

Zoom into Chompas



**A Teen Literary Magazine
Lane Memorial Library
January 2006
Volume 1, Issue 2**

Editor's Note:

To be honest, I was not entirely convinced that we would have a winter issue of *Zoom into Chompas*, knowing how busy all of our contributors are, but we pulled it off—and almost on deadline. I am happy to introduce some new writers this month, in addition to welcoming back some of our regulars. We have also ventured into the realm of poetry this issue, and we have a real cartoon gracing the back page. No more clip art placeholders there!

Again, teen writers and artists of all types (in grade 6 and up) are welcome to submit work to the magazine. As long as we have room, all submissions will receive equal consideration. Work may be submitted electronically via e-mail or in hard copy form. The deadline for our spring issue is **April 15, 2006**.

Thank you,

Cheryl French
Editor, *Zoom into Chompas*

* "Chompas" photo courtesy of Kasey S.

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A Teen Literary Magazine

Publisher

Lane Memorial Library

Editor

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January 2006

BRINGING HOME THE BACON

By David S

Jacob Johnson was a seventeen-year-old junior in high school. He was kind, intelligent, and had a part-time job as the drive-thru cashier at the local Burger King. One thing that would not help him in the future, though, was that he never really stepped up to take responsibility for anything he did. If he did something wrong, he would find someone to blame it on, and if he was told to do his chores, he wouldn't. He was brilliant at coming up with alibis, so he could get himself out of trouble as fast as lightning spreads through water. This was only half as fast as he could come up with excuses for not doing his chores. This was odd, considering that he was intelligent at school, yet he hated to take responsibility for anything at home, when a lot of smart people are normally responsible at home, too. In a moment, though, his whole world changed.

"Jacob? Could you please come here?" Mr. Johnson yelled from the bottom of the staircase.

Jacob came running down the steps, skipping the bottom three stairs. "Yeah?" he answered, running into the kitchen where his parents sat at the table.

"You may want to sit down for this," his mother requested. From the look in her eyes and the way she said this, Jacob could sense some disappointment coming on.

The kitchen that he stood in was not the prettiest kitchen in the world. On one side were the counters, cabinets, and sinks, and on the other side was the table that Jacob sat down at. There was not much more to mention in this room, other than the very nice rug under the kitchen table.

"What's going on?" he questioned.

"Well," his father started, "we have some bad news." His face looked very sad. There was no smile, no wrinkles, and no happiness in his expression at all. It wasn't

very pleasing to look at.

"No kidding," Mrs. Johnson muttered to herself, even though everyone at the table could hear it.

Mr. Johnson ignored her. "I'm not going to hesitate in telling you this. Our art store, because we couldn't keep up with the rent, is being closed down."

"No!" Jacob jumped up from his chair and yelled before he could stop himself. The chair he was sitting on fell backward onto the floor with a bang. "I love that place. You've owned it for years now. What has it been, ten, fifteen years? And the bank is going to close it down now? I can't believe this!" He paused to take a breath. He was just too angry. His face was bright red, with wrinkles creasing his forehead.

"Well, you see," explained Mrs. Johnson, "that is not the bad part. Well, maybe it is, but—"

"Just get on with it please!" Jacob's dad hollered, a sense of frustration in his voice.

"All right," she continued. "Well, because we have lost our store, we have also lost our jobs and we aren't earning any money any more."

"No," breathed Jacob, slowly and quietly. He couldn't believe what was going on. Everything was happening too quickly for him to handle. Just two minutes ago, he was lying on his bed reading a magazine, without a care in the world.

"And because of the limited amount of education that we had as kids, it is very hard for us to find jobs," Jacob's dad added.

"So we wanted to know," Mrs. Johnson continued, "if you would be willing to do one of two different things."

"I hate decisions like this!" Jacob huffed, obviously angry.

"You can either look for a job for the two of us, with only three days to find something, or you can drop out of school to help support the three of us."

Jacob stood there, staring into space.

This was too much to handle in one day. His junior year had been so much fun so far. He just couldn't stand this. All he wanted to do was scream, scream at the top of his lungs. He wouldn't care who heard him or what anyone said to him.

But he didn't. He was in too much shock to do anything. This was just unbelievable, knowing that the art store was going to close down so suddenly after all of those years of memories there. He loved that place too much.

"I know this is very sudden," said Mrs. Johnson, "but you do have a little time to think about it. For the next couple of days, just look in the newspaper and on the Web for jobs around here. If your father and I are able to do the job, we will apply. If not, we will just keep trying to find something."

"So what are you two going to do while I do this? Just sit around the house watching TV while I make a huge crisis search?"

"Basically—" began Mrs. Johnson, but she was cut off by her husband.

"We will be searching as hard as you will be for jobs, but we can't guarantee finding anything, just like you. The only money we're taking in now is your paycheck, so we'll just have to make the best of that while we're searching."

"But why are you making me do so much? You're the ones with all of the spare time now!"

Mr. Johnson thought for a moment. "We just want some help, and if we can't find a job with your help, then you may just have to drop out of school to help support us."

"I'm going to bed," said Jacob, needing to get away from people for the night. He was so angry with his parents; he just couldn't express it in words.

"All right, honey," said his mother, walking over to give him a kiss on his forehead. "Everything will be just fine," she murmured softly so that only Jacob could hear.

"See you in the morning, kiddo," said his dad. "Have a good sleep."

Jacob lugged himself up to his bedroom to go to bed, even though he knew that he wouldn't be able to sleep at all. He knew

that he would probably end up lying there, all night, staring at the ceiling and thinking about this evening's events.

The next morning, Wednesday, Jacob was exhausted. His prediction from the previous night had come true. He was only able to think about how he was the only person bringing home the bacon at this point in time. His parents were putting so much pressure on him and he was only seventeen! He couldn't deal with it.

"Morning, sweetheart," said Mrs. Johnson as Jacob walked down the stairs to breakfast. "Bagels are already in the toaster."

"Thanks." Jacob walked over to the cabinet to grab a plate. "See any ads in the paper for a job that you could do?" he asked his dad, who was at the table with the paper at hand.

"Not anything that I was interested in, if that's what you mean."

"Dad! It's not about what you're interested in anymore! We need to focus on earning money!"

"I know, I know, but I just didn't picture either your mom or me doing any of the jobs listed!"

Jacob sighed. He just couldn't stand it anymore. "Fine, but you'd better start taking this seriously from now on!"

Jacob couldn't believe what he had just said. He sounded like his parents. That was the last thing he wanted. . . .

At school that day, Jacob couldn't concentrate on anything. He had no clue what they were doing in language arts because he was trying to think of ways to avoid dropping out of school.

I could move our family to a country that is poor already, and then we might seem rich! But we wouldn't have any money to buy plane tickets to get there. Well, we could buy every ticket in the lottery! But we don't have that kind of money either.

All through class, those kinds of bizarre thoughts ran through his head. He was frustrated, so he simply thought of as many things as he could, realistic or not, hoping that he could find something that

would work.

At lunch, he couldn't even talk to Jonathan, his best friend. He was too involved in the want ads in the newspaper that his dad had looked at that morning. He just wanted to check that there was really nothing his parents could do.

"Jacob! Jacob!" Jonathan couldn't stand being ignored any longer. He threw a dinner roll at Jacob's head.

"What was that for?!" yelled Jacob.

"That was for not listening to me. You've got to snap out of it! I know that you're under a lot of pressure right now, but you've got to loosen up a bit!"

"Are you kidding me? Would you rather have me have to drop out of high school, or would you rather me find a job for my parents?"

"What do you think?"

"I think that you had better let me finish this section of the paper!" And with that, Jacob walked over to the next empty tale to finish his reading.

"He's gone mental!" Jonathan reassured himself.

In math that day, that had to do a worksheet that said:

Find the slope of each line using the coordinates below. Then, label each point.

But to Jacob, the worksheet looked like this:

Dnif eht epols fo hcae enil gnisu eht setanidrooc woleb. Neht, lebal hcae tniop.

Nothing made any sense to him because of the thoughts running through his brilliant yet extremely confused head. He felt horribly disappointed when he realized that he couldn't concentrate on his school work. *Should I just drop out of school now and get it over with?* He pushed that thought out of his head. He knew that he had to stay in school, even if it were the last thing he ever did.

"You're late!" yelled Jacob's boss, Marci,

as he walked through the door. He was coming straight from school, and he had to take a detour to ask one of his teachers a question. He was about to walk over to the counter when he noticed the local newspaper on a rack by the door. He took a copy and searched for the classifieds.

"Bus drivers, mortgage specialists, automotive technicians," Jacob muttered to himself, looking for a job that his parents might actually be able to do. Then he spotted it. The perfect job for his parents:

Bedroom Painters
Job opening for five painters,
ages eighteen and up
15 dollars an hour – 15 hours a week
Call: 555-PAINT
Or find out more online at
www.painters.com
We want you!

"This is it!" Jacob couldn't contain himself. Now I don't have to drop out of school! Now I won't go poor! He was the happiest he had been in the past two days. He couldn't believe he had done it. Now all he had to do was call the number and set up an interview.

"I've got to go! I'm taking a sick day!" Jacob yelled to Marci as she opened her mouth to scold him for not going directly to the register.

"I have called this family meeting in honor of my solution to our money crisis."

Jacob had sat his parents down at the dining room table to talk that evening. He knew that they would be extremely nervous about whether he had found a job that would suit them well, so he tried to make the anticipation in the room rise to its fullest height.

"Boy! That was quick! Are you sure that you've thought this over enough?" asked Mrs. Johnson nervously.

"What's to think of? I found a job and you get to apply for it!" Jacob exclaimed.

This gave his parents some hope, hearing that their son had found them a job. This made the anticipation in the room drop a lot.

"I did a lot of research today during work and school—"

"I hope you didn't do it during your classes again! We've already discussed that matter!" scolded Mrs. Johnson. She gave Jacob a stern look, able to make even the toughest of lions flee.

"No, no, I did it during lunch."

"Okay, go on."

"Well, I was looking through the newspaper this afternoon at work when I stumbled upon an ad for a suitable job for the two of you."

"Keep going..." insisted Mr. Johnson, tapping his fingers nervously on the table top.

"Well, the two of you like doing art, which is why you opened an art store, and you are good at socializing with people, so...."

"What?" Jacob's mother yelled. She hated surprises.

"The two of you will be going in for an interview with the manager of a bedroom-painting company."

"Jacob! That's great news!" Tears were forming in Mrs. Johnson's eyes as she ran to give her son a swarm of kisses.

"Jacob," said his dad, "you are amazing!" He went over and gave his proud son a giant, well deserved hug. He had finally found an ounce of hope.

"But it's only for now. I still want the two of you to keep looking for other jobs. This should only be a placeholder while you search for a higher-paying job." Jacob had to mention this part, since a bedroom-painting job probably wouldn't last them too long.

"We most certainly will," said Mr. Johnson, walking over to the freezer. "Ice cream anyone?"

"You bought that while we were poor?" asked Mrs. Johnson in a mocking way.

"I couldn't resist!" he replied looking innocent. "My cravings got the best of me!" Everyone laughed with relief.

###



POETRY CORNER

"Books"

books are very fun
books can take you anywhere
come on, go explore

—Alexa L

Dexter
gentle, loving,
loyal, friendly, slobbery
He put a smile on Kasey's face
Kasey's best friend
Dexter

—Alexa L

"Chairs"

You can sit in chairs
They can be very helpful
We always need chairs

—Nicole C

"Flowers"

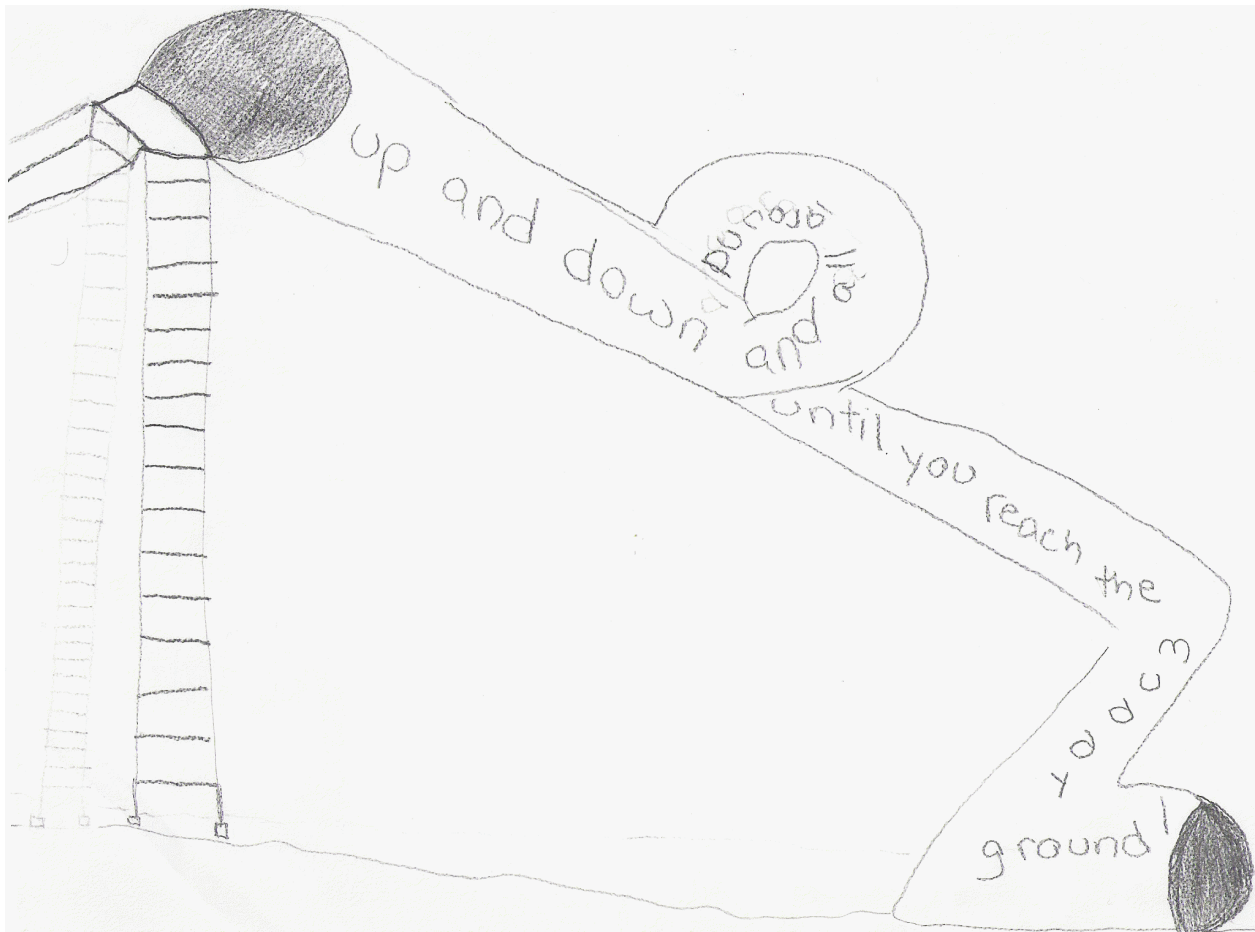
Flowers are pretty
Flowers have many colors
Do you like flowers?

—Nicole C

POETRY CORNER CONTINUED

Big and skinny they can be
Original ones are the ones that are good
Overall there are some to eat I like best
Kinds that are funny are the ones
Some others like best

—Nicole C



—Alexa L

THE DREAMER

By Brianna B

The crowd burst into applause as Heather and her magnificent black horse, Baybrook Violation (Vinnie), finished the round of jumps. They were the fastest and had the cleanest round in the jump off! Heather beamed as huge as a kid at Christmas time when the shining gold cup was placed into her waiting hands and the blue champion ribbon was pinned onto Vinnie's black bridle. They were the champions of the Gold Classic Horse Show.

"Wake up you lazy dreamer!" shouted Hilary, Heather's older sister, who was already out of bed and dressed in navy blue riding breeches and a royal blue cami-sole.

Heather jolted out of the awesome dream, into the real world. "Hey, I was having a great dream again," Heather yawned.

"Sure you were. About the Gold Classic again? Did you win?" wondered Hilary.

"Yeah, actually we did. It was so awesome, that feeling that you get when you succeed," Heather answered, as she stretched her arms out.

"Oh, really. Then it really was a dream because Marco (Hilary's horse, Baybrook Millionaire) and I are going to win. There really is no competition at all," spat Hilary.

Hilary went back to her own room and Heather crawled lazily out of her rainbow-colored striped comforter. She pulled a pair of cream riding breeches onto her slender body and one of her royal blue barn shirts with bright red writing on it saying Baybrook Stables. She then pulled on some red socks, tied back her light brown hair, and left her bright orange room, the thrill of the wonderful dream still ringing in her mind.

She walked down the cream-colored winding staircase, past the den, office, and dining room into the airy coral-colored kitchen. She took a crimson apple from the red fruit bowl on the island and then walked into the turquoise mudroom. She set the apple down next to her and pulled on her black paddock boots. Heather grabbed the apple and walked out the

white French doors into the early morning air and the bright golden sun that was just rising from the horizon.

Heather walked off the patio and started eating her apple as she walked along the pebbled path leading to the navy blue main barn. On either side of the wide path were white paddock fences containing horses that were grazing in the early morning sunlight. It was a sight that always made her feel happy that her parents owned Baybrook Stables. She finished her apple as she walked into the brightly lit barn and heard a warm nicker come from one of the stalls, shortly followed by a jet black head.

"Hey, Vinnie," Heather whispered to her horse. "How are you this morning?" Heather asked as she fed the apple to Vinnie, his long whiskers grazing her palm as he accepted the treat.

Heather gave him a quick kiss and then walked down the long rows of box stalls. She then turned into the supply room where the pitchforks were hung neatly, and the wheel barrows were lined up by the walls. Heather grabbed the red grooming kit with Vinnie's name on the label and walked back to his stall.

Heather opened the stall door and clipped the red lead rope to Vinnie's matching red halter. She tied the rope into a quick tie release knot, peeled off his blue blanket, and then reached for her first brush. Vinnie stayed perfectly still while Heather was brushing. Then she decided to give his mane a once-over because it would be easier to braid for the Gold Classic on Friday. Heather was so excited for the show! Vinnie loved competing, and he was so good!

Thinking of the horse show made Heather return to that morning when Hilary had been so mean. In fact, Hilary had been acting mean whenever the horse show was mentioned. Heather pushed the bad thought away. Heather and Vinnie had been working all year at horse shows to earn enough points to qualify for the Gold

Classic, and this year she had qualified! Heather started combing the mane, and Vinnie reached around to rest his head on her shoulder. He stayed like that until his mane was all brushed out. Heather gathered the brushes, unclipped the rope and left the stall.

As she was returning the grooming kit to the supply room, Hilary came out of Marco's stall, also with a grooming kit. Marco stuck his chestnut head over the stall and neighed loudly for her to return. Hilary wheeled around and gave him a quick kiss, then continued on her way to the supply room. Heather put the grooming kit away, and then heard her mother, Kelly, yell: "Heather, Hilary, can you meet me up at the house?"

Heather walked out of the barn, and ran up the path to the house. She found Kelly in the light blue living room, sitting on one of the tan leather couches. Heather looked more like Kelly than her father because they both had brown hair, brown eyes, and straight teeth.

"Hi, honey, did you sleep well?"

"Yes, I did; I had this awesome dream about the Gold Classic—Vinnie and I won! It was awesome!" expressed Heather. "What did you want to talk to us about?"

Hilary walked into the room, and Kelly spoke: "I just wanted to make sure that you were all set for the Gold Classic. You should be all packed, for you and your horse, by 5:00 a.m. tomorrow. We will load the horses and leave around 6:00 a.m."

"Well, I am all packed, but why should you even bother to go, Heather, when you are just wasting your time competing? Marco and I will win for sure. You don't have any business in this kind of show." bragged Hilary, her blue eyes blazing as she stared at Heather.

Heather felt as if she had been betrayed by her best friend. How could her sister say such mean things? This was the worst she had been yet.

Heather felt tears coming on, so she rushed out of the living room, up the stairs, and locked the door to her room. She lay back on her bed and cried.

"Hilary, you have gone way too far.

Heather is your sister and she looks up to you. Would you like it if she talked to you like that?" Heather could hear her mom barking at Hilary for the way she acted.

After about 10 minutes, Heather crawled out of her bed and tiptoed down the stairs. She was too upset to talk to anyone, so she left the house as quietly as a mouse and walked at the very edge of the path to avoid being seen.

She crept into the barn and walked to Vinnie's stall. She opened the door and slipped into his warm stall. Vinnie gave a nicker of welcome and touched his velvety nose to her cheek. "Oh, Vinnie!" squeaked Heather as she closed her arms around Vinnie's tall neck. Vinnie reached around and nuzzled Heather's hair, as if to say, "it's okay."

Heather heard angry, girl voices coming from the barn entrance. It sounded like Hilary and Kelly. She waited until they died down before creeping to the organized tack room. She grabbed Vinnie's tack and ran back to his stall. She quietly tacked him up, fastened her helmet, and wrote a note on the bulletin board saying that she had taken Vinnie for a ride and would be back soon.

Heather led Vinnie outside and swung herself into the comfortable black leather saddle. Vinnie started out at a fresh walk, eager to stretch his legs, and Heather directed him onto the Peterson Trail.

The brightly colored leaves covered the bottom of the light dirt trail, and the sun peeked through the almost bare brown trees. The cool fall air felt good against Heather's face. This was Heather's favorite trail because there were no interruptions, and it was so beautiful this time of year. She settled deep into comfy the saddle to think.

If I back out of the show, then Hilary would be happy and she would stop torturing me. But then, all of the shows I did this year would be wasted, Hilary thought to herself as Vinnie walked along the trail.

A squirrel ran across the trail and Vinnie stopped dead. Heather was jolted out of her thoughts and realized something: what about Vinnie? He had been working really hard this season. What kind

of owner would she be if she did not give him the reward he deserved—a ribbon at a huge show?

The trail widened, and Vinnie picked up a brisk, smooth trot. As Heather posted to the rhythm, she made her decision. She would stay in, and Vinnie would win. The relaxing ride on the trail made Heather determined to win the Gold Classic Horse Show. She knew it would be tough, and she was scared, but they would do it together.

Heather lead Vinnie back into his stall, untacked him, and put on his blue cooler. She returned his tack to the tack room, and then ran all the way up to the house, up the stairs, and to her room. She went into her closet, grabbed her dark blue suitcase, and threw it on her bed.

Heather began to pack all of the things she would need for the horse show for herself: three pairs of exercise breeches, three camisoles, socks, two shirts, two pairs of blue jeans, toiletries, and a few other necessary items.

Then she went back into her closet, and unhooked her navy blue show jacket and gently laid it on her bed. She laid her show helmet, breeches, white silk shirt, and make-up container next to the jacket, and then put her shiny, tall, black show boots on the floor next to the bed. She was packed for herself.

Heather flew down the stairs and jogged to the barn. She went straight to the tack room and heaved her maroon tack trunk out into the center. She would not need to ride Vinnie again until the show, so she packed his saddle, bridle, martingale, boots, cooler, and his extra halter and lead rope. She then remembered to put in some horse treats and her grooming kit, then closed the trunk and put it outside of the tack room next to her sister's.

Heather ate dinner alone that night because Hilary, Kelly, and her dad, Robert, were all still down at the barn getting everything ready for the next day. As she sat at the large, empty oak table in the dining room, Heather did a mental checklist to make sure she had everything. As she was just finishing her dinner, Hilary walked in, staring at Heather who stared

down at her plate, and sat down at her place. Heather became anxious, and shoveled the remaining food on her plate into her mouth, and then cleared her place. Heather rushed out of the room, dropped off her dirty dishes in the kitchen, and then ran up the stairs.

Heather decided to go to bed early to get lots of rest before the big day. She slipped into her silk pajamas, and then curled up in her comforter; almost instantly, she fell into a deep sleep.

Heather woke up, feeling fresh and excited. It was finally the day of the show! She quickly got dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a camisole, and then tried to open her bedroom door to go downstairs for breakfast. The door would not open. It was stuck!

"No, it can't be locked, not today!" Heather tried again and again to open the door. She cried for help, but no one came to her rescue. It was getting near time to go to the show. What if no one came?!

Heather heard a commotion in the driveway. The trailer and truck were getting ready to leave. Heather pounded on her window and screamed at the top of her lungs for help, but it was like she was invisible.

"No, Mom, I already told you, Heather said that she was sick and couldn't come. She asked me to tell you that she would be alright for the time we are gone. She does not want any disturbances," Heather heard Hilary lie to her mother through the window of the truck.

Heather pounded again and again at the window, until the truck faded away, and then disappeared.

"No!" Heather whispered as she woke up out of the dream.

Quickly, she jumped out of bed and tried the door. It opened like always. "It was just a dream," Heather mumbled to herself. She shut the door, got dressed, ate a quick breakfast, and then went down to the barn.

She collected Vinnie's trailer equipment and headed to his stall. He had already been fed, and he stood still while Heather put on his shipping boots, braided and

wrapped his tail, and then put on his blue blanket. Just as she finished, Kelly came in.

"Good morning, honey. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, thanks," Heather lied.

"I see you are all done with this fellow, in good timing. Hilary has just loaded Marco in the trailer and Ellie (Baybrook Enchantment, Kelly's horse) has been loaded, so if you're ready..." Kelly reported.

Heather handed Vinnie's lead rope to Kelly, who led him out of the stall and into the barn's gleaming white 4-horse trailer.

"See ya later, boy," Heather whispered as the trailer door was locked up.

"Heather, is all of your stuff packed?" asked Robert. Heather walked around to the storage compartment and saw her tack box, suitcase, and show things all packed and ready.

"All set, Daddy," Heather answered.

"Let's hit the road then."

Heather opened the door to Kelly's SUV and hopped in to the back seat. Hilary was sitting up with her mother in the front seat, and Heather wanted to be as far away as possible for obvious reasons. Robert started the truck, and it and the trailer pulled out of the driveway. Kelly followed in the SUV. They were on their way. About three hours later, Heather finally saw the sign for the Gold Classic Horse Show grounds in Williamsburg, Virginia.

Kelly and Robert turned into the lot with the vehicles and found a nice spot to unload the horses. Everything was set up, the horses were unloaded, and Kelly returned with the numbers and schedules. Heather's and Hilary's classes were at the same time, starting in about an hour. Heather re-braided Vinnie's mane, and then got dressed in the dressing room set up in the horse trailer. When she was dressed, she tacked up Vinnie, and then followed Hilary and Marco to the warm-up ring where they could have a quick practice.

Heather walked and trotted Vinnie around the warm-up ring behind Hilary and Marco. Then Robert called to them with his loud voice: "Girls, time to go to the

ring for the classes."

Heather took a deep breath and followed Robert to the main show ring.

"Next in the ring is number 74, Hilary Carson aboard Baybrook Millionaire," the announcer's voice boomed over the loud-speaker.

Hilary trotted Marco into the ring, circled, and then cantered him towards the first jump. Marco sailed over it, and they completed the course really fast with a clean round.

Two more riders jumped the course, and then: "Next up is number 77, Heather Carson aboard Baybrook Violation."

Heather entered the ring with a nervous feeling in her stomach. She just had to win, but that would be a tough round to beat. Vinnie rushed into a canter and pushed himself gracefully over the first jump. Then he went on over the double, and Heather steered him on to the next jump, which he sailed over. They completed the course with a clean round that was even faster than Hilary's!

Heather beamed as she left the ring, with a feeling like she had flown around the clouds. The last rider in the class rode the course, but had a very slow round.

"And the winner for this class is number 77, Heather Carson aboard Baybrook Violation!"

Heather rode into the ring, and the blue ribbon was pinned to Vinnie's ribbon, and the Gold Cup was placed in her hands.

Hilary received the second place ribbon, and they walked their horses out side by side.

"You know, I'm really sorry for the way I have been acting. It's just that you are the only real competition, so I figured that if I convinced you not to show, I would win easier. I guess I didn't remember that you are my sister, and how much it would hurt you. Can you forgive me?" Hilary revealed.

"Well, you are my sister, too, so, yes, of course I will forgive you. How about we act as a team instead of as rivals?" Heather responded.

"That sounds good to me!" added Hilary.

###

More Poetry Corner

“Telephone!”

Yelling in my ear
High pitched and far away
My body feels an ache
I struggle to get up
Like a newborn calf
The legs move first
Then I stop
Whoops
Too late
The answering machine picked up
—Sierra P

“The Search for Warmth”

Chilly snow falls down
Covering the hard dark ground
Rabbits hop around
Seeking some warm shelter
Wind blows as they scurry
—Sierra P

“Winter’s Cable”

Tiny Angels in the snow
Jolly dancing snowmen, along the road
Children bundled up in coats
Orange sleds stuck in the snow
Round snowballs zoom to and fro
Black ice covers the twisty road
Winter is a TV show
—Sierra P

“Sunday’s Dream”

Sitting on the edge of my bed
In the drifting sea
I watch you very closely
Sailing though the ocean breeze
Due south you swim
Right past my little boat
You seem lonely
In need of some company
We could go hand in hand
To that very place
We would see the world
From far way
Across the open waters
It would be just you and me
And no loneliness at sea!
—Sierra P

“The First Time”

The first step I took
Was into this brand-new world
Where you were there to guide me
And I took my step behind you
The first word I said
Expressed who I was
The first food I ate
Grew my appetite
Expanding your recipe booklet
The first school bus I took
Began my great adventure
It then ended with your last good-bye
—Sierra P

“Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue,
Purple, Brown, and Black”

The colors
Of a pack of crayons
Are what make you and me
We may come in different colors
But when we mix together
We make a family
—Sierra P

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Cartoon by David S

