Kangaroo Rats

By Oberon Benjacob Fuller

Kangaroo rats are small desert rodents from North America, they’re also my favorite animal! They can range from 4 to 6 inches long with a long tail and sandy or brown fur to match their desert home, they can use this distinct feature to blend in! They live in burrows to stay cool and are active at night instead of day, eating seeds, grasses, and insects. These rats are great at jumping and store seeds in their cheeks and burrows. Some types are endangered because their homes are being lost.

**What Logan Stands For**

By Logan Branum

The L is for Leadership

something to help me through

And O for optimism.

Open and never shut.

The G is for gratitude,

be thankful like a Christian.

A means your attitude should be great

and happy like a penguin.

For N you should never give up.

Even when the going gets tuff.

**The Genes Follow**

**By Makayla Castaneda**

Green eyes like her aunt

A safety patrol like her mom,

A role model I think so.

Mabey she will be a football player

Like her dad. She even could be an

Artist like her grandma.

**Who I am**

By Thephaluck TJ Champa

Sometimes I can be creative

And make many things

But I can be sensitive

And upset with many things

I have a black belt

As black as my hair

As well as my brown eyes

That look everywhere

My glasses shine like stars

Coding could be as easy as pie

And I'm not lying

I’m a boy

I’m a student

I can be whatever I want to be!

And that’s what makes me

Me!

**SILAS**

**By Silas Farmer**

Stands up without a doubt and always courageous.

Idol of friends and family and helps anyone in need.

Like a speedy lightning bolt is quick on his feet and gets right back up.

At every place and time every day I am always kind.

Smart like a dolphin, swims really fast because with me you will aways have a blast.

Meaningful Place Vignette

By Riley Gallow-Braxton

I wake up to the cold winter air flying on my face. I take one step “crunch” 2 steps “crunch crunch”. I feel myself breathe in the crisp cold air it hits my nose hard yet it so soft. Road island.

**Aerimars The Great**

By Ben Graziano

Aerimars... The two-millennium year old hero. One day he was a baby god. The next he was a great god. A one arm lion one arm man, the son of Hyperion, the god of light and sun which Aerimars could wield. Aerimars! The great protector of Greece!

One peaceful day up in the clouds, Aerimars and Hyperion were tossing lightning balls at each other when Hyperion’s attendant came flying in panting with a worried look on her face. She struggled to get the words out of her mouth. ‘Speak Rion, speak!’ Said Hyperion. H-H-H-Ha-Had. She stuttered. ‘Hades!’ She screamed. ‘What!’ yelled Aerimars. ‘He plans to escape from the Underworld and kill you both!’

Said Rion ‘After he plans to take over Greece!’ Said Rion nervously shaking. Then I shall kill him first,’ said Hyperion. ‘No father, I will kill Hades as my mission to become a great god like you’ said Aerimars ‘Are you sure’ said Hyperion ‘Yes,’ Aerimars said ‘I am sure’ ‘Then follow along now young warrior’ said Rion walking away. Aerimars and Rion walked towards a highly guarded vault. The door had to be ten feet by ten feet and at least five feet thick. Rion spoke to the guards in a language that Aerimars knew was Roshinoha. Aerimars did not know how to speak Roshinoha but he knew how it sounded. The guards at the door immediately put a code in the vault and opened the massive vault. ‘Follow along,’ said Rion. Aerimars was amazed that he had never been inside of the vault. It had weapons of past gods, gold and cream-colored walls, ashes of past gods, ‘I could be in this museum one day’ thought Aerimars ‘I could be a historic god!’ ‘I could be like my fath-’ ‘Aerimars!’ said Rion snapping Aerimars out of his daydream. ‘Yes Ma’am’ said Aerimars. Rion handed him a black and gold sword, a gold chest protector with no sleeves, leather gloves cut off at the second knuckle, a gold spartan helmet with a red mohawk, tan leather shorts that ended at the knee, a gold chain belt, and black boots that stopped halfway at the shin. ‘You are ready,’ said Rion ‘You will now go into the Underworld’ ‘Ok’ said Aerimars. He and Rion got Hyperion. Hyperion did a circular hand motion, and a portal was right infront of Aerimars. ‘This will be your gateway to the Underworld,’ said Hyperion. ‘I am going in.’ said Aerimars. He jumped into the portal and immediately started falling for about fifteen seconds. When he finally hit the ground, it was dark and steamy. There was a bit of light about a quarter mile down. Aerimars started walking. About ten minutes later Aerimars reached the light and to his surprise it was a room full of gold, diamonds, jewelry and all kinds of valuable items. Aerimars knew deep down that it was a trap Hades had set for Hyperion. Hyperion was Aerimars father and Hades bitter rival. Aerimars looked up just in time to see a metal cage falling. He shot a lightning ball at it and split it right in half. Immediately at least one hundred thousand green figures flew into the room. Aerimars drew his sword and slashed at the figures. ‘Spirits!’ said Aerimars aloud. ‘Man, forgot I was in the Underworld’ ‘Hello young Atlas’ said a rough voice that was hard to locate where it was coming from. Aerimars,who was looking around pointing his sword every which way.’Aaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!’ Aerimars turned around to see Hades flying with his sword pointed at his chest. He quickly dove to the side and got back up. Hades was a worn-down man with gray skin, long wet hair, red eyes, a beat down ripped up black cloak and a long-curved blade that was dirty with dried blood. Hades swung his sword at Aerimars head. Aerimars ducked, sliced at Hade's leg and flipped backwards. ‘Hyperion

has taught you well,’ said Hades. ‘I can’t say he hasn’t’ said Aerimars said grinning. Aerimars kicked Hades in the face, spun around and punched him in the gut. Hades stumbled back. Hades was now bleeding from his nose. He was furious. He hadn’t tried before. But now Hades was going to try to kill Aerimars. Hades jumped over Aerimars and sliced right through the back protector and cut his back. Aerimars fell to the floor in pain. Hades quickly got on top of Aerimars and put his sword to Aerimars neck. ‘I will kill you just like I killed your father,’ said Hades. ‘Well too bad for you, my father is alive!’ said Aerimars prying the blade of his neck. He punched Hades then put his blade through Hades. Hades fell to the floor not moving. Aerimars saw him not breathing. ‘I did it’ he thought. Aerimars looked at the portal and it was shrinking! Aerimars started running and used a light ball to propel him towards the portal. He was running faster than he ever had before. He was nearing the portal when he dove into it and at that moment the portal exploded! After the smoke cleared Aerimars saw Hyperion. He broke a smile and Hyperion ran towards him. Hyperion saw Aerimars cut. ‘Ooh’ said Hyperion ‘That looks bad’ ‘Yeah’ said Aerimars. ‘Siordeyne!’ said Hyperion. ‘Can you clean this cut up for me’ ‘Of course’ said Siordeyne taking Aerimars to the medical room. ‘Lay down here’ said nurse Riordeyne. Aerimars lay down on a bed made of astatine. Siordeyne peeled his armor off and cleaned the massive wound. Aerimars had to take off one of the gloves and bite that to keep from screaming in pain. ‘Ok’ said nurse Riordeyne ‘I got you all cleaned up’ ‘Yeah, I can tell’ said Aerimars still in pain. After Aerimars spent a night in the clinic to heal. Hyperion had a huge ceremony for Aerimars defeating Hades and for becoming a legendary god. Hyperion gifted Aerimars a white and black cloak. ‘This my son, this is the same cloak I wore when I became a god,’ said Hyperion ‘I will wear it with honor’ said Aerimars. Aerimars walked down the red carpet towards Zeus, Poseidon, Ares and Apollo. Aerimars was awarded The God Award by Zeus, The Bravery Award by Poseidon, The Battle Award by Ares and The Healing Award by Apollo. Aerimars was greatly respected for the rest of eternity. He ended up marrying Hestia, goddess of Heast and Home and after 30 years they had five kids, Akasi, Lakia, Krasla, Drenkon and Rakasha. He was a hero for the rest of eternity and everyone lived happily ever after

Dogs

By Logan Golden

Dogs, man’s best friend,

With them, it seems like life never ends.

Fluffy, cuddly, energetic,

When they’re energetic, it’s like they’re made of kinetic energy!

Playful, joyful, faithful,

Dogs!

With them, life never ends.

**Two Wholes, NOT Two Halves**

**By Shyloe Hasugluw**

I am one human being though many consider me two.

My twin is one whole human being too.

Although we do most of the same things, like draw and read,

We are as different as bamboo and weeds.

And somehow, we share our hazel eyes, wavy black hair, and creative minds

But take a closer look, and you will find a surprise.

Even though some consider us two, we are each one whole human being. And so are you.

**Identity Poem**

By Jayce Jeter

My name is Jayce.

I like blue because

I am calm like the

Ocean. I’m fierce like

a storm. I am also

Creative as a sea otter.

A lot is always going

On in a gifted mind.

So small yet so big. Fun

Thoughts going on in a

gifted mind.

**Will I Always be the Same?**

**By Ludovica Moussa**

Will I still have dark red hair like school bricks?

Will I still like my butt chin?

Will I still need glasses?

Am I still wondering?

I wonder a lot

Will I still be as bright as a shooting star?

Am I still going to have chubby fingers?

Will my mom still call me by crazy nicknames?

Do I still enjoy dance?

Will I still be the same?

Who will I become?

Seed of Revolution

By Aurora Nikkel

261 years ago, the British thought that it would be a clever idea to tax the colonists and pass unjust laws to control the colonists. The idea was the opposite of clever or dumb. Those laws and taxes were what caused the colonists to revolt, or rebel against the king and Parliament. Instead of lessening, the colonists' anger and frustration only grew toward the king and Parliament in the years leading up to the Revolutionary War because of the unjust laws and taxes they made.

One reason the colonists' frustration was growing toward Britain was the Pontiac’s Rebellion in 1763 which limited westward expansion in America because Britain was afraid that the Native Americans would rebel again. Because of this, Britain passed unjust laws to stop the colonists from moving westward (S4). I do not think that I would like to be a colonist living from 1763 to the Revolutionary War. Would you? The American colonists' freedom was halted in 1763 because Parliament stopped them because of the Pontiac's Rebellion (S5). Because of this, I think that the British were scaredy-cats. In section 12, the author stated that colonists wanted to sell their goods where they would get the best price, but the Navigation Acts told them otherwise. Because of this evidence, I think that the Navigation Acts were unjust, and they should have been repealed as soon as the colonists expressed their dislike for the Navigation Acts. What do you think of the Navigation Acts?

Second, the colonists were getting angry at Parliament because Parliament decided to tax the colonists even after leaving them alone for so long. Because Parliament thought this way, Britain began taxing the colonists and passing unfair laws that told the colonists what to do (S7). Because of this, some colonists turned to smuggling to get around unfair laws and taxes (S13). Even though smuggling was illegal, I think that it was a fair way to get around unfair laws. The colonists thought this too. According to S11, the Navigation Acts limited what could be traded with countries other than Britain and added import taxes to goods. Even though Britain thought that the Navigation Acts were fair and just, they did not think about how they affected the colonists' lives. I think the laws were unjust, and the colonists agree with me.

Finally, the colonies wanted a say in what they could sell to countries other than Britain. In source 10, England wanted America to practice mercantilism and become rich. I do not like mercantilism because it is when the ruler controls who the subjects can sell to. Do you like mercantilism? I hope not because it is a bad practice. The colonists had strong opinions of what they wanted in their government (S8). This is important because they wanted to have a government that listened to their complaints instead of ignoring them. The colonists wanted a say in who represented them (S9). I do not think the colonists liked the idea of being ruled by a single person who just happened to be born into royalty.

As you remember from the beginning, Britian passed unjust laws and taxes to pay for the Seven Years War. This made the colonists so angry they sparked the American Revolution. The British thought that the colonists would be okay with the laws and taxes because the colonists would get protection in return. The British were completely wrong, but if Britian had not made this mistake, America would not be a country. Now that you have read this essay, what do you think sparked the American Revolution?

**In the Toilet**

By Ashton Pelletier

I went to the bathroom to go number 2, that surprising experience I had in that loo. My hand near the flusher looked like it was lurking. I went to go flush, and I realized it wasn’t working.

It bet it’s a pipe, that’s probably bent. I bet it’s a turkey... Oh that’s where it went. I bet it’s a zebra with pretty stripes. I bet it’s saxophone, that’ll play something nice.

I called in the plumber; he came in so fast. I looked at his arm, he is wearing a cast? I told him, and paid him to unclog the clog, he looked right at me and said, “It was a family of frogs!”

I thanked him a lot and waved him goodbye. As he left the house, there was a tear in my eye. Yes, I know, I am quite dramatic. I’ll send up a guy to also fix the attic. I woke up the next day and took my morning toilette. But what I will share with you is what happened in the toilet.

In that HOTEL

By Myona Thomas

Sara and her sister, Jane, were going to a party that was going on all the way to New York city. As they were driving, they got lost and ran out of gas. It started to rain, and they needed a place to stay for the night. Soon enough, they found a mysterious hotel. Even if it was creepy, they were willing to stay there, without knowing the consequences.

Chapter 1: The Room

‘’Hello?’’ Sara said shivering. There were people there but there was no bellhop to help them. Suddenly, a tall, pale-looking figure in a red suit stood before them. ‘’How can I help you?” The figure said groaning. “We would like a room, please.” said Sara. ‘’It must be clean too!’’ Jane muttered. ‘’Sure’ the figure sighed. Sara read the name tag. ‘’Hello, my name is: May.” ‘’Thank you, May.” May gave them a key and they went to their room at once. When they got there, the room was full of dust. It looked like it hadn’t been used in ages. ‘’So much for the room being clean...” Jane sighed. ‘’They’re already generous for giving us a place to sleep for the night. We should be happy with what they gave us!” After that, they heard a loud BANG! on the door.

Chapter 2: The Monster

‘’WHAT’S THAT?!” Jane said both surprised and scared. “I don’t-!” Then suddenly, there was loud scratching on the door! “Run!” Sara yelled. A shadow opened the door... “Hello?” Both Sara and Jane peeked out of the bedroom door. They saw a little girl in a bright blue dress covered in butterflies. Sara came out of the bedroom. “No Sara, DON'T!" Jane yelled from behind “Hello, little girl. Are you lost?” Sara asked. “No. My name’s Kayloni. And you’re Sara and that’s Jane.” “H-How do you know our names?” Jane said, trembling. “Oh, you know, I like to get to know my food before EATING IT!” Before Kayloni could finish her sentence, Jane grabbed Sara and they ran into the elevator within seconds. “COME BACK!” Kayloni yelled. “Let’s get out of here! These people are crazy!” Jane and Sara both exclaimed. Then a tall shadow called their names. “SARA... JANE... IF YOU STAY HERE ANY LONGER, YOU WILL TURN INTO VAMPIRES!” “NOT HAPPENING!!” Jane yelled back. “Never mind that! Look! We’re finally at the door!” Suddenly, someone yanks the duo back! “You’re not going anywhere." Said a deep voice.

Chapter 3: The Run

“M-May! Aren’t we glad to see you! The people here are crazy!” Jane said, trembling. “N-Now wait, Jane. They’re not crazy, just creepy! Very, very creepy...” Sara said, also trembling. “We’re here to return our key and leave.” Sara laid the key down and waved but May stopped them and blocked the door and she didn’t let them go. “May? Can you step aside so we can-” Jane started. “YOU’RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!” May warned. “You will stay here forever and ever and ever and ever and eve-!” “WHAT?!” Jane screamed so loud that the people in the room looked at her strangely. “Quick, Jane! Let’s make a run for it!” Sara yelled, already at the door. “GET THEM!” May yelled. Sara and Jane were running when they both realized: “We’re not wearing shoes!” Their shoes were still in the hotel, Upstairs, Room 24, in the Bedroom. “Oh well! They can have my shoes!” Jane said. “LOOK!! THE CAR!” Sara’s car was parked right on the same side of the road where they had arrived, full of gas, looking good as new. “But h-” “It doesn’t matter right now!” Sara said. “Now, get in!” “THEY’RE GETTING AWAY!” May yelled about catching up to them. “COME ON, COME ON!!” Sara and Jane said, having faith. The car finally turned on and they escaped with no one to catch them. To believe it, they both thought they were just in a dream!

The End

It was finally over. Sara and Jane made it to the party and luckily survived that crazy night full of fright. So, if you are ever in the woods or lost in the forest, my only words to you are: Don’t ever, and I mean EVER, go to the mysterious hotel no matter how safe it looks because things are never how they seem. Ha! Ha! Ha!

**Identity Poem**

By Calyn Vayne

I am kind, friendly, honest, unique, and creative.

Will my hair get darker like my mom,

or will it stay medium brown like it is right now?

Will my eyes still change color?

I still love my family and my siblings.

I love art too and my eyes that are blue.

When I am older will I still go on adventures with my mom?

Even though I'm lazy, I still exercise.

I have one cat, I have one dog.

I am in 5th grade and that's not a myth.

**Identity Poem**

By Briann Vok

Will I dance and sing like I once did? Will I love to hang out with my nieces and nephews like I once did? Will I love to play piano and hangout with my friends like I once did?

All these questions circle my mind, will I ever love tennis and hanging out with my brother like I once did? I really don’t know.

I love all these things like dogs and drawing and having great style. I love my body that’s as short as a little shrub and my hazel eyes that are as brown as dirt and as green as grass.

I love to travel and play sports and being kind to other people, but all I want to know is if I will love all these things like I once did?

**Poem**

By Silas Austin

The Darkest Universe You may play games, but life is not a game.

You may cry but be not afraid if you cry someone will help you here or there

in the entire universe in the entire universe.

My eyes are darker than the darkest night or a solar eclipse with all night ahead of it and years to go before they faulter.

**NEW YORK**

By Preston Betancourt

Towering buildings catch your eye,

All the time pigeons fly by.

Home to former movie stars,

Driving all sorts of fancy cars.

Central Park where people play,

Making memories day by day.

Going up in the Empire State,

To finally see the big apple.

**A Campers Dairy (preview)**

by Jackson Bortz

Chapter 1: My very “interesting’” story

Sunday, April 15th

Hi, the name's Charlie and believe it or not, my school was blown up the other day. Yeah, I thought that was great but my mom, being my mom, was devastated. Now the obvious choice when something happens like this is to put your son in a new school, but not to my mom. She loved the challenges the school put me through, after all, I was Advanced Academics and have tons of A’s booming through my report card. So, while the school was being rebuilt, she put her small, skinny, 12-year-old son in an all-year camp. Yeah, apparently this camp is on a big tree infested island, not the best thought my mom had. There's not a lot of kids there, most of the kids in my school moved to new places, the obvious choice. I'm hopping on a fairy next week, I don't really like the whole wilderness thing, but I have no choice, so... wish me luck.

Chapter 2: The trip

Wednesday, April 18th

Some kids in my school think it's weird that I own a diary, they say it's a girl thing. Well, when I had school. I'm boarding the boat, it's rusty, probably at least 50 years old, in other words, ancient. The place smells like what all ports smell like, salt. I really despise salt, it's too, well, salty. But anyways, I board the boat, God, its smells like a gym in the summer. I sit down in one of the peeling leather seats, I wonder if it's even real leather. I look around the room, there's only like, 7 other kids, wait... I think I know them. Well, I know one of them, great, it's my bully, Jim, he's bulky and fat. He used to have like 5 cats, now it's just one. Maybe he ate the other 4. I pray he didn't notice me, but of course, he did. He looked at me and gave me the usual “I'm goanna get you real soon” look. His big bulgy sweaty face is all pink, at least he isn't the usual shade of dark red when he bullies me. The redder his face is, the more pleased he is, yeah, it's weird. Man, I have to deal with him for an hour of a boat ride.

More of this book is coming soon!

**Honesty**

By Suraya Breakenridge

Am I Black?

Am I White?

Cause my throat is so tight

That I can hardly breathe.

I’m confused

I’m a mess

And I did bad on that test

So, I probably won’t succeed.

I don’t know what you’ve

Been told but I am neither

Brave or bold.

I’m just like a little girl,

Dressed in adult clothes.

**Best Friend**

By Brynlee Graston

One important person to me is Maddie, she is a short fifth grader with brown hair, white highlights, and lots of freckles. She has been my best friend since second grade. She is like a sister to me. She has a unique personality and amazing style. One way you can tell we are best friends is whenever the teacher says partners, we immediately look at each other. We share interests like Harry Potter and Hamilton. She is one of my favorite people in the world!

**Silly Poem**

By Matthew Harmon

I usually do not miss school but today was different. I woke up to a loud BOOM and saw that my ceiling fan fell on my tv. Then I went back to bed and heard my dad saying get ready for school I lied and said a have chicken pox and also solved this paradox I have diarrhea when I sneeze I also have measles I have bumps and lumps all over me I have the bubonic plague the black death I also have the Spanish flu which is really from Kansas so can I stay home today?

**Identity Poem**

By Tristan Hasugluw

My hair is as black as the midnight sky.

My eyes as white as snow.

The trees outside are swaying softly

As the dandelions blow

I am a shining star

As my grades are super high

Like a tower, I am strong.

And like the wind, I can fly.

My eyes as clear as a pane of glass.

My skull feels like it is made of stone.

If someone were to dig inside of me

They would dig straight to the bone.

This is all there is to see,

This could be a better me,

From all the raining of my past

This could be the end of me.

Late!

By Ileana Klemawesch

Today I was late to school, you see,

But what happened today wasn’t my fault, not me!

A rampaging elephant ate my backpack,

Then a rat gnawed a hole in my dining room roof

So, it took away my timer,

The timer said oof.

Then it gave me measles and that is the troof!

7 hours to get there, Got there in a car.

A rabid giraffe crushed the car from afar.

Then I sprinted to school, oh I was so late,

I told them my story, but now I hesitate

To tell you the truth, for now I cannot lie,

I was reading a book with a butterfly!

**Swimming With Me**

By Kallee Kolb

I took swimming lessons when I was one and two.

By then I thought I could tie my shoe.

I jump into the pool to cool.

But then I relieved I'm such a fool.

SPLASH SPLOOSH I sink in.

Only to get out to look in the bin.

I see flippers, goggles, and more.

Then my instructor comes over and says I'm doing poor.

I go straight to work to do something more.

But all I can think of is going to the store.

I cut my stream of thought to focus some more.

Although I can’t help it, I just keep thinking more and more.

Time to work I can’t sit here all day.

Hmm... have you ever realized that this pool is right by the bay?

Oh, time to go home my mom is waiting for me.

I wonder how the rest of the day will be?

Maybe I will be able to get something from the store.

Yeah that what I will do and perhaps even more.

I can’t wait to continue my day.

Also mom can we stop by the bay.

My mom said yes this is going to be an amazing day.

Time to get in the car to go to the bay.

I made it to the bay, oh look my friend is here and he's going to stay!

Today is the best day!

**Identity Poem**

By Sarah Laeger

I'm eleven years old,

People think I'm always cold,

I have two cats that snuggle when you give them a sweet treat,

I have dirty blonde hair that looks like the sea sand,

I have green eyes that people don’t realize,

I love sports but hate doing science fair boards,

I’m athletic but hate some people aesthetic,

I have curly hair that goes every were,

Sometimes all you need is a little notice about your

Identity, so that's what makes you, and me, me!

**Poem**

By James Macolino

I sit nearby a tree

Thinking about the sea

What job do I want to be

Maker of a Submarine

It then hit me

I can be anything I want to be.

**SEEDS OF REVOLUTION ESSAY**

By Lucas Newman

     On a chilly winter night, with a layer of snow on the ground, a group of colonists surround a group of british soldiers. One of the soldiers harmed a man with the tip of his musket, drawing attention, and forming a crowd of angry colonists. The colonists throw rocks, snowballs, shells, sticks, and other items at the soldiers. The soldiers draw their muskets up, but the crowd just gets closer. The crowd shouts "You dare not fire!" and taunt the soldiers even more. Then someone shoots. Then another. Soon, the whole group of soldiers are firing at the crowd. The shooting stops, and the crowd looks around. 7 men were shot, and 5 later died. This story is "The boston massacre". A famous event in the years before the american revolution. How did the American Revolution begin? To keep is simply, the colonists were frustrated toward King George the III in the years leading up to the Revolutionary war because King George the III started making America a poor country by taxing the colonists a crazy amount and doing other things the colonists hated. Let us look at this more deeper, shall we?

     Firstly, King George the III taxed the colonists a lot, making America a poor country. I know this how? Well, in the years before the revolutionary war, britian was in another war. This time, with France. France at the time had almost half of the united states, and was invading british territory. Soon, the british had enough, and started a war. War is not cheap. So, even after Britian won, they were in debt. To pay, Britian got an idea. One of America's main reasons as a country was to make money from trade with other countries, so why not make money from America itself? You probobly know what I mean by now. Because of the French-Indian war (That is what the war between France and Britian was called), Britian paid of the debt by collecting tax money from Americans. But there was one tiny problem. The Americans did not like this at all.

     That was anticlimatic. Well, anyway, secondly, the taxing that King George the III started inforcing made the colonists furious, so they rebelled against paying the tax. Now, before you go out on the American's, listen to this. Before 1763, Britian left the colonies alone. But now, King George the III started enforcing this tax, without America's permission, and not even for America's good! Plus, as stated in "Who's to Charge?", "The colonists were so far away that is was not practical for parliament to be involved in day to day decisions...". Because of this, the Colonists and the Parliament were in a fight to see who had the power. Britian (you know 'Britian' really just means King George the III) kept forcing laws and rules to follow, and America rebelled. Soon, America was in such a state of anger toward King George the III, that  American's starting harming british soldiers and people who liked what King George the III was doing. This anger was also because of fear. The colonists feared greatly that King George the III would take advantage of the situation and force unjust laws on the Americans. Makes sense to me.

     Lastly, lets connect two and two and I will show you how this led up to the American Revolution. King George the III limited American's freedom, and the American's were so angry they found their way around it. But these ways might not have been so legal. People were smuggling, forcing british workers to quit their job, etc. America was basicaly on fire. During this time, Britian was trying many, many ways for America to settle down, but also get money from America. They did not understand what America was so restless and angry about, so they tried different taxes types. The tried something called the Stamp act. They tried the Navigation act of 1660, and many other different kinds of acts and taxes. Even another thing of how tension grew between Americans and King George the III, is that the Americans had strong expectations toward King George the III. In Britian, they had a (almost) very lawfull and fair government, because of the proclamation. And even though Americans knew nothing about this proclamation, they still wanted and expected a good king. And when King George the III passed these laws and acts, and taxes, the Americans felt betrayed.

          To sum it up, the colonists of the United States were angry at King George the III in the few years before the American Revolution because King George the III started taxing the colonists and making new laws about the colonists life, without the colonists permission. These acts from King George the III caused America to get into finanacial trouble, and so, the colonists acted out. But, King George the III continued taxing the colonists, and so, all this tension sparked the American Revolution, or otherwise called (I do not know anybody who would call it this), the Revolutionary war.

**Patrick Henry’s Famous Quote Analysis**

By Sophia Nikkel

“I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!”

-Patrick Henry during the American Revolution

Patrick Henry knew how important liberty is when he said his famous quote (above) during the American Revolution. It means that he would rather die than live under the oppressive rule of the British, and that he is extremely patriotic, because it also means that he will fight to his last breath to see his country liberated. I connect to this quote because my older cousin is in the USA navy, and fights for liberty around the world. Whenever I'm scared, I think of her, and how brave she is, fighting for what’s right. This relates to my role as a citizen of the United States of America because it means that standing up for liberty, your rights, and other’s rights. This reminds me of when I was a Nehamiah Action Leader for my church.  I helped fight for affordable housing, prison alternatives, and raising the minimum wage in our city. I stood up for other’s rights, including freedom! (Think about it: If you are stuck in rented housing because you can’t save up enough money due to low minimum wage, rent is rising, and your landlord can evict you at any time, are you actually free?) I stood up for our city’s rights, just like Patrick Henry stood up for the USA’s rights. I believe that it is the duty of every citizen of the United States of America to fight for their rights, and for other’s rights. That is how Patrick Henry’s quote connects to me personally, and with that, concludes my analysis of his quote, “I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!”

**The Most Important Person**

By Rico Reed

The most important person in the world to me is, My Grandma!

Yes, yes, she is my grandma and could be strict, complicated, or even flat out annoying.

But I love her, and I always will, will never stop also. On the other hand, if I ever told her a goal of mine, she would push me until I have worked hard enough for the goal, and I achieved it. My grandmother is nice, kind, and always generous. She would always treat me and raised me like a child of her own. Though, she chose to do that and always put up with me, so I always knew that that was nice choice she made. She has always stated that “Even though I am her grandson, and she is my grandmother she will love me like a child of her own.” To try and forever return the favor I am always there for her favors. She is always taking care of me even when I am not feeling my best, and I have taken care of her when she isn’t at her best even. Also ALWAYS giving me motivation and tries to be there for me while I am pursuing and chasing my dreams.

**Identity Poem**

By Eva Slattery

I love animals

Nature is my reality

I love being unique like a snowflake

I love the arts

Music, painting, all things, all around

I am a colorful rainbow

And sometimes dark like a rainy cloudy day

Many sports are a hobby

Slam, kick, hit!

Origami is a creative treat

Reading is a beat

Math is an equation

And I love a good puzzle

I feel so alive

All in one me

There is no one I love more than

Than me

**List Poem**

By Maddie Harrison

I can't write my list poem, yes that’s what I said, My Brains on vacation, don't ask me where it went, we have no time! Of course, now’s when I can’t rhyme! Tick Tock Tick Tock! Oh no, that's the clock! I better speed it up, can someone get me a water cup? My hand is frail. I committed a crime so I'm in jail. You say I can still do it? No that’s not right. My unicorn ate my pencil, yes, I did try to fight. I've run out of lies and I've run out of time, The real truth is... I didn't want to this time.

**Technology: An Unsettled Debate**

By Sam Gardner

There has been a question that many kids and parents have asked: “Is technology a good thing or a bad thing?” Many people will say that it is a dreadful thing. There are many who say it’s a good thing. And surely, there are many more who are undecided about this debate. There are good sides and bad sides to technology, and if you avoid the bad sides, it will be a good thing. In my opinion, technology is a good thing that should not be disabled. Technology provides ways to relax, kids will use technology in the future, and you can connect with more people. Technology is something to use daily.

How can technology be used to relax?

Technology can be used for kids to relax in several diverse ways. It is a healthy way to relax and enjoy time.3 For example, after a long day at school, sometimes you need to relax. No better way to do that than to play video games. There have also been diverse ways to play, thanks to technology.3 Back in the old days when electronics were still getting started out and before those days, the only way to play was by going outside. And few people are big fans of “going outside” (me included). However, balancing gaming with life is the key to have a good life.3 You need to balance physical activity with gaming.1

How will kids use technology in the future?

Technology will also be used by kids in the future. For one, future jobs depend on technology.1 If there is no technology, there are no jobs, and there are no businesses. And innovative technology and electronics are hitting stores pretty much every year.2 That is proof that technology is ever evolving, and we all know it. And what’s going to happen next for technology? What new electronics, phones, Xboxes, PlayStations, anything like that will come out? We are not going to know.3

How can you connect with more people?

Well, not only can you connect with more people, but you can also connect with more information and data. Kids will need the web to access more information.1 However, different services can interfere with that. Very dreadful. People also use technology to contact and converse with their friends that they have.2 If there are friends who are living in South Carolina or Connecticut, you can’t just take transportation all the way. And video games are used to connect people with other people from different countries.3

In conclusion, technology is a good thing that should not be disabled. Technology provides ways to relax, kids will use technology in the future, and you can connect with more people.

Technology is something to use daily. There are good sides and bad sides to technology, and if you avoid the bad sides, it will be a good thing. If technology is watched by a guardian or adult for danger, it will turn out to be a positive thing. In general, technology is important.

1 Are Electronic Devices Good for Us? (TIME for Kids)

2 Tuned Out (TIME for Kids)

3 New Ways to Play (Mackenzie Carro)

Remastered version of “Technology”, an argumentative essay also by the same author.

**The American Revolution: The Thing That Split Britain and America with More Than Just an Ocean**

By Dexter Tas

King George III: “Dear colonists, I have this amazing idea for you! I’m going to restrict your trade, prevent you from moving west, stop you from working as a miner or farmer (and take away your wealth in the process), tax you (like, a lot), force you to trade with me, and you are going to love it! Best regards, King George III and the British Parliament.” Now, obviously, he shouldn’t have done that, and obviously that’s not how the king and Parliament frustrated the colonies in years prior to the American Revolution (although the things listed did happen, just not in the way I wrote it). So, how did they do it? Well, that’s what I’m here for today as I will answer that very question.

I mentioned how the British basically told the colonist to stay put and stay poor by stopping them from moving west. So, how did it happen, and what specifically happened? The “New World Rising” section of the book “The Causes of the American Revolution” by John Perritano has an answer when it (basically) said that the Proclamation of 1763 was the cause of the prevention of the westward expansion1. But how did this anger the colonists? One answer would be that people came to the colonies for more land, the prevention of expansion stopped them from getting any. Another way the proclamation angered the colonists was that, by preventing expansion, it gave farmers no way to work because land in the west was rich in soil and many farmers “saw their fortunes there,”2 at least according to “The Causes of the American Revolution.” And I’m coming from some background knowledge here, but this also

prevented miners from gaining wealth too, because the land was rich in minerals. This was very ironic, because King George kind of shot himself in the foot by doing that because he also decided to tax the colonists, and by cutting off their road to wealth gave himself less money, but more on that later. Anyway, back to “The Causes of the American Revolution.” From what I’ve read in the article, King George quartered soldiers on the Appalachians to completely ensure no one was going to move west,3 and by doing this, caused fears to strike up that he would use those soldiers to “enforce unjust laws.”4

Another way Britain angered the colonies was by constantly passing (laws) and taxing in a fight for power, according to “Who’s in Charge?” by the Public Consulting Group, that is, when it says that, “the colonists found themselves in a power struggle with the king and Parliament.”5 Which is how the Proclamation of 1763 came about, and I already explained how that was annoying. So how did Britain respond? Well, once again from the text, “Who’s in Charge?” there lies an answer: “Britain taxing the colonies and passing laws—like the Proclamation of 1763.”6 But, once again, how did this anger the colonists? Well, let’s be honest, no one likes being taxed, but his was the first time they were being taxing not for keeping up the government, they were being taxed purely for money because of Britain’s debt (again from some background knowledge, it’s pretty useful). And get this, “Parliament knew nothing about the lives of the colonists,”7 and had no idea they had their own stuff to deal with. They didn’t care “as long as the colonists were making money and buying English goods.”8 Now, obviously this annoyed the colonists because not having someone representing them in a place where decisions are being made for them, is (I don’t even need to

say it) annoying, especially since Parliament didn’t care and was dumping their debt on the colonies through taxes.

Finally, my last example of how Britain annoyed the colonists, it’s about time. By now, you probably noticed I’m missing two things from my list earlier: restricting trade and forcing trade to King George. Well, I’m finally getting to it with English Trade Laws from Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Social Studies, because, according to the text, a series of acts were passed called the Navigation Acts that heavily restricted trade9. You can see why this angered the colonists, because they couldn’t buy or sell anything without it being taxed. That clearly shows that restricting trade is sticky business. Like, sticky as molasses, literally, because according to the source, “[Traders] often smuggled sugar, molasses, and rum into the colonies from non-English islands in the Caribbean. Parliament responded with the Molasses Act.”10 That was the result of the Navigation Acts placing duties (taxes) on stuff, more duties, the colonists must’ve felt very offended by taxes because of Britain’s debt. It seems they were getting farther apart from Britain, almost as if they were getting torn apart and a war would break out. Hmm... I wonder (wink, wink). Anyway, unsurprisingly, because of this, the “colonists [clearly] wanted more freedom to buy or sell goods”11 wherever they could get the best price. It’s no secret that nobody wants to spend a buttload of money on things the people they’re buying from got for a few bucks (or £ because Britain bought it). All the money was going to Britain, they clearly didn’t like that very much. And even while all that was happening, the king still didn’t take off the requirement for British exports to go through their ports, causing the famous Boston Tea Party, but that’s for another time.

All in all, you can clearly see what caused the frustration between Britain and the colonies before the American Revolution. If you were paying attention, you might’ve noticed a lot of this was caused by Britain’s debt. Although a couple decisions that Britain made had fair points behind them, like the signing of the Proclamation of 1763, but I need an essay here, so I counted it anyway. But anyway, that’s all for this time, I hope I made you learn something today, and I will see you next time with a few more facts in the works. Bye!