

The background of the entire page is a vibrant, abstract composition of thick paint splashes and brushstrokes in various colors including red, yellow, blue, green, and purple, set against a solid black background. The paint appears to be dripping and blending together, creating a sense of dynamic movement and creativity.

# *The Creative Spectrum*



**2019- 2020**

# *What is color?*

*What is color what joy does it bring?*

*Why is it always around me?*

*I feel trapped*

*In color.*

*Overwhelmed with color*

*Surrounded with color.*

*Why wouldn't it leave me alone?*

*What does it know?*

*Color, color, color, color,*

*Color.*

*Please free me from this*

*Color.*

*Leave me.*

*Nina D.*

# Black

Brave like Black Panther  
Loves to protect his people  
And watches very closely  
Calm down if you're not that brave  
Keep calm think of the Black Panther

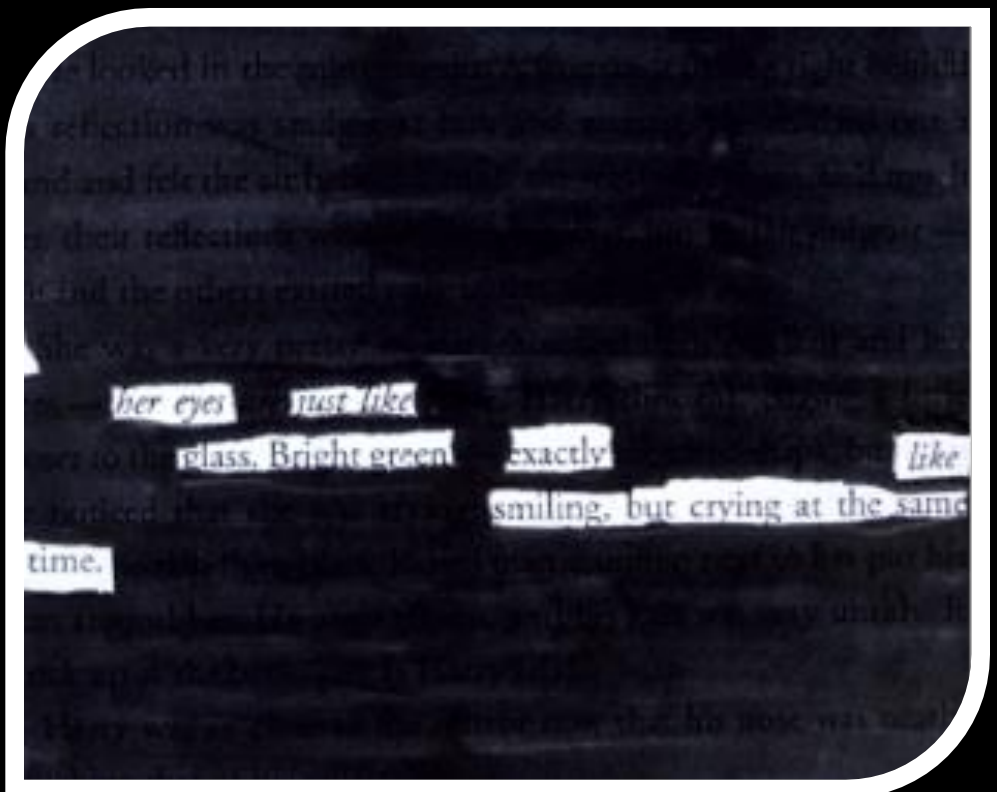
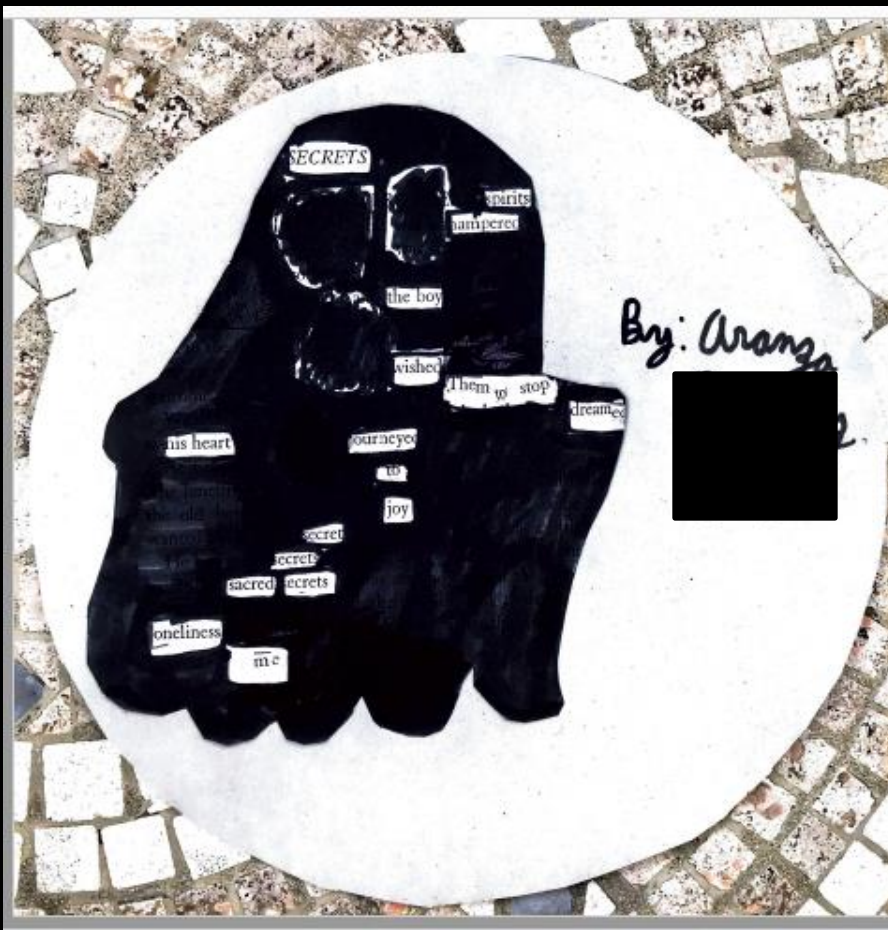
Ashvita S.



By: Liam H.



# Blackout poetry





# Joy

spirits rose  
unhindered  
sheep flocking. The rain  
and the joy had been  
he needed them. He  
the sun rose. The sun  
the sun rose. The sun

heart  
happiest  
joy  
freedom,  
beautiful

songs  
sing  
joy  
beautiful things  
dancing  
sunlight,  
dance  
Sun  
loved  
freedom,  
beautiful



My mind is so  
CONFUSING. So  
ENTIRELY different  
from the world. 2,700  
IDEAS. A vast labyrinth  
of THOUGHT. No small  
CHARACTERISTIC.

By, Caitlyn O



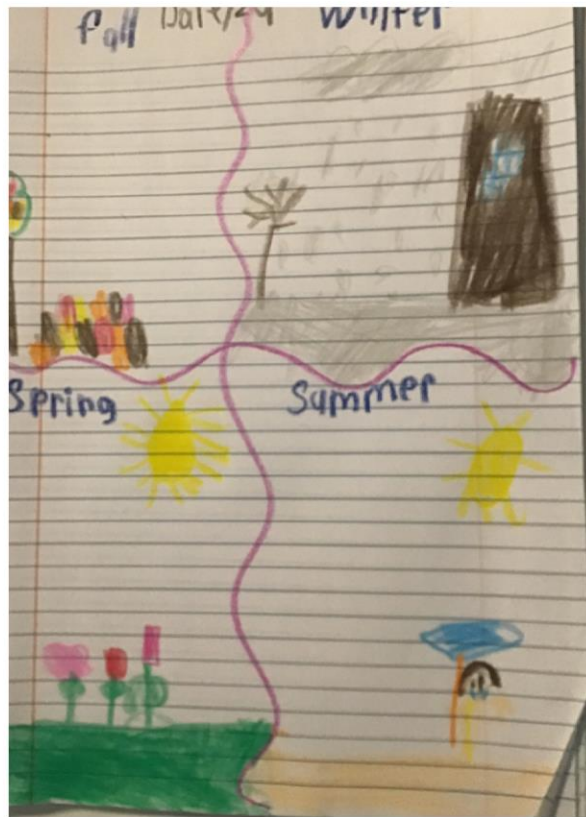
## Book Spine Poetry

dreaming

**The Wonderful Book**

THE PAPER PRINCESS





My favorite flower  
My favorite flower is  
the rose. This is because  
they are pretty and they  
smell good too!  
I like them



Friendship is when a person in your class or even outside of class hangs out with you and is nice to you and helps you with things. I can serve others by being their friend and being nice to people even though they may not be my friends. I should be a friend to whoever needs a friend. If someone is sad I should be their friend and help them out.

Friend ship to me means someone I can trust to be a good friend, and is nice to other people. A friend is someone who doesn't talk behind your back. Friend ship is hanging out with people you trust and enjoy spending time with.

Name Liza

Date

Love means to me that I have people to trust and to love. People who I love protect me and take care of me. I love my family and they love me back. When I need help they help me, and when am sad, nervous, scared, or hurt they comfort me and let me know I am loved and safe. I hope one day I can return the favor. When something is hard my loved ones push me through it, help me, and encourage me.

Name Melissa

11 Date 3/13/20

Love to me means friendship. It means a lot to me that people can have a friendship with love. People who love have strong friendships. My love for God helps me teach others about God. I tell them that God loves them all.

# ***Brown***

Baking in the oven for so long  
Rambunctious kids can't wait  
Ooey, gooey deliciousness  
Warm and sweet  
Never bitter, never cold

Caroline H



## **Book Spine Poetry**







## Book Spine Poetry



# Tulip and Daffodil Haiku

By Caitlyn O

Tulip and Daffy  
Are my Holland Lop bunnies  
They are twelve weeks old

They really love food  
Like pellets, fruit, hay, and treats  
But mostly parsley

They are very soft  
Very nice to stroke and pet  
Just as soft as down

I call one Daffy  
And the other one Too-Too  
Please do not judge me

Daffy is speedy  
She doesn't mind being held  
She is mostly white

Tulip is careful  
She doesn't like to be held  
She is grey and black

Daffy's eyes are blue.  
While Tulip's eyes are deep red.  
They both are sweeties

I call them Bun-Buns  
I love them so very much  
And they love me too!

Art by: Melissa R.



Art by: Matthew G.





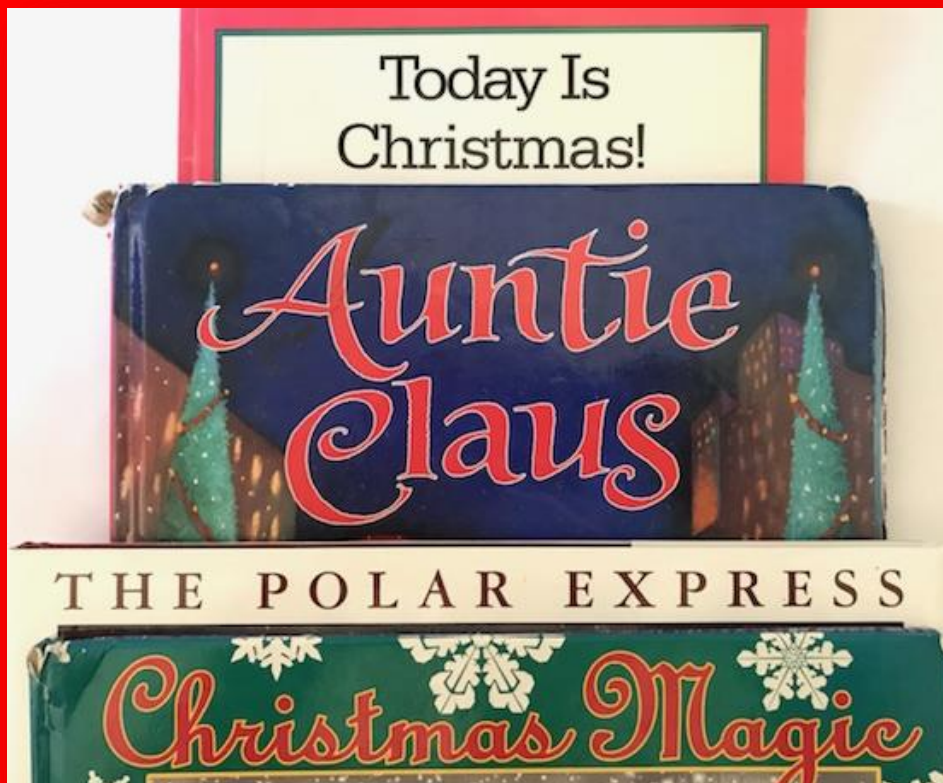
While the river down my face  
And the blood comes crashing down.  
No one is there...

While the wind covers the scars of  
My race,  
The end of sadness...  
All comes to a stop.

Don't worry about the people  
Behind you.  
Worry about the people  
Cheering for you  
At the finish line.

By: Eliana G.

## Book Spine Poetry





# The Fortune

By: Aranza R.

The Carnival is coming into town this week, so my editor asked me if I could report on it. Since it would be a pretty easy report, I asked Mike, one of my closest friends, to come along with me so I could at least make a fun day out of it. Once Mike and I got to the carnival there were games, treats, and rides. I was walking toward one of the games until Mike spotted something and stopped walking.

It was one of those fortune teller machines. It's the same one we see every year. No one knows who brings it, not even the people who set up the carnival. The machine always creeps me out. The box around the fortune teller has wood around it. The wood looks like it's rotting and the glass of the box is shattered. Inside the box, there is a woman with long dark hair. Her face looks scratched up. One of her glass eyes is broken and the other brown eye feels like she is staring straight into your soul. The fortuneteller's name is Madame Astra.

Mike asked if we could go get our fortunes told. I didn't want to but it would make for a good news column so I agreed. We walked towards the box. The box smelled of decaying flesh. I felt uneasy but I shrugged off the feeling and continued walking towards the machine.

When we got to the box Mike asked me for some change. He put in the coin into the machine and I could hear a clunk as the coin traveled through it. The lights turned on and Madame Astra made a fizzled out noise as if water had been poured on her speaker. Rickety noises of cogs turning within the machine were all we heard, ending only once a small, yellow note card came out near the coin slot. Eager to see the fortune, Mike snatched the card and read it out to me. "You will succeed in your career", he said in a pleased voice.

Mike asked for another coin and giving in to my growing curiosity about the machine, I gave him another one. The same thing happened, but the dingy notecard read, "You will encounter misfortune soon if you dare to give me

one last coin". He read it in his most playful voice but hearing the card's message filled me with instant unease and dread. I was frightened and I told Mike we should go check out the games. He thought I was overreacting and was getting myself all worked up over a cheap carnival attraction but I still refused to give him a coin.

Just then, he saw one on the ground and put it into Madame Astra's box. I told him I was leaving and to just call me when he wanted to meet back up as I watched the box light up and make the same unnerving noises.

Madame Astra lit up.

The light was blinding and made it nearly impossible for me to see anything. Then, I heard a scream and my stomach dropped, it was Mike. I saw him being pulled in by a monster. The monster was large with black, matted fur, sharp, yellow, fanged teeth, and piercing, red eyes. I screamed and ran around the carnival hurriedly looking for help. It was all in vain as no one seemed to notice me. Mike was screaming, asking the monster for mercy.

I started pulling on Mike so the monster would leave him alone. The monster growled and said in a raspy voice "You were warned". The final yank from the monster was so forceful that it detached my arm from my body. I wailed as I fell to the ground and screamed as the monster and Mike simply vanished.

A concerned woman and her child walk towards me and call the police. The paramedics help me onto the gurney, trying to make sure I have some chance of making it out alive. I looked back at Madame Astra and could swear she winked at me and smirked. Looking through the windows of the ambulance doors, I saw a little yellow notecard pop out. A gust of wind blew the card close enough for me to read," I warned you and your little friend....".



*Pink*

*Pink flowers all around,  
Hearts being filled with pink  
love,  
Pink stuff everywhere.*

*Karen U.*



Picture by: Cole G.





## *Orange*

Orange leaves falling,  
Beautiful orange trees  
here,  
Orange come and go.

Karen U.



April 3, 2020

Aranga

# Yellow

## ***Yellow***

**Y**esterday it set, this morning it rises

**E**arth would be a dark and gloomy place without it

**L**ife depends on it more than anything

**L**ittle plants grow and flourish because of it

**O**ne of a kind

**W**arm and refreshing

Caroline H.

## ***Yellow***

Bright morning  
sunshine,  
Yellow flowers  
blooming out,  
Yellow all around

Karen U.

## ***Yellow Haiku***

Yellow the color of  
pollen

Yellow the color of  
stringy cheese pizza

Yellow shows color of  
people

Ashvita S.



# A Thought

By Caitlyn O.

A thought is like a message.  
A message to yourself; to do something or  
To say something that matters.

Where thoughts come from, nobody knows.  
Where they go to, that is up to you.  
You could forget them, or use them.

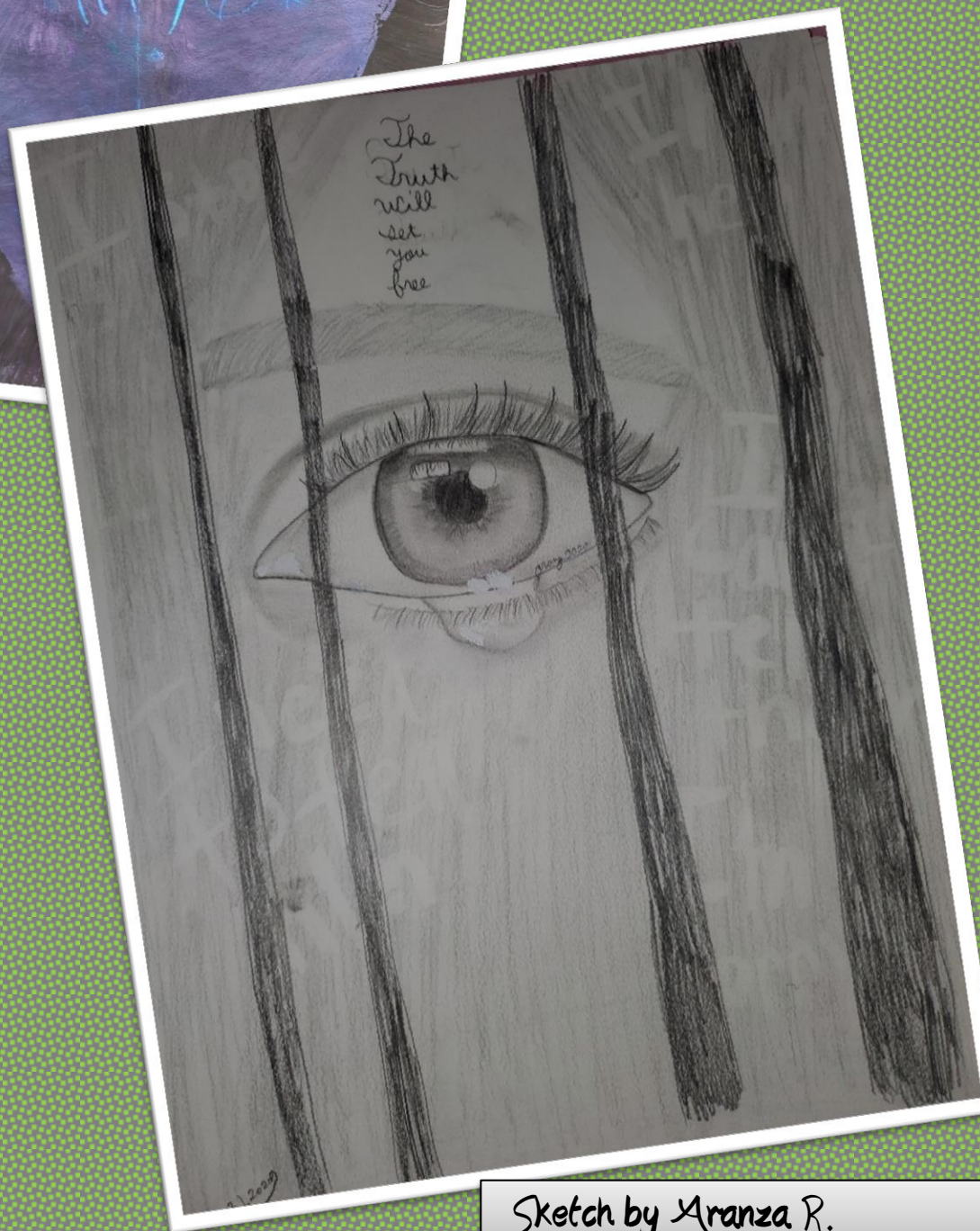
Einstein used his thought to  
Create a legendary equation.  
I will never understand it, though.

Christopher Olsen used his thought  
To make a wheelchair for handicapped people  
He didn't waste it.

Thomas Francis Jr. and Jonas Salk  
Made the polio vaccine, and helped to make the  
flu vaccine  
They save thousands of lives each year.

So, you see,  
Though your thoughts may seem silly,  
To you...

*They may make a huge difference to the world.*



# ***My Acrostic Poem***

***By: Emily H.***

Suggesting baby names for Mrs.Camm during snack time  
Imagining how it would be to enter the military at the age  
of

twelve during history class

Xany kindergarteners dressing up for holidays

Teachers welcoming me to middle school

Hoping to win something at the Fall Fling

Getting ready for classes in the morning

Reading out loud in history class about the Civil War

Awaiting my eighth-grade year

Developing voices for characters in our novels

Eighth graders selling candy and pizzas

Making friends with my new classmates

Eating lunch with my friends

Multiplying, dividing, subtracting, and adding in math  
class

Opening juice bottles for Miley and Allison at lunch every  
day

Receiving candy at the Valentine's Day party

Inventing a game in technology class

Exiting school on March 13th not knowing what was to  
come

Sorting toothpaste when helping God's Pit Crew





# Green

I grew with the trees,  
I am emeralds green beauty,  
I'm the color **green**.

I am not always pretty,  
I put the color in **greed**,  
I'm in **envy** too.

I make things grow,  
I'm the color of great life,  
I'm jubilant life

Adam H.

Art by Thomas H.

# *I Can't Think of What To Write!*

By Caitlyn O.

I can't think of what to write!  
What to write?  
What to write?  
Not a story. Too long.  
Not a poem. Too hard.

I like this pen, so I want to write.  
But what to write?  
Oh, what to write!

Maybe a newspaper?  
Or a list?  
Hmm, maybe I'll try that.

I don't want to play games.  
BORING!  
No reading, either.

Hmm...  
What to write?  
What to write?

I like poems. They help me think.  
I like stories. They help me express.  
Lists are cool. Essays are hard.  
What to write?  
What to write?

Maybe I'll make a list of topics and  
put  
Them in a hat. Then, I'll choose one  
to write.  
Nah, too much work. What to write?  
What to write?

Is this what Writer's Block is  
like?!  
What to write? What to Write?  
Oh, no I've run out of paper,  
one second...  
There we go.  
What to write? What to write?

Hey, this is fun, writing what  
I'm thinking.  
Man, what rhymes with  
thinking?!

What to write?  
What to write?

Maybe I'll write what's on my  
mind.  
That's easier than sticking to  
a theme.

That's what I'll write!  
That's what I'll write.

Hey, presidents should do this  
To solve hunger and stuff.  
It works!



# *Light Blue Haiku*

*No more light blue skies,  
Light the candle with that color  
Sun shows no more blue*

*Ashvita S.*



*Art by: Miranda U.*



Art by Stuart D.





# 8th Grade

Tes R.

Eighth grade is what I dreamed about when I was little, always  
thought of it as a dream.

I never imagined going to high school with my friends.

Great year this was, I wish it was longer.

Hello 9th grade, goodbye eighth.

The teachers at my school were like my family including my friends.

Handed pencils to each other

Great friends that I am leaving.

Read books in 8th grade, I never completed the last.

And I don't think it's possible that I will forget my family.

Did not imagine the year ending this way.

Eighth grade will be a memory I will never forget.

Made friends, turned to family.

Ending this year in a pandemic.

More weeks of quarantine

Ode to Mrs. Shelton is something that I made.

Ran around and played games.

I will never forget

Ending this year will be hard

Seeing your faces for the last time will bring me pain...

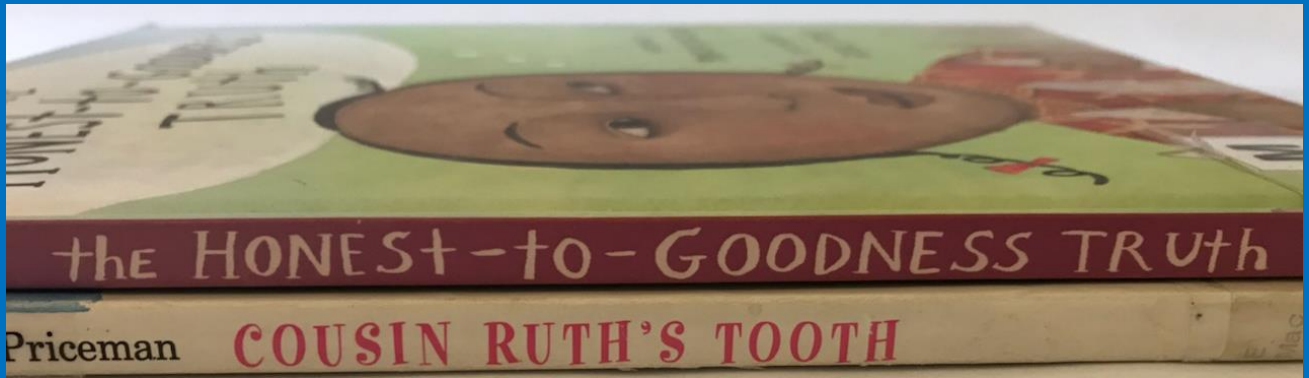
**E**ach day was unique  
**I** will miss everyone  
**G**lad I came back this year  
**H**ad so much fun  
**T**oo bad the fun has to end  
**H**ow do we say good-bye?

**G**oing off to high school  
**R**eady for a new adventure  
**A** lot of tears  
**D**ear friends will be missed  
**E**specially hard because we aren't together now

**M**oments we will cherish forever  
**E**ating Bojangles on Thursdays  
**M**iddle School hijinks  
**O**utside making jokes  
**R**elaxing in the hallway during snack  
**I**'m not ready to leave  
**E**ven though I'm excited for high school  
**S**acred Heart will always be special to me

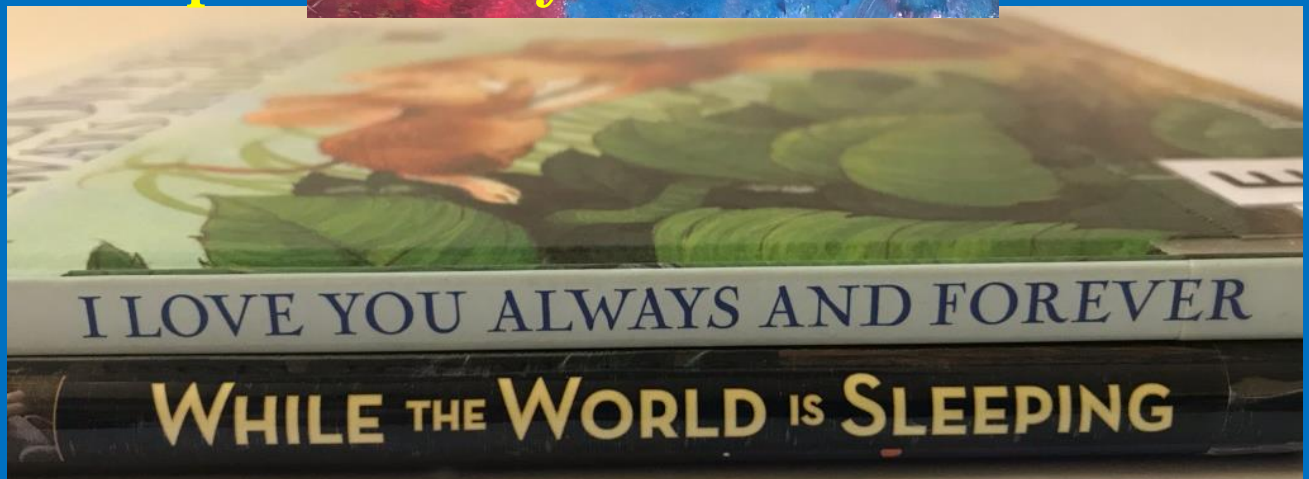


# Book Spine Poetry



PAINTING BY  
XAVIER J.

# Book Spine Poetry



## Book Spine Poetry

EDWARD AND THE PIRATES

Goin' Someplace Special

SHIP OF DREAMS

### *Dark Blue*

Dark blue in the sky,  
Dark blue fish in the  
ocean,  
Dark blue blueberries.

Karen U.



*Art by Isabella H.*



*Art by Delaney M.*





# ***Eighth Grade Memories***

***By: Caroline H.***

**Eating lunch on the picnic tables outside**

**Instilling our values like kindness and love to the younger students**

**Giada, Julia, and I quizzing Patrick on his geometry knowledge**

**Humbling myself as I watched my cooking video in Spanish class**

**Taking care of our little ones during mass, and then laughing about the hilarious things they do during science class**

**Howling as we listen to Mrs. Crumpler tells us funny stories about Bowser**

**Gracing Mrs. Camm with TikTok dances**

**Realizing how much like a family we are**

**Awaiting the day we got to go to Busch Gardens together**

**Debating on what to name Mrs. Camm's dog, then baby girl**

**Enjoying every day, knowing that we would not be together for much longer**

**Mr. Aquilo telling us stories from when he was our age, most of which I laughed the hardest at**

**Erasing the dry erase boards, and then writing right back on them**

**Mrs. Shelton telling us scary stories at Halloween**

**Organizing fundraisers for our trip**

**Rushing to memorize vocabulary words during homeroom**

**Intricately counting every nickel when selling candy**

**Exiting school one Friday in March like it was an ordinary day, never to go to class again**

**Supporting each other through difficult times and big life changes**

# ***Eighth Grade Memories***

**Bobbie Jean E.**

**Excited to go to high school  
Inspirational teachers that I am going  
to miss**

**Grateful for the times we had together  
Happy to have had such a great  
education**

**Terrific time spent with the ones I love  
Happy times at school**

**Going to miss my classmates  
Radiant positivity from all the staff  
Amazing teachers and students there  
Delightful year at Sacred Heart  
Everlasting friendships at that school**

**Memorable field trips and activities  
Easy to pass classes with good grades  
Missing my friends while in quarantine  
Outstanding grades get you a long way  
Really going to miss it  
Interesting experience at school  
Excited to graduate at the end of the  
year  
Sad it is over**

**Back drop art by Sophia X.**