

LEE CREATES online



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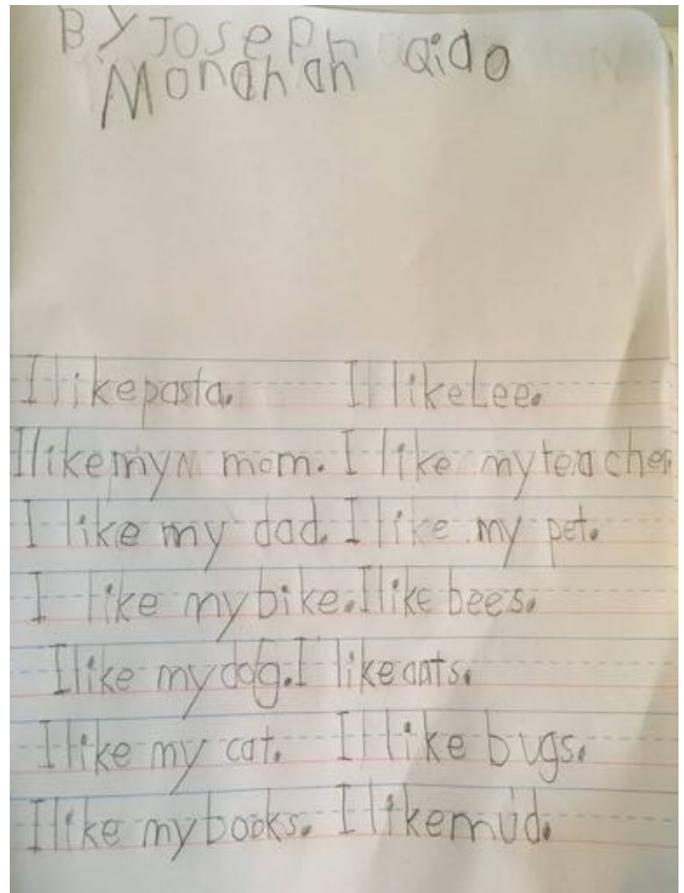
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KINDERGARTEN



Tilden Crook

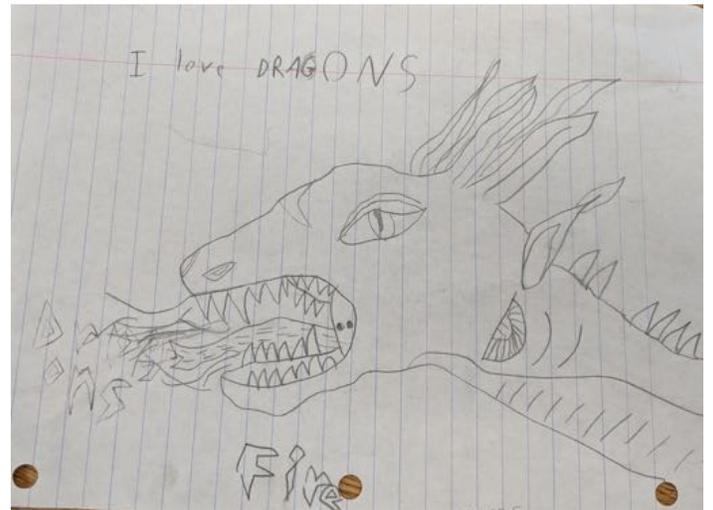


Joseph Qiao Monahan

FIRST GRADE



Lily Aaronson "Rainbow Magic"



Townes Moore "I Love Dragons"



Aaron Johnson "Puppy Dog"

FIRST GRADE



Logan Novack-Babington



Piper Soda De Marco

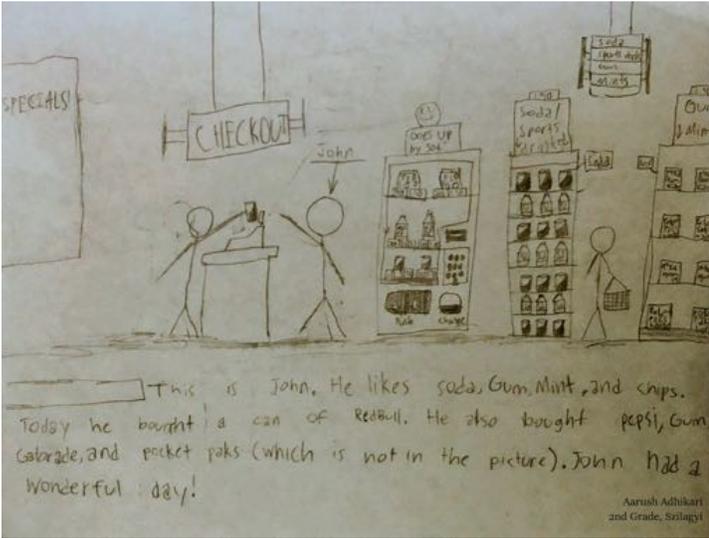


Piper Soda De Marco



Piper Soda De Marco

SECOND GRADE



Aarush Adhikari



Buildings

Buildings higher than

Higher a flyer with

Wire of smoke stacks

With wire of fun

Times than fire

Buildings with faces

And clouds of vases

Of one more thing

They taste like

Fire.

RJ Reilly

Rain, rain here you
come! Oh I love
the sound of rain pitter
Patter; oh rain, rain here
you are!

Clementine Zacharias

THIRD GRADE



Cassius Walker

FOURTH GRADE



Reese Clinchard

The Lantern in the Attic

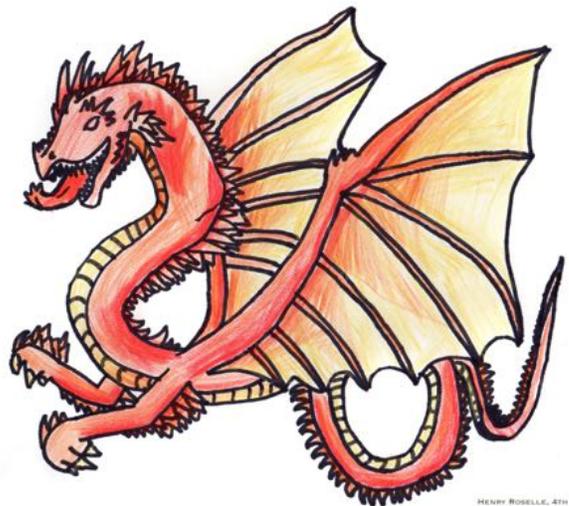
It was a busy day in the Demberson household because of the fact that Captain Tory was about to set sail. His wife, Miss Jessica Demberson, was bustling around their small house near the bay in Lenson, England, organizing every room with Oscar their eight-year-old son complaining that he wanted to go to sea with his dad. While Mrs. Demberson was scrambling around the attic she found an old, dusty lantern. "Honey, I found a lantern for you to take on your trip!" cried Mrs. Demberson. "Could you please bring that down here!" shouted Captain Tory in response. A detail about their house is that it used to be the Lenson archives, which according to legend was haunted, but the Dembersons didn't believe that.

By the next day, Captain Tory was ready to set sail, but it turned out that the boat that he supposed to take had been broken and had to be repaired. Since Oscar had wanted to go with his dad so badly before and Captain Tory wanted to go see the empty bay, he agreed to take Oscar to the bay with him. Just before the crack of dawn, Oscar and Captain Tory went down to the bay with him holding the lantern that Mrs.

Demberson had found in their attic. To get a better view of the bay, he waved the lantern three times, and slowly out of dark and mist, a schooner appeared. At first he thought that it was just a boat going out to sea, but he realized that this ship was not from the Lenson Ship Company. In fact, he was pretty sure that the schooner was solidifying out of mist, and at the tip of the prow, he saw a small metal plaque with a triangle engraved in it.

He thought that his eyes were playing tricks on him, but when Oscar said that he saw the schooner too, he knew it was real, very real. A ray of bright sunlight spilled over the buildings, covering the schooner in light. He saw the crew scrambling around, trying to prepare the schooner for open sea, but they didn't look very, well, real. To Captain Tory they looked like they were ghosts in the misty light of dawn. He dashed home with Oscar to tell Mrs. Demberson that the old, rickety house really was haunted, or at least he thought that the lantern was.

Pilar Dettmer



Henry Roselle

FIFTH GRADE



Holly Dudley

I'm Hungry

I wag my tail
I show my belly
I give a little lick
to my owner

When she gives me a
drool-worthy piece
of doggy kibble.

For sitting
For speaking
For shaking
For lying down
For rolling over

I do it

All
For
A
Little
Treat

She needs to feed me more.

Cleo Heroy

Under the Bed

I see a shadow on the wall
Is it a ghost? Can't tell at all
It snarls and rumbles--was that a
hiccup?
I really hope this is a mixup

I hear a growl
Hopefully my tummy?
I do not know
I want my mommy

Will it eat me?
Is it undead?
By the end
Will I have my head?

I take a deep breath
It's all okay
Ask nice enough,
It will go away

Then get my flashlight from my
drawer
Put my feet onto the floor
Click on the light and then...
BOO!

Oh.
It's just my doggy Drew.

Cleo Heroy

FIFTH GRADE



Gwyneth Lujan



Sein Sung "Faces of Emotions"

meow goes the cat
woof goes the moose
roar goes the armadillo
and oof say maggie
all of those sounds are made from
things
and this is a poem just for you and me.

Maggie Meisel

FIFTH GRADE

If You Are Reading This Story, Then Something Strange Has Happened

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Charlie, happy birthday to you! I stared at the cake, took a deep breath and blew out the candles. Time to open presents! I got a scooter, money, board games, and a solar powered speaker.

"Wait, I think there's one more present Charlie," mom said. She gave me a small wrapped box she was holding behind her back. I opened it and found a snow globe of New York City.

"Wow, that's so cool mom," I said enthusiastically.

"You're welcome, I have a card for you too," mom replied. I opened the card, and in it, it said that I was going to New York City with her! I was so excited I could scream.

"We're going to stay with your uncles, Addie and Evan, too," she said.

"Yay!" When are we leaving?"

"Tomorrow," she replied.

"Tomorrow!?" I questioned excitedly.

"Yes, we will pack our bags and we'll be off," my mom said.

When I woke on our first morning in New York, I had pancakes for breakfast and got dressed.

"So Charlie, what do you want to do today?" mom asked.

"I was thinking of heading over to Central Park, and going on a bus tour."

"That sounds like a great idea Charlie!" everyone replied. First, we walked to Central Park.

"This looks like a good place to have a picnic," I exclaimed. Mom and Addy sat down, while Evan and I tossed around a football. Then, out of nowhere, it started to rain.

"Well, I guess we'll have to find something else to do," mom said.

"Why don't we go to an art museum," Addy said.

"Fine," I said unhappily. I was so disappointed we couldn't go to the park.

We ordered an Uber and arrived at the Whitney Art Museum. We went up to the front desk and paid for our tickets.

"Where do you want to go first?" Evan asked.

"Let's see the sculptures," I replied. Each sculpture was very unique. There was one that had zebra legs, elephant ears, and the body of a cheetah.

"Let's go to the Scenic Paintings Gallery next," mom said. In the gallery, there were a few good paintings. A lot were of mountains, beaches, and forests. I was looking around when I saw a picture, hidden because of a covering. I made sure no one was looking and then I removed the sheet to see the painting. I couldn't stop looking at it. The volcano looked violent, but the island seemed beautiful and calm. I zoned out and couldn't move. Then, everything started shaking! I felt dizzy and passed out.

"Wait, where am I? Mom, Evan and Addy! Okay, deep breath," I told myself. I was on a beach with beautiful palm trees and a crystal clear blue ocean. I felt the grainy sand and let it run through my fingers. I grabbed a mango from a nearby mango tree and started eating it. I looked around and saw a big volcano -- *the* big volcano from the painting.

"So, let's cover all we know," I said to myself. "I went into a random painting, passed out, and now I'm on an island. This is fantastic, splendid, really, just really amazing," I said in a sarcastic voice. Alright, let's focus, I thought. I need to find some sticks for shelter, and some leaves to sleep on. After I found my materials, I built the fort and eventually fell asleep. The next day I woke up feeling sluggish. After I woke up, I watched the seagulls and played in the sand for awhile. I was about to leave, when I heard something. Kkkkkk Rrrr!

“What was that? Whoa, look at all the smoke! There’s rocks falling down from the volcano! It’s going to erupt soon!”

Now I really need to get out of this painting. If the volcano erupts and destroys the island, then I don’t even want to think what will happen to me. I decide to clear my mind at the beach. Walking to the beach, I anxiously laugh in fear. When I’m at the beach, I collect seashells and build sandcastles while I think. As I’m putting my feet in the water, I see something. It’s a bottle with a piece of paper inside! I grab the bottle, and read what the paper says:

If you are reading this paper, then something strange has happened. You are stuck somewhere you aren’t supposed to be. On the other side of the page you will find a map, telling you where to go. Good Luck.

“Okay, that just happened. I guess I will read the map, and see where I should go,” I thought. It says here that I will find the book on Mount Pikes. I have a little money I could use for transportation to arrive at the mountain, then I could hike all the way to the top. I will go to the village, and get some trolley tickets. As I walk to the village, I listen to the birds singing. I think about what might happen if I don’t make it back home. I started panicking and went for a run. After about fifteen minutes, I arrive at the village and found the trolley stop and bought a ticket to get to Mount Pikes.

I get on the trolley with about twenty other people. An hour and a half later, I finally arrive at Mount Pikes. “Okay, here we go off on an adventure,” I think to myself.

The mountain is steep but I know I can make it to the top. I start walking up the hill, and I feel energetic and hopeful. The weather is amazing, and the mountain is completely green. Even when I am out of breath I force myself to keep pushing. I keep marching like an ant. Finally, I arrive at the top of the mountain.

Ruuuummm! Oh no, it’s too late! The volcano is erupting! Ahhh! A boulder shot out of the volcano, and fell down from the sky right towards me! Then, everything went pitch black.

“Charlie, Charlie, come on Charlie”, I suddenly heard my mom say. “Huh, what? Where are we?” I said, confused. “Stop playing around. You know where we are,” said my mom.

“Mom!” I yelled. “It’s you, it’s really you! I’m so glad to see you.”

“Come on Charlie, it’s time to go,” said my mom. I glance one last time at the painting, and noticed something I didn’t see before. There was a kid on a mountain, that looked just like me.

Charlie Smith

SIXTH GRADE

I WILL NEVER BE A WRITER

I looked at the paper
I have an idea
I'm reaching for the pencil
Then, then
I forgot
the idea
It's gone
I'm bad
I'm terrible
They hate me
They're not snapping
I'm waste of time

stop!

I'm bad
It's bad
I quit
They still not snapping
I'm bad
I'm always bad at writing

Wait?

I looked at the paper
I have so much written
This could work
I could be a poet
A real poet
The joy Fill's my lungs like a watering can
They like me

I will be a poet
I'm really good
I looked at the paper
I have an idea
I'm reaching for the pencil
Then, then

wait?

pop!

My idea?
My idea !!
It's back
I love it
I'm as good as a real pro poet
I'm going to follow my dream's
I'm as good as my dad
Dad, Dad
I'm a real poet
Can we go to a poetry slam?
Sure son
And that is how I became a famous poet

The lesson is that there are never bad ideas

Oliver Mayes