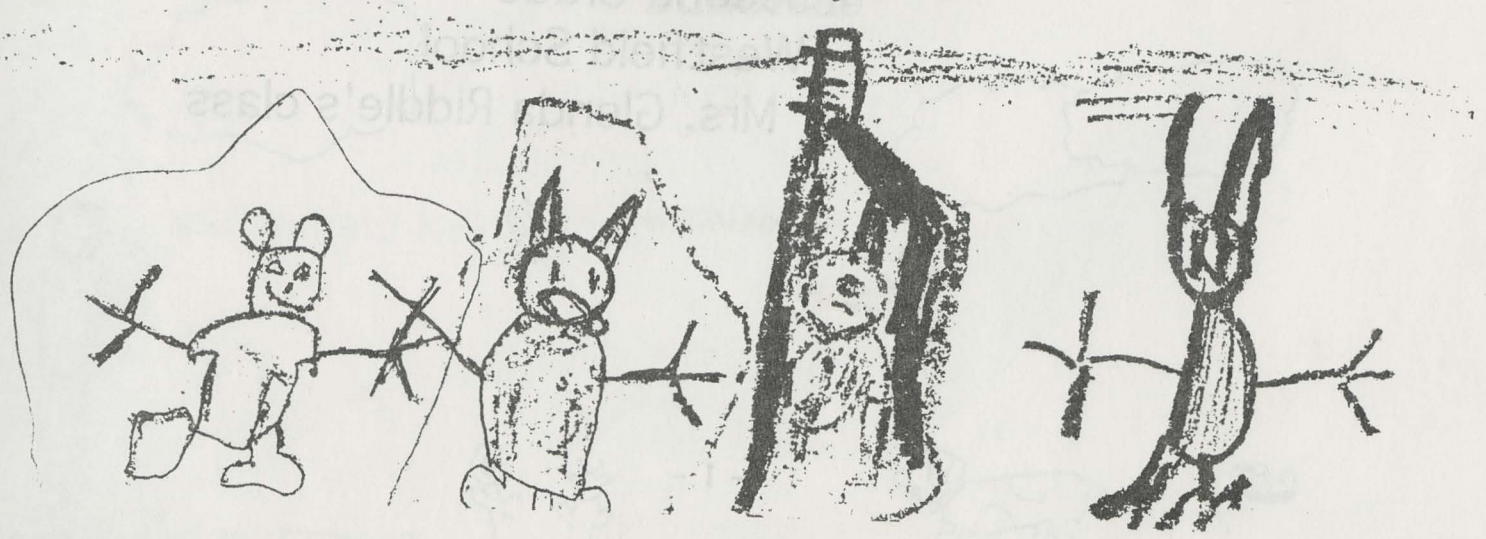
The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time there was three little pigs. One was lazy, one was smart, and one was crazy. The first little pig made his house out of straw. The second one made his house out of bricks. The third one made his house out of sticks. There was a knock, knock, knock at the door. It was a big bad wolf. He said, "Let me in, let me in." Then he blew the straw house down.

Then the first little pig ran to the second little pigs house. The wolf said, "Let me in, let me in!" Then he blew the brick house down.

The two little pigs ran to the third pig's house. The wolf said, "Let me in, let me in!" He could not blow the stick house down. The wolf didn't know that crazy pig had put metal underneath the sticks. The wolf went up on the house to go down the chimney, he didn't know they were starting a fire. His tail caught on fire, he flew up the chimney and ran into the woods. He never bothered the three little pigs again.

Seth Covington
Kindergarten
Mrs. Angel's Class
Shoals Elementary School



A Letter to John Wendell, WXII Meteorologist

Second Grade
Westfield School
February 2, 1998

Dear Mr. Wendell,

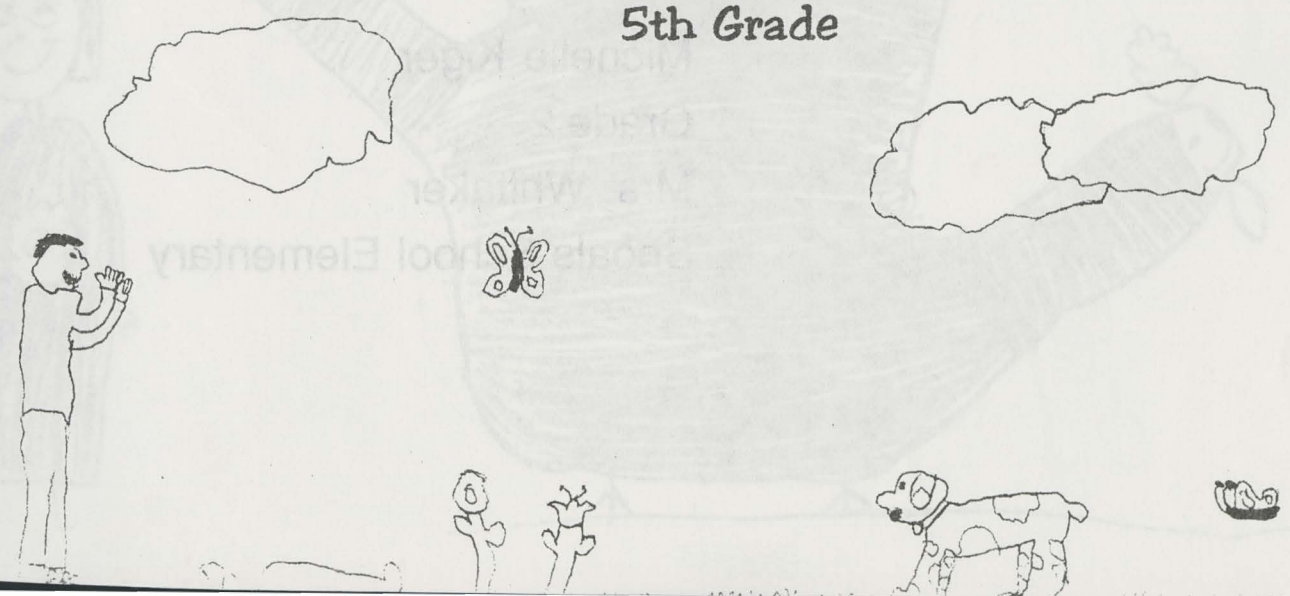
Thank you for coming to our class. I learned a whole lot. Thank you for teaching us about weather. You showed me how to draw weather maps. You showed us how a tornado forms. We are having a tornado drill later. You told us that your job started at 2:30 p.m. You told us about all the devices that you use in your job. I remember the computer and the satellite that sends little beeps and when it hits
rain, snow, sleet or ice it sends back messages. You told us that hail balls can be at least as big as my hand. I'm glad you came and I hope you come again.

Your friend,
Justin Simmons
Second Grade
Westfield School
Mrs. Glenda Riddle's class

SPRING IS IN THE AIR

Spring is the time when all of the beautiful flowers start to grow. The days become longer after the Spring Equinox and the nights become shorter as I play fetch with my drooling dog named Jessie. Spring is the time for baseball as the warm weather and the cool breeze hits our faces. The time springs forward as daylight savings time takes it's mark. The butterflies swirl around our faces and as night arrives, lightning bugs light up the sky. I like Spring the best of all seasons because of the warm weather. It is not as cold as the Fall and Winter, and its not as hot as Summer but right in the middle. That is why Spring is the best season in my opinion.

Chris Powell
Mr. Armstrong's Class
5th Grade



Jumpy Learns to Read

Once upon a time there was a frog named...Jumpy, of course. Jumpy could do almost everything, everything except read; but every one in his class could. Every day when Jumpy got home from school he tried and tried but he couldn't read. So he thought the best thing to do was let his mom read to him. He loved to read with his mom. Every day when he got to school, his teacher would help him with his reading. Week after week he worked so hard with his reading.

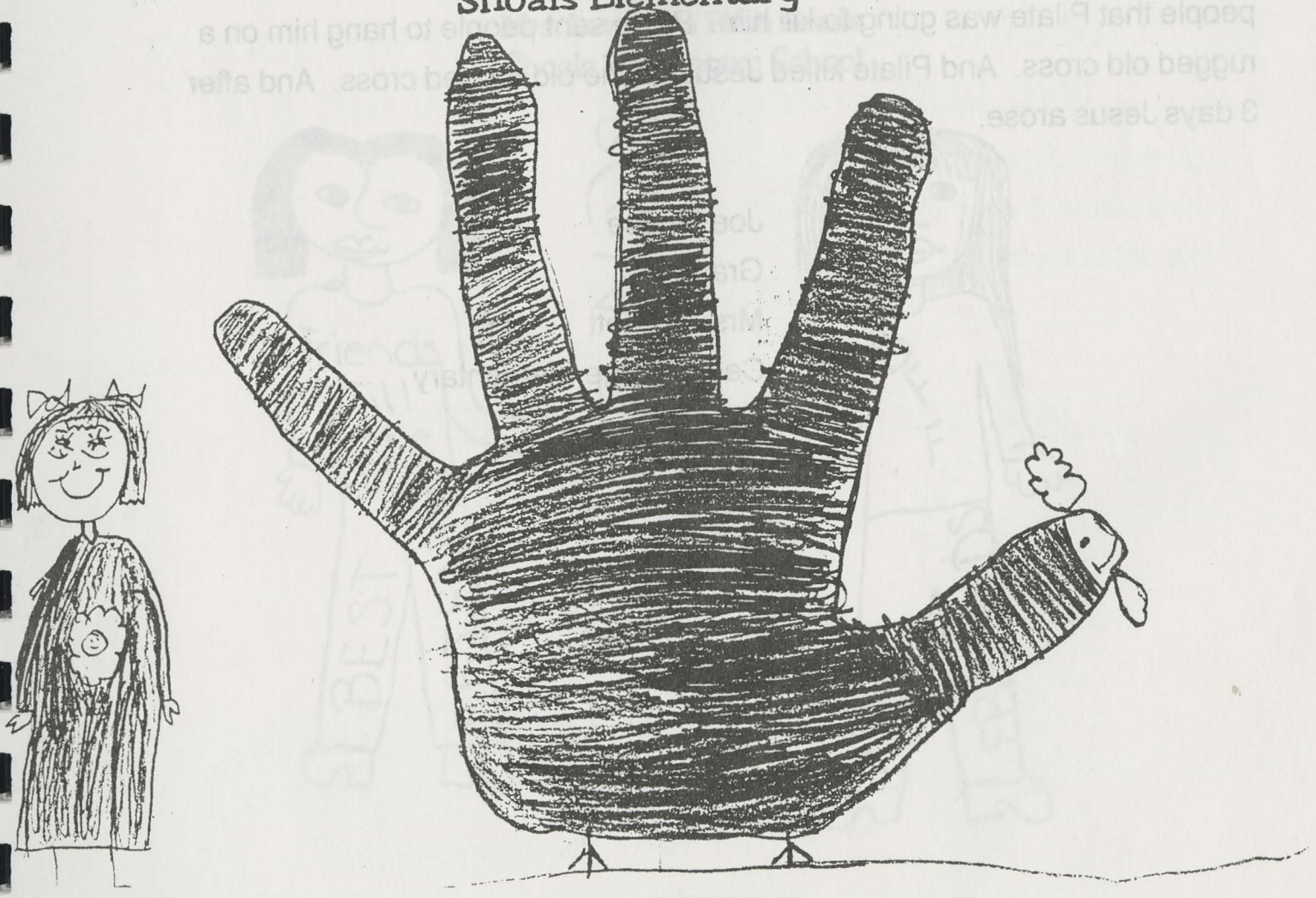
Finally, one day when he tried, he could read. "I can read," he said. "I did it!" he said. Then his dad said if he could read, he could do any thing he wanted. The next day when he got to school, he told his teacher he could read. So the teacher asked, "How about we have a party?" "O.K." shouted Jumpy. So he had a party, and he has been happy ever since. Learning to read made Jumpy the happiest frog in the world!

Michelle Kiger
Grade 2
Mrs. Whitaker
Shoals School Elementary

Thanksgiving Dinner

Once there was a turkey and his name was Bob. His hobbies were basketball and swimming. One day he was swimming and a woman saw him. She thought, "That turkey would be good for dinner." So she said, "Why don't you eat supper with me?" So the turkey said, "YES! YES!" The turkey went home with her and they had supper. Then the woman quickly put the turkey in the oven and she had turkey pie for dessert.

Kelsey Sawyers
Mrs. Hauser's Class
2nd Grade
Shoals Elementary

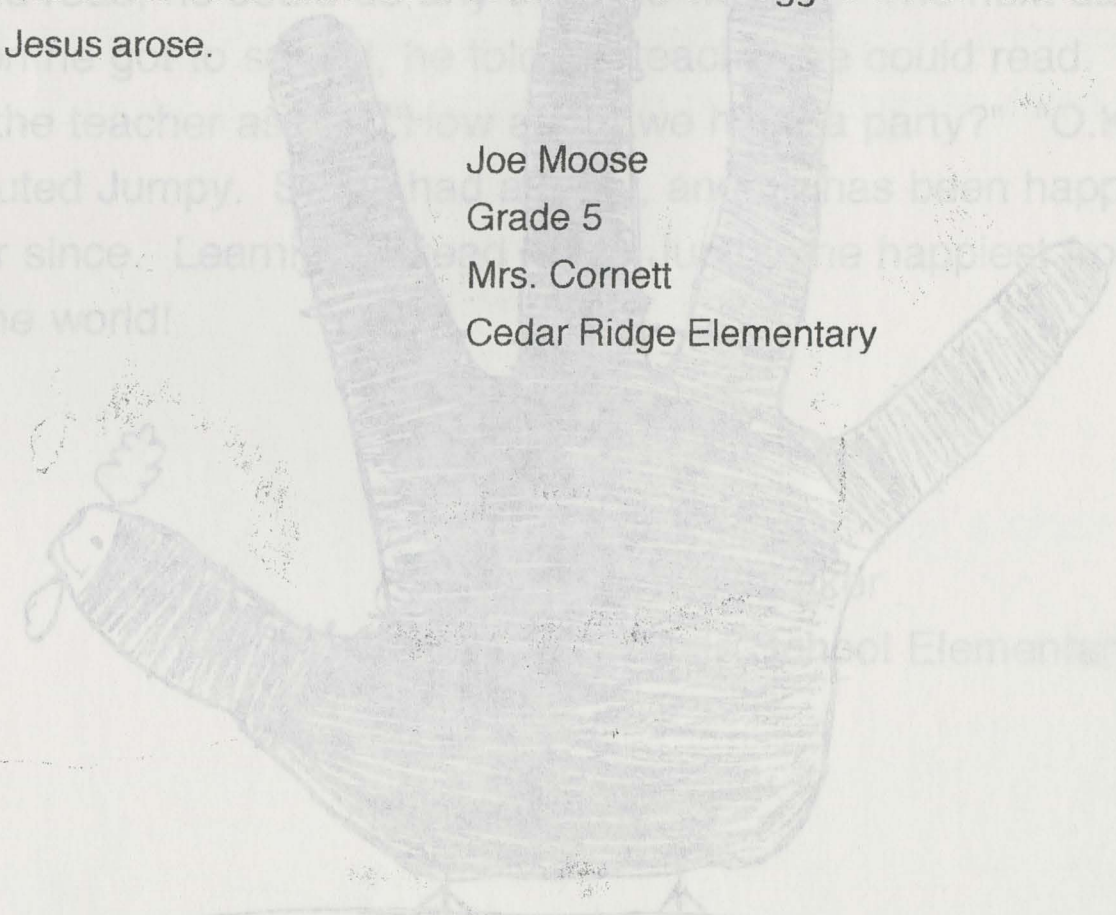


What Christmas Means To Me

What Christmas means to me is an Angel named Gabriel went to Mary. Gabriel said to Mary, "You will have a baby named Jesus". Then Mary went to her husband, Joseph. They went to an inn in Bethlehem and they went to every inn. They all said "No rooms." But one man had an old stable there, and he let them stay there. Mary had Jesus. She wrapped him in swaddling clothes.

And an Angel came and saw three Wise Men and the Angel said, "Follow the bright star." So the did. They took myrrh, gold, and Frankincense. They gave it to baby Jesus. They prayed and went off. When Jesus was 12, Mary and Joseph looked for him for 3 days until they found him in the church praying. And then Joseph and Mary said, "What are you doing here"? Jesus said, "You know I have to do my work for my Father." So Mary and Joseph went home with Jesus. He grew up. He told people that Pilate was going to kill him. Pilate sent people to hang him on a rugged old cross. And Pilate killed Jesus on the old rugged cross. And after 3 days Jesus arose.

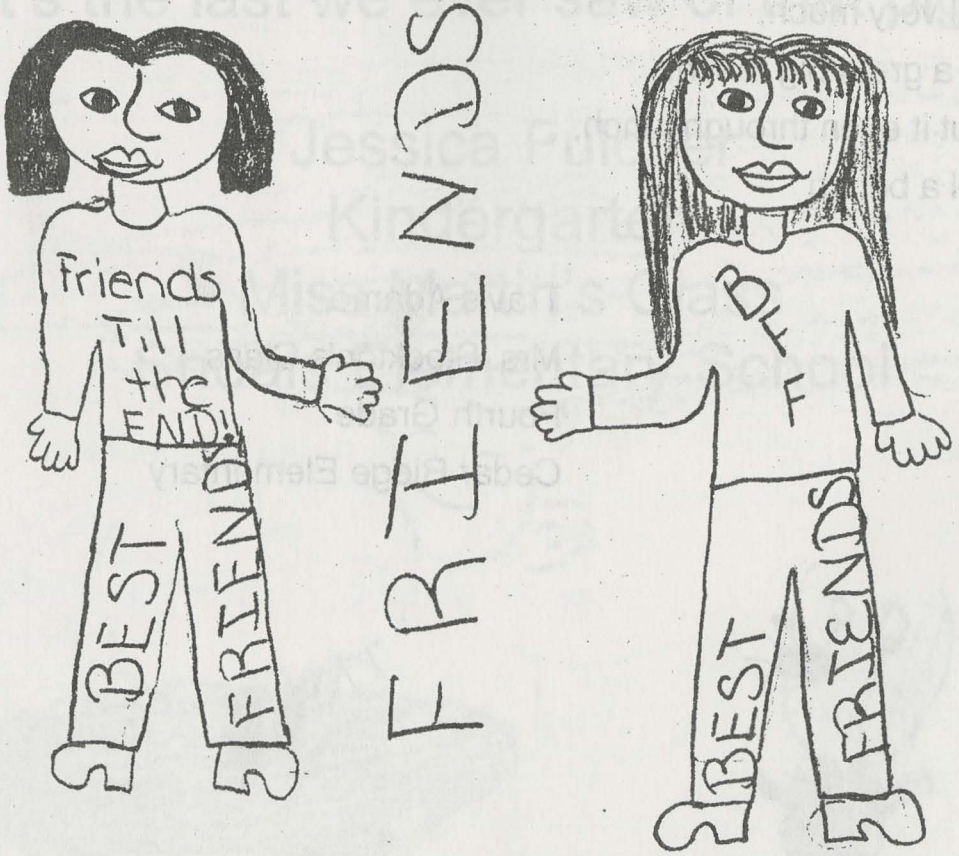
Joe Moose
Grade 5
Mrs. Cornett
Cedar Ridge Elementary



What is a Friend?

What is a friend? I mean really. Is a friend someone who goes behind your back and talks badly about you? Of course not! Wendy, a friend of mine, has always been there for me since kindergarten and I'm pretty sure it will always be that way. In the past we've gotten in minor arguments but we've always worked our problems out. I always tell myself how lucky I am to have a friend like Wendy. We've been through a lot of things together. I'm only in fifth grade so I don't know all the things about being a good friend. But, I know the basics, like not talking about friends behind their backs or telling them they are ugly and they stink. That kind of friend is not a good friend! I'm not always the best friend either, but I try. Just think, do you want a friend as mean as that? Let me ask you a question. Are you a good friend?

Savannah Creed
Mrs. Lawson's Fifth Grade
Shoals Elementary School



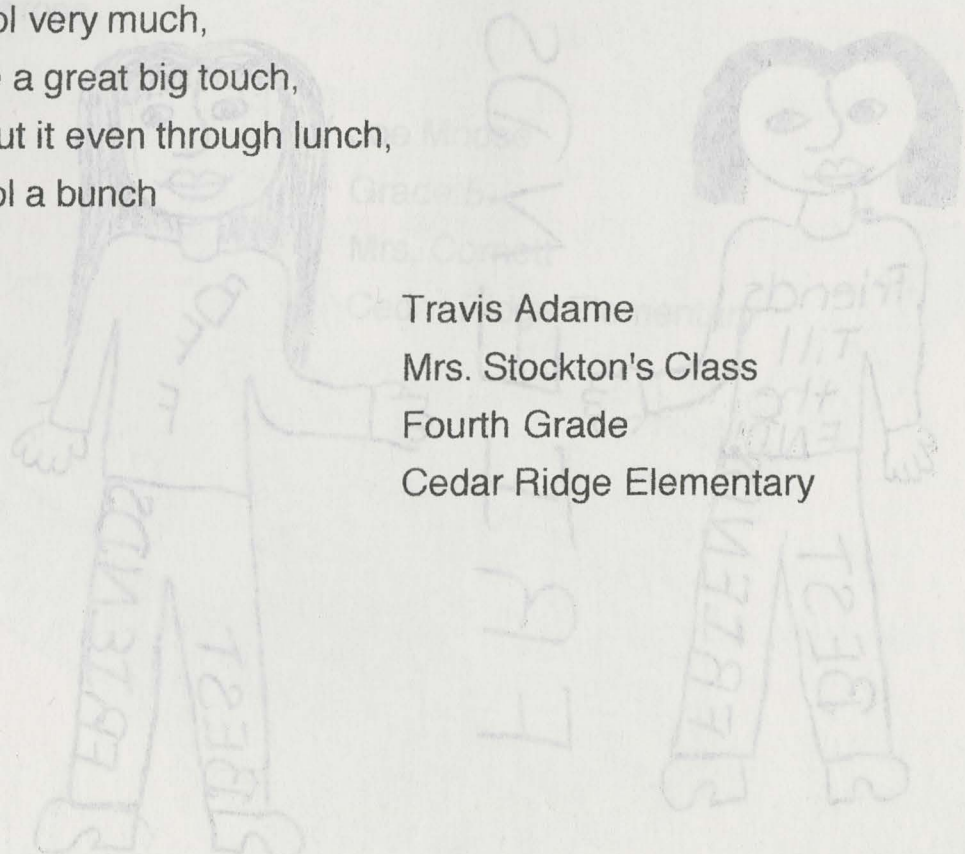
My Mom

My mom is very sweet, she
buys me all kinds of treats.
I think she's the best mom
out of all the moms in the
world and as each day goes
by I love her even more.

Christy Snow
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Stockton's Class
Cedar Ridge Elementary

School

I like school very much,
It gives me a great big touch,
I think about it even through lunch,
I like school a bunch



Travis Adame
Mrs. Stockton's Class
Fourth Grade
Cedar Ridge Elementary

Muddy the Pig

Once there was a pig who always got muddy. He got so muddy that the farmer had to give him a bath every day. He never stopped getting muddy. So the farmer got so mad that he screamed, "You are going to have to stop getting muddy." If you don't stop getting muddy I am going to sell you to a butcher!" Since he kept on getting muddy the farmer sold him to a butcher. That's the last we ever saw of that pig!

Jessica Fulcher
Kindergarten
Miss Martin's Class
Shoals Elementary School



Life of a Refugee

Not long ago I took up
with little money and
moved to a strange country.
The people here don't speak my language.

It seems that I don't fit in.
People look at me in a weird way
sometimes having to move quickly
to get through packed and strange crowds.

Everthing on the TV set just
seems to show the hatred of others.
In the letters from home I receive,
Only bad things about loved ones and friends.

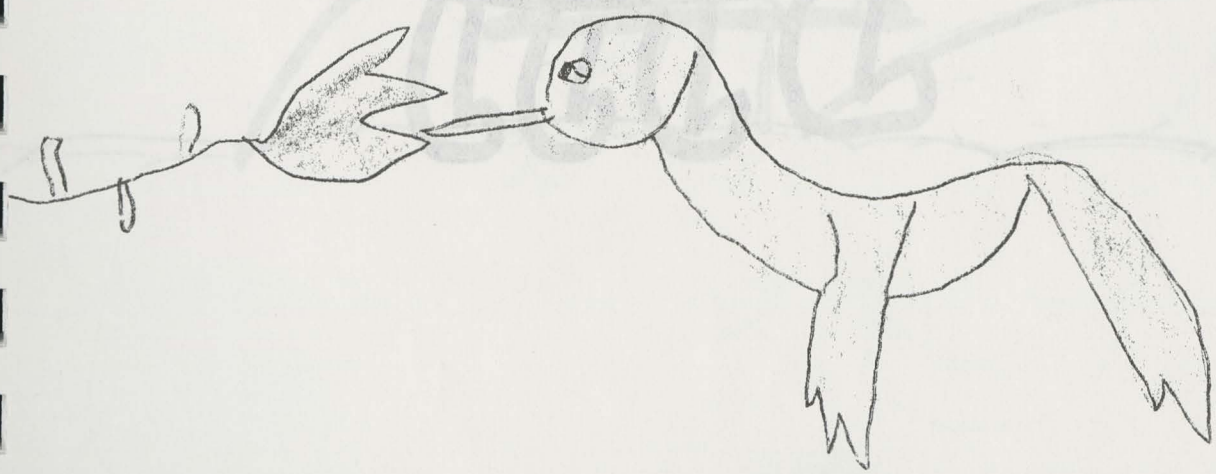
I don't know if there will ever be
a way for me to fit in.
And still I don't know if I
am able to go home.

Codi Sutphin
Grade 6
Mrs. Young
Cedar Ridge Elementary

Hummingbird

My favorite bird is a hummingbird;
and what it does is hum.
Some are as big as a bee;and
some the size of a plum!
It flies around eating nectar;
and when the day is done,
it flies back to its nest to feed the
little ones.
The Bee Hummingbird is my favorite;
just because it's green,
it`s about the size of a bee, barely
bigger than a bean.
That's why my favorite bird is
a Hummingbird you see.
If you want to be a bird,
that's the bird I'd recommend you should be.

Angel Phelps
Mrs.McKeaver
2nd grade
Dobson Elementary



My Kitten

I see my kitten.

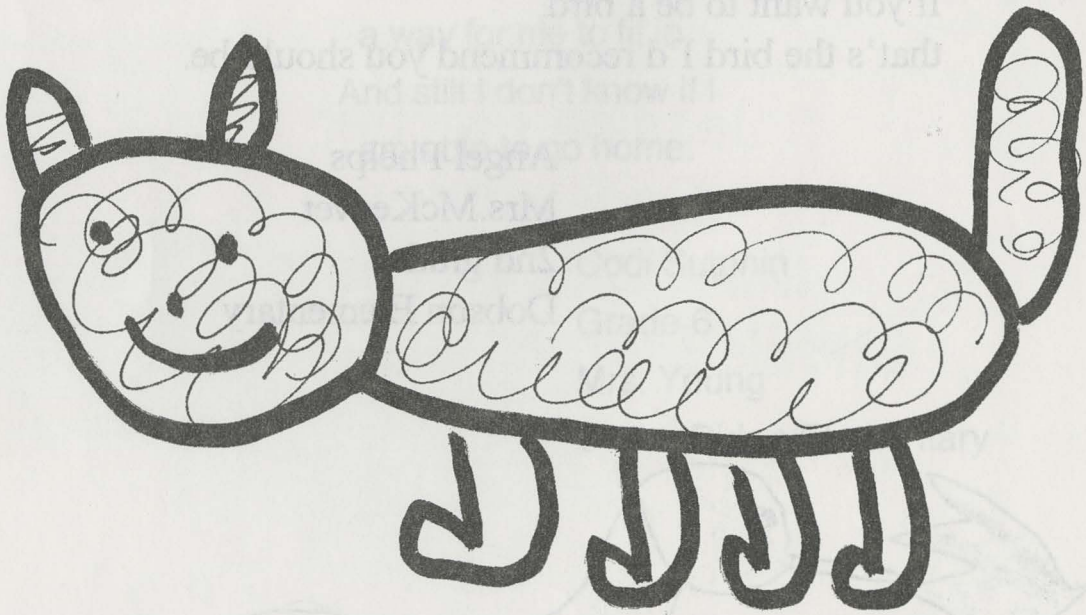
She is gray and white.

She can scratch me sometimes.

She is cute.

She has blue eyes.

Kaitlyn Amstutz
Dobson Elementary
Kindergarten
Mrs. Heidt





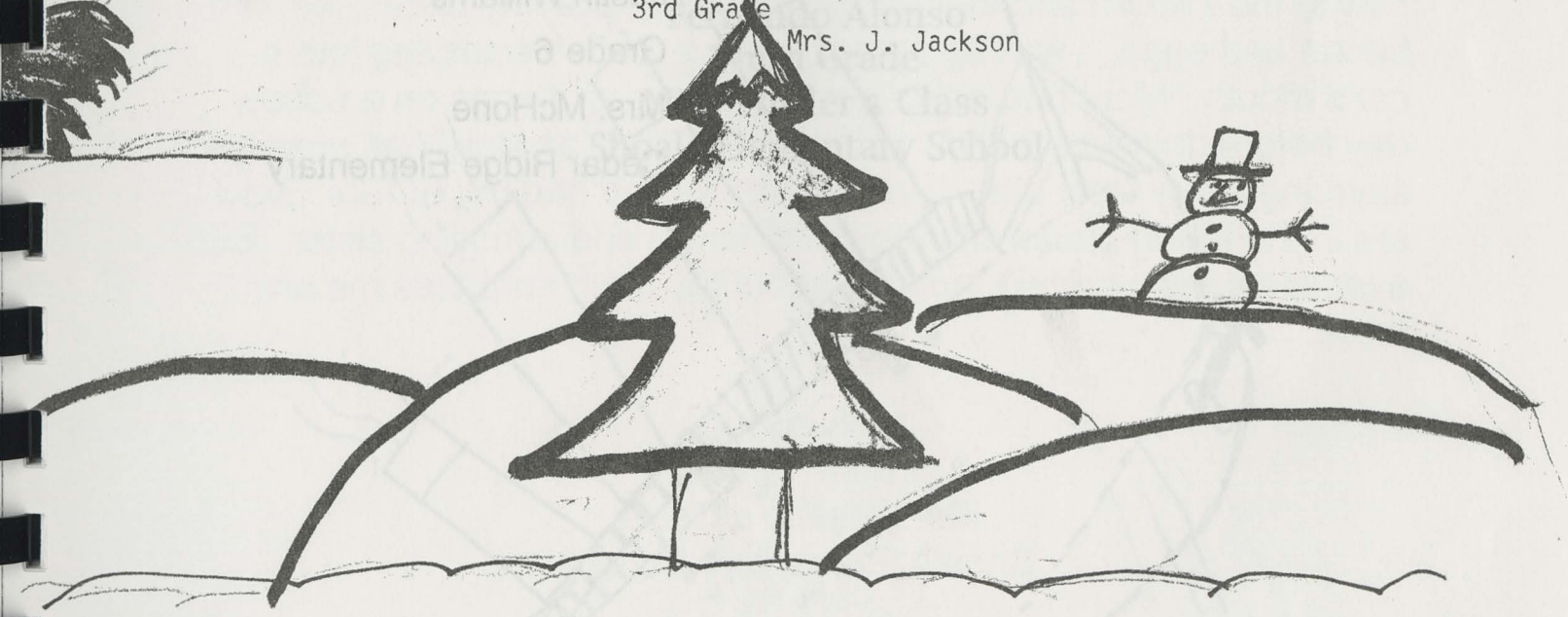


Winter Snow

Winter snow is white and glittery.
It sounds like ice crunching.
It smells like snow cream.
It looks like cotton candy.
And it makes me feel very happy.



By:
Matthew Cave
Dobson Elementary
3rd Grade
Mrs. J. Jackson



A Young Jewish Refugee

I know what it's like to be empty and alone,
I've been to three different countries in not so long.
I don't know the language and I don't fit in,
I haven't had time to keep a good friend.

I've been judged and so have my kin,
by Hilter, Nazis, and unknowing men.
They know how to be mean and how to hate,
they don't even know how to give Jews a break.

Not having the money to buy what I want,
some kids try to tease and some even taunt.
I'll despise this hatred until I'm dead,
lying here in my soft comfortable bed.

Justin Williams
Grade 6
Mrs. McHone
Cedar Ridge Elementary

The Titanic

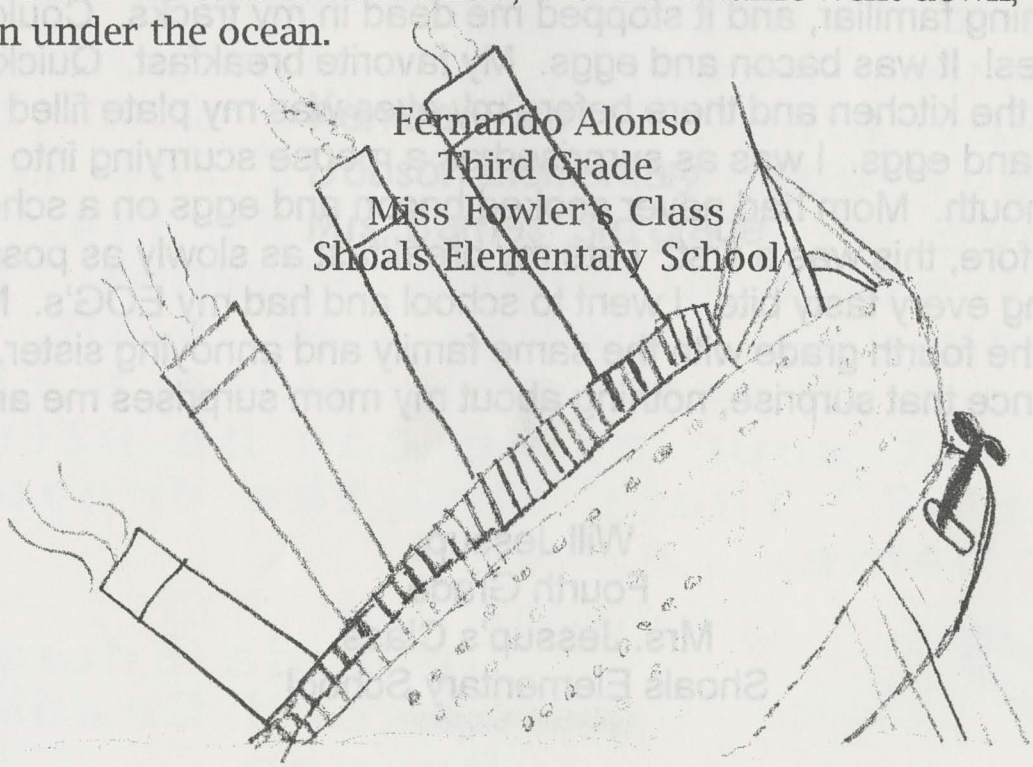
Once upon a time in England, there was a boat, and it was the biggest, biggest boat in the world. It was going to America. There was the poor people down in the bottom of the Titanic, and they get to eat only crumbs. The rich people get to eat, like, they get to go in a fancy restaurant.

In the middle of the night, there was a man in the crow's nest looking for danger. All at once he saw an iceberg ahead. The Titanic bumped into the iceberg. It ripped the ship, and the water came in the five rooms, so it meant that the Titanic was going to sink.

The people were laughing, and thinking it was not true that the boat was not sinking. But the Titanic was slanting, and the people started screaming. So the people started going to the little boats, but only women and children go with the little boats. A man said, "I will die like a gentleman."

Then the boat broke in half, and the Titanic went down, down, down under the ocean.

Fernando Alonso
Third Grade
Miss Fowler's Class
Shoals Elementary School



The Surprise

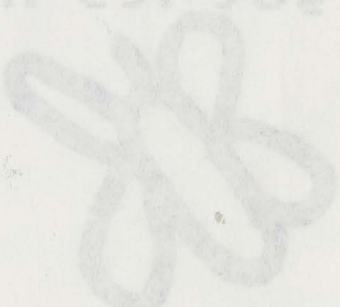
"Mom!, Will won't wake up," I heard Jenny yelling to mom. A glimmer of the sun's hot rays had begun to peek through the shades on my windows. The sun began to warm me like an oven warming day old buns. Figuring that it wouldn't help to lay in bed doing nothing, I got out of bed, pondering to myself, we will probably have cereal again for breakfast. Still thinking that everything was lost in the world of cereal, I started to get dressed. It dawned on me that today was the EOG's. Nervously, I tried to finish dressing, but when I was finished my clothes were tangled around me. Finally, I got dressed, and Jenny came back into my room. She started asking stupid questions like, "Did our dog jump the moon last night?", and "Did aliens capture Sheba?" When at last she let me speak, I hollered, "No, No, and Get OUT!" For what seemed to be a long time, I had been waiting for her to listen to my requests, and she did, but not until I went with her down the hall. Then, I smelled something familiar, and it stopped me dead in my tracks. Could it be? Yes! It was bacon and eggs. My favorite breakfast. Quickly, I flew to the kitchen and there before my eyes was my plate filled with bacon and eggs. I was as surprised as a mouse scurrying into a cat's mouth. Mom had never cooked bacon and eggs on a school day before, this was a first. I ate my breakfast as slowly as possible, savoring every tasty bite. I went to school and had my EOG's. Now I am in the fourth grade with the same family and annoying sister. But ever since that surprise, nothing about my mom surprises me any more.

Will Jessup
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Jessup's Class
Shoals Elementary School

Cat Collars

My name is Kendra Wise. I have invented cat collars. These collars can do many things. One thing they can do is help a cat find its way home if its lost. When cats are sad, it helps them be happy. You can find my new collars in the mall. They are $10.00. You can tell the man who you buy it from to design it. You can make your own design. Come buy one now!

Kendra Wise
Dobson Elementary
Mrs. Barnes' 3rd grade



What Is My Name?

Once there were some dinosuars. They were laughing and having fun. They were happy with just dinosuars around. They only played with dinosuars. No bugs or insects just dinosuars. The dinosuars were playing basketball one day. Then a little fly came in the game. "Hi," said the fly.
"Hi," said the dinosuars. The fly asked, "Can I play guys?" "Okay," said the big bad dinosuars. "But first," said the big bad dinosuars, "we have to know your name." "But why do you need to know my name"? "So if we want to tell you something we'll have you a name". "The truth is, I have no name,"said the fly. "We'll just to give you a name. We'll just look real good at you. Well, you look like a dragon and you're a fly. So how about your name can be little dragonfly?" Thats how the dragonfly got its name.



Amanda Edwards
Second Grade
Dobson
Miss Couch

Harley Davidson
black, gold
moving, speeding, running
handlebars, wheels, seat, helmet
Motorcycle

Adam Pardue
Dobson Elementary
Mrs. Barnes' 3rd grade

DRAGONFLY

Once there was a bug. Every day he wished he was a dragon. So one day he asked a puppy if he could be a dragon. "Yes I can make you a dragon. "But first you must go to Dingo's cave,"said puppy. "I will," saidMr Bug. So he ran all the way to Dingo's cave. Dingo was guarding his cave. "Now there is no way I can get in the cave,"said Mr Bug. Back at puppy's house puppy had found the things he needed.He made some brew. Soon Mr Bug was at puppy's house. Now he wanted to be a fly. "Why don't you be a dragonfly like you are," said puppy. "I will," said dragon. Thats how the dragonfly got his name.

Ashley Brown
Second Grade
Dobson
Miss Couch

The Story of the Witch

By Justin Martin

Once upon a time there was a boy named Jojo. He liked to eat. One time he ate 10 cans of beans. So, he liked to eat.

One day Jojo's stepmother kicked Jojo out of the house because he ate so much. As Jojo went walking along, he met a witch. He was mighty afraid to go into the witch's house. The witch invited Jojo in. Just as Jojo was about to eat a piece of poison apple pie, the woodcutter came into the witch's house and killed her. He saved Jojo's life. Jojo and the woodcutter lived happily ever after cutting wood together.

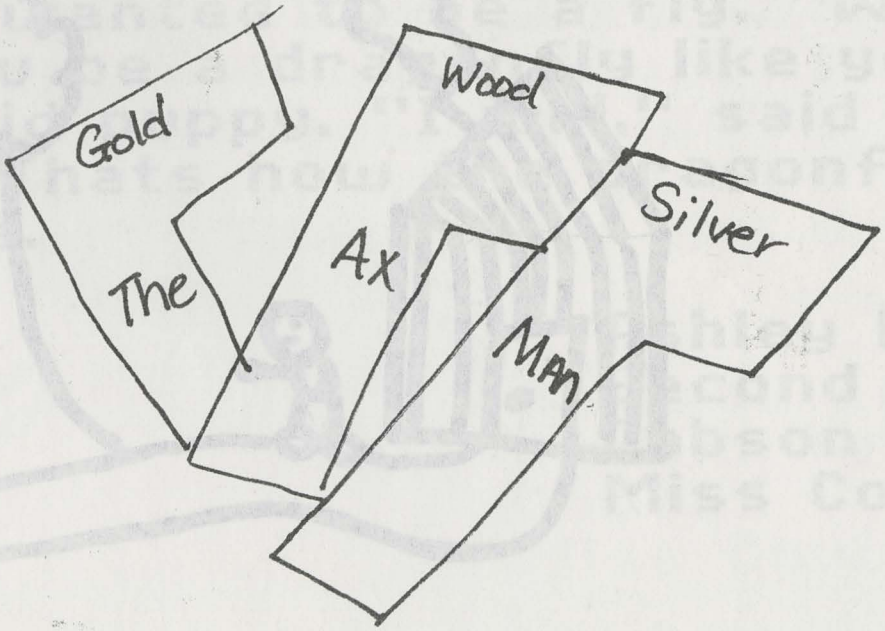
Justin Martin
Third Grade
Dobson Elementary



The Ax Man

There once was an ax man. One day he went out and chopped wood. The ax man chopped a tree down. The ax man cut the tree into little pieces. The ax man took the little pieces home. Then he went back and got his ax. Then the ax man started walking home. The ax man dropped his ax in the water. A mermaid jumped out. The mermaid asked the ax man if he dropped his ax in the water he said "yes". The mermaid pulled out a silver ax and asked him if it was his. He said "no". Then she pulled out a gold ax and asked him if it was his he said no. Then he pulled out a wooden handle one and asked him if it was his he said "yes". Then the mermaid said sense you did not lie you can have them all. Then the ax man now has 5 million dollars. He built a big house. It had a swimming pool. the house co 2 million dollars. He has 3 million dollars left. He put the 3 million dollars in the bank.

Hannah Wilmoth
Dobson Elementary
2nd Grade
Mrs. E. Wilmoth



Godzilla

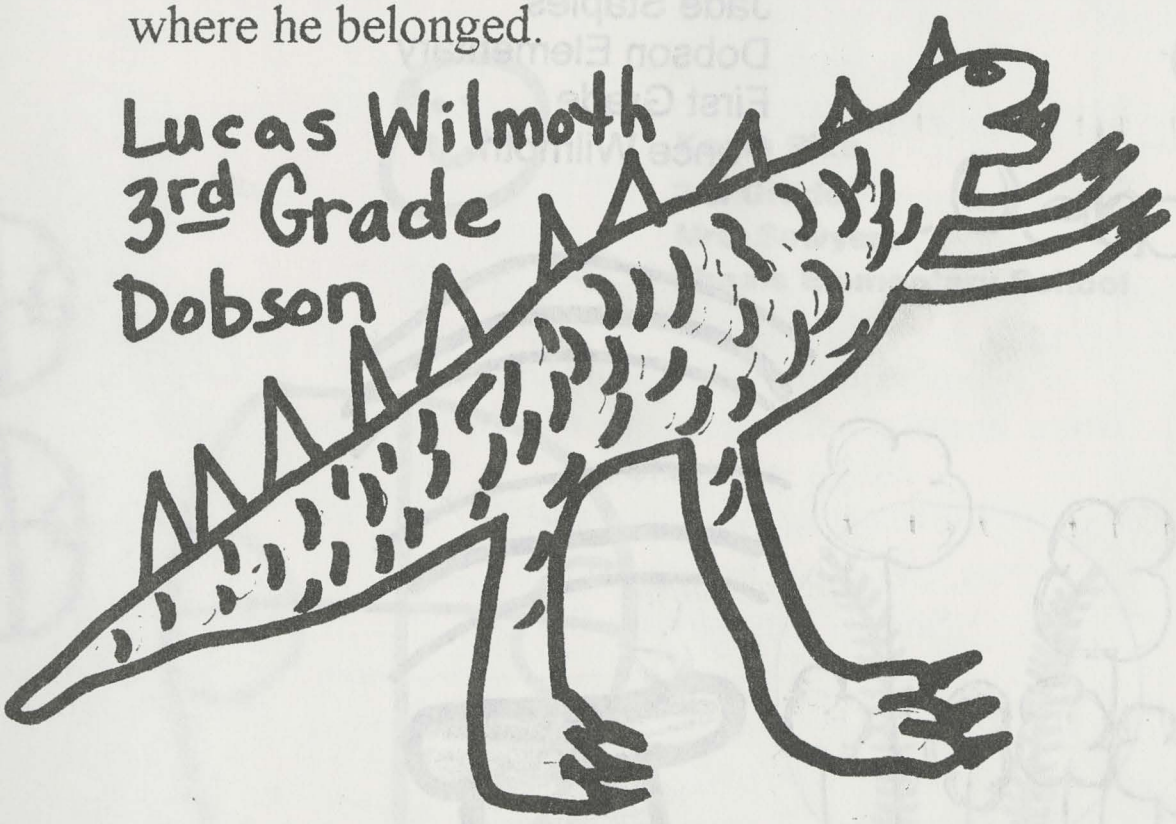
By Lucas Wilmoth

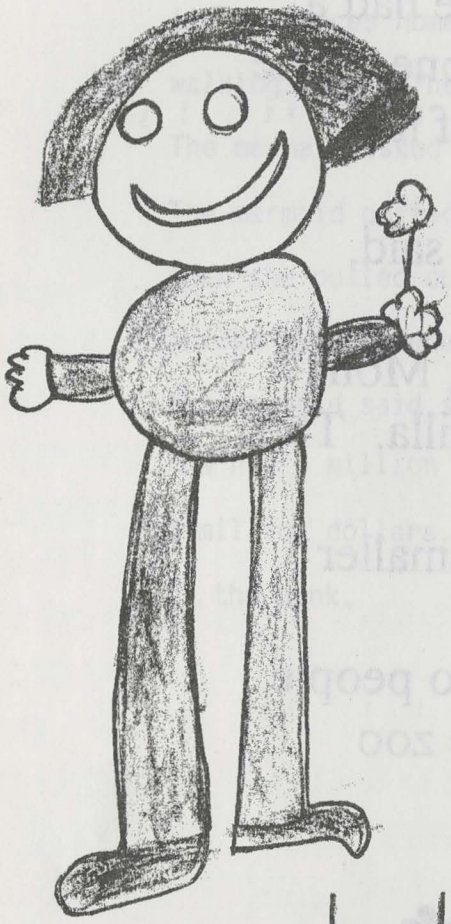
One day Red went to the animal zoo. He had a torch with him so that he could use it to get one of the animals out. He got one of the animals out of its cage. It was Godzilla!!!

When Red took Godzilla home his mom said, "Red, get this animal out of here!"

"I promise to take real good care of him, Mom," said Red. Mom agreed to let him keep Godzilla. This is where all the trouble started.

The problem was that Red's house was smaller than Godzilla's, much smaller. Godzilla ate everything. He ate anything from buildings to people. So, Red decided to take Godzilla back to the zoo where he belonged.





O'Jade

O'Jade, O'Jade,

what do you say.

What is today?

O'Jade, O'Jade,

what do you say.

Today is Wednesday.

Jade Staples
Dobson Elementary
First Grade
Pence Wilmoth

I am Jade O.

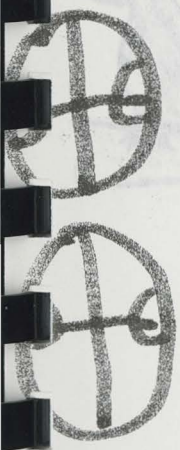


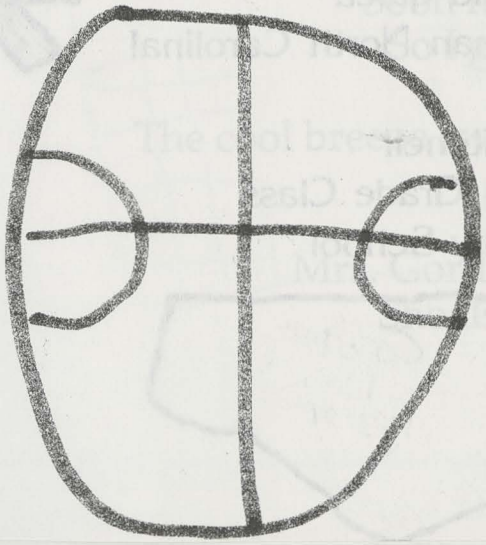
MY BIO-POEM

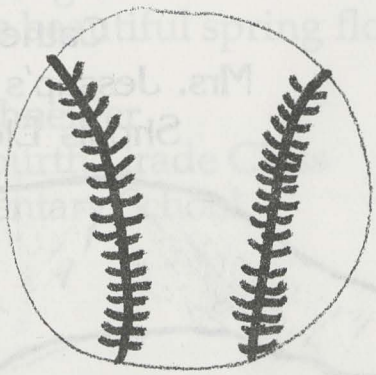
First Name	**-**	**Kayla**
Who Is	**-**	**happy**
Who Likes	**-**	**basketball**
Who Wants	**-**	**a mansion**
Who Dreams	**-**	**about cool things**
Who Enjoys	**-**	**baseball**
Who Believes In	**-**	**God**
Who Is Called	**-**	**Katydid**
Last Name	**-**	**Pike**



Kayla Pike
3rd Grade
Mrs. Sawyers
Shoals Elementary School

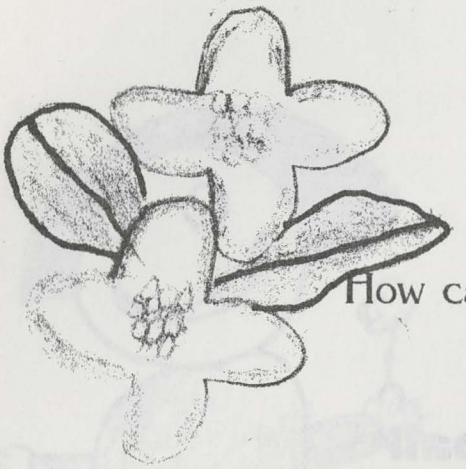




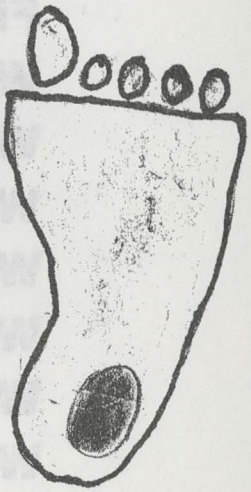




North Carolina

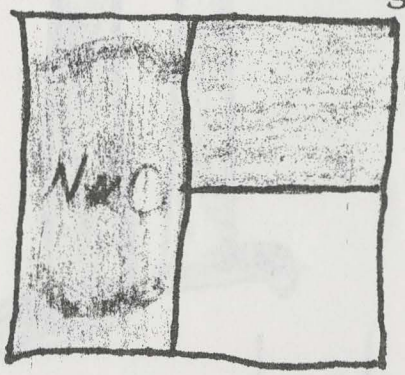


Oh the famous Tarheel State
What a delight it is to think of it
With the skies so blue
And the land so great!
How can anyone say I don't like the Tarheel State!



It's so peaceful and quiet
So mild in climate.

You can't think of North Carolina
And not think of the nickname
given to it, the Grand Ol' Tarheel State!



Oh Tarheel State! Oh Tarheel State!
It's so great, the people are so kind
And helpful at anytime.

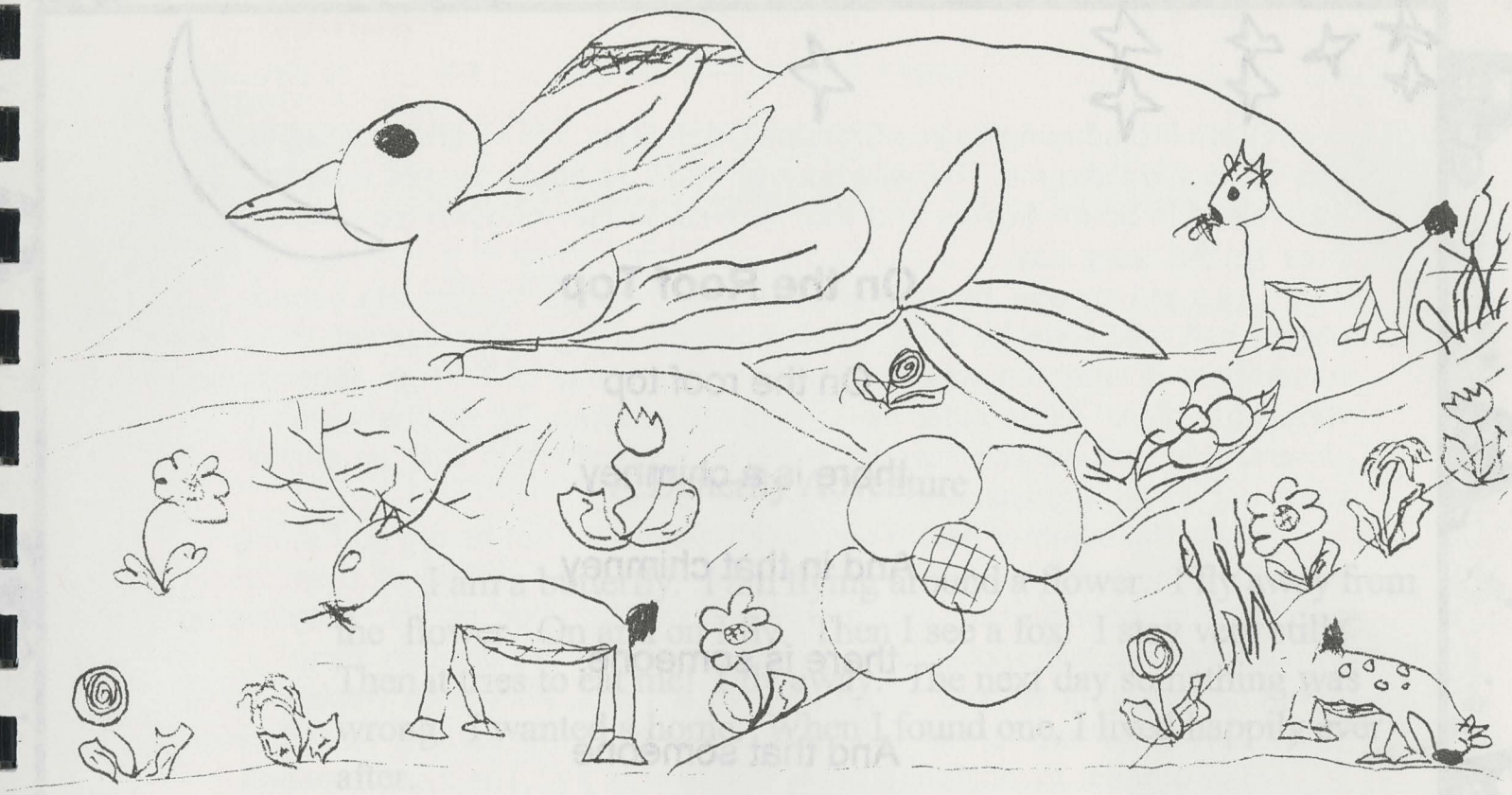
The Tarheel State such a wonderful
place no wonder everyone calls it
A delightful state!



The Tarheel State is this indeed
Oh Tarheel State!
So delightful and quiet.
There is no other place than North Carolina!

Catherine Mitchell
Mrs. Jessup's Fourth Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School





Come fly with me into Spring

Come fly with me into spring,
Over the freshly cut grass and the beautiful spring flowers.
The flowers sway as a cool breeze passes through,
As it does,
Farmers are hard at work on their farms.
As I fly over the creek
I swoop down to get a refreshing rest.
Joyfully, I raise up and start flying again,
Just then a sure sign of spring filled the air,
A family of deer graze on the grass, near the creek.
Soon it is time for me to go,
So I go back to my home
As once again
The cool breeze sways the beautiful spring flowers.

Erin Schneider
Mrs. Gordon's Fourth Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School

On the Roof Top

On the roof top

there is a chimney.

And in that chimney

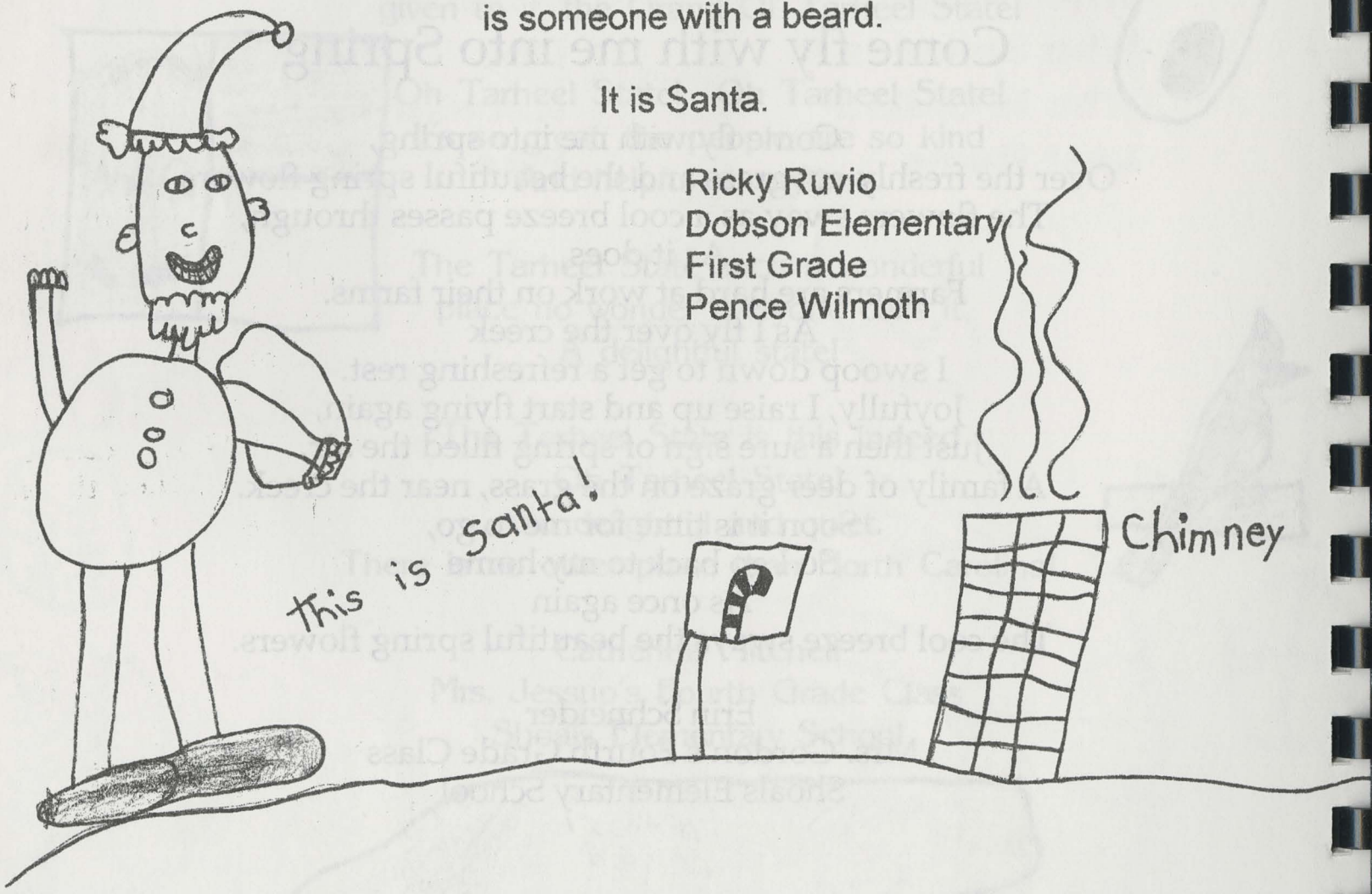
there is someone.

And that someone

is someone with a beard.

It is Santa.

Ricky Ruvio
Dobson Elementary
First Grade
Pence Wilmoth



A Butterfly Adventure

I am a butterfly. I am flying around a flower. I fly away from the flower. On and on I fly. Then I see a fox. I stay very still. Then it tries to eat me! I fly away. The next day something was wrong. I wanted a home. When I found one, I lived happily ever after.

by Ryan Cox

first grade
Dobson Elementary
Judy Barham's class

My Grandpa

I am introducing to you Grandpa Odell Sisk. It is hard to imagine he was once a kid like me. He was born in 1935 at South Stokes Hospital. He was raised in South Stokes and then moved to Surry County to where he lives to this very day.

As a kid my age, he did many different things for fun. He fished, played ball, and rode his bike just like we do today. The earliest thing he remembers is when he was hospitalized at the age of 5 from appendicitis. He almost died. As an older man, he had 2 children, 11 brothers, and 2 sisters. He told me the scariest thing he remembers is that an engine went out in an airplane while flying over Cuba.

Over the summer he did not have a vacation, but he did go fishing with his father. He has had many birthdays, and he said all of them were special. The best present was a little red wagon. Our snacks today are up to date; but, he had apples, and biscuits, and ham. He has had many different jobs. He worked at Armtex for 6 years, Pilot Sock Hosiery for 6 years, carpenter and farmer for 19 years, and then preaching for 25 years.

The biggest invention in his lifetime was TV. The most amazing thing is that his dad owned 114 acres of Saura Town Mountain. This project was fun because I learned a lot about my Pa.

Brandon Sisk
Westfield Elementary
5th Grade

The Wind

The wind whispers to me
In a language only
I can understand.

It tells me to
Wait,
Slow down,
Take life slowly.

"Relax,
Listen to the story -
Of times to come...
And times that have passed."

It tells me about the happiest
And saddest days
Never forget them.
they are what makes you whole.
Do not for get that!

So every time I feel helpless
And lost,
I listen for the wind
(to tell about how good life
Really is and what I am made of.)
That realization makes me stronger.

Michelle Willey
Gentry Middle School
C.S. Teacher - Joni Calloway
Grade 7

When I Lost A Friend

One night I felt so bad. I just lost a friend,
In fact the best I ever had.
When I turned my head I had the feeling she was dead.
My feeling was right.
I guess things just happen that way,
So I went home and cried all night
I loved her so,
But God said, "You have to let go."

Noel Boles
Grade 5
Mrs. Cornett
Cedar Ridge Elementary

Pie Problem

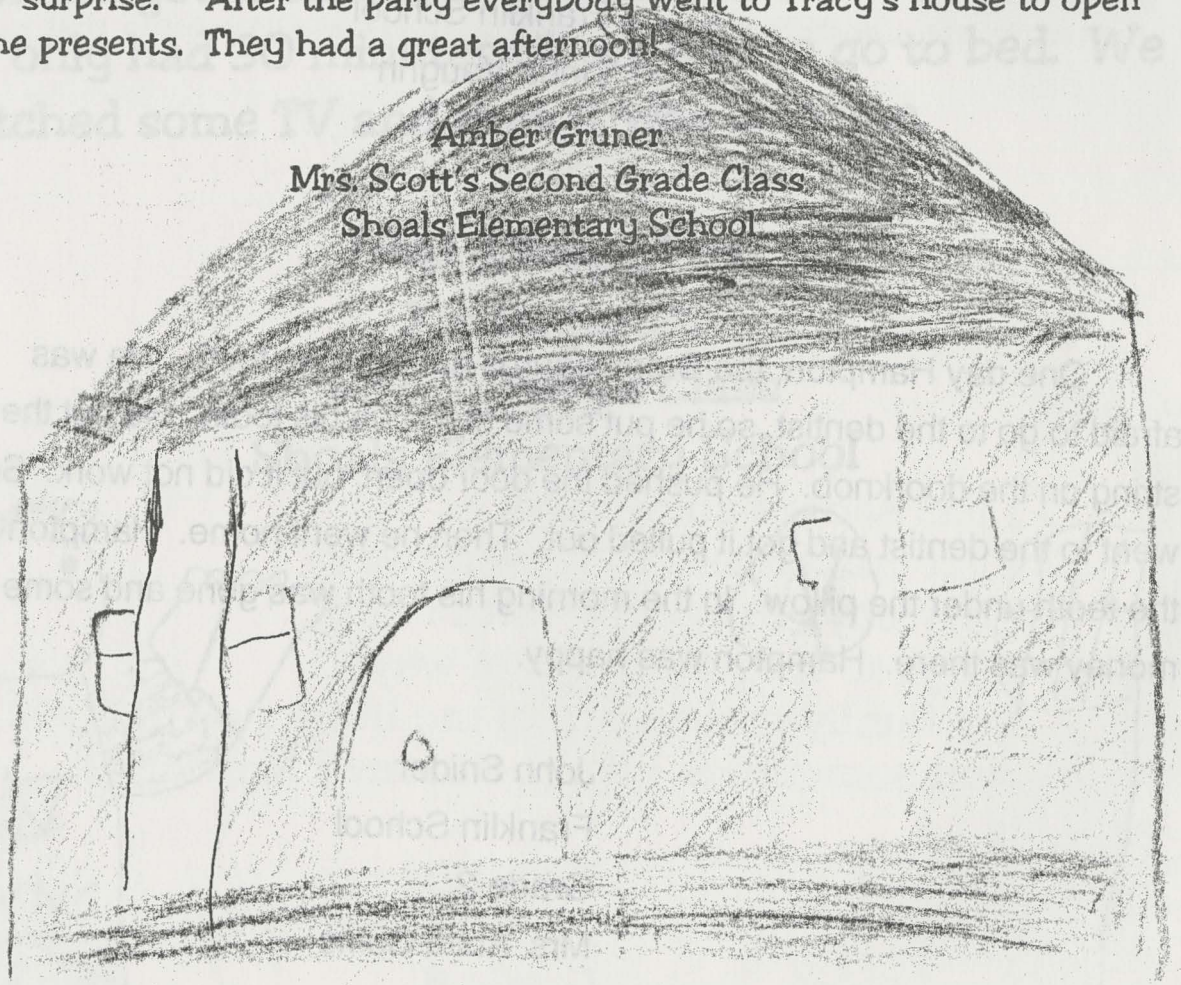
If I eat one more piece of pie, I'll die!
If I can't have one more piece of pie, I'll die!
So since it's all decided I must die!
I might as well have one more piece of pie.
MMMM-OOOH-MY!
Chomp-Gulp-Bye.

Amanda Lowe
Grade 5
Mr. Hayes
Cedar Ridge Elementary

The Big Party

Once there was a young girl. Her name was Melissa Monger. Melissa Monger had two friends, their names where Tracy and Isabell. Isabell and Tracy were good friends. One day Tracy and Melissa where walking to school and they met Isabell. Tracy asked Melissa what she was doing this afternoon. Melissa answered that she was going swimming. Isabell asked Melissa if she could go too, Melissa answered "yes." Tracy asked if she could go, Melissa answered "yes". Melissa told Tracy to be there at five o' clock, little did she know that Isabell and Melissa had planed a party for her. While Tracy was doing her homework Isabell and Melissa were getting ready for the party. When Tracy finished her homework it was five o' clock. Tracy headed for the pool. When she got to the pool everybody jumped out and said, "surprise." After the party everybody went to Tracy's house to open up the presents. They had a great afternoon!

Amber Gruner
Mrs. Scott's Second Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School



My Grandma

Tomorrow I am going to my grandma's house. I am going to spend the day with her. I hope that I will have fun. In the evening I might get to play with my cousin when he gets off the bus. My cousin's name is Zack. When I go to my grandma's, I will have to go in the morning. I love my grandma, she loves me. She is nice and kind. I spend most of the time with her. She is the most special grandma I ever had. My grandma can't do much now, but she is still special. She planted an old apple tree that I always pick apples from. I like that tree.

Heather Hutchins
Grade 2
Franklin School
Linda Vaughn

The Dinosaur's Tooth

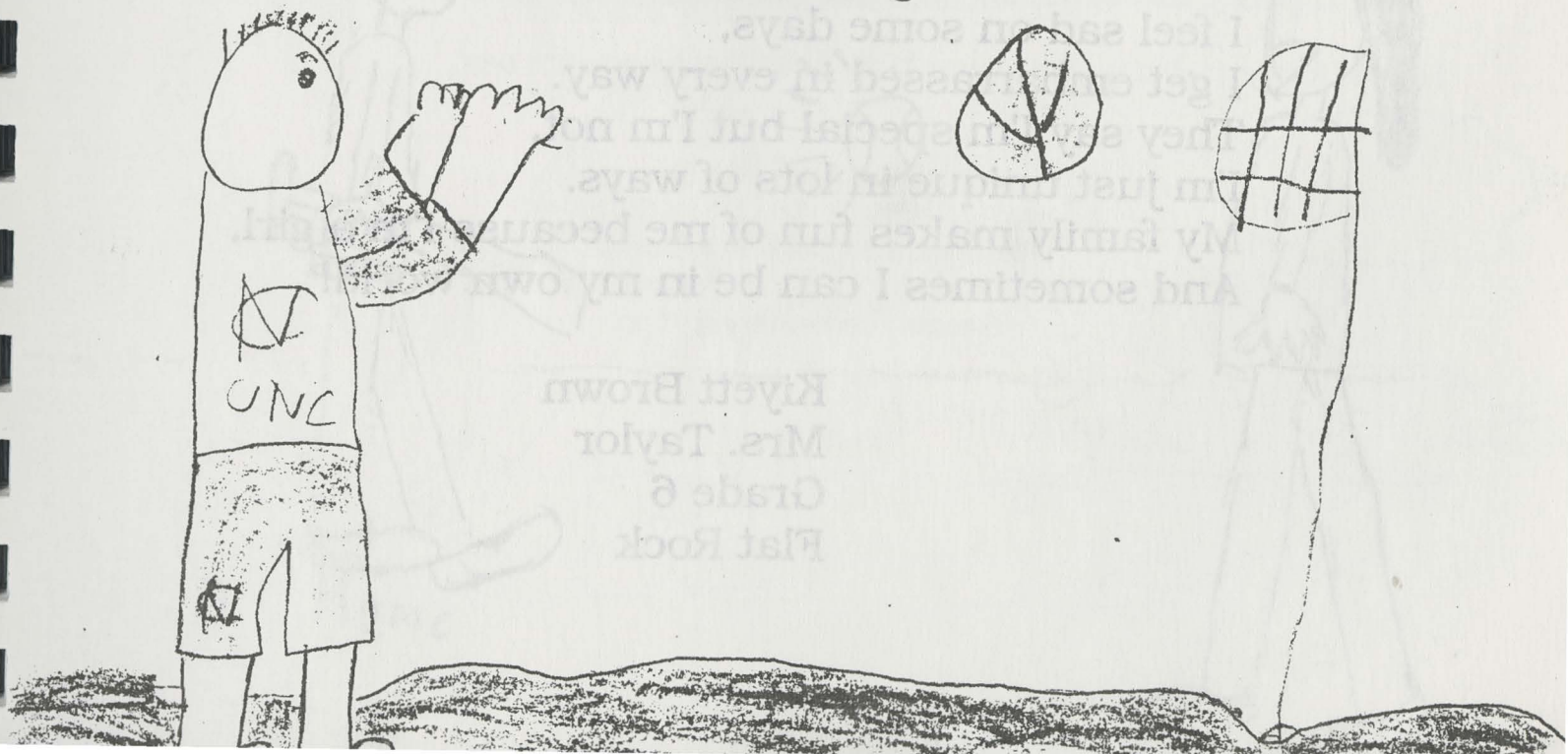
One day Hampton, the Brontosaurus had a loose tooth. He was afraid to go to the dentist, so he put some string on his tooth. He put the string on the doorknob. He pushed the door open, but it did not work. So he went to the dentist and got it pulled out. Then he went home. Hampton put the tooth under the pillow. In the morning his tooth was gone and some money was there. Hampton was happy.

John Snider
Franklin School
Grade 2
Mrs. Anita Goins

Playing Basketball

One night my mom came outside and wanted to play basketball. When my dad was done cooking he came out to play too. My big brother, Tyler was already out there so we played a game. My other brother, Seth came out and wanted to play with us. We all played basketball. We had lots of fun playing. Soon we got tired and it got dark so we went inside. We only had 30 minutes till we had to go to bed. We watched some TV and then it was bedtime.

Matt Covington
Kindergarten
Mrs. Turney's Class
Shoals Elementary School



The Friendship

Into the relationship of dog and man there came a friendship that would never end

It all started one winter night as Buck lay frightfully still....
A man named John rescued Buck before he became ill....

Into the relationship of dog and man there came a friendship that would never end

Buck became attached to John. When he almost died, Buck saved his life...
Buck proved to be John's companion through toil and strife...

Into the relationship of dog and man there came a friendship that would never end

Buck remained both tame and mild
Until he received the call...The Call of the Wild.

Into the relationship of dog and man there came a friendship that would never end.

By: Whitney Crump
Pilot Mountain Middle
N. Downs, teacher

The Way I Feel

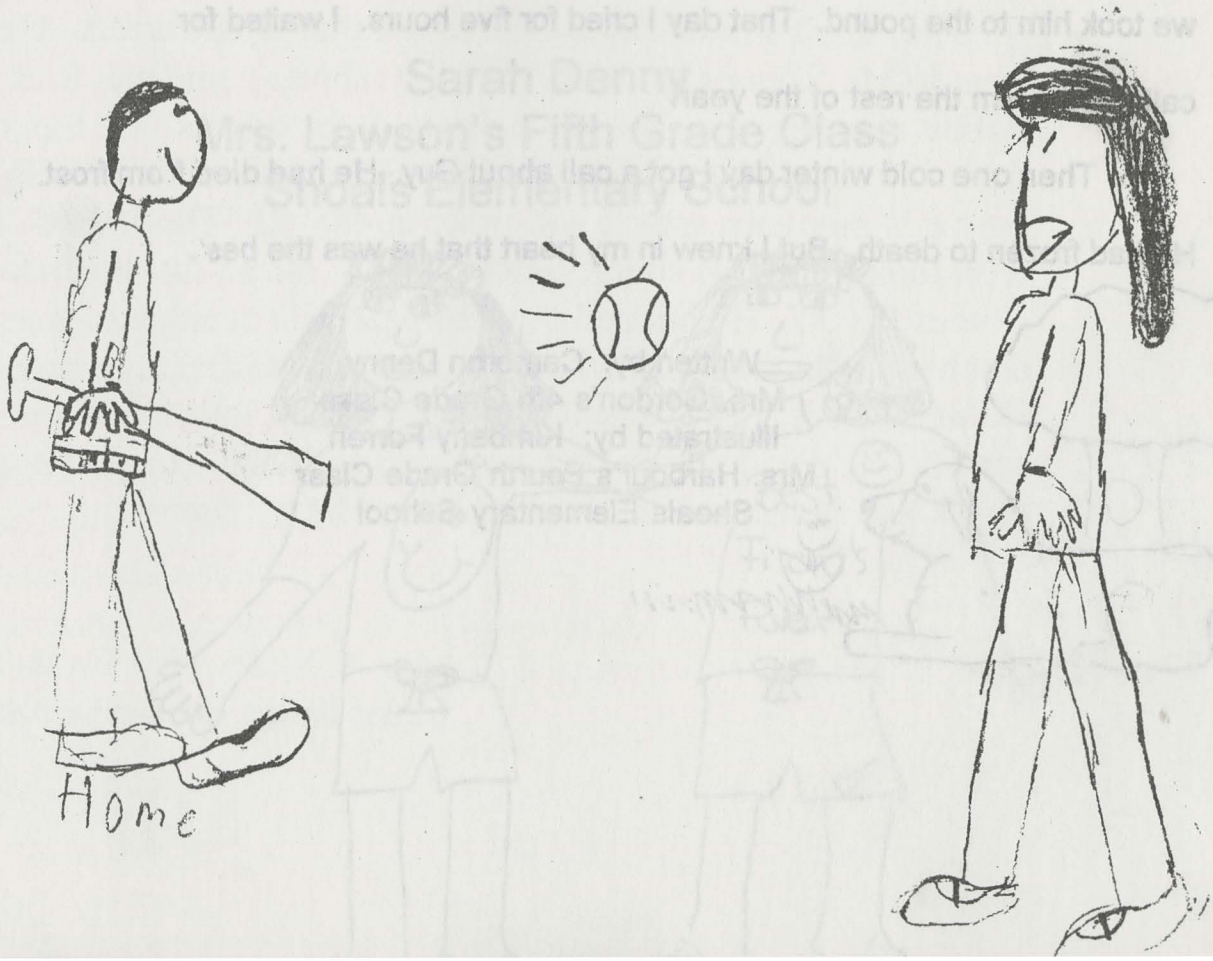
I feel sad on some days,
I get embarrassed in every way.
They say I'm special but I'm not,
I'm just unique in lots of ways.
My family makes fun of me because I'm a girl,
And sometimes I can be in my own world!

Kiyett Brown
Mrs. Taylor
Grade 6
Flat Rock

PLAYING BASEBALL

I love baseball because it is my favorite sport and it is something I can do with my sister. It is fun to do when you are bored. But sometimes when I play baseball, my sister just gets a little mad because the ball might hit her when it's my turn to bat. When that happens I am out of there. So if you play baseball, whatever you do, do not hit your sister with the ball.

NATHAN ROBERTSON
FLAT ROCK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
SECOND GRADE
MRS. IROLER AND MRS. THOMAS

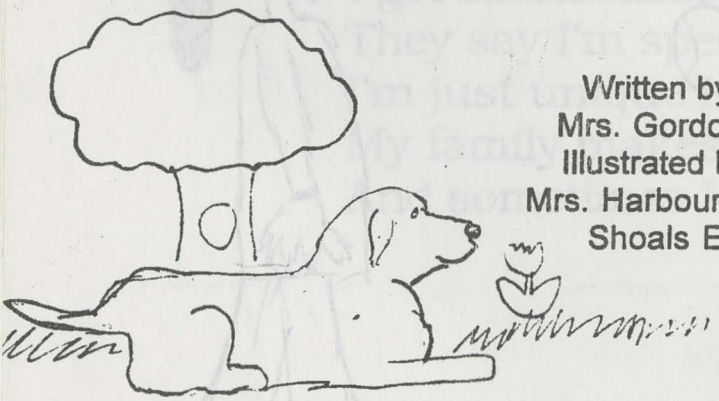


Giving Up Something I Loved

Last spring I gave up something that I loved dearly - my puppy, Guy. I got him from my dog Yellow's third litter for Christmas. He was the first one to watch "Independence Day" with me. I never knew I would have to give him to the pound two months later. I had grown to love that pup! He was a very, very obedient and good behaved puppy, except when we were watching "Eyewitness: Insect," he wet the floor!

He was the best puppy a boy ever would love. It would break a boy's heart to lose a pup like I had. I wish I could still have him. We went on many adventures together, it was a shame to see a pup like that go to the pound. Finally two months passed and we gave him to the caretaker of the pound. I knew he would miss me, I knew I would miss him too. I cried when we took him to the pound. That day I cried for five hours. I waited for calls about him the rest of the year.

Then one cold winter day I got a call about Guy. He had died from frost. He had frozen to death. But I knew in my heart that he was the best.



Written by: Cameron Denny
Mrs. Gordon's 4th Grade Class
Illustrated by: Kimberly Forren
Mrs. Harbour's Fourth Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School

A Friend Is . . .

A friend is someone who won't tell.
A friend is someone who knows you well.
A friend is someone who won't let you down.
A friend is someone who stays around.

A friend is someone who is nice.
A friend is someone who gives advice.
A friend is someone who gives you stuff.
A friend is someone who won't be rough.

A friend is someone who invites you over.
A friend is someone who comes to your sleepover.
A friend is someone who gives you comfort.
A friend is someone who cares.

Sarah Denny
Mrs. Lawson's Fifth Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School



SUMMER

Swimming at Beech Nut Park.
Umbrellas in the sun.
Making a house outside with towels under trees.
Making cold, cold popcicles.
Eating at the Mayflower.
Riding my bike.

Emily Richardson
Mrs. Wall
First Grade
Cedar Ridge Elementary

The Tale Of Ricky Rabbit

Once upon a time there was a rabbit that liked carrots. He went to Mr. Roger's garden. The little rabbits name was Ricky Rabbit. He went into the garden to look for carrots. He found flowers instead. He bent down and sniffed the purple flowers. He gave a humongous sneeze and woke up the cat. The striped cat went looking for the sound. Ricky Rabbit ran so fast that his clothes fell off. He jumped over the gate. He decided to go to another garden because it was to dangerous at Mr. Roger's garden. He went to Mr. Hawks' garden. Ricky Rabbit found five crunchy carrots. He decided to take them home with him. He got hungry on his way home and ate them all before he got there.

Mrs. T. Wall's First Grade Class
Cedar Ridge Elementary School

SUMMER

Summer I take a swim.
Unusual beach, don't you think?
Mud, mud everywhere from my head to my toes.
My Mom takes me to the beach.
End of the beach trip is sad.
Race to the beach.

Gina Minogue
Mrs. Wall
First Grade
Cedar Ridge Elementary

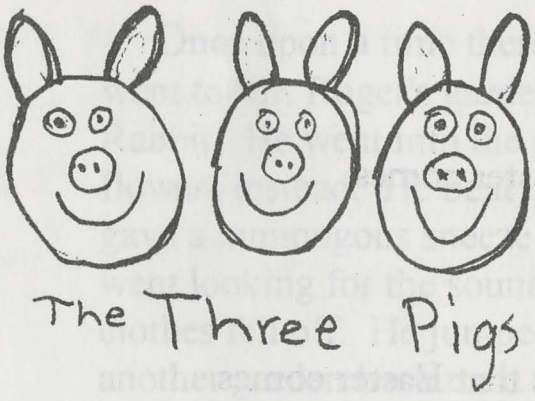
The important thing about Spring is Easter comes.
You can hide Easter eggs,
Baseball starts,
Flowers bloom,
But the important thing about Spring is that Easter comes.

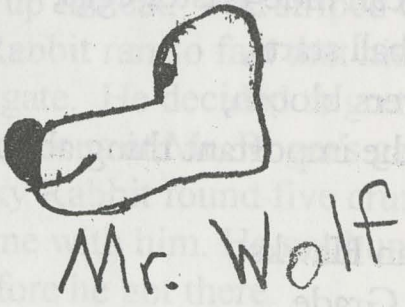
Jordan Hawks
First Grade
Miss Gordon's class
Cedar Ridge Elementary

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time there lived three little pigs. They all lived with their mother until one day their mother said all of you are old enough to live by yourself. The next day they went out to build their own house. Their mother told them to look out for the Big Bad Wolf because if they did not they would be eaten. The first pig saw a bear with a truck full of lumber. The pigs said, " Can I have that lumber?" " Yes, you may," said the bear. The second pig saw a lion pushing a wheelbarrow full of sunfllowers. He said, " Mr.Lion, can I have those flowers?" Yes you may. You may have as many as you want. The third pig was smart, so he built a house of bricks. The next day the Big Bad Wolf came to the first house. Mr. Wolf knocked on the door and said, " Let me come in or I'll huff and I'll puff and I will blow your house down." The pig said, "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin." The wolf blew the house down flat. He ran to the second house which was made of sunflowers. The Big Bad Wolf ran after him. When he reached the house he said let me come in or I'll huff and I'll puff and blow your house down. The second pig said, "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin." The wolf blew the house as flat as a pancake. They ran to the third pig's house. The Big Bad Wolf was very mad so this time he just blew as hard as he could but it wouldn't fall down. He was very, very mad so he climbed up the roof. He yelled , "I'm coming down the chimney!" The three pigs put a pot of water over the fire. The wolf jumped down the chimney. The pigs had him for supper. YUM! YUM!

Amy Robertson
Second Grade, Mrs. J. Taylor
Flat Rock Elementary



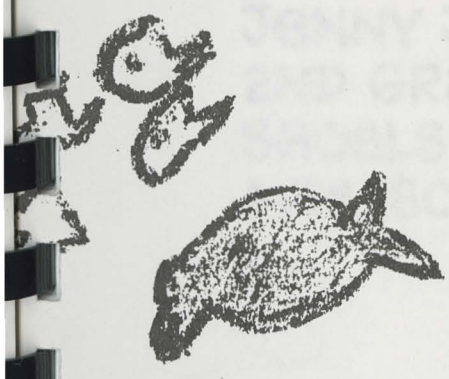


The Magic Fish

Once upon a time there lived a fish named Regina. She was a fish that was a witch! But she did not use her magic. All she ever did was imagine that stuff would really happen. And do you know what? When she had to do something very hard, she didn't even use her magic. She would try to do it, and she would just give up if she couldn't do it.

One day Regina went out on a walk. She met a jellyfish named Lue. Lue was a very nice jellyfish. He always used his manners. When he saw Regina, he said, "Good day!" Then Regina said, "Good day!" She asked him if he would like to join her on her walk. He said, "I'd be delighted." So they began their walk. While they were walking, they saw a fish named Tilly. She was very pretty and prissy. Regina and Lue asked if she would like to join them, too. She said, "Yes," and they went on.

Soon they came to a dark castle. They knocked on the door. A strange fish answered it. She asked, "Would you like to come in for some tea?" They all said, "Yes." She began to fix the tea. You see, the fish was really a mean witch named Ceena. When she fixed their tea, she put a deadly poison in it. When Regina looked at her tea, she thought something was wrong. Then she looked at Ceena and knew what had happened. Regina yelled, "Don't drink the tea!" Regina caught Ceena. For the first time ever, she used her magic. She put a magic spell on Ceena that made her nice. Then they all lived happily ever after.



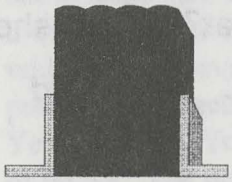
Merritt Tuttle
Mrs. May's Second Grade
Shoals Elementary





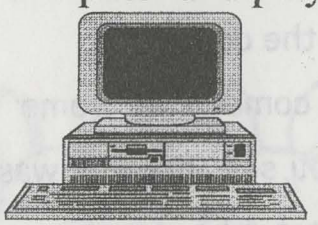
My Family

I love my family. I have a younger sister, a mom, and a dad. My mom takes us places. She cooks food. My dad plays with us and



reads to me. Sometime I read to him.

My sister and I do everything together. We have to get two of everything. My sister loves kittens. I like to type ABC's on the computer and play computer games.



I love my family.

Kristin Smith
Mrs. Wiles - K
Cedar Ridge

SCHOOL IS COOL

SHOALS IS COOL!
STAY IN SCHOOL.
YOU'LL BE SMART,
IN YOUR HEAD AND IN YOUR HEART.
YOU'LL LEARN A LOT,
SOMETHING THAT CAN'T BE BOUGHT.
ALL THE TEACHERS ARE SWEET AND NICE.
DON'T TAKE A CHANCE!
DON'T ROLL THE DICE!
SCHOOL IS COOL!
STAY IN AND YOU'LL BE COOL!

JENNY JESSUP
2ND GRADE
SHOALS ELEMENTARY
MRS. SCOTT'S CLASS

My Man

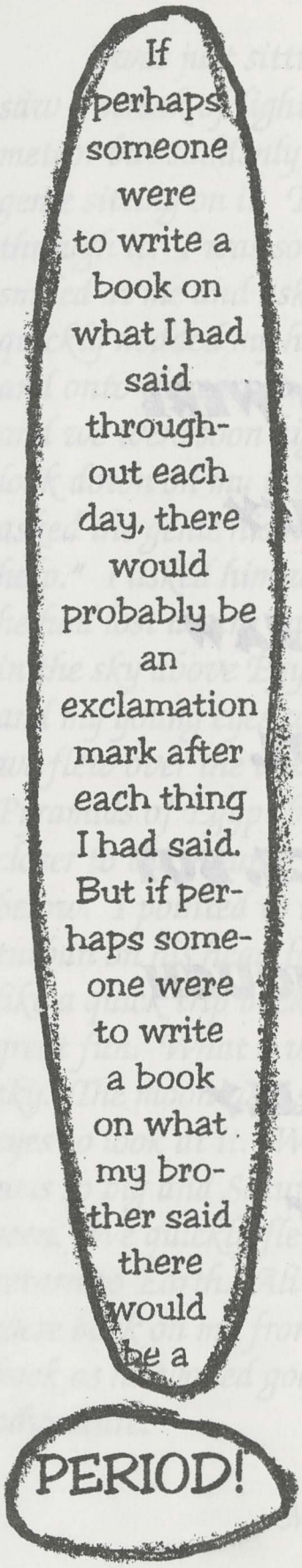
The man of my dreams
Buys me ice creams.

He is so cute
I bought him a suit,

And a ring
That goes ding, ding, ding.

He has no carriage
So he ain't got no marriage.

Christan Hayden
Third Grade
Miss Fowler's Class
Shoals Elementary School



Sharon Robertson
Mrs. Dickenson
Grade 6
Flat Rock

LOWGAP

EARLY THIS MORNING AT APPROXIMATELY 8:55, BRITTANY KING AND COTY MAYES WERE WALKING ALONG A PATH WHEN THEY SAW STRANGE FOOTPRINTS. THEY SAW WHAT THEY THOUGHT WAS BIGFOOT. KING TOOK PICTURES FOR EVIDENCE, BUT THE PICTURES WERE NOT CLEAR ENOUGH TO PROVE THAT BIGFOOT WAS REALLY THERE. THE CASE OF BIGFOOT WAS NEVER SOLVED.

ALICIA

Alicia Williams
2nd Grade - Hughes' Class
Cedar Ridge

Magic Carpet Adventure

I was just sitting on my front porch one warm summer night when I saw a streak of light fly through the sky. I thought at first it was a meteor but suddenly there on my front lawn was a magic carpet with a genie sitting on it. The carpet was red and purple with swirls of gold through it. I was so shocked I couldn't move or say anything. The genie smiled at me and asked me if I would like to take a magic carpet ride. I quickly nodded my head and somehow managed to scramble off the porch and onto the carpet. In a flash of light we were soaring above my house and we were soon high above the tree tops. It was a wonderful feeling to look down on my town and see my friends houses from high in the sky. I asked the genie his name and he replied, "My name is Ali and I need your help." I asked him what I could do to help him and he then told me that he had lost a very valuable ruby the night before while he was flying high in the sky above Egypt. He said he was getting old and loosing his sight and my young eyes would have no trouble spotting the glowing red ruby as we flew over the land. It only took a few minutes before I could see the Pyramids of Egypt below us. I couldn't see anything red so Ali sailed us closer to the ground. Suddenly I saw something red twinkling in the sand below. I pointed to it and Ali grabbed it and quickly put it under the turban on his head for safe keeping. He laughed and asked me if I would like a quick trip back home through the Milky Way. I said that would be great fun. What a view! The stars were gleaming like diamonds in the sky. The moon was so huge! It was such a golden color that it hurt my eyes to look at it. We whizzed through space past the planets. Jupiter was so big and Saturn's rings were the most beautiful things I had ever seen. We quickly flew past the other planets and soon it was time to return to Earth. Ali soared high above my town and in an instant we were back on my front lawn. I thanked Ali for the great trip and stood back as he waved good-by and sailed off through the stars on another adventure.

Sarah Jackson
Mrs. Harbour's Fourth Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School

For the Love of a Man

There was a man who saved a dog;
That's how their friendship started.
John and Buck became best friends;
They were both kind-hearted.

John would take Buck's head in his hands;
This filled Buck with joy.
When Buck saved John Thornton's life,
Their love became the real McCoy.

One day while the pair was in Dawson,
John Thornton made an impossible bet:
Buck could pull 1,000 pounds.
And all the prices were set.

Buck had pulled the sled so far;
The crowd was jumping out of their seat.
A dog had done something incredible;
It was an amazing feat.

John and Buck became best friends.
They developed a strong bond.
They did everything for one another.
Their friendship went on and on.

John and Buck traveled around;
They traveled far and wide.
When Buck was playing in the woods,
He returned to find that John had died.

Buck killed John Thornton's killer.
They never reconciled.
With no where else for him to go,
Buck joined the call of the wild.

By: Candice Chilton & Sarah Voss

The Laws

The man in the sweater
Taught Buck better,
The Law of the Club

The beating was rough
The chain was tough,
The Law of the Club

Buck was beaten the most,
Until Thornton became his host,
The Law of the Club

Curly did not revive,
But Buck did survive,
The Law of the Fang

Spitz was a pain,
This made Buck gain
The Law of the Fang

By: Lynn Rule & Jessie Harris

One of a Kind

There was a dog named Buck that had a good life;
It couldn't get any-better.
But he was stolen from his home,
And beaten by a man in a sweater.

Buck was put on a team of sled dogs like
He was tamed and even a bit weak,
But he wanted the leader's position,
So he refused to become meek.

He was sold to a man in Dawson
And was driven down the trail without rest
Until a kind soul saved his life.
Yes, this dog was truly blessed.

The two were bonded by love
Until by Indians one day John was killed.
Buck's ideal master was gone;
This dog could never be healed.

Buck met a wolf with whom he did make well
And chased it out into the fog.
He was no longer tame, or would follow his name:
He was now known as "Ghost Dog".

by: Seth Dearmin and
Nathan Reddick

Poems based on The Call of the Wild by: Jack London
Submitted by: Mrs. Downs @ Pilot Mountain Middle School

A New Home

Alicia Wallace
Mrs. Brintle's class - 2nd

Once upon a time there was an old, old cottage. It was 100 years old. A little girl and her mother and father lived there. Before they lived there a witch lived there. She was very mean! She left some of her poisons in the house. One day the little girl found a jar. It had something in it and she thought it was kool-aid. She drank it. The next day the girl was very sick. Her parents took her to the doctor and he gave her some medicine. She did what the doctor told her and she got better. In five weeks she was as good as new. Now she knows not to drink anything if she doesn't know what is.

Interview With A Dinosaur
An orginal story by Mason Midkiff
8 years old Second Grade Mrs. C. Hull
Flat Rock Elementary School

Hello boys and girls. I'm Mason Midkiff. I'm looking for a dinosaur to do an interview with.
Here comes one now. "Mr. Dinosaur?" "Yes." "Hi, I'm Mason Midkiff, I would like to intervieew you." "O.k."
" Mr. Dinosaur, what kind of dinosaur are you?" " I'm a Tricertops."
' What do you eat?" " I eat grass and flowers."
"Does Tyrannasaurus try to eat you?" " Yes , but I fight back with my horns!"
"Cool!" Doyou have sharp teeth?" " No, I have flat teeth for eating plants."
'Cool!" Do you have any friends?" " Yes , I have lots of friends."
'I'm sorry Mason I have to go home." " O.k good-bye Mr. Dinosaur.

My Horse

I have a horse. His name is Dave and he is 3 years old. I have two brothers. All three of us have horses. My horse is black and has some brown on his tail and head.

One day we were running and the horse wasn't looking and he hit a fence. It hurt his leg and threw me off.

My horse, Dave, waits for me at the fence when I come home from school. We ride to Papa's about three times a week. I miss it when I don't get to ride him.

I am so glad I have a horse. He means a lot to me.

Jarod Wilson
Mrs. Wiles - K
Cedar Ridge

My Christmas Surprise

It was Christmas Eve and I was all snuggled up in my cozy bed. I kept looking out the window to see if I could see Santa's Sleigh.

All of a sudden I could here a ho-ho-ho downstairs. I sneaked out of my room trying not to make the door squeak to see if it was Santa. I tip-toed down stairs and peeked around the wall. It was really him! I was so excited I almost squealed with joy. But I didn't because I Knew Santa would hear me and go back up the chimney. I could see him lay out everything I had asked for. Oh no! He saw me. I quickly ran back up stairs and jumped in to bed. I was afraid he wouldn't come back next year. I looked out my window when I got in bed and heard Santa shout Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night. That morning I hopped down the stairs joyfully knowing that Santa had come. When I got downstairs my sister was opening her packages. I had a big grin on my face when I saw the note he left for me. The letter said:

Dear Sally,

I saw you last night but do not worry I will still come to visit every year. You have always been good and I should not punish you for seeing me.

Love,
Santa

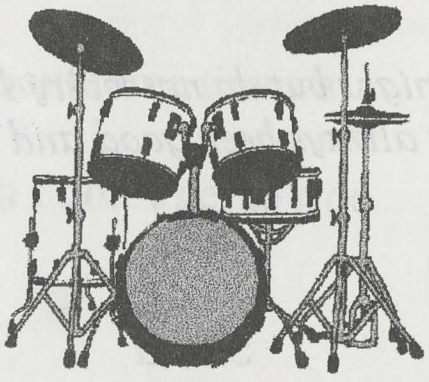
I felt so good knowing that he was still coming to visit.
I will always have a secret that know one else will know, I will keep it in my heart and will always believe in Santa Clause.

Cathy Anderson
5th Grade / Mrs. Howard's Class
Shoals Elementary School

The rulers of Lalapalooza '96
Heart-stopping jams,
Ripping other rockers to shreds
Exciting personalities
Everywhere they appear

Everywhere known for "Down" and "Beautiful Disaster."
Let's not forget "Transistor" and "Jack O' Lantern's Weather."
Eleven was believed to mean wrong, but doesn't.
Very impressive,
Even to elders.
N Hexum is the band's greatest.

Jon Pell
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson



The Fishing Trip That Almost Cost Me My Life

Most people fish off the dock or in a large to medium sized boat on the Intracoastal Water way. We stay around the Bogue Inlet Sound and the White Oak River to fish. My Dad and I take an extra small wooden boat made by my Grandfather before he got rheumatoid arthritis. Our boat could almost be considered a jetskii with an outboard motor. The motor is so old that it's model replica is in the Beaufort Maritime Museum.

It was in the middle of July on the White Oak River when my Dad was cranking the engine. We waited five minutes before he got the engine running, and I jumped into the boat. My Dad said, "All right David, untie the rope." I then untied us from the dock and we started off. We rode around until we found the best fishing hole we had seen in years. I pulled out my Sabre pocket knife and started cutting bait. As soon as we anchored, the lines dropped. Two minutes later we found out that the waters were teaming with Spots. In one hour we had eighty spots in the cooler.

While reeling in a spot I began to hear the faint sound of an engine. I thought nothing of the noise at first, but soon the noise came closer and convinced me to look over my shoulder to see a large Coast Guard Cutter roaring at high speeds right at us. I shouted, " Daddy, A boat is coming right at us!" My Dad saw this and reeled in his line. He told me to pull up the anchor immediately. My Dad started cranking the engine but the engine hissed and wouldn't start. The boat came closer and closer and my Dad and I knew that time was running out. My Dad kept pulling the starter rope while giving the engine all the gas possible when the engine finally started. My Dad shifted the engine into drive and the high pitched sound of our Johnson out board cut the air as the boat sped out of the way.

Later that week after we had caught seventeen flounder in the

nets, we took up the nets and began the return trip to the dock. We were in eyesight of the dock when a large cruise-type boat came towards us from around the bend on the Intracoastal Waterway between Emerald Isle and Swansboro. We couldn't shift the boat into high gear or the boat would become very unstable because of the weight of the nets. My Dad put the motor into neutral and waited for the waves. We watched as the other boats made the treacherous decision to jump the waves and almost flip their boats.

The first wave hit the bow of our boat and thrusted us up into the air just to slam us into the second wave putting two feet of water in the bottom of the boat and soaking me and my Dad. The water was calm and slightly oily after the second wave passed and we headed back to the dock to leave the coast and begin anticipation for another year.

By: David Brown
Mrs. N. Downs
Pilot Mtn. Middle

"Jordan's Special Gift"

One hot summer day two young girls took a walk down their city's main street together. The year was 1840 and practically every family from miles around lived in poverty. Every girl was expected to wear long dresses year round, so of course, the two girls were extremely hot. Finally, they reached the end of the street where the local drug store was located. The oldest girl, Julie, had the brilliant idea of stopping for a few minutes in the drug store so that they could cool off. As Julie held the door open for the younger girl, she noticed a strange look on Laura's face. One day Julie would understand this look, but for now the story will be told as Laura remembers it.

As soon as Laura had one foot inside the door her heart stopped for a moment, there right in the store window was the most beautiful thing that she had ever seen. Standing there all alone was the best gift Laura could possibly imagine. Suddenly Laura's old, hopeful, and sad memories returned to her.....' It had been two summer's earlier when her brother, Jordan, was only seven. Laura had been outside picking blueberries all morning and when she returned her family was frantic. Jordan was lying in bed very sick and unable to move. Laura's parents and sister had done everything that they could for Jordan, but he was not getting any better. Finally, Laura's mother told her to run to town to get the doctor. The doctor had given Jordan some kind of medicine for his fever, but he told the family that Jordan had a rare disease and would only live for a few more years. Everyone was shocked and miserable, everyone except Jordan. Jordan had never complained or spoken a rude word to anyone. The family did start to notice, however, that Jordan kept a daily journal and wrote in it constantly. One night while Laura was cleaning she found Jordan's journal under the bed. As she picked it up the journal fell open to the third or fourth page. Laura started reading and couldn't stop. All that Jordan wrote about was how much he had always wanted a bicycle, but that he could never tell anyone because his family didn't have enough money to spend on something as silly as bike. That very moment after reading in his journal Laura knew what she would have to do.....'
All of a sudden, Julie's hand flashed in front of Laura and awoke Laura from her memories. As Julie scurried Laura outside again, Laura knew that someday Jordan would own that red bicycle -the perfect gift- that was in the store window.

That night while Laura was pretending to sleep she thought of every possible way she could raise money for her brother's special gift. She eventually drifted off dreaming about how surprised and joyful her brother would be when he got to ride his bike for the first time.

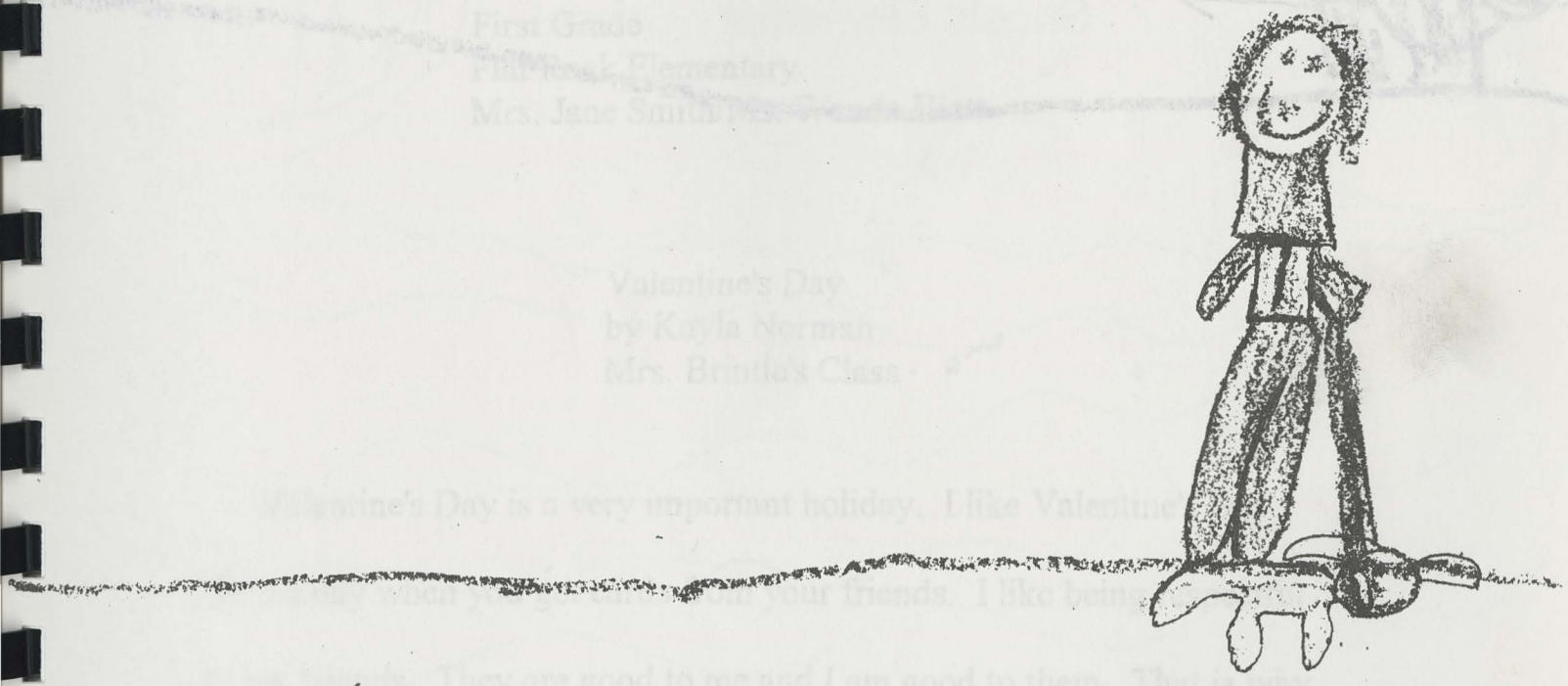
Early the next day Laura awoke and began the first step in her money making plan. Immediately she gathered all of the eggs she could carry. She carefully took them to the small country store where each egg was worth a penny. Then she visited every house between the town and her tiny cabin and asked for daily chores. For the next six months Laura hardly ever stopped working. She sold and gathered eggs, cleaned homes, raked leaves, swept porches, milked cows, and everything else a young girl could do at that time. Laura spent every waking hour working until one day she finally had enough money for the bicycle. She ran as fast as she could to the little drug store and bought the bike. Laura had the exact amount that it cost---$17.90. As Laura pushed the shiny new bicycle back to her home she admired how the sun made the fresh red paint shine like a new penny. She knew that all Jordan had ever wanted was a bike, and she hoped that this new bike would be his lifeboat. Towards the last few miles to her house Laura started speeding up her pace, all she could think about was how happy she'd make her little dying brother. The wheels "swished," and "whizzed" across the old roads making a small path in the dirt as Laura sped to her home. In what seemed like an eternity Laura finally reached home. She carefully set up the bike and rushed in her front door. She saw her entire family gathered around Jordan's bed with their backs turned, but she hurried in and started yelling for Jordan to come outside because she had a surprise for him. Laura's mother turned and started bawling uncontrollably, her father tried to comfort her mother, but then he just took Laura and hugged her for a very long time.

Two days later the family buried Jordan, age nine, at the church cemetery. The beautiful bike was carried away somewhere never to be seen again, but Laura would always remember the shiny red bike and the cheerful young boy. And every time that she saw a bicycle her memories returned of her little brother and his wish of owning a bicycle---the wish that he never saw come true.

Kristen Lankford
Mrs. N. Downs
Pilot Mtn. Middle

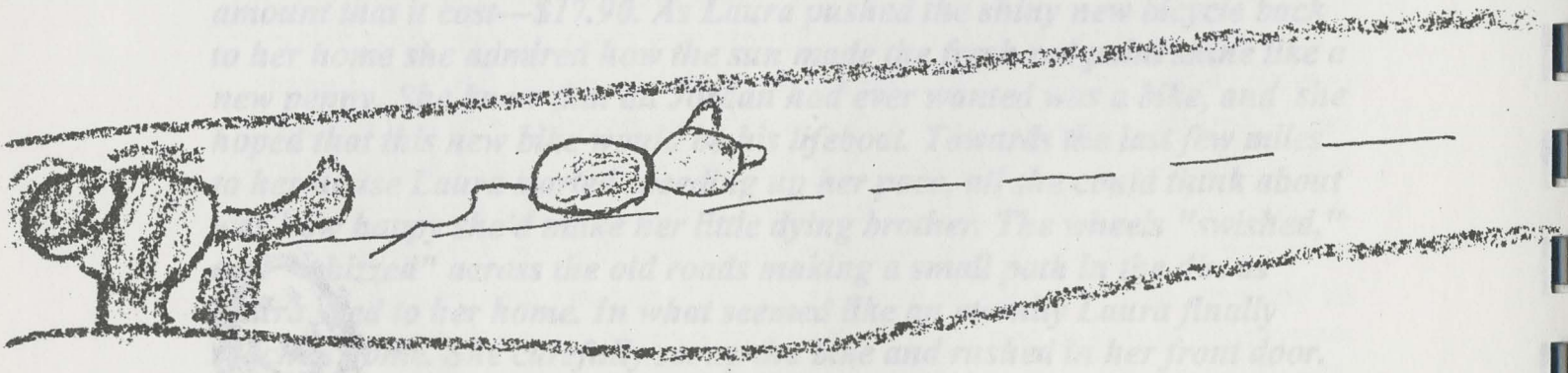
The happy puppy is having a race. The race is in Charlotte. The race track is big with black and yellow lines. Mice come to watch the race. The mice want the puppy to win.

Courtney Campbell
Mrs. Mears Kindergarten
Cedar Ridge



The dog is walking to his house. The house is gray with big windows. The black dog will go to sleep and dream about going walking. The black dog likes to go walking.

Tiffany Casstevens
Mrs. Mears Kindergarten
Cedar Ridge



The Apple Pie

Once upon a time, there were three friends, a Little Red Hen, an anaconda and a dog. One afternoon, the anaconda invited the dog and the Little Red Hen to his hole to make an apple pie. The anaconda got a bowl and put in a rat. The dog put a bone in and the Little Red Hen put a bug in. Then they put apples in. They poured the ingredients in a pie pan and baked it. The Little Red Hen tasted the pie and said, "Yuk!", This pie has bones in it!" She spit it out. The dog tasted it. He said, "Yuk, it's got bugs in it!" The anaconda tasted it and he said, "Yuk, it has dog bones and bugs in it!"

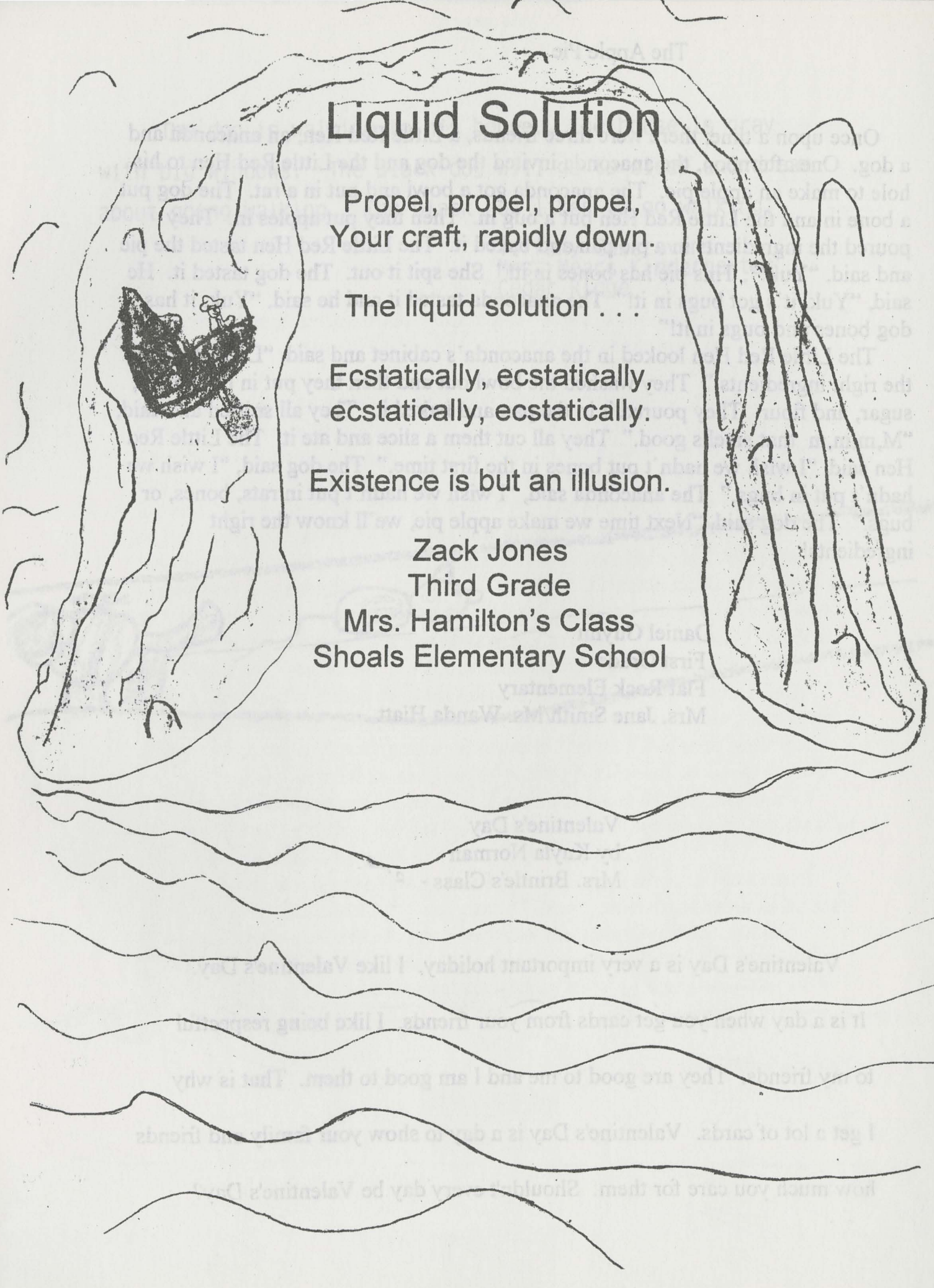
The Little Red Hen looked in the anaconda's cabinet and said, "Look, here's the right ingredients." They washed the bowl out and then they put in the apples, sugar, and flour. They poured it in the pan and baked it. They all sniffed and said, "M,m,m,m that smells good." They all cut them a slice and ate it. The Little Red Hen said, "I wish we hadn't put bones in the first time." The dog said, "I wish we hadn't put in bugs." The anaconda said, "I wish we hadn't put in rats, bones, or bugs." The dog said, "Next time we make apple pie, we'll know the right ingredients!

Daniel Guynn
First Grade
Flat Rock Elementary
Mrs. Jane Smith/Ms. Wanda Hiatt

Valentine's Day

by Kayla Norman
Mrs. Brintle's Class - 2nd

Valentine's Day is a very important holiday. I like Valentine's Day. It is a day when you get cards from your friends. I like being respectful to my friends. They are good to me and I am good to them. That is why I get a lot of cards. Valentine's Day is a day to show your family and friends how much you care for them. Shouldn't every day be Valentine's Day?



Liquid Solution

Propel, propel, propel,
Your craft, rapidly down.

The liquid solution . . .

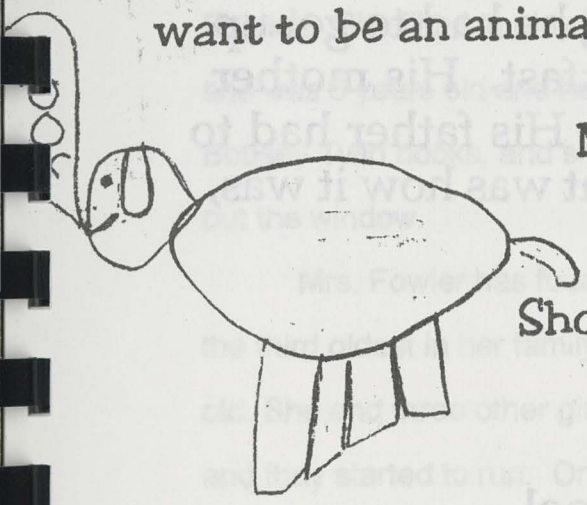
Ecstatically, ecstatically,
ecstatically, ecstatically.

Existence is but an illusion.

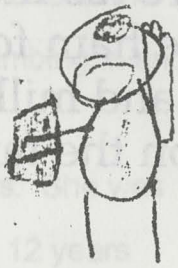
Zack Jones
Third Grade
Mrs. Hamilton's Class
Shoals Elementary School

When I Grow Up

When I grow up I want to be a Missionary and an Animal Doctor. A missionary tells people about Jesus and reads the Bible to them. I want to be a Missionary because I want to tell people about Jesus. If they don't know about Jesus, if they do bad things they might go to the bad place. I'm going to help the animals even if they are mean. I want to be an animal doctor because I love animals.



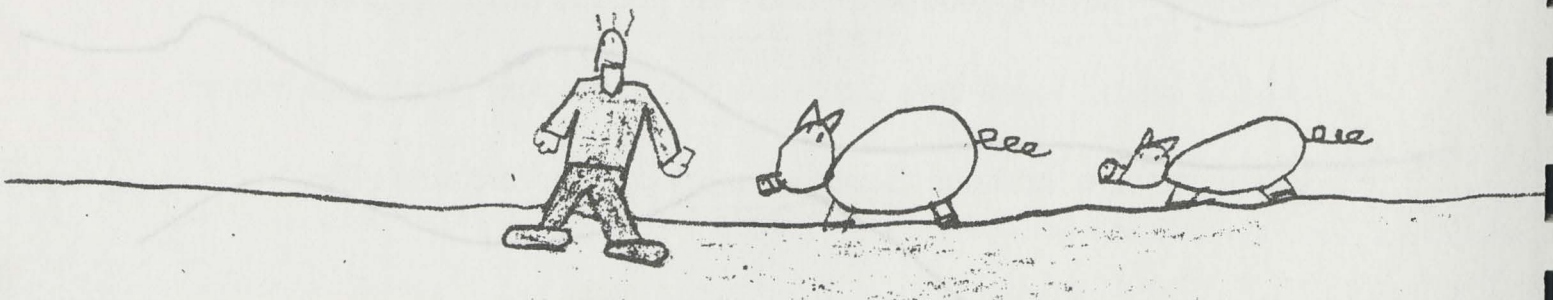
Mary Grace Bigelow
First Grade
Mrs. Poole's Class
Shoals Elementary School



Jack and the Pigs

Once there was a bunch of pigs and the owner of them was Jack. When the pigs got too old his mother made him kill them and sell their meat. His father had cows to get their milk and sell it. His mother had to do all the work in the house. Every day he had to help his father milk the cows. They all had a bunch of work to do. He had to get up very early to help his father milk the cows and feed the pigs. Every morning he had to get up before his mother to kill a pig for breakfast. His mother made ham for breakfast from the pigs. His father had to feed and milk the cows twice a day. That was how it was, life on the farm!

Bryan Shaw
Mrs. Smith's Class
First Grade
Shoals Elementary School



My Interview

The senior citizen that I did my interview with was Mrs. Fannie Fowler. She was born in 1901 in Ararat, North Carolina. The town of Ararat was flourishing with two tobacco warehouses and the railroad came through there, which made it a much more prosperous area compared to Pilot Mtn. at that time. Mrs. Fowler has lived in Ararat, Greensboro and Pilot Mtn.. She moved to Pilot Mtn. when she was 6 months old.

When Mrs. Fowler went to school, her favorite subjects were History and English. She liked to play jackrocks and games. Her earliest memory is when she was 6 years old and her mother was in a sanitorium. She liked to read the Bobsey Twin books, and she liked to play a game which involved climbing in and out the window.

Mrs. Fowler has four children, three brothers and three sisters. She was the third oldest in her family. Her scariest memory is when she was 12 years old. She and three other girls were playing on the train tracks and a train came and they started to run. One girl got her shoe stuck in a railroad trestle and they were almost hit by the train. She also vividly remembers WW I which was a very scary time when the United States went to war. Mrs. Fowler remembers the first movie that was shown around this area. There was no sound in it but someone played the piano during the movie. In those days, not many people had electricity but you could pay this man at a mill to run a wire out to your house so you could have electricity. He would sound a bell at 5 AM which meant that he had turned on the power and then he would sound the bell again at 10 PM to say that he was shutting off the power. She was 14 years old when this happened.

Fannie Fowler's best birthday ever was her 16th. Her favorite thing to do in the summer was to catch the train to her grandmother's house. From Pilot

Mtn. to Ararat it cost 5 cents and it was called the Shoefly Special. Her favorite thing to eat as a child was cheese crackers and peanuts.

Mrs. Fowler remembers all the presidents from Woodrow Wilson and up. Wilson also happened to be her favorite president also. She voted in every election after women's rights to vote was legalized. Her parents were very strong republicans and her husband was a very strong democrat so she always had a tough decision when it came to voting. Mrs. Fowler has met President Nixon, Lawrence Welk, and Ava Gardner.

Fannie Fowler was a school teacher all her life and she helped out in the great flu epidemic in 1919. She had to help nurse her grandmother back to health after she got the flu. She does remember the Great Depression. Her family lost almost all their money but they didn't lose their house. They spent all their savings, also.

A few fun facts about Mrs. Fowler are that she was the first woman in Pilot Mtn. to drive a car at the age of 15. She remembers that she almost ran over a little black woman that was crossing the street. Her father owned the first 7 passenger Buick in the town so she could take 6 friends along with her on rides. Her son got pneumonia and he almost died. She stayed at Baptist hospital with him for four straight months. Her daughter got polio and almost died also. Her mom died when she was 78. She was very smart and she tutored the children around town. Her father died when he was 92 of pneumonia. Mrs. Fowler never finished college because she met Charlie Fowler and fell in love.

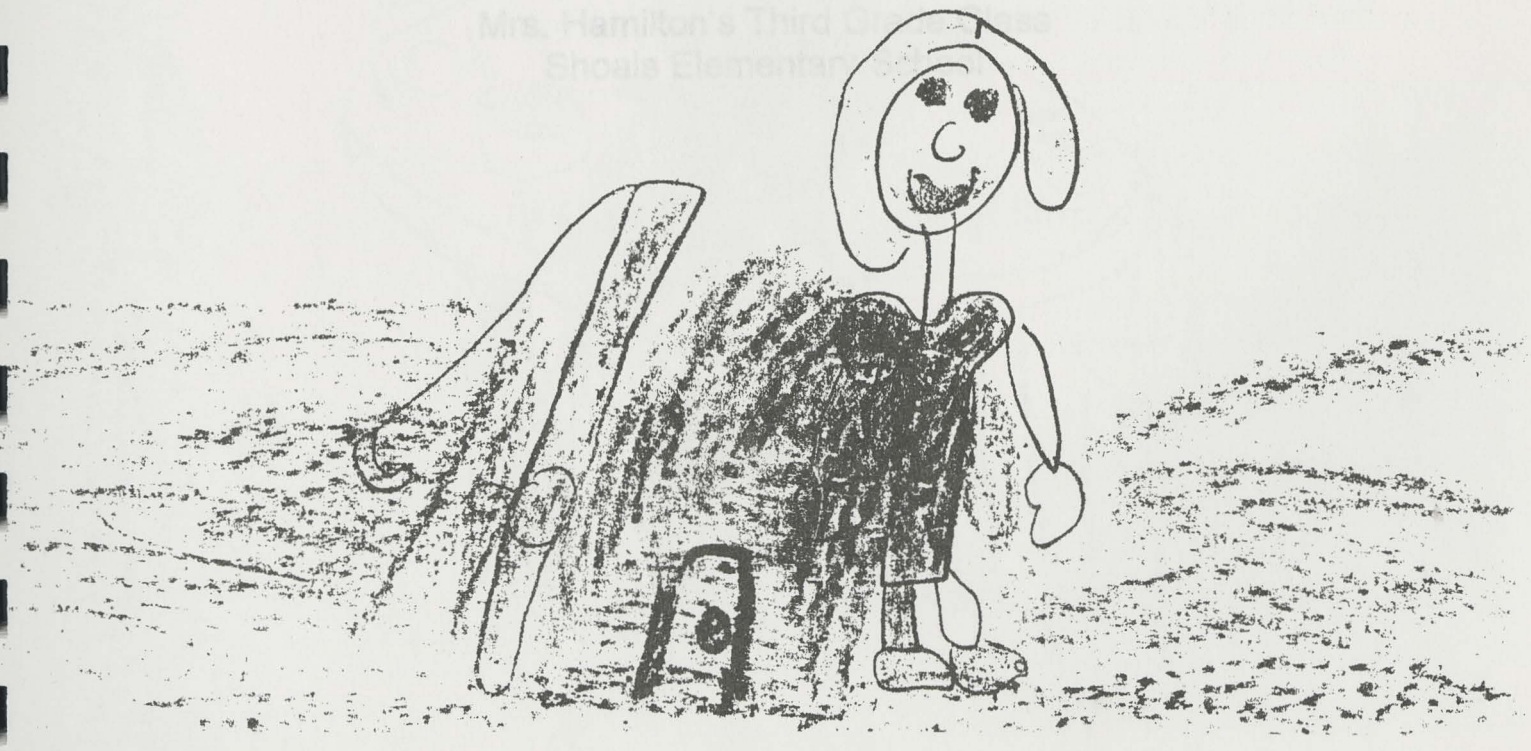
I really enjoyed talking to Mrs. Fowler. She is very smart and she has seen so many things in her life time. I really admire her. She is a very kind and sweet lady which made it much more fun to talk to her.

David Keith
Westfield Elementary
5th Grade

A Leprechaun

Once upon a time there was a leprechaun. He lived at the river because he liked it. A little girl went to the river with her fishing rod. She sat on a log. The leprechaun was quiet for a moment and then he said, "It is a girl. I hope she leaves and I hope she does it and does it now! I don't want her to find me in this log because then she will ask me to tell her where the gold is." The little girl saw the door in the log and started to knock, knock. The leprechaun opened the door. The little girl said, "If you show me where the gold is, I will not tell anybody and not take it." "OK," said the leprechaun. "It's behind the waterfall."

Emily Millsaps
Mrs. Venable's First Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School

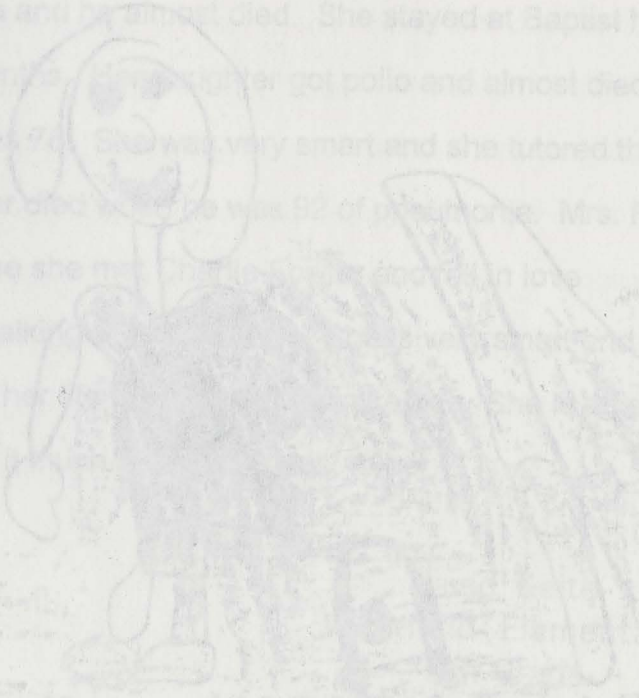


The Magic Red Balloon

If I had a magic balloon this is what I wish would happen. I would want to be a teacher. I would teach second grade. I would teach at Cedar Ridge School. I would teach about animals and oceans. I could teach about anything, even apples. I would teach them about time too.

If I was a teacher I would want to be a really good teacher. I could be a magical teacher. A magical poof would turn everything into sparkles and the room would turn into a castle.

Lynnette Sizemore
2nd grade
Cedar Ridge Elementary
mrs. Collins



My Snowy Day

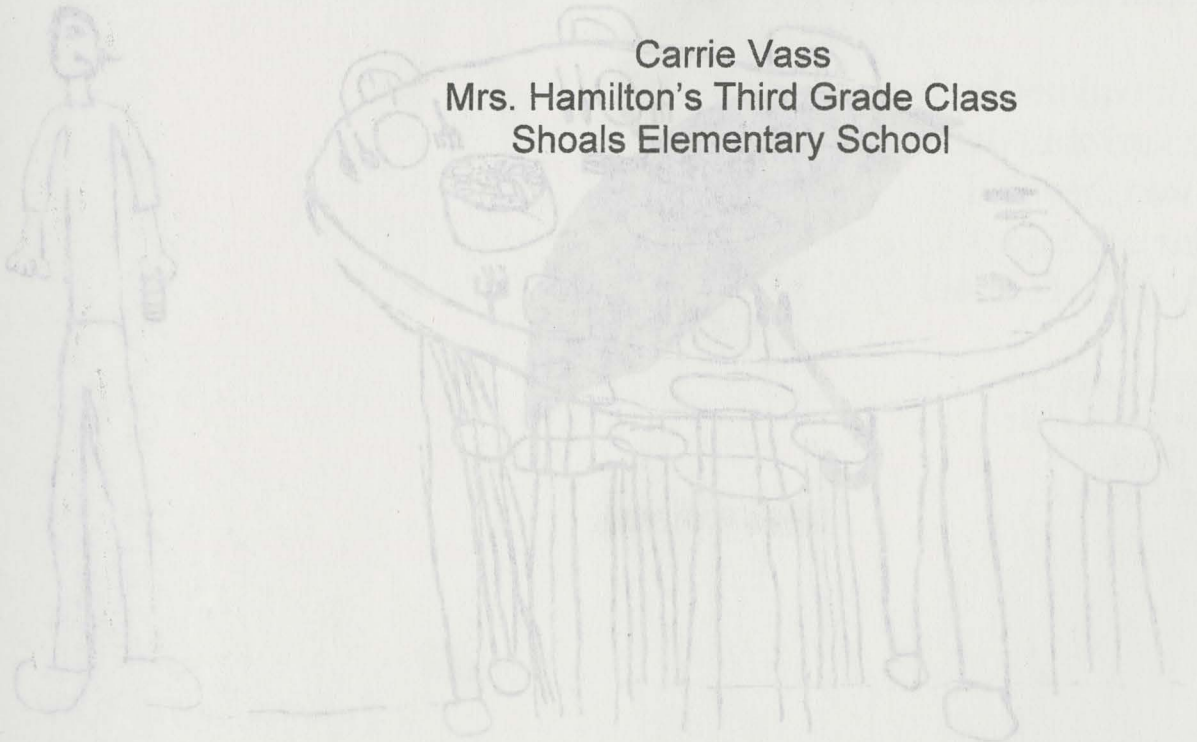
On December 29, 1997, I awoke and looked out my window. Snow had covered my yard. I ran downstairs and quickly got my snow suit on. I was so excited I didn't even take time for breakfast. I saw my sister building a snowman. "Can I help?" "Sure," she replied. As we were getting started my best friend Jamie came and began helping us build the snowman.

The three of us finished the snowman and decided to jump on our snow-covered trampoline. When we jumped on it, snow splattered us from head to toe. My sister laughed at my speckled outfit, but I didn't mind.

After wearing ourselves out on the trampoline, we built a snow igloo. Inside we built a sink, a table and a commode. The table was hard to do but we loved building our warm igloo.

"Hey, who want's to sleigh?" I cried. In a flash we were zooming down the hill. My sleigh went so fast I was scared to open my eyes. At the bottom of the hill I opened my eyes wide! I felt dizzy! As I lay there I looked up at the white fluffy clouds. They were like castles in the sky. "Come on in," Jamie's mom yelled. Her mother had made hot chocolate for all of us. My toes were frozen solid, but the hot chocolate warmed them! After our hot chocolate we thanked Jamie's mom and headed toward home, completely exhausted. I lay down all warm. I've never had such a wonderful snow day. As I drifted off to sleep the memories of my snow day faded into dreams of Spring breezes and dandelions.

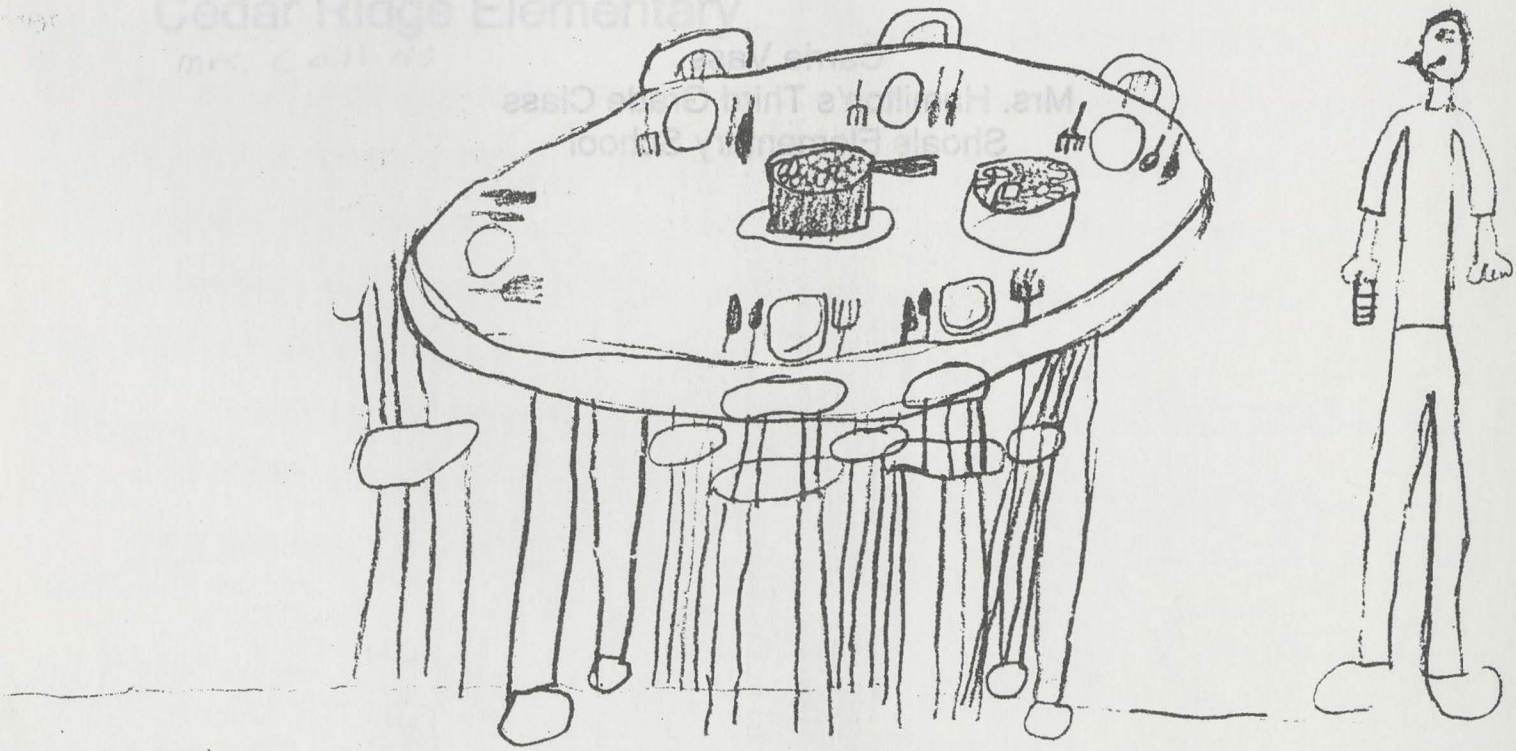
Carrie Vass
Mrs. Hamilton's Third Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School



Mama

You take care of me,
You kill the bugs.
You set the table,
You give me hugs.
You wash the dishes,
You sometimes scream.
But you are a very good mama to me!!!

DAVID RISKA
SECOND GRADE
FLAT ROCK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
MRS. IROLER AND MRS. THOMAS



Again and again you hear the drip-drop, pitter-patter of the rain falling to Earth.

Roses and other flowers reach out to the rain and drink every last drop to fulfill their blooms.

As the rain comes down harder and harder animals scurry in fury to find a dry shelter for awhile.

Inside children sit at the window watching and waiting for the rain to go away.

Nothing can stop the rain from ruining this gloomy day.

You sit inside playing games wishing to go outside and hoping the rain will stop.

Don't go outside," Mom says, "or you'll catch your death of cold!"

Again you hear the soft rhythmic beating upon the roof, drip-drop, pitter-patter.

You all the sudden hear nothing. Silence, yes, the rain has finally stopped and out go all the children!

Lindsay Marion
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson



SWEATER

A bright green sweater hanging in my closet,
It looks stunning with my silver locket.
Just hanging lifelessly there,
When should I wear it and where?
I never wear that sweater at all,
I guess I shouldn't have gotten it from the mall.

Claire Wilkerson
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson

Long gone is my jacket.
On my body it is not.
So long to my sweater,
To never be heard of again.

Always forgetting,
No recall,
Do not, until it's too late.

Forever, it will not be there.
Over the horizon I dumbly trot.
Unwise was the mind
Not in fair condition-
Darn! My jacket's gone!

Chilton Sheppard
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson

Waving is the crowd, for the team they root for may lose.
Indifferent are some coaches because their team did well in practice,
Noticing players other than their own.

Instantly the basketball is set in motion.
Now arched, ready to go through the net.

The crowd roars for the team as the basket is counted.
Huddling are the opponents, planning their next move.
Everyone is silent, for a foul has been called.

Ending with both shots being made.
No time left to score another point,
Defeat for the losing team.

Vanessa Gammons
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson



Crucible

There be no glory in the hanging of innocents
As the news of those I loved broke
And hung limply
I curse the devious souls behind the plan.
Satan annointed yonder girls as his lovers
Hanged be the good people,
As the damned conquer Salem's land
God be nowhere in this land, methinks.
As the sinful roam in the robes of holiness
Much lacking in moral fiber be the ones who lead
As the innocent dangle upon the scaffold
like butcher's meat.
Birds of prey descend upon thine righteous town
In the form of idle children.
But while the innocents hang on earth,
Be still, my child,
For the damned shall hang in hell.

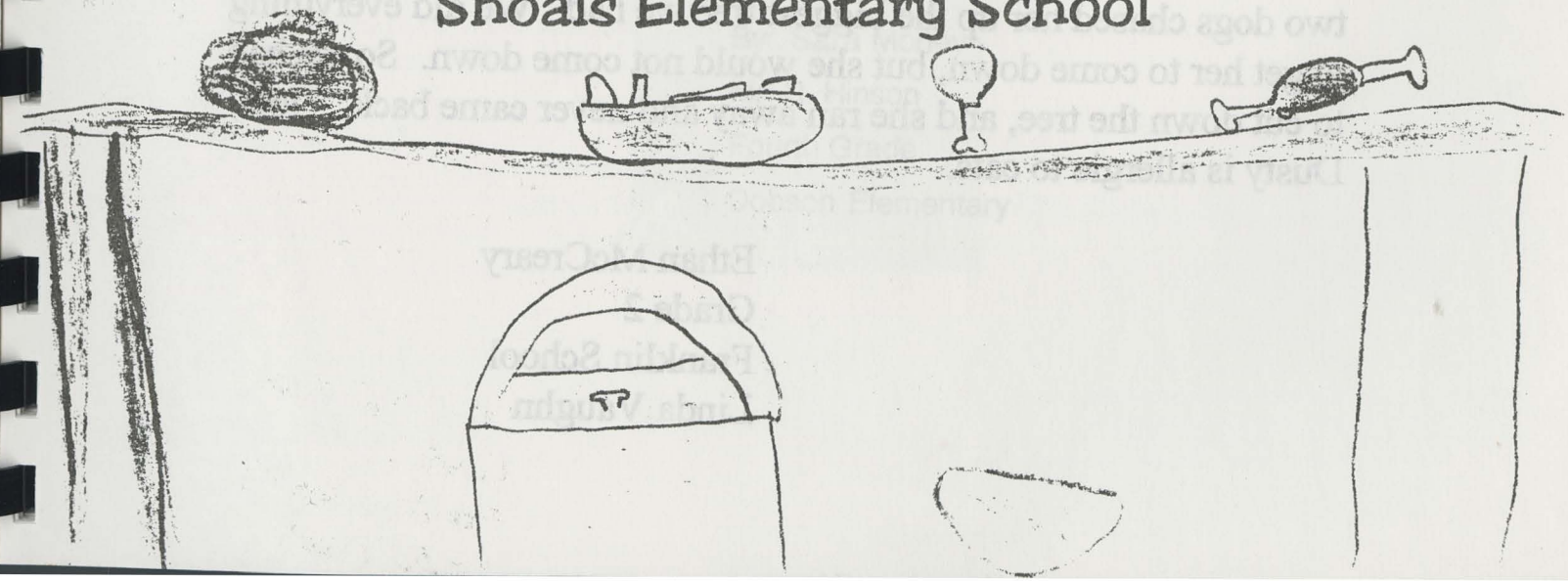
(Inspired by Arthur Miller's The Crucible)

Jenni Bartels
Junior
North Surry
Mrs. Lowanda Badgett

The Birthday Party

My Grandpa had a birthday. He turned 71. My Uncle had one too. He turned 71 also because they are twins. They had their birthday at church. All my cousins came. We ate lunch there. We had lots of yummy food. We played games. The games were Twister and Candy Land. Beth won the Twister game and I won Candy Land. It was fun!

Maggie Davis
First Grade
Mrs. Arington's Class
Shoals Elementary School



Today I found a ladybug. It was a red with black spots. It was very small. He liked to crawl on my hand. It played with my cat. I made a box bed for him. My cat carries him on her nose. Everywhere I went I would take my ladybug until he got lost. I could not find it. I was very sad. I did not know what to do so I went to bed. The next morning I looked in the box that I made for him and guess what I saw? My ladybug! I was so happy. The next morning he had babies. It was not a boy. It was a girl.



Seth Thomas
First Grade
Dobson Elementary
Melanie Hudspeth

The Kitten Who Liked to Run Away

I used to have a kitten. I liked her. I forgot her name. She was brown. She loved me. She lived with me. She ran away because two dogs chased her up the biggest tree we had. We did everything to get her to come down, but she would not come down. So we had to cut down the tree, and she ran away and never came back. Now, Dusty is allergic to cats.

Ethan McCreary
Grade 2
Franklin School
Linda Vaughn

THE CREATURE IN MY BASEMENT

One crisp December morning in 1987, my mom, dad, brothers and I were sitting in the living room. My mom said, "I am going down to the basement to get a frozen pie. Anyone want to come?" No one answered. I was getting a little uneasy when mom didn't come up. I flung off the couch and yelled down the basement steps for my mom. Not a soul replied. I asked dad to go downstairs and get her. But he was too into his book that he paid no attention to me at all. My last chance was to ask my brothers. They were all playing Nintendo and told me to be quiet. I grabbed an old gray umbrella and I slowly walked to the steps to the downstairs and down I went. I saw a shadow running! I trudged to the last step and said in a fierce voice, "Where is my mother you thing?" I said it once more, "Where is my mother?" "Your Mother?" the thing said. "The last I saw your mother she was at the freezer." I said, "Come into the light!" Slowly the thing emerged from behind the furnace. The thing was a goblin! It had two heads with three eyes a piece and one arm on each side. He was green at the top and black at the bottom. I zapped him with the umbrella as he came near me. "Back off!", I demanded. He backed away. "Where is my mom?" I heaved the umbrella towards him. "Tell me, where is my mother?" "Or else!" I picked up an old bat and threw it at him. The goblin started to disappear. I figured it out. The more things that I threw at the goblin the more he disappeared. Finally, after terrorizing the whole basement, the goblin vanished. Forever I hoped. I looked around and I didn't see my mom anywhere. I looked to my right and...there she was just as good as new. She had been standing there the whole time while I panicked looking for her. I'll never forget that creature in my basement and how scared I was.

By: Sara Money
Mr. R. Hinson
Fourth Grade
Dobson Elementary

Fighting for the M.V.P.
Or just trying to their best ability.
Out-scoring every dominant athlete
Trying with all their desire to
Break breath-taking tackles.
Ability of spinning by defensive linemen,
Lunge your body to crush the opponent.
Land in the homeland, the endzone.

Show the ability and
Talent to demolish defenders
Astonish the fans.
Run with the passion that
Shows you are a "Football Star!"

T.J. Beroth
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson



The Kangaroo Egg

Swish, swish went the sound of my rake as I was raking the leaves in my backyard. All of a sudden my rake hit something hard. There it was, in plain view, a giant egg lying on the ground. I laid the rake to the side and I crept up slowly to where it laid on the ground. I picked it up and carried it inside the barn and laid it down in the hay. I covered it up with the hay so it would stay warm and hatch.

When I finished raking the backyard and I went to check on the egg. I went in and there were pieces of the egg all over the hay. Right then something caught the corner of my eye. There it was, a Kangaroo hopping across the yard. My mouth fell to the ground in amazement. I took off after him as fast a bullet. When I caught up with him, he looked at me, stopped and said, "Are you my Mother?" I was shocked that he asked me that and I said, "No!" He started running again. I took off running after him once more. This time he wouldn't stop running. I caught up with him again, I gabbed his hand trying to stop him when he swooped me up and crammed me in his pouch. I knew that he was running through the leaves that I had raked up because I could hear the leaves crunching. I was mad because I would have to rake the leaves up again! He reached down in his pouch and jerked me out! Then he stopped running and turned to me and said, "Are you my Mother." I said, "No, but I will help you find her."

I decided to take him to the zoo and let them tend to this kangaroo that asked people, "Are you my Mother?" So I threw him into a wagon and said, "Stay in here until we find your mother." We were off, down the road, heading straight for the zoo. After walking and pulling the kangaroo we were finally at the zoo. I yelled to the zoo keeper, "Where does this kangaroo belong?" He told me to follow him and he would show me. We started down the path where the kangaroos stay. I looked ahead and there was the biggest herd of kangaroos I had ever seen. I told him to get out of the wagon now. He scrambled out. I took him by the hand and told him that, "One of these Kangaroos has to be your mother." He started looking at all of the Kangaroos trying to find his mother. He said, "I see her over in the corner crying." He hopped over where the kangaroo was and said, "Are you my Mother?"

She grabbed him up and squeezed him as tight as she could. She said, "Where have you been? I've been looking everywhere for you. "This kid found me and brought me back home." His mother said, "You're my hero!" She came over, grabbed me up and squeezed me as hard as she could.

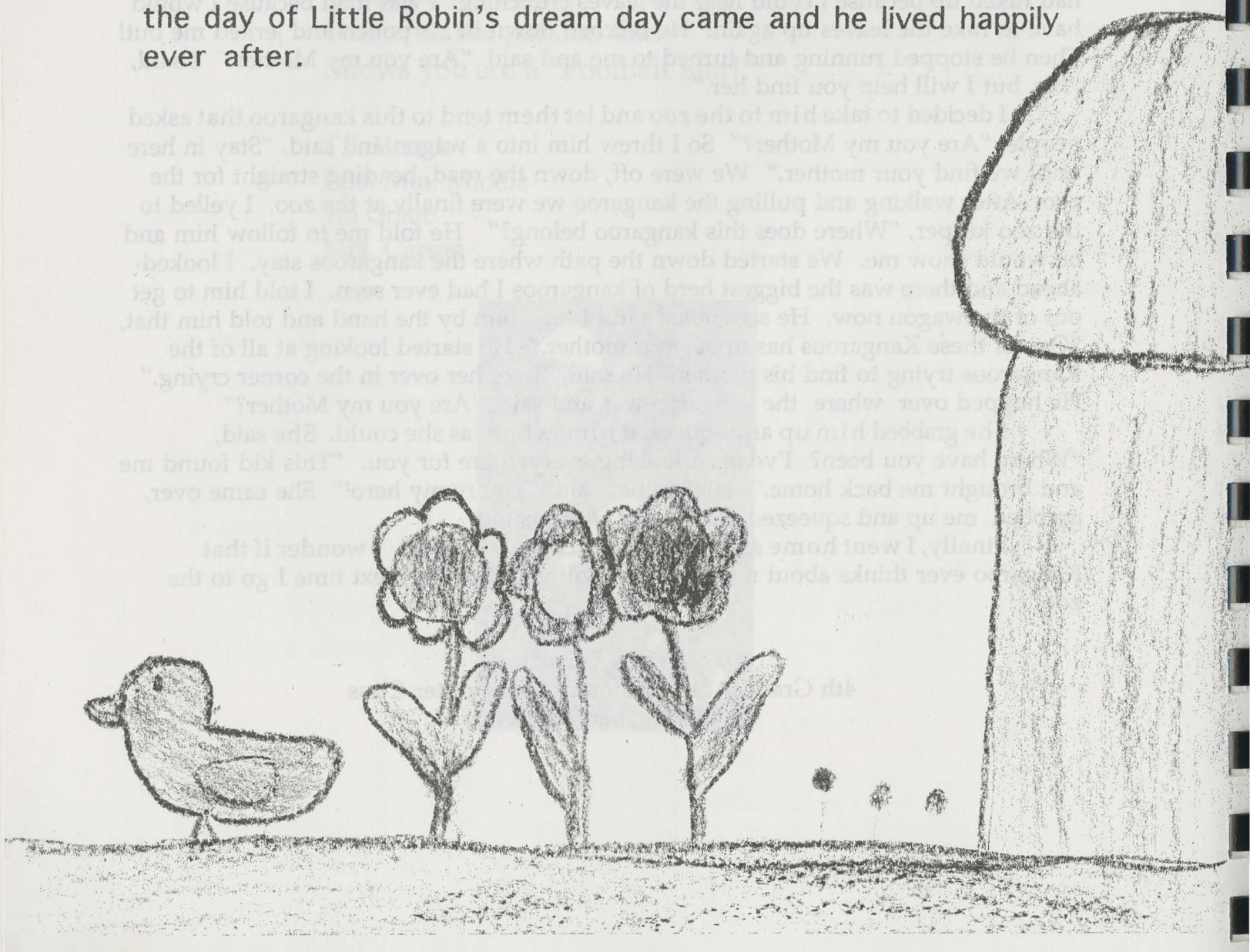
Finally, I went home and raked the backyard up again. I wonder if that Kangaroo ever thinks about me. I think I will visit him the next time I go to the zoo.

Travis O'Neal
4th Grade / Mrs. Simmons's Computer Class
Shoals Elementary School

Alicia Vipperman
Mrs. Diamont's Second Grade
Westfield Elementary

Little Robin's First Spring

Little Robin was so excited. "It's almost spring!" he said. "Oh, I'm so excited. I can hardly wait. It will be so pretty," he thought. "I wish it was spring all the time, he said. I'm going to the store to buy ... spring! I hope they have it." So he went to the store skipping and humming to himself. He went into the store and said, "Do you have spring?" "Pardon," said the store person. "Do you have spring?" "Pardon." "You know, spring." "Oh, sorry sir, but we don't." Days went by. Finally one more day till spring. Little Robin was so excited. Then finally it ***was*** spring. "It's spring. It's spring!" Little Robin shouted. Finally the day of Little Robin's dream day came and he lived happily ever after.



Doug

Something went wrong.
Why, I can't say
But, I lost a very good friend today.
Doug who was funny, sweet, and smart
Who is away from us not
but close at heart.
Doug, who liked dinosaurs, was one
of the sweetest guys,
With smooth perfect skin, and
big, beautiful eyes.
Doug was loveable, crazy, and kind.
There's a reason behind all of this,
that I am yet to find.
Your family in mourning
Your friends being brave.
We will all cherish the happiness
that you gave.
It will take quite a while to
accept that you are gone.
But you will always be in out hearts
Clinton Douglas Jones.

Ashley Morton
11th Grade
East Surry High School
Carol Eanes

INSECTS

I see an insect.

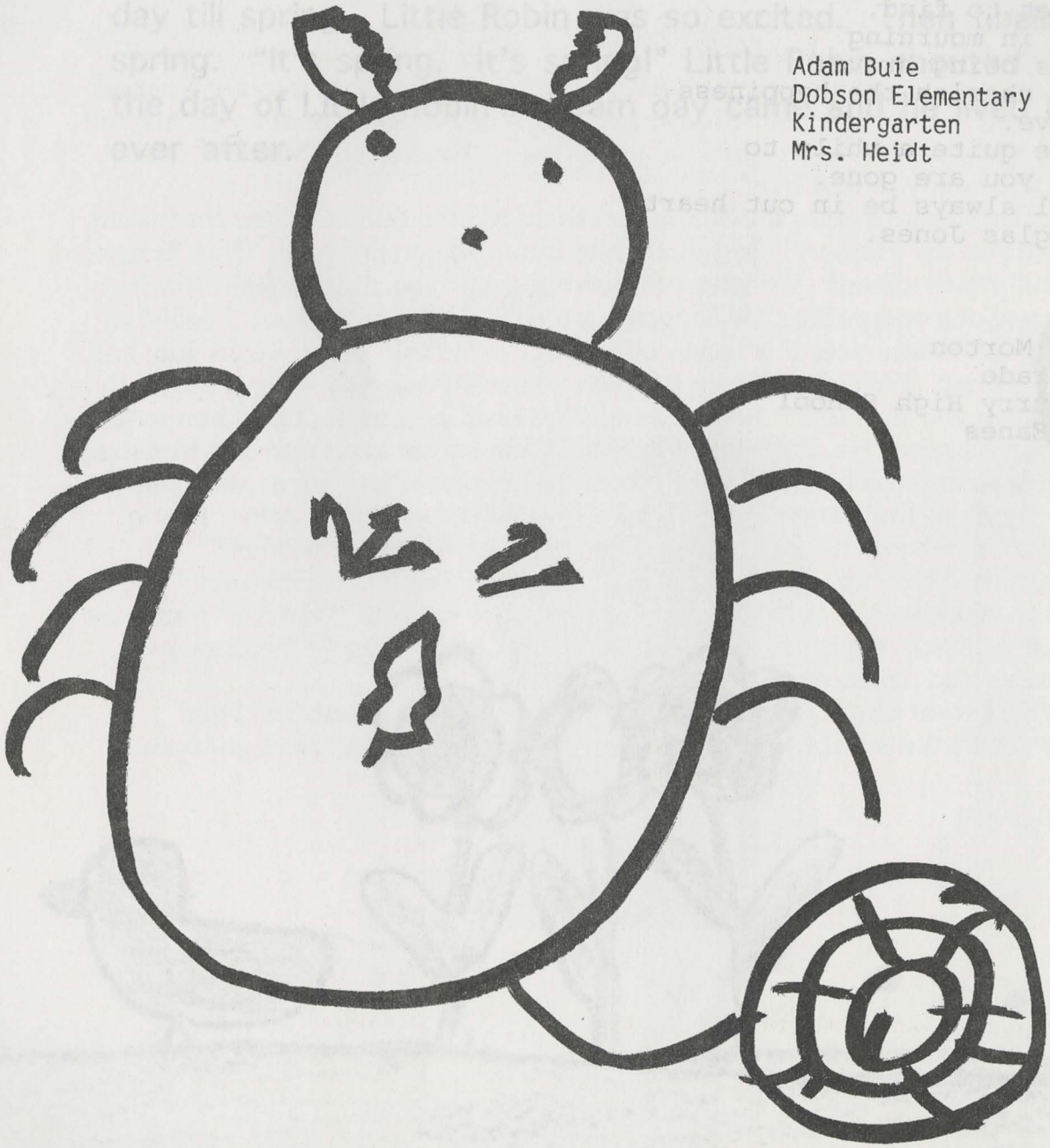
It is a spider.

A spider is good to help people.

They kill insects.

Thank you spiders.

"Good bye, friend."



Adam Buie
Dobson Elementary
Kindergarten
Mrs. Heidt

Poems based on *The Outsiders* by S.E.Hinton

Outsiders



Johnny was in a fire that burned him bad;
Ponyboy, Dally and the others were all sad.
Sodapop went to the store for a Coke.
Darry thought he'd have a smoke.
All the Greasers liked to rumble;
Soon they would all be in a tumble.
Johnny's death Dally couldn't handle.
Dally was killed as quickly as blowing out a candle.
Darry, Sodapop, and Ponyboy are all brothers;
They loved and missed their father and mother.

"Do as you're told,
And always be gold!"

By: Chad Hege

Johnny Cade

Johnny Cade was only sixteen;
His parents beat him and were very mean.
He got in a rumble late one night,
And killed a Soc out of fright.

Johnny and Ponyboy ran away;
They were gone for several days.
They stayed in a church on Jay Hill.
Ponyboy smoked so much he became ill.

One day they went into town;
When they returned, the church was burning down.
There were small children trapped inside,
And you could hear them as they cried.

Johnny and Pony ran into the blaze
And carried the children through the haze.
The people outside heard a loud crack,
And a beam fell on Johnny's back.

Away to the hospital they were rushed,
Where they found Johnny's back was crushed.
In the hospital Johnny laid,
As friends watched his short life fade.

Ponyboy watched as Johnny died,
And although he wanted, he never cried.
Johnny died a Greaser from the wrong side of town,
He never knew the ups in life, only the downs.

By: Angela Sellers

From: Mrs. Downs at Pilot Mountain Middle School

Softball

Softball is my favorite sport
I really don't know why.

I like to pitch and
play first base
and also catch some leftfield flies.

I like to bat
I can hit it hard
way out towards the fence.

Others I strike out
and have to sit on the bench.

Overall it's a very fun sport
I play it spring, summer, and fall.

But I kind of like another sport
It's called basketball.

Karlie Love

Westfield Elementary

5th Grade

CREATURE POEM ALLITERATION



This is Silly Snook.
Silly Snook sometimes stays
in the state of South Carolina.
Silly Snook sips on soup and salted strawberries.
Silly Snook sometimes sneaks softly in smooth slippers.
Silly Snook secretly squealed while I was sleeping.

-Jessi Young
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson



This is a Stinging Human Scorpion.
Stinging Human Scorpions sleep in slender split selves.
Stinging Human Scorpions slurp on silly salamanders and slimy snails.
Stinging Human Scorpions sting stock in Slovakia and Shang Hai.
The Stinging Human Scorpion stung a stingray in a stinging match.

-Tiffany Crump
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson

Mirror Into The Future

I was moving into the old two-story house beside my grandma. The house was painted white and the green shutters were half torn off. I'd never seen the inside of the house before and I was excited about getting to pick my own room. My sister Kendall, my mom and dad, and I rumbled into the old house and ran straight up the stairs to get first pick on the bedrooms.

As soon as I made it up the half-broken steps, I saw a tiny door that appeared to be just the right size for a munchkin to fit through. I decided to go through it anyway. When I opened the door a ray of sun shot from a mirror to a window and then the mirror turned lime green. "That's my room," I yelled.

My mom yelled back, "Kenzie, where are you?" "Up in the attic, may I have it for my room?" As she made it up the broken stairs, she said, "Yes."

I went fast asleep that night on a sleeping bag in the middle of the floor wondering about the unique mirror standing in the corner my the room.

The next morning I awoke to the smell of bacon, eggs, and toast cooking. I heard a voice calling, "Kenzie, come and look into the future with me." I looked into the mirror and there stood a little girl in a pale, pink dress. She spoke, "I'm Jenny. Please come with me and let me show you the future." Amazed, I got up and took her outstretched arm and made one step. As the heel of my foot went through the mirror, I saw clouds of pollution in the sky and little boys wearing gas masks. There were puddles of acid rain. "Jenny", I whispered, "Is this the future?"

"I'm afraid so, I'm sorry."

"In the future, I expect people who had made lollipop flower and little boys and girls who would come by to start licking them.

"Boy, I was surprised!" I knew pollution was getting bad, but not this bad.

"Kenzie, Get up!" I heard Mom's voice as I opened my eyes and realized it was all a dream. I felt the purpose of all this was to say to us, "STOP POLLUTION UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR WORLD TO TURN OUT LIKE MY BAD DREAM."

Brooke Woodring
Dobson Elementary
Grade 5
Ann Simpson

BOOKS GO EVERYWHERE

Books can take you anywhere you want to go. Books can take you to far off places. You can have an adventure just reading a book. You feel like you're really there if you just read a book. Big, little, old or young can be carried away by reading books.

One can go to places like the Swiss Alps by reading Heidi. We can even take a ride down the Mississippi with Tom Sawyer. People can experience the adventures of The Swiss Family Robinson or the perils of Captain Nemo in 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea.

Books, what a wonderful way to travel to far off places, without leaving home. So, next time you are bored just sitting around, grab a book and see where it takes you.

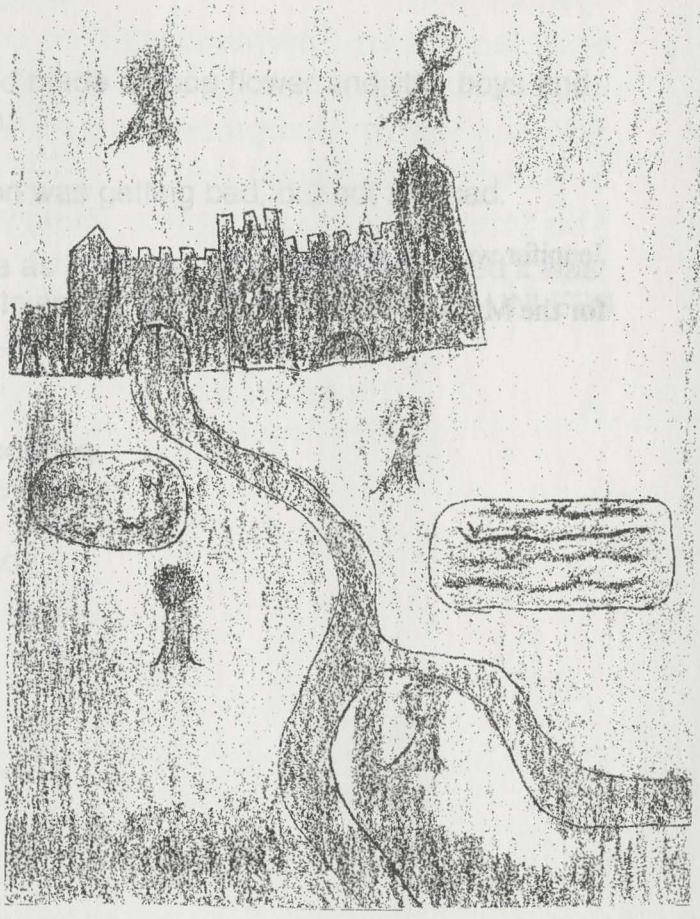
Jennifer Hawks
Mrs. Edwards
Third Grade
Cedar Ridge

Jennifer won 1st place with this
for the Mt. Airy Public Library Essay Contest.

The Frog Princess

Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen that had a fifteen year old daughter. The King was happy with his daughter so was the Queen. Their kingdom wasn't very big but they lived in a twenty-story castle in France. The young princess was so pretty that any man in the kingdom would have her as a wife. Not many more than 1000 miles away was another castle with a King, Queen and their son. They decided to tell the other King that their children would get married. They both agreed that they would get married. "That would be great," said the Queen with joy. Time passed on and it was the Princess' birthday. On her birthday, her father bought her a golden play ball. She loved it a lot. One day her ball fell into a 50 year-old well. Then an old witch came out. "What are you doing in my well?" she asked. The princess told her that her ball fell into the well. "So, said the witch, I'll get it out." She did. When she did- KAZOOM! A little frog was in the Princess' place. The King and Queen were wondering where she was. So they sent soldiers to look for her. But nothing did they see. One day and another passed but nothing. So the Prince went to look for her. He came to a frog and the frog said, "I'm the Princess. Kiss me and the spell will be over." So he did and in two minutes a huge dragon came up. The Prince killed the dragon. The got married and lived happily ever after.

Edgar Burgos
Copeland Elementary
Grade 3
Mrs. Jones



Not Quite Strong Enough

Amazingly
one steps from behind the shadows
of ignorance and illusion,
to discover brightness, sunshine,
and Happiness,

but
Sadly
the hand of society strikes him
and,
Of course,
the voice of evil kicks him back
into the corner from which he came.

Ashley Morton
11th grade
East Surry High School
Robert Smith

Giants
by C.J. Carson

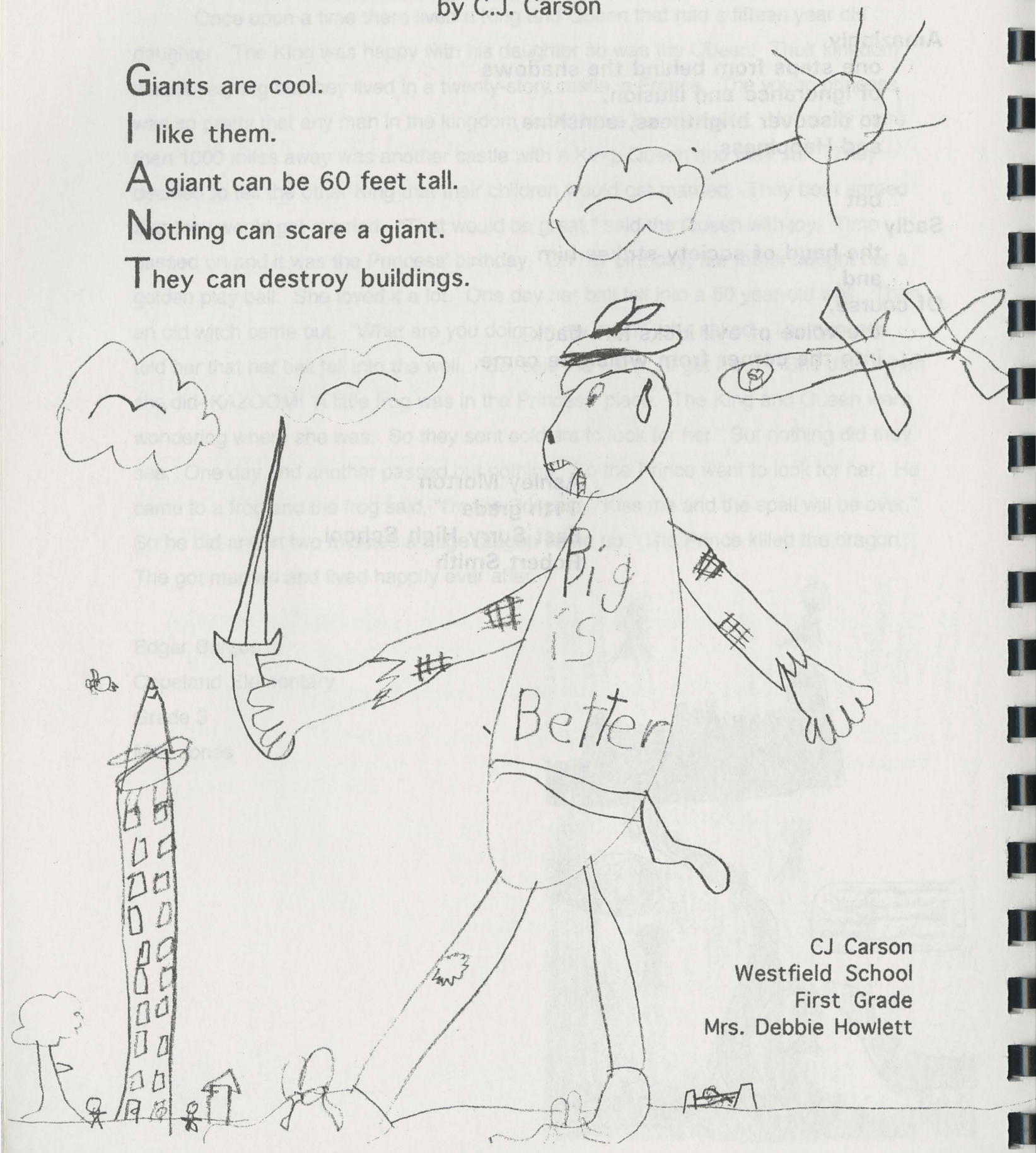
Giants are cool.

I like them.

A giant can be 60 feet tall.

Nothing can scare a giant.

They can destroy buildings.

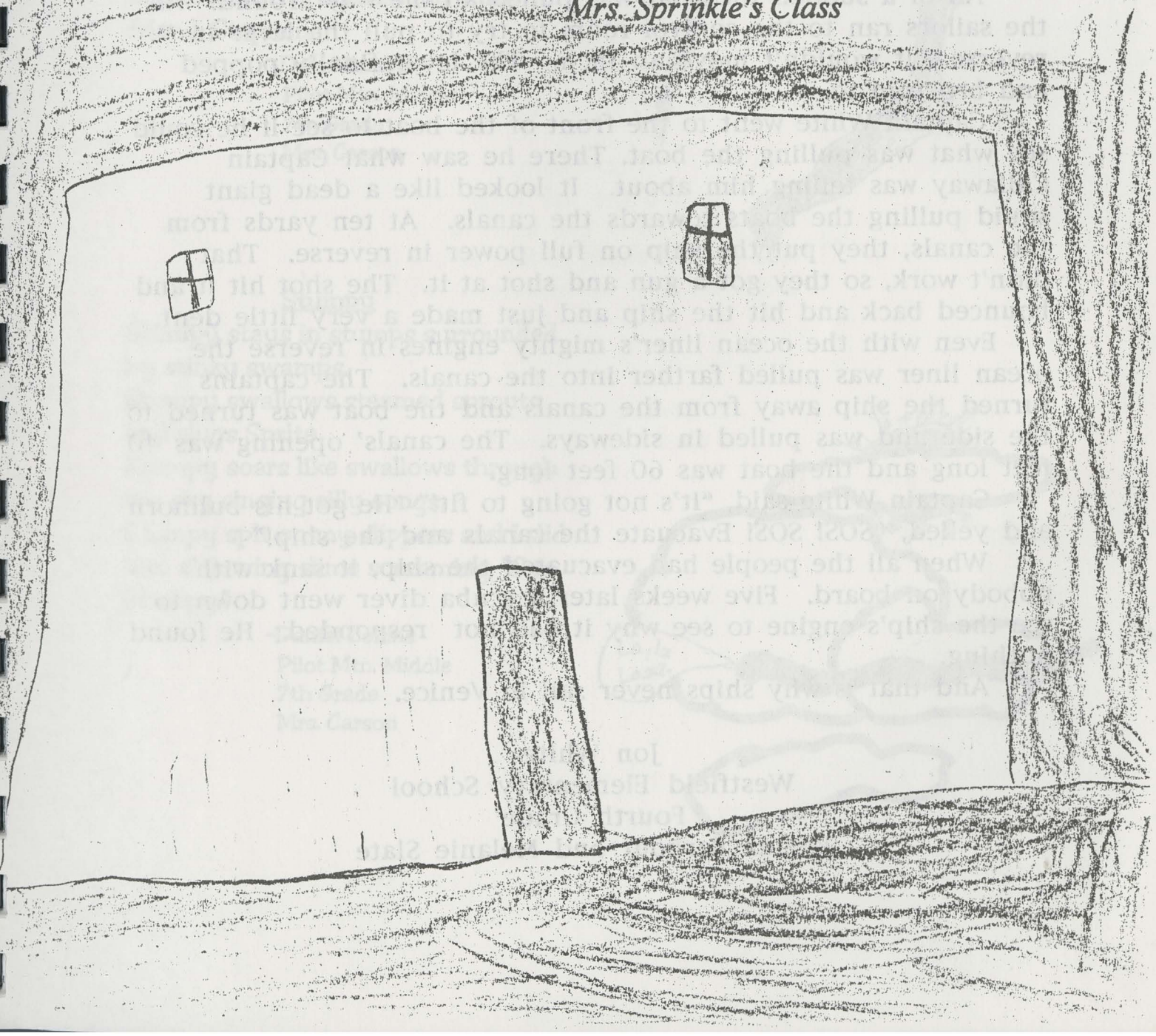


CJ Carson
Westfield School
First Grade
Mrs. Debbie Howlett

Three Wishes From A Leprechaun

Tyler and I were going up a hill. We saw a leprechaun under a thorn bush. I caught him. I asked for three wishes. I wished to live in a mansion and have nine butlers. I also asked for every single movie and every single game that had been made.

Nick Jarrell
Cedar Ridge Elementary
Second Grade
Mrs. Sprinkle's Class



Missing in Venice

One day an ocean liner set sail in Venice. The first captain's name was Jon White and the second captain's name was Captain Matt Callaway.

It was a fine day for sailing and not a gray cloud in sight to see. When they got five miles out to sea, the second captain saw an object in the water like a dead ghost of a giant squid in the deep. Five more miles out to sea Captain Callaway saw it once more. Then he told Captain White.

Captain White said, "Just ignore it and pay attention to the boat. I will take extra precaution."

All of a sudden the boat was pulled all the way around. All the sailors ran to the control room to try to pull the lever in reverse. It wouldn't move an inch. The lever finally popped and broke in to.

Captain White went to the front of the boat to see if he could see what was pulling the boat. There he saw what Captain Callaway was telling him about. It looked like a dead giant squid pulling the boats towards the canals. At ten yards from the canals, they put the ship on full power in reverse. That didn't work, so they got a gun and shot at it. The shot hit it and bounced back and hit the ship and just made a very little dent.

Even with the ocean liner's mighty engines in reverse the ocean liner was pulled farther into the canals. The captains turned the ship away from the canals and the boat was turned to the side and was pulled in sideways. The canals' opening was 40 feet long and the boat was 60 feet long.

Captain White said, "It's not going to fit!" He got his bullhorn and yelled, "SOS! SOS! Evacuate the canals and the ship!"

When all the people had evacuated the ship, it sank with nobody on board. Five weeks later a scuba diver went down to see the ship's engine to see why it had not responded. He found nothing.

And that is why ships never sail in Venice.

Jon White
Westfield Elementary School
Fourth Grade
Regina Barbour and Melanie Slate

CREATURE POEM ALLITERATION



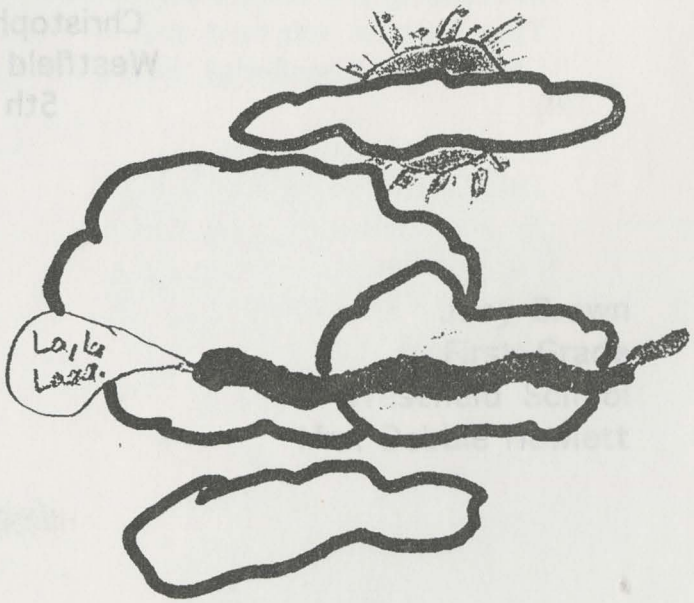
This is a Snizerwack.
Snizerwacks sometimes stick sticks
in sticky stuff.
Snizerwacks eat Seattle-sized serpents
for supper.
Snizerwacks sit on Sunday drivers
while watching "Seinfeld."
The Snizerwack took a saxophone
and smashed it against my small
friend, Stephen.

-Dale Venable
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson

Stumpy

Stumpy stays in stumps surrounded
by stinky swamps.
Stumpy swallows steamed sprouts
and slugs Sprite.
Stumpy soars like swallows through
the sky singing silly songs.
Stumpy spit on my slippers and I slid
into sickening slime screaming, "Sue
Stumpy."

-Daniel Collins
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson



Strive for the Bat!

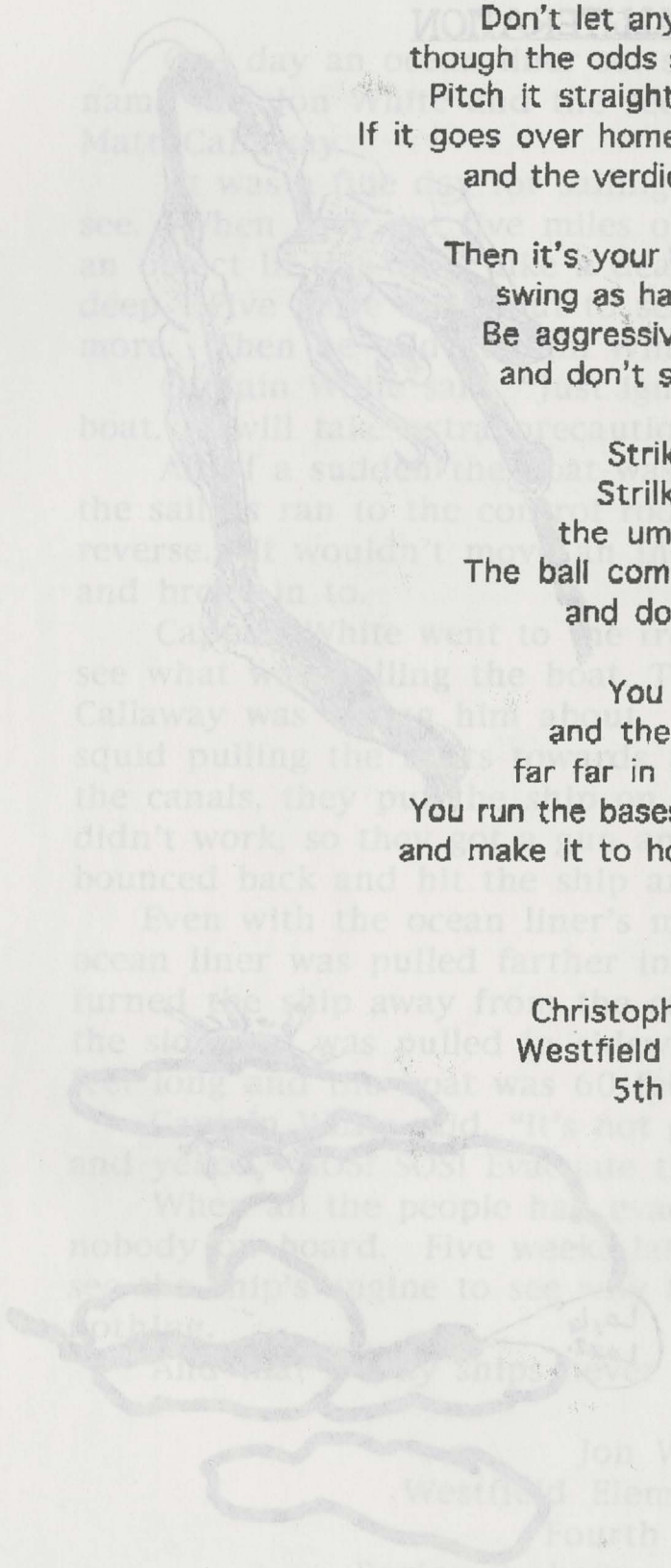
Don't let anything stop you,
though the odds seem big and strong.
Pitch it straight and pitch it long.
If it goes over homeplate, nothing's wrong,
and the verdict won't be long!

Then it's your turn to bat again,
swing as hard as you can.
Be aggressive at the plate,
and don't swing too late.

Strike one,
Strilke two,
the umpire calls.
The ball comes down swiftly
and doesn't fall.

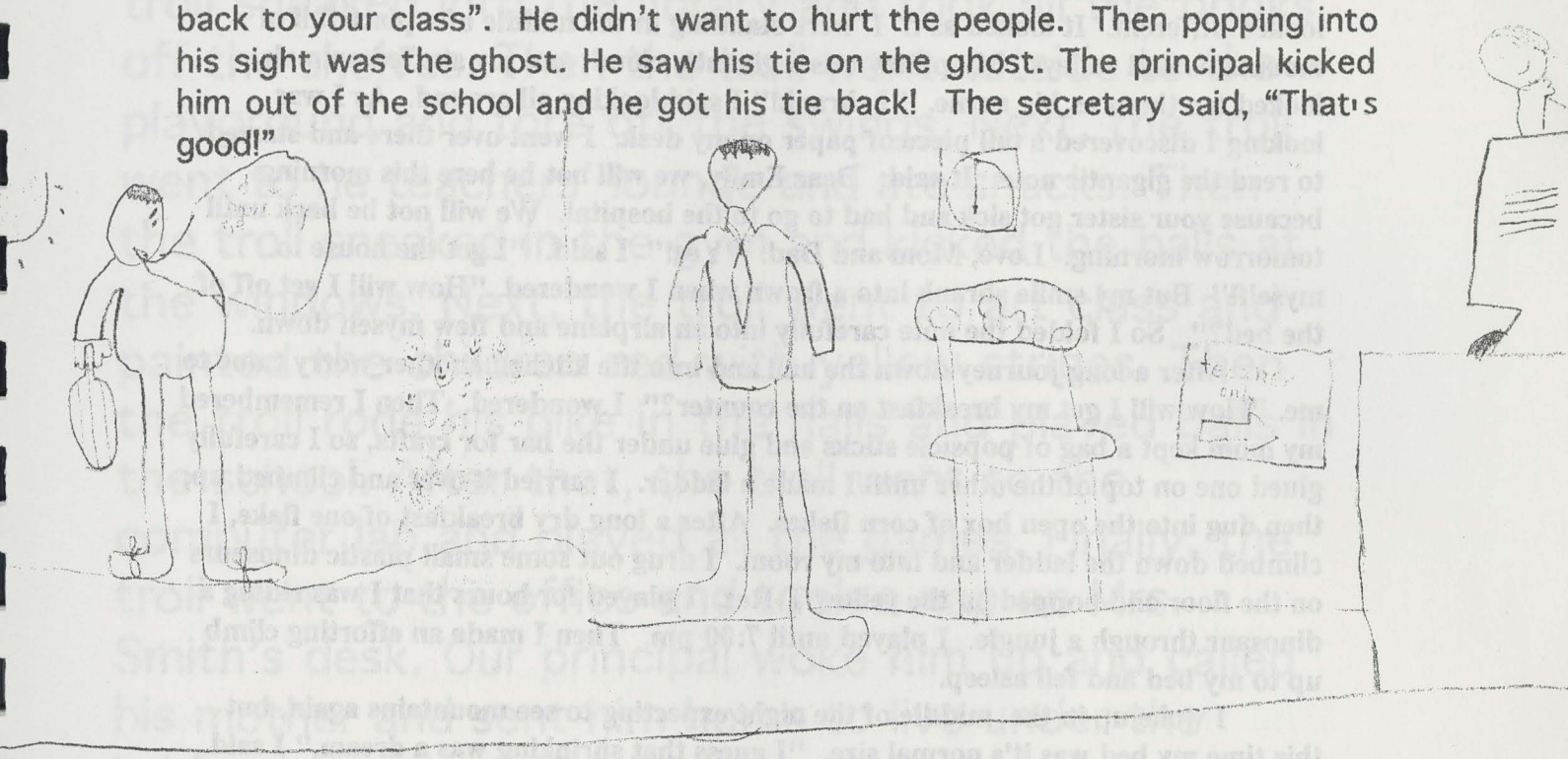
You swing,
and the ball flies,
far far in the outfield.
You run the bases as fast as can be,
and make it to homeplate so swiftly!

Christopher Tolbert
Westfield Elementary
5th grade



The School Ghost
by Joey Brown

One day the principal lost his tie. He called kindergarden and first grade. He said, "Do you have my tie?" "Not us!"said the kindergarten. "Not us!" said the first grade. The principal frowned and said, "You can go back to your class". He didn't want to hurt the people. Then popping into his sight was the ghost. He saw his tie on the ghost. The principal kicked him out of the school and he got his tie back! The secretary said, "That's good!"



Joey Brown
First Grade
Westfield School
Mrs. Debbie Howlett

The Day I Shrank

I woke up and yawned on my bed on March 1, 1998, but somehow my bed looked different. It looked as if I were standing in the middle of a place full of mountains and valleys. My pillow was a gigantic cloud, and my stuffed animals looked ten times as big as me. "I shrank!" I said looking all around. As I was looking I discovered a tall piece of paper on my desk. I went over there and started to read the gigantic note. It said: Dear Emily, we will not be here this morning because your sister got sick and had to go to the hospital. We will not be back until tomorrow morning. Love, Mom and Dad. "Yes!" I said. "I get the house to myself!" But my smile shrank into a frown when I wondered, "How will I get off of the bed?" So I folded the note carefully into an airplane and flew myself down.

After a long journey down the hall and into the kitchen another worry came to me. "How will I get my breakfast on the counter?" I wondered. Then I remembered my mom kept a bag of popsicle sticks and glue under the bar for crafts, so I carefully glued one on top of the other until I made a ladder. I carried it over and climbed up, then dug into the open box of corn flakes. After a long dry breakfast of one flake, I climbed down the ladder and into my room. I drug out some small plastic dinosaurs on the floor and hopped on the yellow T-Rex. I played for hours that I was riding a dinosaur through a jungle. I played until 7:00 pm. Then I made an efforting climb up to my bed and fell asleep.

I woke up in the middle of the night expecting to see mountains again, but this time my bed was it's normal size. "I guess that shrinking was a dream," I said. Then I saw the note mom and dad wrote to me. "Well," I said, "Maybe not." Then, I fell asleep remembering the day when I woke up about six inches tall.

Emily Hale
Fourth Grade
Ms. Dillman
Cedar Ridge Elementary

A Troll at School

Once upon a time a troll came to our school for the day. You can't believe what he did...
The troll had a food fight in the cafeteria. Then the troll sneaked into the library and took all the books off the shelves. Then the troll went outside to the playground and tore off the swings. Next, the troll went to he teachers' lounge and ate snacks. Then the troll sneaked in the gym and kicked the balls at the windows. Next, the troll went to art class and painted the children red with yellow stripes. Then the troll rode his bike in the halls and played balls in the school. After that, the troll went to the computer lab and played all the games. Finally, the troll went to the office and took a nap on Mrs. Smith's desk. Our principal woke him up and called his mother and sent him home to live under the bridge.

Mrs. Dean's First Grade Class
Westfield School







A Big Surprise

One gloomy day my teacher staggered in with a brown paper bag and placed it on her desk then left. Suddenly the bag started to move and a girl in my class stood up and said, "Since I am the smartest girl in the class I'll take a look inside the bag." She calmly walked over toward the bag and looked inside. She screamed and ran over and stood on top of her desk. She shouted, "Get that thing away from me." I volunteered to see what was inside the bag, but before I had a chance to Johnny said he would look inside because he wasn't afraid. When he looked inside he immediately ran out the door and down the hallway screaming. About that time the teacher came back in and asked what was going on. We told her what happened and she said that she would look inside to see what all the excitement was about. She went over to the bag and peeked in then immediately ran over to the window opened it, jumped out and started running. By that time everyone else really wanted to know what was inside the bag. I was really curious so I said that I would be brave and look inside the bag. I wanted to know what everyone that looked inside the bag was afraid of. I bravely walked over to the bag and looked inside. To my surprise there was two cute little kittens inside. I asked, "What is so scary about little kittens?" I found a note inside with my name on it. I opened it and it was from my grandma. The note said HAPPY BIRTHDAY. Boy was I surprised. I found out later that Cindy, Johnny, and my teacher were allergic to fur which explains their reactions.

Ashley Vipperman
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Isaacs's Class
Westfield School

Beautiful

My mind says beautiful is
Colors that glow,
Cities that light up,
Hair that flies with the wind,
Earrings that dangle,
Flowers that give seeds and
Horses that buck toward the sky.

My mind tells me beautiful is
Books that reach out and make you want to read,
Eyes that catch your eyes,
Trees that grab the clouds,
The baby blue of a summer sky,
Milky white puffballs floating in air and
Sweet newborn baby faces.

My mind whispers that beautiful is
Snow that is cold on my feet,
Math that makes everything so right,
Writing that soothes my soul,
Checkered tiles on a kitchen floor,
God, who made us all and
Jesus, the Son of God.

My mind sings that beautiful is
Smooth, polished wooden floors,
Monkeys that swing from tree to tree,
Television shows that make me laugh,
Speckled freckles on a little child's face,
Teeth that are so pearly white and
Toys that give me the chance to play.

My mind laughs that beautiful is
Soft beds that lie beneath me,
China dolls with painted faces,
Feather pillows under my head,
Computers that teach me all,
Caring families that reach for me and
Christmases that ring out LOVE!

Kate Jewell
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Isaacs's Class
Westfield School

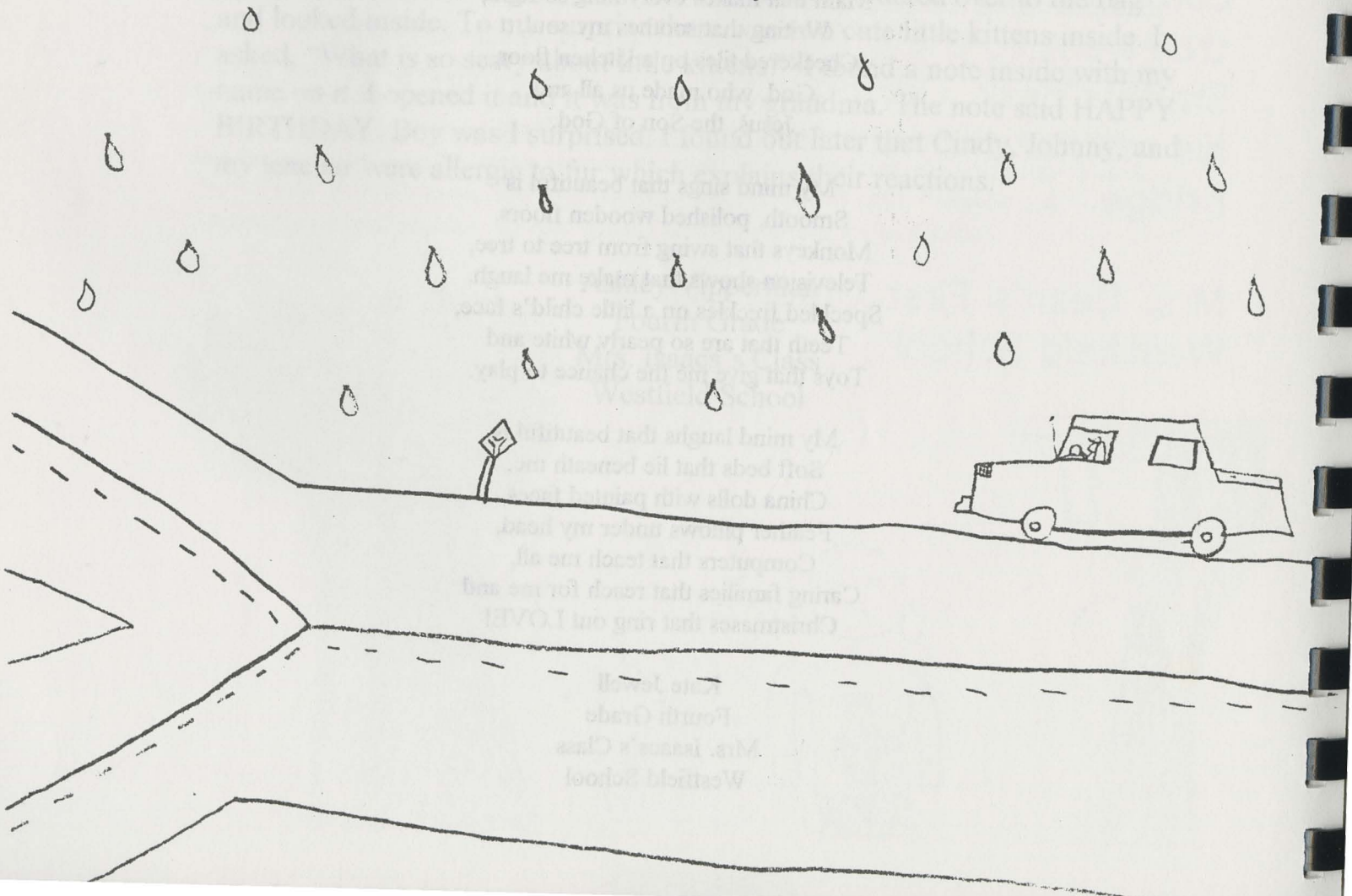
The Fork in the Road

The fighting twins wipe away the tears of God,
So that I may see the fork in the road.
The fork in the road has two paths,
Life and death.

Which shall I choose?
If I choose life I will have to live with the mistakes that I have made.
But, if I choose death, I can start all over and correct my mistakes.

I cannot choose,
But when you come to a fork in the road,
You know it's time to decide.

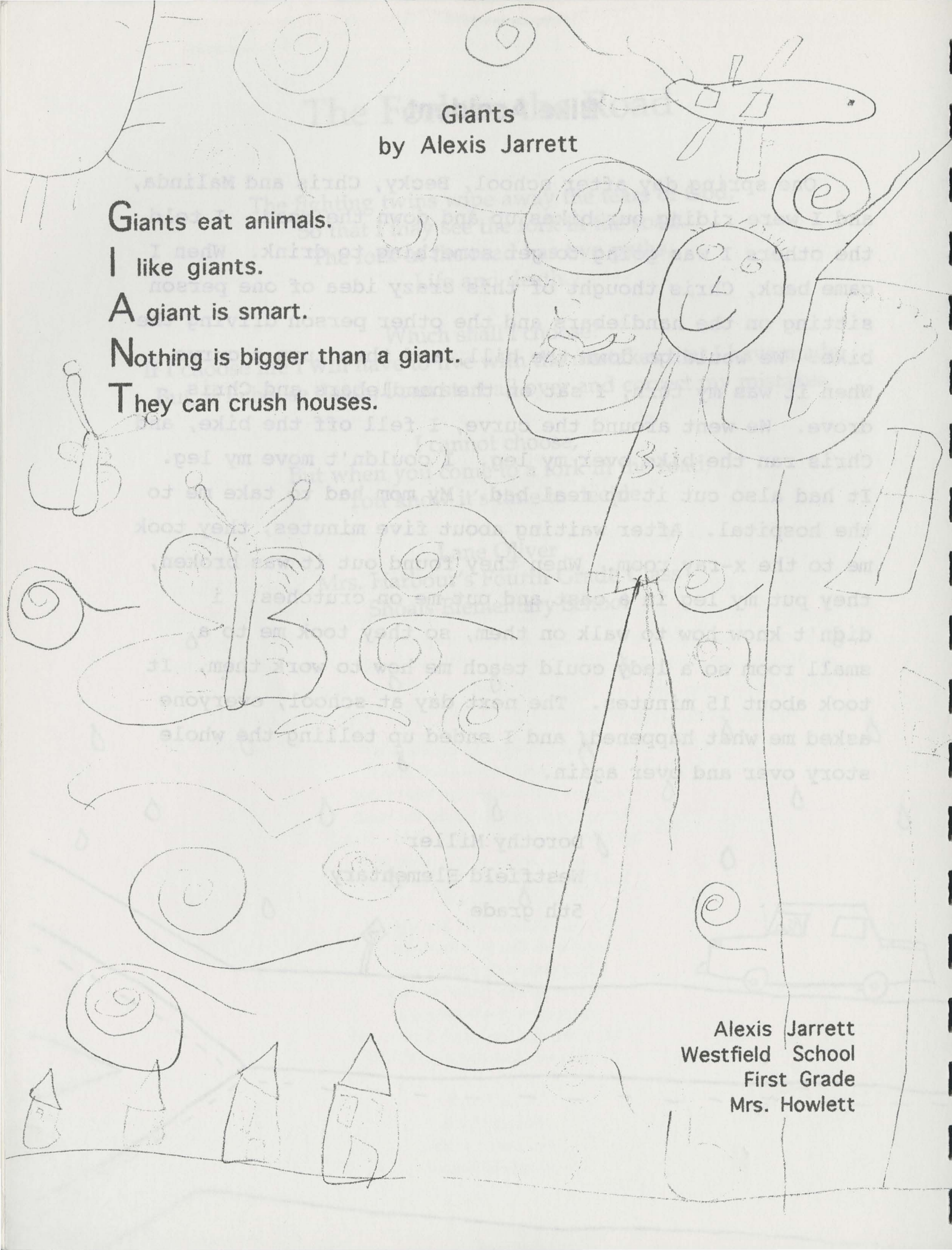
Lane Oliver
Mrs. Harbour's Fourth Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School



Bike Accident

One spring day after school, Becky, Chris and Malinda, and I were riding our bikes up and down the road. I told the others I was going to get something to drink. When I came back, Chris thought of this crazy idea of one person sitting on the handlebars and the other person driving the bike. We would go down the hill, and then turn a curve. When it was my turn, I sat on the handlebars and Chris drove. We went around the curve, I fell off the bike, and Chris ran the bike over my leg. I couldn't move my leg. It had also cut it up real bad. My mom had to take me to the hospital. After waiting about five minutes, they took me to the x-ray room. When they found out it was broken, they put my leg in a cast and put me on crutches. i didn't know how to walk on them, so they took me to a small room so a lady could teach me how to work them. It took about 15 minutes. The next day at school, everyone asked me what happened, and I ended up telling the whole story over and over again.

Dorothy Miller
Westfield Elementary
5th grade



Giants
by Alexis Jarrett

Giants eat animals.
I like giants.
A giant is smart.
Nothing is bigger than a giant.
They can crush houses.

Alexis Jarrett
Westfield School
First Grade
Mrs. Howlett

THE CRUNCHING SNOW

By Vicka Hicks, 10

Stepping out in

the crunching

snow.

Shifting out as I

go, go, go.

The snow is a blanket

of white,

covering everything like a

gunshot of light.

The horrible storm

thickens and mom

turns out the light,

but, I just think its

a normal snowy night

Franklin School

Grade 4

Mrs. Lynn Armstrong

THE CREATURE IN MY BASEMENT

One crisp December morning in 1987, my mom, dad, brothers and I were sitting in the living room. My mom said, "I am going down to the basement to get a frozen pie. Anyone want to come?" No one answered. I was getting a little uneasy when mom didn't come up. I flung off the couch and yelled down the basement steps for my mom. Not a soul replied. I asked dad to go downstairs and get her. But he was too into his book that he paid no attention to me at all. My last chance was to ask my brothers. They were all playing Nintendo and told me to be quiet. I grabbed an old gray umbrella and I slowly walked to the steps to the downstairs and down I went. I saw a shadow running! I trudged to the last step and said in a fierce voice, "Where is my mother you thing?" I said it once more, "Where is my mother?" "Your Mother?" the thing said. "The last I saw your mother she was at the freezer." I said, "Come into the light!" Slowly the thing emerged from behind the furnace. The thing was a goblin! It had two heads with three eyes a piece and one arm on each side. He was green at the top and black at the bottom. I zapped him with the umbrella as he came near me. "Back off!", I demanded. He backed away. "Where is my mom?" I heaved the umbrella towards him. "Tell me, where is my mother?" "Or else!" I picked up an old bat and threw it at him. The goblin started to disappear. I figured it out. The more things that I threw at the goblin the more he disappeared. Finally, after terrorizing the whole basement, the goblin vanished. Forever I hoped. I looked around and I didn't see my mom anywhere. I looked to my right and...there she was just as good as new. She had been standing there the whole time while I panicked looking for her. I'll never forget that creature in my basement and how scared I was.

By: Sara Money
Mr. R. Hinson
Fourth Grade
Dobson Elementary

Cry Of Orpheus

When my wife died,
I really got sad,
My dad got mad,
I felt really bad,
So I decided to go get started,
On my way to the underworld,
I found a three-headed dog,
It was unusual to see that beast,
so I just sung him to sleep.

I came to the queen and king of the underworld,
So I just sang them to sleep,
They said I could have my wife back,
As long as I didn't look back.

So on our way I couldn't see her,
Then I decided to look back,
So then she turned to a mouthful of salt,
I knew I had done something wrong,
So I went home to play with a sad song,
So I decided to go back and start again.

Nicky Williams
Grade 6
Mrs. Spencer
Cedar Ridge Elementary

My Bike Race

By Lindsey Johnson

I was walking home from school one day when I saw a flyer on a post that said: BIG BIKE MARATHON. RACE YOUR BIKE AT GO CART CREEK ON SATURDAY, JUNE 12, AT 3:00. FIRST PRIZE, ROADRUNNER MTN. BIKE AND 300 DOLLARS! I could not believe my eyes! I had only seen one Road Runner Mtn. Bike at Ryley's Bike Shop. And now I had a chance to get it! And money too! I ran home. I was so excited. I got my 100 dollar bill out of my savings box. I went into the kitchen to ask my mom if I could go buy the stuff I needed. She said I could, so I got on my old red bike and started off. I got to Ryley's just in time to see him locking up! "Wait"! I said. "Let me in for five minutes. That's all . Please!" "OK. Five minutes, no more," he said. I ran in. I picked up shoulder and knee pads that were purple. I also got a blue and purple helmet. Then I went home to get ready for the next day.

When I woke up the next morning, my mom had laid our my clothes so I didn't have to take 24 hours trying to pick them out. "Hurry along, Lara," she called. I got on my clothes and put my hair up in a pony tail. Then I went downstairs. My mom had fixed her energy meal (grits and orange juice). I ate my breakfast and walked outside. My bike was clean and shining. But how? " I fixed your bike," Dad said. "Dad? I thought you were on business!" "No," he replied. I hugged him. The rest of the day I practiced. When it was 2:30, I told my mom and dad bye and I left.

I was there just in time. My number was 3. I went to the starting line. "Ready. Get set. Go!" We all started. I got behind about fifteen other people, but I caught up. When we went around the first curve my bike slid and I skidded around and fell off my bike. I bruised my thigh but I got back up and rode on. Even though I fell, I still got back up front. The guy in front of me was really swift, and his bike had sharp spikes sticking out from the spokes on his wheels. He suddenly stopped, and I rammed into him. Before I knew it I was off my bike again against a tree with my arm caught in one of the branches. It hurt. Bad! But I was not about to give up ! I started again, but went through the woods. I came back on the track in first place! But my arm hurt so badly!

When I saw the finish line ahead I knew I still had a chance. I went across the finish line first, but in pain. But I was still cheerful. They presented my with the Road Runner Mtn. Bike and 300 dollars! I was so glad I wasn't dead that I threw all my money out in the audience. They called my mom and she took me to the hospital. I had cracked a bone in my wrist. Once my cast was put on, I went to the art shop and they painted a big Road Runner Mtn. bike on the cast. I don't think I will ever forget that race!

Lindsey Johnson
Fourth Grade - R. Hinson
Dobson Elementary School

Poems

I'm just me!
I'm not a movie star
I'm not a pretty teen
I'm not a model by far
I'm not a beauty queen
I'm just me!
I'd really like to write a song
I bet it would be a ball, but the
wait I have is really long because
at writing I'm not good at all
I'm just me!
If I could be a writer my life
would be much brighter
And since I can't be Sherlock Holmes
I think I'll stick to writing poems
I'm just me!

Brandy Ramey
Grade 5
Mr. Hayes
Cedar Ridge Elementary

Early in the morning I was digging on an old looming tower of dirt and rocks. As I was digging I saw something glistening from the reflection of the sun. I flicked off tiny pebbles and finally saw the mysterious thing out from beneath the pebbles. As I picked it up a young looking soldier wearing a grayish-green uniform appeared at the bottom of the rocks below. The soldier held out his hand as if he wanted something, but what? I looked down to place the crystal in my pocket and as I looked up..... he was gone! i picked the crystal out from my pocket and looked closer. There was something inside. I could not tell what!

I went to the library to look back on old newspapers. "AHA!" That's him, thats the guy! It read "A tragic death came to a young soldier in the Vietnam war when he was by a falling hand gronade. The tragic part was not only his death but he was to be wed after his return." At that moment I knew what he wanted, the thing inside the crystal, it must have been a symbol of the love for eachother. I ran home as fast as possible. I went in my fathers tool shed to get a hammer. I laid down the crystal and smashed it. At that moment the soldier appeared and held out his hand and took the necklace. He smiled and then vanished. I walked up on the hill and a car drove by with a young women and the soldier. He said simply "Thank you " They drove off and their car said " Just Married". I knew the man was the soldier that had found the magic he was missing, in that old buried crystal.

Corey Moser
Dobson Elementary
4th Grade
Mrs. Hardy

My Sister

My sister is ugly,
so snotty and mean.
She bosses me around,
like dogs I've seen.
She makes me do her chores.
Even behind the doors.
She hurts me when I do it wrong.
(Mostly my feelings)
I end up working hours long,
So I do it right or else.
Sometimes I get to play,
but Jenny wants her way.
Me to work,
her to play.
She even calls me a dork.
Mom says, "Let him play!"
"but you have to finish your chores
or inside you will stay
Yes, even all day!"
Sisters I will have to put up with,
a big one, a little one,
We will always have our tiff,
but thank goodness,
my mom has one son.

Colby Scott
Grade 2
Mrs. Whitaker
Shoals Elementary

My Grandpa

I am introducing to you Grandpa Odell Sisk. It is hard to imagine he was once a kid like me. He was born in 1935 at South Stokes Hospital. He was raised in South Stokes and then moved to Surry County to where he lives to this very day.

As a kid my age, he did many different things for fun. He fished, played ball, and rode his bike just like we do today. The earliest thing he remembers is when he was hospitalized at the age of 5 for appendicitis. he almost died. As an older man, he had 2 children, 11 brothers, and 2 sisters. He told me the scariest thing he remembers is that an engine went out in an airplane while flying over Cuba.

Over the summer he did not have a vacation, but he did go fishing with his father. He has had many birthdays, and he said all of them were special. The best present was a little red wagon. Our snacks today are up to date; but, he had apples, and biscuits, and ham. He has had many different jobs. He worked at Armtex for 6 years, Pilot Sock Hosiery for 6 years, carpenter and farmer for 19 years, and then preaching for 25 years.

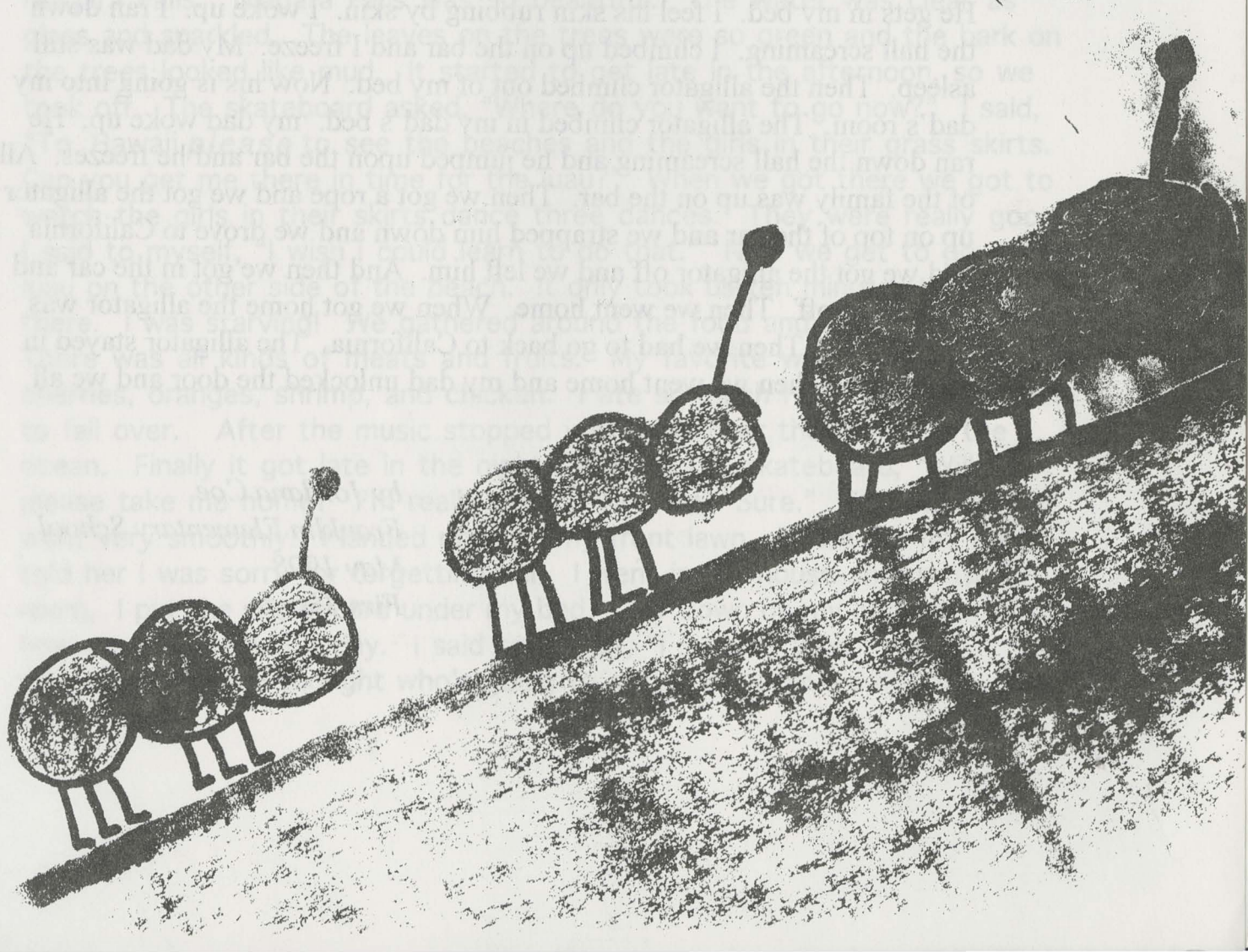
The biggest invention in his lifetime was TV. The most amazing thing is that his dad owned 114 acres of Saura Town Mountain. This project was fun because I learned a lot about my Pa.

Brandon Sisk
Westfield Elementary
5th Grade

An Ants Adventure

One day I was outside and I followed some ants. They were going inside my house. First they went in the kitchen, they ate some bread crumbs. Next, they went in the living room they watched TV. Then they went in my room. In my room they fell in my toy box. When they got out they went in the bathroom and almost fell in the toilet. After they were finished in the bathroom, they went back outside to their ant hill.

Brittany Draughn
2nd Grade
Dobson Elementary
E. Wilmoth



THERE'S AN ALLIGATOR IN MY GARAGE

One day my dad went into his garage. And he sees the alligator in his car. And when he got in his car the alligator said, "Can I drive you to work?" My dad said, "Yes." And his friends said, "Who is that?" The alligator said, "I am his friend." Then they said, "Ok." The alligator was on time to pick him up. And when he got home he said, "I am taking you to the zoo." The alligator started to cry. My dad said, "Ok. I ante going to take you to the zoo." Then this is the first time I heard him talk. He said, "Yea, I am not going to the zoo." Then he told him that he loved my dad. That night my mom felt something in the bed. She woke my dad up. She said, "What is that in the bed?" My dad said, "It is a alligator." Then she got out of bed and she was running down the hall screaming. And she goes in the kitchen and gets up on the bar and she stands up and she freezes. And then the alligator got out of my mom and dad's bed. And the alligator goes in Evan's bedroom. The alligator climbs in his bed. Evan feels the alligators skin. He wakes up. And he climbs out of bed and runs down the hall a screaming and he climbed up on the bar and freezes. And the alligator gets out of my brother's bed. And the alligator is going into by bedroom now. He gets in my bed. I feel his skin rubbing by skin. I woke up. I ran down the hall screaming. I climbed up on the bar and I freeze. My dad was still asleep. Then the alligator climbed out of my bed. Now his is going into my dad's room. The alligator climbed in my dad's bed. my dad woke up. He ran down the hall screaming and he jumped upon the bar and he freezes. All of the family was up on the bar. Then we got a rope and we got the alligator up on top of the car and we strapped him down and we drove to California and we got the alligator off and we left him. And then we got in the car and then drove off. Then we went home. When we got home the alligator was on the back. Then we had to go back to California. The alligator stayed in California. Then we went home and my dad unlocked the door and we all went to bed.

by Jordana Coe
Franklin Elementary School
May 1998
First Grade

Westfield Elementary
Alisha Uribe
Mrs. Beane's Fourth Grade

One hot summer day I had to take my dog out for a walk. I walked on down the road as I saw something sticking out of the ditch. I went down to see what it was. I tried to pull it out of the ground but it was stuck too deeply. I ran up to my house and got a shovel. I went back down to the ditch. I started to dig and I eventually got it unstuck. I started to brush the dirt off of it and while I was doing that he said, "Stop that you're hurting me." Right then I thought I was going to die. I said to myself, "A talking skateboard." The skateboard said, "Oh, I'm no real skateboard, I'm a magic skateboard. I can take you where you want to go. I can fly. I can run. I can do almost anything in the world." I said, "Okay, take me to the store to buy some candy." He said, "Nope." I said, "And just why not?" He said, "Because you didn't say the magic words." I said, "Okay, will you *please* take me to the store to buy some candy?" He said, "Okay, hop on." We took off on down the road to the store. At the store I got some really sour candy. I asked the skateboard, "Will you *please* take me to Canada to see Niagara Falls?" He said, "Sure." He was so fast it only took him exactly one hour to get to Canada and another fifteen minutes to get to Niagara Falls. Niagara Falls was so beautiful. The water was clear as glass and sparkled. The leaves on the trees were so green and the bark on the trees looked like mud. It started to get late in the afternoon, so we took off. The skateboard asked, "Where do you want to go now?" I said, "To Hawaii *please* to see the beaches and the girls in their grass skirts. Can you get me there in time for the luau?" When we got there we got to watch the girls in their skirts dance three dances. They were really good. I said to myself, "I wish I could learn to do that." Now we get to go to the luau on the other side of the beach. It only took us ten minutes to get there. I was starving! We gathered around the food and said the blessing. There was all kinds of meats and fruits. My favorite was pineapples, cherries, oranges, shrimp, and chicken. I ate so much I thought I was going to fall over. After the music stopped you could hear the waves in the ocean. Finally it got late in the night. I asked the skateboard, "Will you please take me home? I'm really tired." He said, "Sure." The ride home went very smoothly. I landed right on my front lawn. There sat my dog. I told her I was sorry for forgetting her. I went in my house and up to my room. I put the skateboard under my bed. I lay down on my bed and thought how much fun I had today. I said to myself, "I sure do wish I could do that everyday." Then I thought who's going to stop me? I have a magic skateboard.

Strive for the Bat!

Don't let anything stop you,
though the odds seem big and strong.
Pitch it straight and pitch it long.
If it goes over homeplate, nothing's wrong,
and the verdict won't be long!

Then it's your turn to bat again,
swing as hard as you can.
Be aggressive at the plate,
and don't swing too late.

Strike one,
Strike two,
the umpire calls.
The ball comes down swiftly
and doesn't fall.

You swing,
and the ball flies,
far, far in the outfield.
You run the bases as fast as can be,
and make it to homeplate so swiftly!

Christopher Tolbert
Westfield Elementary
5th grade

To My Love

Does she understand
The feelings I have for her
Or will it be something
That will be put aside
Nothing harsh to look away
But something or a thought to
Have while reading this feeling
AS the words pour from my
Telling heart
I hope it has passed the point Along

My point is"
Love
I say it everyday
I say it every night
The power of this word
Is something you just can't hide
Beside you is my heart
So fragile to your touch
It opens to your voice.
It beats to your smile
Please take heed to this
Letter, note or poem
It's all my feelings all
compiled into one.

Bruce Draughn
11th grade
East Surry High School
Mr. Robert Smith - teacher

Spring

The March wind blows Spring in.

New life will soon begin.

The tulips are peeking out of the ground.

The trees are budding all around.

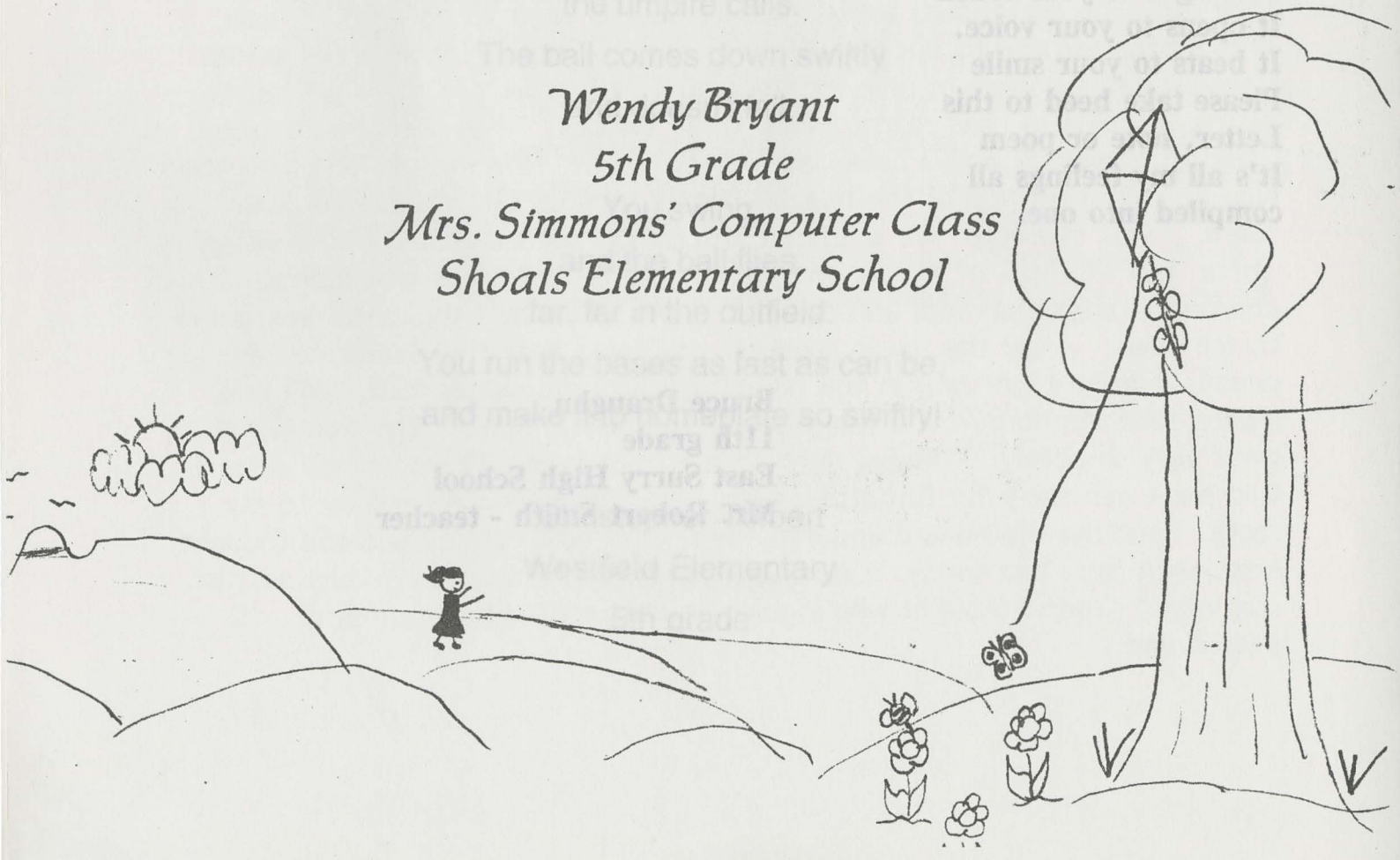
The grass is turning green from brown.

Kites of every color are flying up and down.

Comes in like a lion, out like a lamb.

I sure hope Spring hangs around!

Wendy Bryant
5th Grade
Mrs. Simmons' Computer Class
Shoals Elementary School



School Time

The day is new and the sun is shining bright.
You're just waking up,
Wondering if your best friend is going to be at school,
Having a thought that the day
Is going to be very good, and exciting.
When you get to school you see,
Your best friends and teacher.
As the day goes through,
And the bell rings to dismiss the classes;
You come out with a big smile on your face.
Waiting for the next day to begin!

Cassandra Gammons
Mr. Armstrong's 5th Grade
Shoals Elementary School

The Dire Docks

I'm standing here on the dire, dire docks
And I have two ticking clocks
With a bird that mocks
Anything that's wearing socks.

Richie Transou
Mrs. Nixon
3rd grade
Cedar Ridge School

The Unusual Pittsburgh

The most unusual place I have ever been is Pittsburgh Pennsylvania. Boy, is it different from North Carolina! Different things everywhere. It was strange!

It all started with my dad coaching Christopher Cook in wrestling at East Surry High School. Christopher was a very gifted wrestler who placed in the North Carolina state finals, so he would go on to the national finals in Pittsburgh! That is when we went to the unusual city of Pittsburgh.

The sun was halfway down and the dust was rising on that cool spring afternoon as my mom, dad, and me all piled in the Cook's van. The Cook's, Chris and his parents, were already in. Off to Pittsburgh! Going to Pittsburgh we went through two other states besides Pennsylvania. Virginia and West Virginia. The neatest sight I remember was the capital building in West Virginia. It had a roof that looked like gold and looked almost like the capital building in Washington D.C., but in a few minutes I almost knocked the roof off on the van when I stared at the sign that announced Welcome to Pennsylvania.

Soon we were in Pittsburgh. Now that was exciting! The first thing we did was take Chris to weigh in at Duquesne University. There we caught a glimpse of wrestlers as far away as Alaska. Then we went to our motel, Holiday Inn. It was one of the fanciest motels I had ever been in. It had a colossal lobby, a restaurant and it was three stories high.

The next few days we did all there was to do in Pittsburgh, but the thing I remember the most in those few days was Three Rivers Stadium. Here I saw the Stealer's Super Bowl trophies and the Pirate's World Series trophies! Also I took a tour of the stadium and got a piece of turf the tour guide told me all the players had walked on. It even had a chunk of dirt in it to prove it!

Then came the night Chris would wrestle. Again we all packed into Duquesne University, like sardines, hoping for the best. Chris was going to wrestle some huge guy who looked like he ate ten Big Macs a day. Chris had a great match but lost in the end. After that we stayed another day to go to a science center. It had hundreds of cool things, but we all couldn't help remembering what happened to Chris at the match.

So then our trip to the unusual city of Pittsburgh was over. Even though Chris did lose it was worth the trip to what I call the unusual city, Pittsburgh.

Brett Willis
Dobson Elementary
Fourth Grade
Mrs. A. Key

I explore my mind, and I
come to find, a day I
remember from my life.

I was desolate,
confused, angry, and
hurt from the days
that had preceded.

I went to the cliff
were we had met. I had
thought to jump, but then
you came to me.

You said, "I love you."
I think back to the
day we met, here on
this very spot. You found
me here ready to fall, like
you are now.

I replied "Why did you
go? I loved you through the
good times, I helped
you through the bad. I miss you,
I love you, I wish you
were still here with me."

And then I thought to myself,
Why? Why couldn't you have
stayed?

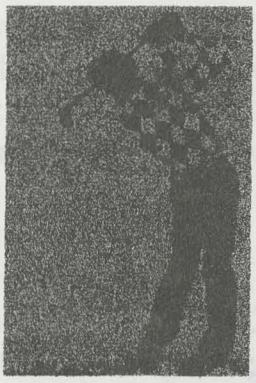
You start to fade and
I plead for you to
stay. But, you leave.

One crack, one click,
one crash I never wanted
to hear. I guess you
thought there was no way
out. But there was.

That was a day I would
never forget. I took
three steps on that cliff
and felt like I was flying.

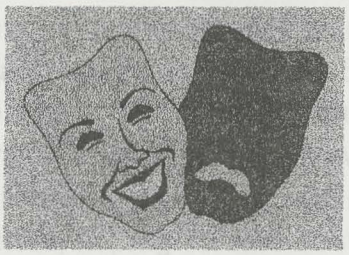
Whitney Jones
9th grade
East Surry High School
Tony Carter

Haiku



Long driven Maxflis,
Short, round, perfectly-shaped greens,
Both make the course "fun."

Blake Sawyers
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson



Void-cold, dark, lonely,
Within all the emptiness,
How can life be lived?

Erin Calaway
Pilot Mtn. Middle
7th Grade
Mrs. Carson

A True Story

This is actually a true story about my dad. He was at the wrong place, at the wrong time, doing the wrong thing.

On July 19,1997 my dad was at a bar and of course he was drinking. He thought he was having a good time by drinking and partying, but he just did not know what was going to happen a few hours later.

As the night went on,he kept drinking. Around 1:15 he and another guy went out to the parking lot and got in a fight. The other guy ran across the road, and my dad started across the road. A girl jumped out of her car and yelled for him to get out of the road. Then my dad turned around, but he did not have time to get out of the way...the car hit him.

The man driving the car was from out of state and he was sober. The driver was driving the speed limit and tried to avoid hitting him, but he couldn't. Before the man got the car under control and stopped, the car threw my dad 30 feet. The people from the bar tried to revive him, and the paramedics tried too. He had internal injuries. They pronounced him dead on the scene.

If my dad did not drink, he would be here with me now. This is what happens to people that drink and don't think. I hope that everyone will learn from this not to drink.

Christopher Gwyn
Fourth Grade
Westfield Elementary
Teachers-Regina Barbour and Melanie Slate

MY PRINCIPAL

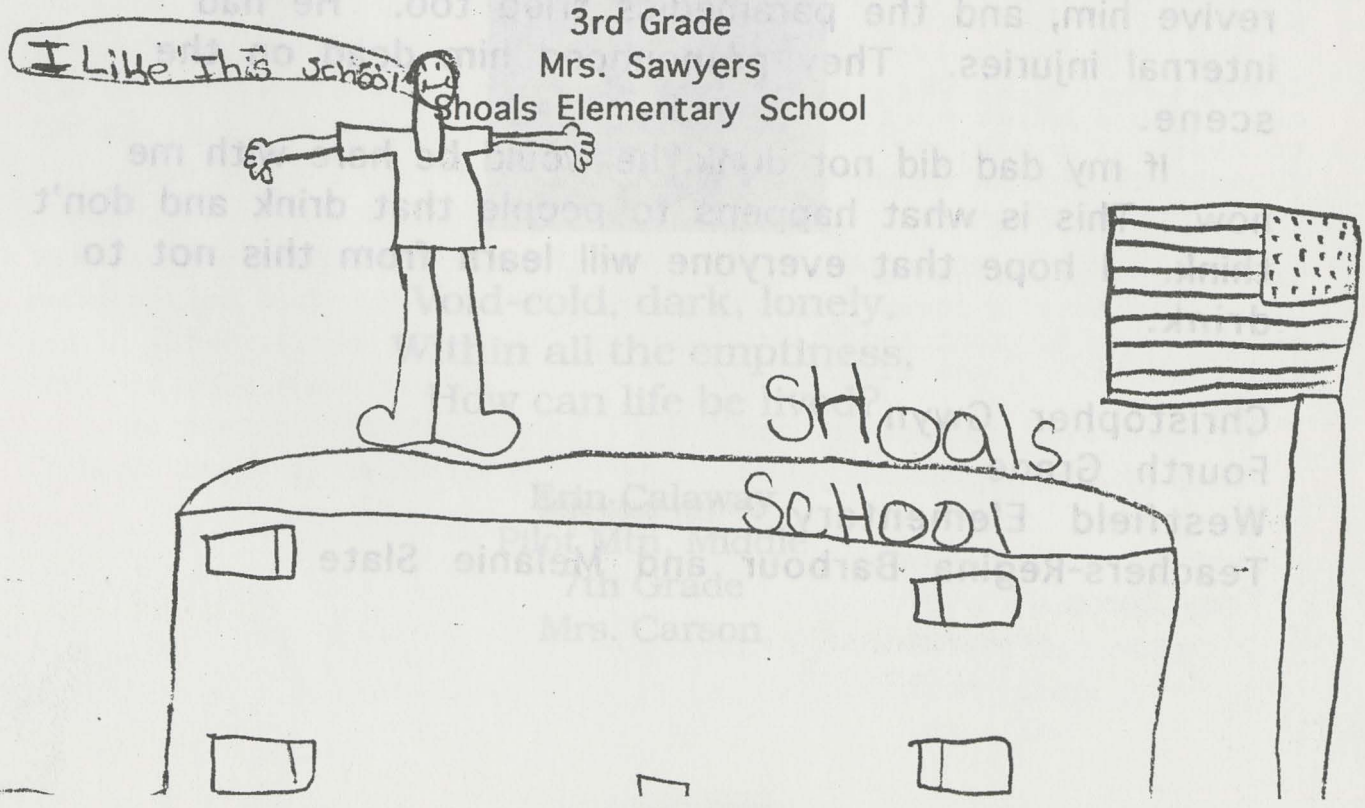
One day there was a man who wanted to be a principal so that he could look out for children like me. He went to college and got a degree in teaching. He had to go to school for many years before he became a principal and could take care of kids. He had to learn how to take care of kids and their problems and to learn how to take care of teachers and their problems too.

It took a lot of years to become principal and a lot of hard work. This man was my principal, Mr. Shelton. Mr. Shelton was once a third grader, just like me. He worked very hard and became what he wanted to be, a principal. That goes to show you that you can do anything if you only work hard.

Mr. Shelton is a very nice and very kind man. He likes to wear funny ties and very nice suits. He likes being principal and helping kids with their problems. Mr. Shelton likes to play with the kids at our school and he likes to have fun too.

It's Mr. Shelton's job to take care of us and he makes sure that the teachers have everything that they need. He makes sure that we have power and a clean school with plenty of paper, books and pencils. He takes care of the buses too. He makes sure that we have a safe place to come to learn. I like Mr. Shelton, he's a great principal.

Matthew Mitchell
3rd Grade
Mrs. Sawyers
Shoals Elementary School



ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Here lies Abigail Williams
Of being a witch she was accused.
Witchery or death is not really a choice,
A crime that cannot be refused!

She drank from a chicken, its blood
To seal Goody Proctor's doom.
She wanted John Proctor's affections,
But, for her, he had no room.

Abby made a pact with the girls
With all of those that had danced.
They would blame the witchery on other women,
For this was their very last chance!

And so the trials proceeded
At which truth and deceit were confused.
Many women were brought before the judge,
Innocent, yet still accused.

No one was safe from the terror in Salem
From the lies of a dirty whore.
Not even Proctor himself,
Whom Abby had loved so deeply before.

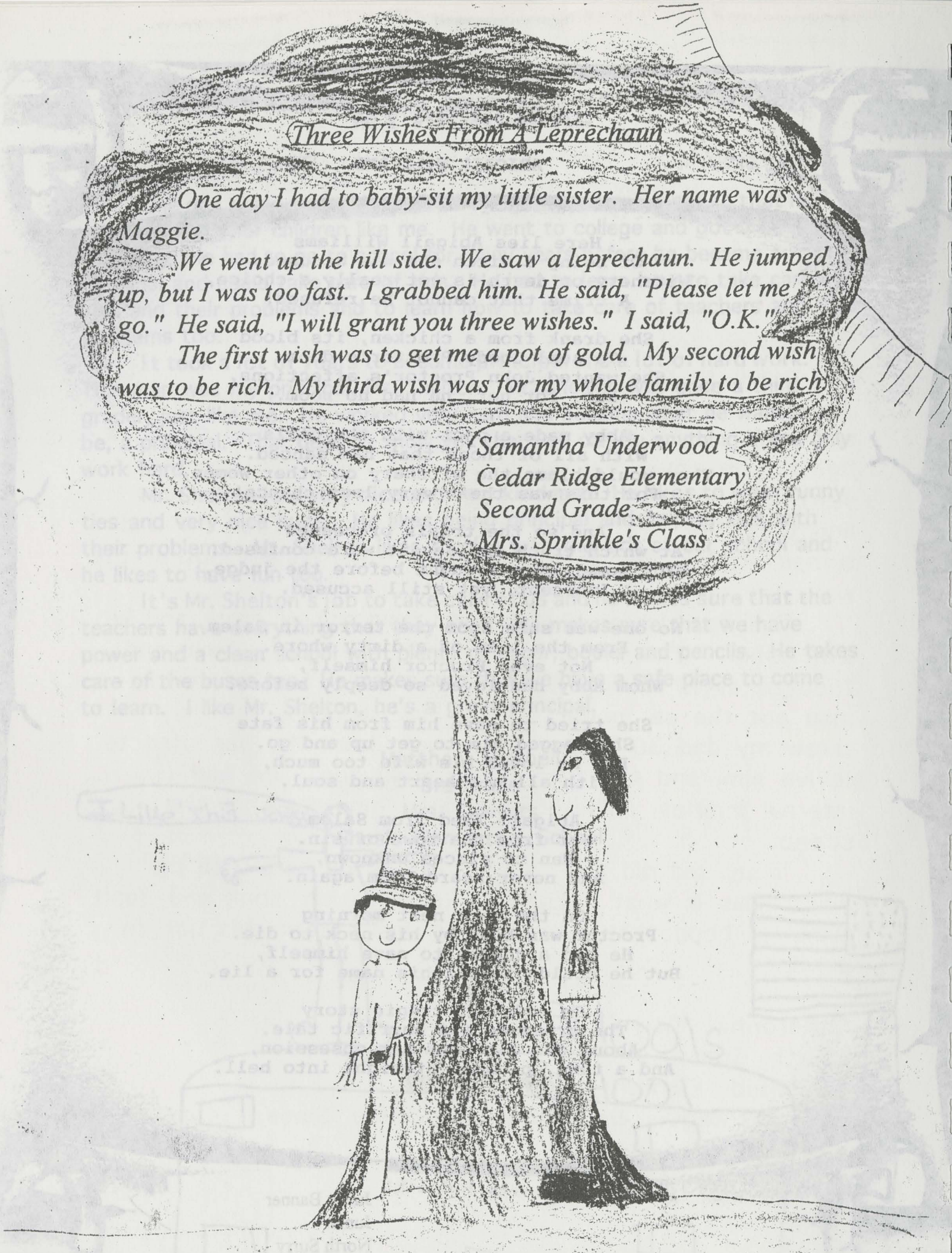
She tried to save him from his fate
She begged him to get up and go.
But he loved his wife too much,
With all his heart and soul.

Abigail fled from Salem
Far from the town of sin.
Ran to places unknown,
And never heard from again.

On the very next morning
Proctor was hung by his neck to die.
He had a chance to save himself,
But he couldn't sell his name for a lie.

So ends our tragic story
The gruesome and horrific tale.
About one girl and her obsession,
And a town, plunged straight into hell.

Justin Banner
Junior
North Surry



Three Wishes From A Leprechaun

One day I had to baby-sit my little sister. Her name was Maggie.

We went up the hill side. We saw a leprechaun. He jumped up, but I was too fast. I grabbed him. He said, "Please let me go." He said, "I will grant you three wishes." I said, "O.K."

The first wish was to get me a pot of gold. My second wish was to be rich. My third wish was for my whole family to be rich.

Samantha Underwood
Cedar Ridge Elementary
Second Grade
Mrs. Sprinkle's Class

Memories

As I look into the sky,
I get tears in my eyes.
It's the end of summer,
and I don't want to slumber.
I think of all the fun times we've had,
and even some of the bad.
I wish the warm weather didn't have to go,
Because soon it will snow.
Oh, please don't go,
Oh, please don't go!

Jennifer Craddock
Mrs. Howard's Fifth Grade Class
Shoals Elementary School

I Once Had a Friend

I once had a friend who would come spend the night.
I once had a friend that would never fight.

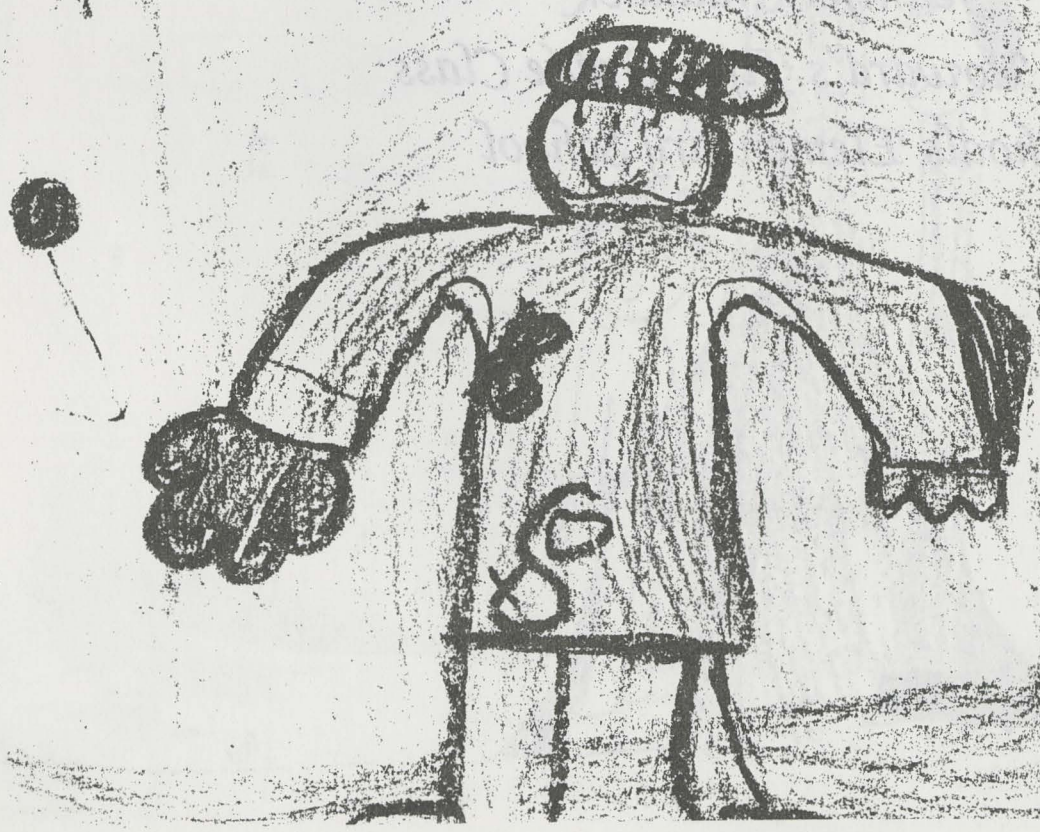
I once had a friend that liked to ride bikes.
I once had a friend that liked to go on hikes.

I once had a friend...
...but now he's moving.

We are sad.
No one is glad.

I'm going to miss my friend.
I once had a friend who will be my friend until the end.

Kyle Nelson
Mrs. May's Second Grade
Shoals Elementary



Regal Ruth

A tribute to Ruth Ward

R - *regal in the way you walk,*

U - *unique in the way you talk,*

T - *thoughtfully thorough in all you do,*

H - *helpful Ruth, that's you.*

B - *beautiful, and yet you seem so unaware that your*

R - *renaissance poise is beyond compare, and your*

I - *invincible smile that brightens a room, and your*

N - *nirvana personality is nature's perfume,*

K - *kind,*

L - *loving,*

E - *elegantly earnest and true,*

Y - *youthful Ruth, that's you.*

W - *wisdom,*

A - *abounding with the awareness that your attitude can change a person's day, with a*

R - *renown reflection that your smile lights the way to show a*

D - *discernable love that all should know, that you are WOMAN, you are RUTH.*

Yes, irreplaceable Ruth, that's you.

Paige Searcy
ES213

Teachers

Teachers, teachers, oh the pain,
I wonder if they're all insane.
They drive me crazy, up the wall,
I wonder if they've got any sense at all.
Everyday they nag at you,
and you regret your favorite school.
That's not all I'll tell you about,
They teach too much, without a doubt.
I wonder about them all day long,
and they stare at me like I've done something wrong.
They send me to the principal,
and here I sit till the end of school.

by
Tiffany Snody



Westfield Elementary School
Fourth Grade
Melanie Slate & Alana Kotas

Someone pushes on her walls
Pushes on the walls of her house
Pushes to make her stir
Pushes to make her walls fall
But she does not stir
And her walls do not fall
Her walls made of paper do not fall.

Then he walks by
He stops at her house
He looks at her walls
Her walls made of paper.

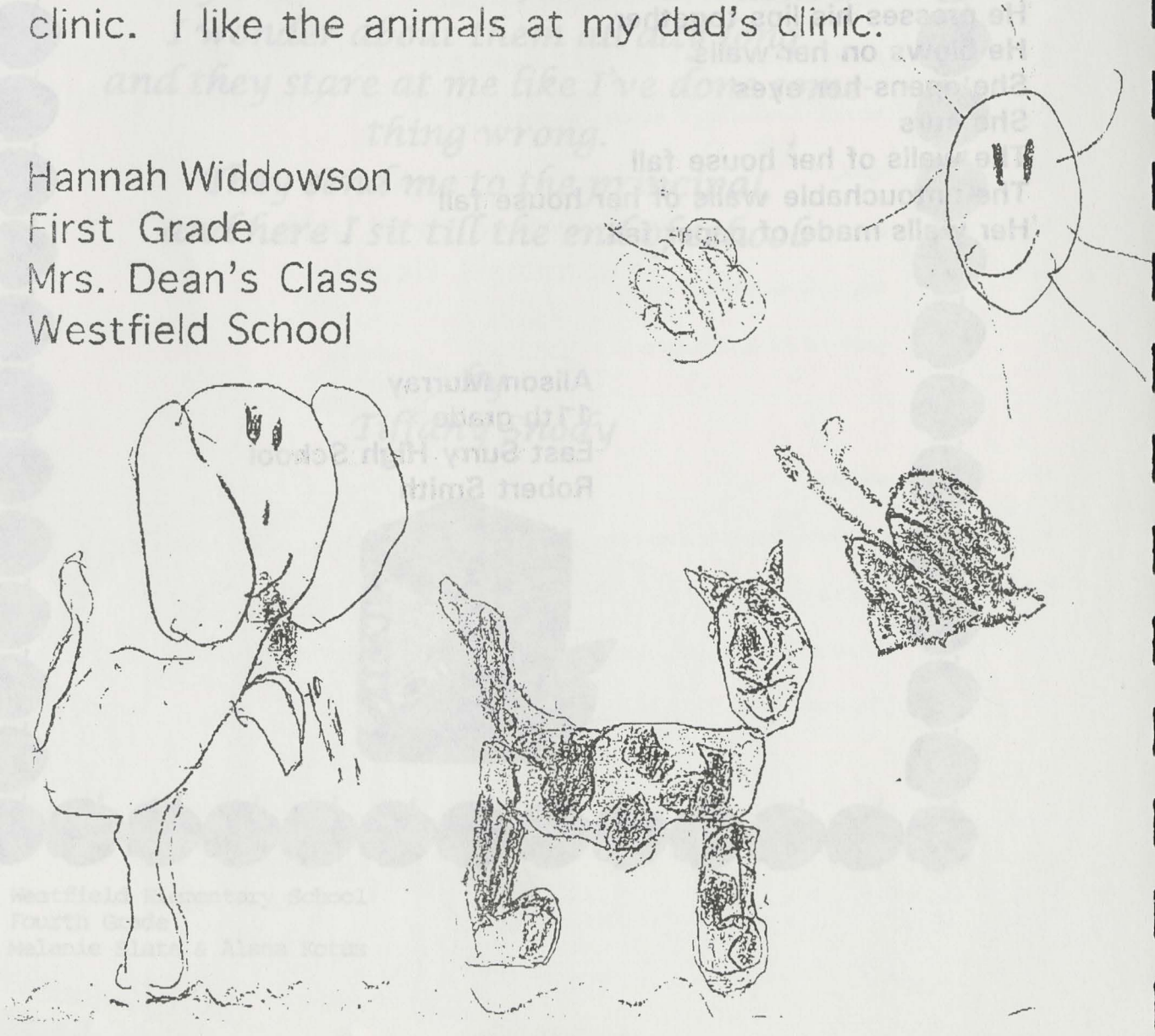
He presses his lips together
He blows on her walls
She opens her eyes
She stirs
The walls of her house fall
The untouchable walls of her house fall
Her walls made of paper fall.

Alison Murray
11th grade
East Surry High School
Robert Smith

My Dad's Clinic

Friday, Zippy my cat is going to my dad's clinic and Rosie my dog is going too. I can't wait! My dad is the best because he is nice, very, very nice. I love my dad. He is the best. He takes care of animals like cats and dogs and birds and snakes too. He takes care of a lot of animals. He is a veterinarian. One time he had a horse that was painted as a zebra. He washed it off. My dad helps sick animals at his clinic. One time I got to hold a kitten at the clinic. I like the animals at my dad's clinic.

Hannah Widdowson
First Grade
Mrs. Dean's Class
Westfield School



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The Unforgotten One

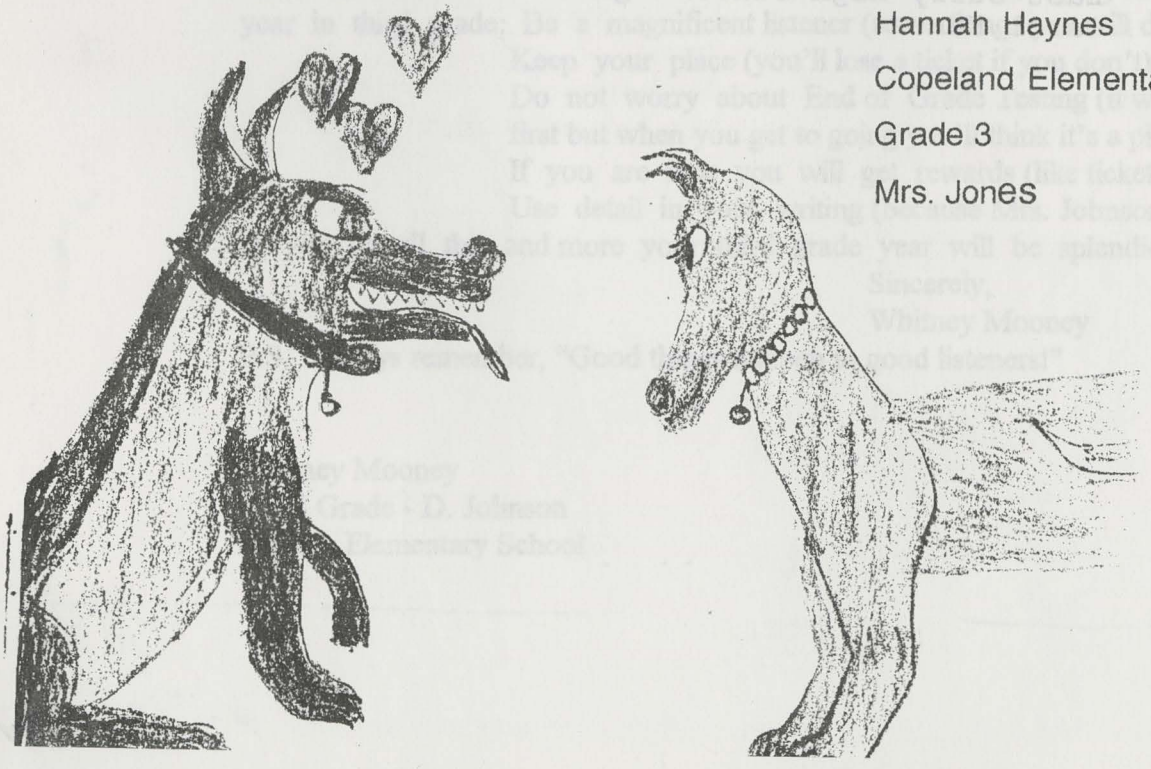
And as our brave and gallant soldier
marches through the snow
His sword in hand, he sees the land
stricken with horror so
For in all his battles he will fall, and remember
all of those
But especially the woman he wished his
mother, her tender eyes so
Now he lies dying, he fears she does
not know
How much he wished she was his mother,
always afraid she would say no
And many years from now they will sing of
his song
The mother he wished was his loved him all
along.

Darrel Lambert
Junior
North Surry
Mrs. Lowanda Badgett

Champ the Talking Dog

Edgar Burgos was a poor kid. He lived in an alley with his dog, Champ. Edgar was real nice. Champ was a German Shepherd and Border Collie mix. Champ was also a talking dog. he guarded Edgar day and night. Edgar only had two friends, Hannah Haynes and Hector Aguirre. Hannah gave Edgar food and things to drink. Hector built Edgar a shelter because Edgar couldn't live with him or Hannah. (Edgar already had clothes.) Since Champ knew his owner was poor, he went to talk to the King. The King was the King of the animals. He was a lion. His owner was rich. His owner gave him money. Champ ate with the King and he was very polite. The King liked him so he gave him LOTS of gold. But, Champ had enemies, Snakester and Horns. They were cruel and down-hearted. They didn't care about anyone but themselves. When they heard about Champ, they were jealous. So to make Champ feel bad, they set out to kill Edgar. Edgar was eating lunch when the came. Champ heard them. Champ held Snakester down and Hannah chopped Snakester's head off. Champ drove Horns to a place where Hector could shoot him and he shot him with a .22 magnum. That night Hector, Edgar, and Hannah ate deer meat. Champ ate Snakester. Now they were rich. Edgar built him a house and had enough money to buy what he needed. He was made a guard by the people's King. Champ was made a guard by the lion. (He got paid too.) Edgar got married and so did Champ. Champ got married to an Australian Cattle Dog and they lived happily ever after. The End.

Hannah Haynes
Copeland Elementary
Grade 3
Mrs. Jones



GHOST

G ucky

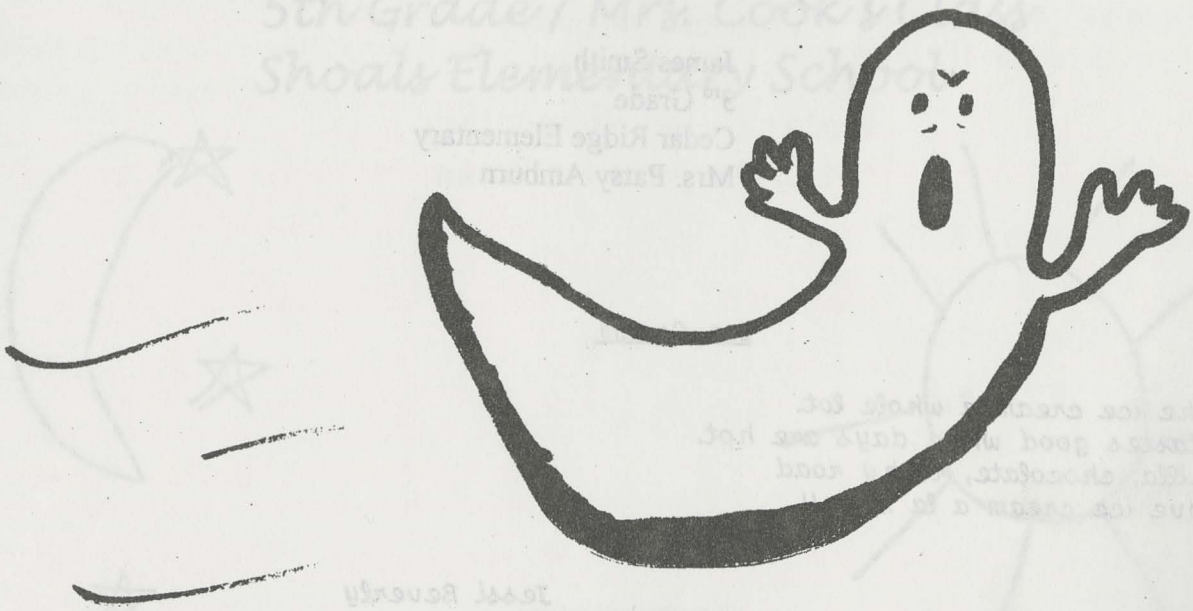
H aunting

O ld

S pooky

T aunting

Kristen Bretz
Grade 5
Dobson Elementary
Ann Simpson



WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to be a mechanic and a race car driver. I want to be a mechanic because I can fix my race car when it's not working. I want to be a race car driver because I get to drive a fast car.

By Garrett Young
Mrs. Edwards
Third Grade
Cedar Ridge

Spring is when animals are born, birds chirp, you get Spring fever and people fall in love.

James Smith
3rd Grade
Cedar Ridge Elementary
Mrs. Patsy Amburn

Ice Cream

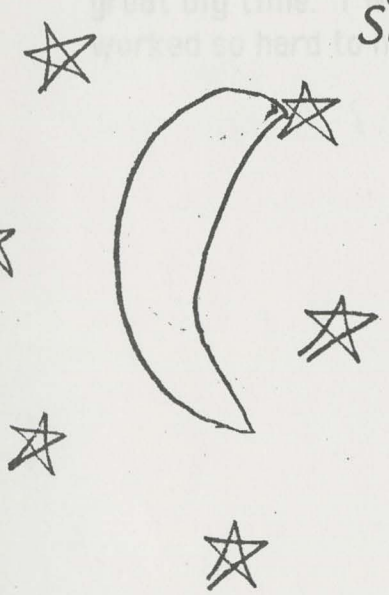
I like ice cream a whole lot.
It tastes good when days are hot.
Vanilla, chocolate, rocky road
I love ice cream a la mode!!

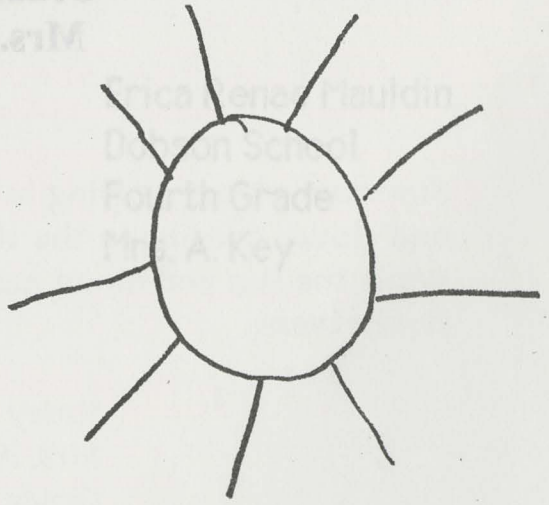
Jessi Beverly
Mrs. Nixon
3rd grade
Cedar Ridge School

Between the Night and the Day

Between the night and day
When the night is light
The sun is not bright
But nothing is dark
When the day seems to end
But everything seems so dull
This time has just ended for me
But it will come again
This time between the night and day
When the night is light

Crystie Beroth
5th Grade / Mrs. Cook's Class
Shoals Elementary School





SCHOOL

I go to school,
It's really cool.

I took an E-O-G test,
It was the very best.

My friends are there,
One has yellow hair.

During the day
We go out to play.

We set our goals high,
All the way up to the sky.

Daniel Brubaker
4th Grade
Cedar Ridge Elementary
Mrs. Barbara Luffman

Life Without Books

I think life without books would be horrible! If we did not have them I do not think we would know as much. My great grandma went without books. I've often imagined what life was like for her. I've even imagined she wrote her own books. This is how she did it.

One day grandma was heart broken. She wished she had a book. She searched and searched for something to read. But all she could find was some old dusty papers. She saw that they didn't look like a book. But she decided she would keep them.

The next day she found some blank papers. So she decided she was going to make herself a book. She found a half of a pencil, she trimmed it, and started to write. In six days all the papers were finished. That night her dad found all the papers and the old dusty papers.

The next day was her birthday so her father tied all the papers together. Her family gave her a surprise birthday party. When it was time to open all the presents her father gave her his present. She carefully opened it. She was amazed. "My very own book", she said over and over.

At once she started to read it. "Thank you dad so much". She hugged him one great big time. "I will never forget you or my very first book". If my great grandma worked so hard to have a book then it is important to read.

Erica Renae Mauldin
Dobson School
Fourth Grade
Mrs. A. Key

SCHOOL

School if fun, yes indeed.
It let's you run and do things.
My favorite thing to do is math.
It helps you add and think.

R.I.F. means Reading is Fundamental.
Yes, it's true I love to read.
As you can see, it means so much to me.
I love school!!!

Hannah Goings
4th Grade
Cedar Ridge Elementary
Mrs. Barbara Luffman

SUMMER IS...

Summer is trees swaying in the wind
and clouds dancing in the sky
While the sun and moon move across
the Heavens

Kasey Puckett
Mrs. Amburn
Grade 3
Cedar Ridge Elementary

A Refugee's Rejection

I feel empty,
I feel lonely,
I feel hated,
I feel like an empty cookie jar,

I feel like I am falling in a bottomless pit,
I feel like I can't catch myself,
I feel like I am in the middle of a firing squad,
I feel like I have no where to go,

I feel helpless,
I feel lost in my own body,
I feel like the walls are closing in on my world,
I feel like I am running out of breath.

Colby Cassell
Grade 6
Mrs. Young
Cedar Ridge Elementary

THE BABY BEAR

One dark, cold, snowy evening Baby Bear and her mother was sleeping in their warm, cozy den.

Baby Bear woke up. She heard a noise so she went out of the den to see what is was. She didn't see anything, so she walked into the forest to find out what it was. She didn't find out what it was, but then a terrible thing happened. She got lost.

Baby Bear was tired and very cold because her mother's warm fur was not there to keep her warm. She started to cry. Finally she got up and began walking. It seemed like she was walking in circles but suddenly she heard something. It was her mother looking for her.

They walked back to their warm, cozy den and from that day on Baby Bear never went out of the cave again.

Katelyn Wyatt
Mrs. Amburn
Grade 3
Cedar Ridge Elementary

The important thing
about spring is Easter comes,
you fly kites,
you can go swimming,
But the important thing
about spring is Easter comes.

Emily Crotts
Grade 1st
Cedar Ridge Elementary
Miss Gordon

Dinosaur Report
Brachiosaurus

This is a report about Brachiosaurus. It's nick name is "Arm Lizard". It weighed as much as 17 elephants. It was a plant eater. It lived 150 million years ago. It could look over a three story building. It lived on water and land. It ate leaves and branches. If you would like to learn more about Brachiosaurus, then you might want to check out a book from the library.

Andrew Crotts
Grade 2
Cedar Ridge Elementary
Mrs. Collins

Sadness of Orpheus

Lost in a sea of loneliness
Known as Orpheus
Roaming through the earth
soaked in the rain
of my loved one's tears

She was lost by a snakes bite.
Then lost again by chance
this must be a huge mistake.

Giving my heart of loving gaze
I find her tonight, but tomorrow I lose her in the light.
Waiting for my lover's touch again.

Nikki Rippey
Grade 6
Mrs. Spencer
Cedar Ridge Elementary

"Ouch! Watch where you're going!" I was just on my way home when some bully knocked me down. Luckily, I was walking on the beach at Emerald Isle and fell on sand. As I miserably rolled over, I felt something. A bottle! I opened it, and a note fell out. It read: "To whom it may concern. Bob and I are trapped. Please come quickly! Our address is 10825 Elm Street. Best wishes, Bob and Joe." I thought a second. Then I realised Elm Street was on an island.

I grabbed a waverunner and shot off like a speedy bullet. To my surprise, when I reached the house, I saw a window to the basement. I peered into it to see two little mice, the only things there. They were each in separate cages. They sensed my being present and stared at me. At first, I thought I was seeing things, but sure enough, they had beckoned me in. Seeing there was no door, I took a running start, and burst through the window.

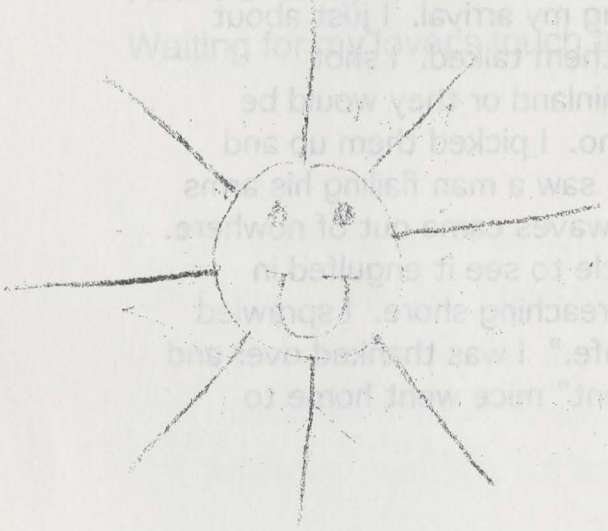
I fell on the floor and saw two mice awaiting my arrival. I just about jumped back out of the window because one of them talked. I shot backwards. They told me to get them to the mainland or they would be sacrificed to the island gods, an enormous volcano. I picked them up and scurried away. When I reached my waverunner, I saw a man flailing his arms trying to stop me. When I shot off, humungous waves came out of nowhere. Luckily, I was close to shore. I dove off my vehicle to see it engulfed in waves. I swam through the harsh waters barely reaching shore. I sprawled out on the sand and breathlessly said, "You're safe." I was thanked over and over, but the next morning those "super intelligent" mice went home to Africa. What an excitingly funny bottle.

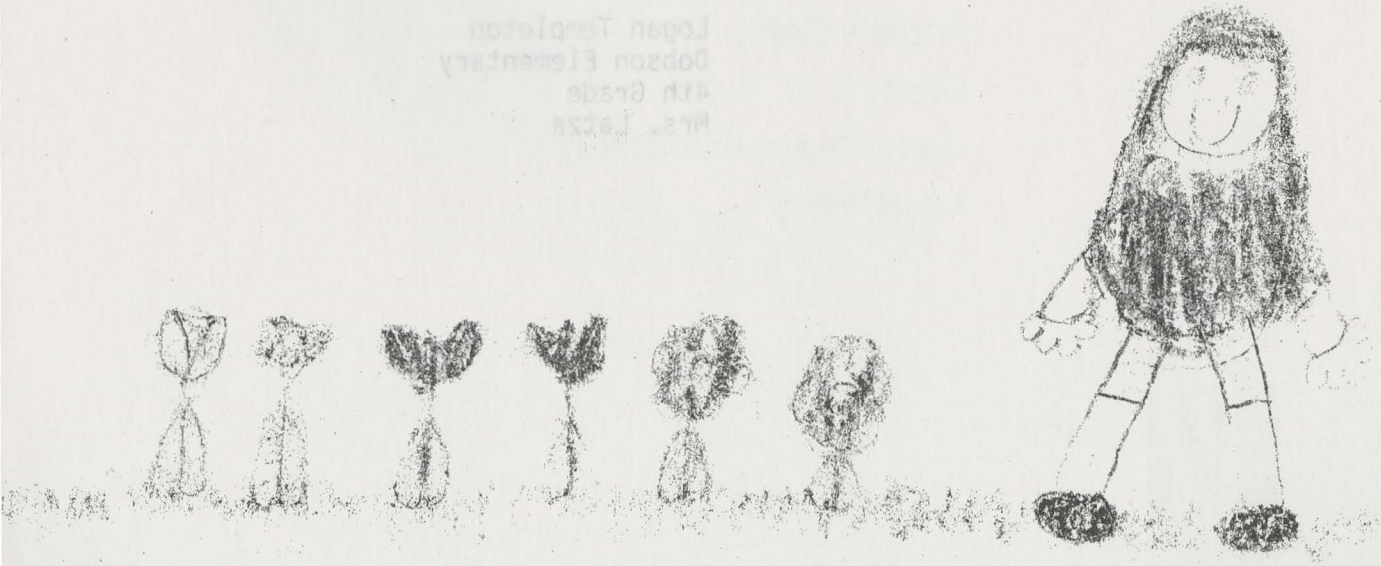
Logan Templeton
Dobson Elementary
4th Grade
Mrs. Latza

Sun! Sun!

Sun, sun take the rain clouds away;
Boom bang! Take it away.
Thank you for taking it away, sun.
When you shine I get to go outside.
You help my plants grow too.
The rain clouds do not help the plants grow, but you help, sun.
So thank you, thank you.
Stay every day so I can play with you.
You are the most fun, sun.
You are the best!

Hannah Horton
Franklin School
Second Grade
Mrs. Anita Goins





Christmas Party

It was the day of Christmas vacation, and I was getting ready for school.
It was about time for the bus, but I was calm and cool.

My dad was yelling "Hurry, hurry" the bus will be here soon.
He said as slow as I was going I wouldn't be ready till noon.

I got onto the bus with plenty of time to spare.
My friend brandy was talking to me, but I just looked out the window and stared.

My mind was on the Christmas party and the gifts we were getting in our room.
They were stories about friendship and a journey to see Santa one afternoon.

I wanted to read my story and wondered what mine was about.
I hoped it would be happy and funny, and if so, I would love it without a doubt.
Because love, friendship and happiness is what Christmas should be about.

Shena Spurlin
Fourth Grade
Ms. Dillman
Cedar Ridge Elementary

Mother Nature

We have a blue sky,
Don't ask me why.

The grass is green,
And we have sunbeams.

The sun is yellow,
And the moon is mellow.

The wind is invisible,
And sometimes it makes us miserable.

Mother nature controls these things,
And some of them happen in spring.

Ashley Hunter
Westfield Elementary School
5th grade

The Worst Storm Ever

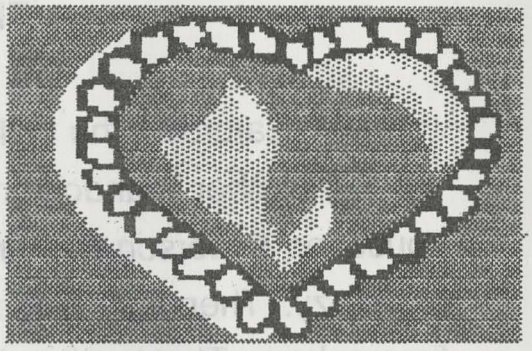
On Saturday, the 15th of January, I Christopher was playing baseball with my brother Brandon and there was a black cloud was coming over our house, on Anderson Rd., and it started to rain heavily, and the wind blew like crazy. Then the thunder roared and the lightning popped like firecrackers. That is when I knew it was the worst storm ever! It rained so much I felt like the water was going above my head. I thought I was going to be a drowned rat if I did not get into the house soon. The wind was so strong, trees and powerlines where falling to the ground. They were falling on the houses and buildings.

In four hours flat there wasn't anything left of the Country. All the houses and vehicles were flooded. I was standing on my roof looking to see if there was anyone drowning. I saw the rescue squad looking for some people and there was a family stuck in the house at the bottom of the flood. The rescue squad went down to help the family.

It wasn't long until the flood was over, the sun came out and dried up all the water, but the world will not be the same.

Chris Hutchins
Copeland Elementary
Grade 4
Mrs. Ava Bowman

THREE LITTLE VALENTINES



2-11-98

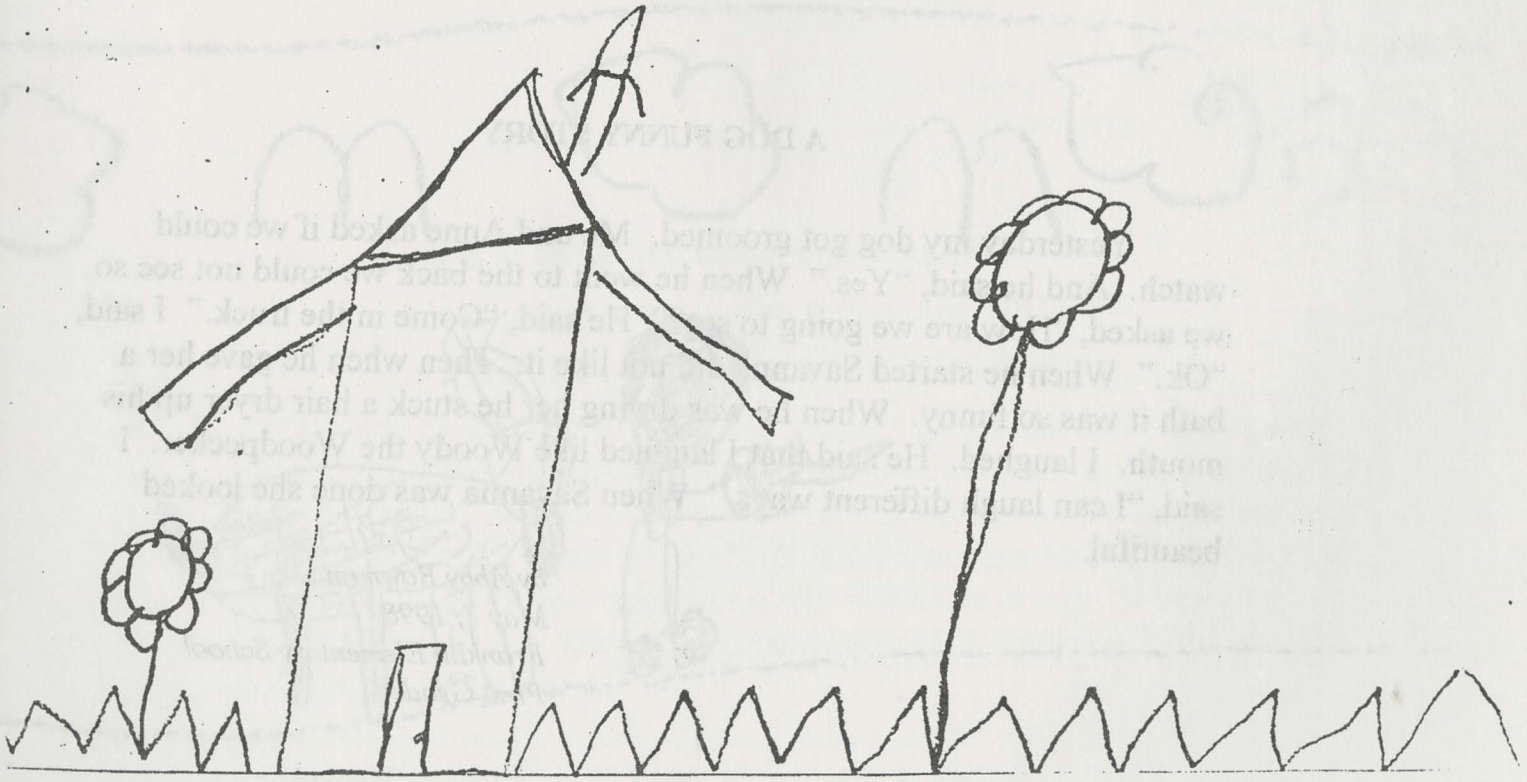
Once upon a time there were three little valentines. The first one fell into a bucket of paint. When he came out, he had turned blue. The second one fell into a pan of purple paint. The third one trampled in a yellow field of roses. Then he ran through a green forest. He turned into a beautiful yellow rose with huge green leaves. I think I will pick the beautiful yellow rose and give it to my mom.

The end

by
Mrs. Parker's
Kindergarten Class
Franklin Elementary
School

Carlos Campos
Dobson Elementary
Mrs. Branch
Age: 6

This is my house and my house has a sunflower. It is pretty. When it was raining he drinks and it grow.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

It's Mom's birthday and I don't know what to get her. Mom is going to be thirty-one years old. I went to get mom something. I walked on the sidewalk and I saw people working on the road. I walked across the road, but when I got there it said, "Stop." Then it said, "Walk." The store I went to was open. I was happy the store was open. I went in the store and started to look for something she would like. There was a sign and it said, "Take a cupcake." I was hungry so I took a cupcake. I found some colorful paper to make a paper birthday cake. I decided to buy the colorful paper. then I went to go home and when I got to the door it said, "Exit." I went home and I saw the people working on the road. When I got home I went in the basement and started to work on the colorful birthday cake. I made it fast because mom was calling me up for cake. I ate and I was excited about mom opening my present I got her. She opened mine first. She liked it so much, she gave me a hug. Then I went to bed.

by Rebecca Thomas
February 24, 1998
Franklin Elementary School
First Grade

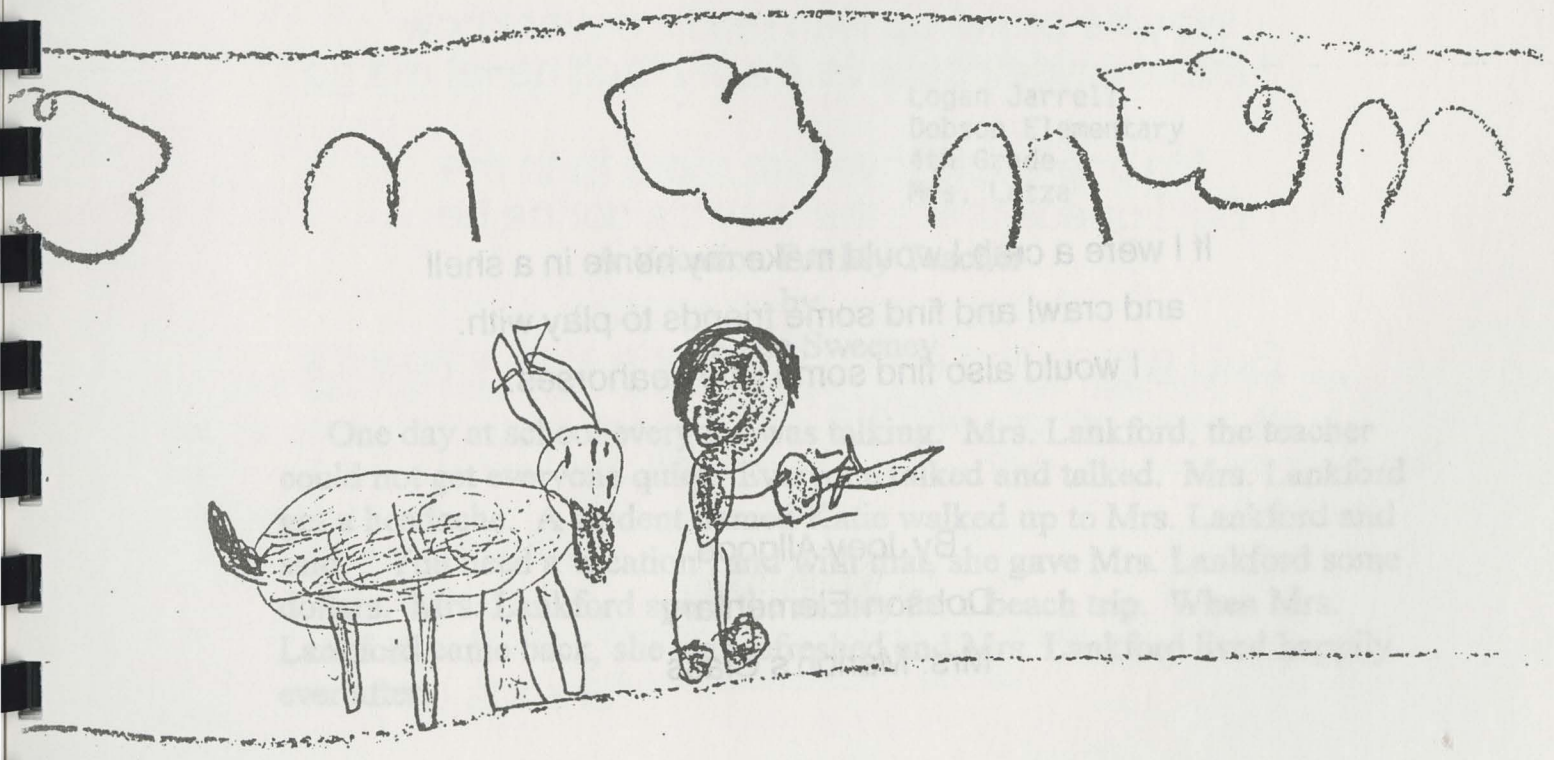
A DOG FUNNY STORY

Yesterday my dog got groomed. Me and Anne asked if we could watch. And he said, "Yes." When he went to the back we could not see so we asked, "How are we going to see?" He said, "Come in the truck." I said, "Ok." When he started Savanna did not like it. Then when he gave her a bath it was so funny. When he was drying her he stuck a hair dryer up his mouth. I laughed. He said that I laughed like Woody the Woodpecker. I said, "I can laugh different ways." When Savanna was done she looked beautiful.

by Abby Bowman
May 7, 1998
Franklin Elementary School
First Grade

Kendal Schumaker
Dobson Elementary
Mrs. Branch
Age: 6

This is my goat it plays with me. When I throw the carrot my goat goes and gets it and when I have to go in to eat supper and when I get finished I go back outside and play with my goat and he eats grass and sometimes we chase birds and sometimes will kill birds with my B.B. gun.



Bike Accident

One spring day after school,Becky, Chris and Malinda, and I were riding our bikes up and down the road. I told the others I was going to get something to drink. When I came back, Chris thought of this crazy idea of one person sitting on the handlebars and the other person driving the bike. We would go down the hill, and then turn a curve. When it was my turn, I sat on the handlebars and Chris drove. We went around the curve, I fell off the bike, and Chris ran the bike over my leg. I couldn't move my leg. It had also cut it up real bad. My mom had to take me to the hospital. After waiting about five minutes, they took me to the x-ray room. When they found out it was broken, they put my leg in a cast and put me on crutches. I didn't know how to walk on them, so they took me to a small room so a lady could teach me how to work them. It took about 15 minutes. The next day at school, everyone asked me what happened, and I ended up telling the whole story over and over again.

Dorothy Miller
Westfield Elementary
5th grade

If I were a crab I would make my home in a shell
and crawl and find some friends to play with.
I would also find some little seahorses.

By Joey Allgood
Dobson Elementary
Mrs. Marion's Class

It was just another boring Halloween night. October 31, 1996. I was down in my basement all alone. I was just looking around when I saw a chemistry set. I took the supplies out of the box and read the instructions. The instructions read, "Do not mix all of the formulas together." I just thought it was some joke so I mixed all of the formulas together. It smelled so good I took a little drink. I almost turned sick! "I see why they don't want you to mix all of the formulas together," I thought. I put the stuff up then I went upstairs and I put on my Halloween costume. Then I went trick-or-treating.

When I got to the first house an elderly lady answered the doorbell. When she saw me she ran. I looked down and saw my fingernails were six inches long, I had hair all over me, and I had fangs. I didn't remember dressing like that. I thought "My gosh. It is the potion!" How could I tell my mom? I think I read in the directions that spells will wear off in two hours. I said, "Good." I went on trick-or-treating. I only scared three other people. The next house I went to closed the door on me because I started to howl. I couldn't believe it!! I looked at my watch. I had twenty minutes left before the spell wore off. I just walked around the neighborhood until I saw these kids. Their mom bopped me in the head with her pocketbook because I looked at them funny. It hurt!!! I had five minutes left before the spell wore off so I just walked on home.

Before I stepped into my house I checked to see if I was normal again. I was, so I walked on in. I said, "Hey" to my mom then I went downstairs. I found my cousin with my chemistry set. He was getting ready to take a drink of my left over potion. Not again!!!!

Logan Jarrell
Dobson Elementary
4th Grade
Mrs. Latza

A Vacation For My Teacher

by

Katie Sweeney

One day at school everyone was talking. Mrs. Lankford, the teacher could not get everyone quiet. Everyone talked and talked. Mrs. Lankford got a headache. A student named Katie walked up to Mrs. Lankford and said, " You need a vacation" and with that, she gave Mrs. Lankford some dollars. Mrs. Lankford spent the money for a beach trip. When Mrs. Lankford came back, she was refreshed and Mrs. Lankford lived happily ever after.

Katie Sweeney
Mrs. Lankford's 2nd grade class
Dobson Elementary

The One I Love

The boy I love will never know
How much I love him and want him so.

The thought of holding him once again
I think of the things that could have been.

I yearn for just one more chance
I still remember when he asked me to dance.

I wish he'd come back and ask me again
I'd definitely pick him over the other men.

Why he broke up with me I'll never know
I make myself believe it's my fault he let me go.

No one could love him more than me
But I guess that's the way it's gonna be.

I'd take him back anyday
But I guess him loving someone else is how it's gonna stay.

Ashae Reagan
Central Middle
7th grade
Brenda Lloyd

Mother Nature

We have a blue sky,
Don't ask my why.

The grass is green,
And we have sunbeams.

The sun is yellow,
And the moon is mellow.

The wind is invisible,
And sometimes it makes us miserable.

Mother nature controls these things,
And some of them happen in spring.

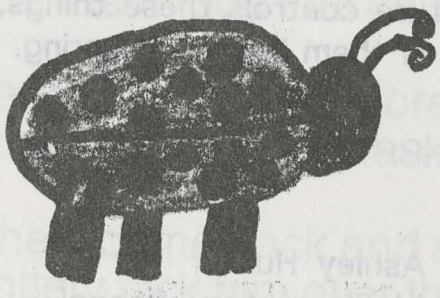
Ashley Hunter
Westfield Elementary School
5th grade

Our Vacation

One day my family went to the beach. We all rode rides and we got cotton candy. We played on the beach. We went into the ocean. My brother, Evan, ate the sand. We stayed 7 days. Then, we went to my Meme and Papa's house.

Molly Lankford
Mrs. Wilmoth's kindergarten class
Dobson Elementary School

One day I went to the park, and I saw some of my friends. They were playing on the slide. I said, "Hi!" They said, "Hello!" We played and played and played. Then my friend Dara said, "Let's look for a ladybug." We said okay, and we started to look for a ladybug. I was the first person to find a ladybug. Then I asked Dara if she would go get a jar for me. When she got back I made holes in the jar. Then I put the ladybug in the jar and I put grass in the jar and some sticks in the jar. The ladybug lived happily ever after. The End.



Whitney Sprinkle
First Grade
Dobson Elementary
Melanie Hudspeth

Fish

Fish are good. I go fishing at the beach. One day I caught a BIG fish. It was ten feet long. I ate the fish. It lasted a whole year. The end!

By Caleb Thomas
Dobson Elementary
Mrs. Marion's Class

The Magic Rabbit

It all started when I was walking home excited about vacation. Suddenly, I tripped over something hard. I landed in the grass that was being sprayed by a sprinkler. When I finally got out, I was soaking wet.

I looked at what I had tripped over. It was a small, shining red plastic egg. I picked it up and opened it. A small rabbit hopped out onto my hand. It asked me what I wanted to do on vacation. Joking, I said, "Go back in time." Suddenly, everything went black!

A minute later, I woke up and looked around. I was on the ship Titanic, and it was sinking fast! I yelled for the rabbit. "Are you enjoying your vacation?" the rabbit asked me. I told him that I would enjoy it better if we were not here.

The next thing I knew, I was in my room on my bed. The rabbit asked me what else I wanted to do on my vacation. "Buy one-hundred Sweet Valley Super Chiller books," I told him. Suddenly, I was swimming in Sweet Valley books. I swam to my door and raced down the hall. Books were piling up after me. I quickly ran some more and slammed the front door.

"Why is this happening?" I wondered aloud. "What do you think?" asked a loud voice. I looked behind me. There was the rabbit! I knew what to do now. "Well, I wish everything was the way it's supposed to be," I yelled.

Suddenly, everything started spinning around fast. The next thing I knew I was at the place where I found the egg. Then, my sister saw it and grabbed it. "No," I yelled running after her!

Carrie Parker
Dobson ElementarySchool
Grade 4
Mrs. Hardy

The Rainbow

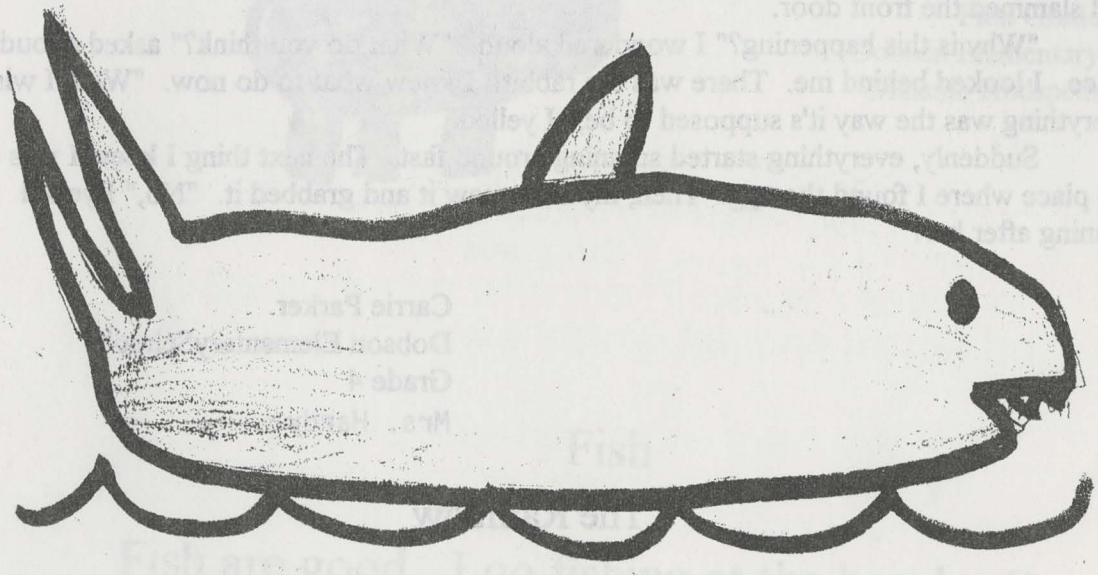
A rainbow is like a colorful lollipop.
The colors are orange, yellow, red, blue and purple.
I see it when the rain stops.
It makes me feel happy and glad because the colors are pretty.
I wish I could find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Emily Perkins
Mrs. Lankford's 2nd grade class
Dobson Elementary

A Day At The Beach

One Day I went to the beach and I saw a shark. The shark started coming after me. I started running. I went and told the lifeguard about the shark. Then the Shark went into the ocean and I went home!

Blake Stanley
Dobson Elementary
Kindergarten
Mrs. Wall



Little Bear

I like Little Bear. Little Bear likes me. Little Bear and me like to play ball. He runs after me and chases me.

Elizabeth Ann Brindle
Mrs. Wilmoth's Kindergarten class
Dobson Elementary School

COLD

Some enjoy the winter; the snow that brings unearthly quiet, the thick gray sky pressing down claustrophobically towards the frozen earth. They say the winter is cozy. But at this precise moment, the lonely girl in the forest does not feel cozy. As she crunches blindly through the ice-kingdom, she begins to forget the meaning of the word "cozy". On this earth, there will never be any more warmth or fire. Only cold.

The hard, barren wilderness in which she has found herself is miles from the world she left - was forced to leave - less than twenty-four hours before. Then, she had been alone at her grandparents' rustic mountain cabin, high in the Smokies. There had been a fire burning, but when it started to die, she had decided to venture in to the winter twilight to find more wood. But she had underestimated the speed at which night falls during winter in the mountains, and before she even reached the woodpile, located where the leaf-strewn but civilized lawn met the impenetrable forest, the house had become yet another random dark spot on a field of gray. But she probably could have found it, had she not been interrupted.

She had seen the man before she heard him. When she noticed him, he was standing on the other side of the woodpile, almost obscured by the shadows of the pine trees. His eyes, however, could not have been hidden. The color of cobalt, an intense burning blue that seemed to have been forged from the ice itself, she wondered illogically if they glowed in the dark.

How long he had been watching her she did not know, but something in his calm demeanor - and the eerie half-smile - immediately frightened her.

"What are you doing there?" she had asked.

The smile grew slightly, and a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

"Hunting", he had answered, matter-of-factly.

Some primitive animal instinct overtook her at that moment, telling her, no, *commanding* her to run. And she did, but he had been infinitely faster, effortlessly leaping over the woodpile almost before she could turn around. He grabbed her legs. The last thing the girl saw that night was the hard, frozen ground rushing to meet her, and then, blackness...

When she awoke, the farmhouse was gone, replaced by a barren clearing in the forest, beside a creek. In her groggy, half-unconscious mind, the girl wondered why all of the trees, long since stripped of their leaves, seemed to be the bones of the dead; monsters reaching toward her. The crack of ice nearby startled her into

full awareness. She turned around, and saw him. He was kneeling beside the creek, drinking water out of the hole that he had just broken in the ice that covered it. She knew that it was daytime, although the sun had been exiled from this place and was hiding behind endless layers of swelling, gray clouds.

He came over to her, offering her a tin cup full of the icy water. She had refused to take it at first, the stubbornness for which she was so often criticized flashing again. But he had insisted, surprisingly, with a trace of concern in his voice. But even that forced warmth could not hide the cold deep within him. His voice was like the sound of an icicle falling from a great height onto concrete. His eyes still burned with cold fire. The girl remembered then what her mother said once, that blue was the hottest part of the flame. Now she knew that this is wrong; there had been only ice in the Hunter's gaze.

She had reluctantly taken the metal cup, forcing the icy liquid into her mouth. The coldness that emanated from the Hunter was seeping into her body in the form of this water.

He then sat in front of her, as if waiting for something. She watched him, and he watched her for several minutes.

It was the girl who had finally broken the silence, asking him, "What are you going to do with me now?"

He had smiled, that enigmatic half-smile again, and responded. "Let you go."

She had stared at him in open disbelief. *Am I dreaming,* she thought, *or is he just toying with me?*

When she didn't respond, he continued. "I'm serious. I've been watching you, down at that farmhouse, and I think I will enjoy hunting you. It's morning now, so I'll give you 'til nightfall to get away. Then I'll come after you. Does that sound fair?"

The girl was still watching him, shocked, waiting for the punchline. But he was obviously dead serious. *This is insane. I don't know where I am, I've never been in a huge forest before, we could be miles from anything - but he's going to let me go...* The whole situation was fantastic.

She had looked up at him and asked simply, "What are you?"

To this he laughed, a sound like breaking glass. "What am I? I'm just a Hunter. Now, go, before I change my mind."

She needed no further instruction. The girl began to run into the forest, looking back only once. When she did, she saw the Hunter calmly gathering kindling for a fire, not even seeing in which direction she ran.

The snow had begun to fall some hours later. The wind now blows the fine white powder like tiny bullets into the girl's unprotected face. She has no hat, only the ski jacket and snow boats she had thrown on the night before over her jeans and sweater. When her mother had bought her the white jacket, she had complained about the color. It would dirty too easily, she said. Now the girl is thankful that the faded white color would help camouflage her.

She crunches through the falling snow, her toes growing numb inside the boots, her hands stuffed in the pockets of the coat, which offer little protection. On rainy days when she was young, the girl used to read her mother's encyclopedias. Her mother thought that this was yet another sign of her daughter's "different" nature. She did not understand her daughter's natural curiosity; indeed, she was frightened of her hunger for knowledge. The girl therefore read the volumes not so much to learn, but to find another way of opposing her mother.

Now she can recall part of an article - conveniently, one on hypothermia, as if she needed another worry to distract her from the Hunter's pursuit. "The heart rate and blood pressure decrease during mild to moderate hypothermia...breathing becomes slower and shallower..." But, although she grew up away from the rugged terrain of the mountains, she was reasonably in shape.

There are at least a few hours of daylight left. *I might just make it,* she thinks.

Night has begun to fall again.

With the nightly drop in temperature, any ice or snow which melted off the trees during the day will freeze again. The girl feels less exposed at night. The moon is hidden, and cannot illuminate the brooding sky, which she could touch if only she could raise her arms over her head. Her toes and fingers have long since curled numbly against the cold; her feet crunch ceaselessly through the snow. She is a machine. The ice has frozen her blood.

The snow, mercifully, has stopped flying, although the wind still blows it into the air periodically. *The Hunter must have been on the move for at least two hours now,* she thinks. *I can't have covered that much ground. If he finds my tracks in the snow, it's all over.* It wouldn't be that hard to track her. At this time of year, there

aren't many people in this area. In fact, the mountain is deserted. Except for a cold, frightened girl, and a hunter.

Suddenly she stops dead in her tracks. A fear seizes her. Not that he broke his word and began tracking her before dark (somehow she knows he wouldn't), but that he possesses some kind of supernatural homing instinct that has brought him right to her, and that he is playing a twisted game of cat and mouse.

Ordinarily, fear would galvanize a person into movement. But she is cold and hungry and lost, close to giving up, willing to die at the hand of either the Hunter or the cold. Her blue jeans might as well be made of Kleenex, as effective as they are at insulation. Before she is even aware of it, her frozen legs buckle, and she is kneeling in the snow. From that position it is so easy for her upper body to slump to the ground. Although she is now curled up in nearly two feet of snow, she initially feels no coldness. When the feeling finally does come, her body is too numb to absorb it. She tells herself that she will just rest here awhile, because she is so tired - just a little nap...

"...from 86 to 82 degrees Fahrenheit the victim becomes unconscious. During deep hypothermia - 64 to 59 degrees...the action of the heart, the flow of the blood, and the electrical activity of the brain stop completely..."

No.

It is such a simple word, but one so many people find daunting. Because the girl has never hesitated to say it, she has suffered the consequences, being branded "difficult". If she can only say it now, she knows she will live.

"No."

Not once in her entire life has she ever conceded defeat. Not even the Cold can force her to do so. Maybe not even the Hunter.

Get up.

She is sitting up now, and she stretches her legs, trying to bring them back to life. They seem to be stuck to the snow and ice. *Come on. I can do this. I can do anything. My father told me that, and I'm never going to see him again if I give up. No one is going to get me.* As she struggles to get blood circulating through her sluggish limbs, she suddenly comes to the realization that she is mad as hell. At the Hunter, and the snow, at her mother, at everyone who ever tried to keep her down, to convince her that stubbornness is a flaw. Her flaw might now save her life.

Within minutes she is standing. For the first time since darkness fell, she can feel warm blood flowing in her veins, and she can feel her heart beating. She knows that it is not just her adrenaline which is alive again, but her will.

There is still little feeling in her legs, but she can stumble through the snow. She wonders about frostbite, and it occurs to her that she might have lain in the snow for hours. But she pushes that thought away, because admitting that so much time had past would be admitting that the Hunter could be close. She begins to walk, hoping that her legs will be all right. She recalls reading about a little boy who got lost in the snow, and they had to amputate two of his toes because-

Snap.

An almost imperceptible sound, but in this white vacuum, it sounds like a gunshot. Now the night is not a camouflaging blanket but a mask, obscuring unknown danger. Maybe a deer stepped on a tree branch-

Snap- crunch-

This time she does not speculate. This is no deer.

She begins to run, but her legs are like thick lead pipes in the snow. Their stiffness makes her run straight legged, a scene she might have found comical under different circumstances. As she runs blindly downhill, she nevertheless picks up speed. Heavy, crunching footsteps gain on hers.

Lead pipes are rather difficult to maneuver. She trips and rolls suddenly down the suddenly steep hill. The girl manages to roll into a ball, to lessen the possibility of splitting her skull on a convenient hemlock.

She is jarred by a sudden landing on a hard surface, and in fact comes close to biting her tongue. In the predawn haze, she sees that she is on a frozen lake. She quickly glances up the hill, and sees him. He is descending slowly, not falling as she did. He is almost strolling, as if he knows she will be there when he arrives. But he cannot track her as easily over ice. She gets to her feet, fueled by fear and anger, and runs into the mist.

She runs over the slick surface, barely managing to keep her balance, until the shore has been obscured by the fog. The sound of his footsteps, hard on the ice, seem to come from all around her.

The girl notices that the ice on which she stands is no longer white, but a bluish black color. On second glance, she realizes that the ice has grown so thin that the churning dark waters of the lake are visible through it. *If it's that thin, how long can it hold me?*

Before she can move, the Hunter is leaping out of the mist at her, laughing his confident broken-glass laugh, his eyes burning with the excitement of the hunt. He lands on top of her at the exact moment when the ice cracks under their combined weight.

At first, she does not feel the rush of icy water because her senses are so deadened by frostbite. The lake sucks them both down into its churning vortex, with the Hunter on her back as the scratches at the ice. He is still laughing, pulling her down with him. Somehow, her frozen hands find a tenuous grip on the ice, but they can't hold on much longer.

The top half of her body is out of the water, but the Hunter still clings furiously to her ski jacket. *If I let go to take the jacket off, I'll be pulled under, but I've got no choice.* Pressing her stomach as hard as possible against the break in the ice in order to brace herself, the girl says a prayer, and lets go.

Her arms are jerked backwards as the jacket flies off. She slips into the water, but manages to grab the surface of the ice before she can go under. As she pulls herself onto the ice, she watches the Hunter, still gripping her white jacket, be sucked into the black void.

It's over, she thinks as she makes her way over to a thick patch of ice. The girl is in shock, unable to make sense of the situation or even to cry. She cannot begin to wonder where she is or how to find help. For the first time, she wonders what her grandparents must be going through. Oddly, she doesn't care, isn't worried. She just sits on the ice, waiting for sunrise.

She feels the ice behind her crack before she hears it. Whirling around, she sees the Hunter's bloodied, frozen arm break through the ice. Her scream pierces the tranquillity of a winter dawn. She thinks insanely that he is immortal, that he will never die and leave her in peace. The arm claws the air, as if the Hunter is intent of dragging her under with him. Then, as suddenly as it broke through, the arm loses its furious snarling grip on the air. The wrist falls at the joint. The arm, lifeless, waves gently in the icy breeze, as the sun starts to burn through the clouds.

Sara E. Butner
12th grade
East Surry High School
Mrs. Carol Eanes - teacher

Jeana Cox
3rd Grade
Copeland Elem.

BLACKILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

BY: LEIGH MARION



MEET THE AUTHOR

Name: Leigh N. Marion

Age: 9

I''m an expert at soccer, basketball, riding my bike, and school work.

My favorite book is: Black Beauty

My best school subject is: spelling

because I am a good good speller.

What I like to do most is: play soccer,(with a basketball blowed up good) and playing with dog.

When I grow up I will be a veterinarian

Other books by this author: Kate Goes To Daycare

DEDICATED TO:

ALL OF MY FRIENDS

BECAUSE THEY ARE VERY KIND

AND NICE TO ME AND WE ALWAYS STICK TOGETHER.

One day in May(maybe about the 6th) a little tiny bear, a middle sized mama bear, and a huge muscular daddy bear were eating porridge but they discovered it was way too hot. You cooked it too hot mama, said baby bear in a tiny, squeaky, baby voice. Well, why don't we go for a walk,"" said mama bear in a middle-toned voice. Well, they went for a walk and about 5 minutes later an ugly girl walked in named Blackilocks. She had black hair(the color of midnight) she had a pale face, and a black dress, and the worst was a bow with a devil''s sword on it!!! And her aunt and uncle Wilson were even meaner.All of them walked into the house and they saw three cups of porridge. So they got the porridge and put plastic wrap around it and stuck it in their bags.

Then they went into the dining room and started to eat the porridge. The aunt said "Oh this is horrible." So they threw the porridge out the window.Then they went outside and looked at the house. ""Looks to homey but it''ll have to do," said Uncle Wilson.Then they went back in and went upstairs and there was a big chair for daddy, a middle-sized chair for mama, and a insy-winsy chair for baby bear. Mr. Wilson sat in daddy's chair. Mrs. Wilson sat in mama's chair and Blackilocks sat in baby's chair.But they all broke!!! "Rotten," said Mr. Wilson. "

"Termites,"said Mrs. Wilson. ""Big bottoms,"" said Blackilocks. Everyone stared at her "Sorry." she said.Then they went across the hall and saw a big bed, a middle sized bed, and a little bed. Mr. Wilson got in the big bed, Mrs. Wilson got in the middle-sized bed, and Blackilocks got in a little bed and all of a sudden they were fast asleep..

Then a big "KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK," came from the door and a big brown bear came in.Mrs. Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Wilson, and Blackilocks woke up and saw what was there. They were gone faster then the bears had time to turn their heads! "Bummer"! Mr. Wilson, Mrs Wilson, and Blackilocks said at the same time.

THE END

WHAT LOVE MEANS TO ME

LOVE IS A BUTTERFLY IN SPRING.

A RUBY RED ROSE IS ALSO LOVE.

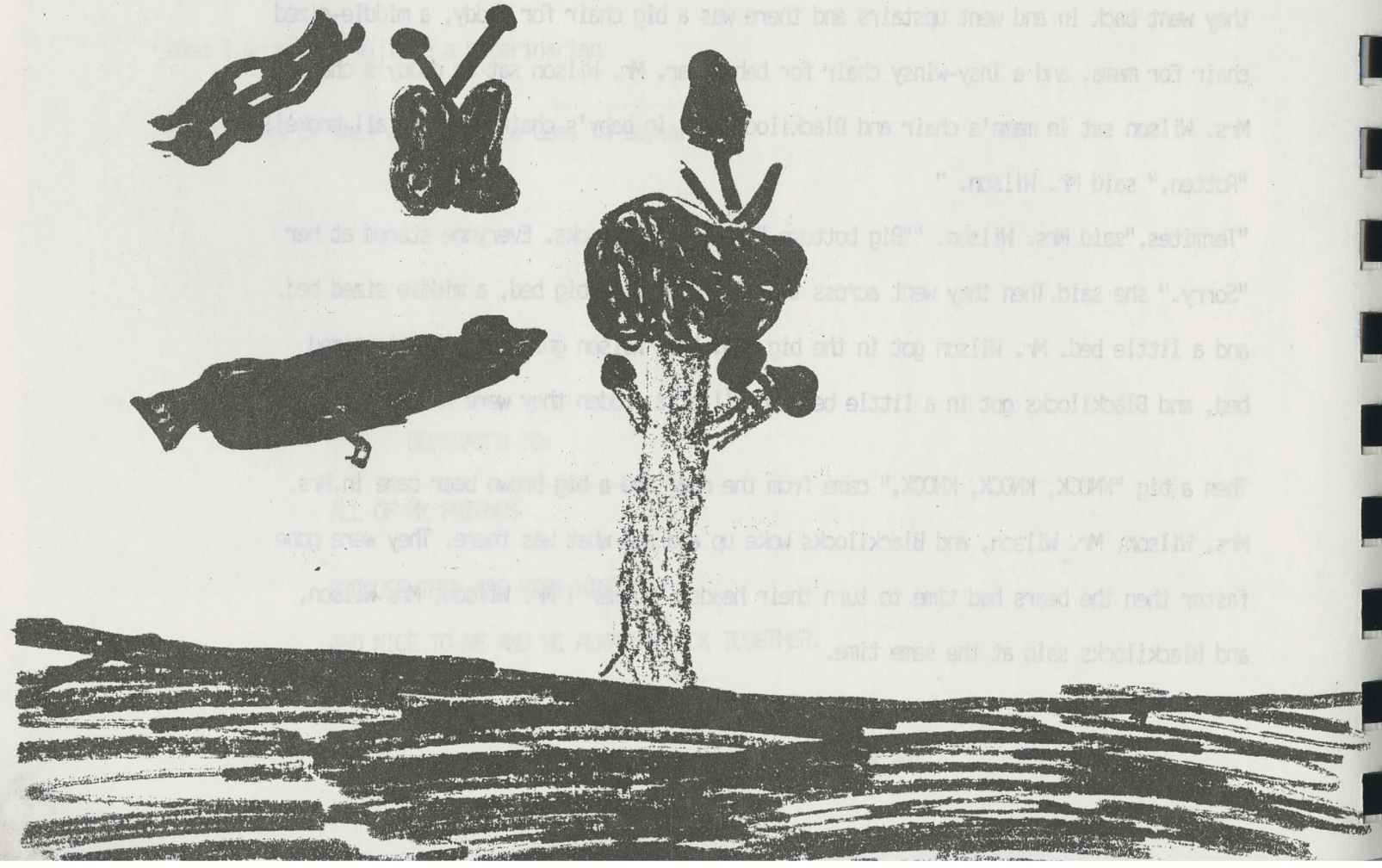
LOVE IS A BIRD FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

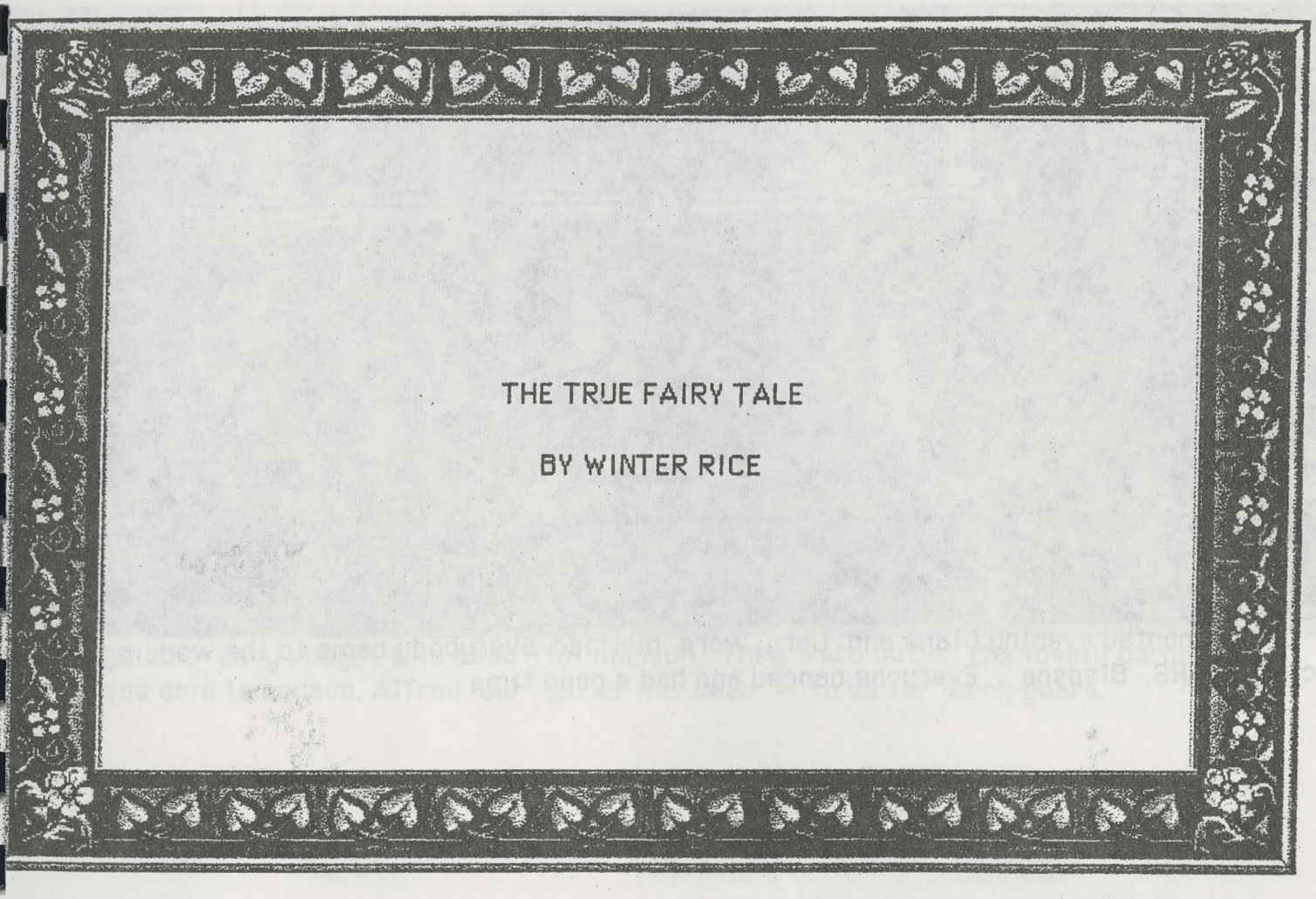
A ROBINS SONG IS LOVE.

THE BRIGHT BLUEJAY SINGING IS LOVE.

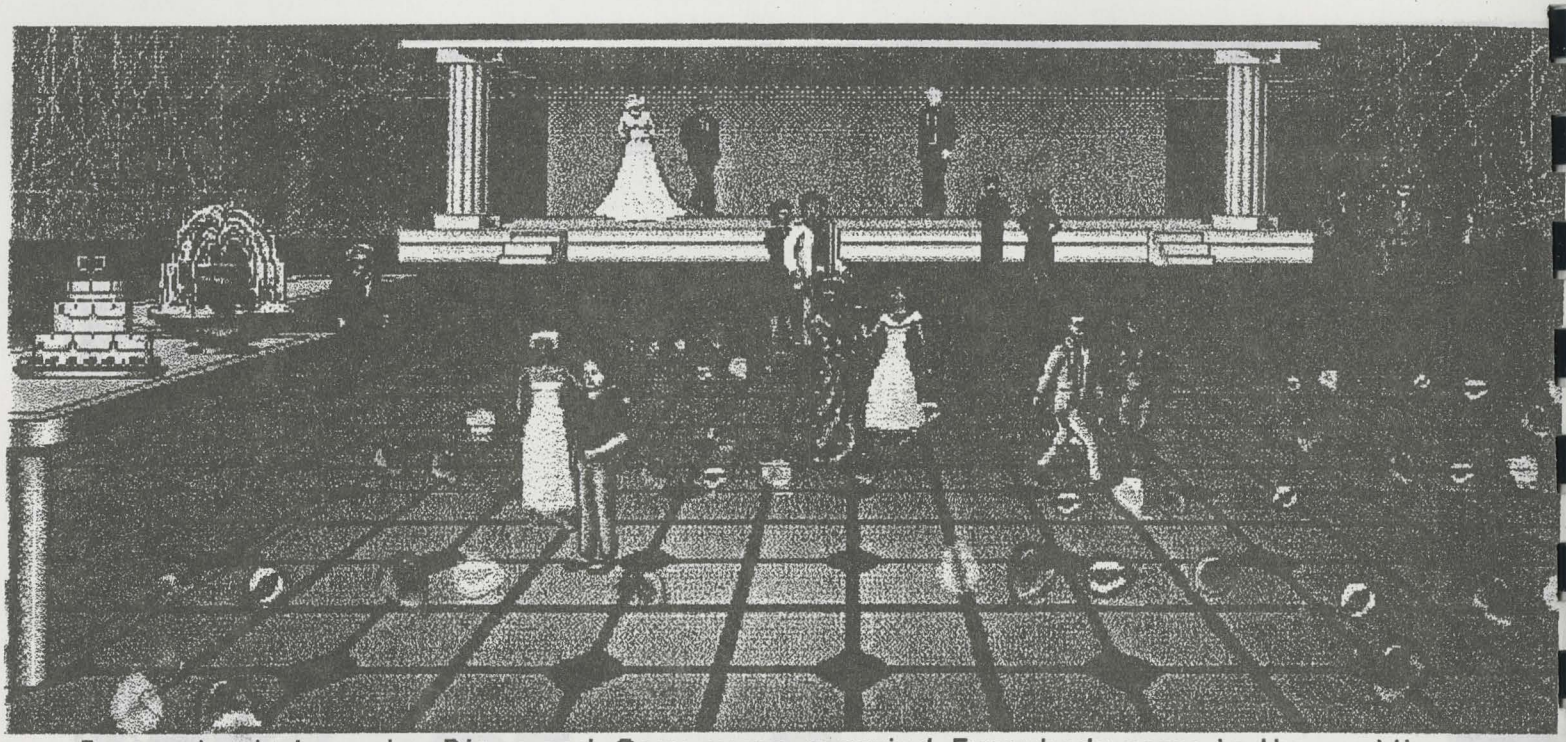
THE TREE IN THE SUMMER IS LOVE.

BY: EDWARD JENKINS

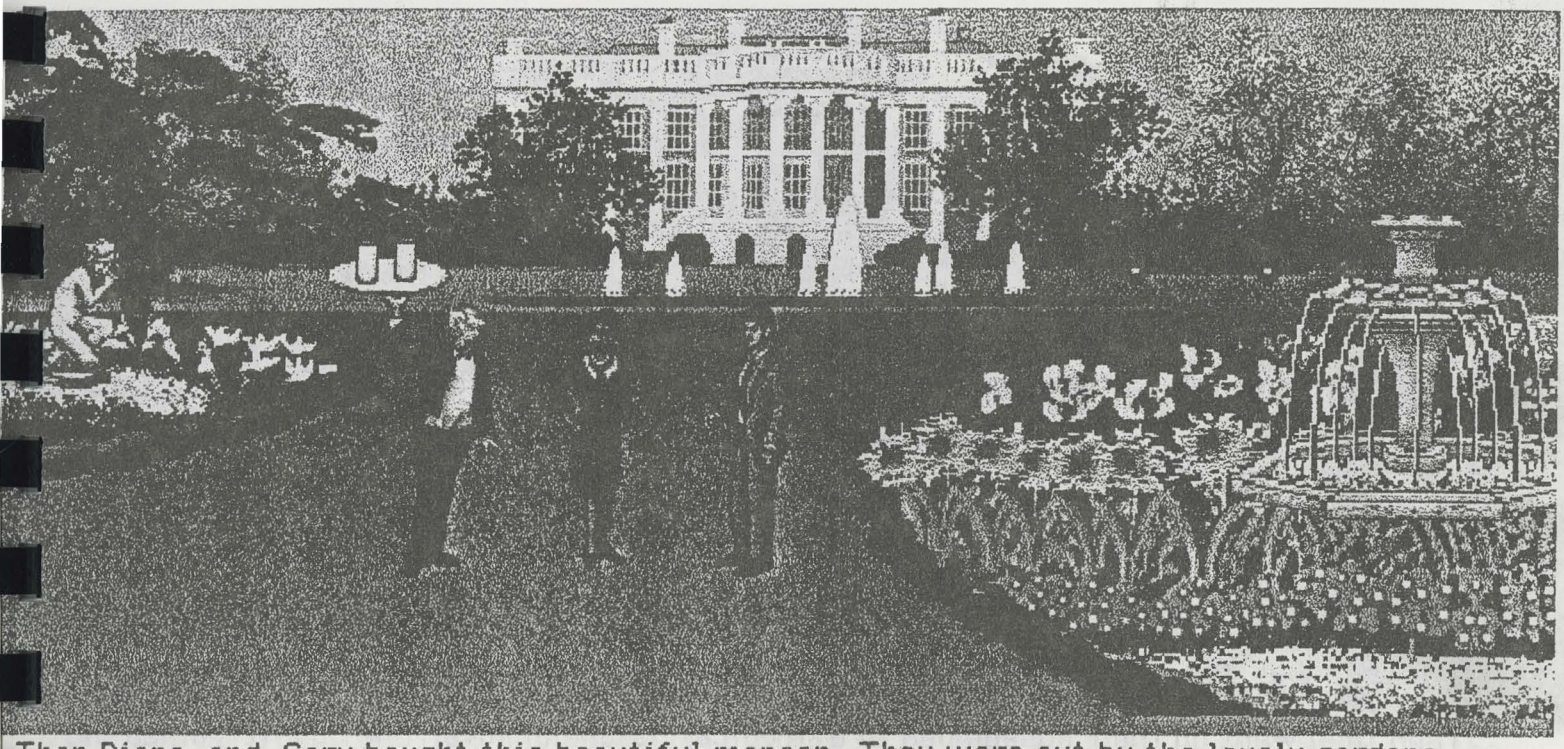




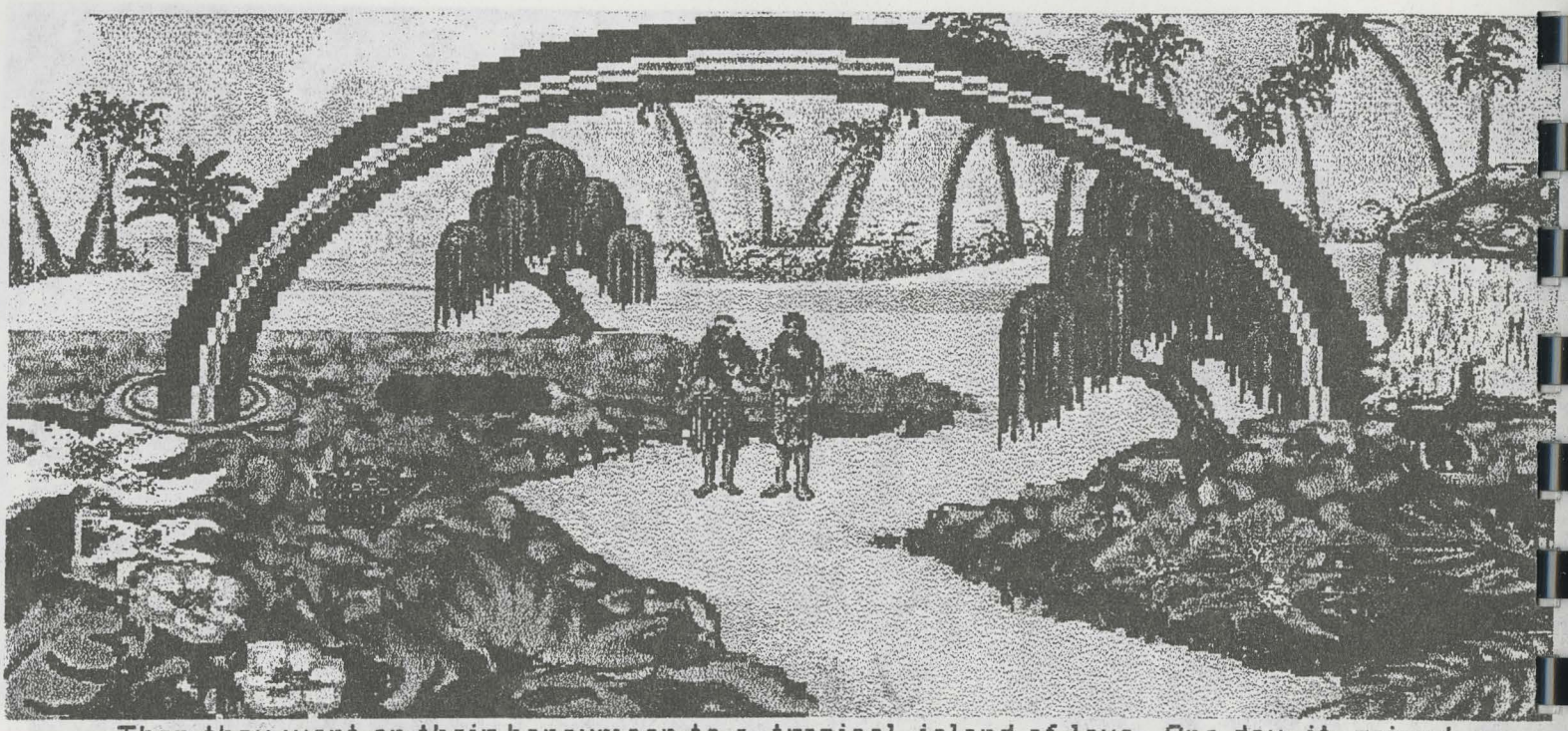
Winter Rice
4th Grade
Franklin Elem.
T.E. S. McHone / D. Hodgin - E.C. T.E.



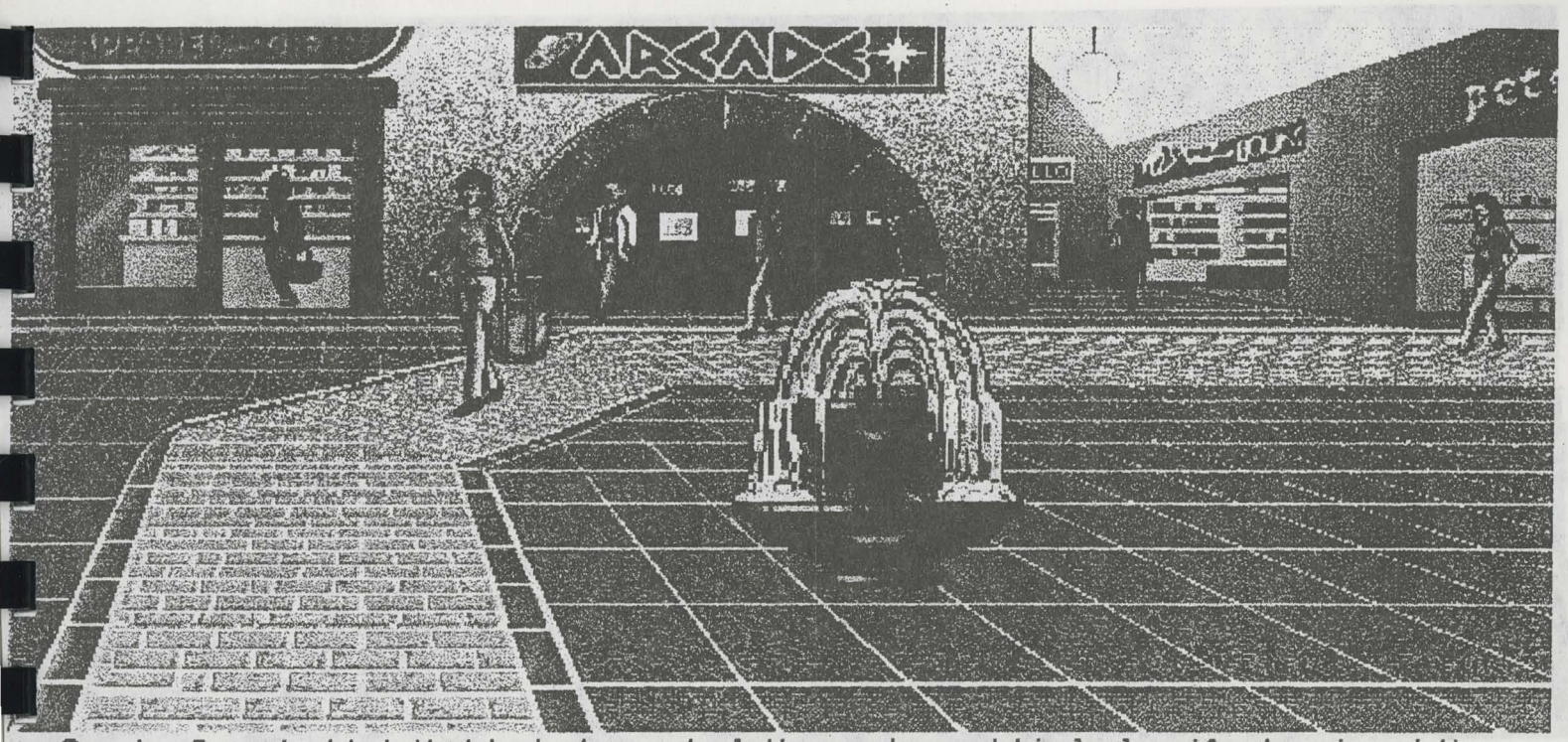
One enchanted evening Diane and Gary were married. Everybody came to the wedding including MRS. Bledsoe . Everyone danced and had a good time .



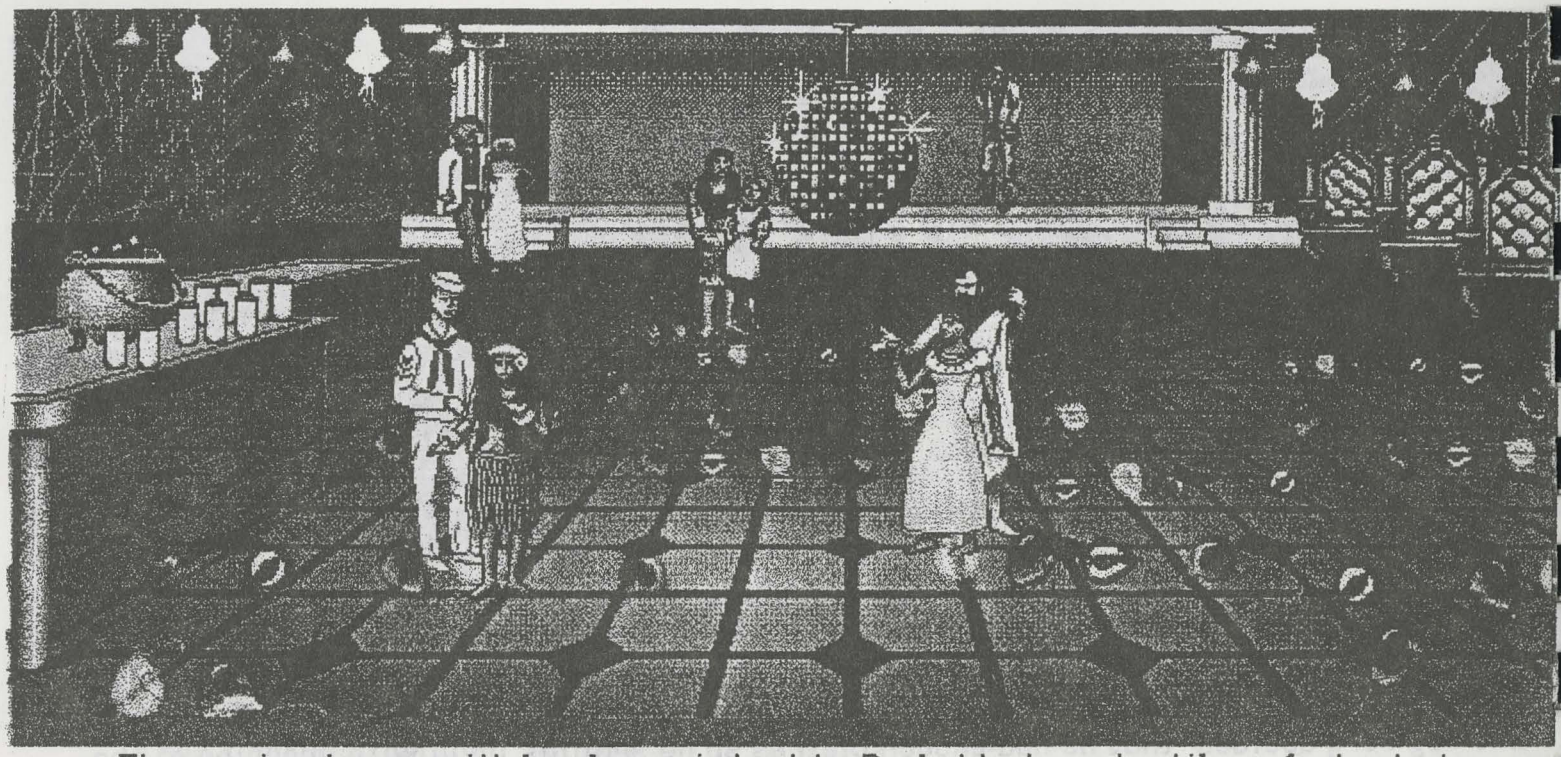
Then Diane and Gary bought this beautiful manson. They were out by the lovely gardens drinking ice cold lemonade. Alfred our butler has been with us for many years.



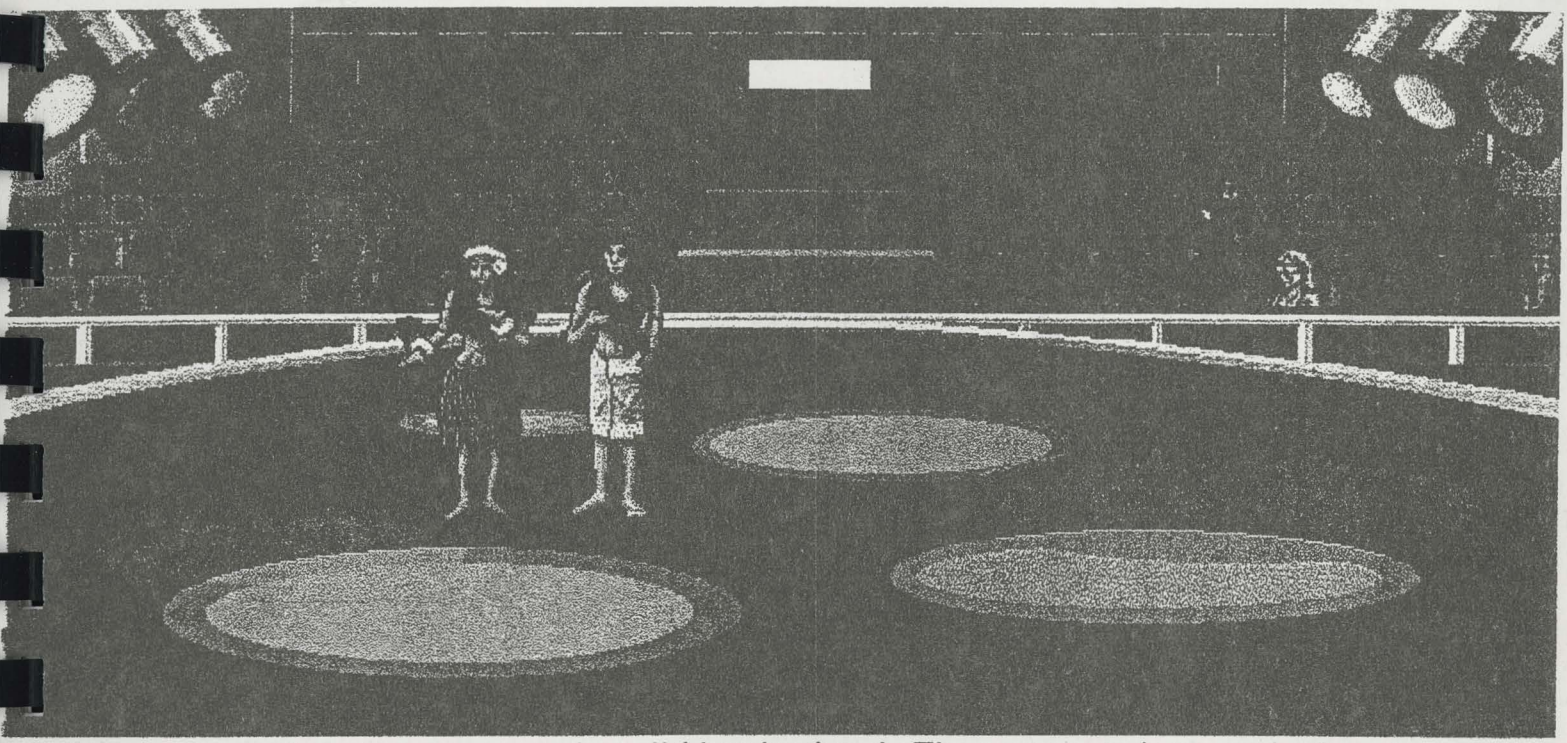
Then they went on their honeymoon to a tropical island of love. One day it rained but the sun came out and left a puddle. From the puddle came the most beautiful rainbow. It was truly an island for lovers.



One day Gary decided that he had enough clothes so he sent his lovly wife shopping at the mall . She bought a beautiful sequened gown and matching shoes.



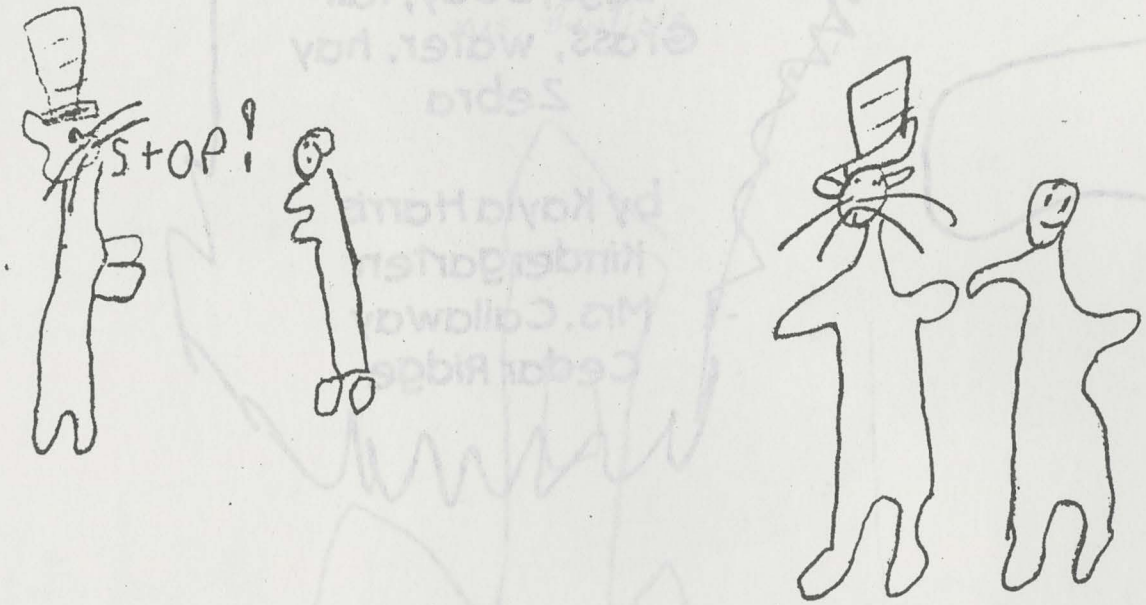
The evening began with louely music by John Paul . We danced until our feet ached . Everyone dressed in beautiful costumes. We drank punch and had a wonderful time.



And Then she got a nice career and so did her husband. They were actors and played good parts . Here they are getting ready for a Hawaian sing -a - long .

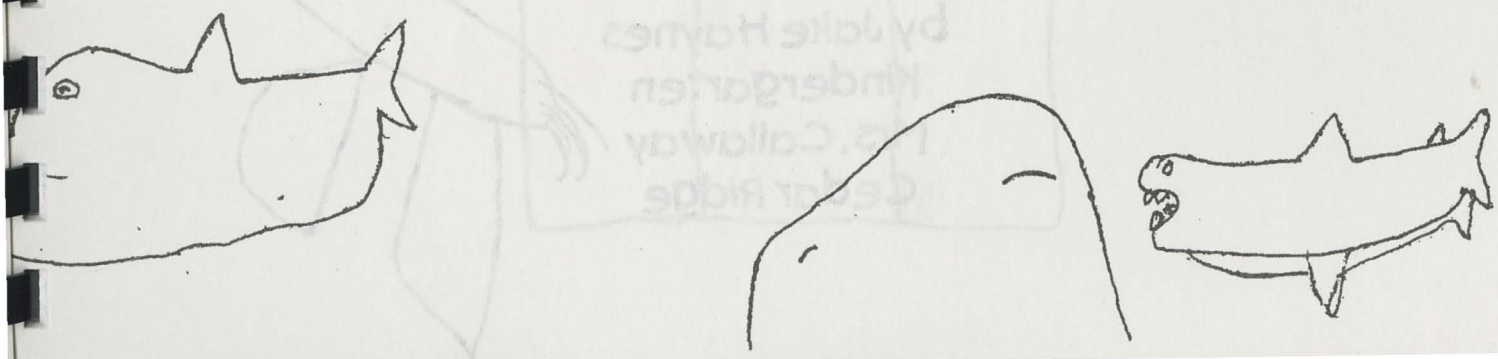
Once upon a time, there was the Cat in the Hat and the Grinch. The Grinch liked to play jokes on the cat. He said, "STOP! STOP! I do not like it." The Grinch said, "Okay!" They became friends.

Allison Parsons
Cedar Ridge School
1st Grade
Mrs. Bunting



One day a shark was looking for food and that afternoon he saw a huge fish and he swam behind a rock to take a look. he swam up behind it, but then it saw him. And, "Chomp! Chomp! Chomp!" The End.

Jonathan Shelton
Cedar Ridge School
1st Grade
Mrs. Bunting



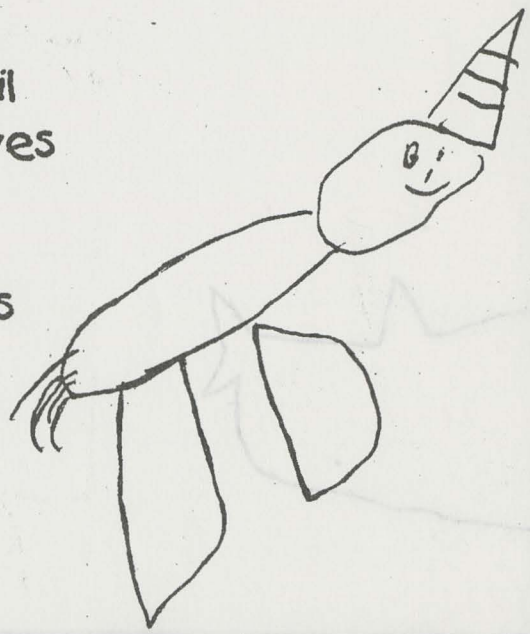


Zebra
White and black
Legs, body, tail
Grass, water, hay
Zebra

by Kayla Harris
Kindergarten
Mrs. Callaway
Cedar Ridge

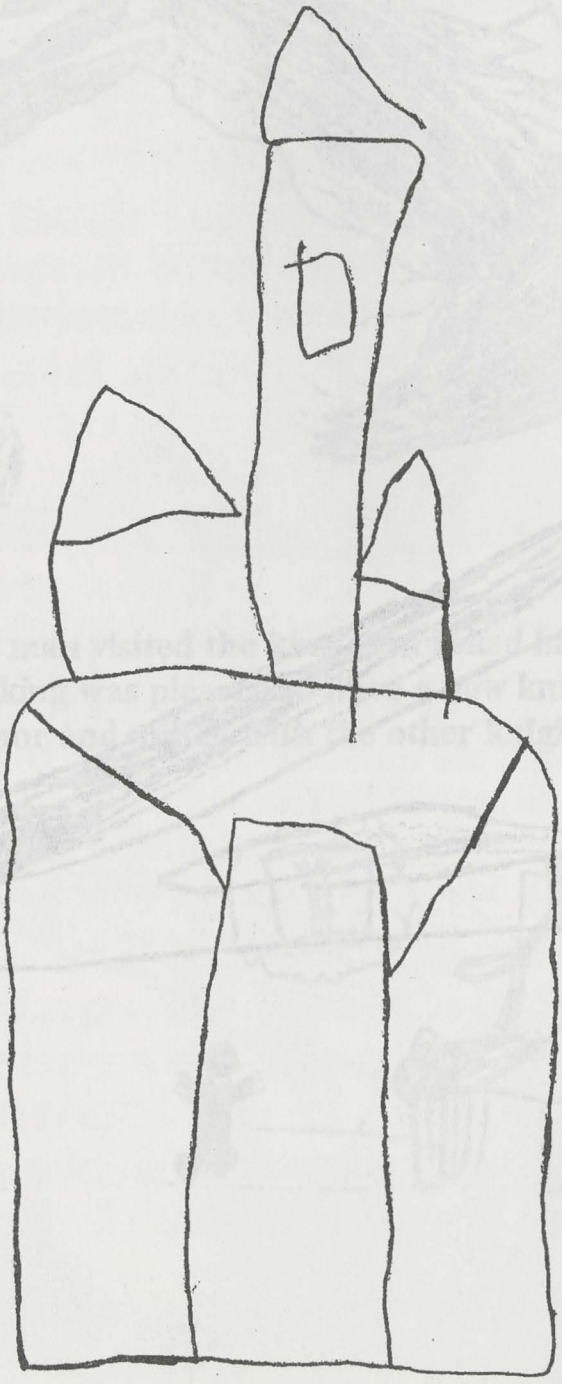
Unicorn
White and tall
Horn, body, tail
Grass, oats, leaves
Unicorn

by Jake Haynes
Kindergarten
Mrs. Callaway
Cedar Ridge



Once upon a time, there was a giant who didn't have any friends. He set the table and ate by himself. He met a friend named Jack. After that, the giant never had to eat by himself anymore.

Clark Steinbaugh
Cedar Ridge School
1st Grade
MRS. BUNTING



Once upon a time, there was a poor man. All he had was a bench. One day the man carved a shape. He wants a house. The shape made a house. the man was shocked and the mad lived happily ever after.

Ben Powell
Cedar Ridge School
1st Grade
Mrs. Bunting



The Dragon vs. the Knight

Once upon a time there was a king who was very rich. He was a majestic man until the Dragon arrived in town. The king had sent knights out to try to get rid of the Dragon. Bust no one could defeat him. The Dragon was very strong. A man who was the strongest man in the town, had seen the big Dragon. He thought he should go help the knights out.



The strongest man visited the king, and asked him if he could join the knights. The king was pleased to have a new knight. The strongest man put on his armor and united with the other knights.



The strongest man joined the battle with the Dragon, but the fight was no use because he felt something was missing. After thinking about it, he decided he was missing his sword. He went and got his sword and practiced. Then he went out and fought some more. However, he felt he was still missing something. Perhaps it was his lucky cap.

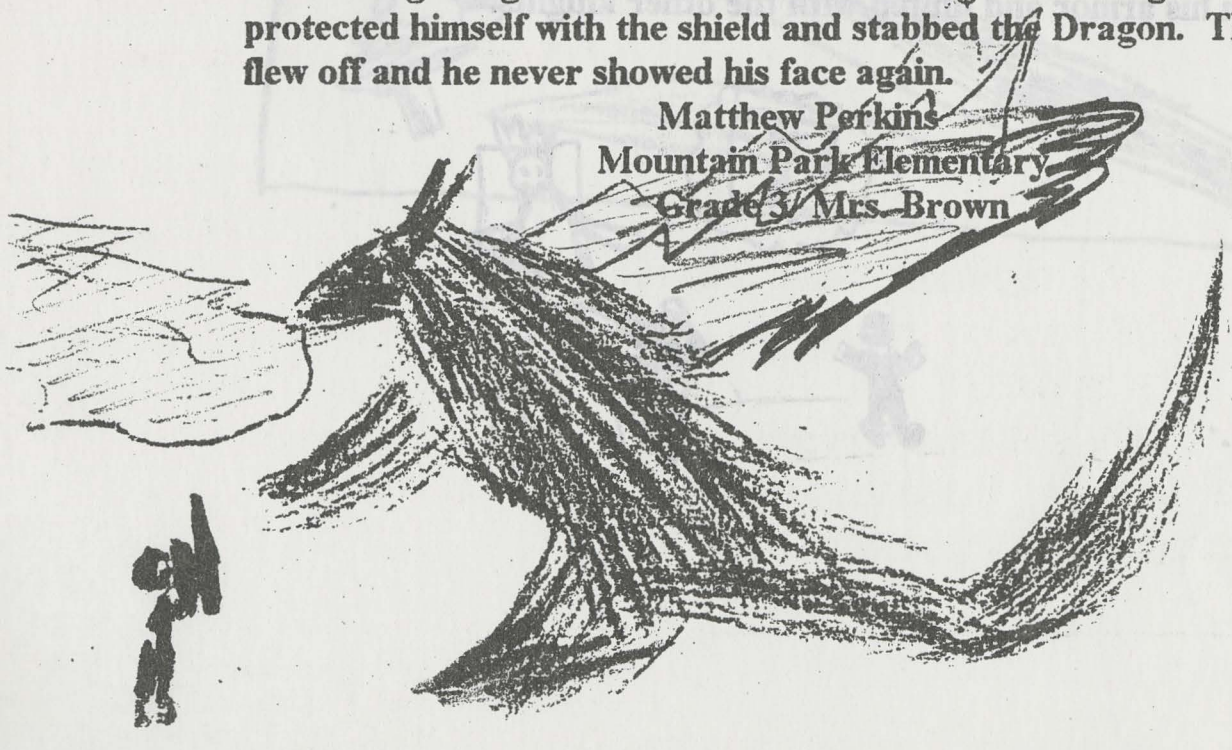


He discovered that it wasn't his lucky cap. Then he thought it was his lucky shirt that was missing. But it wasn't. Next he thought it was his good luck shoes. But is still was not what he was missing.

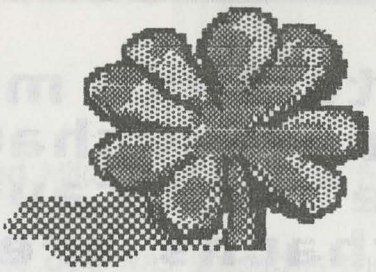


Then he had just remembered that he had forgot his shield. All this time he was thinking about his lucky clothes, when really his shield was the missing thing. Then he went off and fought the Dragon. He protected himself with the shield and stabbed the Dragon. The Dragon flew off and he never showed his face again.

Matthew Perkins
Mountain Park Elementary
Grade 3/ Mrs. Brown



ST. PARTICK'S DAY



One day I woke up and it was St. Patrick's Day. I found a lot of four-leaf clovers that day. That day I was dressed as a four-leaf clover and I walked up and down the streets saying,"Happy St. Patrick's Day." The people that knew me said, "Hey" to me and I said "Hey" to them.

After I went all the way to Tanglewood, I went back home. When I was walking up and down the road, I petted the dogs and puppys, because they came up to me and they were nice. When I went back home I found one more four-leaf clover and when I picked it, I saw a leprechaun, and I took it to my bed room and layed it on my dresser. His name was Max. Max was nice . Max could talk seven languages. He could talk German, Chinese, Spanish, Italian, English, French, and Russian. I told Max to speak English until he wants to leave and I told him because I speak English.

I told my mon and dad that I have a leprechaun, but they didn't believe me, 'cause they said that leprechauns are not real. I showed Max to my parents and they fainted. I showed Max to my sisters and they said he was cute. Max is eight inches tall.

Max got a phone call from his king and his king told him to come back in leprechaun land. Max told me that he had to go to his real home. Before he went home, he gave me one of his golden coins to remember him by. The next day, I woke up and my gold coin was gone. I looked under my pillow.

I was so happy he came back. Max told me that his king only wanted him to sign a few papers if he was going to stay in America. We had fun and we was very happy.

The End

by

Rebecca Thomas

The Monster Dog's Curses

Once upon a time there lived a happy boy named Mike, with a happy family and a sad dog, named Buddy. The reason why the dog was so sad is that the boy didn't feed him much food. So one night the dog set off for someone to take care of him. Well, that same night Mr. Lurch who was a scientist saw the dog on the side of the road just standing there. So the scientist walked over to the dog. He took the dog to his lab. While the scientist was working the dog snuck over to some chemicals. There was a cord going around the chemicals. The dog tripped over the cord and all the chemicals fell all over the dog. Then the dog started changing forms. He started turning into a monster dog. His paws started growing humongous and his claws started growing one foot long. The chemicals had some kind of power. The power soaked into the dog. The power was cursing power. That meant that the dog could put a curse on anyone he wanted to. Then the dog busted the wall and jumped out of the building. When the dog reached the bottom he started on his way down the road. Then the dog came up to the house he lived in before. At a strike of lightning the dog busted down the door and ran inside the house! The dog ran straight to the little boy's room. Then the dog put a curse on the boy. The curse was every time when the little boy touched something it would turn into a python. Actually the boy didn't know that he was cursed. Then the

The Monster Dog's Curses

monster dog went to the little boy's mom and dad's room. Which was really called the master bedroom. The monster dog put a curse on the little boy's mother and father for not telling the boy to go feed the dog. The curse was that every time the mother and father got in a car the car would break down. The father's name was Dan. The mother's name was Kim. Buddy went back outside and traveled more down the road. Then Buddy just stopped. He thought for a minute. If he left the curse on the boy and his mother and father, then the boy couldn't eat and the mother and father couldn't go anywhere. So Buddy went back to his owner's house. He ran straight back to the little boy's room. Since Buddy's breathing was so loud, it woke Mike up. Mike screamed when he saw Buddy. Right before Mike got done screaming Buddy took the curse off him. Then he took the curse off his mother and father. Then Mike recognized that it was his dog Buddy. Mike took Buddy back to the scientist's lab. The scientist mixed up something and poured it all over Buddy. After a little while, Buddy changed back to his own dog size. From then on, Mike remembered to feed Buddy every day. The End.

Bronson Cline
Westfield Elementary
2nd Grade
Julie Hill's Class

Surrounded by pictures of children, grandchildren, and even great-grand children, Warren and Margie Jessup recollect the life they have spent together for 52 years in the small town of Westfield. They live on a narrow dirt road; traffic is not a problem, only neighbors and people cutting through to get to Mt. Airy use the road. While speaking of their family, a handful of cars will pass, and Warren slowly rises to see who the passerby is. Their home is very small, only five rooms, but on holidays the house is full of food and family.

Raising four children on two minimum wage incomes was not at all easy. Third child, Sandra Shelton remembers the only method to have hot water was to boil it on the stove, and her wardrobe of only a few garments shared with her two elder sisters. But, all past times were not dreary. Saturday evening was spent playing kick-the-can, but most days the family worked long hours on the tobacco farm of Warren's family. Also, enjoying a Sunday spent at the Methodist Church just up the road provided entertainment for the kids.

However, as high school ended, the children began to go their own separate ways. Brenda, the eldest, received a scholarship to college, but after a few days returned home. Both Kay and Sandra, got married after graduation, and Dwight, the youngest, enlisted in the Army.

Of course, the lives of the couple revolved primarily around the success of their family. But each has personal accounts, which prove dear to their heart. Warren, helped install the first power lines in Surry County. Even though he resides on a small road, for years he has sought that it be paved, as many roads in the county has been paved—and repave. Margie recollects living in Mount

Airy, on Broad Street, where she would walk to school. There she joined classmates, and one student that the town of Mayberry would soon grow to prosper from—Andy Griffith.

When asked about changes within the town, both commented about the Old Westfield School. Warren was a graduate of Westfield High School, and when the old, run down building was demolished a part of his past was destroyed. The Jessup's mention when the Superette was first being built, the post office organized, creation of the new volunteer fire department, and the first sandwich shop.

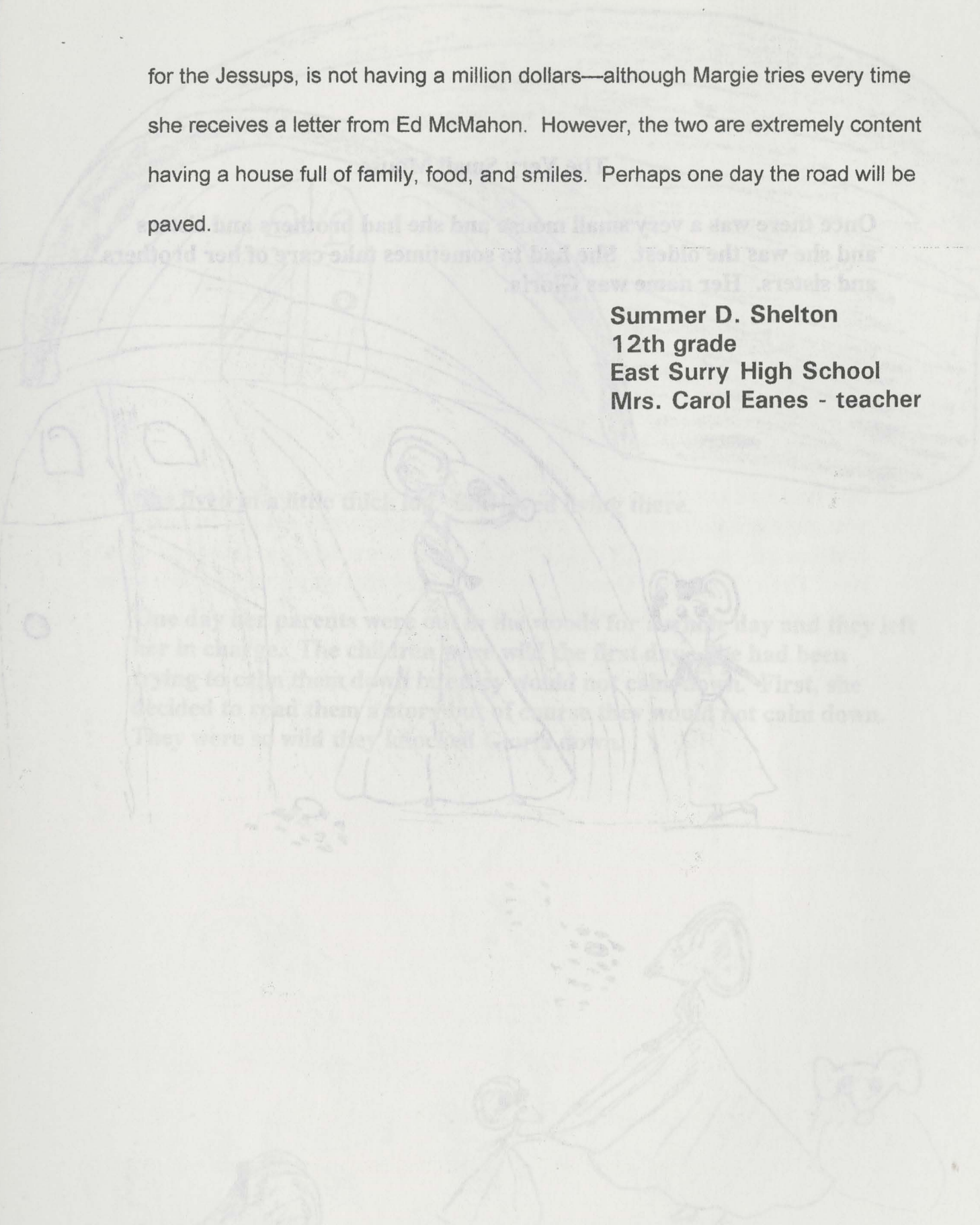
Jokingly Margie calls her residence "Misery Hill," naturally all family's has hardships. Both, face problems with medical bills. Warren, a severe diabetic whose dresser is filled with pill bottles, and Margie who recently broke her leg and had to have some teeth cut out, can vow first hand the problems within the governmental spending. About a month ago, Margie overcame an addiction to nicotine and finally quit chain smoking after 25 years of puffing.

For Warren, his dirt road has not yet been paved, but for Margie she has saw a dream come true for her. A life-long fantasy has been to go through the Temple of the Mormon Church were she has been a member for many years. Hopes became reality when Margie went on the trip with two church members and her eldest daughter, Brenda, and her grandchild, Leslie.

As for the family, Kay and Dwight have made the Jessups' proud great-grandparents, Brenda is a licensed recreational therapist in Stokes County, and Sandra's second child will graduate high school this year. The American Dream,

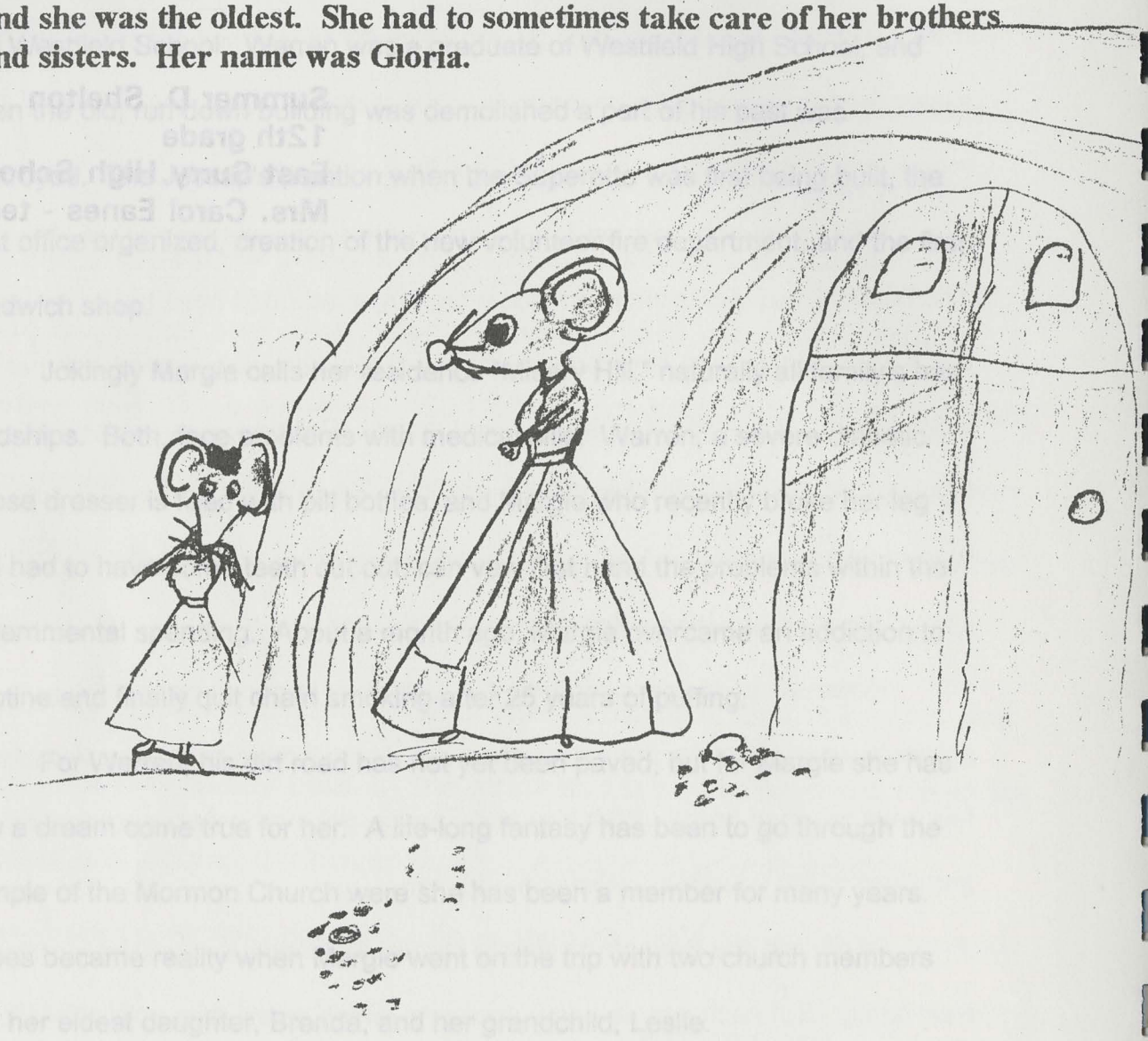
for the Jessups, is not having a million dollars—although Margie tries every time she receives a letter from Ed McMahon. However, the two are extremely content having a house full of family, food, and smiles. Perhaps one day the road will be paved.

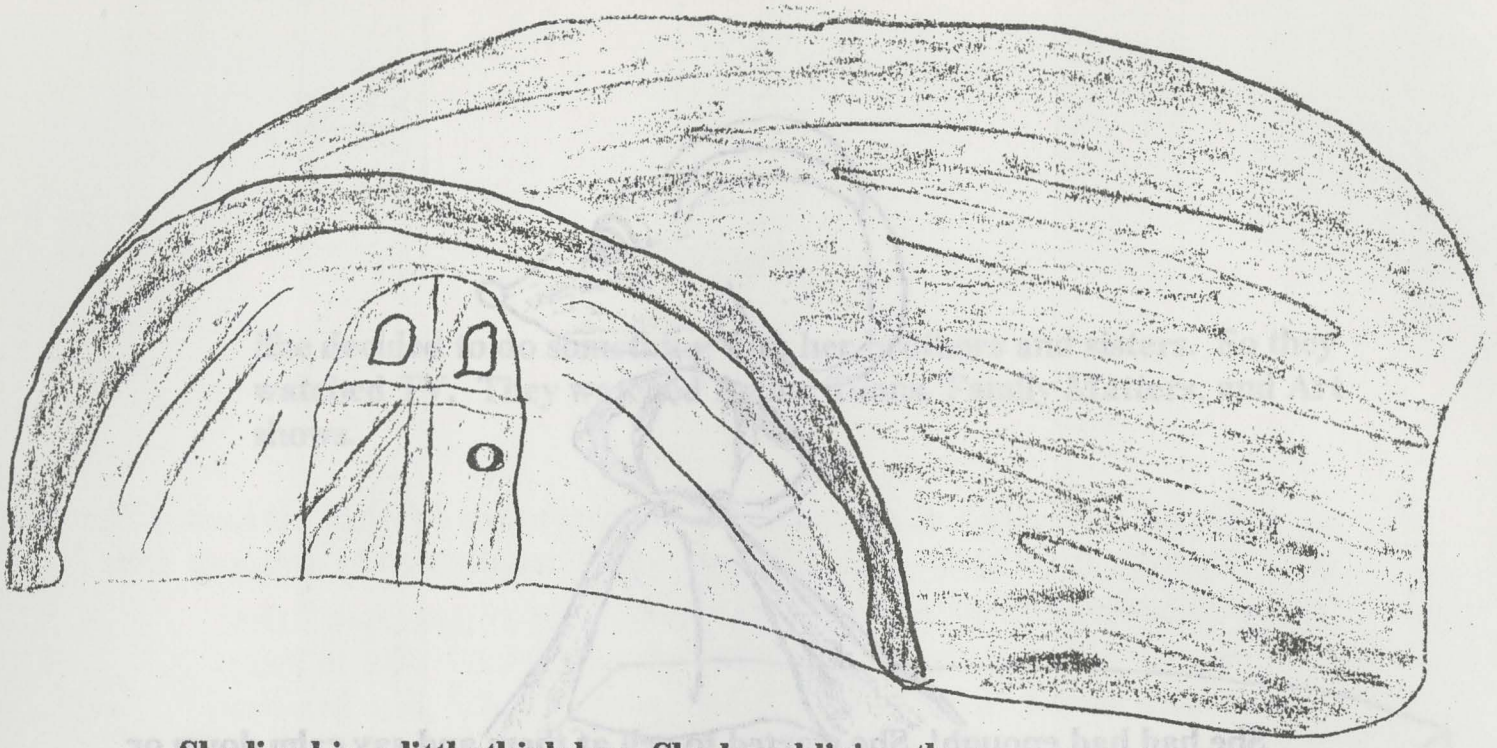
Summer D. Shelton
12th grade
East Surry High School
Mrs. Carol Eanes - teacher



The Very Small Mouse

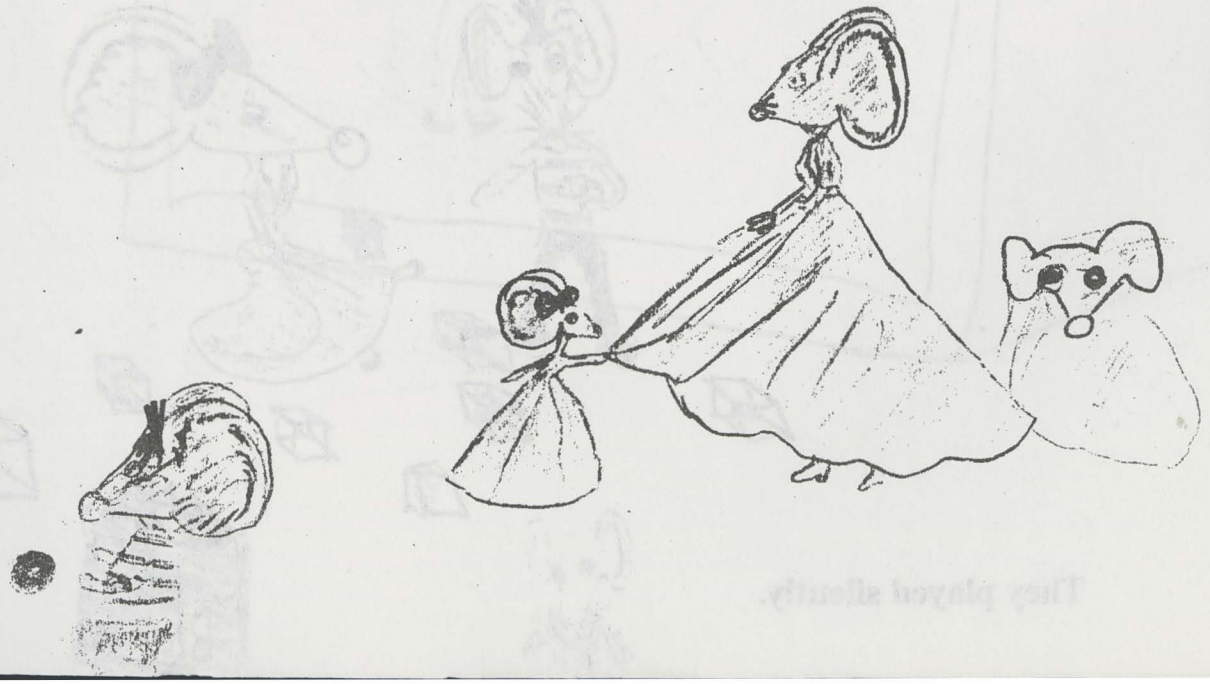
Once there was a very small mouse and she had brothers and sisters and she was the oldest. She had to sometimes take care of her brothers and sisters. Her name was Gloria.





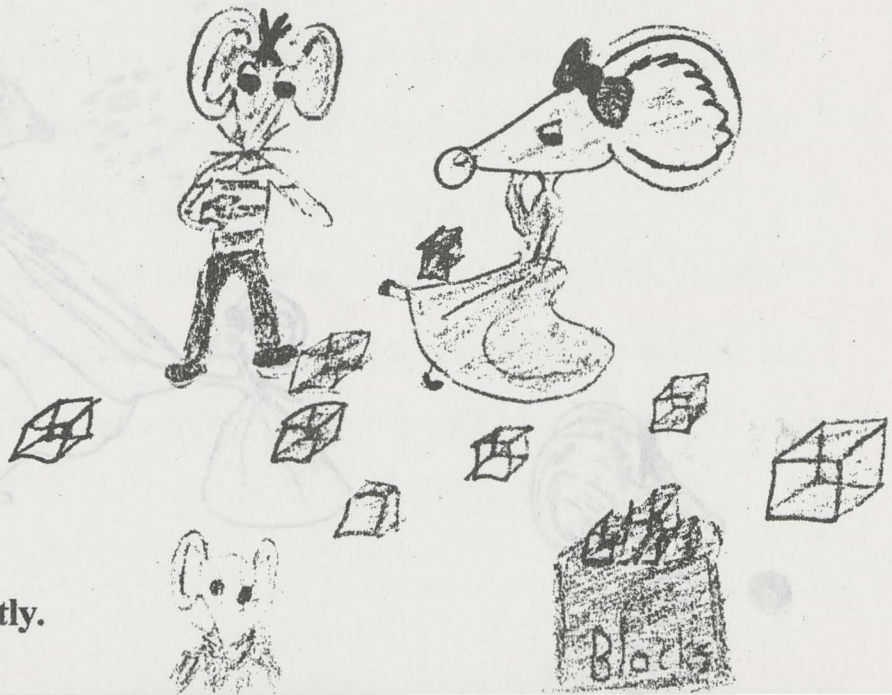
She lived in a little thick log. She loved living there.

One day her parents were out in the woods for a whole day and they left her in charge. The children were wild the first day. She had been trying to calm them down but they would not calm down. First, she decided to read them a story but of course they would not calm down. They were so wild they knocked Gloria down.





She had had enough! She started to yell at them and say calm down or you guys are going to be in big trouble, and you will not get to hear a bedtime story. They all stopped what they were doing and looked up at her. Then she said, "Good. Now if you stay this way I will not tell mom and dad." So they stayed that way.

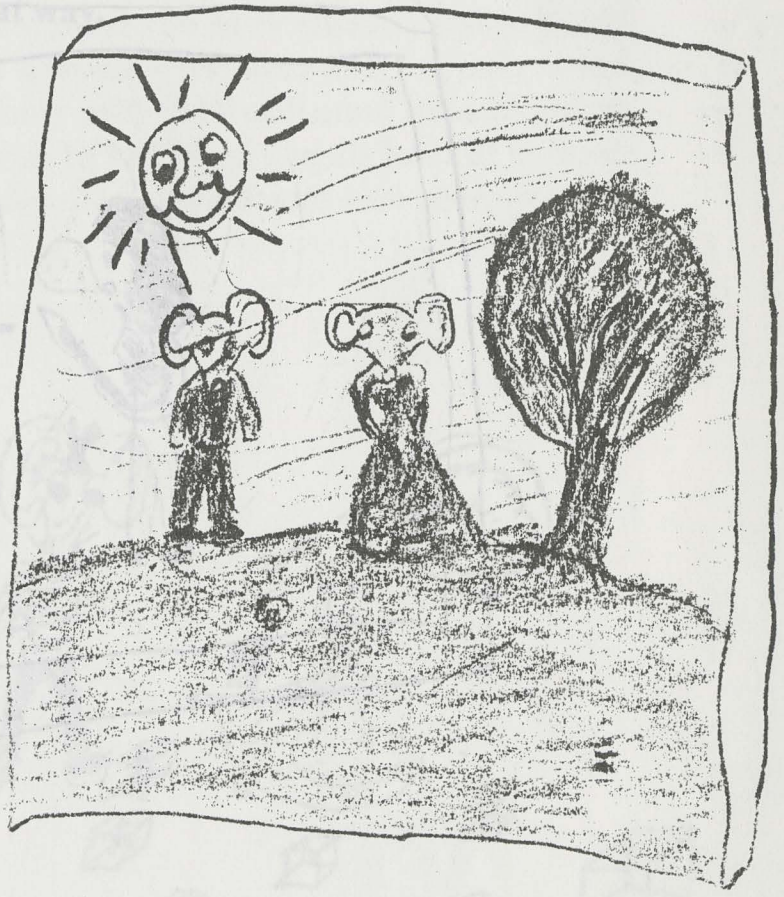


They played silently.

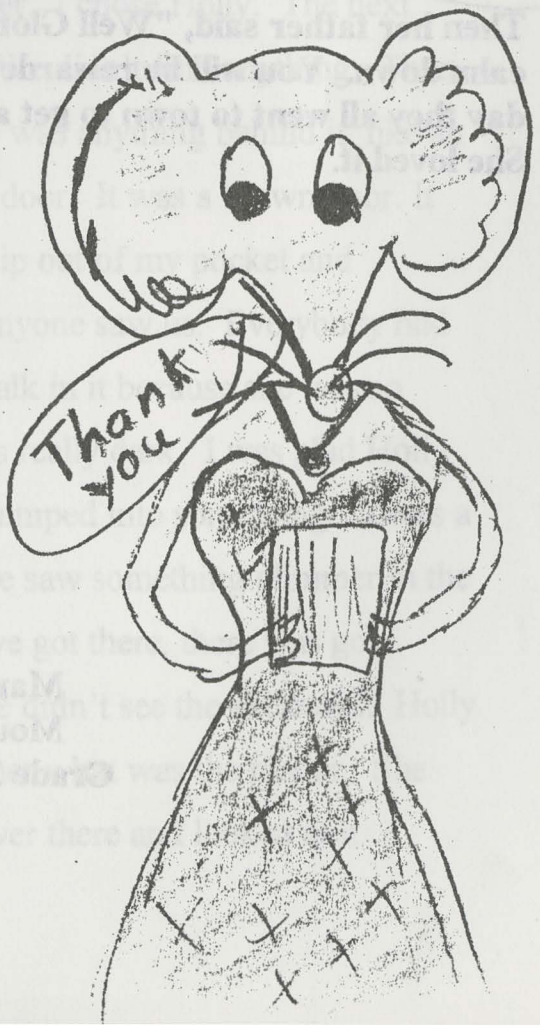
She decided to do something with her brothers and sisters. So they watched TV. They watched Loony Toons, Family Matters, and Art shows.

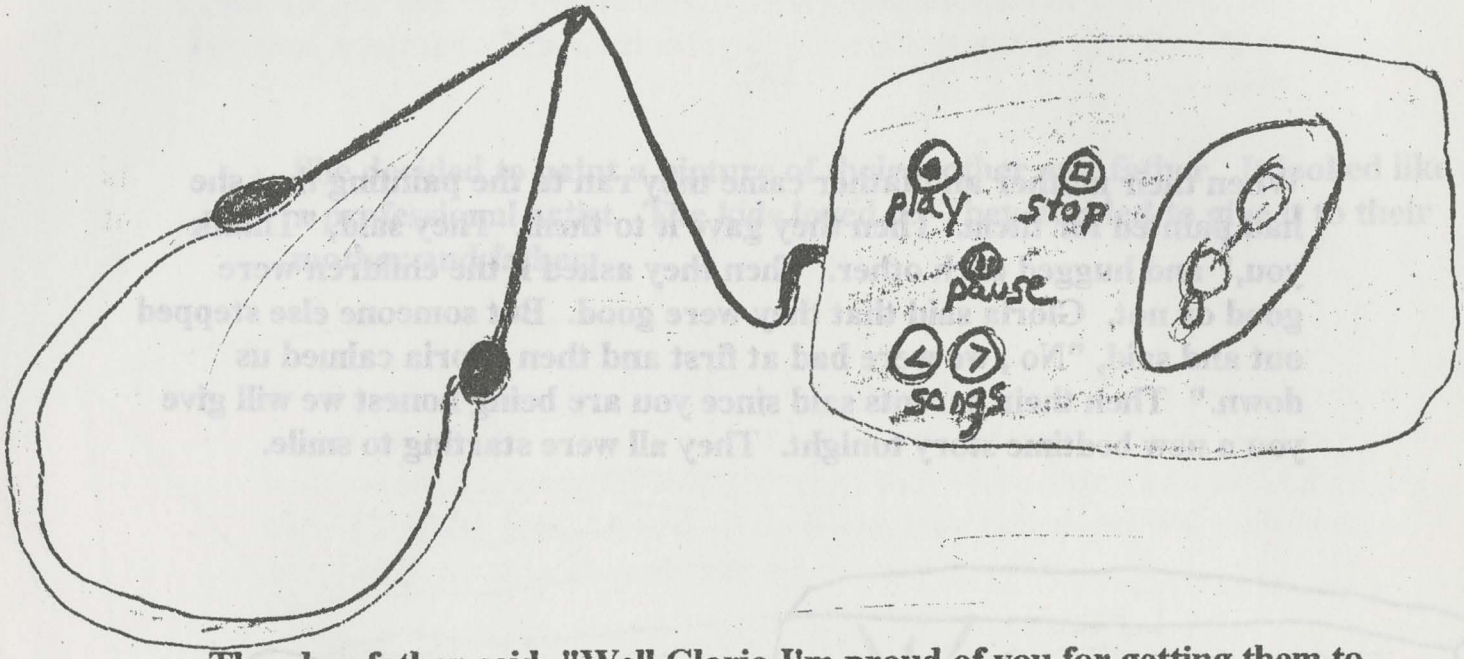


She decided to paint a picture of their mother and father. It looked like a professional artist. The kids loved it. They decided to give it to their mother and father.



When their mother and father came they ran to the painting that she had painted for them. Then they gave it to them. They said, "Thank you," and hugged each other. Then they asked if the children were good or not. Gloria said that they were good. But someone else stepped out and said, "No , we were bad at first and then Gloria calmed us down." Then their parents said since you are being honest we will give you a new bedtime story tonight. They all were starting to smile.





Then her father said, "Well Gloria I'm proud of you for getting them to calm down. You will be rewarded by any present you want." The next day they all went to town to get a few things and Gloria got a walkman. She loved it.

Mary Everhart
Mountain Park
Grade 3/ Mrs. Brown

The Secret Door

by

Tish Flippen

Grade 4

Franklin Elem.

Mrs. Vernon's Class

Have you ever found a secret door? Well, I have. Let me tell you about it.

It all started like an ordinary day at school. Mrs. Vernon was giving us assignments left and right. Mrs. Vernon saw how hard we were working so she decided to give us a cool assignment. She told us to find something really cool in the classroom, like something we had never noticed before. She told us to pick a partner. I chose Holly. The next morning we started. We looked around. We didn't find anything. Then we moved the filing cabinet to see if there was anything behind it, like an old pencil. But instead we found a secret door. It was a brown door. It had a shattered lock on it. I got a paper clip out of my pocket and unlocked it. We looked around to see if anyone saw us. Everybody had gone to the bathroom. Holly could just walk in it because she was so short. I had to crawl on my knees. It was really dark. I was glad Holly had a keychain flashlight. Suddenly we bumped into something. It was a rock blocking us. We pushed it away. We saw something glimmer in the distance. We hurried to get to it. When we got there, there was gold everywhere. Holly and I jumped in it. We didn't see the skeletons. Holly ran right into one and screamed. I asked her what was the matter. She said she had run into a skeleton. I went over there and looked at it. I

knew who it was. It was Blackbeard! I told Holly he was dead and there was nothing to be afraid of. We didn't know how to get the gold back to our classroom. We saw a couple of carts. I had an idea. We would bring the gold back in the carts! We got them all back to the classroom including Blackbeard. We won first place in getting the most interesting thing! We are also very rich. We were on T.V. and in the newspaper. We were even richer than the President!

We had a great time finding what we did. We found out that the school was built on a pirate graveyard. That's the time we found a secret door.

Coming Home

I went and saw her today for the first time in months.
Time is a cruel, changing thing,
Which morphs people and places, corrupts them in our memories.
It has now changed her as well.
The body looked the same,
And the face, only slightly more wrinkled.
But her eyes were what caught me most.
The eyes reflect one's soul and spirit, so the sages say.
They tell me her mind is dying-
But her eyes were fresh and bright.
They glowed with the same light as when
She used to laugh and sing.
Her eyes are still alive.

There wasn't much to talk about; now we're worlds apart.
So I sat and watched the walls,
And she looked at her hands.
I couldn't tell her about my A in French,
Or that I joined the choir.
And, even if she wanted to, she couln't tell me
About her wedding day,
Or about our relative who fought with General Lee,
Or about lighting the candles on Christmas Eve,
While the whole congregation sings "Alleluia, Praise the Lord."
She can't tell me anything.
I wish I could go back in time, to when I was five years old.
I would sit in the living room of her musty, quiet house,
And I would make her tell me these things.
And I would try harder to pay attention when
She tries to teach me to play the piano--
She even wrote the letters of the notes on each key
So I wouldn't forget, but I still couldn't do it--
And, after she taught me how to play,
And how to knit a sweater,
And how to bake a sugar cake,
I would come back here, and I would play for her.
I would play 'til my fingers bled.

After awhile, I said goodbye.
I kissed her dry wrinkled cheek,
And I walked out the door.
I wondered, does she remember
How we used to walk up to God's Acre?
How we would wash the tombstones every Easter?
How she always told me to stand up straight
And act like a lady?
How she taught me how to light the candles at the lovefeast?
How she could speak German?
I don't know.
I looked in her eyes, and, seeing their glow,
I wondered,
Is there someone deep inside her, somewhere,
Who still knows that blue is her favorite color,
And that she thinks gray fuzzy kittens are precious?
Someone who still knows all the words
to "Jesus Makes My Heart Rejoice,"
And knows what each of the colored ribbons
in a lady's cap stand for?
And I'm crying as I wonder.

Sara E. Butner
12th grade
East Surry High School
Norma Draughn

My Bike Riding Success

One time I succeeded at riding my bike. I Started trying to ride when I was six years old. My bike was pink, white, and had writing on it. I tried to ride my bike with training wheels, I was nervous. It took me a long time to get used to the bike with training wheels. Just when I thought the worst step was over, my dad took off the training wheels. Oh, no, I thought. But I got on the pink bike anyway. When I was on it, I was as nervous as a long tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs. Here goes, I thought. I pushed the pedals and the steering bar turned every which way and I tumbled over in the grass I was so mad I thought steam was coming out of my head. I got right back on that bicycle though. "I'm going to learn how to ride on a bike if it takes me a whole year!", I said to myself and to my dad who was teaching me. When I'd had enough of trying to ride on my bike that day, I went into my old, white house. After that, each day I would take time to try to ride my bike. And almost each day I would get furious I would want to kick the wheels and quit, at not succeeding at riding on my bike. Then, one day after I was plumb tired out, I thought maybe I ought to try riding it one more time for that day. So, although I was tired, I walked over to my bicycle for one more try. I sat down, put my feet on the petals and do you know what? I rode it!! I really had ridden my bike. I was so happy I burst through the kitchen door, like a giant tidal wave. I told my parents and then we went

outside, and I showed them I could ride. They told me they were happy for me and told me I had done a good job. On my seventh birthday I got a bigger bicycle that was pink, purple and white. I also learned to ride this one. As Annie Oakley once said, "Aim at a high mark, and keep trying, you may not hit the bull's eye the first or second time, but keep aiming and keep trying, and eventually, you'll hit the bull's eye of success!"

Andrea Harris
Mountain Park Elementary School
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Corliss B. Wilmoth

Julie Manning
12th grade
East Surry High School
Mrs. Carol Eanes - teacher

Educational Changes

Bernice Swanson, a prominent citizen and well-known retired school teacher, recalls major changes that have occurred in the school system in Pilot Mountain.

Education began in Pilot Mountain at a boarding school on Academy Street. Students had to pay to attend and in 1901, the school was sold to the town of Pilot Mountain.

Following this, a new school was built by the town on Hwy. 268. Students walked to and from school, and they returned home for lunch. The school which was operated by the town had no running water or bathrooms. Students graduated with eleven years of schooling. This outdated school was destroyed and soon construction of a new school began.

In 1923, construction began on the Auditorium building which still stands but is now condemned. In order to obtain finances for the construction of this school, the town sold their power plant to Duke Power. The building was completed in 1924, and students also now had the opportunity to ride the bus to school. However, lunches were not provided by the school, and students had to bring their own lunches. Teachers were paid by the town until the early 1930's. During the depression, the county took over the school. At this point, teachers were paid by the county and lunches began to be served in the basement of the Auditorium

building. "Teachers today complain about their salary, but when I started teaching in 1929, I was paid $100 a month and was glad to get that," stated Swanson.

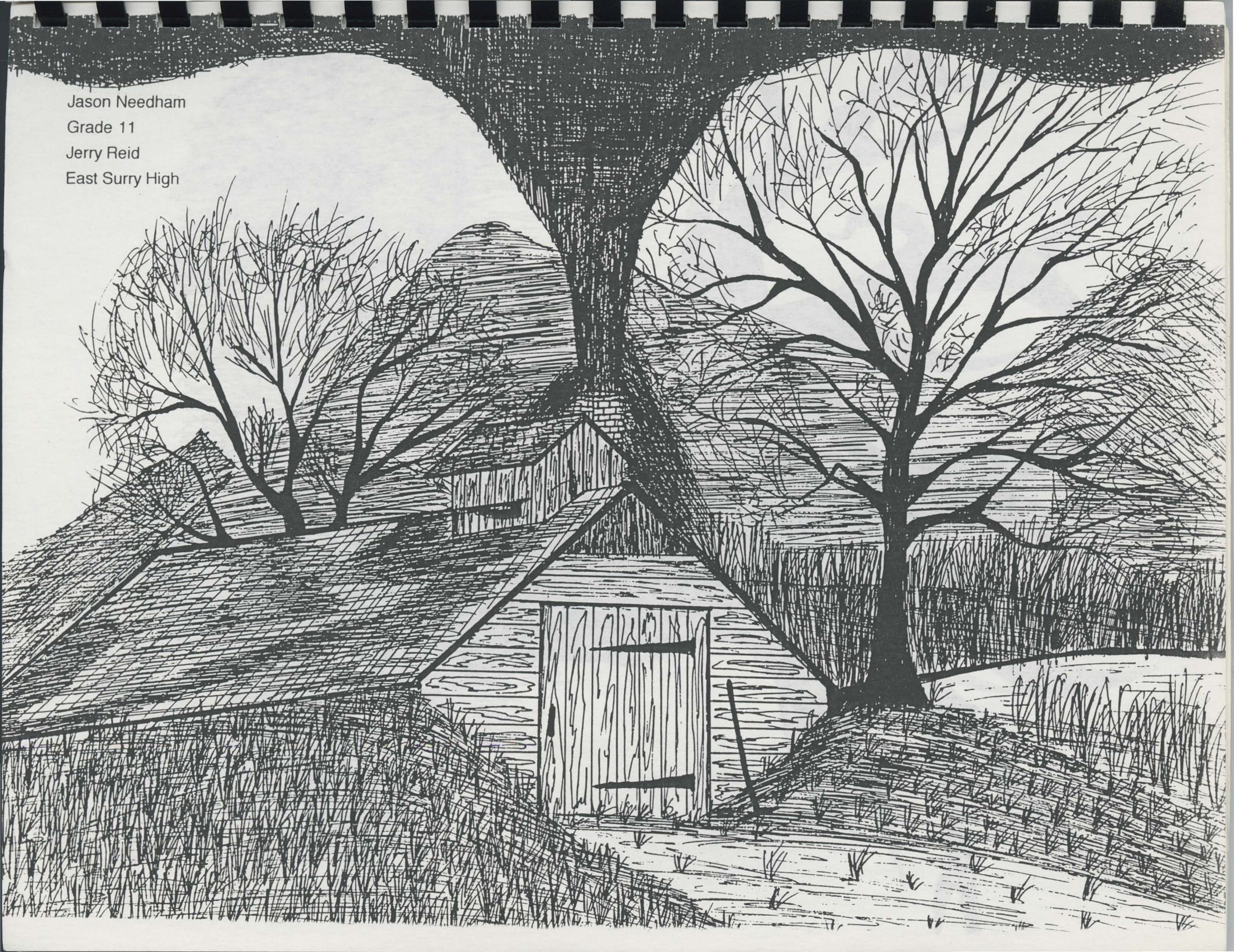
As time passed, two additional buildings were added at the original site of the Auditorium building. The growth of Pilot Mountain soon called for further expansion.

The building now known as the Junior High building added more room for a growing population. Soon afterwards, the opening of East Surry High School took place in 1961 and grades 9-12 were moved to East Surry. Later, a new modern building was added beside the Junior High building, and the original Auditorium building was condemned. One of the most memorable advances within the school system has been the changing of Pilot Mountain Elementary School into Pilot Mountain Middle School. Along with this change, came the opening of two new elementary schools. Westfield Elementary and Shoals Elementary opened in 1993.

Swanson, within her lifetime has witnessed many changes in the education of students in the Pilot Mountain area.



Pam Smith
Grade 11
Jerry Reid
East Surry High



Jason Needham
Grade 11
Jerry Reid
East Surry High



Josh Simmons
Grade 11
Jerry Reid
East Surry High



Alexa Lassonde
Grade 10
Jerry Reid
East Surry High



Pam Smith
Grade 11
Jerry Reid
East Surry High

