

The Connection

Hamburg School's Social Connection

A literary magazine by us, for us, about us

By: Jeanevyia Ronelus



**Get involved with your school newspaper- accepting
submissions in September at
hamburgconnection25@gmail.com**

What are you really thinking? By: Logan Koenig

- Tyler Solito, is happy for summer, so he can be with friends.
- Travis Crowell is also happy about summer break, so he has time off, and so he can be with friends.
- Michaela Nieper is another person from the 7th grade who is happy for summer, because she gets to see family and do other activities.

Get Involved- By: Brendon Renner -sign up for soccer, peer leaders, art club, safety patrol, environmental club, band or chorus- there is something for everyone!



June

- 21st - Last Day of School and Beginning of summer

School Life

B	L	A	C	K	B	O	A	R	D	E	S	K	N
R	C	R	T	E	K	E	P	R	R	T	D	E	U
N	S	S	E	S	G	L	U	E	S	T	I	C	K
E	S	N	H	S	O	A	E	T	O	A	G	R	R
A	C	A	O	A	A	K	K	T	E	K	J	A	O
C	I	H	L	T	R	R	N	I	E	P	H	Y	T
S	S	K	L	O	E	P	E	L	A	E	O	O	A
R	S	I	S	P	A	B	E	G	P	N	M	N	L
E	O	K	K	Y	S	I	O	N	M	S	E	S	U
K	R	A	O	O	L	A	A	O	E	S	W	A	C
R	S	C	O	M	P	A	S	S	K	R	O	A	L
A	A	E	B	N	A	O	S	A	S	K	R	K	A
M	B	K	C	A	P	K	C	A	B	E	K	P	C
E	A	O	L	R	S	J	O	U	R	N	A	L	S

GLITTER
 SHARPENER
 HOMEWORK
 JOURNAL
 ERASER
 BLACKBOARD
 NOTEBOOK
 BACKPACK
 CRAYONS
 SCISSORS
 GLUE STICK
 MARKERS
 BOOKS
 CALCULATOR
 COMPASS
 PENS

By: Emma Snyder



A GOOD deed DONE is better than the *grandest* deed planned

By: John Ashton

- Hunter held the door for Riley who was bringing the recycling down and made sure that no one was coming and that the stairs were clear for him.
- A third grader named Sarah was holding the door for kids.
- The eighth graders wrote thank you notes to their bus driver.
- The seventh graders wrote thank you notes to Mrs. Bifano and Mrs. Abrahams for letting them make bread in their kitchen.
- The eighth graders sent Spring plants to nursing home residents.



Do you need advice about the new school year? Well, you came to the right place!

By: Rachael Ross

Not sure if your smile is good enough for the new school year?

You can brush your teeth and try not to lose them! If you do, keep them in a jar and glue them on the day before school starts.

Scared for middle school?

It's ok! Even though the work is most likely much harder, just do not get on any teachers bad side! And, don't make fun of Mrs. Smalley for being smaller than you might be.

Can't find good clothes?

Beg your parents to go shopping and buy everything that you like. If you buy enough, you won't run out of good clothes for the whole school year!

New to school?

Say hi to *every* person that you see throughout the day. This will help you make friends.

Afraid of receiving a detention?

Follow the school code of conduct and all will go well!

Terrified of even more work?

Just do the work! If you don't do the work, not only will you receive a zero for your grade, but your teacher will be very disappointed of you. So, if you don't know that answer to the problem, try your best at at least get something down on the paper!

There you have it: **Advice!** If you need more, ask someone. Have a good day that's free of worries!

Hamburg



Logic will get you from A to Z- imagination will get you everywhere! -Albert Einstein

By: Rachael Ross

PRE-K - SCHOOL IS FUN AND HERE IS WHY!

- “We get to go outside and play.” -Ryan
- “Puzzles” - Sylas
- “Snacks and kids-it’s not fun; it’s school.” - Otis
- “Play” -Bryce
- “Naptime” -Mia
- “Doing puzzles” -Quinton
- “Playing” -Sofia
- “Playing puzzles” -Lily
- “Toy helicopter and fire truck” -John
- All her friends- Cora
- “Playing with my friends” -Enzo
- “Puzzles” -Selena
- “Playing with the dollhouse” - Cornelia
- “Playing” -Mitchel
- “Playing” -Greyson
- Playing with friends” -McKenna

KINDERGARTEN – WRITE A LETTER TO YOUR FUTURE SELF

By: Emily Cubby and Lily Tobachnick

DEAR CLASS OF 2026,

Here are some of the things you should know:

(Mrs. Dora)

- I always wanted a German shepherd. -Reid
- I want to get my own house. -Mya
- Remember to always do my work. -Yussef
- I like to read a lot. -Mason
- Do my work. - Alex
- That I can read. -Gia
- Remember how to color neatly. -Jeweliana
- Remember to behave. -Dante
- I want to be able to draw really well. -Mila

(Ms Scrittore)

- To be nice to everyone. -Jamie
- To do my homework. -Marcus
- To keep my friends. -Nickolas
- To remember Ms Scrittore. -Jacob
- How I'm good at math. -Hailey
- How to draw a turtle. -Oliver
- To remember I'm a farmer. -Briella
- When I was student of the month. -Robert
- Remember my friends. -Noelle
- To be a youtuber. -Zoey
- Remember my friends. -Nelson
- To remember how much I love gym. -Sylas

FIRST GRADE – FAVORITE MEMORIES OF FIRST GRADE

By: Rachael Ross and Logan Koenig

(Mrs. Lillis)

- Playing games -Olivia
- Art -Christian
- When I lost my tooth on the bus. -Aubrie
- Playing -Wyatt
- Gym -Bryce
- Recess -Lilia

- Extra recess -Ottavia
- Recess -Rafael
- Games -Kacey
- Playing with rockets to the moon. -Henry
- Recess -Kaleigh
- Playing and Valentine's Day -Paris
- Halloween and Valentine's Day -Gabriela

(Mrs. Cullen)

- Recess -Cassandra
- Lunch -Mara
- Lunch -Ershie Kate
- Math -Emily
- Lunch and recess -Emma
- Recess -Raleigh
- Math -Jocelyn
- Water Day -Abigail
- Recess -Riley
- Books -Madelynn
- Recess -Jayden

SECOND GRADE – ADVICE TO FUTURE SECOND GRADERS

By: Brandon Renner and John Ashton

(Mrs. Field)

- Julian : Know what to do.
- Evonne : Help other kids!
- Ayrianna :Do what the teacher says
- Yackila : To get good grades you have to study often and don't do anything bad that will get you a detention.
- Xander : Work hard
- Kiernan : To the teachers -give them a practice - if they do good they get harder questions if bad they get easier questions.
- Kaukauna : Study! because if you don't study you get bad grades.
- Evan : Study a lot!
- Leo : Try your hardest in working.
- Michael : Hope you have a fun time in second grade.
- Abby : To try their hardest and never stop if something is hard.
- Olivia : Practice reading when they are at home during the summer break.

(Ms Kolb)

- Jenna : Don't be scared.
- Sean : Listen to the teacher
- Gino: Would like them to know cursive, math, science.
- Karalena : Know what teacher you are going to get.
- Morgan : Fear is just another reason to try harder.
- Gabriel : You can get a laptop in second grade.
- Miguel : they teach you math, cursive, science , social studies.
- Iliana : The teachers are very nice.
- Matthew : There is a lot of work.
- Damian : Don't forget your homework.
- Hope : The teachers are nice and you'll have fun.
- Zeke : It will always be hard.
- Dominic : Teachers are really nice; you'll have a lot of fun.

THIRD GRADE - 5 SENSES POETRY

(Mrs. Danko)

By: Emella Monterola

Christmas is the best day of the year.

It sounds like jingle bells ringing o Santa's sleigh.

It smells like roasted chicken at dinnertime.

It looks like wrapped presents under the Christmas tree.

It makes me feel like enjoying the day.

By: Kehinde Akintunde

Happiness is yellow.

It sounds like a clown's horn.

It smells like bacon and eggs.

It looks like someone with a smile on their face.

It makes me feel like summer's here.

By: Taiwo Akintunde

Basketball is fun.

It taste like fries on a cold night.

It sounds like a powerful bang on a door.

It smells like a rose in a field of flowers.

It looks like a vivid peach.

It makes me feel excited, joyful and grateful

By: Angelo DeBlasio

Happiness is yellow.
It taste like jalapeno peppers.
It sounds like an ice cream truck.
It smells like skunk spray on the road.
It looks like Lebron 15 shoes.
It makes me feel like I'm celebrating my birthday.

By: William Gunderman

Friday is green
It taste like happiness and an ice cream sundae.
It sounds like a bird chirping in the morning.
It smells like flowers in a garden.
It looks like driving machines with my dad.
It makes me feel happy and excited.

By: Luke Nathan

Lemonade is refreshing
It taste like orange juice with an lemon instead of an orange.
It sounds like the waves of the sea.
It smells like freshly cut lemons.
It looks like water with yellow food dye.
It makes me feel ...okay.

By: Beatrice Douglas

Church is a soft periwinkle.
It taste like strong wine perceived as the blood of Christ.
It sounds like peaceful hymns.
It smells like thurible incense
It looks like beautiful angels in the clouds.
It makes me feel at ease.

By: Halley Lewis

Tuesday is active
It taste like salty crunchy potato chips.
It sounds like a basketball bouncing up and down.

It smells like a beautiful fragrance blossoming from a tulip in spring.
It looks like a grassy meadow in summer
It makes me feel excited about the upcoming week.

By: Walter Greene

A quad is brown.

It taste like freshly cooked bacon

It sounds like the roaring of an engine.

It smells like tracts of dirt.

It looks like snow being thrown up behind the wheels.

It makes me feel so excited that I want to ride it all the time.

By: Travis Barlow

Bravery is gold.

It taste like a sweet victory.

It sounds like winning a war.

It smells like a grassy meadow with a light breeze.

It looks like people doing good things.

It makes me feel like I am protected from bad things in the world.

By: Desiree Stiles-Perez

Summer is bright yellow

It taste like sweet juicy watermelon.

It sounds like birds chirping.

It smells like hot dogs from a barbeque.

It looks like the air conditioner on full blast.

It makes me feel like I'm zipping through the air on a roller coaster.

By: Gabriella Presky

Happiness is yellow

It taste like hot chocolate with my favorite marshmallows.

It sounds like birds chirping throughout the day.

It smells like fresh baked cookies with milk.

It looks like playing with your friend outside.

It makes me feel like the feeling will never end.

By: Zachary Neiper

Winter is white

It taste like very cold frost.

It sounds like a quiet icy road.
It smells like a fresh mint candy.
It looks like cold snow coming from clouds
It makes me feel like a cold breeze hitting my skin.

(Mrs. Colyer)

By: Max Iljinsky

Paper is white
It taste like a piece of dried cotton.
It sounds like a dried plastic bag getting wrinkled.
It smells like dried ink out of a printer.
It looks like a blank slate.
It makes me feel like I'm in control of what I write.

By: Jasmine Simmons

Disney is green.
It taste like an imaginary cotton candy you've been thinking about all day.
It sounds like it was in a movie show.
It smells like freshly baked cookies out of the oven.
It looks like the castles from the fairy tales we read.
It makes me feel one of the best feelings I have ever experienced.

By: Jackson Christy

Nintendo Switches are blue
They taste like a piece of metal.
They sound like loads of fun.
They smell like a fresh gaming console.
They look like a fun and crazy world of imagination.
They make me feel like the best in the entire universe.

By: Kiera Nicolai

Anger is Red
It tastes like seaweed drenched in hot sauce.
It sounds like an extremely mean teacher yelling at me.
It smells like a fried onion.
It looks like someone reaching their boiling point.
It makes me feel rage induced.

By: Alex Soriano

Chalkboards are green
They taste like gray cat litter.

They sound like endless amounts of torture
They smell like chalk on pavement.
They look like chalk on pavement.
They make me feel like running and watching a green screen.

By: Aubrey Schopper

Lily is nice
She tastes like a sweet candy corn
She sounds like birds singing in spring.
She smells like red rosie roses.
She looks like a cute baby bear.
She makes me feel like a joyous little girl on Fridays.

By: Gabriel Chase

Videos on Netflix are entertaining.
They taste like fresh plain pizza.
They sound like the pain of squeezing lemons.
They smell like delightful chocolate bars.
They look like a happy scene at the AMC.
They make me feel like I'm a very, very happy person.

By: Gia Floris

Sad is blue
It tastes like a blueberry tart.
It sounds like my mom screaming.
It smells like a rotten candy bar.
It looks like a kid being bullied.
It makes me feel like a tornado wrecking my house.

By: Gabriel Villagomez

Moose are Brown
They taste like dark milk chocolate.
They sound like hot bubbly magma.
They smell like spicy black pepper.
They look like a pepsi tsunami with candy in it.
They make me feel like a baby moose with a bunny.

By: Aolife Cashen

Happiness is yellow
It tastes like a chocolate milkshake.
It sounds like kids opening gifts on Christmas.

It smells like a bouquet of roses.
 It looks like a butterfly flying in the air.
 It makes me feel like the sun is inside of me.

By: Aiden Carroll

Winter is blue
 It tastes like the crushing feel of disappointment.
 It sounds like a chilling whistle.
 It smells like a Christmas aroma.
 It looks like a white snowflake.
 It makes me feel like going outside and playing.

By: Ava Floris

Sports are army green.
 They taste like tripping over your teammates' foot and getting a mouthful of grass.
 They sound like a coach's whistle at the end of the game.
 They smell like sweaty, worn out jerseys.
 They look like a dirty ball darting around the field.
 They make me feel thrilled.

By: Annaliese Beauchamp

Christmas is lime green
 It tastes like chocolate chip cookies.
 It sounds like jingle bells on Santa's sleigh.
 It smells like sharp pine needles.
 It looks like blue cotton candy.
 It makes me feel like I'm riding on Santa's sleigh, over my House.

By: Jillian Ackerman

Christmas is green
 It tastes like yummy chocolate chip cookies.
 It sounds like jingle bells ringing.
 It smells like my grandpa's apple pie.
 It looks like the shining colorful Christmas lights.
 It makes me feel happy, joyful, and excited.

(Mrs. Roth)

By: Ava Roopchand

July is yellow
 It tastes like cake batter ice cream.
 It sounds like a morning bird chirping.

It smells like fresh grass that has been cut.
It looks like the sun.
It makes me feel joyful and pleased.

By: Hunter Link

Unpleasant Is Bad
It tastes like Rotten meat.
It sounds like nails on a chalkboard.
It smells like rotten eggs.
It looks like kids scratching a chalkboard.
It makes me feel scared that someone is watching me.

By: Matthew Geisendorfer

Sadness is blue
It tastes like old fish and a rotten tomato.
It sounds like crying.
It smells like garbage in a dumpster.
It looks like an old moldy sandwich.
It makes me feel like a broken TV.

By: Luca Rastello

Happiness is Exciting
It tastes like cake on someone's birthday.
It sounds like birds chirping in the morning.
It smells like flowers blooming in the springtime.
It looks like animals playing together.
It makes me feel like playing my favorite sport.

By: Deklan Manasso

Blue is Sadness
It tastes like pancakes without any syrup.
It sounds like depressing music.
It smells like a smelly swamp.
It looks like a blue wave consuming everything in its path.
It makes me feel like I want to never wake up from a dream.

By: Riley LaDuke

Happiness is yellow
It tastes like a delicious banana.
It sounds like you're excited.
It smells like a delicious cup of lemonade.
It looks like a happy sun.

It makes me feel like I'm excited.

By: Taylor Davenport

Happiness Is good

It tastes like ice on a summer day.

It sounds like listening to my favorite music.

It smells like a beautiful summer day when the sun is out.

It looks like the sunset on a warm night.

It makes me feel as excited as going to the pool.

By: Jessica Majtozak

Excitement is pink

It tastes like ice cream on a hot day.

It sounds like the ice cream truck/ sirens.

It smells like oatmeal cookies freshly baked.

It looks like a rainbow.

It makes me feel like a butterfly.

By: Jason Smolinski

A Rotten old bean is green mixed with red

It tastes like soy sauce mixed with old crusty eggs.

It sounds like rotten old soil.

It smells like old socks that haven't been washed in 5 years.

It looks like dust and is rusty inside.

It makes me feel like a weird stinky man.

By: Dakota Padgett

Winter is white.

It tastes like frozen ice on a flagpole.

It sounds like somebody chucking a large rock into a lake.

It smells like the burning coals in a warm fireplace.

It looks like a large frozen ice-icle.

It makes me feel like I'm in a winter wonderland.

By: Brianna Concepcion

Apple pie is delicious.

It tastes like my favorite candy.

It sounds like my favorite song.

It smells like Christmas cookies

It looks like a beautiful painting.

It makes me feel like a kid opening all of my Christmas toys.

By: Heather Brunke

School is educational

It tastes like yummy cafeteria food.

It sounds like loud recess outside.

It smells like what's for lunch.

It looks like proud Hamburg Knights.

It makes me feel smarter everyday when I walk out of school.

By: Samuel Tobachnick

Vacation is a rainbow

It tastes like ice cream on the beach.

It sounds like seagulls over the ocean.

It smells like a salty ocean breeze.

It looks like my favorite place on the boardwalk.

It makes me feel full of happiness and joy.

By: Christian Preziosi

Winter is blue

It tastes like cold, frozen ice melting in my mouth.

It sounds like children yelling because they are having fun playing snow games and having snowball fights.

It smells like nice, fresh snow falling through the sky.

It looks like fresh snow on the ground.

It makes me feel happy because I get to play with my buddies outside.

By: Tyler Davis

Disgust is green

It tastes like an old rotten sandwich.

It sounds like the squeaking eraser.

It smells like rotten eggs in the trash can.

It looks like a ground up garbage bag.

It makes me feel like I want to take ten showers.

By: Sarah Conklin

Mondays are dark blue

They taste like a pencil and paper.

They sound like children talking obnoxiously.

They smell like sharpies vigorously writing an essay.

The look like constantly doing math.

They make me feel like a dulled #2 pencil.

FOURTH GRADE -5 SENSES POETRY

(Mrs. Titus)

By: Natalie Deleeuw

Winter is beautiful

It taste like fresh brownies I can smell it all around me.

It sounds like brooks flowing and the wind keeps blowing.

It smells like toast and makes me think of a tasty roast.

It looks like Italian ice and fits in my hand like the size of a mouse.

It makes me feel silly and I get in a milly.

By: Anthony Parmeland

Taco Bell is Red.

It taste like tacos.

It sounds like People talking.

It smells like cheese.

It looks like happy people.

It makes me feel hungry.

By: John Frykinck

The ocean is light blue.

It taste like bitter salt.

It sounds like rushing water.

It smells like sweet spray traveling in mist.

It looks like boats sailing over the sea.

It makes me feel content and joyful.

By: Nevaeh Kipp

The boardwalk is colorful.

It taste like cheese fries, burgers, and funnel cake at the beach.

It sounds like people talking and street performers playing.

It smells like salt water and taffy.

It looks like a ferris wheel spinning.

It makes me feel hungry and like a kid in a candy shop.

By: Ethan Wilkes

Summer is bright.

It taste like lemonade on a hot day.

It sounds like a nerf war.

It smells like sea water.

It looks like sunny days.
It makes me feel energetic.

By: Carter Drouin

Winter is fluffy.
It taste like cotton candy.
It sounds like snow crunching.
It smells like hot cocoa.
It looks like a snowflake.
It makes me feel cool.

By: Katelyn Calderon

Summer is warm.
It taste like salted taffy flowing through the hot calm air.
It sounds like birds chirping through the flowing water.
It smells like restaurants on the boardwalk.
It looks like children making sandcastles.
It makes me feel relaxed and calm.

By: Brandon Castillo-Rice

Summer is nice.
It taste like ocean.
It sounds like waves.
It smells like candy.
It looks like the ocean.
It makes me feel good.

By: Josh Demarest

Winter is cold.
It taste like hot chocolate in the air.
It sounds like birds tweeting around.
It smells like a cold Frosty from Wendy's.
It looks like a wedding in a forest.
It makes me feel happy and cool.

By: Dennis Aungst

The beach is hot.
It taste like Jersey Tomatoes Pizza.
It sounds like arcade game music.
It smells like salt in the ocean.
It looks like chaos.
It makes me feel happy it's almost sad.

By: Bella Carreiro

Spring is cold/warm.
It taste like flowers.
It sounds like wind blowing and birds chirping.
It smells like roses and other flowers.
It looks like flowers and rain and water.
It makes me feel happy because summer is almost here.

By: Jacob Muro

Rain is cool.
It taste like clean water from the sky.
It sounds like water from a puddle.
It smells like red roses from a garden.
It looks like water dripping from a facet.
It makes me feel like I'm taking a shower.

By: Ivan Reyes

Summer is hot.
It taste like lettuce that is so wet and crunchy.
It sounds like kids splashing in pools.
It smells like roses growing up.
It looks like kids playing and a beautiful sky.
It makes me feel cold from air conditioning.

By: Sierra Latronica

The sky is blue.
It taste like cotton candy.
It sounds like drops.
It smells like air and sweets.
It looks like a blueberry smashed in the sky.
It makes me feel happy, funny and full of money.

By: Jakob Morales

Dessert is yummy.
It taste like a big bowl of sweet cherries.
It sounds like birds chirping.
It smells like a field of berries.
It looks like a sunflower field.
It makes me feel happy.

(Mrs. Decker)

By: Anthony Peluso

The Knicks are orange.

They taste like a pretzel with orange juice when the Knicks play good defense.

They sound like a New York fan dropping a glass of orange juice.

They smell like a buffalo wing when the Knicks score.

They look like the basketball when it goes in the hoop.

They make me feel like a winner at the game.

By: Daniel Collins

Football is great.

It taste like food a sports game.

It sounds like having fun on a hot summer day.

It smells like

It looks like my favorite food.

It makes me feel like my favorite team is winning.

By: Joshua Muro

Football is great.

It taste like rough chicken on a grill.

It sounds like rough banging on a wall.

It smells like dirty socks in a hamper.

It looks like fighting in a boxing ring.

It makes me feel very good and mad.

By: Jake Klein

Happiness is green.

It taste like the food at the stadium.

It sounds like the Eagles' fans cheering at the games.

It smells like french fries at the Eagles stadiums.

It looks like Carson Wentz throwing his jersey.

It makes me feel happy when the Eagles win the game.

By: Kooper Nicolai

Gaming is blue.

It taste like an ice cream cone on a hot day.

It sounds like constant tapping of a controller button.

It smells like an ocean breeze candle.

It looks like a whole gaming setup.

It makes me feel like I'm in playtime in kindergarten.

By: Meredith Douglas

Happiness is pink.
It taste like an ice cream cone on a hot day.
It sounds like ocean waves crashing on the sand.
It smells like a mint in the sky.
It looks like a pretty day on the bay.
It makes me feel like a nice summer day.

By: Vincent Peluso

Gaming is blue.
It taste like a huge potato chip.
It sounds like ocean waves on the beach.
It smells like very dirty gym socks.
It looks like a lot of rectangles.
It makes me feel like it is the last day of school.

By: Dylan Outer

Basketball is orange.
It taste like cut up orange slices.
It sounds like rock music to my ears.
It smells like chips on a cheese tray.
It looks like an orange but it has black lines.
It makes me feel pretty good about playing basketball in October.

By: Kaily Pignataro

The sky is blue.
It taste like Gatorade on a hot summer day.
It sounds like birds chirping in the sky.
It smells like air whistling in the wind.
It looks like a background when you look at the clouds.
It makes me feel warm and happy.

By: Hannah Masten

Happiness is pink.
It taste like just baked sugar cookies.
It sounds like the birds singing a song.
It smells like just blooming rainbow flowers.
It looks like a beautiful deer drinking water.
It makes me feel like I just won a game.

By: Abbey Davis

Joy is purple.
It taste like fresh baked cookie decorated with rainbow sprinkles.
It sounds like butterflies fluttering by my ear.

It smells like the fresh grass on the first day of school.
 It looks like children playing and laughing at a park.
 It makes me feel like drinking a cup of cold lemonade on a hot day.

By: Gabby Kuhar

Summer is pretty.
 It tastes like ice cream on a hot summer day.
 It sounds like birds whistling when you wake up.
 It smells like new flowers blooming when you are playing.
 It looks like a wave at the beach.
 It makes me feel happy every day when I wake up.

By: Isabelle Rodriguez

Water is blue.
 It tastes like a slice of watermelon on a sunny day.
 It sounds like seagulls squawking in the sky.
 It smells like cotton candy at a carnival.
 It looks like a wave washing down on the clouds.
 It makes me feel calm like a dog getting pet.

By: Brianna Decker

Happy is right.
 It tastes like cotton candy on a stick.
 It sounds like happiness in the world.
 It smells like chocolate chip cookies when baked.
 It looks like friends.
 It makes me feel as bright as a light.

By: Kaylee Fagan

Vacation is fun.
 It tastes like your favorite food.
 It sounds like the trees blowing in the breeze.
 It smells like a fresh field with flowers.
 It looks like the sun warming you up.
 It makes me feel relaxed and happy.

FIFTH GRADE - 5 SENSES POETRY

(Mrs. Dean)

By: Jason Jarvis

Video games are entertaining
 They taste like cold delectable vanilla bean ice cream on a hot summer day.
 They sound like when you collect the coins in Mario.

they smell like a luscious mushroom forest filled with fresh vegetation.
they look like a peaceful day at the beach on the soothing sand.
They make me feel calm and relaxed like playing outside.

By: Malaki Thomas

Summer is fun
It tastes like soft vanilla ice cream.
It sounds like birds chirping.
It smells like the ocean.
It looks like a nice sunset.
It makes me feel happy.

By: Annette Nathan

Anxiety is violet
It tastes like what you think is chocolate milk, but is actually coffee.
It sounds like a child whose birthday was forgotten.
It smells like cheese that is a month old.
It looks like someone curled into a ball, crying.
It makes me feel like I have failed a presentation on a subject I knew.

By: Nadyalis Beauchamp

Misery is a deep, dark blue.
It tastes like the revolting gulp of thick gooey medicine.
It sounds like a lone wolf's agonizing howl.
It smells like a sudden dash of formaldehyde.
It looks like heavy tears rolling down your cheeks.
It feels like a torturous cloud suspended over my misery-filled head.

By: Ty Dreifus

History is the embodiment of everything since the beginning of the universe
It tastes like an eighteen inch pizza pie with a side of scallions.
It sounds like the gunshots of war and the clash of metal during battle.
It smells like sulphur from the fumes of small arms and artillery.
It looks like a mound of books about to be studied by me.
It makes me feel like I was personally there during the events.

By: Troy McCurry

Happiness is yellow
It tastes like a huge sundae bursting with flavor.
It sounds like birds chirping a beautiful song.
It smells like sweet sugary candy in a candy shop.
It looks like Christmas when you open your gifts.
It makes me feel amazing and exploding with joy.

By: Charlotte Flatt

Monday is red

It tastes like soggy, salty, disgusting, little green beans.

It sounds like people obnoxiously chewing with their mouth open.

It smells like a brand new book in the library.

It looks like hot boiling lava spewing out of a volcano.

It makes me feel like I never want to get out of bed.

By: Gianna Mugno

Monday is blue

It tastes like flat soda and stale chips.

It sounds like a squeaky wheel on a shopping cart.

It smells like rotten tuna fish on moldy bread.

It looks like the outcome of a failed makeup tutorial.

It makes me feel like a dead fish in a toilet bowl.

By: Kiyah Morales

Halloween is great

It tastes like sweet and sugary candy on a spooky night.

It sounds like children screaming with excitement and fear.

It smells like the crowded air of New York City.

It looks like the mall on Black Friday.

It makes me feel like I never want it to end.

By: Caleb DelGuidice

My Birthday is colorful like confetti

It tastes like sweet chocolate cake and spicy tacos.

It sounds like my family's nice voices singing happy birthday to me.

It smells like the bitter scent of the smoke from the blown out candles.

It looks like friends and family partying all day long.

It makes me feel extremely happy, thankful, and special.

By: Joseph Preziosi

Fun is purple

It taste like an ice cream cake with vanilla frosting.

It sounds like people are having a happy time.

It smells like my parents having a barbeque.

It looks like my friends and I playing basketball.

It makes me feel like going to the fair .

By: Jaiden Brown

Excitement is green

It tastes like a extra large cheese pizza.

It sounds like sounds like a crowd cheering at a football game.

It smell like a fresh batch of Grandma's cookies.

It looks like a newly polished 2018 Lamborghini.
It makes me feel like I got my first victory battle royal in Fortnite.

(Mrs. Carney)

By: Jake Van Eeuwen

Monday is Sleepy
It tastes like spoiled milk left in the fridge.
It sounds like my dad snoring when its bedtime.
It smells like a pair of dirty-old gym clothes.
It looks like naptime in a kindergarten classroom.
It makes me feel like a bandaid being ripped off of your skin.

By: Makenna Ropchand

Sad is blue
It tastes like a big bag of Sour Patch Kids
It sounds like a child crying over a broken toy
It smells like my toast burning in the toaster
It looks like a gloomy day filled with rain
It makes me feel like a depressed person at a funeral

By: Jayden Toscano

Soccer is cool
It taste like a sweaty summer afternoon.
It sounds like friends cheering on the sideline.
It smells like a dog.
It looks like an oreo.
It makes me feel happy.

By: David Mocaroski

Monday is really bad
It taste like olives that have been in the sun
It sounds like an old car trying to start up.
It smells like when you walk into a doctor's office.
It looks like a fairly, dirty, smelly, swamp.
It makes me feel like I did not get any sleep.

By: Owen Crowell

Anger is bright red
It tastes like screaming hot purple blaze Doritos.
It sounds like a growling grizzly bear in the wild forrest.
It smells like a steamy old fuzzy pair of socks.
It looks like someone's face turning bright red.
It makes me feel like a broken bottle shattered on the dirty floor.

By: Thomas Terpak

Happiness is yellow
It tastes like fresh pizza with extra sauce.
It sounds like the laughter of children having fun.
It smells like the bark of trees on a camping trip.
It looks like when you have a friend over.
It makes me feel as if I just went to the beach.

By: *Eve Smolinski*

Christmas is joyful
It tastes like cookies left out for Santa.
It sounds like Christmas bells ringing on a tree.
It smells like flavorful chocolates in the air.
It looks like seven-foot, tall trees decorated with colorful lights.
It makes me feel warm, joyful, and loved inside.

By: *Joey Macaro*

Christmas is white
It tastes like unlimited ice cream on a sunny day.
It sounds like birds chirping to the morning sun.
It smells like fresh baked cookies by your grandma .
It looks like a haven with snow on top.
It makes me feel like a just adopted dog.

By: *Kathryn Brunke*

Summer is freedom
It taste like hamburgers and cheeseburgers from the grill.
It sounds like flowers swaying in the wind.
It smells like clean fresh air and not the stinky and smelly hallways of school.
It looks like the radiant ocean lying next to the sparkly sand.
It makes me feel like I'm taking my time at a slow and steady pace.

SIXTH GRADE - ORIGINAL PIECE OF WRITING

By: *Kailey Manasso*

My Messy Room

My room is kind of messy
Full of so many colors
But too many wonders
Like not being able to find my bed
Clothes are everywhere piled up

not really that dirty
 or so much as clean
 I have to clean up
 or my mom will scream
 oh what a messy room for me

Since I can't find my bed
 I'm just losing my head
 Just like my mom
 It's like I dropped a bomb
 so everything smells disgusting
 It smells like dirty socks
 So I wish I had a broom
 It could fix all of this mess
 But I just realized
 It was lost in my ROOM!

My room is like a forest
 it's so hard to find a way out
 Clothes piled up end to end
 How do I get out?
 this room will be my DOOM!

By: Jaiden McNeill

Something Disgusting

In my room
 Of disaster,
 It is the master,
 Of making messes.
 It is like a junkyard,
 Cleaning it is hard.
 Clothes here and shoes there,
 My mom sees it,
 And gives me a strong glare,
 I can never do it myself,
 So, she helps me.
 By help I mean she ends up doing it herself.
 I think she got lost in there,
 Because I couldn't find her anywhere.
 She found a stick of cheese,
 That smelled like rotten peas.
 It took hours to clean,
 And the peas and green beans didn't end.
 We found or old goldfish soap.
 And he was wrapped up in some rope.
 But after cleaning up the disastrous mess,
 I made my mom some ice cream,
 And she took a rest.

By: Jackie Schels

Haunted House

I wake up in the morning so disgusted.
I seriously think that my room needs to be dusted.
I look to my left, then to my right.
No spot in my room is clean, it is a major fright.

Maybe I should try to clean it up.
I just can't do it, I'm too scared to pick up that gooey cup.
My room used to be super clean.
It even smelled nice and cozy like, vanilla bean.

Then, I got older, and my grandma bought me more clothes.
I made a dirty pile and left it there, that's why it smells like stinky toes.
I think that the cleaning gods got mad at me and turned my room to a scary scene.
I mean, there is no way I'm that messy.

The cleaning gods beg to differ. My room is a scary thing.
Oww! I just felt a sting.
My room is now on display as a haunted house.
Ugh. I have to search through the clean pile for my white blouse.

The problem is, we can never sell the house, yes it is my fault.
Oops I spilled salt.
If you've seen my room I'm sorry for you.
The awful things you've seen the slime, the dirt, the goo.

I'm scared because I think that's my midnight snack.
My room will never be cleaned.
The cleaning gods are being very very mean.

I've tried hiring maids, or butlers, or anything.
They said that there would be too much cleaning supplies they would have to bring.
My room is cluttered with trophies and medals, and markers, and papers.
Looking at all of this gum, we are going to need a scraper.

So I have come to a conclusion.
My room being clean is just some tricky illusion.
I can hire all the people I want, and pay them all of the money in the world.
I'd like to really see how this scary, sticky mess unfolds.

Right, now I can't worry about this because it is such a scary thing to think about.

It is sad that I am able to say that without a doubt.
 It is fine I can stand it.
 Every single night bowls and glasses come up to my bed to be friends.

Cleaning gods, can we please make amends?

By: Emily Cubby

Never seen anything like it

It all happened when I walked into my room
 The walls were dripping with paintball paint
 It appeared to be around noon
 And all of a sudden I heard a drip drop
 It was coming from my ceiling

I figured that my mom would clean
 So I accused my self for a nice piece of cake
 I thought I would be deemed if i did not clean
 I walked in my room to see that everything was nicely placed
 I ended up blaming myself thanks to my mom

I thanked my mom in joy although I was pronounced grounded
 I walked in my room and it looked completely different
 I started pounding thinking I would go to sleep
 I woke up in my room and it looked like it hasn't changed
 Seconds later I realize that it was all my sister

This year of 2017-2018, I went to PEEC with my peers overnight.

By: Steven Terpak

The Messy Room

The stinky socks
 The sticky floor
 And the dirty clothes
 That smell like gas
 The smell of gasoline
 Consumes the air
 What was that I stepped in
 Eww it was last nights
 soggy stew in my carpet
 Everywhere you turn and

Look there is a mess all around
 That can not be cleaned
 Because you do not know
 What is under that messy pile
 Of stinky clothes
 Who knows, it could be
 A dead animal,
 Some stinky socks
 We will never
 Know unless we check
 Under that stinky mess
 We may never know what is under that
 Messy pile unless
 We check under there
 For what may lay below

By: Victoria Couto

My Messy Room

Whosoever room this is should be ashamed!
 My clothing is hanging on my fan.
 My coat is there in the overstuffed chest.
 And the chest is becoming mucky and yucky.

My workbook is wedged in the window.
 My sweater's been thrown on the floor.
 One scarf and a hat beneath the dresser,
 And her pants had been carelessly hung on the door.

Books are all jammed in the closet.
 Jacket has been left in the hall.
 A cat named Mindy is asleep in my bed.
 There are cookies all in my pockets.

By: Kaiden Nicolai

My Messy Room

My room is dirty
 It is a mess
 It is not my stuff
 It is Koopers I guess
 Water bottles and
 Candy wrappers all over the place
 Kooper denies it
 But he has chocolate on his face

By: Harlie Reardon

Summer is yellow
 It taste like hot burgers.
 It sounds like music from the ice cream truck
 It smells like a cheese burger
 It looks like the beach
 It makes me feel happy

By: Zachary Decker

Messy Room
 In my room that's never clean
 My hand is stuck in a bowl of old beans.
 Here and there was a giant mess
 I also found my sister's dress,
 I was looking for my bag of baseballs,
 But I couldn't even see my wall,
 I did not know where I was,
 Then I started to hear a buzz,
 There my phone sat on my gym bag,
 It smelt as bad as an old hag,
 And there in my room sat a laundry wall,
 It looked like it was ten feet tall,
 I could not bear it anymore,
 So I ran to my door
 As I grabbed the handle of the door,
 There running was a wild boar
 I had the biggest mess I've ever seen
 But my parents didn't seem so keen
 And I couldn't even see my desk
 I attempted to clean my giant mess
 But it was gonna be a giant test
 I tried to find my giant dresser,
 But I was afraid I would make it even messier
 I layed on my messy rug,
 And out came 100 tiny bugs
 My room was horrific,
 But somehow,
 I would make it terrific,
 I mopped the walls,
 found my baseballs,
 Took down the giant laundry wall,
 Cleaned my desk,
 Which is no longer a mess,
 And I also found my history test,
 When I was done,
 I couldn't wait to have fun,

In my new terrific room,
 Which was no longer horrific
 I don't know how I cleaned my room,
 I guess it just took a giant vacuum.

By: Brittany Baccola

My bedroom is a mess!
 My bedroom is a mess
 It looks like a war.
 Look on the ground there is a dress.
 All my clothes on the floor.
 I think it looks worse

My shoes are in the corner I guess.
 In the other corner there is
 the pants I wore
 But now there's less.
 There was five shirts now there's only four
 It looked like a curse.

Now my bedroom is a clean
 All the clothes are put away
 Something I already seen
 Now I am on my way
 To go back and lay
 Back in my bed

Now my clean room stays
 My room is now saved
 But I am kinda afraid
 But I no longer have to pave
 Through my clothes.

By: Logan Button

I love the outdoors
 It is so beautiful
 I love the animals
 And I love the plants

I love seeing the waterfalls
 And crossing streams
 And jumping on rocks
 And also climbing on them

I love to climb trees
 And making weapons
 It is so much fun
 I like to ride my bike

And doing jumps
 I like to do wheelies too
 And play soccer
 With my friends

The outdoors is so much fun.

By: Isaiah Simmons

Toys are fun
 They taste like cotton candy from the machine.
 They sound like kids in the park.
 They smell like homemade cookies.
 They look like a big smile.
 They make me feel full of joy.

By: Alyssa Zemietra

Basketball is fun
 It taste like excitement.
 It sounds like a bouncing ball.
 It smells like sweat.
 It looks like a ball going into the net.
 It makes me feel like team spirit,

By: Rachel Collins

Is This My Room?

What a mess!
 What a mess!
 It is such a stress
 And does not impress.
 That is why I don't allow guests.

But nevertheless,
 Cleaning my room will someday be a success!
 I will try not to digress
 And I will do my best
 To make sure I clean with finesse.

Boy, is my room a mess!
 It can be considered a rat's nest.
 I look under my bed

And find stains that are blue, green, and red.
 Sometimes I think it's in my head,
 But, nope, it's all under my bed.

Clean your room, she said.
 I didn't want to
 Because I had just named the garbage monster Fred.
 The smell is so bad
 that he's almost dead.

It doesn't make me glad
 That my room is like this.
 It really does make me mad!

By: William Hasbrouck

Dump Bedroom

My bedroom smells like a wet dog,
 Clothes are stacked up like a tower,
 "Wait", I think I sat on a log,
 I am going to clean my room with
 all my power,
 It was going to be a long day,
 I was going to start to clean my room,
 What was I going to clean it with,
 I think I should look for a broom,
 It was standing there so stiff,
 I started to clean,
 There was something on the ground,
 So I leaned,
 And there it was,
 A mouse,
 I put it in a box and went on,
 I swept the ground,
 Until it was squeaky clean,
 Then it was just me and the,
 Clothes,
 I pushed and pulled them down,
 My room was finally clean.

By: Elijah Mclean

The Abomination

The room was a mess
 I can not doubt
 When I looked in

There was so much!

Toys, books, even yesterday's lunch
I knew my mom would be angry
So I cleaned it in a flash
Even when I dashed to clean it up.

It still looked like an abomination
I tried again and again
But it was still a mess!

By: Jaiden Muro

Bedroom or Dead Room

In my bedroom,
is a dead room.
A mess of doom,
it's still a room.
I go outside,
the flowers are blooming.
There's a tomb,
in my room.
My room use to smell
like perfume.
I bet my classroom was cleaner
then my bedroom!
It use to be a clean room
but it turned into a room of doom
Clean my room with a broom.
The flowers are hard to see when they bloom,
because my room is a mess.
Why is it a dead room?
I don't know.
My room is gone stay away from the dead room.
Dead room, it's a
Room of Doom.
Room of Doom is a
Nightmare.

By: Olivia Owens

Bedroom of Terror

In the late morning,
I wake up.
Open my eyes,
Just to close them back up.

I try getting the sight out of my head.
 Where is my closet?
 Where is my bed?

I see clothes that should be in my drawer.
 I can make a great escape,
 just where is my door?

I can claw my way out!
 But then I just pout.
 The thoughts in my brain became filled with doubt.

The piles have pressured my window to shatter.
 If I jump out I'll get hurt, so now I must scatter.

Away from the fresh air I must go,
 Only to realize something that made me psycho!

These empty snack bags, piles of underwear,
 Aren't only in my bedroom,
 They are everywhere!

Filling my home with unwanted junk!
 Spreading through the streets, making the cars go clunk!

If you turn on the TV, you will see me
 I'm the reason for this ruckus from Sussex to the city!

By: Jeanevyia Ronelus

My Messy Messy Room

My room so messy so dirty and gross
 It smells of food and stinky toes
 Every day my mom would scream and shout!
 And I still would never clean it out
 More and more things piling up
 Plates of food with juice filled cups

My mom would try and try to clean my room
 Cleaning spray bottle and really strong brooms
 I have to lock my door to keep her out
 It's like a maze in there taking different routes

My room is the definition of disgusting
 I always get grounded every week

I am losing everything and find myself always looking for something
 And I can't stand the smell it really reeks

My floor... I can't see it I can not sleep in here
 And that wasn't a problem my bed disappears
 Okay okay maybe it's a little messy
 But me cleaning my room is not necessary

But then I went to school
 My mom came into my room and had to use tools
 Scraping and scrubbing all over the place
 And she finally saw the floor it had a space!

I came home from a long day of school
 And went upstairs and saw my room
 It looked so good I felt like a fool
 It's amazing wow so clean
 And look its my tv screen
 I promise to keep room this way
 Or at least until the next day:)

By: Lily Tobachnick

What A Mess

Bedroom bedroom is a mess!
 What will I ever do
 You can't even guess
 I can't even find my other shoe
 Oh no here comes mom.

Here she comes storming down the hall
 Next she opens my door
 When she walks in she will NOT have a ball
 Then she says this will go on no more
 And then she's gone!

I scurry I rush then there's a hush
 No sound or nothing to hear
 I'm done I gush
 Not a mess far or near
 Now I wait for what seems like ages until I'll show mom.

So here's a lesson for all to hear
 Never leave your room a mess
 Or it's neatness won't be near
 So never ever ever wait

Until your room will see its fate.

By: Marty Tranes

Bedroom Poem

Oh my bedroom it's so messy it's a stigh.
Stinky clothes everywhere.
There is a stack of laundry that goes up to the sky.
My clothes have a smell I can not bear.
Have you seen my socks?

My mom wanted to know what happened to her favorite mug.
She was looking all over the place.
When she found it underneath my rug,
You should have seen the look on her face!
Have you seen my coat?

My dad was looking for his favorite hat.
It was nowhere to be found.
When he found it on my stuffed cat,
He almost fell to the ground.
Have you seen my shoes?

My brother was looking for his dinosaur.
It is his favorite toy.
When he found it on my floor,
He told me I'm a rotten boy.
Have you seen my shirt?

My other brother was looking for his toy car.
He likes to play with it outside all day.
When he found it in my money jar,
He told me to go away.
Have you seen my pants?

My mom told me I better clean up this zoo.
She said she's not my maid.
"Do it now or I will ground you!"
I wish cleaning got me paid.
Have you seen my backpack?

My dad came in after we found all this stuff.
He was surprised that it was clean.
He said "Cleaning can be tough."
I thought he was going to scream.

Now my room is not a mess and I can get dressed.

By: Brianna Masten

Fall has leaves
 It taste like cinnamon pies cooking in the oven.
 It sounds like laughter.
 It smells like pine from the trees.
 It looks like kids having a good time.
 It makes me overflowing with happiness.

By: Josiah Simmons

My Bedroom

This is the room of doom it's my bedroom
 With garbage spread all over the floor
 Looks like a tornado hit the floor
 Like the side of the corner store
 what did I step on
 it's a moldy sandwich from yesterday
 How does it get there
 So my floor is dirty how will I fix it
 Wow it takes me a day to clean a corner
 But it's fine because it takes a day to
 It looks like it got hit by a dinosaur
 It takes some time to get out of the room
 This room is my doom.

By: Olivia Williams

My Messy Bedroom

In my room,
 There sits moldy cheese.
 And it makes me wheeze.
 Please help me clean this room,
 I think this pair of shoes,
 Has been here since 1992.
 If I don't clean this room,
 I'll probably end up on the news.
 When I turned around,
 I heard a great big boom.
 Then I screamed I am doomed.
 I have just consumed to many things.
 I need to get my room perfumed.
 For now,
 I will continue to consume,
 And be doomed.
 My room has a lot of different,
 Fumes.

I am sure that,
 there are a lot more,
 rooms that have worse fumes.
 One day I'll be in the newsroom.
 I guess one day,
 I'll bring a broom,
 To this room.
 People probably assume,
 That I consume and,
 Never clean my room.
 Which is unfortunately true.
 Hopefully they don't look under my bed,
 And see my rotten stew.
 My room
 Will probably give you the flu.

SEVENTH GRADE - ORIGINAL PIECE OF WRITING

By: Joseph Haas

I Won't Apologize

I won't apologize for being short
 For having big feet
 For being stocky

I won't apologize for being loud
 For being a little competitive
 For talking a lot

I won't apologize for worrying
 For crying when people I know die
 For not being sensitive enough

I won't apologize for liking the Giants
 For being good at baseball
 For doing chores

I won't apologize for working fast
 For getting the work done
 For rushing so it could be done

I won't apologize for being a millionaire
 For being a sports person
 For wearing gold and looking cool

I won't apologize for being strong
 For being stubborn
 For being exactly who I am .

By: Rachael Ross

I Won't Apologize

I won't apologize for being 12 years old
 For having blonde hair
 For having blue eyes

I won't apologize for being smart
 For liking Diamonds
 For liking music

I won't apologize for being happy
 For being clumsy
 For being scared of heights

I won't apologize for loving Taylor Swift
 For dancing randomly in my room
 For being in band and chorus

I won't apologize for working as hard as I can
 For doing my homework
 For liking school

I won't apologize for having dreams
 For worrying about my future
 For wanting to be successful

I won't apologize for loving my cat
 For missing my dog
 For finishing this poem.

By: Emma Snyder

I Am

I am a pair of pink Nike shoes running through the wind
 I am a nice pink camo shirt worn out hunting
 I am a nice big bowl of macaroni and cheese on a Sunday afternoon
 I am a Saturday night out at the movies with friends
 I am a bright pink flower soaking up the sun
 I am a horse trotting around the fields
 I am a hot summer day down on the beach
 I am the Sussex County Fair bringing smiles to faces

By: Tyler Sollitto

I Am...

I am an orange snowboard gliding down a hill.
 I am a nice pair of vans shredding on a skateboard.
 I am as spicy as buffalo wings on a warm summer night.
 I am a friday night hanging with the boys.
 I am a bright orange flower sitting in the sun.
 I am as necessary as an Iphone, you can't live without me.
 I am as exciting as a summer spent at the skatepark.
 I am as fun as a week spent at Camp Woodward.

By: Cameron Busch

I Am...

Dark red blood dripping down a child's knee
 A pair of rollerskates speeding around at a skatepark
 A spicy hot pepper being eaten on a nice warm day
 A friday night getting prepared for parties over the weekend
 A snapdragon flower breathing out fire on a hot day
 A football being thrown across the football field by Ben Roethlisberger
 A cold winter eyeing down all of the snow
 The steelers football stadium looking up at the cheering crowd
 I am myself and that's all I am!

By: Brandon Renner

I Won't Apologize

I won't apologize for my appearance
 For my clothes
 For my orange hair

I won't apologize for my identity
 For my humor
 For my clumsiness

I won't apologize for my emotions
 For my excitement

For my embarrassment

I won't apologize for my hobbies
For my interest in video games
For my interest in ice skating

I won't apologize for my obligations
For my homework
For my tests

I Won't apologize for my future
For my college choice
For my life decisions

I won't apologize for my character
For my mistakes
For my laziness

By: Brandon Kollbocker

I Won't Apologize

I won't apologize for being short
For having brown eyes

For having glasses

I won't apologize for being funny
For Being annoying
When I hurt someone

I won't apologize for being clumsy
For when I break something
For getting sad

I won't apologize for playing games
For wearing my jacket
For talking too much with my friends

I won't apologize for not crying at all
For not paying attention in school
For getting things wrong

I won't apologize for being good at art
For wanting to help animals
For liking animals

I won't apologize for being misfit
 For hating some people
 For liking some people

By: Travis Crowell

I Am...

I am black and white soccer ball getting kicked into the goal.
 I am the protective gloves of a goalie when he catches the ball.
 I am an apple getting picked from a tree.
 I am Friday morning where everybody can't wait to be free.
 I am an oak tree as strong as life.
 I am the basketball getting swooshed into the hoop.
 I am the wintery snow when it falls on the grass.
 I am as nice as the warm sun in Florida.

By: Jason Young

I Won't Apologize

I won't apologize for my appearance
 For having brown eyes
 For having black hair
 I won't apologize for acting my own way
 For being weird
 For having a unique personality
 I won't apologize for having feelings
 For being embarrassed sometimes
 For being sad sometimes
 I won't apologize for loving basketball
 For playing video games
 For having my favorite basketball players
 I won't apologize for trying my best
 For trying to understand work
 For trying to do it
 I won't apologize for my goals in life
 For striving to get a good job
 For trying to carve a path for my future
 I won't apologize for being me
 For trying not to doubt myself
 For being nice

By: Logan Koenig

I Won't Apologize

I won't apologize for being tall
 For having hazel eyes
 For wearing shirts with strange patterns

 I won't apologize for being smart
 For being sad

For being crazy

I won't apologize for being happy
 For thinking of my grandpa
 For being friends with most of the people I meet

I won't apologize for playing baseball
 For liking video games
 For running around fields

I won't apologize for getting up early to see the news
 For studying on my tests
 For never wanting to quit

I won't apologize for understanding how a computer works
 For knowing how to make websites
 For knowing morse code

I won't apologize for being intelligent
 For being funny
 For being reliable

By: Michaela Neiper

I Won't Apologize

I won't apologize for having brown eyes
 For having long, brown hair
 For having glasses

I won't apologize for being intelligent
 For being a caring person
 For being a skillful person

I won't apologize for being brave
 For being protective
 For being happy

I won't apologize for learning how to cook
 For playing outside on my scooter
 For running on a cross country team

I won't apologize for learning new skills
 For loving language arts
 For loving my math lessons

I won't apologize for wishing a happy healthy future
 For wishing to be a good artist
 For wishing to be a scientist

I won't apologize for being wonderful

For being thoughtful
For being a girl

I won't apologize for writing this poem

By: John Ashton

I Won't Apologize

I won't apologize for being tall
For having brown hair
For having green eyes

I won't apologize for being funny
For laughing when people get hurt
For making fun of some people

I won't apologize for crying often
For laughing a lot
For being happy all the time

I won't apologize for playing games all the time
For being on my ipad all the time
For not playing a lot of sports

I won't apologize for putting 100% into my work
For loving school
For loving my teachers

I won't apologize for trying to be a engineer
For getting a good job
For wanting to get a job in high school

I won't apologize for being me
For loving to swim
For loving my family,

EIGHTH GRADE - ORIGINAL PIECE OF WRITING

By: Samantha Masten

What is a hero? If you look up the word 'hero' in the dictionary it will say something among the lines of 'a person who is admired or idealized for courage, outstanding achievements, or noble qualities' but is that everyone's definition? From my point of view, a hero

is a person who stands up for you, fights for you, and will protect you. And a veteran matches my definition. In my eyes, veterans are America's heroes because they protect American citizens.

Veterans are America's heroes because they put our lives in front of theirs no matter what. Even Veterans have families but they leave them just to protect all of us which is a true act of Americanism. We all should be proud to have veterans be America's heroes since they are in charge of keeping the people safe.

Vets come from everywhere in the United States and even other countries just to suffer wars and battles constantly wondering if they are going to survive the next ten minutes just to defend us and keep us safe. The least we can do is thank them for what they have done for us.

If we, as Americans, did not have veterans to protect us and keep us invulnerable, the majority of Americans would not be here safe because of attacks and wars but since we have people in the army to protect us, we are shielded by the bad treats.

In summary, Veterans they are heroes of America because they often sacrifice their life simply to protect ours. And for me, that is the definition of a true hero.

By: Daniel Lamlamay

Some call me weird
Right they may be
Because I like a show called
Dragon Ball Z

We are the great ones
No matter how you spin it
Put us in any competition
And we will win it

My assignment was a poem to talk about me
What makes me tick what makes me happy
My family, My religion, my pride, my friends and such
The time I went to laser one and watched all your stuff
Little things like that I always hold true
But the assignment was to talk about me so that's what I'll do
First up is my dad, he is so cool
We talk about a lot of things,
Mostly about Goku
He picks me up when my emotions are down
He takes me places like the movies
Or a place called Chinatown
My brother is my best friend
He is all about the Bat
No seriously, ask him any question
He'll tell all about that
My sister is kinda weird, strong and kinda nasty
But when the chips are down
She's the one to call you can always just ask me

Last but not least my mother
 She does everything for me
 And although I may be a bother
 She is my mother and I love her.

By: Ashley Fasolo

Each morning I walk around the block
 I must hurry along
 As I race the clock
 Be careful, hurry up, you must beware...
 For Big T... may be lurking there

She peers outside her living room curtain
 Scanning the pavement below
 I must hurry up, for this I'm certain
 Run fast, be quick
 Or she'll find you there

Codeman... she screams
 The words cut fast
 We're caught again; or so it seems
 Everyday it happens, always the same
 Playing the avoidance of the Big T game.

By: Ian Andersen

I am very loud
 I try to be very proud
 I got lost in the forest
 I am in chorus

I am very smiley
 I've been to hawaii
 I don't like bananas
 But I do like pandas

Pennywise is in my favorite horror movie
 Just like how I love Judge Judy
 I like a show The Walking Dead
 And no my dog's not dead

By: Brianna Brown

What is a hero? A hero is a person who is admired or idealized for courage, outstanding achievements, or noble qualities. Who are Veterans to us? A veteran is a person who has had long experience in a certain field. The military has served our country for ages and they have awed us over a very long period of time. I can do something phenomenal for someone and i will get awed over, so what makes them so special?

First of all Veterans are heroes because they show noble qualities and outstanding achievements. Whenever I think of a veteran, i always think of how brave they are because honestly I would never be in the army, because I admit, I am afraid. I think everyone is, but only some go on. Veterans motivate people to do better. They make people appreciate America. It is like when you are a football player and you are a cheerleader. The cheerleaders cheer the football players on and the football players make them proud. Veterans are the football players and we the people of America are the cheerleaders and the audience.

Why are our Veterans America's heroes? There is one simple answer to that, they care. They care for us america's people, they care for this country, and they care to show us that they care. All veterans risked so that we can live in this country. When you look back in all the history books you see that we depend on our soldiers, so that we can be safe. I am sure that you have heard the same thing a million times, but this is different because I am actually saying this as a person who cares, just like those veterans. From a true veteran,
 "Home of the free because of the brave".

By: Andrew Ross

A father and son bond,
 Slowly slipping away,
 Until finally the son
 Really has some fun,
 Watching a man,
 With a sweet violin.

The son watches,
 At the park,
 Where the man plays,
 Passing the days,
 Until one day,
 He went away.

The father saw the sons sadness,
 So he wanted to fill him with gladness,
 He went to the park,

And started to spark,
By pretending to play,
Throughout the day,

With his arms in motion,
Stroking nothing,
Just like he was,
Playing the violin,
Wishing his son would blend in,
The colors finally tribbing,
Not yet the same,
After all

By: Vincent Frattellone

I won't apologize

I won't apologize for being pale white
For having double joints in my hand
For having a mustache

I won't apologize for being artsy
For being creative
For being funny

I won't apologize for being friendly
For being there for friends and family
For being kind

I won't apologize for loving art
For liking football
For disliking singing

I won't apologize for working hard
For doing my very best
For wanting a career

I won't apologize for wanting to be an architect
For wanting to have a family
For wanting a cool car

I won't apologize for being crazy sometimes
For thinking Superman can beat Goku
For still liking dubstep.

By: Teagan Murdock

I Am

The darkness of black followed by a light rosy color shining through the night

The flowing dress that blows in the breeze by the shore

The icecream that drips down your chin as you forget all your worries

A sweet saturday night when you sleep in the softness of your sheets

A magnolia tree that blooms as the gardener works in his field

The pebbles that tumble down the waterfall

The beauty of spring as flowers bloom and the world prepares for summer

A pond which silent waters calm those around it.

By: Natalie Armstrong

I won't apologize for having no inner thigh gap

for having pretty hair

for having my dad's nose

I won't apologize for being sympathetic

for sticking up for my friends

for not doing something my parents told me not to do, just because you want me to.

I won't apologize for crying

for loving food

for smiling

I won't apologize for loving the woods

for being athletic

for loving sports

I won't apologize that I strive to get A's

for being lazy some days

for practicing my sport

I won't apologize that I want kids

that I want to play softball in college

for wanting to be a teacher

I won't apologize for being loud

for being rough

for being outgoing.

By: Amanda Montague

The Devil's Arithmetic,
Read and beware.

For learning about the concentration camps might give you a scare.
For there is surely no book that will ever compare,
And it will cause the readers to shed some tears.

It all started with Hannah,
The young girl Jew,
Whose life started to brew.
Everything was changing, for she then traveled to the past,
And this all happened very fast.
Hannah, was definitely aghast,
For in the year 1942 she was an outcast.
Shmuel and Gitl were then introduced.
It was during this time the Holocaust was produced.

Gitl and Shmuel called her Chaya for that was her name during this time.
She told them her name was Hannah, she cried,
They thought she was crazy.
They tried to tell her she was Chaya, and that her mind went hazy.

Then in 1942 the Nazis came,
To take us to a new home,
On Shmuel's wedding day.
Hannah tried to warn them about the Nazis devastation
But they were then taken to the train station.

Our belongings stripped from us,
Crammed in boxcars we were.
With the only company of the heat and the dust.

Our voyage to our new home took four days.
The children and grandparents died along the way,
This then left Hannah and everyone in dismay.

Once at this new home,
Hannah's hair was cut and clothes replaced with rags.
My name, Hannah, Chaya now became J1972.

Work, work, work,
That's all we did.

Clean the barracks, pots, and tins this is what they said.
Work makes you free, do this, if you don't want to be dead.

This is where she met Rivka her friend,
Where she told Hannah how to survive in the camps by blending in.
After these grueling days in the camps, watching them die one by one,
Chaya sacrifices herself for her friend.
Telling Rivka. "Run. Run. Run."
This is the day Hannah had to greet the ovens.
She quickly told the others that help would be coming,
For they will survive the upcoming.

Hannah then came back to the seder where she was at before.
Then her Aunt Eva told her she was Rivka,
And Hannah wanted to learn more.

By: Avery DelGuidice

David Rubinowicz: Headache

Up upon the city walls
Around each and every corner, I become appalled
By dozens of horrible, terrible, and disgusting lies
That defame my people; my kind
I decide to observe the reactions; I sit, I wait
The citizens laugh at the propaganda, which increases my heart rate
The shame that the Jews suffer
Is giving me a headache

Yitzhak Rudashevski: Fated for the Worst

Week after week
Less and less Jews appear on the streets
Vanishing off to concentration camps
All the horror imprinting a dark stamp
People fearing what lies ahead
Afraid the Germans might come in the middle of the night, and rip them from their beds
Raids and liquidations occurring day in, day out
Our confidence in survival then becomes doubt
This all seems like a revolting curse
We may be fated for the worst

Moshe Flinker: Badge of Shame

The cruel, yet powerful Germans
Stomp on and crush Jews, as they set persecutions

Now required to wear a yellow star of David upon our clothes
 Our pride in being a Jew falls down like dominoes
 One by one, we all lose dignity
 As we walk along the sidewalk with our new badges, miserably
 The sound of others gasping, the sight of children hiding behind their mothers skirt
 Instills within us a brewing pot of rage, and causes us to become extremely hurt
 Our souls now maimed
 We look down at at the mocking yellow badge of shame

Eva Heyman: Red Bicycle

Oh dear Marta, your absence has left me sore
 How I long to see your face once more
 I have cried countless times, for there are no tears left
 The Germans have taken you; shouldn't they be charged with theft?
 I remain unsure if you are alive or dead
 However these thoughts that come to mind, I dread
 The last time I saw you, you were waving goodbye
 Is it goodbye forever, or only for a short time?
 I have nothing left of you, the happy times have faded, and so has the sunshine
 But standing there on the gloomy sidewalk, is your red bicycle alongside mine.

By: Samantha Fried

Enjoy

Don't get stuck in the routine
 Because it will drag you down
 Don't skip over the little things
 Because they really will impact you
 Don't take anything for granted
 Because it will come back to bite you
 Don't let life drag you along
 Because it won't be any fun
 Don't let people kill your unicorn
 Because theirs is already dead
 Most importantly
 Don't forget to enjoy
 Because that's what is truly important.

By: Alanna Ebanks

The colorless town
In which I belong
The time I work
My thoughts are wrong
Listening to the song
Of the old man who plays
The beautiful violin
The tree that always sways
The time it takes
For me to live
The colorless town
In which I belong
When will there be change?
To this old song
Finally when it ends
I am set free and alive
The colorless town
Will one day strive
The center of my park
The one I love
Soon I will be soaring
Almost like a dove
Time to time
Once more again
The song that brings me cheer
Soon to die again
And in that long death
Comes the birth of a new
Joy to bring
And finally a new coda
The expectations bring me low
The words I must know make me unhappy
In the colorless town
In which I belong
One day
The old man will play a song
The song of my life
The journey and strife
For the colorless town
In which I belong
Will soon one day play its song
An to that old tune
The word can consume
The depth of my feelings
The time for my yearnings
Each day I wish
That I can comply
Not to the people
But to the one who I rely

And because of this colorless town
In which I belong
One day
I will sing my song
The song of a end
The end to a beginning
When I find my color
The color in tune
The tune to my heart
Will never leave
Not anytime soon
The start to my wakenings
The ending of my quakes
When I awake
I will be another person
The hole in my heart
Leaves me broken and dark
But when I see your face
I smile
My hole as if sewn up
Once more
The mask I wear
The distress I feel
The time it takes
For me to relive my dream
The dream of a thousands stars
The dream to know where you are
And the feelings that you feel
For they make me real

By: Isabella Esposito

I Won't Apologize

I won't apologize for the my faded purple dyed locks
For my black ripped jeans
For my four eyed face

I won't apologize for using words scarcely
 For being "out of the ordinary"
 For having my own opinions

I won't apologize for having anxiety
 For being down sometimes
 For being affected by the world

I won't apologize for loving alternative music
 For shredding it on my electric guitar
 For finding interest where others may not

I won't apologize for my lack of organization
 For listening to music while doing my work
 For being unable to pay attention

I won't apologize for not wanting children
 For needing my own space
 For wanting a job in the artistic community

I won't apologize for my character
 For being somewhat introverted
 For being uniquely me!

The Connection

Hamburg School's Social Connection

A literary magazine by us, for us, about us
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