

The Phoenix

East Somerville Community School

Cardboard Money

by Yasmin Nazhar

Have you ever eaten cereal and thrown the box away? Most people answer “yes” and I have not always looked at the top of the box. Even my teacher forgot it even existed! She says that she eats cereal every day and never realized that **Box Tops** were there! Well, have you ever taken the time to see what was on top of the box before you threw it away? When you open the top of a box of some cereals you may see a coupon saying Box Tops for Education and a 10 cents on it. Cheerios, Reese’s Puffs, Cookie Crisp, Lucky Charms, Chex are some of the cereals.

There are also other products besides cereal that have Box Tops. Here are some of them:

- Yoplait Kids Yogurt
- Food Should Taste Good Chips
- Go-Gurt Multipack
- Annie’s Mac & Cheese

For the full list go to

<http://www.boxtops4education.com/earn/participating-products>

continued on page 4

FELIZ NAVIDAD

by Aida Loja

It was Christmas Eve day. My dad and I went to get a Christmas tree and there was one medium size tree and that was the only tree left so we had to buy it and we did. Then we went to buy lights and decorations for the tree. When we got home my brother and I helped my dad to set up the Christmas tree. Then my mom called my aunt, saying “ya estas llegando” which means “are you coming yet” and they said “we are close” and then my mom hung up the phone, and they’ve already at my house.

We ate and then it was the middle of the night, it was 12:00 and it was time to open our presents. They had put gifts under the tree and it was so beautiful how my aunt, uncle and my parents had decorated the tree. Then my mom called my

continued on page 2

The tragedy that shook the soccer world *back page*

siblings, cousins, and me to grab a gift and my parents were really excited because they didn't know what I was going to get from my aunt and uncle. Then my parents, aunts and uncles said "todos abren sus regalos" which means "everyone open your presents." So we did and I got a makeup set that was under the tree, cousin Jenny got a Barbie doll, cousin Nelson got a remote car, my brother Javier got a big collection of Hot Wheel cars, cousin Star got a baby toy because she is a baby and my sister Isabel got a whole set of Shopkins. Everyone was happy that day and my aunts and uncles slept at our house. We watched tv and then first my mom fell asleep, then my dad, then my aunt and uncles, but my brother, sister, 3 cousins and I were still awake until 4:00 am.

The next day we were very tired and we went back to sleep and we woke up at 1:00 pm and then when everyone woke up my mom invited my family to eat in a buffet because my mom was too tired to cook so that's why my mom invited them. When we got there we ordered drinks for everyone and then the Chinese woman said "you may go get food" and we did.

They also said "we will close at 3:00" so then I got white rice, fries, chicken, spaghetti, and broccoli. Then when I finished eating my food I got up again to get fruits including mango, watermelon, peaches, pineapples that were in small pieces, green melon, orange and strawberries. I ate it very fast because they were my favorite fruits. When I finished eating my fruits I went to get ice cream in a medium cup. The flavors that I got were strawberry, mango, blueberry, mint and cotton candy. The ice cream flavors that I got were very delicious. It tasted like a tropical flavor ice cream.

The Phoenix

**The student publication of the
East Somerville Community School**

Advisers:

Roy Gardner

teacher—7-8 language arts

Karina Duran

teacher—grade 5

Lindsay Garofalo

teacher—grade 1

Lindsey Richard

teacher—art

Alan Ball

principal investigator

Writers' Den

**Correspondence: The Phoenix,
ESCS, 50 Cross St., Somerville,
MA 02145**

Email: kid@12zine.com

**Dr. Holly Hatch, principal
Laura Bonnell, asst. principal**

SHAKING GROUND

by Shreeshya Jamkatel

It's shaking again! OH MY GOD!!!!!! What do I do? What do I do?? I panicked! I ran as fast as I could to get home and **WARN EVERYONE.** I was running while the shaking was happening. I finally got home and I gasped when I saw they were already panicked and as soon we all got inside the house, it stopped!!! The shaking had stopped!!

Thoughts went through my head: But suddenly though?? Why? How did it stop suddenly? And why did it stop?? While my family were calming themselves and wondering at the same time, it just didn't make any sense that it would suddenly stop. So I kept thinking why it stopped and..... **BINGO!!!!!!** I got it!!! It's going to come back, except it's going to hit harder than before. Why else would it stop so quickly and not give any signals.

While all of us scrambled to get inside the house — boom!!!! The earthquake erupted!! We were safe but my cousin twisted her ankle, because while the shaking was happening her foot got stuck near the door and

when we tried to take it out it was twisted. She couldn't walk.

While we were taking her to the clinic..... we saw things we **NEVER** wanted to see in our lives. What we saw was the most tragic thing we ever could have seen. We saw injured children, men, women and dead people. You couldn't count how many were dead and how many were injured. There were a lot of them. The feelings that you get inside are just sad, depressing, scared, it's all mixed.

A police officer came back from the city and told everyone that the city is even more of a disaster. He said that the city is a wreck Most of the **IMPORTANT** buildings collapsed..... Having an earthquake is bad enough but hearing some more bad news was that there was another one...

We got my cousin's ankle checked up and the nurse gave her a bandage. It was getting late and we went home.

There were some leftovers from lunch, so we just ate and went to bed. And I opened my eyes and **IT WAS JUST A DREAM.** I was shocked how I thought that the whole thing was real. I was relieved that it wasn't real. When I woke up I was in tears.

Box Tops Coordinator by Yasmin Nazhar

I interviewed our school's coordinator for box tops. Her name is Jeanine Pratt.

How do you convert Box Tops into real 10 cents?

The students give the Box Tops they collected and put it in a container (located at our office), then I collect it, making sure they're not expired or invalid. (Each Box Top has a visible, valid expiration date and product code. If not, your school won't receive credit.) The most expired one someone sent was from 2008! When I've done that I fill out the submission form, sort the Box Tops into three piles (regular Box Tops, bonus certificates and collection sheets) count and mark how much I have (I put in bundles of 50) and send it. We get 2 checks each year but you can send as many forms as you want.

What do we do with the money?

Our principal, Dr. Hatch, uses the money for activities around the school such as field trips.

How much money did you raise last year?

We raised \$457.60.

What are you planning to do next?

I'm planning to do the next shipment.

When did this idea occur to you?

I had nephews, then my daughter, and I used to collect Box Tops, and when I came to East Somerville Community School, I found out there was no Box Tops coordinator! I decided to become the school's Box Tops coordinator, so I talked about it to Dr. Hatch and she said yes.

The program is a success!

Why did you want to do it?

I wanted to try something for the school.

Why is it called Box Tops for Education?

It is called that because it's only for schools and no one else can.

What is your personal connection to the school?

I have 3 students here: Cassie, Amanda, and Sammy.

Here's a great idea! Why don't you ask your relatives (grandmas, grandpas, uncles, aunts, etc.) who eat cereal to collect Box Tops as well. If your relatives have a school to send to already that's great, but if they don't let ESCS be the school to send their Box Tops.

Help collect Box Tops!

A special Christmas by Melissa Gomez

I just can't stop thinking about Christmas!!! It's one of my favorite, favorite holidays, since I not only have lots of fun but because it means spending time with family. Especially since my Aunt Wanda and my Uncle Jhonny whom I've never met before are coming for Christmas this year. Sometimes kids only like Christmas because they get Christmas presents, but I don't really care about the presents that much. This year I only asked for one thing (perfume), I care more about having fun with my family and spending time together.

This year's Christmas, almost my whole family is going to sleepover at my house. In the morning we will open our presents and take pictures and eat breakfast together and the

breakfast is going to be **Big!!!** We are going to have lots of kinds of food -- we are going to have pancakes, fruit salad, toast-ed bread, and scrambled eggs. Plus my Aunt Wanda and Uncle Jhonny have never seen snow in person or touched, they haven't even been in really cold weather before. I don't really know a lot about my Aunt Wanda and Uncle Jhonny except their names, but I have heard from my dad that my Aunt Wanda is very funny and active and that my Uncle Jhonny makes very super good hamburgers. I can't wait to try one of his hamburgers, I've seen them in pictures and they seem so delicious, hopefully he makes his super awesome hamburgers when he comes.

As you can tell I'm so excited for Christmas to come so I can enjoy all the fun with my family!!!

Getting enough sleep as a middle school student by Eduardo Juarez

Imagine having a really difficult day. You have a huge test that takes up 30% of your grade, go to math club right after school, get home and take care of your energetic sibling, and then do homework and go to bed. While you're in bed, you start wondering if sleep is really important, and if you're getting enough of it.

You shrug it off and continue to stay awake and being on netflix until you realize the time. 2:30 a.m. Finally, you go to sleep and the following day, while you're in school, you faint and wake up in the hospital. Your parents have been asking if you've been getting enough sleep and you start fidgeting and looking away. The doctor explains that if you haven't been getting enough sleep, you are risking your health and some people around you. Once you realize what you've been doing, you try to make an agenda for your sleep and what happens after school. But how exactly does your sleep affect your everyday life?

Sleeping is just the way your body responds to being tired, or needing to shut down and rest. We're up moving or doing something for about two-thirds of the day, and we should be spending a third of the day to sleep. Sleeping is amazing, and interesting at the same time. Not only do you move a lot throughout the day, but your brain had a lot of work to do! When you go to sleep, our brains take this time to "repair" themselves, while we could be relaxing, having good dreams,

and feel better when we wake up (depending on the situation). It's also where and how we can forget our stressful problems, and be comfortable. But sadly, sleeping can sometimes be a bad thing.

How is sleeping bad? you may ask. Well in the beginning, where you go to the hospital, there are nightmares and conditions where you lose sleep time, or have problems sleeping. An example of one of these conditions is sleep deprivation. This is a condition where if you do not have enough sleep, you have to suffer with daytime sleepiness, clumsiness, and weight gain/loss. You can be losing this wonderful time of sleep because of work, school, things that are family related, etc. For instance, you had a long day at school, followed by soccer practice and math club. Your mom or dad puts you in charge of taking care of your wild and destructive sibling, while they go out for errands. After a while of running behind your sibling, you start feeling dizzy and dramatically fall. You start to get up from the hard, agonizing floor, which is strangely starting to feel comfortable. Your eyelids start to slowly fall down. You see your

sibling throwing things around the room, and your ability to hear is rapidly going away... You end up waking from a deep sleep while your mom is yelling at you and discussing consequences for leaving your sibling alone. Luckily, nothing horrendous happened while you were out.

In general, sleeping is considered as something good, and something we should cherish. Although sleeping may sometimes lead to dangerous effects, there are ways to prevent this. You could organize a healthy sleeping schedule and healthy conditions for your daily needs. A couple of these conditions are appropriate mealtimes/ healthy choices, taking time to relax or take a break, and have at least 8 hours of sleep! When you're a middle school student, it's a little more difficult to find time to do your own things, especially if you're involved in extracurricular things like soccer. It would be best to get sleep as your number one priority and then worry about everything else later. This will lead to having improved memory, focusing more than you usually do, and positive thinking. But the real question is, Do you think you're getting enough sleep everyday?

Pittsburg

by Rui Teixeira

Pittsburgh Pennsylvania is the city where my mother grew up with her five siblings. She was the eldest so she did a lot of work. They also lived all with their older relatives from Ireland so they had to take care of them as well. My mother's siblings (from oldest to youngest) are Tim, Brian, Dennis, Jerlin and Mike. I have seven cousins on that side alone; there's Paul and Kyle, Ally and Brendon, Sophia, Quinn and Claire. Uncle Dennis just has some dogs; he had a massive dog but it was

aggressive so they had to put him down. Grandma is kind of the head of the family. When we go there we like to see everybody or as many people as possible. There is also another side of the family called the Sheridans, who are the side of my grandmother's mother. One of the Sheridans, Mary Christmas Sheridan (yes that is her name) speaks Irish Gaelic which is somewhat of a dead language but it is still interesting.

There are also some places we go, there's an amusement park that we always go to called

Kenny Wood; it's pretty old but they do have modern rides. we usually go with cousins. Last year I went on their largest roller coaster three times.

We usually go to Pittsburg around the Fourth of July to see the fireworks. We started that tradition a while ago. It's also

really fun because fireworks are legal there so my uncle Jerry gets a lot of them and lights them off. He even got a Roman candle. Pittsburg is a very special place for me and my family for many reasons and these are only a few reasons why.

A moment I will never forget

by Jaqueline Henriquez

It was a Friday night, there was nothing to do, we couldn't go outside and go to the park for a while, we couldn't go to the store across the street from our house... **THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO!!!** Instead I was stuck babysitting my cousin but then I realized it was quiet for once. "Something must be going on; it's strangely quiet," I said to myself.

"Heather, what are you doing?" I asked her.

"Oh I'm just drawing something for Wesley." (Wesley is her little brother.) At first I thought it was lame but she wanted me to help her with her drawing. One thing she knew was that drawing wasn't my thing. Well finally I agreed to help her. She started off drawing buildings. I had no clue what to do.

Since she is an "artist," I asked her, "Heather, what can I do."

"Umm you can...ahhhhh!" she screamed.

"I'm not sure if I can do that," I said to her.

"No no look what Wesley did." There I go speechless. I turned my back, I was afraid to look but then I see our drawing shredded. Heather was there sobbing and Wesley was just laughing. I had no idea what to do. We were all going crazy (especially me).

"Okay everyone just stop, calm down for a second." I yelled. Everyone was quiet, Wesley just runs off. "His problem is solved." I said, "Heather there's no need to cry, we can just make an even better one."

"Really?" she said happily.

"Yes" I answered. Then again she starts off drawing

buildings and I still have no clue what to do. Suddenly it hit me, “I know what to draw,” I told her.

“What?” she asked curiously. I didn't answer her, and while I was drawing she had her elbow on the table and was tapping her foot impatiently.

When I was done I said, “I'm done.”

“Well it's about time,” she answered. “OH MY GOD it's AWESOME,” she said with a smile. I drew me and Heather as superheroes and it actually looked nice.

“Wait, haven't you realized this is the first time we actually bonded without having to argue,” I said.

“Oh right, we should do this more often,” she said

“Indeed we should.”

My weekend classes by Britney Flores

“Yay!, it's Friday.” “I can take a really long nap and tomorrow I have Saturday classes.”

Saturday classes are the classes where I have math and ELA at a program called ASC. ASC starts at 9:00 and ends at 12:00. 9:00 to 10:30 is math and 10:40 to 12:00 is ELA. After ELA my

brother, cousin, or mom, or brings me to Tufts University.

At Tufts, I take guitar and piano classes. My guitar class starts at 1:00 and ends at 2:00. I like guitar because we get to learn lots of songs. These weeks we've been learning a new song called “Bus Stop.” I like the song because its sounds really good and the song is very catchy. I have 5 classmates and an amazing guitar teacher, Jerry. After guitar I head to the stairs and to the computer room.

Once I get inside, I find a seat and start playing a song from my piano book. I really like the computer lab because in each seat there is a keyboard that comes with headphones so that when you put them on you can hear what you're playing. My favorite song that I learned on the piano is called Mysterious Possession. When class is almost over, my teacher Nando connects his computer to our piano and we get to play a song so that the whole class can hear what you practiced. After that, my brother picks me up and we head home.

I love my Saturday classes because I get to learn more than just one thing, and I have really awesome teachers.

The Halloween Pumpkin Carving Queen

by Taylor Machado

It was my first year carving a pumpkin without help. I was super excited but also, I was really nervous. The years before I had always needed help but this year I was determined to win the trophy all by myself. I was at my cousin's annual Halloween pumpkin carving party. The theme was famous cartoon characters and I was ready to carve my favorite cartoon character, Betty Boop. I was unsure that I would actually finish a decent looking carving. I had practice beforehand but my first couple of tries didn't turn out too well. I had hoped all of my practice would lead to an awesome looking carving but I was still unsure.

Five minutes before the competition all the contestants had time to tape their character design onto their pumpkin; that's when everything started going wrong. As I tried to tape my design to the pumpkin, the tape started coming off. I was so confused as to why the tape was coming off but then I realized, the pumpkin was too cold and the tape can't stick. I ran to my cousin Andrew to see if he had any tape. He said he only had glue in his backpack. He had an idea; he said, "What if we just use glue?"

I replied, "Andrew, you're a genius!" We ran back to my carving station with 3 minutes left to adhere the paper to the pumpkin and we started gluing the paper to the pumpkin and it actually worked.

As all the carving contestants sat around the glass table on my cousin's deck, the last year's winners, my cousins Steve and Kayleigh, placed the beautiful wooden pumpkin trophy on its rightful podium in the center of the judging table. The competition was about to start and all the contestants were readying their hands with their carving tools in their hands. My cousin Lisa called out, "On your mark, get set, GO!" and like lightning everyone started to trace their designs into their pumpkins. I started to trace the outline of my design onto my pumpkin with the pounce wheel. The glue made it very difficult to trace but it was the only substance keeping my design on my pumpkin. (A pounce wheel is a tool used to trace designs into pumpkins.)

When I had finished tracing the design, it was half time. All carving contestants had to put down their tools and take a lunch break. All of the partygoers had gone inside for pizza and chips. Everyone finished their lunch and all of the kids ran to the dining room to get dessert. Half time was done and the contestants went back to their stations to finish their carving. My cousins Steve and Kayleigh were at the edge of where a small forest meets my cousin's backyard. They were carving on the tree stump where a tall pine tree was. They weren't carving a pumpkin this year; they were painting a pumpkin and using pumpkin push-ins. They were trying to win in a different way this year—a new and creative way that would possibly guarantee the trophy.

As I peeled back the wet and sticky paper off my pumpkin, it left a huge gooey and slimy mess behind. I wiped off my pumpkin and began to carve into it. The knife was going every way except for the way I needed it to go. Once I finally got the strength and control I needed to carve the pumpkin the right way, my plastic handled carving knife broke where the blade met the plastic. My cousin Andrew came to the rescue once again and handed me an electric carving knife. Luckily I knew how to use one because if I didn't, I don't know how long it would have taken me to find a knife not in use. The knife cut the pumpkin smoothly and was easy to use.

Everything had seemed to stop going wrong until I finished with my pumpkin. When I finished pulling out pieces of pumpkin that had been cut out, I had realized that I forgot one of the most important things to complete my pumpkin. I had forgotten my candle for inside the pumpkin. Just then I had the idea that would save my chances of winning; what if I lit some twigs on fire in my pumpkin to act as a candle? My cousin Lisa had called out "2 minutes everyone, 2 minutes." I ran as quickly as my legs could carry me and gathered some twigs from the forest behind the house. I got to my pumpkin and threw the twigs into my pumpkin. I lit the twigs on fire with the lighter and covered my pumpkin with its lid. My cousin Lisa was counting down the seconds till the competition was over. "5...4...3...2...1...Time's up, everyone put your finished product on the judging table to be evaluated," said Lisa.

fun fact behind the scenes:

Aida (pp 1-2) really is wishing for that makeup kit *this year*

I went to the judging table with my pumpkin and set it down with care so it could be evaluated. There was a whole line-up of amazingly carved/painted pumpkins that looked awesome. I thought I had no chance of winning with all these other awesome pumpkins. My four cousins who were hosting the party, Andrew, Emily, Lisa, and Paul were going to be the judges. With clipboards in their hands, they walked up to each pumpkin and started to critique them.

My cousins tallied the points and started giving out awards like “most funny” or “creepiest carving.” When they had finally given out “most creative” and 3rd place, I started to lose hope that I would win. The only two groups who hadn’t gotten a prize yet was me (as a single carver) and my cousins Steve and Kayleigh (as a carving team). Just as I lost the little hope I had for winning, they called the winner and I was astonished. “I won!?! I WON!!!” I squealed with excitement. Finally, I reached my goal of having my name written on the beautiful pumpkin trophy. I congratulated my cousins Steve and Kayleigh who had won 2nd place. Everyone mingled and in the end I took the trophy home. There it stayed on my dresser for a year, until the next competition.

Roller Coaster by Melissa Ribeiro

Screaming and crying I hear. Ice cream all over toddlers’ faces. I was so happy until I looked up and there it is.....a roller coaster and there isn’t just one there’s more! My heart is beating so fast. I don’t know what I’m going to do here anymore. My mom looks at me, sees that I look scared and upset. She asked me why I was like that. I replied saying that I just didn’t like roller coasters. She says, “Why? It’s so much fun, it goes really fast and it has really high drops.”

I looked at her and said, “That is why I don’t like them. They go so fast that it feels like I can’t even breathe and those high drops make my stomach go up and makes me want to throw up. I’ve also heard that many deaths had happen on roller coasters.” She just said there was nothing to worry about and that she wasn’t going to make me go on one with her and my sister. So I stayed with my dad and

we ate all these snacks (sweets and pizza burgers). Then we went on bumper cars. That's my favorite ride to go on, instead of bumping into people I avoid them. My dad always tries to bump into me but instead other people bump into him and he never really gets to me. After the bumper cars, I asked my dad what ride my mom and my sister were on and so my dad called my mom and she said she is near the highest roller coaster. So my dad and I went looking for them. We finally found them and my mom said that there were about two or three more roller coasters she wanted to go on. "Meet me at the front of the park," she said . So when they went to find the next ride, my dad and I walked north from the highest roller coaster and walked upon a maze full of mirrors. We went in and all we can see was our reflections. We started bumping into the mirrors, it hurt but it was really funny. After we finally solved the maze, we went back to the front of the amusement park waiting for my mom and my sister. While we were waiting we saw this tea cup ride, it was amazing. When the ride was over we saw my mom and sister waiting for us to go home. It was really fun even though we didn't spend the day together as a family.

Geronimo At Water Country

by Gaby Mejia

"Are you ready," said my uncle. "You know you don't need to do this, right?" he said. "I know," I said, unsure of myself. I had never been so terrified and anxious in my life. Can this be over already? I'm starting to have second thoughts now! Why did I agree to this?! And all of a sudden I wasn't at the top anymore. I closed my eyes for a second, then it was all over like a flash.

It was August 14, 2016, 8:00 am. We were going to Water Country in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to celebrate my grandmother's birthday! My family and I were all going. And it was going to take about half an hour to get there. We packed a lot of food, especially my grandma. We got there by 9:30 and Water Country opens at 10:30 so we were good on time. I always hate waiting in long lines, but this time we didn't have to wait in the long line because we pre-ordered our tickets. But, it had occurred to me that the line with people that needed to get their tickets was faster and shorter.

When we first walked in, I saw my grandma and my two uncles with a couple of bags. I helped them with the bags and started walking towards where we were going to get settled. We went to where we usually go and it's by the whirl pool. I couldn't wait to go and get in the water with my uncles because my uncles are fun. After we went to the whirl pool, we decided to eat. Then, my uncle Jeff wanted to go on this long, orange water slide with me and my mom. My mom and I went with him but backed out when it was our turn. "Guys, it wasn't even scary, why did you guys back out?" my uncle Jeff kept saying. I didn't want to be known as a scaredy cat, so I told him; "Let's go on that tall, blue slide over there." "Geronimo? Are you sure you wanna do this?" he said. "Let's do this," I said with pride.

"Omg omg why am I doing this?" I said in my head. I was at the peak of the huge slide, and I was sure enough I wasn't ready at all. I closed my eyes and slid down. I opened them for a moment and I was sliding down the slide so quickly everything was blurry. And when I got down, I had a HUGE wedgie. It felt like my first time going roller skating, I was scared to look down because I was afraid I was going to fall. I couldn't believe I just did that and neither could my mom. I was glad it was all over but I would like to go on that slide again someday. But for now I'll just be here standing with pride knowing I went on that tall, blue monster. It was an amusing but terrifying experience for me.

How I came to love a small thing about me

by Alana Mathis

I used to be too self-conscious about my zodiac sign because I thought it was a sorry second-rate excuse for a zodiac also when I was looking online about it I came to find out that out of all the zodiacs Virgo was the most disliked, I believed that I was bedeviled when I have discovered that bit of information, I took it to the heart by beginning to believe that I was hated by everyone I knew.

Twas a story to remember, remember I did, this event took place when I was around the age of 10, 6th grade as well may I mind you, as I would go home to chat up some friends I've obtained made I

acquired a text message on my phone twas from some lad of sorts, one I knew nothing of I tell you, this message was very distasteful so to say, anywho I had screenshot this distasteful message and had sent it to my peers, asked them if they knew anything themselves or if their circles knew anything. Unfortunately all replies came back as a no however seeing as how I certainly wasn't in the mood for she-nanigans I paid no mind to it, I started and completed my homework once again this complete stranger texted me with some more distasteful comments referring to my social media page this time I was a tad bit peeved, but proceeded to delete this false comment from an obviously ticked off hater of sorts.

The comments from this hater seem to grow louder , louder as time went on, by louder I mean with more caps locked letters and eventually with inappropriate words and also phrases, this time though I decided to take action, for my emotions got the upperhand in this ever loving aggressive fight that I wasn't partaking in, the atrocious insults to my face grew a flame that wasn't meant to be grown, a fire in my eyes, heart, along soul grew taking rudely burning everything that was left while in my control of my own body, I hated it for there was nothing I could do nothing left for me to control within my own capsule of a physical form. As my body took over senses the whispers of wrongdoing rang in my ears while the calming dust caught a blaze only for the purpose of anger along with hatred. Please do not shower me in 'oh no's' for I knew the consequences of my hating deeds as the tips of my thumbs pulling microscopic glass from the screen, ever so slowly breaking the amount my phone could handle, once I finished I cried into an unconscious state of the awake and dead, not audacious to awake, but not foolish to die either. How even I did awake into a darkness of the abyss where no light shown except from under my door since the kitchen light was never going to be off. After about a month of lying to myself is when my depression kicked in, I grew angered at everyone and by everything, I'd confined myself to my room and refuse to socialize, my lips might as well been kept together for the little amount of talking I did.

A week had gone by and by this time I was doing everything within my power to keep from harming myself or others, then when I

was on the verge of letting go and become irrational monster. The next few days however, I was having messages after messages thrown at me, telling me to get out of my state of mind or they hope I feel good enough to smile, it was appreciated...really appreciated but It only lasted as long as you can say the longest word in history 3 times and for 3 weeks I was crying, barely eating and just for a while asking my mother if I could attend an online school or just to stay home in bed all day, when she told me no I would be seriously peeved that day. Three weeks later however my friends from school all kinda just held me down at recess and wouldn't let me leave until I told them...so I did, I told them about everything they wanted to know about the bullying, the harassment, name calling, I told them the entire story of what had happened to me. They reassured me that my zodiac is not what I thought of it as. They had told me some wonderful things about the zodiac Virgo and how it so related to me and had just went on and on about how I was wonderful, how my sign was as well until I laughed and smiled. Without them I would probably be doing something bad. I went from being depressed and hurt to reassured and glad. I truly have some great friends.

Support Ms. Vozella's ongoing food drive.

Bring in canned and boxed food, etc.

All year long—not just at holiday time—some people can't afford enough food. Please help them if you can!

Writers wanted

Writing from students in all grades at ESCS is welcome for the Phoenix.

Teachers please take notice!

**Email:
kid@12zine.com**

DIY Club

is for students in grades 3 and up. Club members explore a variety of materials and media with a ***Do It Yourself*** focus. Each meeting is a workshop in which members participate in art activities, craft useful



out with other girls my age."

"A club that helps us be creative!"

"I love drawing! It's the best because we have extra time that we don't always get during our once-a-week art class"

"We make things that we can take home"

"I learn how to make things that I can teach to my family!"



products and experiment with materials, all to **Do It Yourself!**

When asked, **"What does D.I.Y. Club mean to you?"** the kids had this to say:

"It's a place where I come to hang

Wanted: By the Phoenix, your student publication:

Used-up ink and toner printer cartridges.

Leave them for us in the main office. We recycle them to buy ink and paper so we can publish.

Babysitting

by Drea Zaniboni

One day my cousin Sara came over to my house to visit my sister and me. While we were watching a movie my mom and stepdad came into the living room and told us “we are going out so you guys need to watch Aiden and Emma”. Aiden and Emma are our step siblings, Aiden is 6 and Emma is 4. My mom and stepdad left and we started to babysit.

Emma and Aiden were having a lot of fun running around, playing tag and hide and go seek but then Sara, Rachel, and I wanted to take a break for a few, so Aiden went to his room to play with his dinosaurs and watch TV but Emma didn't want us to take a break so she came in the living room and started to annoy and bother us and then she started to jump on Sara. At the time Emma was annoying us I was playing grand theft auto 5 which is a video game. I got up because I needed to get dressed because I was going out with my friend later on and I needed to be ready so I went to my room, got dressed and then I walked to the bathroom but while I was walking I heard the door “slam!!!” and Rachael and Sara start to laugh. I ran into the living room and Emma wasn't there. “Where is Emma” I yelled, “I put her outside” Sara said while she snickered. I went outside to get Emma; I picked her up and brought her back into the house.

I got really mad and said “You two are both so immature what kind of 16 year old locks a 4 year old out of the house.” I was really mad at them so I went back in the bathroom to brush my teeth and brush my hair and I went in my room to play with Aiden.

I heard the door open and got scared that Sara was putting Emma outside again but then I heard Emma yell in excitement “daddy.” So my mom and step dad finally got home and I went out.

I came home and my mom said “Hey Drea can you come in here please” I got scared that I was in huge trouble. I walked into my mom's room and she asked me “why did you put Emma outside” I replied saying “I didn't Sara did!!!” and “if I did who told you” she said “I don't want to hear it and Emma told me” I yelled and commanded Rachael and Sara to come to my mom's room.

They stomped their feet coming into my mom's room and said “what!!!” I said “Sara, didn't you put Emma outside?” she lied and said “no I didn't, you did, why would I put her outside? I'm not THAT immature.”

I got really mad and upset and wanted to actually fight Sara but I didn't because my mom would be like “why did you do that” so I didn't. My mom told Rachael and Sara to get out. I told my mom “I didn't do it. I always babysit them and I never put her outside why would you think I would now, Sara's here and you know she is a trouble maker.” My mom just kept on saying that Rachael and Sara aren't that immature and they wouldn't do that. So I ran out of my mom's room and slammed her door and screamed. I was very mad and even angrier because I got less money than them for something I didn't even do when it was supposed to be the other way around. There's one thing I learned from this experience: to always watch whomever you're babysitting no matter what you're doing or where you are going.

Christmas with family

by Jacey Morales

The most special day for me is Christmas. You might ask why? Let me tell you why!

Christmas Eve for my family is celebrated as Christmas day. This day is very special for me because I spend time with my family. My family is very special for me because I am not afraid to laugh around them, I am not afraid to be crazy because they do the same. They give me the confidence to be free.

My mom and I get ready at 5 or 6 PM. My mom does our hair, fixes my brother's clothes picks my dress and I do my makeup. We leave to Saugus where we have the party. When we are there, I enter the house and when I am on the first stair I always feel very excited to see what my gifts are going to be. I knock the door “knock-knock” and it opens to the sound of music.

When I enter the house I smell the chicken coming out of the oven. I sit on the couch and I can hear the sound of cameras taking pictures. Every time someone from my family and all the other family members are taking pictures. My aunt takes many pictures of

my family and I think too many pictures are annoying but I still do it for memories. When all my family is there, we go to sit at the table. We are a big family, so we need many tables. When everyone is there, we start eating. We eat chicken, meat, pork, avocado and a bowl with arroz con habichuela! My aunt makes the best arroz con habichuela! Arroz con habichuela is an orange rice with beans and it's very good! On the table there are fresh tortillas and many other delicious foods. The steam from the rice cooking again, it smells like fresh beans, and in the kitchen it's very steamy.

After we eat, my cousins and I go to her room and play some board games like Monopoly, Jenga, Life and many other games, while the boys watch TV, and play video games. My parents talk about the countries they lived in, like El Salvador and Guatemala. What I like to do with my cousins on Christmas is we always have a talent show and my cousins perform magic tricks! I usually play the violin or sing. Last year, my cousins and I won by singing a Christmas song and most of my family voted for us so we won! That means that the next year that Christmas comes we become the voters. After the talent show we wait till the clock turns 12:00 midnight and when it comes we hug and say "Merry Christmas," and we take many pictures and we hug some more. After, we get to open our presents plus whoever wins gets to open one gift first. Let me tell you what happened last year. My cousin and I won and we got to open one gift first. We both got tablets and I was very excited because I really wanted a tablet for when I travel. Everyone else opened their gifts too.

This experience was really fun and I learn a lot every year with my family. I learn how we became united to be thankful and be happy. That's what my family and I did last year for Christmas!

Superbaby

by Kyissa Almeida

I go up the stairs. I go into my room. Something moves! Thoughts start running in my head. *What if there's a dead body?* Then I realize dead bodies don't move (take a minute for my stupidity). Then, my heart starts racing, my stomach is in knots, and my eyes tear up.

That's when I found a strange man under my bed! Just kidding. Although, I probably shouldn't say *strange*, that just sounds judgmental. Let's try that again.

THAT'S WHEN I FOUND A MAN UNDER MY BED! Just kidding. See, that sounds better. Even though I didn't find a man under my bed, I did find though, my chubby, adorable, 9-month old baby brother. After I found my chubby, adorable, 9-month old baby brother, I had to pick him up and bring him downstairs.

Before I brought him downstairs, I had to see if my somewhat mature, older sister was pranking me. No signs of her there. Now, why would my somewhat mature, older sister be pranking me? It's likely because as the somewhat mature sister she is, she still has moments where she acts like a 3-year old. I can't blame her though, as I think all siblings have those moments.

A month later, my sister came clean about pranking me. She admitted it when we had an awkward conversation about superpowers. Now, you may be wondering why finding my baby brother under my bed would have anything to do with superpowers. It's because after seeing him under my bed, I thought he could teleport. I thought he could teleport because a 9-month old baby can't climb up a flight of stairs. Well, I'm assuming.

Although the prank was funny, I was still upset. This was one of the times I hated the sibling code, "don't tell mom and dad." However, at the end of the day, we all have those moments. With siblings, there are times where we want to hug them to death, or be the cause of their death. I think we should all just enjoy the moments we spend with our siblings, and make the best of them. Even if there are times that they make you go insane!

Mild inconvenience

Monica Correia

Have you ever had something extremely inconvenient happen to you at a really horrible time? Well, I can now say that I've experienced this dilemma and from a personal experience it's not fun at all.

Let me take you back a few days ago, to November 15, 2016. I was in the school's soccer field practicing volleyball with Kaylee at

7:30 am. It was pretty cold out, but nothing a little sweater couldn't handle. That day the ESCS volleyball team was having our “last” volleyball game against Kennedy before playoffs, so we (the team) chose to have practice to prepare.

Kaylee and I had teamed up to pass the ball back and forth because we both felt we could use the bit of extra practice.

Kaylee bumped the volleyball a little too far away from my reach so I ran towards it as fast as I could. I successfully bumped the ball back to Kaylee with excitement that I reached it in time.

“Yesss!!” I chanted, loud enough for just Kaylee and me to hear.

As Kaylee bumped the ball towards me I immediately hit it back but this time I wasn't so happy. Seconds after I hit the ball back to Kaylee I felt a sharp pain in my left eye. At first I had assumed it was an eyelash since that's usually what would cause such discomfort. I quickly ran to my backpack which was no more than 20 feet away from me and quickly searched through my bag to find my phone and in the process trying my best to keep my eye open in order to relieve some pain that was slowly starting to increase.

I found my phone and opened up the front camera to see exactly what landed in my eye. I put the camera inches from my left eye to reveal a piece of a leaf!

“Oh my gosh how in the world did this end up in my eye!!!!” I said quickly, as I started to panic at the realization that I had a small fraction of a leaf lodged in my left eye.

The pain was rapidly increasing as well, and I had not the slightest idea of how to remove a small piece of a leaf from my eye since this has never happened before. My brain thought of how I'd go along with removing an eyelash so this couldn't be that different right? I slowly placed my right index finger on the leaf while looking into my camera and quickly removed the leaf out my eye. Relief washed over my body at the instant weight taken off my shoulders. I immediately shut my eye and it felt fine after a few seconds.

I had quickly come to the realization that the leaf had landed in my eye because it was once on the volleyball. I learned from this painful experience that life doesn't always go your way and you just have to deal with it.

Behind the scenes: Shreesha (p. 3) dreamed but did not witness the quake, but her close family members were actually in it. Fortunately they survived but many people died or were injured.

BAD LUCK BIRTHDAY

by Melissa Gomez

April 20, 2015. I was turning 11 years old and we were celebrating my birthday and I was having a party with all my friends and all my family, but it wasn't just a normal birthday party; it was a **BAD LUCK BIRTHDAY PARTY** and this is why it was bad luck.

One: I was running down the hill next to my house with my friends -- we were playing tag -- when all of a sudden I fell and slid on the concrete and I hurt my shoulder, wrist, and my thigh (the one on my thigh was the worst!!). Everyone was so worried, but I was just laughing very hard.

After, when I cleaned my injuries with disinfecting wipes I went outside again. Right when I went outside it started raining like crazy. Since it was raining we brought the party inside. We wanted to do something fun so I had an idea of playing limbo. All my friends had a turn, and when it came to my turn the pole hit me on the head, and I got very dizzy. We decided to dance and since I was still kind of dizzy I sprained my ankle.

The worst part for me was when they told me they were going to bring me bowling as a surprise, but we didn't go since I had sprained my ankle. **After everything that had happened I haven't had birthday parties since.**

Black Light

by Iskandar Nazhar

FICTION

My Family... It is a story that can endanger and can cause harm to a fellow human being, even certain death or a very dilapidated brain, if you were unlucky, your mind, would be disconnected from reality. And the story might already well be looked at a world not in touch with "reality." What if everything is an illusion? What if everything, never or never will happen, happened? What if pain, fear, confusion and sadness was nothing but another variable blocking the truth of this actual wreck of a world.

The story starts with a man, that man is me. This is a story about me, who is now the sole *survivor* of the mysterious family, and my

name forever no longer in the cause of history. No one knows what happened to the rest of his family but only to know, he inherited all. Even with all the money and luxury he is not cared nor loved by any. Sure there are some *gold diggers* who come in interest to him, but soon when learnt of his family, they become troubled and soon leave him (not as they ever cared for him). And then get harassed by phantoms.

Rumor goes around that he practices a form of voodoo, but no. He is a fairly honest man but to the unlucky side he was trapped in an unsettling, misfortunate family. No one other than he knows what, or why such things happen. He knows through unsettling whispers of experience of phantom voices. But most come from letters, hieroglyphics, scrolls, writing that came with objects. All of which had to be decoded, all keys were different sometimes hinted by disturbing voices but most of the time never spoken, ever. But even after decoding, he would have to figure out the meaning of the phrase, then piece it together.

He would stay up all night, trying to figure it out and even go for days without food. He normally doesn't care about his personal health. No one cares about him, and he doesn't even care about himself. After hard work the words depicted are normally very disturbing keeping him up all night. He had an uncle. Whom he barely knew, used to be a survivor alongside with him. Until now...

Ring! Ring! The phone emitted sound after several of years. He looked at the phone cautiously. He slowly approached the inanimate object as the eerie sounds encourage him to.

He picked up the phone, unable to make sure what to say to a verbal contact without visibility of the source, but sure he did not see the phantoms who haunt him, but this is the living. "Is this the home of the Bruce Family," says the invisible voice that emits from the rusty object. Unable to make sure of what to say he just kept nodding, but is not heard so after a while starts to hum yes or no.

He felt despair after hearing the malicious act of his father's death, as he knew he couldn't just die of an overdose. After hearing enough, the voice started to blur out until it became a mumble, there was a disturbing buzzing noise which had followed. Then a mumbling of unnatural sources started to talk, whispers was heard

and he could feel the very humidity of the voice which appeared as close to the ear as one can be.

The voice was crackled, low yet frightening and is capable of delivering a message which such fear. The voice had a delivering aftermath of hissing left in one's eardrums. The voice is the warning of what is yet to come. It may still reek of an evil tone but has a touch of warning, alarming of what to expect in the coming events. And here is what it said, "You are next, you are last or all is gone." As alarming as it was, the most troubling thing of this was the inability to decode what was said in his ears.

He knew what it meant by you are next, but last? Nothing made sense after the mentioning of all is gone. He was trying to decode of what was just heard when... The voices, it came back, it started building up until high pitch sound builds up and then his ears started to bleed and clot his ears. Then the visions so overly terrifying that no normal human being is eligible to view or hear it so.

"Um hello?" says the lawyer. He snaps out of his own state of mind, "There is a letter too, it's requested that you should read it and no one else, it was found in his pocket of his body." He puts down the phone and waits for the letter to warn him of what to expect.

He waited, and waited. Every so often he would hear whispers as if they were in a cinema waiting for the movie to start, but something in their tone of voice indicated that they weren't so excited but worried.

Ding, dong! A man walks in, "It's here."

END OF PART 1

Your ad here.

Teachers, student organizations and clubs:

Ads for ESCS classrooms and clubs are free.

Contact the Phoenix,

kid@12zine.com

subject line: school ads

Logic

by Angel Gutierrez

The Arts

“Peace, Love, and Positivity” are Logic’s words as he closes out his concert. He has a lot of strong messages in his music. Mostly all of them represent peace, love, and positivity.

In my opinion, I think he is the best lyrical rapper in the last 5 years, it's up to debate, but in my opinion Logic is the best. His lyrics tell a story. They're not about women and drinking like most rap songs nowadays. He usually raps about stuff he grew up with. He raps about how when he was younger he lived on welfare, food stamps, Section 8, and how he got evicted.

His story and background really contribute to what he raps about. Logic has gone through a lot in his childhood but his main message in most of his songs is “PLP.” PLP stands for Peace, Love and Positivity. He mentions it a lot in his mixtape that came out this year. It’s called

Bobby Tarantino. Bobby Tarantino is a persona created by Logic. He is a side of Logic that makes happy, more energetic music.

In the song Innermission Logic spits “I rarely went to school, they wonder why and that's because... My situation at home was alcoholics and drugs I never graduated but I made it to the summit.” This means a lot to me because he did not go to school—for a reason—but he worked hard for where he is right now and this shows me that I can do anything I want.

His rough experiences show a lot about himself. When I listen to him rap about the stuff he has gone through it gives me the message that I can do anything and that my ethnicity, money state, and or background does not matter to my success in the future. That's why I think he is the best lyrical rapper.

SPS 7.8: the literary magazine of Somerville’s 7th and 8th grades: All schools!

On sale in the main office. This first issue is offered as a fundraiser with the selling price of \$5.00 a copy, all of which will be donated to the Somerville Homeless Coalition.

Sports

Playing football on a Friday

by Jordan T.

The ball is flying coming toward me the cool crisp air. Luck would have it I caught it with open arms. This Friday I had the best of luck. My school day was so much fun we played games it was almost perfect. But it's been said no thing nor people are perfect. But I thought it was. Let me just say what gorgeous weather. If there was such a thing as perfect that was the *day* of perfection.

I love football and so do my friends. Their names are Junior, Denzel, AJ, and Dimitri. Junior's real name is Manuel but we call him Junior. He's the best football player out of us five. I'm the second best. We all play all-around positions but some of us are not as good as others. But that's okay because we're all friends so we tried our hardest to get each other better and it works, just look at me. I never liked football, but if it wasn't for Junior I would have never played football as well as I do. Junior is basically the captain of

our little squad and we all support that. Also I want to say that Junior is my best friend, and that we have known each other since he moved here from Cambridge. But we are all best friends and we will never lose each other.

It is the year 2016 and we have never stopped playing football even on amazing Fridays like this one. There's never been a day where I haven't played football. Or any sport related games. I should say that I spend most of my life outside constantly doing things that could make me stronger and better at sports. If it wasn't for my best friend I wouldn't have ever been writing about this topic. And never been playing football on a cool crisp Friday.

Draymond Green: and why I dislike him by Lucas Carey

I wouldn't say I hate the guy but I definitely dislike him. **DRAYMOND GREEN.** One of the best all around players in the NBA now. A 6'8" Power Forward for the Golden State Warriors who can play all 5 positions on the court. The guy had the most double doubles in

the league last season and second most triple doubles in the league to Russell Westbrook, who by the way is a top 5 player in the NBA.

There is no doubt Draymond Green is an amazing player but he is also a whiney, overreacting, flopping, crybaby. Draymond Green kicked Steven Adams (who is a Center for the Oklahoma City Thunder) in the private parts during the third round of the NBA playoffs last season “by mistake” twice! That is such a cheap shot. Also Steven Adams should’ve really spoken up, but I guess he was too scared.

Anyway the reason I called him a whiney, overreacting, flopping, crybaby is because I almost always see him getting mad over such small things and it ends up with him either getting ejected or getting fined by the NBA and sometimes even both. Sometimes you just have to let stuff go. Draymond Green's celebrations are really unnecessary and just plain out *stupid*. For example about two weeks ago Draymond got a technical foul during the season opener for screaming at the Spurs bench after he scored. I think the reason he got a tech-

nical was because he screamed something with a couple of curses in it.

One of the things I dislike most about Draymond Green is his shot form. Uhh! It's just so ugly and it looks so unprofessional for a pro player.

Overall Draymond Green is a fantastic player but there are so many bad qualities about him that it's almost impossible to like him.

LeSean McCoy

by Jordan T.

What makes a great NFL player? For me it's knowing how to play defense, offense, and special teams. Not many players can do this. LeSean McCoy, however, is all of these things. He plays on both offense and special teams. When I say he plays special teams I don't mean he kicks the ball; he stays in the back field for the ball to be kicked his way. Also he's not on the kicking team; he's on the punt and kick returns. Which means he waits for the ball to be kicked to him.

He's an inspiration to me. He's also known as “Shady.” LeSean also has an older brother who played on three different NFL teams. His name is LeRon

McCoy. LeSean joined the Philadelphia Eagles with Michael Vick in 2009. LeSean replaced Brian Westbrook as the Eagles' running back.

LeSean has been number 25 for both teams he played and plays for. He played for the Philadelphia Eagles until 2014 with number 25. He set the Philadelphia Eagles' single-season touchdown record with 20 touchdowns in 2011 and also became the franchise's all-time leading rusher. When he started playing first string running back for the Buffalo Bills he was and still is number 25. McCoy has been on the Buffalo Bills for just two seasons, but in total he's been in the NFL for seven consecutive seasons.

I have never seen a better running back ever in my entire life. The only one I compare to LeSean is Ezekiel Elliott, the rookie running back just out of Ohio State who is on the Dallas Cowboys. In my mind he isn't the best running back; he's just a rookie who needs more practice and more challenge to come his way. But LeSean was a star from the beginning. He's too good for teams around him.

Bike ride

by Diego Lopez

My hands were gripping the handlebars really tight because it was raining and Daniel and I set off. It was around 2:40 in the afternoon right after school ended. I had a football game with my friend but they canceled the game because it was raining. So we decided to go to a volleyball game that started at the same time our game was supposed to start but there was one problem! It was raining. But Daniel said, "Whatever, let's still go."

So I'm like ok. Once my friend went to get his bike from his home I put the GPS system on my phone. As we were heading to the game which was located in Kennedy Elementary School, we were getting really soaking wet so wet that even our under clothes got wet. Once we were 14 blocks away from the school, we had to go down the hill. But the only problem was that Daniel's bike did not have brakes but we went down anyway. And as we approached the foot of the hill there was a turn we had to make. So I told him to take a left. Going really fast I turned to my left thinking it was

my right so when he turned left I actually turned right and once he had already gone the other way it was too late to tell him. And I'm like, wait, but he kept going til he realized I was going the other way. He was like "Di--e--go----"!!!. Then when I was going back up to see what has happened, all of a sudden, **boom**. I got so scared until I went to see that he had crashed in a trash barrel and had fallen off the bike. Finally when we got there even soaking wet we entered the gym to see the game right in time. And once the game ended I said it was worth coming here no matter how wet we got. Our girls' volleyball team had won 44 to 28.

The first touchdown

by Noe Gutierrez

We only have 2 minutes left in the game. We only have 1 down left. I suggested we do the goal line play. "Let's do it," Jordan said. I hike the ball to Jordan because I was center. Jordan sees me open and he passes.

...It was a nice Tuesday. Ringggg! The school's bell rings. My math class ran out of the classroom like there was a bomb in our class. The school's flag

football team went outside to play football for a little while we wait for Mr. Roberts (AKA our flag football team coach).

We walked to the bus stop that will take us to the game. We get to the bus stop on time the bus just got there. The team gets on the bus. We get to our game and get ready to play against West Somerville.

We started the game winning in the first half. In the second half West Somerville tied the game. Then a miracle happened. Jordy, a flag football teammate, intercepted the ball and started running as fast as he can. He got to the end zone and nobody got his flags. We got another interception and we went all the way to the end zone. West Somerville got one of our teammates at the one yard line.

We only had one down left. We needed just two points to win the game. I told Jordan our QB to do the goal line play. The goal line play is when I go straight down the middle and get open for him to throw the ball to me. He throws the ball to me and a dead silence. Nobody was saying *nothing*.

I get up and the ref sees me with the ball in my hand and said it was a touchdown. Then

my teacher Mr. Weaver starts saying that's how we do it, good job, Noe. I scored the winning touchdown and got my first touchdown but the other team had 30 seconds to do something. West Somerville's QB sees a player open. The West Somerville's QB throws the ball to the open player and out of nowhere Jordy hit the ball down. We win our flag football game and I get my first touchdown.

This game was one of the best games that our team and I have played so far. Our team wins the game by one touchdown and a 2 point conversion. This has been the story of my first touchdown.

A contest

by Guensley Louis

In football practice sometimes the coach gives us the chance to leave early. But we have to earn the chance. This game is called "leaving early."

So, say that our coach punts the ball, one of us has to catch it and he only chooses one person. You only either have one

try or two tries. If you don't catch it we either have to run a couple of times back and forth or practice more before we leave. We usually run if somebody doesn't catch it, AKA running back and forth.

Sometimes when somebody catches the ball we get so happy we start to jump on each other. For example we just run at each other and start yelling because we're so happy. The part that I think is funny is when someone doesn't catch I start laughing because we have to run and I run slowly on purpose, sometimes, so we could keep running so everyone could get mad, I mean it's hilarious.

One night, the coach called my name to come catch the ball and I was prepared. When my coach called me I went so far back and I felt like I wasn't going to catch it. The part that I thought was bad bad was when it was dark outside and I couldn't see the ball very well. So while he kicked the ball I couldn't see it very well until it came very close and then I caught the ball. Once I caught the ball everyone was so happy.

Phoenix Writers' Den: An afterschool club for writers in grades 4-8 at the ESCS. Help publish the Phoenix. Mondays at 2:45-4:00 pm. Get a permission slip in the main office.

Soccer game!

Continued from back page

our first game. We jogged four times around the gym; as we passed by the bleachers we saw students, teachers, parents, *and our principal!* We stretched and practiced passing the ball. I didn't feel ready for it at all, our coach seemed ready, of course because of the fact that he didn't have to play like the rest of us. Around 9:00 AM the gym was starting to get full. More and more people started coming as time passed. I thought I had it under control, I thought I was ready but I never really thought of the feeling.

...
We had started practicing after Christmas break. My friends and I were excited that we would finally join our school's soccer team. I was excited on the day they announced that we were having our first official practice. I was waiting for this opportunity ever since the first day of school, ever since I was in 5th grade. It was cold outside. I was on my way to the gym for practice. I looked around for my friends to see if anyone else was there. I kept on walking and saw a group of girls outside the gym waiting for practice to start, but I didn't know any of them. "Who are they?" I thought. I looked closely and realized that they were 8th graders. I panicked and quickly went to the bathroom so I could change. Being in 6th grade I was scared of the 8th graders and I didn't know why. I assumed that maybe it was because I didn't know them? They weren't tall and immense but I was still scared.

A few moments later my friends started to walk into the bathroom to change and they didn't have much expression on their faces but they probably also saw the 8th graders. I was pretty sure that they did. Once we all changed, we all walked towards the gym. When we got there no one was outside the gym like before. I figured that maybe they all went inside to talk to our coach, Mr. Cronin. We walked in (silently) and put our stuff down. Once Mr. Cronin saw all of us he told us to proceed to the black line, the 8th graders watched as we ran to the black line. I looked around to see who was behind me in the line and who was in front. Our coach glared at all of us to see who would be goalie for the team and thankfully he picked an 8th grader and not any of us 6th graders. After that I regretted that he had not chosen me because once the 8th grader that he had picked to

be our goalie went to the goal to start her training, the rest of us stayed and jogged 12 laps around the gym. Once I got up to five laps I couldn't run anymore because I wasn't used to running like everyone else. Some of my friends also looked tired, by the looks on their face, it was noticeable.

We started the training by passing the ball back and forth. We got a partner and passed the ball from one end of the gym to the other end. I could tell that we had a lot of work to do because the look on our coach's face wasn't pleasant. He immediately stopped us and got two of the 8th graders to demonstrate how it was supposed to look. Both eighth graders slowly approached their spots and started passing the ball perfectly. As I saw them do that I thought in my mind "Why can't I pass as well as they do?" Our coach told us to go back and do it again. This time it improved a bit but after about ten minutes of this passing drill, he told us to get into teams and play a scrimmage. Our first match of scrimmage on that day was horrible. Everyone was out of place, our passing was horrible, and we couldn't make any goals; it was dry. I wondered why it was so dull. Our captain was disappointed in us for playing so sloppy. That didn't stop us though; we practiced drills every other practice and the drills made us improve by a lot...

We were going to start the second half of the game. It was my turn to go in, it was my first time being a starter for the team, and the game was tied 1-1. I was nervous as I looked at the spectators. Everyone was sitting down on the bleachers. My hands immediately became sweaty, my stomach turned into a tied knot. I took three deep breaths. I walked onto that gym floor as if I had the power to do anything, I closed my eyes and imagined me scoring. Everyone would be screaming, the joy and smiles spreading throughout the whole gym. I imagined everyone on the team smiling, everyone congratulating me. The whistle blew the second half has finally started I closed my eyes one last time. "I can do this" I thought. I was always scared of eighth graders and I didn't know why, but I knew I was definitely not scared to play soccer. We lost but that day completely changed our team, our bond, our skills, it turned our team into a family, a family where everyone didn't have the same likes but they all loved soccer.

The tragedy that shook the soccer world

by Cristian Hernandez

A huge tragedy shook the football world as 71 out of the 77 passengers including players, coaches, journalists and others from or following the soccer club FC Chapecoense, a soccer club based in Brazil, died in a plane crash on its way to Medellin, Colombia on November 28, 2016 at 10:15 PM. The team was going to play in the Sudamericana Cup final against Atletico Nacional. Of all of the 19 FC Chapecoense players on the plane, two survived, Alan Ruschel and Helio Hermito Zampier Neto. The reason for this crash is thought to be an electrical failure, aviation authorities said.

After this tragedy a lot of people especially from the soccer community showed respect and condolences to the club. A hashtag #ForçaChape which translates into English to “strength to Chape” spread over twitter; Atletico Nacional, the team that they were about to face up against, requested the cup to be awarded to FC Chapecoense. Also, Atletico

Nacional added a black ribbon to their crest on Twitter as a mark of respect for the victims of the plane crash. The club suggested people go to the stadium where the match would have been played the next day dressed in white and carrying candles as symbols of solidarity.

The support didn't end there as basically every team had a moment of silence for the team before their matches all around the world out of respect to the victims. Also clubs around the world offered to give FC Chapecoense players after the tragedies. The tragedy that is the Chapecoense plane crash is bringing out the best spirits in the sports world.

Soccer game!

by Diana Posada

It was our first soccer game, against Winter Hill. We were all nervous, I saw people sitting on the bleachers throughout the whole gym. It just made me more nervous. My team and I looked around and got ready for

continued on page 34