



# think

## ASMS Creative Writing Club

Themes in this issue include Spring & Summer, Sports & Activities, Family, and Misc.

Our mission is to celebrate the art of writing. Our goal is to write, edit, and publish work from the Annie Sullivan student body.

### Spring & Summer



#### Poetry

##### Of All the Seasons

By Kelly Fitzgerald, Grade 6

Of all the reading seasons,  
The summer I detest.  
The swell of air and cool water  
Doesn't let me read my best.

Of all the working seasons,  
The spring I do so loathe,  
When I'd rather let the redolent green grass  
Peregrinate to my nose.

Of all the playing seasons,  
The winter puts me at will's end  
When all the grass and flowers  
Have long ago wizened.

Of all the walking seasons,  
The autumn is so tedious,  
When a skipping romp would be  
Just as salubrious.

##### Beach Sunset

By Kate Vickery, Grade 6

The fiery evening sun stretches across the  
sky,  
A small hermit crab begins to scurry.  
Sand wiggles between my toes.  
I lie down to relax, not in any hurry.

Tiny delicate shells surround me,  
Some seals come up for air.  
The sky changes from blue to pink, and  
pink to purple,  
And strong waves cause the old seaweed to  
tear.

Seagulls fly away for the night,  
And I should start to leave too.  
I know that I will return,  
I hope it will be very, very soon.



## *Sports & Activities*

### Poetry

#### Football

By: Eddie Scannapieco & Quinn Sullivan,  
Grade 6

You hit

You catch

You kick

You run

It's pretty fun

When I hit, I hit hard

For that's the game for people who  
can't be tamed

There could be a fumble

There could be a score

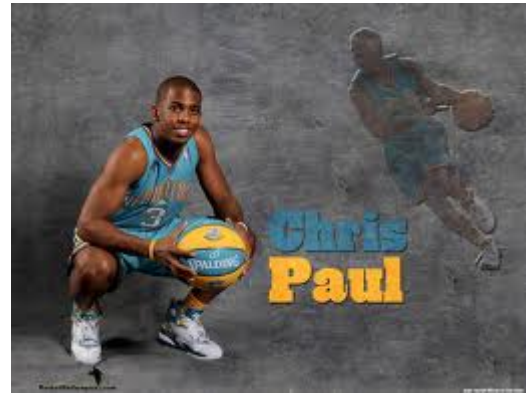
But the chance is even if the weather  
is poor

It just matters which team shows up

With talent, with intelligence

And with pride, you will win

The lovely game of football



#### Chris Paul

By Michael Queenan, Grade 6

Chris Paul, Chris Paul

He can handle the ball

He just did a crossover to get past

John Wall

He can take it to the hoop

Throw you an alley-oop

Drop you on a dime

His shot is so wet

His floater is nothing but net

He wears number three

He can also play D

Chris Paul, Chris Paul

He can handle the ball

Narrative

## The Curse of the Bambino

By: Camden Lupien, Grade 6

Based on the Movie: *Sandlot* ©  
Not Impossible

It has never been done, one man getting 12 in-the-park home runs in 6 games. That is not the case for Benni "the Rocket" Langone. He is the fastest baseball player who ever made the Major Leagues. He is a 20 year old player with a sandlot reputation. This is what I mean.

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"PLAY BALL!"

"Come on, Benni!"

"Yeah, Benni, knock it out of the park!"

"The bases are loaded, 2 men out, bottom of the ninth inning, full count, down by three; Benni comes up at the plate. The windup and the swing... oh my gosh, that is going to leave the park, folks, and... GRAND SLAM!! Benni hits a grand slam to beat the Schoolers by 1." This is when it started. I was in the stands and I thought that he could be the one that would be my first friend (since I moved from Idaho). As he left, I followed him to the sandlot.

"Hey, Benni!" I screamed.

"Hey, do you want to play ball with us?" he asked.

"Sure," I said. "My name is Neil. My nickname is Crusher."

"Cool, I'm Benni," he said. We walked in silence after that. It took a long time before we reached the Sandlot, but when we were there the view struck me in the heart. The diamond was perfectly raked and the grass was bright green. The trees were a perfect view and the dugouts were tall and shady.

"This is Ham," Benni said.

"What... oh, Ham," I said stupidly. Not realizing that it was one of the kids' names.

"This is Speedy, Rick, Shorty, Wes, Newman, and Gabe," Benni said.

"Now... get in left."

"Sure," I said as I started to run out into the field. Once I was in position I pounded my glove as we were facing the Glovers. I was ready then CRACK! The ball was hit sharply on a line and was coming right for me. I was about to dodge it when...

SMACK!! It hit me in the head... but I was able to catch it. I ran into the dugout because that was the third out.

"Nice catch Crusher," said Benni.

"Thanks," I replied.

"Now get up and crush one," he said as I walked toward the batters box. I stepped in and got ready for the pitch. He wound up and threw it. Once it left his hand, I knew this one would be gone. I reared up and swung. CRACK! The ball was hit high into the air and was long gone. It was a walk-off homer. I trotted around the bases with a smile. What I didn't realize was how much trouble I got the team (and me) into.

## Family

### Poetry

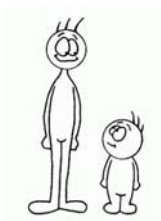
### Two brothers and a sister and me

By: Abigail Weiberg, Grade 8

I am from movie tickets and MTV  
From buggy baseball fields and the smell  
of cream cheese  
From my sister's friends and  
eavesdropping  
From bacon, OJ, and macaroni 'n' cheese;  
Two sisters and a brother far older than me

I am from videotapes and photographs  
documentation by a budding artist  
From baby wrestling and Lego blocks  
wiffle ball with the javelin thrower  
From made-up songs and make-believe  
dolls and dress-up and girly  
things  
From the imaginary friend who was my  
very own age;  
Two sisters and a brother who doted on me

I am from strumming guitars and  
staring through telescopes  
From math equations and science  
problems eager to be taught  
From lessons on humor and Spanish,  
amongst other things  
From fiendishly reading and counting as  
high as I could;  
Two sisters and a brother who educated me



I am from sticky hands and sunny skies  
From barbecues and butterflies  
From the proud fence, the snowball fight  
defense  
From beaches and peaches and the lack of  
common sense;  
Two sisters and a brother who loved  
playing with me  
Who fought with each other, though I  
couldn't understand  
who argued constantly, though never with  
me  
Who loomed so much taller and marked  
their heights  
while I stood three feet tall and cowered at  
their enormity  
Who talked about the days before I was  
born  
when I was dead, they explained so  
simply  
Who molded and shaped where I am from;  
Two sisters and a brother and me



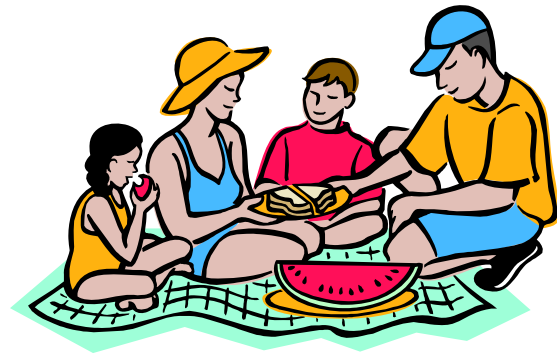
Christmas Time  
By: Anna Kelley, Grade 6

As I walk inside from the bitter cold,  
I smell the gingerbread, so bold  
I can hear my family, really loud  
When I walk in the room, I hear a  
giant crowd

Laughing, yelling, and bonding  
I know that family is not a crime  
Soon dinner is served at the table  
and the seats are labeled

Finally finished with the feast  
Kids are running like wild beasts  
Everyone is ready for the presents  
When kid's faces are very pleasant

Christmas is a great thing  
Especially when you have family  
Surrounding you with care, love,  
and joy



Family Parties  
By: Catherine Leclair, Grade 6

As I enter, all I hear is chitchat,  
laughter, and shrieks  
As I enter, all I feel is loving hugs  
and warmth  
As I enter, all I smell is scrumptious  
old family recipes  
As I enter, all I taste is my aunt's  
famous cookies  
As I enter, all I see is pure happiness  
and love

My Family  
By: Anna Kelley, Grade 6

Fun bonding time  
Amazing cooking  
Magnificent vacations  
Intelligent Parents  
Luxurious houses  
Yelling is a no





Poetry

Goodbye

By: Giovanna Sabini-Leite, Grade 6



Goodbye,  
Goodbye,  
Goodbye!

You cry when you  
say that word!  
There are also  
many ways to say "goodbye"

Au revoir  
Tchau  
Addio  
Adios

Farvel  
La revedere  
Adieu  
Sudie  
Most Important...  
Goodbye  
Goodbye!



Hello

By: Giovanna Sabini-Leite, Grade 6

Hello!  
There are many  
ways to say "hello".  
Here are a few:



Bonjour  
Olà  
Ciao  
Hola

Dia duit  
Halo  
Bok  
Alo

But most important  
...  
HELLO!

2 Haikus of No Specific Interest  
or Importance

By: Kelly Fitzgerald, Grade 6

Like shining lights,  
The city lamps begin to glow,  
A cityscape looms.

Tree frogs in hiding,  
Global warming gets on earth,  
Eco-friendly me!

## Sounds All Around

By Arianna Owens, Grade 6

I hear the sounds...  
Of owls  
Their, "Hoot Hoots"  
Going off into space calling to see if  
anyone's there  
I hear the sound of...  
The ocean  
Crash, Roar, Crash, Roar  
While the waves are breaking off into the  
shore  
I hear the sounds of...  
A colony of bees  
Buzz, Buzz  
Flying around to get their food

I hear the sounds of...  
A clock at work  
Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock  
Keeping everything on time  
I hear the sounds of...  
Pencils at work  
Scratch, Scratch  
Tracking every good idea that comes to  
mind  
I hear the sound of...  
A buzzing computer  
That was bugging me, but now helps me  
keep to the beat  
I hear the sound of...  
A car  
Honk, Honk  
Telling me that people aren't very patient

I hear the sound of...  
A firework  
Pshhh, Pshhh, POP!  
Going off into space, while everyone  
watches in awe

I hear the sound of...  
My best friend  
Shhh, Shhh  
As she confides in me her secrets  
I hear the sounds of...  
The rain above my head  
Pitter, Patter  
It's dancing off the roof top  
I hear the sounds of...  
A piano in tune  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do  
Running the scales very peacefully



I hear the sound of...  
The TV.  
Telling me of the catastrophe  
That happened in Japan  
I hear the sound of...  
The computer keys  
Tap, Tap, Tap  
Typing away  
I hear the sounds of...  
My own voice  
That's in my head  
Giving me ideas  
I hear the sound of...  
The wind calling to me  
Offering the sounds of these...



## Nutmeg

By: Anonymous

Nutmeg is cute and funny  
But she isn't a bunny.  
She's a hamster!  
I love to pet her.  
She's so soft.  
She's a creamy-orangey color.  
She loves to eat and ride  
But she also likes to hide  
in her little igloo!



## Of Trying and of Failing

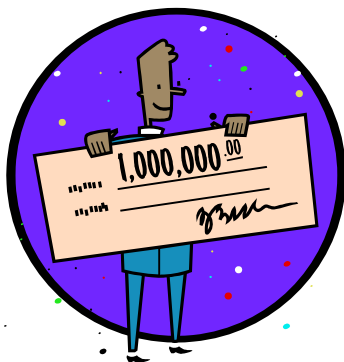
By: Kelly Fitzgerald, Grade 6

The scientists and artists  
Think failing is the best  
And oppose the rest of the world's view,  
Which is quite tendentious

For every time you fail,  
The right thing is even closer  
For instance if you found a way  
How not to fix a toaster  
Though I'm not for sure this would  
Give the right to be a boaster.

For every time you try  
There's nothing but to become better  
Like if you try a million times,  
To calligraphy a Herculean letter.

So try and fail and fail and try  
Cause this is from the mouth of an  
Artist writer, not getting 8 or 7 things  
right  
Makes you a better fighter



## Spirit of the Fox By: Kelly Fitzgerald, Grade 6

Down below  
the world we know  
Is nothing but blood and shame.  
For this majestic independence  
refuses to be tame.

The dogs can be on leashes  
And the wolves can be in zoos.  
But if you're put in a cage,  
Oh woe, cruel woe to you!

The blinded hunters  
shall live in sadness,  
the cutters will be chopped  
for otherwise, the spirit-lives,  
would be wounded and a-looped.  
Crippled would their freedom be  
And toxic are the stumps,  
That were once a willow tree.

I sink beneath the canopy  
that protects me from the world.  
But it does allow me to see  
who trespassed on my sacred tree,  
the entrance to my free-world  
sanctuary.  
Do not dare disturb me,  
The Spirit of the Fox.



The World  
By: Gabriel DeBenedict, Grade 6

The world is round,  
'Tis what I found.  
But everybody calls me crazy.

The world is colorful,  
Isn't it wonderful?  
But everybody calls me crazy.

The world has many emotions,  
That is why there are salty oceans.  
But everybody calls me crazy.

The things I say are true,  
I do now feel quite blue.  
I know that I'm not crazy.

Pie  
By: Gabriel DeBenedict, Grade 6

I like pie  
It makes me cry  
Tears of joy  
For I am a boy  
Who likes to enjoy  
A nice  
Slice  
Of pie.



### Narrative

## Scorpion Attack

By: Samuel Friday, Grade 6

*(This is a continuation of the excerpt that appeared in issue 2 of THINK. We left off wondering what was going to happen to Pedro).*

The doctor grinned and said, "Pedro is alive."

If you were standing outside the ER, you would've thought a bomb went off. That was how loud all three mothers and two of their sons cheered. Pedro had survived the sting!! Everyone was so overjoyed. Immediately, Carlos and Miguel grabbed their wallets and dashed to the gift shop, while Pedro's mom went to visit Pedro, and the other two moms watched CNN.

Pedro's mom came rushing into Pedro's room on the 52<sup>nd</sup> floor of the hospital (it was 70 stories high). Pedro had a lime-green cast with bright-red scorpions on it. Just as Pedro's mom was settling in, Carlos and Miguel burst through the door, each carrying a heavy gift. Pedro opened Miguel's gift first. It turned out to be Pedro's dream thing, the one object he had been eyeing at the local Best Buy—a brand-new Asus laptop, along with Microsoft Office Word, Excel, and Powerpoint. Carlos's gift included Barracuda anti-virus software and an iPhone 4.

After giving Pedro a few minutes to talk to his mom, Carlos turned on CNN news. Right then, the top story was Pedro's scorpion encounter. The news reporters said that 12-year-old Pedro Gonzalez was attacked by a red

scorpion. All three friends grinned. They knew the truth.

Their grins immediately vanished when a swarm of CNN reporters stormed into the room. Pedro, Carlos, and Miguel were surrounded by paparazzi in less than a second. When the first reporter asked what exactly happened, all three friends told their tale, starting from when they spotted the scorpions, all the way through the explosion to Pedro's sting. Then, a familiar man came into the room. He was Dan Rea from *Nightside* on WBZ News Radio 1030. Carlos and Pedro loved his show. All three friends accepted an interview on the next night of *Nightside*.

## The Curse

By: Arianna Owens, Grade 6

*This is the beginning of a Greek Myth I wrote for English class. A Greek Myth is a story that usually teaches a lesson, or is the Greeks idea of how the world came to be. They also normally have gods and goddesses, and magic can take place. This myth is all about Ariadne's curse that she got when she was younger. It causes tension between her and Poseidon.*

### The Curse

When Ariadne was born, she was born different. Each little mermaid is supposed to be given a special power, but the wizard who gave Ariadne her power, made hers a power that came along with a curse. Her powers were that she is a super fast swimmer and that she enchants every man with her voice. Her curse was that she falls in love with every man she

sees. Ariadne was fine with this, until she met Poseidon.

She was wandering off... like always. She knew if she kept going she'd get lost, but she couldn't help it. At last she came upon a deserted ship. She moseyed inside, and was happy she did. All over the place were plenty of lost items belonging to dead sailors or passengers. There were pots, jewelry, spoons, plates, bottles, potions, and more items from the past. As she swam away, her arms were piled high with as much as she could hold. TWACK!!!! She turned around and realized she ran into the meanest creature of the deep, the Octowhal! Half octopus, half narwhal, but 100% evil. With the beady eyes, the long tentacles, and the sticky suction cups of an octopus, this monster also has the horn of a narwhal. This creature is the beast of the ocean and everyone trembles and shakes in his presence...everyone except Ariadne. She knew what she had to do and took care of him. She first swam at him and fast. Sharp turns and obstacles slowed the octowhal down. This was the moment she'd hoped for and quickly hit him with a rock. He was knocked out cold for a century!

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# thINK

## ASMS Creative Writing Club



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