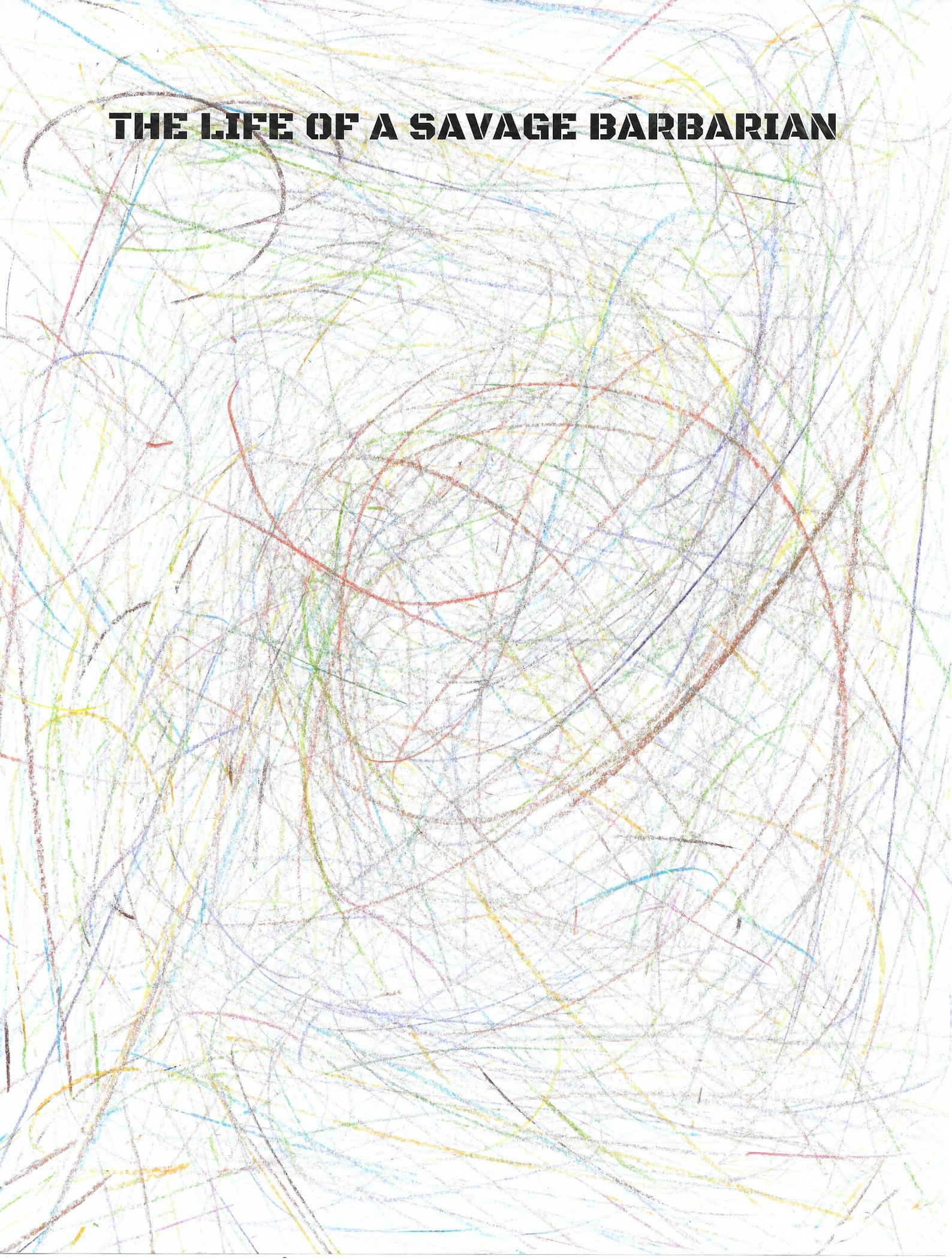


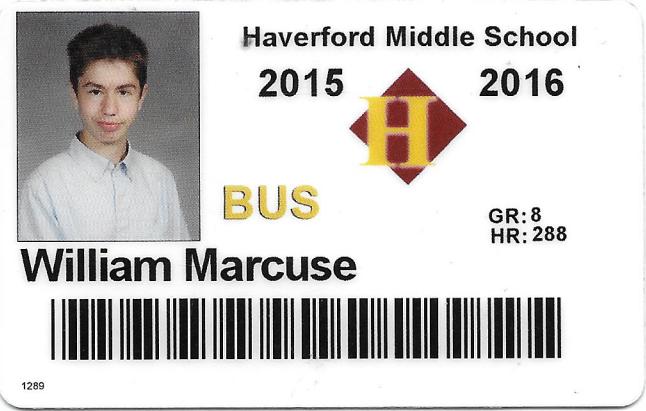
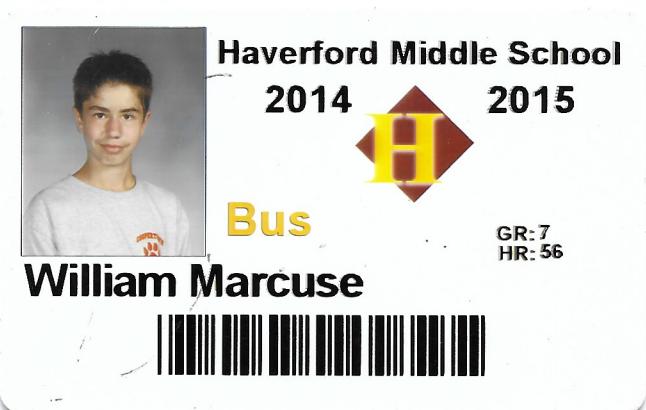
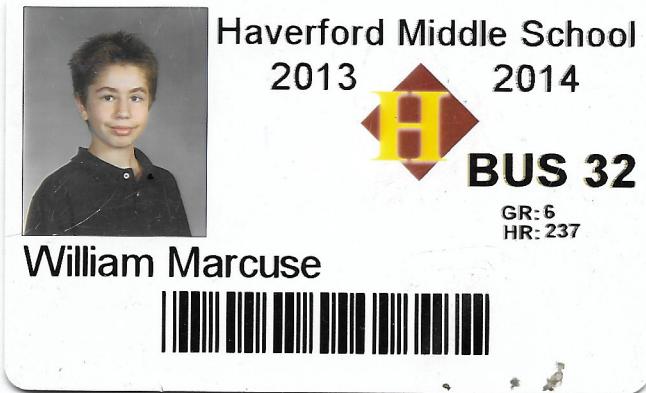
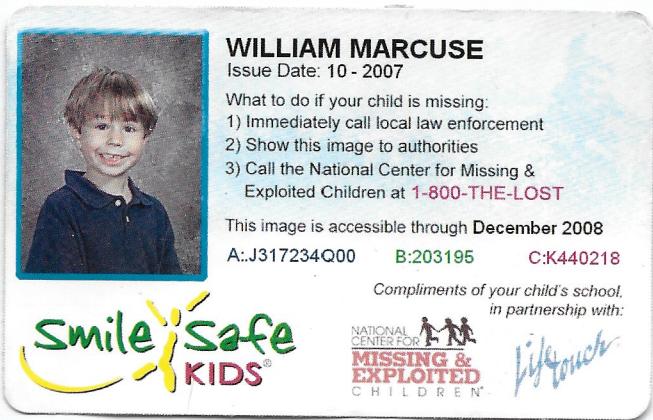
THE LIFE OF A SAVAGE BARBARIAN



WHO AM I?

I am William Morris Marcuse. I am weird, funny, wild, annoying, pathetic, savage, athletic, barbaric, and much more. You probably know me as a 'dog' person, but really I am actually a 'cat' person. Go ahead, and keep reading, and maybe you'll learn a thing or two about who this wild savage is.

My ID cards



LIFE IN ELEMENTARY

Here is the story of a premature barbian: Six years of my life went by so quickly. In that time, I made some friends, got decent grades, and had an okay time. At recess, let's just say all I ever did was play soccer, kickball, and ride the swings-a lot of riding the swings. At soccer I was considered a 'show-off,' which I took as a compliment. On the swings I would go really high, and while the recess monitors aren't looking, I would jump off. So, all in all I had a relatively good time.

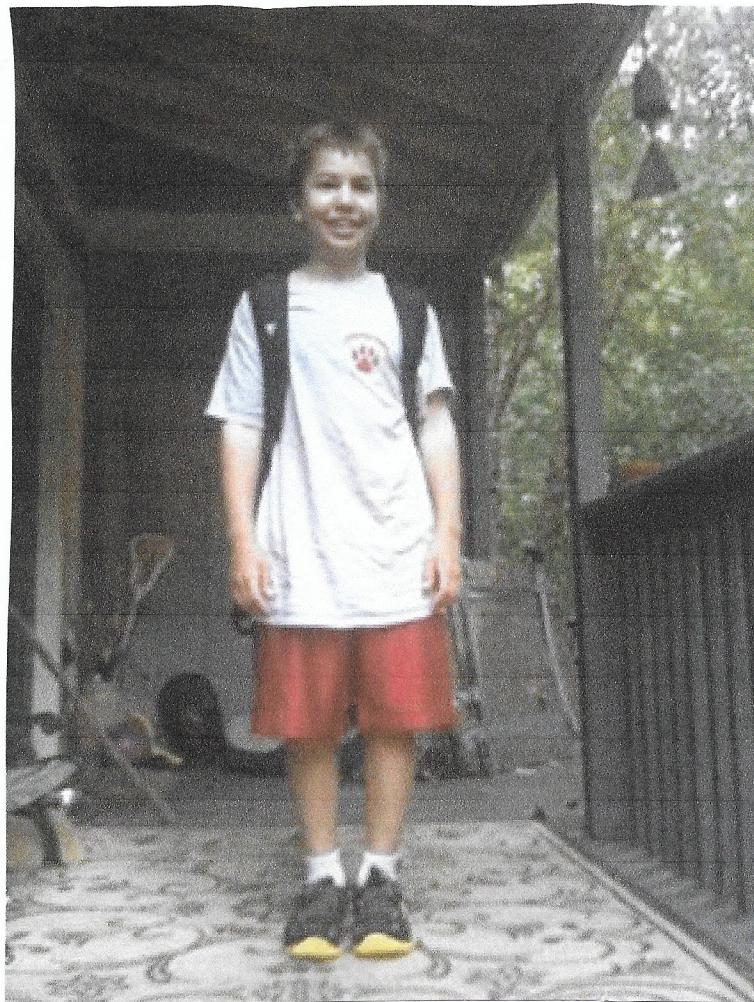


First Day of 3rd Grade

SIX GRADE HIGHLIGHTS

Six grade was okay and was kind of a transition year-of course. Some memorable moments include my math class, art class, and social studies. My math class was so interesting and fun with Ms. Adelizzi as my teacher. Art was also fun, as usual. I won the John B. Boltadonist award for the awards ceremony that year. And social studies was kind of like a second art class (all we ever did was draw pictures and color maps and such). I mean six grade wasn't that great because nothing that memorable happened.

First day of sixth grade



SEVENTH GRADE HIGHLIGHTS

Seventh grade was quite a big change. For one thing, I got into Seminar this year (or I wouldn't be writing this). Some great moments include art, Language arts, and Seminar. Art is always fun so that's that. Language arts was huge. Not only did it take up two periods, but I had Ms. Stump; and she often considered our class "Guinea Pigs." I could talk all day about Ms. Stump, but I'll save it for another page. And lastly Seminar; I got tested in the first quarter and made it into Seminar, which mixed up my schedule (which changed two or three of my classes).

March 2015

To William —

Great to meet you!

All best,

Christina

Baker

Kini



EIGHTH GRADE HIGHLIGHTS

Eighth grade has been a weird year. For one thing, I have Mr. Trabosh. Other things that happened include art, Seminar, art, and art. Mr. Trabosh was very funny and bizarre, I enjoyed the excessive homework. In Seminar I enjoyed the fun projects, especially the poem ones. In art I had lots of fun even though I only had it for a half of one quarter. Not too much else happened in eighth grade.

My Seminar pop sicle stick



Me at the Farewell Dance

SIBLINGS AND PETS

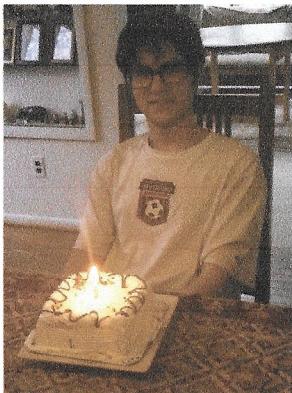
I have three siblings: a younger brother, an older brother, and an older sister. Right now my younger brother, Quinn, is in elementary school; my older brother, Noah, is in high school; and my sister is in college. Quinn (younger brother) is very annoying and super lazy. He is very into origami (probably just for attention). Noah (older brother) is very artistic but very forgetful. He is very into art and loves soccer and video games. Monica (older sister) is very humorous and sociable. She loves Netflix and hanging out with her friends.

I also have many pets. I have two dogs named Mika (he is not a girl) and Luna. I have two cats named whiskey (whiskers) and flower. I also have a turtle named flash and two fish.

Quinn + Mika

Monica

Noah



Luna



Whiskey



flower



flash

My friends



Dr. Finn, Katrina, Daymond, Brendan, Jamie, Luke+Connor, Daniel, Mr. Whitney, Shane, Ben, Elisabeth, Emily, Elena. Some other friends include Billy, Eamon, another Brendan, and Phil Lee (Philly).

FAVORITES

Color: Electric Blue
Food: Mac & Cheese
Dessert: Mint Chocolate Chip Ice Cream
Snack: Doritos
Drink: Sprite and Fro le (Frozen Lemonade)
Toy: Legos
Animal: Bunny
Sport: Soccer
Song: Bittersweet Symphony
Band: The Rolling Stones
Music Genre: Rock
Movie: Captain America: Civil War
TV Show: Fullmetal Alchemist: Brotherhood
Favorite Hero: Batman
Book: To Kill a Mockingbird
Video Game: Clash of Clans
Card Game: Magic the Gathering
Board Game: Settlers of Catan
Number: 3
Class: Math
Quarter Class: Art
Teacher: Ms. Stump
Day: Saturday
Season: Summer
Nickname: Foxman or Monkeyman

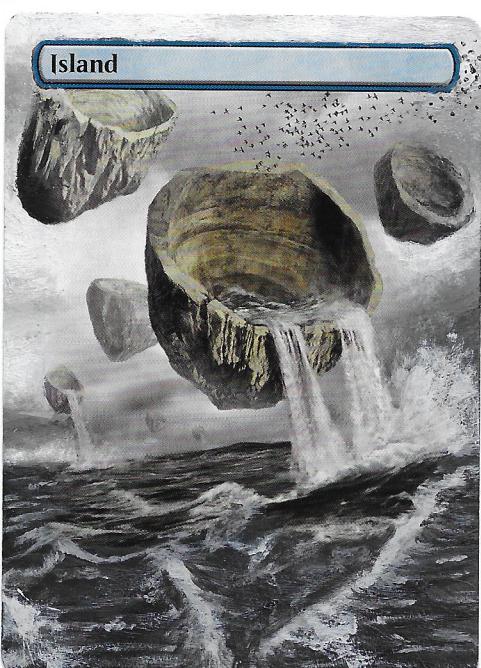
THE WORLD'S BEST GAME EVER

A long time ago in a galaxy far far away a lone barbarian discovered a game of magic. It all started at Independent Lake Camp, where all my friends their were playing a card game called Magic the Gathering. So I tried it out. It was so fun! I got me brothers to play and went to drafts and tournaments. I can easily admit that Magic is probably the funnest (Not a real word) game ever. I really love art so I thought it would be cool to paint over some of the cards (altered art). So I did. And most turned out very cool. Now I have over 50 alters! You wouldn't know how cool these alters are unless I showed you some...

Before



After



Negate

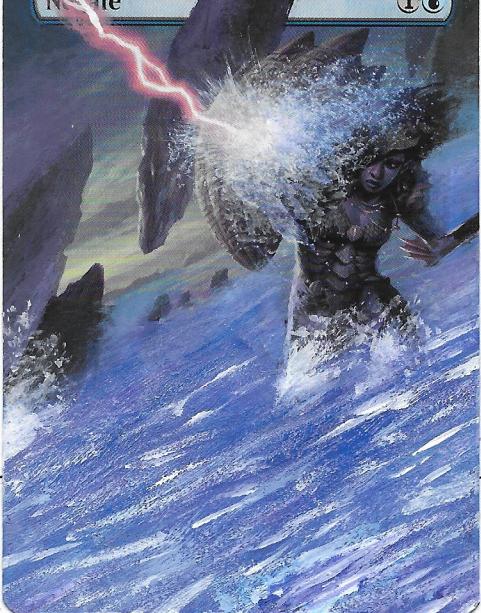


Instant

Counter target noncreature spell.

"Eventually, everything returns to silence."
—Zarra, lummage

Negate



MY DIARY

My grandparents give me and my siblings many presents. One of those presents turned out to be a very small tiny composition book. One day, I wrote a fake diary entry in the book (March 4), saying how I would probably lose it or forget about it. I showed it to my friends, and they thought it was funny, so I started my diary. In this diary I have kept every secret not mentioned in this book (don't even think about stealing it). My friends often got their hands on it and wrote stuff in it, one friend even crumpled a few pages of it. I even wrote a diary entry pretending to be Donald Trump, spelling every word wrong and writing stupid stuff. Also, a lot of, if not all of, the diary is meaningless to most eyes since I wrote some weird stuff in it (beyond weird).

Here are some of my entries:

Dear Diary, Monday March 7, 5:58 AM
Good morning world! Oh my! I have to wake...

Dear Diary, Friday April 1st
April fools!
Sincerely,
William Morris Marcuse

Dear Diary, Monday April 11

On friday I watched 2001: a Space Odyssey, sooo slow. Today it'll rain but I have a track meet and soccer tryouts today. PSSAs start tomorrow, oh farts.

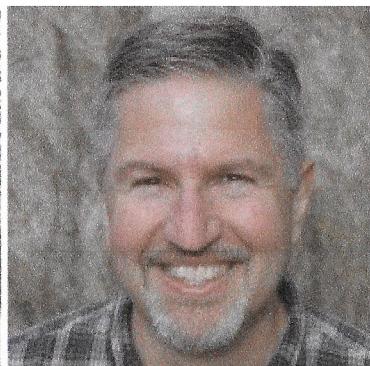
Sincerely,
William Morris Marcuse

DIVORCE

Over the summer going into seventh grade my parents were having troubles. I mean during the night they would argue over each other, and it would often lead my Dad to drive off into the night to avoid more yelling. These parts of my life were probably the worst parts. Not only did they constantly yell, but if any of my siblings and I would try to intervene, they would ignore us and continue to yell. As the days progressed, and things got more heated, all I could do is nothing; there was nothing I could do. And the day after a vacation to the Caribbean with only my Mom, my parents brought all of us in a room, and said how they could not be together and would be divorcing. My parents asked us how we felt and, to be honest, we did not know how we felt. My baby brother cried, and my sister got very angry, but we all knew that this marriage could not go on any longer. My Dad got a second house, and we were to spend half our time at my Mom's house and half at my Dad's. This was only the beginning of life-changing events that were to happen to me and my family.

After the divorce, my Mom felt lonely so she got a boyfriend and another pet: Luna (a hyper dog). He spoke very highly of himself and talked my Mom into doing things like getting chickens. Yes, you read correctly, chickens. Let me list why this was such a bad idea: first, dogs and chickens don't mix very well; second, we had no clue what we were actually doing; third, they required lots of work to feed, keep in a high temperature room, and to clean the cages. My Mom, thoroughly persuaded by the fact that having chickens will somehow "lower our taxes", got 24 chickens. Imagine an elephant corpse that has been regurgitated by a lion (you probably can't). That is what these chickens smelled like. After a few months my Mom sold the chickens to someone who just had their chickens eaten by a fox. Later, she broke up with him.

We couldn't afford both our houses much longer so my Mom neatened up our house and put it on the market. This also means we are going to move once our house sells. My Mom felt lonely again so she got another boyfriend. My Dad thought he was going to lose his job, so he went out looking for another. He found a job that looked pretty good, but it had a catch to it. I helped my dad and he quit his old job and joined his new. He believes this job isn't very stable but it has a decent salary. His new job is a debit bank, so my Dad got me and my siblings all debit cards.

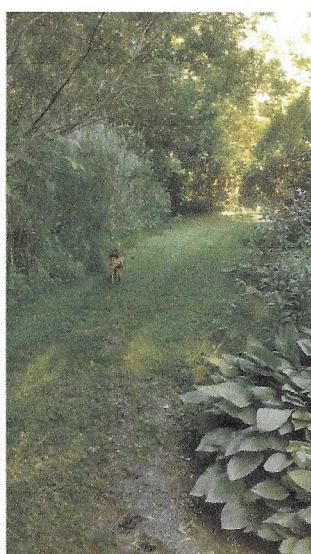


My Mom

My Dad

My House

View
from the
front



(left)
Side

View
from
the
bridge



Backyard
(+ swingset)

(right)
Side



our
swingset

View
from
the
front



My room

POETRY

I love poetry and poetry loves me. I have not done much poetry out of school, but I still find poetry very interesting and the most meaningful kind of writing. I like poems that rhyme, but hate poems that use rhyming words that wouldn't even make any sense in the context. I also like poems that are deep and have more meaning than meets the eye, but I hate poems that are trying to be humorous. Here are two of my poems: (8th grade, and 7th grade)

I Have to
William M.

I don't see Tim Johnson,
I don't even see a dog,
All I see is a threat coming towards this neighborhood.

I take the gun,
Not cause I want to,
Cause I have to.
I take aim,
Almost by instinct.
I take my glasses off.
Gun in hand,
Finger on trigger,
Eyes on target.

A single bead of sweat makes its way down my face.
An eternity passes by,
As my finger slowly pulls back.

Then *Click*.

All in a split second,
An ear splitting pop fills the suddenly still air.
And everything is still,
Even Tim.
Then, the drunken dog falls down,
Bullet in head.
And that was it,
All over.
I didn't want to take the shot,
I had to.

Helpless
William Marcuse

I sit in my nest,
Today's my big test,
Door is open wide,
As I try to hide.

Mother pushes me,
Set sail to be free,
I unfold my wings,
As my mother sings.

On top of my nest,
I try to protest,
Persuade her maybe,
Like a sad baby.

A thousand feet high,
I guess I could try,
I take a good stance,
Trying not to glance.

I finally jump,
Hitting a tree stump,
Everything's a haze,
Coming from a daze.

I hear all the sound,
As I'm on the ground,
I finally see,
Some reality.

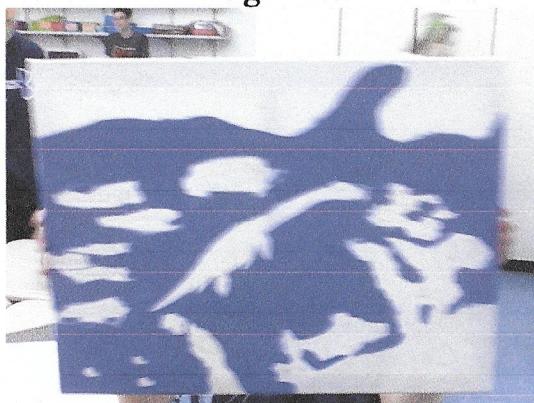
I sit helplessly,
Look up at the tree,
Brother beside me,
We'll never be free.

I say my farewell,
In my metal cell,
No hands helping me,
For I am not free.

I'm about to die,
At least I could try,
Like a game of chess,
In the end helpless.

20 TIME

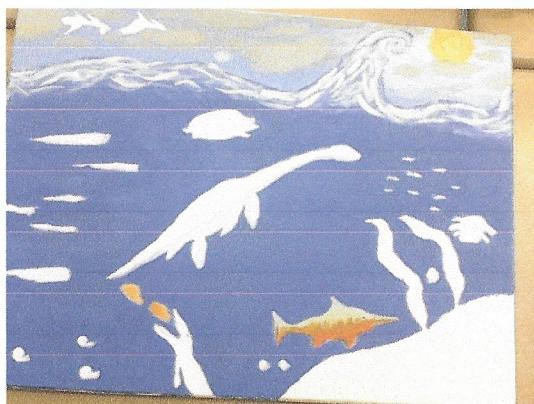
In seventh grade my LA teacher, Ms. Stump, assigned us the greatest project ever. That project was 20-Time. She explained that twenty percent of our time (every Friday) will be devoted to whatever you choose, but must be productive. Ms. Stump had never tried this out before, so our class was the only and first class to test out 20-Time. She also said that if just one student does something off task we would stop 20-Time; luckily no one did anything off task. When it was over and we presented our project Ms. Stump was so impressed she gave us cupcakes and all A's. My 20-Time project was to do a painting of a prehistoric underwater scene. This is what my project looked like throughout all 5 weeks:



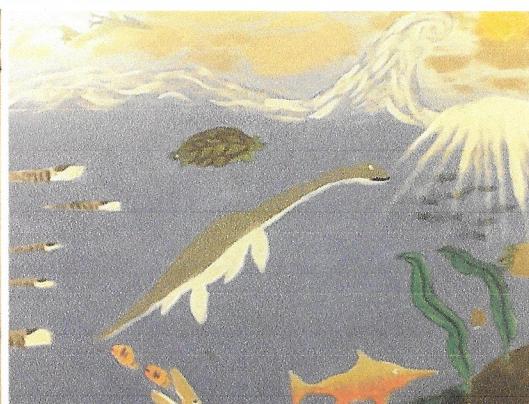
First
Day



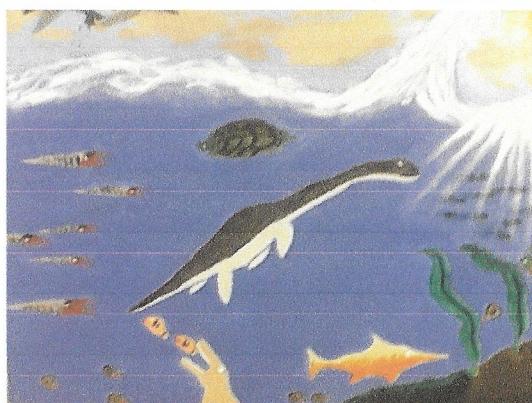
Second
Day



Third
day



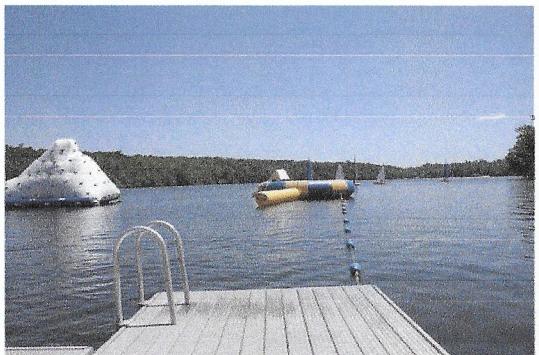
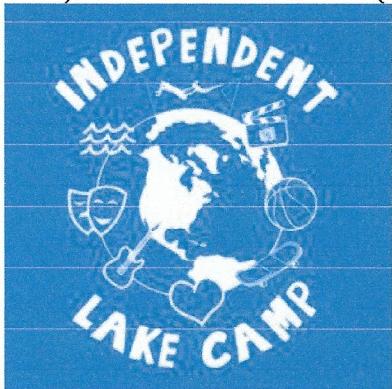
Fourth
day



fifth/final
day

INDEPENDENT LAKE CAMP

Four score and nine years ago, my sister went to a sleep-away camp. She made a lot of friends and when I was in fourth grade I went to ILC. I had a great time, so the next year me, my sister, and both my brothers came. I also made a lot of friends and have been going to ILC ever since, and will continue to go there. I learned to play Magic the Gathering and ride a unicycle there. This summer my brother will be a counselor and I will go to Lakeside (for the older kids), instead of Elkview (for the younger kids).

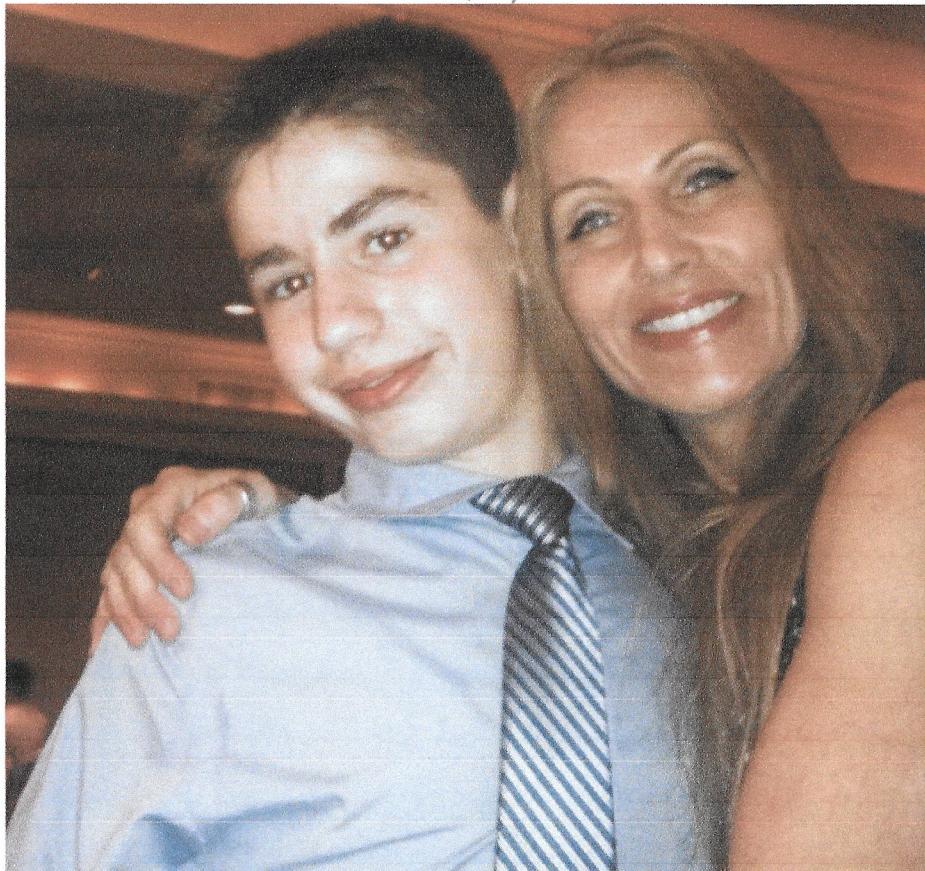


A large, handwritten signature in black ink on a pink background. The signature reads "Dorothy" on the top line and "April 2014" on the bottom line. The pink background has a textured, slightly mottled appearance.

BAR MITZVAH

My Bar Mitzvah was on December 6, 2014. This was a marking of me becoming closer to manhood and my thirteenth birthday. My Bar Mitzvah party went very well, but we forgot to play the baby photos. The food at it was beyond proficient and my friends and I had a blast! The next year, in eighth grade, all my friends who weren't invited asked me why they weren't invited. Every time I just said I handed out a 'signup sheet' to my friends and I told them they didn't sign themselves up.

ME + Mom



SPORTS

During Middle School I did a variety of sports. In sixth grade I did travel soccer but no school sports. In seventh grade I played travel soccer, shirt-league soccer, school soccer, and track. In eighth grade I played all the same sports as seventh but also wrestling. My eighth grade travel soccer team was the Boca Juniors, but for ninth grade they will change the ages you have to be to join so I'm going to be on the Celtics, instead. In sixth grade I played mostly defensive in soccer. In seventh some defense and some midfield. In eighth grade I played mostly midfield and some offense. I am going to continue to play soccer and run track through High School. I don't think I will continue to do wrestling.



Synthesis

I greeted you with curiosity, but now it's time to move on. Three years of my life, 1095 days, 26280 hours, 1576800 minutes, 94608000 seconds. It's been such a long time; it feels so short. What will I do when I leave? Will I sing in joy? Will I ball my eyes out? Will I not think about it? I have already forgotten a lot of elementary school. Will I do the same for you?

No.

I will reflect on this time in my life. This way of thinking. This way of existence. I will write down my memories in a book of thoughts. I will share this book of thoughts, but I will also admit that I left out a few events I don't want everyone to know. If I liked cats more than dogs, what would say: Who cares? Why? Does it matter? In fact, it does matter. It tells the person judging me that I am probably shy and calculative and other labels put on a cat person. Is this true?

Of course not.

I am definitely not shy. I may be somewhat calculative, but when I said I'm a cat person, it really means I just like cats a little more than dogs. Now that you have read my life (hopefully) you can figure out who I am. Maybe not who I am, but what I was. I am nothing more than a wild barbarian trying to get by in a savage world.