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A COMMUNITY OF WRITERS

District A Boston Public Schools

June 1988

Cover: THE REWARDS OF READING by Norma Mele, parent of K-1 Garfield student Christine Mele.

The power of the printed word... is it worth the risk?

More than 600 people who submitted entries to our first Anthology think it is! The common bond of the newly created "Community of Writers" in District A transcends age, gender, racial, and linguistic lines. That is what has made the development of this anthology so exciting. In this publication, we celebrate the richness and talent found in our diversity.

Our "Community of Writers" represents and reflects our diversity. You will read of hopes, dreams and wishes as well as heroic acts. You will visit the world of magic and return to explore the meaning of education. You will reflect on the loss of a loved one. In every case, the voice of the writer and the vision of the artist shines through whether the entrant was a K-1 student or a senior, a teacher or a parent. This sharing is the essence of the District A "Community of Writers."

We congratulate and thank every person who submitted an entry. We hope the next anthology will elicit even more members of our educational community to share their gifts and creations through the written word.

Diana Lam
Community Superintendent

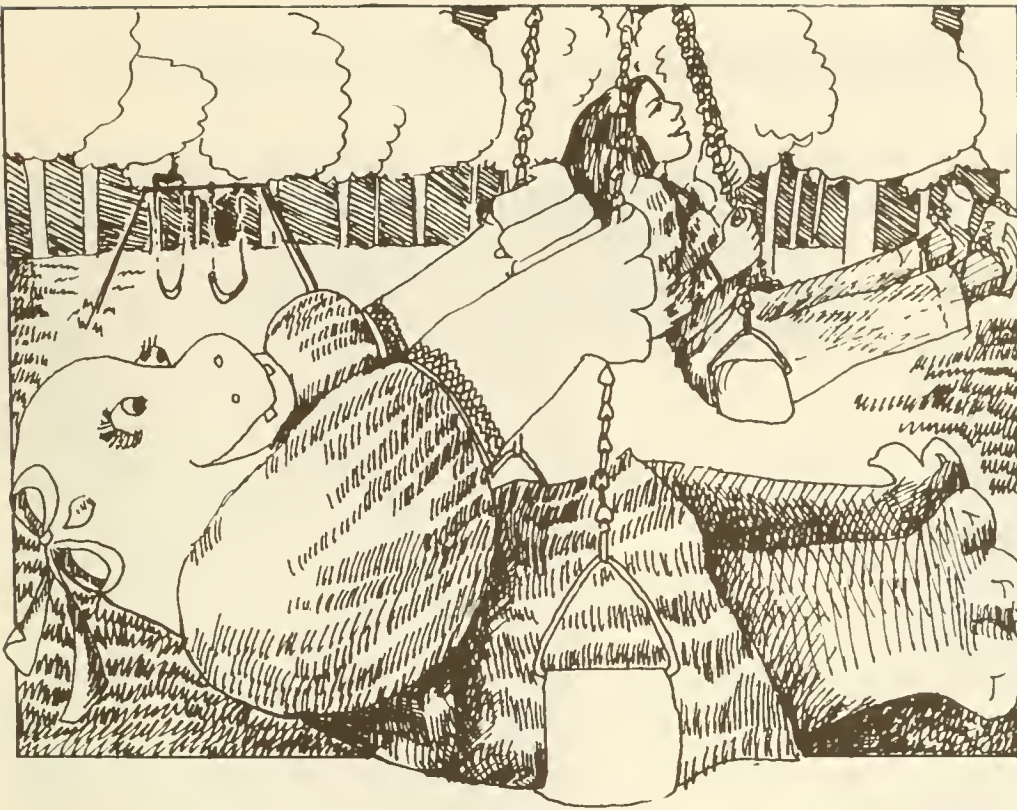
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Flavia Vieira
Jesus Villafahe
Elizabeth Vinals
Christopher Walker
Keicia Williams
Jeffrey and Robby at ELC



Invented Spelling

These stories were written by children at the Early Learning Center. They "invented spelling" as they wrote their stories.

Story by Jeffrey

Yesterday at Daniel's house we invaited a girl named Emily. She came over to Daniel's house. And we did flips.

Story by Robby

A Keyboard.
He played the pano while the song was on.

Connections

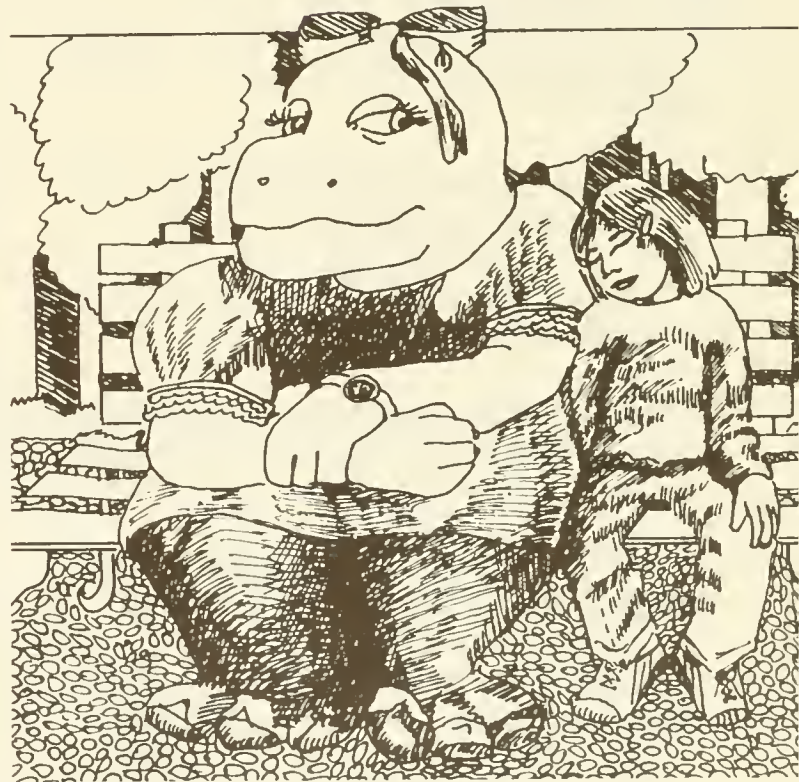
By Joanne Collins Russell

The world in which we live abounds with print. Few children can escape the abundance of words that surround them. Children see traffic signs, food labels, captions on television commercials and billboards. They view people filling out forms making lists, and jotting down phone numbers, as well as reading newspapers, magazines and books. Children in today's world are immersed in print.

The world in which children live abounds with the sound of language. From birth and continuing thereafter, young children hear a wide variety of sounds. Children regularly observe people using the spoken word.

Making sense of language in its printed and spoken form is an incredible task which confronts all. Children must learn how to make connections... connections between written scribbles and spoken words, connections between speech and print, connections between words and reality and lastly, connections between the mind of the reader and the mind of the writer. Helping children make the proper connection is the responsibility of effective parents and teachers.

Joanne Collins Russell is the Director of the Mary Lyon Early Childhood Learning Center in District A.



DRAWINGS BY BARBARA MARDER

Barbara Marder is the Art Teacher at the Gardner School.

How to Make Friends

By Michael Andrew O'Hara

Photographs by Nancy and Michael O'Hara



I love all
my Friends.

If you want some friends, go and find some children and ask them to be your friend.

If they say no, do the same thing over again to another child.

I met Scott and Tim at the Garfield School and I loved them.

Scott told me about the "Y" and the next day that Scott went to the "Y" I went with him.

Friends can be any age. My #1 friend is Mame. She is 72 years old. I am five.

I like to go to nerf ball soccer with my friends. I like to go skating with Tim.

I like skating over the orange cones with Lydia.

I like meeting with my friends at the library. This is Miss Pease. She is the boss of the library's children room.

Richard and Jane are my cousins and my friends.

My Gram and my aunt Sue are my friends also.

I first met my friend Sheila at gymnastics.

Mrs. Horan is our friend and our teacher.

I love all my friends.

Michael O'Hara is a K-2 student at the Garfield School. Photographs were taken by his parents, Michael and Nancy O'Hara, to accompany his handwritten story.

La Historia del Ballet del Cascanuez

Por Sara Cordova, David Pereira, Xiomara Rivera, Vanessa Ramirez, Griselda Fuentes, Gabriel Hernández, Mayra Antillon, Samael Vasquez, Jesus Villafahe, Juan Natale, Ricardo Rivera, Ernesto Maldonado, Yaiven Caminero, Ana DeJesus, Rafael Baez, Jessica Lopez, Nilsa Alicea, Carlos Rodriguez, Silloris Caminero, Edgar Morales, Sigrit Rodriguez y Supervisados por Maxina P. Rosa y Josefina Lascano

En la nochebuena los niños esperaban la llegada del tío Drosselmier. Siempre el traia regalos bonitos. Tio Drosselmeir trajo para Clara un cascanuez muy bonito.

Fritz (su hermano) se puso celoso y se lo quito y lo quebro. Clara se puso muy triste. El tío lo regañó a Fritz. Le puso un pañuelo alrededor de la quijada del cascanuez. Todos se fueron a dormir.

Clara se levanto a ver su cascanuez. De pronto, crecio el arbol de navidad. De pronto, entraron los ratones.

Pelearon el rey de los ratones y el cascanuez. Clara tiro un zapato al ratón y salvo al cascanuez.

Después el cascanuez se convirtio a un principe. Y el la llevo a "la tierra de nieve." Conocieron la "reina de nieve."

Después ellos viajaron a "la tierra de dulces." Aqui, conocieron "la hada de Ciruela."

Los chocolates, los angeles, las flores, las estrellas, los dulces y la hada de Ciruela bailaron. Clara y el principe se montaron en el trineo. Se fueron y vivieron felices para siempre.

Publicado por el primero grado bilingue de la Escuela Winship.



Invierno

por José Rodriguez, Escuela Gardner

Yo hice un muñeco de nieve y mis amigos también y cuando yo termine de hacer el muñeco de nieve yo fui a mi casa a buscar el trineo para ir al parque con mis amigos para tirarnos por la cuesta y yo fui para mi casa para bañarme y cuando yo mire por la ventana yo vi un pajarito. Después yo fui a buscar a Pedro para tirar bolas de nieve.

La Estrella de Oro

por Taina Serrano, grado 2, Escuela Tobin

Mi familia se fue para hacer compras. Yo me quede en la casa solo. Me asome por la ventana. Veo una estrella de oro. Vino a mi ventana. Yo abro la ventana. Vino hasta mi mano. Yo le pregunte "De donde vienes?" La estrella me hablo y me dijo, "De alla arriba". Mi familia llevo. Y le dije a la estrella que se fuera y le dije que viniera otro dia. Se fue, y se veia muy bonita cuando regreso para el cielo. Mi familia entro a la casa. Nos sentamos a comer pollo y arroz. Yo estaba feliz. Yo no le dije nada a mi familia, la estrella de oro es mi secreto.

Beisbol

Deporte, interesante,

Jugando, cogiendo, bateando

Me gusta jugarlo mucho

Juego

Por Omar Cabrera, grado 5, Escuela Kennedy

La Rosa Amarilla

por Meybel Vasquez, grado 4, Escuela Winship

(Para todos los niños que hacen libros. Yo los quisiera ver hacer más libros. Con much cariño, Meybel Vasquez).

Habia una vez una niña que le gustaban las rosas. Pero la que a ella le gustaba más era la rosa amarilla que estaba en el jardín.

Un día las rosas amarillas se estaban acabando. La unica rosa que quedaba era de Manuelita. Cuando fue al bosque vio a los hombre matando las rosas.

La niña se puso a llorar. Pobre Manuelita se quedo muy triste porque mataron a las rosas. Y después Manuelita fue a buscar a su padre que era un presidente y le dijo- "Yo no quiero que maten a las flores."

Manuelita por fin encontro su felicidad y la de las rosas.

The Talking Dog

by Jose Rosado

On a cold day in March I went to the store. I saw a beautiful doggy. He was freezing out there. It was very cold outside. I felt so bad that I took him home. I asked Mom if we could keep it. At first she said, "NO" but then she said, "Yes." I was so happy.

I started to think about a name for my new pet. I called him Oscar but something or someone said, "I like better the name Popeye."

I asked, "Who said that?"
He said, "Me, down here."

I could not believe my ears. I went out of the room as quickly as I could. The dog was after me. I started screaming and calling Mom

She asked, "What happened?"

I was so scared I could not talk. When I felt better I told my Mom. She could not believe me. Then I told the dog to talk but he just said "HOW HOW HOW." He made me look like a liar. I felt so mad I wanted to kill him, but I didn't. I took him to my room and I asked him, "Why didn't you say anything?"

He told me that he wanted to keep it our secret. I said, "Ok, it will be our secret."

Now every night the dog tells me a story.
DON'T TELL ANYONE THIS STORY BECAUSE IT IS A SECRET.

Jose Rosado attends the Curley Middle School.

The Magic Elf

by Jose Delvalle

I was walking in the woods. I saw a little elf. He spoke in a little voice, "I am a magic elf." He had a little bell on his shoes. He had black hair and yellow eyes. The elf said, "What is your wish?" I said I wish I had straight A's. The elf said ok. When I went to school my papers had all stars.

The Magic Elf

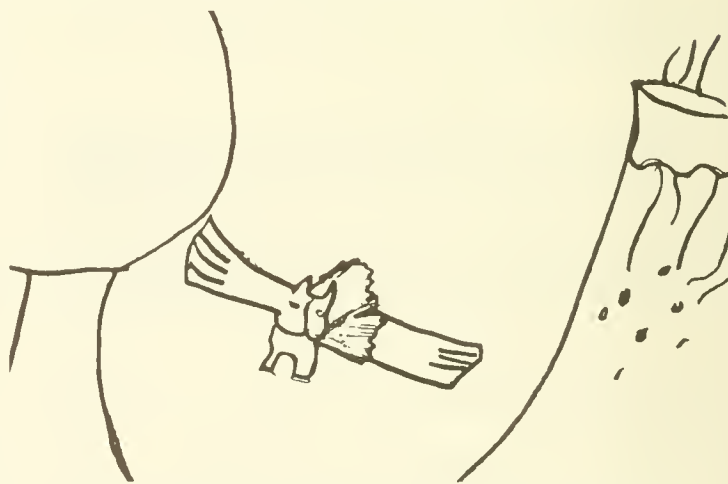
by Tasha Raye

I saw a magic elf in the forest. He does magic. He blinks out and in. He looks like a green fairy. He has a green hat on. He has yellow buckles on his shoes. The elf is scary but I like him. When he blinks out he goes behind me and scares me and I jump ten feet.

Jose Delvalle and Tasha Raye are second grade students at the Higginson Elementary School.

The Winged Diggs

Illustrated and written by Damian Diggs



The Winged Diggs is part lion, part tiger, and part bird. Sometimes it flies around the woods. It lays eggs in a nest of gold. There's a volcano in the woods by the tree where they live. Every time it flies over the volcano, the volcano goes off. Orange rocks fall down. If somebody touches the volcano, the Winged Diggs will attack.

Damian Diggs is a first grader at the Winship School.

Public Garden in Spring



Drawing by Salim Ellieen, a fifth grade student at the Baldwin School.

The Shining Color

By Sarah Arcanti

**Black is so beautiful.
It says love is in the air.
It is sweet like chocolate milk.
My best friend is black
Yes, my friend, black is very beautiful.
Many beautiful things are black.
Like the middle of a flower
Or the middle of your eye.**

*Sarah Arcanti is a third grade student
at the Manning School.*

Mechanic

By Christopher Walker

**My father is a mechanic. He is the best
mechanic of all mechanics. He likes to fix
trucks and cars and my bike too.**

**On Sunday mornings, people call my
house. They ask for the best mechanic of
all. Someday I'll be a mechanic too.**

**When I am a mechanic, I'll be nineteen
years old. When I get the job and when I
come from school, I'll see my dad and my
dad will see me too.**

Christopher Walker is a third grader at the Manning School.

My Sister

by Solima Calderon

I'm going to talk about my sister Shaileen. She is a handicapped girl. She is eleven years old. She goes to the Carter School for Handicapped Kids because she needs special help. She can't walk and she needs help doing things. She only talks a few words. In that school she receives physical and educational therapy. My sister is a very smart and lovely girl. I love her very much and I try to help her in her need.

Solima Calderon attends third grade at the Tobin.

My Grandmother

by Latasha Bellard

I like my grandmother the best. If I have a problem she helps me out of it. She keeps me company. I can tell her a big secret. And she never tells people my big secret.

Latasha Bellard is a Tobin second grader.

Grandma's House

by Morris Bates

It all started when I turned five years old. My mother wanted to take me over to visit my Grandma. We were supposed to go to the park. I wasn't supposed to have known anything about this so I pretended to be surprised. As I walked in my Grandma greeted me at the door with a big bag of peanut butter cookies - my favorite. I thought to myself, "This is gonna be a great day, cookies and milk, what next?"

I sat myself down while I watched her pour me a big glass of ice cold dairy milk. She lived in the country where the water runs in small streams down the hills. So it was fun at Grandma's house. She had no television set, but she had a lot of books. I gobbled down ten more cookies and went into the living room to see what was going on. To my surprise there was a brand new red bicycle in the middle of the floor. Grandma grabbed my hand and lifted me onto the bike. All I could think to myself was they must really love me. I felt weird because I never really understood love until this day. From that day on I knew anyone who has a Grandma is a very lucky kid.

Morris Bates is a Senior at Brighton High School.

Essay on My Little Sister

by Elizabeth Vinals

My little sister sometimes messes up my puzzles. When I'm doing my homework she makes noises so I can't do it. When I'm watching tv she turns it off. When I'm playing dolls she starts singing. She doesn't let me do anything and she always gets me into trouble. But I love her.

Elizabeth Vinals is a third grader at the Garfield.

Myself

by Frances Ortiz

My name is Frances Ortiz. I like to draw pictures. My favorite animals are birds, and I like to draw them. I also like to eat rice and meat. I like to go to school and I like all the lessons my teachers give. One of my teachers gives a lot of special things.

When I was a little girl I came to Boston. I was born on October 24, 1979 in Puerto Rico. I came to Boston when I was one year old. I like to stay at my uncle's house in Boston. I like to stay there because my aunt and my uncle are good to me, just like my mother.

When I grow up, I'll maybe be a police officer or maybe something else because I still don't know what I'm going to be.

Frances Ortiz is a bilingual third grade student at the Ellis School.

My Sister

by Victoria Morgan

My sister's name is Adrien. She is one year old. Sometimes I bring her to the store across the street. She wants me to carry her. I have one brother. His name is Dwayne. He is ten. Sometime I get money from my aunt. She gives me fifty cents. I buy ice cream. And I get a quarter and a dime back. I take my sister to the park on the way. I put her on a swing on my lap. She cries and wants to get down. She scratches me sometimes. I am going to take her out today. If she sleeps I will go to the park by myself.

Victoria Morgan attends the Longfellow Elementary School.

Suwanna Pankam

by Suwanna Pankam, Taft Middle School, Grade 6

Suwanna Pankam was born on July 29, 1976 in Bangkok, Thailand. When she was a little girl, she stole her grandmother's candy at the store in the front of the house. Suwanna was sorry after this because she knew she did something wrong.

One day Suwanna saw a man come to her house. The man tried to take her grandmother's necklaces and rings. When she didn't give them to him he tried to kill her grandmother. Suwanna thinks she will remember this for the rest of her life.

When Suwanna was three years old her father left to go to America. When she was four years old she and her mother and sister left to go to America. Her father wanted his children to get a good education.

When Suwanna was in school she cried. She did not know anyone in the class. She was also scared of the teachers.

She is in the sixth grade right now and she isn't afraid of school anymore. She has been on the honor roll five times and she hopes to make the honor roll again next term. She is happy at the Taft Middle School.

Suwanna Pankam is a sixth grade student at the Taft Middle School.

My Family

by Lawanda Hodges

My family is healthy. I love my family. When I need help on my homework my sister and brother are always there. When I study my numbers, my sister calls them out to me and I say the answer. Sometimes I get them right or wrong. My family needs food. My family needs friendship to one another to spend time together. When it is cold my mother puts warm clothes on me. She takes care of me. My mother is loving.

Lawanda Hodges attends the Tobin School.

David, A Story About Me

by David Goyco, Harriet Baldwin School



Hi there!

My name is David Goyco. I am seven years old. I have brown eyes. My mom says that they look like chocolate chips.

I am tall and thin. When I grow up I want to be a Basketball Player. My favorite player is Larry Bird. I also like my teacher Ms. Sassaman because she makes me feel special.

David Goyco is a student at the Harriet Baldwin Elementary School.

Springtime

by Sha-Leah Rabouin

I know that spring is here when it gets a little warmer. I hope we get out of school on the first day of May. Sometimes I ask my mother if I can change my birthday. Why, just why does it have to be on November 8? I do like my birthday, but I wish my birthday was in May. I just wish it was in May. I love spring. The birds are singing in the morning. The flowers are budding. Springtime. What pleasant weather! Spring is beautiful! One, two, three... it's spring!

Sha-Leah Rabouin is a third grade student at the Ellis Mendell School.

Kia for Mayor

by Cheanisa Few

Hello, ladies and gentleman, boys and girls. My name is Cheanisa but they all call me Kia. Kia is not a nickname. My middle name is Kia.

I am running for mayor. I know you may think it is kind of silly, but that is what I want to do.

Now if you elect me your mayor I will put up more buildings for those who need them and I will finance as many shelters as needed to house the homeless. I will have all neighborhoods cleaned three times a week. There will be more playgrounds for the little ones and some for the older teens and adult who like to play ball.

When I am elected mayor there will be an immediate stop in the drug business on the streets of our neighborhoods. I will try to put more policepersons on the force and there will be no more of that hanging on the corners the way today's hoodlums loiter and cause trouble each and every day.

There will also be more time put into the school day. I hope to make the school day longer. I will try to change the schools' attendance laws so that students will go to school six days a week. Another thing I will do is to have more high schools built. The people of our great city would prefer to have a high school in every neighborhood so that the residents of the neighborhoods can take night courses close to their homes. I will establish many more churches. I will replace every existing tavern with a church. There will be more educational programs on television. I will give the city at least two more amusement parks and another zoo. I will open more animal shelters.

Please select me your new mayor. Once I am mayor if you ever have a problem don't hesitate to call and ask for me. I will be glad to help you.

Remember, vote for Kia.

Cheanisa Few is a student at the Mary Curley Middle School.

Letter to a Teacher

89 Fanueil Street
Brighton, MA 02135
March 30, 1988

Dear Mr. Killilea,

I was born in Viet Nam. I came to the United States of America when I was almost seven years old, and it was almost 1981. My country is very different from the United States of America. It doesn't have snow, but it does rain a lot in Spring. I liked the holidays in Viet Nam. They were fun because a lot of people played outside in the street. It was crowded, especially when there was a new year.

My religion is Buddhist. A lot of Vietnamese are Buddhist. Just a few people are Christian or Jewish. On special holidays we prayed in the place where the monks lived. Some other times we prayed at home.

Only rich parents have lots of money. They can let their kids go to school. People who are poor cannot go to school. They don't have enough money to pay for school.

Only the rich live in a city. Some houses are made of bricks. I lived in the country. I lived near a beach. The beach was beautiful. I didn't go to school because my

parents were poor. Sometimes I liked to go to the city to buy fruit, or pick coconut at my grandpa's house. I liked my country very much. It has good climate, but I don't like it when it gets dark at night. It looks so scary. Many people enjoyed Viet Nam because it was a peaceful land, and it was a happy country.

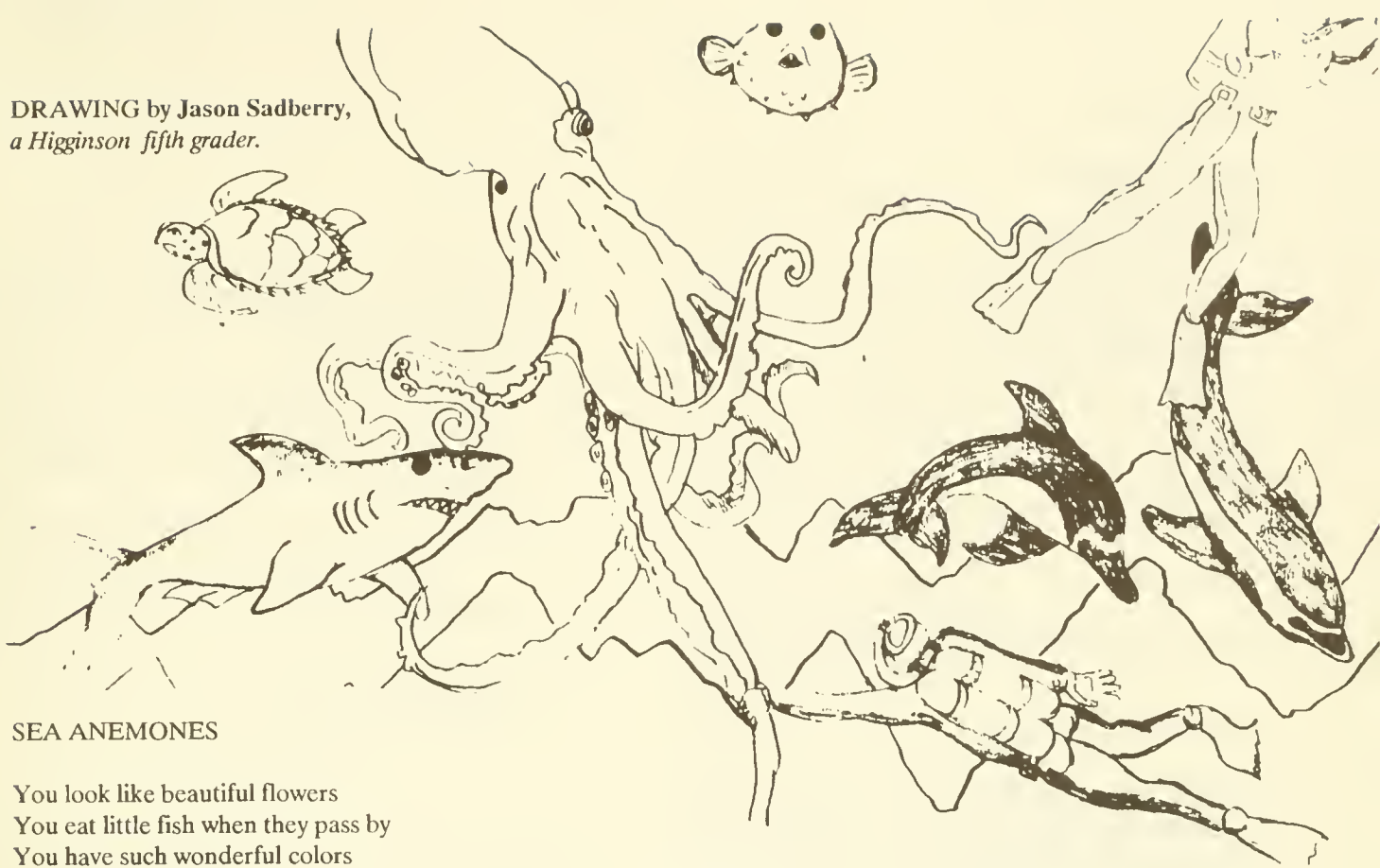
When the war started, bombs hit near my house. My grandparents took us down to the beach, because if the bomb hit the water it just splashed up. That night many Vietnamese went to another island. It was fun when many people joined together. Then the bombs came again. This time my family went to a far island. When peace came, we returned to our country.

Now I'm in 7th grade. I like you. You are very funny. You are kind, generous, and very smart. I heard your name when I was in 5th grade from my aunt Quyet. Some of my good friends are Yim, Hei Wah, Natasha, and even Sang. Anyway, Sang is not here any more but she still was a very nice friend of mine. I like your class. I thank you for what you did for me.

THU NGUYEN

Thu Nguyen is in the sixth grade at the Taft School.

DRAWING by Jason Sadberry,
a Higginson fifth grader.



SEA ANEMONES

You look like beautiful flowers
You eat little fish when they pass by
You have such wonderful colors
I want to know why.

Maria Fabian

Maria Fabian is in the third grade at the Kennedy School.

SPRING

Spring flowers are different
As you and I.
We all play together.
We're the same inside!

Natasha Ashley

Natasha Ashley is a fourth grader at the Parkman School.

A PINE CONE

Pine cone, pine cone, you are something
Hard and something pointy as a spaceship
You feel sharp
You feel heavy as a coconut
You look like a plant from the sea
Pine cone, you have nails sticking out
Pine cone, you're weird.

Jose Mendez

Jose Mendez is a fifth grader at the Kennedy School.

SEA STAR

You have five points and look like a star,
But you never travel too far,
If you lose one of your joints,
You can just grow another point.

Keicia Williams

Keicia Williams is a third grader at the Kennedy School.

HARRIET TUBMAN (A Name Poem)

Harriet Tubman was born a slave
And when she was old enough
She planned to follow the North Star.
Remembering her father,
Who taught her which berries she could eat,
Running through the thick woods at night,
And hiding in the day.
In people called Abolitionists' houses she made her
Escape through the Underground Railroad.
Though she gained her freedom
She returned to rescue others.

Trevis Catron

Trevis Catron is a student at the Lewis Middle School.

MY HEART

My heart is bigger
than the moon...
Anyone can fit in there
 I love all my family
and all my friends
 It is so good to have
real friends and
a family to count on when we are sad...

If you don't have
a family or a friend
I know you are not happy.

Flavia Vieira

Flavia Vieira is a third grader at the Gardner School.

CLOUDED MIRRORS

I've dwelled for so long
Waiting in the corners of life
Looking at the wrong things that could happen
Searching for the truth...

In my wanderings I only saw
The unfairness of the system
The conformity of the people
The heights of the podium and
The depths of my misunderstanding

I also saw the big smiles of the small children
And began wondering...
I found them in myself
Like two mirrors placed face-to-face
But time has faded the image
As dust on the glass

In this Alice in Wonderland
We wear no masks
And see through the hypocrisy that co-exists
Around the borders of the looking glass

We are alive...
We have survived...
We strive...
And inspired to drive
Our crazy world
Into sanity.

Felicidade Vieira

Felicidade Vieira is the mother of Flavia Vieira.

UNTITLED

Why does the moon hide?
Is it sad? Is it crying?
Why does the moon hide?
Is it lonely? Is it tired?
Why does the moon hide?
Is it happy? Is it bored?
Why does the moon hide?
I don't know why.
I guess it doesn't like me anymore.

Tanisha Nicole Little

*Tanisha Nicole Little is currently in the fifth grade
at the Higginson School.*

IF I WERE THE LAST LEAF ON THE TREE

If I were the last leaf on the tree
I would be lonely.
I would be cold
and miss my Mom and Dad.
I would be scared.

It will be snowing soon.
Everybody would look
but nobody picked me off the tree.

Roy Andrews

Roy Andrews is a Farragut second grader.

JOHN

There once was a boy named John,
Who loved to play with the baton,
It flew through the air,
As he looked in despair,
Poor John started to cry on the lawn

Suhjak Schein

Suhjak Schein is a Curley Middle School student.

SPRING HAIKU

Voices of springtime
Brooks flowing, rivers swelling,
Narcissus and love.

Spring, and you are young
Songsparrows and redwings back
A south wind, and love.

Ruth Connaughton

*Ruth Connaughton is the Special Education
Department Head at Brighton High School.*

WIDE-EYED WONDER GIRL

Wide-eyed wonder girl
with pigtail curls.
Go on, get to school, and
follow those golden rules.

Falling in hedges, in hand-me-down dresses.
My daddy own a home,
What your daddy own?

My daddy, your daddy,
drink soda pop?

A be bop a do bop
finger pop, let's play hop scotch.
Step on a crack and you'll
break your mammy's back.

Honey suckle trees and
bumble bees.
Can I have some ice cream please?

Deborah J. Rashaad

*Deborah Rashaad is a first grade teacher
at the Agassiz Elementary School.*

LEAFY ENCHANTMENT

The first time I studied a tree
Its dappled shadows beckoned me;
Its craggy bark roughened my palms;
My eyes traced pathways up its arms.

I never tried to climb that tree,
But watched its tenants curiously -
Nests of birds and tiny ants,
And playful squirrels that raced and danced.

A perfect tree is my delight,
No broken branch or unsightly blight.
A leafy crown or snowy branch
Retains the power to entrance.

Mary Pat Powers

*Mary Pat Powers teaches at the James A. Garfield
Elementary School.*

GRAY CITY BOY

Tiptoe out on a fence near,
City lights do glare.
Over the fence, escape, escape,
Be back in the morning.
Crawl and pounce on an ounce.
A tiny mouse do play,
Finish the game,
For here comes the sun,
Go to your city home,
A city, a gray cat,
Living in the city.

Michelle Abshire

Michelle Abshire is a senior at Brighton High School.

My Granddad

by Brook Smith

The person I admire most started in show business at the early age of nine with his two older brothers. Their careers started out on the street corners of Roanoke, Virginia. One day a gentleman from a radio station, WDBS, saw their act and offered the three of them a job on the station broadcasting two nights a week. They were so popular that listeners would call in and make requests for songs they would like to hear. Their popularity grew as they began broadcasting five nights a week.

One evening a listener called in and suggested that they go on a program called "Major Bowe's Amateur Hour." Major Bowe was a renowned broadcaster and producer in New York. They were so determined to get to New York that they played the streets until they could scrape up the money for the trip. Their older brother met them at the airport and accompanied them to Major Bowe's Amateur Hour where they won first prize, \$400.00. Most of what they earned from that point was always mailed back home to their parents to help in raising nine brothers and sisters. The brothers became so famous that Major Bowe dubbed them, "The Three Virginia Hams."

From there, their careers skyrocketed. They appeared in newspaper articles throughout the country. They associated with people such as Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. They played in Philadelphia, Boston, Los Angeles and all across the country. As all good things must come to an end, so did their career with Major Bowe in 1935. The

three brothers went on to the Apollo Theater in New York City for an audition and won first prize. They then went on to a famous club in Harlem called The Cotton Club. In those days, being black was not fashionable. But because of their talents and magnetic personalities they were able to overcome many restrictions on people of color. Despite segregation, the public loved their music and they in return loved them and their country and later served their country.

Yes, Uncle Sam had separated the three brothers to serve the country. Upon returning, the brothers parted and went their separate ways returning to their respective families. The younger brothers continued entertaining in small clubs. Williams love for the theatrical life never ended, it just took a back seat. Home and family became his priority. He no longer performed.

This man who has made so many lives much brighter because of his sparkling personality has stood by my mother's side since the day I was born. He has given her the love and support that only a father can. When I need him, he is always there, for every scrape on the knee and pat on the back. When I received an award on law day and my father could not be there, I thought it would be just me and my mother, but then I looked up and there was the person I admire most. He is my father's father. He has been in every sense of the word a grandfather, my Granddad.

Brook Smith attends Brighton High School.

"I Am A Comic Heroine"

By Mimi Thai

If I could be a comic character, I would like to be called Lynx. A lynx is a wild cat. I would like to have this name because my Chinese zodiac sign is a cat which some people would like to be instead of a hare. When I transform to a Lynx, I can run extremely fast as a jaguar, and I can fly also.

I have special powers. I say a magic word and I will disappear if I am in danger. I'm very good in gymnastics, judo, and ancient Chinese kungfu which gives me a great help in fighting. I also fight well with a whip, sword, knife, and bow and arrow.

I wear a light blue and white uniform. It goes from my neck to my ankles and it's very tight, just like another skin. A long, bright blue velvet cape hangs over my shoulders to my calves. A fancy light blue and white mask covers my big bright black eyes. I wear sky blue leather shin high boots.

Nobody would know who I am or where I came from. No one knows my real name or has seen my face before. Wherever or whenever there is trouble, Lynx will be there. I forgot one of the important things I didn't tell yet. It is that I'm on the good side.

Mimi Thai is an Edison Middle School student.

The Importance of Education to Minorities

By Lucretia Clarke

Being a minority person, I am fully aware that a good education is important to all minorities who plan to compete successfully for jobs in the 1990's.

I can see a trend developing within this country and in other parts of the world. That trend shows that industry is becoming dominated by high-tech jobs. These jobs are seen in many fields from the simple use of the computer to medicine.

In order to be able to maintain positions in these high-tech industries, we as minorities must become educated. The skilled positions that are available require not only a Bachelor's degree, but in many cases an Advanced degree.

Statistics show that 28.7% of the white majority receives a post-secondary education, whereas only 19.6% of minorities receive that same level of education. Where does this leave us? What jobs will we be able to hold without an education? I believe that we will be left behind with the unemployment rate among minorities rising because menial jobs for unskilled workers will be replaced with computers or robots. In the clerical field, there are jobs which require specific skills; these jobs will be eliminated or replaced by new ones related to the design, production and maintenance of robots. We must be aware of these and other technological advances before changes occur if we are to be prepared

to meet new challenges.

If we have no education, we will not be able to compete successfully in the job world because we will have absolutely nothing to compete with. What will we be able to show to say, "I am qualified for this job as an engineer or doctor?" Nothing! Therefore, what should we do? William Bennett, Secretary of Education, has stated his belief for a good "classic curriculum." We, as minorities, should think seriously about this if we are to compete on a college or university level.

We, as minorities, must think highly of ourselves. We must resolve that we will make a future for ourselves and the next generation. We must not be afraid to earn real status in this society, and we certainly cannot do that without getting an education.

In this day and age, as we enter the twenty-first century, the uneducated will be left behind. They will not participate in the decision-making process.

My message to all minorities is to be proud of who you are, and even prouder of who you could be. You must devote the next years of your life to attaining a good education: an education which will live with you forever and cause you as an individual, and you as a group, to elevate.

Lucretia Clarke is a senior at Brighton High School.

Nuclear Power Plants: Worth the Risk?

by Sandra Mostajo

Nuclear Power Plants are an alternative source of energy, but are they really worth all the risks?

There are many unresolved problems with the building of nuclear power plants, such as: where will the nuclear waste be disposed of, how will it affect the environment, and do they have a safe evacuation plan in case of an emergency?

If a nuclear accident occurred, it is almost impossible to estimate how much damage it could cause. Not only would it have disastrous consequences at the time of its occurrence, but there would also be many long-term effects we would not know about for years.

Radiation is one major risk that comes along with the building of nuclear power plants. It can have severe environmental effects on civilization. Wildlife and vegetation

could die. It could also cause skin cancer and other fatal diseases.

A nuclear spill is another risk that nuclear power plants bring. If one were to occur, our drinking water could become contaminated. That would mean that marine life would be destroyed and we would have nothing safe to drink without becoming infected with unwanted ailments.

The bottom line is that the risks of nuclear power are far too great to be taking. Whole cities and towns could be destroyed. If nuclear war were ever to happen, it could mean the end of civilization as we know it. Why not try to uncover more information about other forms of alternative energy such as hydro-electric power or solar energy instead of nuclear power which can cause so much damage and not so much good.

Sandra Mostajo attends Brighton High School.

If I Could Talk to the Next President of the United States...

by Carlos Soroa

I would talk about the problem of drugs. Drugs are starting to rule the world. In my own neighborhood, people sell drugs right in front of everybody, even children and old people. It's a disgrace.

I am afraid for my little brother to be outside after eight o'clock. The cops are doing their job but there just aren't enough of them to combat this problem. Drugs are everywhere and used by many. Some of the famous people who took drugs are Len Bias, Jim Belushi and Elvis Presley. These were all famous people. Look where they are now. Others looked up to them. They set a poor example and still people have not learned the lessons of their deaths.

People on drugs sometimes end up homeless or in jail. Others can contract or transmit the tragic disease of AIDS and die from it. People on drugs are people who aren't educated on moral issues. All they have is the dirty money from cheap deals, money that is made off victims.

There are many solutions for the drug problem. You can have the Navy search every boat that comes in. Send more police officers into the streets to protect the citizens from drug dealers. Educate everyone about drugs. The government could open more treatment centers.

Thank God I have parents who care about me and for me. I don't take drugs. I have a good education and I know right from wrong. I will be someone important when I grow up.

Carlos Soroa attends Brighton High School.

By Kristen Casey

If I could talk to the next president of the United States, I would discuss Nuclear War and the presence of bombs. I don't think that we should have nuclear arms in this world. Doesn't everyone see how much trouble they have already caused us and how much anguish they bring us just being around?

With all the troubles and problems we have in the United States, I think that nuclear arms are at the top of the list. By eliminating the bombs, we can stop some of our other problems. Just think! If there were no bombs it would cut down on the possibility of war.

The Defense Department would not need all the money it is getting now, so more money could be spent trying to solve other problems: homelessness, drug abuse, cleaning up the environment, and education.

I can't think of any good that having nuclear bombs has brought us. I am sure that all the bad results will definitely outweigh the good they do. If we do use them, there won't be many of us left in this world. Consider all the generations to come, and think of all the consequences, and stop spending on nuclear arms.

Kristen Casey is a freshman at Brighton High School.

What An Education Means To Me

By Linda Chayrattavong

To me, education means that I have to go to school and work hard. I guess my future depends on it, too. Without any education you might not get a high salary that you deserve. People might not give you the respect that you deserve if you do not have a good education. This does not mean that the people without an education cannot have a good job. But education is always needed to depend on.

Some of you might think that education is not important now. To me it is very serious. There is so much to learn and so much to experience in the future. The only way that you will succeed in new things is through education. Without education there is a doubtful chance of a good future.

Reaching for an education is not that hard if you try.

Just set your mind to it, and you will do just fine. You will be sorry later if you do not take it seriously. Almost everything depends on education.

Since we students are now still young, our minds are always ready to accept the new concepts ahead of us. That is why we have a better chance to get a good education than those who are now sorry. For them it is too late to pick up where they had left off. So for the ones who still have a chance, I urge you to hold on to your education. It makes no difference who you are, it is what you are yourself. Do you have confidence in your future years or not? Just remember not to let new lessons scare you. Be sure that fun outside of school does not disturb your school work.

I hope my speech is giving you some ideas leading you to a good future.

Linda Chayrattavong attends Edison Middle School.

Hopes, Dreams and Wishes

by Fiona Boadiah

I have always wished to do well at school in every work and get an award. Sometimes I close my eyes and wish for all the good things that I want, and sometimes I dream that the principal is giving me an award with everybody clapping.

I remember when I was in the fourth grade a girl told me that I could not get an award because I was a new student. I didn't mind her. I knew I had very little time to prove myself. I worked hard and wished that only what was good would happen to me. I knew if I didn't get an award that year, I would get an award the following year. My hopes were high though, as I tried.

The day for the award, everybody was quietly seated at the hall. Names were called and people went for their awards. When my name was called, I couldn't believe my ears. It was a wonderful time for me. My dreams had come true. I still keep hoping for the best and pray that the years ahead will be better still.

Fiona Boadiah is a fifth grade student at the Tobin School.

Sneakers

by Danielle Harrell

If my sneakers could talk they'd sure have a lot to say. First they would beg you to take them away to a nice retirement home for loyal sneakers. Then they would describe the way they have been treated lately.

My favorite sneakers would say, "When she first got us we were new and clean. She used to wash us everyday, but now, as you can see, we look old and worn out. We must admit we are old, but she only got us last year. It is difficult to admit you've grown old and grey. It is hard to admit that you are no longer wanted. Perhaps we should just gracefully retire. We'll see. We'll think about it, but please, let us have just one more happy day doing the only job we know and enjoy. Please! Just one more day."

Danielle Harrell is a Curley Middle School student.

Autobiography

by Hei Wah Do

I came from China. In China, school was different from America. In China, we had to pay for school. We had to do exercises every morning at school. We had recess after every period. At lunch time we had an hour and a half to go home to eat. The teachers ate lunch at school, but they had to pay for it.

In China the houses are different. Houses have no heat. In winter most people make a fire to keep warm. Kitchens have no electric or gas stoves. People have to use dry wood, leaves, and the stems from the rice to cook things.

Most people in China are farmers. They have to grow their own food and fruit. Many people take their food and fruit to sell at the market. They don't make lots of money.

I came to America when I was eight. The first few weeks I didn't like America. I missed my friends. Because time in China is different than America I felt mixed up. The days felt like nights and nights felt like days. After a month I went to school. I met lots of new friends. Yim Chi is my best friend. I have known her for five years. I like America now.

Hei Wah Do is a seventh grader at the Taft.

Rogers Park

by Aida Jiminez

As I passed by Rogers Park, I noticed a few ducks in the pond. They were all together like a big family. They looked so peaceful. Their silky feathers seemed so preciously smooth with soft shades of brown as they dipped their beaks into the dark, hazy water. When a boat went by, the ducks flowed closer and closer to the edge of the pond where I was sitting. Then I noticed quickly that ducks were floating away from where I was sitting.

After the ducks left, I observed a big beautiful white swan. It's features looked like a male swan. Every so often he would ruffle his feathers, then let them down slowly looking acutely from side to side to be sure he was in no danger. He seemed to like doing this. I focused my camera and took a picture of him in the water looking so elegant.

Aida Jiminez is a sophomore at Brighton High.

Escape

by Them Nguyen

It's strange the effect that weather can have on a situation. The most fearful days of my life were the days when I escaped from my native country, Vietnam, but the weather aggravated a bad situation. I left Vietnam on May 15, 1981. It was a hot day and it seemed like a good day to be setting out to sea. In those days, in order to escape to Thailand, people floated from the southern coast of Vietnam to Thailand. However, the weather changed very soon.

On the second day at sea a great storm came over the ocean. Our boat, which seemed stronger when we first started, could not stand up to the anger of the ocean. It seemed like a matchstick now instead of a ship. The first rains broke our engine and the second rain which came at midnight, flooded our boat and caused it to capsize.

For six hours, while the storm raged on, the seven other people from the ship and I clung to the edge of the overturned boat. The water from the waves and the rain blasted over our heads, and we watched our food, oil and water supply wash away. It was agony, but we could not scream out or cry because we were afraid to swallow salt water and drown.

At sunrise, the seas calmed. We were able to upright our boat and continue our journey. Without a motor, we had to row the boat. The sun got hotter and hotter and eventually burned our skin. All of us on board were close to sunstroke. After one and a half days of this torture, we were found by some Thai fishermen. They took us aboard their ship and after six days set us near the shore of Thailand. When we finally floated to shore, I was glad to be on dry land again, and for a while away from the hardship of difficult weather.

Them Nguyen is a sophomore student at Brighton High.

Rain

by Meg Kelleher

The rain hits the roof like a stampede of horses running across the prairie. How cozy to be in a warm house while the storm passes from town to town cooling the summer heat. The ground is so wet and damp. The sound of the whistling wind blows the trees from side to side. The dark cloud seems to me like the end of the universe.

Meg Kelleher is a sophomore at Brighton High.

The Hole in My Pocket

by Raphael Adorno

It seems I always hid the things I loved and desired most. It was as if I hid them in my pocket.

But then one day everything was gone. My mom, my dad, my house, my cats, and my heart. Everything I loved or owned was gone forever when my mom died. For she was the one I loved the most. Yet she was the one to go first.

After that everything went slowly through the hole and was gone also. I had one thing and one thing only, my friends. The friends who helped me through the disaster. They are the seam to the hole in my pocket.

(Carmen Iris Adorno died on July 28, 1986. She was the best mom there could be. She will live on for the rest of my very own life).

Raphael Adorno attends the Lewis Middle School.

Love

by Ernesto Adar

Love is an international language. It is like classical music being composed. You can feel the vibrations of the instrument being played nonstop.

In an open meadow where you and your loved one look at each other, and no words are being said, the emotions flow between the two of you like red lazer lights. There is no future and no past -- only this moment.

Ernesto Adar is a Brighton High senior.

THE LIFE OF HALF AND HALF

I live the life of two individuals.
One is new and the other is old.
At times the real me appears to show
But in fear I hide it so no one will know.
I'm not too sure how others might feel
Asking so many questions in disbelief,
Muttering could this be real?
The time will come when I will remove this mask,
The day when I overcome
The life of half and half.

David Brewington

David Brewington is a Jamaica Plain High sophomore.

THE TEACHER

The years they come, the years they go.
I watch my classes learn and grow.
They try my patience; they make me proud
Each year I think they're the best of the crowd.

I use all methods, old and new.
I try the latest - go back to tried and true.
It's teacher and pupils in close harmony
Reading and discussing - that's what
works for me.
It's talking and writing and reading aloud,
Drilling on math facts - keeping peace in the crowd.
Telling them they're terrific
So in all they'll surpass.

It's being a teacher, a mother, a nurse
Going home with a check
That does not wear down my purse.
When I'm tired I say, "It's really enough!
I've had all I can stand of this job
that's so tough!"
But when they are good and I'm proud of their scores,
I say to myself, "Just another year more!"

Evelyn L. Clayman

*Evelyn L. Clayman teaches fifth grade
at the Margaret Fuller School.*

SAY NO TO DRUGS

Dark long alleys
Blood flowing in air
People selling something
that is killing our people
year by year.

People selling their bodies
for something that doesn't last long
but little do they know
they could have their very own tombstone.

For the love of drugs
kids are stealing,
not just kids, elders too.
Stealing from their brothers, sisters, cousins,
friends, even their mothers too.

To the non-survivors
who were cooking up crack every day,
when in the first place all they had to do was say
no to drugs
and they could be living
to this very day.

Athina Booker

Athina Booker is Jamaica Plain High freshman.

DO I KNOW WHO I'M TALKING TO?

Who is this stranger
with the familiar face?
Familiar, but why is her voice
anxious, almost desperate?
Something is driving her that I cannot see.
There is no way to touch her,
Not now.

Will I ever see her again?
What drives her when she is away from me?
Away from me?
She is away from me now
and driving me further, further.
There is no way to touch her,
Not now.

Tim Groves

*Tim Groves is Director of Writing
at Jamaica Plain High School.*

Vinnie Ream: Sculptor of Lincoln

By Marsha Springett

In the morning of 1862, the Ream family arrived in Washington D.C. from Missouri. Vinnie Ream, a fourteen year old, was looking at a man. He was very tall and wore a stovepipe hat and black shawl. He was walking along the cobblestone street. The man was President Abraham Lincoln. Vinnie thought that President Lincoln would be a wonderful sculpture. She thought that someday she would do a head of him. Vinnie's parents did not laugh at her. Their daughter was already a talented artist. Vinnie had hoped to go to art school in Washington during the Civil War. She looked for work instead. She got a job as a post office clerk. She spent her spare time exploring the city, sketch pad in hand. One day she was in the Capitol Rotunda studying the statues shown there.

Then someone said, "Vinnie Ream, isn't it?"

"Representative Rollins! How nice to see you! See, I'm still working at being an artist."

"Vinnie, how would you like to meet the Sculptor?"

"Could I?"

"Clark Mills works near here. Let's go see him now."

Mills was preparing clay when his visitors arrived.

"My young friend here wants to be a sculptor like you."

He picked up a lump of clay. "Catch!"

Vinnie turned the clay gently in her hands.

"Do a portrait of me," said Clark Mills.

She sat down and set to work. In a short time, she had modeled a head.

"Not bad," he said. "Now try a subject you know better."

Vinnie took another lump of clay and began to model it. Several hours passed. Vinnie's fingers grew tired, but still she kept on.

"That certainly is a fine head," Mills said. Then Mills handed her a towel. "Next time you come, bring a smock."

Vinnie did return - just as often as she could.

On November 8, 1864, Lincoln was elected to a second term as president. Then again Vinnie sought Representative Rollins. "Do you think Mr. Lincoln would let me sculpt him while he's working at his desk? I'd be so quiet he wouldn't know I was there!"

"If I get a chance, I'll ask him. But don't get your hopes too high!" When Rollins told Lincoln more about Vinnie, Lincoln became interested. The tale of Vinnie's first visit to Clark Mills made Lincoln grin.

Vinnie spent a half-hour with Abraham Lincoln twice each week for five months. Vinnie studied President Lincoln's many moods. Vinnie's visit with the President ended suddenly. She worked in the White House as usual Friday, April 14, 1865. But she never saw Lincoln alive again. That same night he was shot, and he died the next morning.

Soon after Lincoln's death, people began to ask for a life size statue of him. Soon after, Vinnie Ream made the finest statue of Abraham Lincoln. It is now in the Rotunda of the Capitol Building, Washington D.C.

Marsha Springett is a fifth grade student at the Joseph P. Manning School.



SELF-PORTRAIT

By Quinn Kelly

Quinn Kelly attends third grade at the Thomas Gardner School. She is nine years old.

Tom Robinson Through the Eyes of the Reporter

by George Clark

As a reporter for the New York Times newspaper, it's my job to get the inside scoop on things. I've heard of Maycomb County before and I knew just one day a story like this was going to break out sooner or later because of the type of people they are there. They call me "Scoop Jones" because I always get the inside scoop, the big ones. The plane was beginning to land. As soon as I stepped off the company's private plane I twisted my head in all directions. You can see all the trees and dirt roads all around you. I had my tall hat, pencil, paper, the works and was ready to go. They had already had a specially prepared stage coach ready for me, to escort me to the trial and off I went. On my way to the courthouse I viewed the open land scenery, black people working in the fields while white owners watched. I thought it was a disgrace to the human race. I looked up ahead and saw a crowd of people trying to get in the courthouse. I prepared my utensils and was ready to hear the courtroom talk.

As I looked around the courtroom, it seemed black and white. I mean blacks on one side and whites on the other. I'm going to make sure that this trial hits the headlines up north. I mean really, this poor man is going to trial or shall

I say jail, for nothing actually. I believe he's innocent from the part of speech that Atticus gave, which I heard, even though I was a little late getting here into the courtroom. I still have a headache from forcing my way in here because of the crowd. Soon the jury will be back with the verdict. Tom should be all set. I think he just felt sorry for Mayella, and comforted her and she started to kiss all over him and Mr. Ewell just couldn't take the fact that she was attracted to a black man so he forced her to help him make up this whole story.

The jury came back with the verdict. I was shocked at what I heard. Tom Robinson is guilty. I can't believe it with all the evidence Atticus has presented. Everyone up north heard about this case and believe he's innocent. Mr. Ewell looks more guilty than anyone in this county. He should be the one going to prison. It's going to be a long time before a black man can get far in this county. I think this whole case is pathetic and I wish I wasn't the one that had to write, "Tom Robinson Was Found Guilty," but I have to or they wouldn't call me "Scoop Jones."

George Clark is a senior at Jamaica Plain High School.

Discussion with Warren Chase

On December 3, 1987, Warren Chase visited Tim Grove's freshman writing class at Jamaica Plain High School. Warren graduated last year from J. P. High. He was an outstanding student leader while at the school. He volunteers regularly to help with one particular class and visits other classes when teachers request him. Now as a graduate, he wants to give something back to the school. One of the students, Deighmion Monroe, videotaped this class discussion. The following is an excerpt from the transcript.

The article the class is discussing is called "Bright, Black and Beset." It appeared in November 1987 in the Boston Globe. The article describes an interview with three black honor roll students at Charlestown High School. They discussed their feelings that many fellow students look down on them because they try hard and are successful in school.

Mr. Groves quoted eight statements from this article for the class to discuss. Some of these are the statements to which the speakers refer.

MR. GROVES: "They have discovered that studying hard is a cause for shame, at least among their peers." What does this statement mean?

STEPHANIE CLARK: It means that they think their friends won't want to be around them because they're study-

ing and their friends are doing something else, like not doing their school work. They're hanging out; things like that.

WARREN CHASE: With statement number one, you do not have real friends if they're going to interrupt you and stop you from what you're trying to do. But the main two things you must remember are if you want to do something in life you can do it and you must believe in yourself. And the second thing is that you have to get the respect from your fellow classmates. They have to see that you want to do something so that they can give you the respect to do it. When they respect you in the classroom, they will not interrupt you and keep you from doing the things that you want to do. So there shouldn't be any shame in getting A's and B's. It should be an honor for you.

Yesterday Mr. Groves and I were talking about when I was a student here at J.P. High and I saw fights breaking out, I used to come and break them up. The other students use to say, "Here comes the goody-goody, breaking up the fight." But after a while I got the respect from them. No matter what they said, every time I saw a fight that needed to be stopped, I was there. People began to respect me when I was around because I would break up a fight. It was either that or they would stop running around because they knew I would say something about it.

LIFE

Many things have happened
in my fifteen years of life.
I am a girl who has gone through many
complicated situations.
I thank God I have never used drugs or alcohol.
I have never been in a situation of being pregnant.
It is easy to find yourself in one of these positions
but
you have to learn how to cope with life.
Don't just give up.

I have many problems
because I grew up without a mother.
It was hard having only a father.
I missed my mother.
It would have been easy to give in to peer pressure.
Teenagers don't have much support from home
these days.
It is very rare that you find it.

I know many young girls, 13 and 14 years old,
walking around with babies in their hands.
You know why?
It is because they needed help.
They did not know where to find it.

I have many problems at home.
There are days when I am depressed or very angry
but I always stop and think
before I go and do something crazy.
That's what a lot of girls need to do.
Stop and think before you have sex.
Stop and think before you get high.
PLEASE
just stop and think.

Bianca Claudio

*Bianca Claudio is a student at the Mary Curley
Middle School*

LOVE IS LIKE A FEATHER

Love is like a feather,
So tender and soft.
Then again love is like glass,
So fragile and clear.

Melanie Torres

Melanie Torres is a Brighton High freshman.

NOBODY'S CHILD

Sometimes I feel like I'm
Nobody's child

So close to being somebody's
But just a little bit removed

Sometimes I feel like I'm
nobody's child

No place to really
Call home

Carol Cornwell

UNTITLED

If a woman does not keep pace
with her companions
Perhaps she has followed too long
the beat of
alien drums
And must now find
Her own rhythm

Carol Cornwell

*Carol Cornwell is an Early Childhood Teacher
at the Winship Elementary School.*



District A - Community of Writers

THOMAS W. KILLILEA

We're a "Community of Writers" you say?
We're that and more in District A.

We're the teenage kids, always a riddle,
At Curley, Edison, Lewis and Taft Middle:

We're students with ambition up to the sky,
At the new JP and Brighton High.

We're at the Tobin for Performing Arts,
Manning and Mendell kids will steal your hearts.

They have the 13th president for their name,
But Garfield kids like the cat just the same.

Seeing John F. Kennedy was always a thrill,
And Maurice Tobin lived right on Mission Hill.

If Alexander Hamilton's name seems a little funny,
Don't laugh, - He managed our young country's money.

We have schools named after women and men,
Ask Margaret Fuller or Henry Higginson.

Admiral Farragut, a sailor, a brave navy fighter,
Longfellow, the poet, a great American writer.

Some other districts are very jealous,
Because we have 2 schools with an Ellis;

The David Ellis you know so well,
We also have the Ellis Mendell.

Francis Parkman is in The Hall of Fame,
A bandstand on the Common bears his name.

Parkman wrote the famous "Oregon Trail,"
Work hard like him and you'll never fail.

Thomas Gardner served his country bravely and well,
Now students work there to read, write and spell.

Now we end this tour of friendship,
It's the only word for Thomas Winship.

We are the rainbow, kids who are brighter,
Each a part of the community, each a writer.

Our custodians too work day and night,
They also read books, and also write.

Cafeteria workers help make our lunch,
They write too, they're a talented bunch.

Secretaries keep records, and call our homes,
And when they have time, they write us poems.

Bilingual teachers are friendly, not clannish,
They do some writing in English and Spanish.

Paraprofessionals have talents that would daze you,
And the stories they write, would simply amaze you.

So Ms. Diana Lam, Superintendent, District A,
And her community of writers, we salute you today.

Thomas W. Killilea, a teacher at the Taft Middle School, has twenty-three years of teaching service.