THINGS
MOVE THAT
SILENCE
THINGS THAT MOVE THE SILENCE

Poems, Stories, and Plays from the Creative Writing Component of Project TAP
Edited by Joanna Cattonar and Chuck Sullivan

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South Carolina Arts Commission
Columbia, South Carolina
A puppeteer leading students in a puppet parade through the halls of a primary school. . .a mural painter helping students to design backdrops for a class play. . .a poet inviting community friends to his home for an evening of poetry readings. . .a batik artist from South America sharing his wax-and-dye techniques with citizens of a small community. . .students giving form to clay on a potter’s wheel, designing abstract block prints, building invisible walls with their hands, making shapes in space on the playground. . .children performing original plays, exhibiting art work at the local library, clapping rhythms in a folk game, attending a symphony. . .students, faculty, and volunteers from the community joining together to celebrate “Life is a Fine Art” in a week-long festival at a local high school. . .a parent/teacher organization treating itself to a sense awareness workshop. . .publications of student and adult poetry from writing workshops being distributed throughout the community. . .a recreation center holding creative dramatics workshops for senior citizens. . .the local arts council sponsoring a series of performances by touring ensembles for its rural citizenry. . .Project TAP encourages people of all ages and backgrounds in a community to participate in the arts experience.

TAP expands upon the traditional Artists-in-the-Schools concept in several ways: numbers of schools in a district or county system are participating; numbers of visual, literary, performing, and media arts experiences are offered to each school; numbers of artists are working in a specified project area throughout the year; and numbers of people in participating schools and communities are planning cooperatively for arts programming, funding, and development of available resources.

The goals of a Total Arts Program are: to give students of all ages a broad exposure to the arts; to provide teachers an opportunity to further their education in the arts; to develop support for the continuation of arts learning in the schools; to create an audience for the arts in participating communities; and to support professional artists in the production of their work. Project TAP services at each site are diversified to complement local goals and interests.

During the 1976-77 school year, Project TAP began its first year of operation in Dillon County, Oconee County, Elloree and Greenwood, and entered its fourth year in Lancaster County, Chester and Fort Mill Townships. Things That Move The Silence includes writing from each of the TAP sites and depicts visually a sampling of arts experiences provided through the program.
SOUTH CAROLINA ARTS COMMISSIONERS
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY:
PROJECT TAP PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS 1976-77

CHESTER COUNTY

T. J. Bratton, Superintendent

Chester Junior High
H. O. Bedenbaugh, Principal
Fannie Black, Coordinator

Chester Senior High
T. Q. Smith, Principal
Sally Meador, Coordinator

College Street Elementary
E. G. Mobley, Principal
Lenore Branham, Coordinator

Sue Cantrell, Director of Instruction

Fort Lawn Elementary
S. E. Foster, Principal
Deborah Morton, Coordinator

Lewisville Middle
Eugene Neely, Principal
Sandra Thomas, Coordinator

Southside Elementary
Paul Clarkson, Principal
Sarah Huey, Coordinator

DILLON COUNTY

District #1 Schools

Lake View Elementary
Alexander Wilson, Principal
Edith Rogers, Coordinator

Van Horton, Director of Instruction

East Primary
Ray Rogers, Principal
Emma Lucius, Coordinator

Stewart Heights Primary
Frank Lee, Principal
Jean Miles, Coordinator

Gordon Elementary
Ed Roberts, Principal
Bonita Berry, Coordinator

The Learning Center
Ulysses Madison, Principal
Nannie MacDonald, Coordinator

South Primary
Dolphins Carter, Principal
Sally Crumpler, Coordinator

J. A. Jones, Superintendent

Latimer Elementary
R. L. McBryde, Principal
Joyce Bethea, Coordinator

Latta Primary
Happy Boozer, Principal
Sally Parham, Coordinator

GREENWOOD COUNTY

District 50 Schools

Blake Primary
R. K. Ostrom, Principal
Virginia Whitmire, Coordinator

H. C. Cole, Superintendent

Mathews Primary
Evelyn Irwin, Principal
and Coordinator
Brewer Intermediate 
W. M. Sanders, Principal 
Karen Park, Coordinator 

Intermediate 
Claretta Donaldson, Principal 
Evelyn Flack, Coordinator 

East End Intermediate 
Marrell Hardy, Principal 
Edie Brooks, Coordinator 

North Hodges Primary 
Timothy Watson, Principal 
Elizabeth Wilson, Coordinator 

Pinecrest Primary 
Riley Watson, Principal 
Deborah Hunt, Coordinator 

West Hodges Intermediate 
Miriam Garner, Principal 
Ann Banks, Coordinator 

LANCASTER COUNTY 

J. E. Wall, Superintendent 
Andrew Jackson Area Schools 

Andrew Jackson High 
Webster Grayson, Principal and Coordinator 

Flat Creek Schools 
R. M. Sowell, Principal 
Mildred Mitchell, Coordinator 

Heath Springs School 
A. R. Cole, Principal 
Barbara Ogburn, Coordinator 

Buford Area Schools 

Buford Elementary 
G. K. Starnes, Principal 
Barbara Dickson, Coordinator 

Indian Land Area Schools 

Indian Land Elementary 
P. A. Cook, Principal 
Merrilyn Taylor, Coordinator 

Lancaster City Schools 

Brooklyn Springs Primary 
Anne Stevens, Principal 
Carolyn Ellison, Coordinator 

Central Elementary 
Elizabeth Hutchinson, Principal 
Ann Cooper, Coordinator 

Clinton Elementary 
Billie Smith, Principal 
Dolores Clinton, Coordinator 

Dobson Elementary 
T. T. Barnes, Principal 
Carol Shute, Coordinator 

Peggy Heath, Director of Instruction 
A. S. Brown, Superintendent 

Kershaw Elementary #1 
Malcolm McIsaac, Principal 
Rose Marie Baker, Coordinator 

Kershaw Elementary #2 
J. L. Redford, Principal 
Ollie Croxton, Coordinator 

Kershaw Middle 
J. E. Gregory, Principal 
Lottie Mae Belton, Coordinator 

J. W. Plexico, Superintendent 

Buford High 
D. E. Robinson, Principal 
Norma Cunningham, Coordinator 
W. B. Gunter, Superintendent 

Indian Land High 
W. P. Leaphart, Principal 
Elizabeth Ellison, Coordinator 

D. L. Crolley, Superintendent 

Lancaster High, Campus One 
E. P. Clyburn, Principal 
Martha Noblitt, Coordinator 

Lancaster High, Campus Two 
L. B. Belk, Principal 
Mary Wylie Robinson, Coordinator 

McDonald Green Elementary 
David Blackmon, Principal 
Acelia Cauthen, Coordinator 

North Junior High 
E. K. Mathis, Principal 
Jane Ott, Coordinator
Erwin Elementary
Anne Nims, Principal
Mary Mackey, Coordinator

Rice Elementary
Nancy Crockett, Principal
Clydia Knight, Coordinator

South Junior High
H. K. Boucher, Principal
Sara Johnson, Coordinator

Southside Elementary
W. E. Brown, Principal
Jane Cooper, Coordinator

OCONEE COUNTY

F. P. Hamilton, Superintendent

ALPHA Program
Rosemary Bailes, Coordinator

College Street Elementary
Bryan Jenkins, Principal
Mary Sue Duvall, Coordinator

Fair Play Elementary
Clarence Breazeale, Principal
Doris Hunt, Coordinator

Gignilliat Park Elementary
Paul Dover, Principal
Harriett Duncan, Coordinator

Northside Elementary
Steve Rochester, Principal
Susan Turner, Coordinator

Oakway Elementary
Dorothy Honea, Principal
Kjerstin Creath, Coordinator

Oakway High School
W. V. Highsmith, Principal
and Coordinator

South Pine Street Elementary
W. R. Owens, Principal
Eunice Derrick, Coordinator

ORANGEBURG COUNTY

District #7 Schools
M. G. Austin, Jr., Superintendent

Elloree Elementary
C. E. Thomas, Principal
Gayle Slagle, Elementary Coordinator
Jane Freeman, Primary Coordinator

Frances Bowers, District TAP Liaison

Elloree High
Lewis Ulmer, Principal
Nancy Yarborough, Coordinator
YORK COUNTY

District #4 Schools

Fort Mill Elementary
Virginia Womble, Principal
Joan Stevenson, Coordinator

Fort Mill Junior High
H. M. McCallum, Principal
Manley Young, Coordinator

Fort Mill High
J. E. Walser, Principal
Jane Langley, Coordinator

Fort Mill Primary
J. R. Shannon, Principal
Jo Smith, Coordinator

A. O. Jones School
R. W. Jones, Principal
Sarah Goforth, Coordinator

J. H. Nesbitt, Superintendent
ARTISTS PARTICIPATING IN PROJECT TAP 1976-77

Artists in Residence

Catherine Campbell, weaver, Dillon County
Joanna Cattonar, poet, Dillon County/Elloree/Oconee County
Gayle Everhart, actress and local TAP coordinator, Greenwood
Shaun Farragher, poet, Dillon County/Greenwood
J. e. Franklin, writer, Greenwood
Tom McClanahan, writer and local TAP coordinator, Chester/Fort Mill/Lancaster County
Steven Miller, printmaker, Chester/Fort Mill
Lorry Park, weaver, Greenwood
Larry Potter, potter, Lancaster County
Jeanée Redmond, potter, Dillon County
Chuck Sullivan, poet, Chester/Fort Mill
Mary Tolan, video artist, Greenwood
Ralph Waldrop, painter, Lancaster County
Doug Ward, puppeteer, Lancaster County

Visiting Literary Artists

Dick Bakken poet, Oconee County
Dick Gallup, poet, Oconee County
Etheridge Knight, poet, Elloree
Bryan Lindsay, poet and workshop facilitator, Elloree/Oconee County
Charleen Whisnant Swansea, poet, Lancaster County
David Wilk, poet, Oconee County

Visiting Visual Artists and Craftspeople

Fred Andrade, batik artist, Dillon County
Margaret Arial, potter, Oconee County
ARTS Truck, Elloree
Jim Holleman, filmmaker; Anna Tuttle, printmaker
Nancy Bruce, weaver, Dillon County
Kitty Couch, potter, Fort Mill
Crafts Truck, Dillon County
Sarah Ayers, potter, Terese Baker, weaver;
Bob Lowder, potter
Gus Ellis, painter, Elloree
Harry Gandy, video artist, Chester
Denise Hegler, potter, Lancaster County
Rick Hiser, photographer, Oconee County
Cathy Ray, weaver, Lancaster County
Rita Shumaker, weaver, Lancaster County
Marsha Lee Sokol, filmmaker, Lancaster County
Neal Taylor, sculptor, Oconee County

Writer in the Community Special Project

Ron Padgett, writer in residence, Lancaster County
Dick Gallup, visiting writer, Chester/Lancaster County
Larry Fagin, visiting writer, Chester/Lancaster County
Visiting Performing Artists

**Stephen Bordner**, actor, Lancaster County
**Patricia Clagett**, mime artist, Chester/Fort Mill
**Eddie Cole**, mime artist, Chester/Fort Mill
**Jill Dalton**, mime artist, Chester/Fort Mill
**Donald Devet**, puppeteer, Chester/Fort Mill
**Mary Pat Henry**, dancer, Dillon County
**Johnny Hilton**, musician, Dillon County/Oconee County
**Lee Knight**, folksinger, Dillon County/Lancaster County/Oconee County
**Thom McCleister**, actor, Chester/Fort Mill/Lancaster County
**Mel Marvin**, composer, Dillon County/Ellroee
**Bob Montogomery**, lyricist, Dillon County/Ellroee
**Peggy Nachtman**, dancer, Ellroee
**Don Oliver**, actor, Ellroee
**Everette Williams**, musician, Ellroee

Visiting Performing Ensembles

Bircher Contempercussion, Greenwood
- **Jack Bircher**, Larry Taylor, John Williams

Carolina Brass Quintet, Greenwood
- **Keith Amstutz**, Charles Aull, Lavonne Bazemore, Ashley Fleshman, Russell Williams

Carolina Youth Symphony, Greenwood
- **Robert Chesebro**, conductor; **Catherine Crouch**, manager

Hilton, Hansen, McGregor, musicians, Dillon County
- **Pat Hansen**, Johnny Hilton, Jack McGregor

Homemade Mime Troupe, Chester/Fort Mill/Lancaster County
- **Patricia Clagett**, Eddie Cole, Jill Dalton

Lucktenberg String Ensemble, Greenwood
- **George Lucktenberg**, Jerrie Lucktenberg, Ted Lucktenberg

Oliver and Carter, singers, Chester/Fort Mill/Lancaster County
- **Don Oliver**, Benny Carter

Stage South Theatre Company (fall), Chester/Dillon County/Fort Mill/Lancaster/Oconee County
- **Stephen Bordner**, Marla Collins, Guy Davis, Thom McCleister, Bill Montgomery, Chuck Montgomery, Mimi Strum

Stage South Theatre Company (winter), Dillon County
- **Stephanie Cotsirilos**, Christine Ebersole, Stephen James, Richard Ryder, Bryson Borgstedt, David Erwin, Jim Ferguson, Robert Grusecki, Randy Oswalt

The Performers' Committee for Twentieth Century Music, Dillon County
- **Judith Nicosia**, Joel Sachs, Cheryl Seltzer, Jayne Rosenfeld

We Two Plus You Acting Ensemble, Chester/Fort Mill/Lancaster County
- **Daryn Kent**, Dan Plucinski
In the past year I've taught in Elloe and the Oconee and Dillon County schools, I have been surprised, delighted and time after time astounded. I think these poems will show you why. They do what the human voice in poetry has attempted and succeeded in for thousands of years---to celebrate life and to move us. These poems affirm that the childhood around us is not such a foreign landscape as some would have us believe, but is a country of people like ourselves who share very similar interests and concerns and who express these in images that will move us if we will listen.

As a writer interested in every type of writing that shows signs of life and felt experience, I don't promote a special school or fashion of poetry. But I should say a word about my approach to poetry through image. I believe in the poet's role as seeker after images and encourage students to explore their present and past for images—not for any image heaped on image for images' sake—but for those speaking pictures that are personal, electric and unforgettable. Sometimes I ask them to draw a design and parachute into it; to draw a dream; to brainstorm vivid unrelated words; to talk about the natural world where they live; to listen to the "1812 Overture," East Indian street music, electronic music, animal voices. I emphasize the metaphor-making essence of poetry, seeing similarities in differences, that play of mind the ancients said may be a sign of genius.

However . . . no assignment can be guaranteed to galvanize and no specific assignment can be counted on to catalyze more than another. And no assignment is more important than fostering a sense of safety and community in the classroom, encouraging students' self-esteem, and conveying our enthusiasm and joy in exploring language and the individual heart.

Joanna Catterson
All this year in Fort Mill, Chester and Lancaster, students, teachers and myself spent our time comparing, time and time again, two essentially different things and showed how they were somehow the same. Imagine that! (And we did!) We imagined this, that and every other thing you could think of and we found that each thing had a connection with something else that we just hadn't realized existed before. We didn't plan these connections out. We just stumbled onto them out of our experience and our feelings.

In this hunt for connections, the students discovered that poets were just not dead people in books who spoke in an oddly stilted and "officially" poetic way. They discovered the poet in themselves.

They were thrilled to find out that their feelings were the same as any great poet. I told them that even if they didn't feel better than anybody else, they were different and that was important. I asked them to celebrate that difference.

These poems are beginnings. All the students from the first grade through the twelfth are in different stages of discovering what words can do to help them make beautiful and sad sense out of the gift that is their life.

Chuck Sullivan
WITCH LAUGHING HER HEAD OFF
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
Thunk

Kay Cobb
Grade 5
College Street Elementary
Westminster

FORTY-SEVEN FLEAS
Forty-seven fleas
Flopped powder all
Over the closet.

Kathy Foster
Teacher
Seneca Senior High

AN ANGEL FLYING
an angel flying
two Valentines
two roses
and a rainbow
the angel is flying to church
the Valentines say Happy Valentine
the white roses -- when you smell them you want them --
(and)
the rainbow is raining

Pamela Denise Armstrong
The Learning Center
Little Rock Elementary

FACES
I see sexy faces in cars kissing.
I see crazy faces in the light.
I see stupid faces in classrooms.
I see stinky faces taking a bath
I see pilgrim faces hogging food in their fat stomachs,
And your face has jelly on it.
There's no telling what's on my face.

Anita Lowery
Grade 5
South Pine Elementary

GREAT AS A LION
Great as the lion with a crown on his head.
Right as the mouse who hung the bell on the cat
Everything goes
Goes like a fly.

Gregg Corley
Grade 10
Seneca Senior High
THE CATCHER'S MITT

So much depends
upon the old
brown catcher’s mitt
in the brown broken
washing machine
on the old gray porch
of the big white house

Roger Collins
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High

THE RAIN

So much depends upon
the rain
as it comes
crashing down
everywhere
though the crops
and trees are
sleeping.

Linda Griffin
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School
THE BLACK LADY
So much depends upon
the black lady
coming in the night
carrying a lantern

Robin McGuire
Grade 9
Fort Mill High

THE LITTLE BLACK CAT
So much depends
upon
a little black cat
who sticks its black neck out
to eat a rat.

Kim Youngblood
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School

So much depends
upon a little boy
when he goes out in
the snow to get to
the fair to get on a ride
on the ferris wheel

Donell Hall
Grade 8
Chester Junior High

THE BLUE DARK WATER
So much
depends upon
the blue dark water
filled with ripples
and white ducks
all around.

Chrystal Terry
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School

THE BLUE STAR
So much depends
upon
a blue star
glazed with star dust
beside the orange moon.

Lynn Melton
Grade 10
Fort Mill High
Step up
Step back
And introduce yourself.
My name is Carol...a fifth grader...a Leo.
I got the feeling
It's in my head
I can't think
Now you take over.
I got the feeling
It's in my mouth
I can't talk
So you take over
I got the feeling
It's in my hands
I can't clap
So you take over.
It's in my legs
I can't walk
It's in my eyes
I can't see
It's in my feet
I can't stand
It's all over
I can't do nothing
Step up
Step back
And introduce yourself.

Class Collaboration
West Hodges Intermediate

Girls are neat
Girls are sweet
Some girls like to eat.
Some girls are shy
Some girls like to eat a tie
In their apple pie

Mark Harrison
Grade 6
West Hodges Intermediate

Shaffus shopped at Shafees shopping for ships
Shaffus sometimes shops for ships at Shafees ship shops
Where is Shaffus?
At Shafee's ship shop shopping for ships.

Shaffus Wright
Grade 6
West Hodges Intermediate

McDaniels is your kind of place
They serve rattle snakes
French fries up your nose
Hot dogs between your toes
The last time I went there
They stole my underwear
I didn't really care
They had holes everywhere
McDaniels is your kind of place
Your kind of place

Class Collaboration
West Hodges Intermediate
BICENTENNIAL PEOPLE
There are two men
dressed in red
white and blue
with gold buttons
as gold as gold pieces
Their two ladies have
long dresses on of
silk with ruffles
and lace and have
chokers around their necks
Watching them
you might say that
they are pretty
as a picture
Just look at
all those ribbons

Tommy Black,
Patricia Lynn Huntington,
and Tyson Barron
Grade 4
Southside Elementary
Chester

QUIET BOY
He sat in a quiet little house.
At night he watched a quiet little mouse.
He sat and looked out the window as the cars went by.
He gazed at the stars and sky.

Mike Durham
Grade 3
Fair Play Elementary

CATLADY
They called her lady
sly as a cat
Village lady this and that
We boys did not understand
what cat lady could do
But you'll understand
when she does it to you.

Mimi Sandifer
Grade 11
Westminster High

Wayne Burton
Grade 12
Westminster High
**SNAIL MAMA**
Snail Mama is my neighbor.
She's a sweet old lady.
Most morning she's out and around
Way before the children wake.
She's not very fast at moving.
The children laugh and call her names.
Old lady! Slow lady! Snail mama!

**Sharon Grant**
Grade 12
Westminster High

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**CHARLEEN SMALL**
Shapely sharp
Charleen Small
Wore three roses
in her paw
One for love
and one for grace
and one for
everytime and place.

**Charleen Coleman**
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester

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**GOD**
God looks
like a beautiful
statue standing
in the mist
of the clouds
sounding like
the quilt
of heaven.

**Timmy Lowder**
Grade 3
College Street Elementary
Chester

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**GOD**
God looks like
a big man
in the sky
and has a beard
and has a mustache and
sounds like
a real deep voice
that comes from heaven
and feels like a
fuzzy little sheep.

**Chris Caldwell**
Grade 3
College Street Elementary
Chester
PEOPLE
There was an old man named Dan.
He lived in a frying pan.
He was an inch long,
He was made out of stone.
He was riding a bike one night
and him and another boy got in a fight.
He had a friend named Tan who loved Peter Pan.
His doctor named Doc, he went to him at 7 o'clock.
And then one night Dan died.
It was a sad thing
But everyone did sing
When they carried him away.

Roger Howze
Grade 7
Lewisville Middle

THE CLOWN
His nose is like a big old apple
His mouth is as wide as the Grand Canyon
His fuzzy hair is as spare as red cotton
His tie is as long as a snake and as fat as a pig
His coat is as broad as a checkered tablecloth
His gray hat is as little as a mouse
And in his arms he holds a puppy like a baby.

Mrs. Worrell's 1st grade class
Fort Mill Primary
MYRTLE BEACH

Myrtle Beach, amusement park,
Magic attic, swimming in the dark.
Springmaid pier, fishing too,
shooting pool, oceans of blue.
Calabash seafood, live shrimp and clams,
morning breakfast country hams.
Cotton candy clouds, soft summer mist.
Oranges and fruits always sun-kist.

Beth Clack
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester

VERMONT

It has
rolling hills
covered in
a carpet
of evergreens
maples and
hickory.
In the fall
the mountains
are covered
with a
patchwork quilt
as if they
are covering
up for winter.

Beth Clack
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester

MY DRAWING: HOUSE, TREE, SKY

My house is a fool
It dreams the whole day
But the tree is lovelier
than the house
But the sky is dead old
The sky is dead

Annie Johns
Grade 5
Gordon Elementary

BASEMENT ROOM

Playing a repertoire,
ringing toneless notes across the room.
Chirping ageless messages to an ear.
The sun streaming to the instrument
on the brass bed.
Waiting for the musician,
the audience.

Joe Williamson
Grade 8
Lewisville Middle

Mary White
Grade 9
Fort Mill High
ON THE CLIFFS OF MAINE
The waves sound like thunder when they pound against the rocks
The sky looks cloudy and there's a chilly feeling in the air
People are looking out over the ocean
There's a boat out there putting out its lobster traps
But then someone spies something more interesting,
What is it?
It's a white seal
People try to hurry and take pictures before it goes out on the rough ocean again
The seal is frightened, so it dives into the ocean
It rides the waves then down it goes, swimming far away
So, eyes go back to the ocean, watching the waves rush in like they're scared of something!

Ann McElwee
Grade 8
Chester Junior High

THE BLACK AND WHITE FAIR
The fair is Black and White
Here I go blowing a black balloon with rain falling around me.
Hundreds of children fly on wheels with hair waving and floating from their heads.
Here is light with people laughing with money in their hands.

Paul McAllister
Grade 11
Elloree High
THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE
That little white house,
Was as small as could be.
It had a big, tall chimney,
And a lot of oak trees.
It had four small rooms,
Each painted light blue.
The only piece of furniture,
Was a very old loom.
It was in the middle of the woods
Where no one could see,
That little white house,
As small as could be.

Shelly Ballard
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School

HOMETOWN
For anyone who
is passing through
my hometown is
so quiet and small
it never was on
the map at all
A narrow road
and a little village store
a church, a school
and so little more

Carl Land
Grade 9
Chester Senior High

GRAND CANYON
The water goes down swiftly
As the bobcat chases the deer.
And in a far away place
Music and monsters dance.
The purple river is fast,
Green wet flowers mixing mud
shaking in distress.

Jeff McCall
Grade 5
South Pine Elementary
THE OLD WELL HOUSE
An earthy hand of smell encloses it in its musky warmth.
Worms, flies, and spindly insects congregate in its dark corners with plans against intruders.
An ancient ramshackle dwelling for beings that need the silence of nature.
Old flower pots and dusty tools line its walls.
The door opens - the hand withdraws to its cobwebs as sunlight forces its way into the shed, bringing with it clean, white fragrances from the bottomless universe.
The door closes.

Mary White
Grade 9
Fort Mill High

LATTA
Latta is like a small matchbox close within itself.
In morning it's like overcrowded, all of it, noise and lost schools,
At night, it's like a peaceful river coming to a stop

Isaiah S. Willis
Grade 10
Latta High
THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Old and feeble
wrinkled and worn,
come to the Fountain of Youth
and be born again.

Tattered and scared
crazy with fear
they need some talking to
as they draw near
the Fountain of Youth.

Draw close as they may
collecting their thoughts -
closer and closer -
they're in a tight knot
as they are coaxed to come
to the Fountain of Youth.

Clawing, pulling, tugging
they need a drink.
Closer - closer.

They have finally arrived at
the fountain.
They grasp for a drink.
They gulp the fresh new wine
changing as they stand.

They rejoice for their youth.

Melissa Brooks and Angie Pinion
Grade 7
Seneca Junior High

CLOCKS

Clocks aren't really a new kind of thing,
Some go tick, and some go ding.
Some go tock, and some go ring.
Some are small, and some are tall;
They can hang on the wall, or stand in the hall.
They were started long ago,
And shall go to when, we don't know.

Reggie Cordell
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School

SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

The shot heard 'round the world
Was really made by a rebel squirrel.
He pulled out his musket and really let loose.
He hit three redcoats and shot down a moose.
Folks don't know it, but it really is true.
The squirrel threw a rock
Made a tory black 'n blue.
That old squirrel had a very good aim.
He hit a general
And left another lame.
After the fight was over
He went on home to his tree.
He really was quite shy, told none but me.

Ken Holmes
Grade 8
Seneca Junior High
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
Monday is like a new born baby
Tuesday is like an 11-year-old getting into a fight
Wednesday is like an accident just occurred
Thursday is like bulldogs chasing me
Friday is like Charlie's Angels just arrested me

John Wayne Greer
Grade 5
Lake View Elementary

MORNING
Morning is a brand new sheet of paper like dancing all over the floor and wasting time for flowers to peep out of their cover and for the blue sky to peep and time for the sun to smile and brighten up the day and for the trees to blow and the grass to smile.

Jackie Caldwell
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester

AFTER ROBINSON JEFFERS
INVISIBLE BLACKNESS
"The universe expands and contracts like a great heart"
we are drawn by its cold
never ending blackness
veiled across a woman's face
her wings closing upon
a woman in red
her mouth closes,
the atom of the man suspended--exploding, a force none can measure
the idea attempted countlessly
by a yard stick,
it never stretches far enough.

Kymeone Matthews
Community Workshop
Grade 9
Dillon Junior High
MORNING

Morning is like a brand new bike rolling on the wheels of a sunny day.

Eric Pollock
Grade 4
College Street Elementary
Chester

TIME

Time is as silly as a kitten playing with a pussywillow and eating King Kong.

Doug Rodgers
Grade 3
College Street Elementary
Chester
KATINE
Kind, sweet, lovable and very understanding
Angry, unhappy, and very sad.
Tired of crying because no one understands her.
In a daze because her short black cat has left her place.
Not all that tired of looking at the wall, because big brother has left her alone.
Entering the room, her short black cat hide and all.

Anthony Damon
Grade 9
Elloree High

DREAM
While driving my truck
I hit a puddle
Now I only drive in my dreams upon a rainbow

Rodney Cole
Grade 10
Westminster High

LAUGHTER
People like to make up things
Over other people
Every day if you go to work you hear them talking
Together they talk and laugh
Roaring with laughter
You would laugh too

Anonymous
Grade 6
College Street Elementary
Westminster
DANCING WITHOUT YOU
Dancing without you
Eggs my head blue
Because I don't like you
Rest easy tonight
All of you.

Deborah Morris
Grade 9
Seneca Senior High

GIRLS ALL AROUND
Girls all around
In each place every time
Right beside me at one time
Leaves me at another

Mike Lee
Grade 5
College Street Elementary
Westminster

PLEASE
Please pass the pepper
All the way down
Right past the salad
Kick it all around
Even though I don't like it
Reckon it'll help

Dawn Townsend
Grade 5
Lake View Elementary

MY NAME IS
Johnny Black
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester

Sometimes
underneath my window
sill
an oriole sings during the
night. In the
morning he flies
away, sounding like a crystal
xylophone in the
wind,
echoes of his
light song
lift my eyes to the sun's first rays.

Susan Maxwell
Grade 9
Chester Senior High
ACROSTIC
Can you rock
And
Roll
On a
Liver and
Hold
On so
Loose
Because
Really you
Only can rock and roll
On a liver to try to
Keep
Still on it.

Carol Holbrooks
Grade 10
Westminster High

ACROSTIC
E ric is my name and I love to
R un
I n the park
C alling out to my friends
D reaming
O f a
V ictory in
E ach
R ace I run

Eric Dover
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester

ACROSTIC
Z ac you have a full size back
A nd a fist like a bat
C an you tell me why that?
C ause I had a fight with a red dog
O ut went the dog with a blue blue tail
U nder the table he went like a monster with a hot tail
S ee we don't play it the same way Jessie did
A ren't you glad you was not in that fight
R ough we are and tender the dog was.

Zac Cousar
Grade 5
Fort Lawn Elementary
GREEN
Limas are green and so are
Islands in the summer when the
Sun shines bright as
Alligators

Lisa Ballenger
Grade 12
Westminster High

ACROSTIC
Mice
Over
Rats
Running
In
Sun

Morris Smith
Grade 4
Lake View Elementary
POEM
A poem
is a bunch
of words
stumbled up
into one thing.

Brenda Elder
Grade 7
Lewisville Middle

POEM
A poem
is like
a cow
jumping off the moon
with a star in his eye
and four shoes on each foot.

Melvin Simpson
Grade 8
Lewisville Middle

Like a daisy dancing at sunset
Like a rainy day going to sleep
Like a blossom blooming over night
Like the sun crying all night
Like children playing on a hill
Like someone whispering your name
Like someone coming to see you when you're sick in bed with the chicken-pox
Like the moon greeting the sun
Like tear-drops falling on the ground
Like love fainting away
Like a friend moving to Australia
Like the ending of a poem

Mary Ann McAteer
Grade 4
Clinton Elementary

MY HAND
My hand is like a star sitting in a chair.

Allen Hayes
Grade 4
Lake View Elementary

A CIRCLE IS
A circle is like a big ball of sunlight sitting in one place staring at you

Richard Smith
Grade 6
College Street Elementary
Westminster
BURNT SIENNA
Burnt sienna is . . .
a newly varnished desk
a newborn colt
a hot summer evening

Renea Bradberry
Grade 4
Fair Play Elementary

DONUT
A donut is round
Like a moon
Except it has a hole
Put your eye in the hole
And you will have a moon.

Allen Guest
Grade 11
Seneca Senior High

A NUMBER NINE
The bottomless pit
Sun falling from sky to earth
Look down a hole --
A number nine
a step into the future
red ball thrown in the mud
the way we will act
when the world ends
being outside
sunburned out
the end of the earth
the look at death.

Lori Grainger
Grade 10
Latta High
THE LETTER "C"
C is a bit like a cookie
smells like a cookie
looks like a moon
and walks like an old crumpled-down man

Timothy Taylor
Grade 5
Gordon Elementary

THE LETTER "N"
The letter N is like a mountain.
If you fall off the mountain you will get killed.

Patrick McBride
Grade 4
Gordon Elementary

THE LETTER "Q"
Q reminds me of an O that's got a leg.
It will bounce down the street.

Bill Coward
Grade 5
Gordon Elementary

THE LETTER "Z"
The letter Z is like a faucet.
It looks like a tweety bird
or a hunter trying to shoot one.

Jeffery Bethea
Grade 4
Gordon Elementary
THE SCARECROW
Out in the field stands
A poor ragged Scarecrowman.
The sky is blue
And so is his shoe.
Around his neck is a tie
As he holds his head high.
The crows surely rob
If Mr. Scarecrow doesn't do his job.
To protect the corn
Is the reason he was born.
His head is nothing but hay
but for keeping the crows away.
He is the very best
Above all the rest.

Wayne Jordan
Grade 2
Southside Elementary
Chester
WINDOW TO THE WORLD

I see
flowers so pretty
birds a flying
trees a growing
green grass a sparkling
trains a rollin
buildings a tall
roads so long
people walking back and forth
music a playin
band is sayin
planes so high
boats so low
from low valleys and oceans
to the high hills and mountains
skyscrapers a scraping the sky
clouds so blue

Beverly Hayes
Grade 7
Chester Junior High

COPPER
Copper pipes go through a copper wall
Copper walls form to copper cars
Copper cars become copper shopping carts
Copper shopping bags become copper go-carts
Copper Go-Carts turn into copper horses
Copper horses become copper cats
Copper cats become copper friends
Copper friends become copper me
Copper me becomes copper dust
Copper dust disappears.

Kim Brock
Grade 5
Gignilliat Park

LORIE'S STRIPED PANTS
Lorie's striped pants are like
a zebra
except they're red.
When they're looked at
they run close together.
The stripes are like
a cage with
a tiger behind it.

Cathy Holbrooks
Grade 8
ALPHA Program
Oconee County
THE CROWD CHEERS ON

The cheerleaders cheer . . .
Sounding like a parrot choir . . .
Singing their spirited versions of old Pepsi jingles.
The crowd cheers on.
The Alma Mater fades out wearily in the night air.
The smell of French Fries from nearby bleachers.
The crowd cheers on.
The intensity of the crowd's cheers . . .
Growing like a storm . . .
Cheering on their modern-day gladiators . . .
"Kill!"
"Kill him!"
"Kill the fool!"
The sound of the ambulance's siren.
As far as the crowd is concerned,
Just another wrong note in the band.
A player is dead.
The crowd cheers on.

Frank Wimmer
Grade 10
Fort Mill High

A dog is barking
A child is crying
Life goes on as ugly as before

Gwen Moorer
Grade 12
Elloree High

BIG FOOT

He
stinks
like
a
wet
dog
and
He
is
as
big
as a
skyscraper
and
mean
as
a
dobermanpincher

Leigh McAteer
Grade 4
Fort Mill Elementary
CELEY
A praying mantis.
with six extra legs
Turned upside down
it reminds me of a grasshopper
with a long neck and a wide head
The color looks like
a soft, grassy meadow
It smells like
The Springs Mills cotton machines,
yet it smells like
a light dash of pepper
It feels like a long stick,
smooth but ridged
The taste is sort of bitter
mingled in with strings.

Laura Barrett
Grade 11
Indian Land High

SAD HELICOPTER
Once there was
a helicopter
that could not fly
And this will tell you why
Nobody would drive it
If it had a pilot
it could dive
Here comes a pilot
Now it's free.
It is a beautiful thing to see.

John Waters
Grade 5
Fort Lawn Elementary
ANIMALS
As the sun comes up in the trees
and the lake is glassy and the fog is rising
the birds are singing in the trees
the fish are playing that no one sees
the grasshoppers are singing in the tall grass
the frogs are croaking in the swamp

Dean Williams
Grade 5
Elloree Elementary

JUNGLE SOUNDS
jungle sounds
boom boom
crash pow
walking through
the grave yard
skeleton bed
dead

Joey Bailey
Grade 3
Lake View Elementary

UNTITLED
I dream about horses
and they buckle in my dreams
and they walk like a friend.

Alfred Dukes
Grade 4
Elloree Elementary
BUTTERFLY
A butterfly can't bite.
It flies outside
and has little butterfly friends.

James Eagle
The Learning Center
Little Rock Elementary

THE ROOSTER
Rooster, where did you get your feet?
From the duck.
Rooster, where did you get your feathers?
From the leaves.
Rooster, where did you get your beak?
From a wood pecker.
Rooster, where did you get your little head?
From the flowers.

Annette Smith
Grade 4
South Pine Elementary

BUTTERFLIES
Are butterflies free to fly? and am I?
can I get in an airplane
and zoom away and buy me
a hotel room in San Francisco Bay?
can only butterflies
have their way? can only
butterflies be happy and gay?

Janice B. Robinson
Grade 5
South Pine Elementary

HORSES
Horses are like magic disappearing in a poetry book.

Anonymous
Grade 5
College Street Elementary
Westminster

THE HUNTER
You walk all over country
with your gun all packed away
in the truck,
when ten deer, five rabbits,
a bunch of quail, and five
squirrels walk across the road.
So you get your gun -- and they're all gone.

Paul Lee
Grade 6
College Street Elementary
Westminster

BUTTERFLY
I am a butterfly that floats
through the air
The wind takes me high in
the sky so far until I cry

Benjamin Saxon
Grade 9
Elloree High
THE SNAKE
I slide through the garden, pass
tomato plants and corn stalks
always on the look for raised shoes
or sticks
I just stay to myself, I don't bother
anyone
I've been misunderstood for centuries
My father was chopped to death by a
fat old man
People are afraid of me but I live
in fear too
I can never let my guard down
Now where did that gardener go?
Squish!

Joe Keenan
Grade 11
Chester Senior High

BIRD
I found a birdnest.
There was a bird.
It flew away and it had some baby birds.
They were pretty.
They were red.
I named them red head.
The mama bird built them a bed.
The bird tried to fly.
It fell and broke its wing and it died.
I buried him.

Michelle Broome
Grade 2
Fair Play Elementary
DEER
Where did you get your spots?
I got them from the snow.

Lisa Rogers
Grade 5
College Street Elementary
Westminster

HIGH IN THE SKY
I am a butterfly high in the sky
I am a butterfly flying very high
The wind takes me here, the wind takes me there
The wind takes me to the nose of a big black bear

Pam Hayes
Grade 4
Lake View Elementary

AN ANT CAN CRAWL
An ant can crawl
Nobody told him that he couldn't crawl
No one has seen him, but
I have seen him before because he has Eaten at my house

Zina McLaughlin
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

JAGUAR
Mr. Jaguar, where did you get your teeth?
From the Rocky Mountains.
Mr. Jaguar, where did you get that spotty skin?
From the Rocky Mountain spotted fever tick.
Mr. Jaguar, where did you get your cleverness?
That's from my mother.

Mike Smith
Grade 6
College Street Elementary
Westminster

ON· HEATH SPRINGS · FAIR PLAY · WESTMINS
THE RAIN
If I were the rain
I would fall on a field
that is very bright
My eyes would sparkle
my ears would be very bright
my hands would be like tears

Tina Ervin
Grade 5
Fort Mill Elementary

THE RAIN
If the rain were a man
it would look like a man that just jumped out of a swimming pool.

Lisa Wright
Grade 3
College Street Elementary
Chester

THE RAIN
If the rain were a lady
she'd wear a wet, blue dress and puddlely shoes.

Mrs. Helms'
1st grade class
Fort Mill Primary

THE RAIN IS
The rain is raining on the sun
and the turtle is getting the birds.
The monster is stealing the sun
and eating the birds.
It's dark.

Jerry James Robinson
The Learning Center
Little Rock Elementary

SNOWMEN
Snowmen are cold.
Snowmen do not live to be very old.
They do not have to be told About the cold.

Kim Smith
Grade 4
South Pine Elementary
WIND
The wind
is like
a bus
going by
on a windy day

Page Yarborough
Grade 3
Fort Mill Elementary

I LIKE TO HEAR THE RAIN FALL
I like to hear rain fall
it splashes through the streets
you run inside to get an umbrella
it makes your heart beat faster

Anthony Cole
Grade 5
College Street Elementary
Westminster

THE RAINBOW
The rainbow is full of colors
The colors of red, green, and blue.
A rainbow is like a giant jump rope,
That giants hope
To play with some day.

Richard Taylor
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester

A RAINBOW IN THE WATER
There was a rainbow
in the water and the boat
had no bottom and it started
to sink
but the rainbow
held it up
24 hours

Robert Busky
Grade 6
Elloree Elementary

SNOW
Snow comes from squirrels sitting on trees.

Ashley Walters
Grade 3
East Primary

IT CRACKS OF BRIGHT LIGHT
It comes off the ground
Then it goes to the sky
The thunderstorm has a lot of watchers.
We see fork lightning almost all the time
It cracks of bright light.

Betty Jo Hammond
Grade 4
Fort Mill Elementary
The mystery of love is super.
Dynamite love is scary,
sometimes a puzzle.
Love takes you on a surprise
brings you to wonder.
THE STORM
The storm is gray and big and cool
We saw it from our school
It cleans away the trouble and pain
With blue clear sweet tasting drops of rain
It splashes on grass cool and clear
It lands in the street, on flowers, and everything near
It's good to feel on a hot Spring day
Rain is beautiful in every way
The tree bark is damp and the streams get wide
The ground is wet, the mud is thick, rain cleans sidewalks and the brick
It takes no notice where it falls
It drops on houses, forests and all
The storm then passes on an unseen wind
Toward another place, to rain.

Chip Lane
Grade 7
North Junior High

UNTITLED CINQUAIN
Rain falls.
Lightning flashes
over the sky like a
lion; thunder goes boom, boom, boom!
It rained.

Cluster Class poem
Elloeere Elementary

UNTITLED
The hurricane was getting strong,
the waves were getting high,
the people were running for shelter.
Why do the fish die?
Some of the people die,
but the sea birds would fly,
the whales would swim,
the crabs would run,
the clams would close their shells
and bury themselves.
The hurricane went down
and I went home
and I sat down and wrote a poem
about the fish dying and the birds flying.

David Smith
Grade 7
Elloeere Elementary
THE DAY I MET MR. WIND

I saw him coming across the way
He made the trees bow down to him
Like a god
The grass flattened
A carpet for him to glide upon
Leaves attacked my face
I gathered myself together
And braced against nothingness
"I'm ready for you," I said.
He laughed at me with a high whine
And came with all his power
Almost knocking me over
But I held on
"You're not going to get me," I said.
He laughed again
The sound rang loudly in my head
I saw him coming back
I stood sideways with my arms wrapped
Around me. I closed my eyes tightly.
He became calm
Like a summer breeze he blew around me

But only to deceive
He attacked again
Full force
I struggled forward
But he pushed back
I came again
He pushed back
"Fight fair," I screamed
He laughed and knocked
My hat off.
"You bully," I cried.
And bending over
To pick the hat up
He gathered all his might
And kicked me with an
Unseen foot.
Lying with my face in the dirt
I said, "I surrender!"

Debra Roberts
Grade 12
Chester Senior High

TORNOADO

Swirling swooping
making a sound
like a million bees
picking up things
like a vacuum cleaner
gnawing a path
like a bulldozer

Linda Lordo
Grade 4
Fort Mill Elementary
THE COUNTRY
The country is a beautiful place
   With soft breeze blowing in your face
With the sun brightly shining
   And the church bells softly chiming.
The country is a quiet place
   With everything moving at a slow pace
And the grass is green
   And the air is always fresh and clean.
The country is a growing place
   Where the flowers grow as if in a race
The people are always friendly
   And everything is almost always spinning.

Carla Trull
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High

A PLACE IN THE WOODS
There is a place
I like to go
to be alone
to think about
the things I
want to do
There is a little
creek, clear and clean
Tadpoles swimming
back and forth
Hear the birds
sing their song
The sun shines
through the trees
and a cool breeze
comes creeping by

Wesley Bramlett
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester
OUR LAND
The golden meadows, rolling hills,
Clear blue skies, lush green forests
All are a part of this beautiful
Land, called earth.
But what has happened
To this place?
People have polluted and destroyed
And ruined nature's face.
We must do our best to
Restore our land - clean up the
Rubbish - what a mess. Come on,
Neighbor - have a heart - lend a hand.

Nancy Campbell
Grade 8
Chester Junior High

SONGS LIKE THE STREAM LIKE LOVE
Songs like the stream like love
they come down like water
and I like them
Leaves fall in the stream
I wish I was a stream

Judy Smith
Grade 5
South Pine Elementary

THE COLOR OF THE SUN
The color
of the sun
is like
a crown
that the queen
of the sky
wears all
day long.

Mrs. Holsonback's
1st grade class
College Street Elementary
Chester

BIG MOON, LITTLE MOON
Big moon
Little moon
Come see
me soon
Bright and
shiny you
give me light
like a night star

Beth Nies
Grade 1
Fort Mill Primary

MOUNTAINS
Mountains look like King Kong
standing tall as he can stand
and two lions fighting over a bone
just like two people fighting over a lady
and two dogs playing as they are fighting

Tony Turner
Grade 5
Utica Elementary
MOUNTAIN
Standing tall I won't fall
Though I may seem to be
Running water through my veins
Chills hearing the echoes scream
I am a flower not you.
Green I am the Mountain Valley
Sunset may wilt me
Fog may wet me
I am a breakable speck in the sky
My castles for homeless dragon flies.
Oh the snow blows
And freezes my toes
But I will be fine when the winter goes.
My finger hinges sparkle of icicles
Ants on me sting
Here comes spring
You're camping in my camp.
Spots of fire in my heart.
Standing tall I won't fall.

Georgia Mae Ellis
Grade 11
Elloree High
ROCKS
The rocks are big.
The water splashes on the rocks.
The water sounds like clocks going
tick tock tick tock.
Don't you wish you could lock
the ocean up?

Tracey Felkel
Grade 5
Elloree Elementary

THE SEA
The sea is one place I like to go.
I like to look at the water.
It goes softly into a cold place.
I like to flow -- the water, the water --
to it very softly in a place I love.

Tina Fogle
Grade 6
Elloree Elementary

I dream about the ocean's wave,
Like blue lollipops dancing in the haze,
I dream about the ocean's sand,
And how it reaches out like a hand,
I dream about the ocean's shells
And how some look like purple bells.

Darrell Wood
Grade 6
A.O. Jones School
CONFUSED
I'm so confused as to what to do
I don't even know whether
to turn black
or blue

Reverdy Wilborn
Grade 9
Elloree High

KITE
Turn the
Handle
And
Note a
Kite
Sailing into the keyhole.

Lee Ann Owen
Grade 10
Westminster High

THE TREE
I am a tree
who lives
in the woods.
The way
I survive
is by my roots.

Danny Cook
Grade 2
Fort Mill Primary

I like the high sky and the deep deep
ocean and sometimes I wonder why
the sky is so high and the ocean is so
low. I wish the ocean was so
high and the sky was so low, then
we could go to the ocean and get some sky
and go in an airplane and get some water

Keith Moore
Grade 5
South Pine Elementary

THE SKY
I am the sky
so pretty and blue
Way up high
I look down on you
Drops of rain
sometimes fall
But when I am
sunny I am
prettiest of all.

Kent Caskey
Grade 2
Fort Mill Primary
THE TULIP
The tulip grows high in the sky.
A man keeps watering it.
Every day a bird comes and
looks at the tulip
and the man looks at the tulip
and it keeps on growing

Carl Snead
The Learning Center
Little Rock Elementary

THE STARING TREE
I am like a staring tree
that sees out over the day
Looking at whatever
happens to come up.

Susan Dry
Grade 5
Fort Mill Elementary

GREEN EYES IN THE SKY
Green eyes in the sky
Really they try to fly
Everyone watches as they go by
Even the other eyes in the sky
Nobody knows what's going on
in the sky with all those eyes

Terrie Lay
Grade 6
College Street Elementary
Westminster

THE PLANT
I am like a plant
I live in a pot
I grow some everyday.
I like the sun
when it's hot.
That is why
I live outside
to grow green
leaves in my pot.

Tracie Wilson
Grade 2
Fort Mill Primary

SALEM·FORT LAWN·LANC
THE FLOWER
A flower is like a soft bed of satin
all silky and smooth
A flower garden is like a soft bed
for all the insects to sleep on
A flower is like all these things
for insects
But most of all to people a flower
is caring.

Pamela Ghent
Grade 8
South Junior High

GRASS
Grass always grows
Silently.
Never bragging
Over its beauty
Or artistic talents
Or ability to cover your yard.
Yet people passing by
Stop and take notice.

Joe McElwee
Grade 11
Chester Senior High

THE WOODS
The woods
are like
a fire
where everything
is growing wild
animals running
everywhere
while birds
feel the sky.

Michael Douglas
Grade 6
Lewisville Middle

A FLOWER
I am like
a flower
I live outside
I look so pretty
I stand up straight
I have my own name
I have my own color
Would you like to pick me?

Robert Shugart
Grade 4
College Street Elementary
Chester
THE APPLE TREE

dreams about
children
picking apples off it
and red birds
making nests inside
and woodpeckers
pecking holes in its trunk,
but most of all
it remembers
the apple blossom smell

Annie McCall
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

THE MOON

At night
the moon shines
like a big
jar of fireflies.

John Waters
Grade 5
Fort Lawn Elementary

STARS

Stars are beautiful
They are bright
you can only
see them at night
Some people say
they are made of eyes
But I say they are
made of aluminum foil.

Donnie Burris
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High
THE SUN
The sun
was very big,
but he wanted a friend.
So he looked and looked
for a friend he could talk to,
play with and play follow the
leader. But he had no luck.
So he asked a meteorite.
The meteorite said, "Go ask Moon."
So he went to Moon.
What a good team they made!
The sun shone at day,
and the moon glowed at night.

Angie Tempest
Grade 6
Utica Elementary

If I were
the sun
my heart
would be boiling
my eyes would
be a glare of light
and my hands
would be blazing.

Jennifer Moorefield
Grade 4
Fort Mill Elementary

THE SKY IS
The sky is
so blue and moves
slow like a turtle
and when it
goes away
it goes down
like rain

Kay Jones
Grade 6
College Street Elementary
Westminster
A STAR
I am a star
sometimes I glitter
in the dark.
I look little
but I really am not.
I am the first star
you see at night.
You can make
a wish on me.

Laurie Fisher
Grade 2
Fort Mill Primary

THE SUN
The sun rising over the beautiful blue-green
mass like a great ball of fire
Dodging the morning mass of clouds, its rays
soon filling the earth with a great warmthness
The golden sand sparkling as if it were sequins
implanted as the current rushes back into
the other world from which it came
Great sidewalks pushed out into this vastness
and ending abruptly
The gulls swooping through the air as
acrobats would do, plunging to seek their
needs.
The sun setting, leaving behind only the moon, shining
to guard its treasures

Rhonda Adkins
Grade 11
Fort Mill High
THE FALL
If I were
the Fall
I would sound
like the soul music
of the trees
waving from side to side.

Eve Brown
Grade 4
Fort Lawn Elementary

THE END OF WINTER
The air is misty
The clouds are grey
Mountain tops are covered
With a low lying fog
Winter has taken
Its toll of the trees
And all that is left
Is the ever-green pines
Water is flowing
In once ice covered streams
Where all of God's creatures
Are now reappearing

Mike Clarkson
Grade 11
Chester Senior High
in the spring
in the spring the birds sing and grasshoppers jump
and i lay in the grass as if i was a deer looking at the grass.
Then the rabbits start coming out behind the trees as if
they were children playing hide-and-go-seek.
And i look up in the sky and see the dark blue clouds
-- big cotton sticks

Karen Clark
Grade 3
Lake View Elementary

JANUARY THROUGH OCTOBER
January feels like a snow bird eating bird feed
February feels like a plane without wings
March feels like a vacant lot
April feels like a kid's new bicycle tearing up
May feels like a sail boat sinking
June feels like a mushroom being squashed between your toes
July feels like a splash of cold water hitting your body
August feels like babies crying
September feels like a cold summer day
October feels like Paul Revere riding down a road

Wesley Skipper
Grade 5
Lake View Elementary
THE THANKSGIVING PARTY
The Thanksgiving party
had lots of turkey left
and a lot of
noble dishes that looked like a
King had been there before.
It was a lot of fun and gold and
silver rings were
in the
noble room too. It was a
glory trip.

Karen Wright
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester

THANKSGIVING
Turkeys are home
in apple November
and kind snakes
have gone into
leaves of Indian vests.

Mrs. McNally's
5th grade class
Fort Lawn Elementary

SPRING MIRROR
In Spring
you can
look down
in the pool
and see
yourself.

Tracy Taylor
Grade 3
College Street Elementary
Chester

CHRISTMAS
Christmas is when
Christ heals
a rose into
being ice cream
that St. Nick
dresses upon a tree
where a man
at peace sets upon
a new season.

Mrs. Vaughn's
2nd grade class
Fort Mill Primary

The daisy
was all pretty
and the winter
came and broke it

Clyde Bailey
Grade 2
East Primary
CHARLENE AND MUTT-DOG

As Charlene peeled the potatoes, "Prisoner in Disguise," by Linda Ronstadt, ran through her head. The cellos and violas on the FM station breezily, ridiculously slid through "I Want to Hold Your Hand." She pared slowly, dipping the bald potatoes in a pot of water. The potato fertilizer tickled her nose. She flared her nostrils rabbit-like and wiped her pink hands on her apron. She was the only one in the "Bar-b-q Palace" today.

The IN door jingled as several solitary, overweight truckers came to devour "homemade" Swanson's pies and strong coffee. They left good tips and usually left her alone. She wiped their tables free from crumbs by stretching her short, rather round torso over the candlelight-white plastic table cloths. She was bending over the last table in the dining room, making the zipping sound of handi-wipes against candlelight-white when, unaccompanied by the door jingle's warning, a deep piedmont twang exclaimed: "Where there's meat, there's heat!" The proper response to such an abrupt confrontation was to spin around and throw a crumb laced handi-wipe in the face of her beau, Freddy Bowers.

"Freddy, what did you do that for? You almost scared me to death." Charlene exhaled with relief. At least it wasn't Mr. Broome, who liked to feel Charlene's upper arms and say, "Best waitress I ever had."

Freddy looked at his calloused, dirty hands. "They is ruint! I was working on the tractor all morning. Then this afternoon I had to weld something for Poppa. Gimme kiss." He kissed a little too fervently for two in the afternoon, then quickly broke away. He smelled like Marlboros. "Gimme some strong coffee, my dear."

He slouched on one of the bar stools and left his large stomach to fend for itself under the traditionally gum-encrusted undercounter. "What you know good, honey?" She slid the sugar towards him. "I picked up a stray today. Old boney coon dog. Had burrs all over him."

"Going to keep it?" she toyed with her light brown hair and thought about its oiliness.

"I don't know. It ain't got no collar. Can't send it back nowhere special." Freddy cocked his head as if in deep thought. "You smell good. What time you get off work?"

"He's letting me off at eight tonight. I can't believe it. He usually tells me how much he needs a more experienced waitress on weekends. I guess old Ponderosa got her job back."

A car honked outside as Freddy was finishing his coffee. Charlene, thinking she had to play carhop, eyeballed the front for the prospective customer. She located an old blue Maverick. "Uh, it's o.k., it's my ride." Freddy seemed to be counting the packs of Freedent gum.

"Who is it? Is that Sally's car?" Charlene recognized the rather angry tone and immediately refilled Freddy's cup. "Sorry, but is it?"

"Aw, I was gonna tell you anyway. She took Mama to the Crystal Shoppe today. Mama's in love, not me. She just won't give up."

He stood, hastily shifting one foot to the other. "I'll call you about nine."

"No, just come straight over. I'll be ready. I've got a present for you." She felt guilty for telling him. It should have been a surprise. She'd bought him a tiger's eye ring.
"Why, it's not my birthday?"
"I know, it's mine."

Approximately ten o'clock Freddy's car lights angled on the floor of Charlene's small duplex. He was an hour and fifteen minutes late. She watched him whistle up the muddy path to her door. He'd been so full of excuses lately. His grandmother had wanted him to weld her fire dogs back together. His best friend was nearly killed in a wreck. His sister wanted him to come to Louisiana for the weekend. He tapped at the plywood door. "He's loyal to his family and friends," she thought, "and loyalty is a good attribute." As he entered she thought he looked a bit tired. His jowls hung. She'd seen them hang before whenever he felt very sad or saw the inevitability of some disagreeable change. She opened the door.

"How you?" he hugged her like an old teddy bear. She clung to him, hoping for a little more man/woman fervor.

"Why are you doing this to me?" she mumbled into his flannel shirt.

"Do what, stand you up?" his jowls fell into his neck.

"Why can't you just tell me you don't need me? Don't you think I know you're bored with me?" her face blotched and her eyes reddened.

"Let's not talk about this now, OK? I've got to put that dog out tonight. Uh, that's why I'm a little late. You know, procrastinating. Mama don't like Mutt-dog no more."

"Mutt-dog! That's boring enough. You seem to like boring things. Why can't you like me?" She fingered her hair. It needed washing badly. She'd managed to spill french fry grease in her bangs after Freddy left that afternoon.

"It's gone cost too much to keep her up. Poppa said she had the mange. I'm going. You wanna go?" Charlene followed him to his car. It was there that Mutt-dog, an emaciated bug-eyed mongrel, shook, waif-like, in the back seat. She smelled like feces and ammonia. Freddy patted her a little roughly on her palsied skull. He plugged in a "Kiss" tape and sang loudly along with the music. Occasionally he kept time on Charlene's knee. She sat motionless, scarcely breathing, afraid of her own anger. Had she frightened him away?

"This looks good." Freddy stopped at a Highway 9 sign. He tugged at Mutt-dog's old collar and pull her out of the back seat. She cowered on the gray asphalt. Her eyes seemed to strain for freedom from their sockets. "Come on girl, move out of the way so nobody'll hit ya." He backed into driver's seat slowly. Once inside he popped a beer top and orated: "Waste of good flesh. Could have gone hunting next season if Mama hadn't said she had bad breeding."

They rolled forward slowly, leaving Mutt-dog behind shivering on the road. "Hey, ole Sally's done got a degree in history, Mama said."

Charlene sat quietly.
MY BEST FRIEND

His hair is sunny
His smile is funny
He's like a summer day.
He's cracked some jokes
that would make you croak
And is funny as the famous Bob Hope.
We met one day
When we were to play
A big game which we were to win.
He looked like a little pro
His cheek was like rope
As he called the signal hike.
We played that day
Side by Side
And beat our opposition.
We smiled and smiled
And after a while
We had become the best of friends.
We were as close together as 1 + 2
Even though it might not seem like that to you
We'll always be friends
I think ... well maybe
For you my best friend is Davy.

Rusty Sullivan
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School

ELLOREE · SALEM · FORT LAWN · LANCASTER

84
I SENT MY MOTHER A POSTCARD
I sent my mother a postcard.
She put it in the window
To scare the moon away.

Lisa Richardson
Grade 10
Seneca Senior High

GROWN UPS ALWAYS SAY
Wipe your feet
Always be neat
When you eat
Take out the trash
Do you want taters
or corn beef hash?
Feed the dog
Wash the dishes
And don't make any more wishes

Ann Carter
Grade 5
Lake View Elementary

GRANDPOP'S PIG
If I had a million dollars
I'd buy my Grandpop a pig
A fat pig - the fattest in the world
A black and white pig
A pig with blue eyes
And a straight tail
That pig would lay around
All day in the mud
And have ten million baby pigs
This pig could wink his left eye
And curl up his tail
This here pig would smell more than
Any other pig in the world
He'd stink
Would he stink!
And I'll love it when Grandpop will say,
"Man, that's a million dollars you smell."

Karen Danenhower
Grade 12
Indian Land High
TEACHERS
Some teachers are nice
Some teachers are mean
Some teachers are like a washing machine
Washing you from head to toe
Just to see how much you know

Sherri Nix
Grade 6
ALPHA Program
Oconee County

MY FRIEND
Willie has a pellet gun
he love to eat hot dog buns
Sometimes he rather not shoot his gun
most of all he want to have some fun.
We could hunt all day long
then come back and have ice cream cone
And then we would walk him halfway home.

Johnny McCree
Grade 6
Southside Elementary
Chester

SAD DAISY
I am sad when all my friends are together
and some kids come by and pick them and
play with them.
And I am always left out until I wilt and die.

Davy Lambert
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School

MY FAVORITE PERSON
My favorite person is God
You can talk to him and be sure he won’t say,
“Shut your mouth,”
“Go to your room,” or
“Eat your vegetables.”
He always understands no matter what the problem
Whether you just failed the biggest algebra test or even
if you cheated on it.
He’s always there any time you need him. When you’re asleep, when you’re at school, or even when you sneak to the Friday night drive-in with your favorite guy or gal!

Melody Franks
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High
RAINFO
In the middle of a rainbow
I walk I walk I hear a great voice
It is my father calling me home
come home come home, Karen

Karen Sweat
Grade 5
Lake View Elementary

BEING THE YOUNGEST
Being the youngest is really hard.
Grown ups are always saying things like
"Go get the scissors"
"Go get the tape"
"Go get the dog's bone"
"or you'll be late"
You always get blamed for things you didn't do,
like short-sheeting your sister,
eating cookies,
and spilling poster paint
all over the porch

I wish I was the oldest because. . .

BEING THE YOUNGEST IS HARD!

Joanna Gravely
Grade 4
ALPHA Program
Oconee County

GROWNUPS
Grown ups are like mice, because they go in the hole when I make an "F".

Kimberly Turpin
Grade 5
College Street Elementary
Westminster

CALL ME FRIEND
Call me friend
My name does not matter
What matters is that you Call me friend.
Do not be ashamed
To call me friend, but just take pride
In me as I do in you, and
Do not be ashamed.

Speak to me in crowded halls
On what it does not matter, but
Take the moment when it comes to
Speak to me in crowded halls.

Confide in me
At anytime, the subject does not matter
I shall listen with friend's heart, friend's joy, only
Confide in me

Call me friend
My name does not matter, just the Joy that fills my being when you

Call me friend.

David Peay
Grade 12
Chester Senior High
BROTHER
Brother is 18 years old
He's on dope. Sometimes
he gets freaked out and
he probably thinks he's somewhere far
away. Brother is really nice
when he's off that stuff
sometimes I go over there
where he lives at grandma's
house and he's still in bed. He's
really lazy. He stays outside
all night long and sleeps
during the day. Brother
is really weird. If this old
world didn't have that old
stuff, maybe he wouldn't
be the way he is now.

Anonymous
Grade 8

Dear Missy,
Come with me to the inside of the most beautiful
rose in the world. I'll find the best one for you
and me. I'll find blankets to keep the dew off. I
hope no one will find us. We can talk of all the
joys we have and share the laughter of the world.
We won't sound different. We'll sound just alike.
We can put a flag right in the center to show that
we're free. Each Christmas we can put up a beautiful
tree. Each day we can take a walk through the beauti­
ful forest. And last of all we'll be as free as a bird.

Julie Thompson
Grade 4
South Pine Elementary

A SECRET
A secret
is like
keeping
a world
in your brain
or on a list.

Jeffrey Frasier
Grade 2
Fort Mill Primary

FRIENDSHIP
Friendship is
like flowers
filling into
your heart

Zina Oliver
Grade 6
Utica Elementary

WHISPER IN THE AIR
A secret
is like
a whisper
in the air
not telling
anybody anything
about love.

Melinda Boyd
Grade 2
Fort Mill Primary
HEAVEN
Up over space
past stars
soul rises when
reaching its destination
will forever be free.
Peace a quiet
golden arc
no value in coin
just value in heart
and nature.
love peace forever
every soul will be
there soon waiting
for one person
brother of peace
and love.

Leonard Gromoske
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School

RUNNING IN THE RAIN
I like to run in the rain.
One day somebody broke the windowpane.
Mother cried out loudly,
Who did it, who did it?
I want to know who did it!
That's why I like to run in the rain.

Carol Pelzer
Grade 10
Elloree High

A STORY POEM
One day when me and my friend were walking
We passed an apple tree
And I said to her, "Look at that beautiful
Apple hanging there,
It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw on earth
It shines like a mirror
And when you look at it
You can almost see yourself."
How would you feel if you were on a tree
All by yourself.
Deep down inside
I hang on a limb all by myself.

Ella McGriff
Grade 7
North Junior High

SIX OF PENTACLES
The man looks down on the beggers
Like they were nuts
He drops a few grains of corn
In their hands
It makes them happy.

Stan Guy
Grade 9
Seneca Senior High
SO COOL, SO EASY
I am sorry
My hair is so short.
The temptation was too great;
It is so light and
So bouncy.
Forgive me.
It is so cool
So easy to care for.

Marti Kimmell
Grade 10
Chester Senior High

Every once and awhile
not very often
but often enough
my world falls apart
everything goes wrong
people get mad
I do something stupid
then I get hurt
I go into my room
I cry myself to sleep
Then when the sun rises
I go out - into a together world
Wondering when it'll fall
apart again.

Judy Boulware
Grade 12
Chester Senior High

GIRLS
I like looking like a girl,
I like having a little curl.
But a girl has the right
To be mean or fight
Any boy or girl she gets mad at.

Donna Wages
Grade 7
Lewisville Middle

You are so delicate that
no one can see you.

Debra Heyward
Grade 9
Elloree High
I am like a tree
My leaves are swaying
in the wind
When it is winter
the snow falls
on me and when it is summer
My buds sprout out
and before you know it
Kids are all over me
I feel like dropping
my branches and letting
the kids fall
But then they
might not play
around me anymore and
they are company to me.

Tracy Barfield
Grade 3
Fort Mill Elementary

She is like a twig
or branch of a tree
every time you say
something nice to her
she blooms out with
leaves; every time
you say mean things
to her she breaks off
and falls
to the ground.

Charlene Mitchell
Grade 8
Chester Junior High

Suicide is easy, my friend.
Being saved from your self-inflicted fate
and coming back to the living,
that's the hard part.
Telling family and friends that
you wanted to destroy
your body, your mind,
not theirs.
Explaining reasons
that you really don't understand yourself.
Living with the fact
that you wanted to die.
Suicide is easy, my friend.
Living is the hard part.

Jeanne Brantley
Grade 12
Chester Senior High
GOLD AND SILVER DREAMS
I'd like to have a giant gold house that reached the sky
With silver steps and silver chimneys
And a golden car that was long as a skyscraper
That had silver tires and silver seats and a gold steering wheel
I'd like to have a golden suit with silver buttons
And shoes that shine in the light.
I'd like a gold cat with silver eyes
And golden fur that would shine in the light
Or in the dark

Mildred Hood
Grade 7
North Junior High

DAY WALK
Walking noon dizzy sun
Daybreak on the morning run
Violets dance along your path
Chilly sparkles through windowpane
Like galloping horses on angel wings
Or crazy balloons in the wind or
Maybe standing while time ticks away
Cattle drive out good-bye day
Oh how you crawl, then walk,
Then run through sunset and done.

Georgia Mae Ellis
Grade 11
Elloree High
AFTER WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

"These are the gardens of the desert, these"
these replicas
individual grains
clustered like the universe
poems weaved in protection of the gods,
like many molecules
one large mass
a regiment of sand grains,
an army waiting the battle,
These are the gardens of the desert, these.

Wendy Pelt
Grade 11
Latta High

THE STRANGER

Who enters my room?
It is a hooded figure
In a black cape who
Asks me to accompany
him. I can't refuse. He's death.

Phillip Wilson
Grade 7
Seneca Junior High

I FEEL LIKE A BONE MY DOG'S CHEWING ON

I am buried
at a graveyard
your spirit comes up
scares people to death in Hell
You scare them to be quiet.

Judy, Robert, Lenny, Tim
Grade 3
South Primary
THE SUN GOD ON THE LOTUS
Once breathing
eyes of satin
lips parched
skin peeling
upon an altar

Kymeone Matthews
Community Workshop
Grade 9
Dillon Junior High

THERE WAS A MAN
There was a man
who went fox
hunting and he said
smell fox lightning
going through the air
with red roses
around its head
and shake of snow-pine on its bed

Tim Duncan
Grade 5
College Street Elementary
Westminster

AFTER A SLIDE OF A PAINTING
BY JULES OLITSKY--
A hand
in the sky
reaching for the sun
I grab, take it
around and around.

Donna James
Grade 3
East Primary
DOWN THERE
after the Book of Kells
swinging from the chandelier
forward, backward
looking down
the colors run dry
their threads twined together
until they unweave--
They make her feel
as if they would grab her inside.
the rug below--
the circular, snail like patterns
move around
squinting with the sun
her eyes, puddles of water,
heavy lids, velvet lashes
slowly, painlessly
she has it all.

Kymeone Matthews
Community Workshop
Grade 9
Dillon Junior High

REAL AND CRAZY
RAIN--GROUP POEM
You feel soggy and soaked,
flat and weak and sad and ugly
and the rain falls down like stripes,
like rainbows, different faces, colors,
like a bordeau holding your
rainbow hair back
and the rain hard against the window
looks like a jail house,
makes
BANG BANG
CHUCK CHUCK
PULP PULP
like a drum
BOOM BOOM
like thunder
BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!
and if that thunder don’t quit
I am gonna have a heart attack
the lighting hit the window
busted it open--
and a trader came and cut the gold rain,
shared it,
with each man,
and they went and stole the bank,
which was the rainbow.

Mrs. Lucius' Class
Grade 2
Stewart Heights Primary
THE DOG WAS MAGIC, OR--LONELY EARTH

There once was earth and he was lonely and he wanted a friend. So he saw some leaves on the ground and a dog came and the dog was made out of a leaf, and it was cut in two, into roots and dirt and cotton. And the earth got a friend. It was the dog. And the dog did not like the earth, so the dog wanted to be magic and he was magic. And the dog got him a friend. It was the sea and big monsters came out of the water. It was dinosaurs and elephants and snakes and big bugs and the dinosaurs busted open and made a sun, and the sun busted open and made planets. Pluto was too cold and Mercury was too hot, and so the earth was just right, and the magic dog made gas and the gas exploded and then there were people and the dog disappeared and the people made animals.

Heidi Skipper
Grade 3
Latta Primary

MY DREAM

I dream I see a tree dying
I feel his desire to live
I touch beyond his greatest feelings
But I believe there's nothing there
And now I hear him calling again
I think it's time to go.

David Greer
Grade 5
Gignilliat Park

CHASING ME

A ghost was chasing after me while I was flying a kite.
I got some hot water and put it on his head and he started burning up!
He went after me again and I started running.
I hid in the woods and the ghost tried to find me, but didn't.

Tammy Locklear
The Learning Center
Little Rock Elementary

ESTMINSTER·CHESTER·INDIAN LAND·KERS
THE DREAMS OF CRAZY THINGS

Silent singing angels lie over the snarling red wind ocean, like black birds muttering and flying across the sky, dreaming of a lonely white giraffe clowning and bumping, dancing, jumping like a silent tease. What a surprise! Oh snakes, ghosts riding on airplanes and wheeling through Elloree. Jessamine opens sweet clean and sticky silver rings like velvet. Blood flaming like icy sleet and rain smiles like bright silent dishes scratching and crackling like rubber. Purple steel ribbons wondering and scratching over singing pickles like wizards jumping over growing snakes. The dream came wondering of rain shouting of green, silver, purple, black, gold, blue clowns.

Phelawn Scott
Grade 8
Elloree Elementary

COLOR IS DREAMING

Color is dreaming
Red is dreaming I wish I could color everything
Green is wishing I do not want to color anything
Orange is wishing it had a birthday
Blue is dreaming it could fly
Brown wishes it could swim
Yellow wishes it could learn
Black is dreaming I wish I was dead
Purple is dreaming I wish I was long gone

Jeffrey Scott
Grade 5
Gordon Elementary
COMEON BABY!
Once I had a dream
One day I saw the clouds
walk on Main St.
They said,
COMEON BABY --
Let's ride the air today.

Katheryn Cromartie
Grade 3
East Primary

A DREAM
I heard a dream
coming out of my mind
Thomp! Thomp! Thomp!
I heard it stomping
among the silvery ground

Sonya Williams
Grade 6
South Junior High

THE WONDER OF MY APPLE
Cut in half
My apple rocks like a cradle
And when I push it
It turns in circles
Half green, half red.

Janet Blackmon
Grade 7
North Junior High
MIGHTY MAGIC

Once I saw a half dog and dinosaur.
His feet were stuck together.
He was made of stone
He began to crack.
His ears fell off,
And his body melted into chicken noodle soup.
The world began to tremble;
I turned around,
I saw a beautiful church.
I buried him and his chicken noodle soup.
Then a man walked up to me and said,
"Little boy, I came from Guinea Pig City."
I turned around and said, "My name is Amos."

He said, "Do you have some matches?"
I said, "Wait here, I'll be back.
My father has some."

When I got back and began to reach into my pockets,
I turned around;
He was nothing but bones.
I thought to myself,
Magic! Magic!
The sergeant was smoking and turned into a cobra.
And it bit me.
I fell to the ground.
As I looked toward the sky,
I saw a face cover the sky.

Michael Leslie
Grade 3
Stewart Heights Primary
MY GARDEN
Snapdragon
Ursinia
Spinach
Indigo
Eggplant

MY ZOO
Snail
Unicorn
Snake
Impala
Eucalyptus

The snake saw a yellow and green spotted indigo and ran.
A snail was so slow it got ate up by an eggplant.
The plant ursinia was dancing on a unicorn.
The snapdragon was so funny the impala had to repair it.
The new eucalyptus saw a spinach and said sit on it.

Susie Sosby
Grade 4
Fair Play Elementary

STRANGE
A rabbit with no ears.
A horse running around with no legs.
Food that flew in a tree.
Piano playing by itself.
A bed walking out the window.
A tree jumping up and hollering.
A straw dancing.
Chairs holding hands and going around in a circle.

Candy Cain
Grade 3
Fair Play Elementary
THE PREGNANT ROCK
A Group Poem

I am a pregnant rock. I had little rocks and the rocks had a tree, and the tree had a skunk and then a snake--All of us are married to the earth. I am the earth. I feel like a loaf of bread, soft like marshmellows. It's marshmellow. It taste good to my babies. I put dogs & cats in the sky and then it rained beasts, it became ice and snowflakes. The ice turned into fish. Volcanoes started to roll and airplanes started to fly, everybody shooting at each other and then everybody shot at me and each other and then all were dead except me, the pregnant rock. Everything was quiet.

Ms. Richardson's Class
Grade 3
Stewart Heights Primary

THE MAN-EATING AMEBA

It would be ooey and gooey to be eaten by a man-eating ameba. It needs people's blood for drinking and their teeth for tools. It plants seed from ground-up toes and wears clothes and builds graves for livers. When the livers are moldy and seven years old, they eat them all up with blood juice.

Mary Thomas
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary
WORMS
I use a hammer to kill worms,
But I use a spoon to eat them.

Yvonne Butts
Grade 10
Westminster High

Once a bear
tried to scare me. It was a black bear.
He scared me all right.
I ran through the woods.
He kept coming towards me.
He got closer.
Then I fell.
He picked me up,
showed his teeth,
then licked me.

Chris Allsep
Grade 6
Utica Elementary

OLD LADY
Old lady Co-Co-do was a
weird old Lady and
desperate was she she
would practice kissing
on a mirror and smear
Lipstik all over it
But one day her mirror
cracked and now she
practices on the wall.

Donna Cheek
Grade 9
Westminster High
There was a crooked man that had seven fingers
And drew a straight picture of a cow
spitting out milk.
And the cow turned into a Thanksgiving dinner,
And then the lady turned into a haunted house,
And the haunted house turned into a bony lady
stuck to a steel board.

Keith Hare
Grade 3
Stewart Heights Primary

SPINNING GLOBE
If I was a globe I would spin around
and around like a spinning octopus.
Then I would stop and throw myself
in the fire alone and I would go up
the chimney and I would float
in the air and I would go to a graveyard
and turn into a ghost and kill everybody
and then I would die and I would rise
from the dead like Dracula.

Ben Jackson
Grade 3
Latta Primary

ANT COUNTRY
I went exploring inside an ant hole
and I saw ant eggs and they looked like
giant grains of sand.
It smelled like ant pizza, and
ants creeping along hunting food
sounded like water dropping.

Group Poem
Mrs. Long's class
Grade 5
Gordon Elementary

THE BOOK
I am a book. You can read me.
One day I was in a schoolroom,
someone picked me up to read me
and when they did, it hurt.
Suddenly, she begins to open me.
So I jumped out of her hands,
and jump back into a box
and she ran after me.
So I flew out the open window.
So she jumped behind me.
So I ran away and now I bet you
the book looks like a pile of rags.

Nancy Jackson
Grade 3
Latta Primary
THE UNUSUAL LION

Once there was a lion
Who had a brown face and purple hair,
and a red neck.
One day the sun was shining, and
something happened.

Worms started coming down from the
sun,
And then it started to snow fish
and snakes.
And then it started raining babies,
And it started to rain airplanes,
And then it started to snow me!

One afternoon a monster came up
from the ground
It was a fat one, too.
He had stripes all over him,
And he had gray hair and a big fat
belly.

And the next day a flower was growing,
and it was so pretty.
I picked it and put it in a flower pot
in my house by my window,
And one day it died.
And I cried and cried!

Rochelle Graves
Grade 3
Stewart Heights Primary
PANTOUM

I came to this land and where I step a flower appears.
The animals are all the same color which is black.
The stars are all green and blue.
One half of the grass is red and the other yellow.
The animals are all the same color which is black.
One thing— you couldn't see the animals but one.
One half of the grass is red and the other yellow.
The animals read books out loud to you, but you don't see them.
One thing— you couldn't see the animals but one.
The wind will go by you and get something from you.
The animals read books out loud to you, but you don't see them.
The trees were like a heart shape.
The wind will go by you and get something from you.
I came to this land and where I step a flower appears.
The trees were like a heart shape.
The stars are all green and blue.

Missie Grooms
Grade 5
Clinton Elementary

AFTER A SLIDE OF A PAINTING
BY GENE DAVIS

A zebra with colored stripes,
“Quit licking me!”
NO-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-i110
MAGIC SNOWMAN

Once there was
a head. He ran away
and made a sun, then
the sun ran away and
made a moon, and the
moon ran away
and made an earth.

The earth couldn't run away
so he cried and cried
and a magic snowman named Herman
came along and said,
"What's the matter?"

"I can't run away like the others."

Well, the snowman said,
I'll make you some people
and the earth was so happy
that he jumped up and down
so much that he busted wide open.

Robin Jackson
Grade 3
Latta Primary

TRIPS

One day I went to the moon.
I saw a Martian with no head.
I ran away. I came back. I saw
another Martian. Then I saw a
two headed man. I said in my mind
WHAT IS THAT. He said, you better
go to earth before I kill you. I
ran all the way to earth. It was
two million years to get there. I
was out of air. The man with two
heads got there before I. He said,
"You better go to another planet."

I went to Mars. It was about 9 million
years before I got there, and I did
not see the man with two heads anymore.
Then, I heard a noise. The man with two
heads was there! He said, "You go to
another planet!" So I went to Jupiter.
It was 6 years before I got there,
and I was safe again. I went home.

Jennifer Bethea
Grade 3
Latta Primary
PANTOUM
There were giant almonds as boulders.
All the animals had horns, even the birds.
The weather was like slimy snakes around you.
The people had globes as heads.
All the animals had horns, even the birds.
Grass was running around.
The people had globes as heads.
I want to leave. I have amnesia.
Grass was running around.
There are people, yet no people.
I want to leave. I have amnesia.
There are cars with square wheels.
There are people, yet no people.
There are giant almonds as boulders.
There are cars with square wheels.
The people had globes as heads.

Wayne Padgett
Grade 5
Clinton Elementary

MILLION DOLLAR SOCKS
If I had a million dollars
I'd buy me a pair of socks that would say in big lights,
"Legs are here,"
Everytime I walked.
And I would ride a Honda that had bucket seats
And ran on soda pop.

Marcella Massey
Grade 7
North Junior High
THE CACTI IN THE GREENHOUSE
The Greenhouse with those beautiful smelling flowers
Everytime you walk in you hear
George Washington and Abraham Lincoln fussing to the top of their thorns.
Aunt Dot tries to stop them, but they always, always get sticky with her

Debra McCall
Grade 6
College Street Elementary
Westminster

The avacados were green along the Nile
Deer were playing friskily by the bank
As the glacier, white as cold cream,
Attacked and terminated
The men in old ragged levis.

Carpenter Lee
Grade 10
Chester Senior High

THE TINY TINY GIRAFFE
Once I almost stepped on a tiny tiny giraffe. But he moved from under my toe . . .

Angela Jones
Grade 5
Elloree Elementary
YO-YO

Being inside a yo-yo
is like being in a flying saucer without
any shock absorbers. Boy, when you get
the end of the string, you'll get a real jerk.

Being inside a yo-yo
is like drinking 10 cans of beer.
When you do the spinner,
it feels like you've been
spun into space.

Bob & Alan & Shannon
Grade 6
ALPHA Program
Oconee County

PANTOUM

The wind is singing to its mate
The woman the dark clouds ate
She is pretty in her long dress
Her long beautiful hair went down to her waist
The dark clouds ate
The dark clouds are dumped together in a mess
Her long beautiful hair went down to her waist
The wind squeals and is full of anger
The dark clouds are dumped together in a mess
The wind blows the clouds away
The wind squeals and is full of anger
The wind has his love back again
The wind blows the clouds away
The wind is singing to its mate
The wind has his love back again
She is pretty in her long dress.

Shannon Heaton
Grade 5
Gignilliat Park
ODE TO A CB'er

How do I love thee,
Let me count the waves.
I love thee more than the height and
frequencies that my power mike can reach.
I'll never 10-27 you for another.
My love will never go 10-7 because I'll
always be 10-8 for you. Our love was not a
10-50; it's gonna be 10-2 all the way.
If you feel the same, 10-62 and 10-25 with
me at our secret 10-20.
Our love for each other is a big 10-4.

Vivian Collins
Grade 11
Indian Land High

UNTITLED

The star in your eye is the nickle
In my spoon.

Carol Owens
Grade 10
Seneca Senior High

My girl
A beautiful girl
Ringing in my heart our love goes on
You look at her and you smile

John Raybourne
Grade 6
Utica Elementary
SHE
I dream of her
I wish she was here
I feel like a fool
Crying for fear that she hates me

Jim Brown
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

LIPS
Longing to meet
Inviting each other
Pulled closer because of love
Sounds not heard but by our ears

Karen McConnell
Grade 8
Seneca Junior High

I FEEL LIKE A GIRL
I feel like a girl
that's unfurled
on the beach
and there's someone I like in reach
like when he takes me in his arms

Angie Tarte
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

MY HEART
Some people say your heart's a watch,
Some say that it's a pump.
While others say it is orange red,
I know it can jump.
I don't care about its looks,
Or if it's hard as steel.
All that matters about the heart
Is the way it will make you feel.

Sabrina Turner
Grade 8
Lewisville Middle
THINGS I LOVE

I love my half pretty mamma named Helen because she takes people to Lancaster when they need food and are ready to go.

I love to wrestle Jeff after school because it makes us tough and tired and feel good.

I love to work because it gets me money and I love money and money brings me joy.

I love soft strawberry Now or Later candy that you can buy for 10 cents at the Jingle Jungle store.

I love a long black dress that hangs on me loose and white high heel shoes.

I love to play football every day whether I win or lose.

I love to hunt coons with a double barrel any day so that I can eat possum every night.

I love people and to laugh with them.

Class Collaboration
Indian Land High
CARS
I love cars
The thrill of big engines
That reach speeds like the sun's giant rays
Speeding to earth
I love the feel of driving
It's like taming wild horses
And making them go where I want to go
I love wind flowing through
My hair as I drive
I love the beautiful music from the car radio
It's like reaching man's version of peace
I need the car like Fonzie needs his Aaaah's
Cars never cease to amaze me
How can one thing
Hold so many beautiful things?

Randy Wilson
Grade 10
Indian Land High

MY BIRTHDAY ON THE SUN
We had a really hot
party on the sun
but my friend kept flirting
with my old flame
which really burnt me up!

Doug Peay
Grade 8
Chester Junior High

LOVE IS
Love is a banana
in a tree waiting for me
It is a cake
waiting for me to cut it
A kiss is a thing that
Can make you jump up and down
And when I kiss her she tastes like a
sweet, sweet, sweet banana

Ronald German
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

LOVE
I love Sylvia like white on rice
I love the way she hold me in her arms
Like a nut squeezing a bolt
I love the way she shake her body
Like a bowl of creamy red jello
I love the way she smell like strawberries
With sugar on them
I love the way she fix her hair in curls
That look like love rollercoaster

Tony Perry
Grade 10
Indian Land High
THE SEA

You stand silent
Staring at the sea
Wondering what the world
holds for you and me.

You watch the waves
come crashing in
and know they represent
what is to begin.

You watch silently
the ebbing of the tide
and as you turned to go
the wind knew you sighed.

Your back to the ocean
the wind in your hair
the gulls knew you hesitated
before leaving them there.

The sea is behind you
the sands on the beach
but you brought with you
the lessons they teach.

You taught them to me
the sea and the sand
and these things together
helped me understand.

I saw in you the sand
the wind and the seas
these are the things
you want us to be.

Tammi Caskey
Grade 12
Fort Mill High
MESSAGE TO MY FUTURE HUSBAND

I'm medium height
I have hair the color
of a mahogany bay horse
And eyes the color
of chocolate frosting
My skin is the color
of tan buckskin
I'm often silly
and/or sarcastic
I'm self-centered
and if you think
I'll wait on you
hand and foot
You'd better have
a pretty good left hook
I work and dream
the darkness of night
it is as life-giving
to me as it is to a vampire
I have ESP and may
be able to read your mind
So watch out
for the experience
of your life
A person who's thinking
of eloping with you

Karen Cox
Grade 11
Indian Land High

THE FIREFLY

The firefly handed me
Her lipstick. My lips
Changed to smoke.

Daphne Popham
Grade 9
Seneca Senior High

WINTER LOVE

Winter is the coldest time of the year
Spring is beautiful for love
But winter love is full of fear
You're full of happiness and feel like a dove
But winter love is cold and heartless
Just like the snow on the ground
It just lies there waiting for the
Warmth and love of a child's hands
Winter love is like that, you could say
I wish it was spring
For it would bring
Life again, free and loving as a dove
Like the showers of April
And the flowers of May
Spring please help a winter love.

Michele Jones
Grade 8
Chester Junior High
STARS

I would like to hang on
a star with my boyfriend
and kiss till the stars
went away
and I would come again
another day

Rebecca Brock
Grade 5
South Pine Elementary

Not just another grain of sand on a beach
nor just another star in the universe
but an entire world of his own.

His existence is my life, my dream.
Loss is that word which I fear
for it means loosing what I am becoming.

He is my source for all my emotions
and my reason for being mentally alive.
He is the sun over my horizion.

I can honestly say that I love him
and that he will help me learn more of myself,
Here in this world of our own.

Carol Beachum
Grade 10
Fort Mill High

THE MAIL CAME

The mail came
Letters, bills, magazines
And a lemon with lipstick
On it.

Ginger Alexander
Grade 10
Seneca Senior High

UNTITLED

Love is having a girlfriend.
Love is like loving a little baby bird.

Keith Gray
Grade 4
Elloree Elementary
ON·HEATH SPRINGS·FAIR PLAY·WESTMINST
MY DAD
It's been eight years since my father died
Alone
In a hotel in Orlando
We sometimes used to sleep in the attic room when it rained
The stories he told me to help me
Sleep blended with the gentle patter of the rain on our roof
I knew about his death long before anyone else in the house
It was the night I slept Alone
In the attic room
Listening to the rain

Keith White
Grade 12
Westminster High

FLOWER GHOSTS
I went exploring in the flowers and I fell.
It felt ghostly in the flowers.
I could hear the ghosts of people who made me feel bad.

Diane Harley
Grade 4
Gordon Elementary

BYE-BYE OLD TIMES
When I was a baby I cried and cried and my mother had to get up out of bed and get me a bottle and she had to make me go back to sleep and I would stop crying and go to sleep and in the morning mother would come and get me and feed me and change my diaper and pat me on the back.

Bye Bye Old Times.

Rhonda Dove
Grade 5
Fort Mill Elementary
MY GRANDPA

The smell of pipe tobacco
sweet but stale
The sound of footsteps going down the stairs
to put more wood in the basement stove.
The memories of him talking, laughing,
  snoring while asleep on the couch
I can still hear him
  even though he's gone.
The sight of him riding on a tractor,
  planting the potatoes,
Whittling a stick of firewood
down to a toothpick,
Lying motionless in a coffin
  a Bible in his hand.

Deb Smith
Grade 10
Fort Mill High

DOES ANYONE CARE?

Does anyone care
about an old
rusty plow
grown over with
weeds and flowers
leaning against
a dogwood?

Britt Helms
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High

"Where's Daddy, Mommy?"
"He's gone, Yvette. He won't be coming home."
"But why, Mommy?"
"Because he's dead, Yvette. We won't be seeing him anymore."
Breaking into tears, Mom drew me to her.
I broke away from her closeness
And ran to my bedroom. I flung
Myself down on the bed and readied
For crying.
And I waited.
Tears weren't easy falling;
But thoughts and memories came thickly.
I shall never forget . . .

Yvette Spann
Grade 11
Chester Senior High
THE DEATH
When my mother told me about my grandma's death I just cried and weeped and weeped and cried until I could not cry or weep anymore at all. And finally my mother came in and explained that it was a part of life. It made me feel better. And now I see all my kin all I can.

Cleve Phillips
Grade 5
South Pine Elementary

The very first day I went to school it snowed
I couldn't get inside,
The whole school was filled with snow.

Rene Hamilton
Grade 3
East Primary

THE POCKET
Slowly fading
Worn frazzled edges
Where there is left
the remains of a day.

Carol Beachum
Grade 10
Fort Mill High

PEOPLE
When I was a little girl
people always walking
over me and kicking me
I try to call my mother
But I say where in the world is she

Linda Adams
Grade 8
Elloree Elementary
MY SECRET HIDEAWAY

My place is hidden away
where I go from day to day
It is old and creepy
and smells of old
out front reads a sign “sold”
Now they have taken it away
where I used to go to play
It was old and creepy
and it smelled of old
Now there is no more hideaway

Teah Casey
Grade 8
Chester Junior High

THE POND

I remember long ago
going down by the pond
We sat listening to the
fish dancing around in
the water like ballerinas
on their toes.

Sitting on the green grass
running my fingers through
it like running my fingers
through soft carpet.
Just sitting there watching
the colorful creatures take
their wings and fly.

Janet Moore
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High

THE WISDOM

I once knew a man
he was very old
But he was as wise as an owl
After he was gone
the funeral was held
at an old country church
At the funeral
you could feel something moving
in silence around the room
It was almost as if something was
trying to give somebody
the old man’s wisdom

Randy Jackson
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High
BACK IN PHILLY

I remember the time
when I was in the third grade
and me and my friend
decided to hold up
the candy store
We had a toy gun
and a little money
We walked in the store
and asked to lady
would she hand us
a pack of butterscotch
crimpets and all of
the money in the cash register
She thought that we
were playing until we
pulled out the original
looking gun
Then she pulled out hers
Then we split.

McKeiver Hall
Grade 11
Chester Senior High

MEMORIES

I remember last fall the leaves changed colors. I was riding
my bike in my red sweater. Playing and flying down hill, I
fell and skinned my knee.

My father died when I was five years old, a week before my
birthday. Now between the inside skeetboard and the brick,
there is a wall of memories of my father.

Beth Plyler
Grade 4
Clinton Elementary
THE CLAPPING OF HANDS
for an old lady dying hard

I have come from the sepulcher
But it still remains in me.
Its icy fingers grip my soul;
The hollow silence fills my chest.
The death watch is ceased.
Death is no longer courted. . .
Wooed, begged to. . . .It has come,
Yearned for, yet repulsive still.
The hollow cheeks are still
Conquered by the white blackness
Of death's ceremonial cloak
Shrouding the defeated clay.
The last harried gesture
Conscious/unconscious touch
Of those who pray for death
And she who hates to go. . . .
Feverish hands grow cold
As Death slips its hand
In hers to take the place
Of weary mourners' farewell clasp.
Who are we to question time,
When you clung so to life?
Was the gentle hand, the soothing voice
Worth more than all your pain?
Perhaps your choice was in your face,
That last regret in spite of pain
Grieve not the hand which takes our place
Some day we'll all hold hands again.

Meredith Lanham
Teacher
Fort Mill Senior High
It's all so clear now
Awakened by my brother's play trains,
I leaped out of bed to see what the jolly fat man had left me.
Glares from a bright red tricycle and wagon excited me
Everyone was saying Merry Christmas
I wasn't worried about that
I jumped on my tricycle and knocked down the tree that had grown in the room

Velma Boulware
Grade 11
Chester Senior High

A THING
I used to have a pacifier.
To help me go to sleep.
And now I count sheep just like famous Little Bo Peep.
My pacifier was lots more fun,
For the sheep are always on the run.
Up hill, down hill, over the trails
There they go wagging their tails.
My pacifier was much more fun,
I sucked it instead of my thumb.
My pacifier is done and gone
And now I lie in my bed alone.

Jane Bennett
Grade 7
Lewisville Middle
THE REALM OF GLORY

Inside myself
I search for the past
And long, lost memories
I find them at last.

Trying to think back
to my grandmother's home
I'm inclined to remember
where free men roam.

The country, so peaceful
so quiet, so green
with magnificent beauty
few eyes have seen.

The dew on the grass,
the sweet smell of honey
and the warm sunlight
so bright, so sunny.

The aroma in the air
so crisp, so clear
this realm of glory
was no place of fear.

And there the house stands
as quiet as a mouse
for now no one lives
in that cold little house.

Under rich green leaves
of the walnut tree,
how lovely and wondrous
seclusion can be.

But now I puzzle
over thought rearranged
As I look back and see
how my world has changed.

There's only one thing
that will change never
the thought of Grandma's home
will live forever.

Sherri Dixon
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School
SALLY, DICK, JANE AND SPOT ARE GONE FOREVER

The twirling globe that sat upon the brown filing cabinet has disappeared.
The all too confusing alphabet has vanished from above the green blackboard.
But wait!
The blackboard is gone, too.
The scratched yellowish-tan desk table is gone. So are the small, shellacked chairs.
No more can I reach into the dark cubbyhole and bring out my trick emerald green pencil and Blue Horse writing tablet.
Sally, Dick, Jane and Spot are gone forever.

Deborah Dobbins
Grade 12
Chester Senior High

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW

Somewhere over the rainbow is a place where pretty colors of rainbows are. And they have all different kinds of color to make a rainbow and they have a place where it is always recess time.

Sabrina Potts
Grade 5
Fort Mill Elementary

THE SPARKLE, THE CHIMES, THAT'S WHAT DID IT

As I lay there with my eyes partly closed, Suddenly without a warning, without a signal, I saw the sparkle, I heard the chimes. I didn’t run -- I wouldn't have if I could. I just lay there helplessly, feeling nothing. I wish I could explain and prepare you. But I can’t explain its nature. Don’t be alarmed, don’t be confused. It will come for all of us. Yes, DEATH will come.

Wilber Jenkins, Jr.
Grade 11
Elloree High
WHEN I WAS FIVE

When I was five, my days were filled with
Chasing my sister with frogs
Shovelling dog excretions into a brown paper bag
Preparing the lawn for my sister to mow
Rolling in the freshly cut grass
Breathing summer air
Jumping into a hot bath to chase away that itchy feeling
Buying my first album by the Monkeys
Thinking I was grown up like my sister who was 13
Reading Dick and Jane
Seeing Spot run
Life was free and easy

When I was eight my days were filled with
Fighting in school and watching Star Trek
Swimming in our pool after fishing out the snakes
Riding my minibike around the block
Catching bugs in my teeth if I smiled
Playing secret agent and spying on my sister
Ken saving Barbie from the mean man on the hill
Learning how cruel and unkind death is
Hurting because the older kids picked on me
Life was not quite as free and easy as it once was

When I was thirteen my days were filled with
Learning how to French kiss
Buying cigarettes with lunch money
Being suspended for smoking in the wrong place
Getting a buzz at school and on weekends
Lying to my parents about where I went
Caring about nothing made life free and easy

Now that I am sixteen my days are filled with
Studying for tests and doing homework
Worrying and wondering about college
Occasionally getting asked out for a date
Constantly battling my weight problem
Daydreaming about what could happen in the future
Remembering yesterdays and the days before
Knowing life will never again be free and easy

Anonymous
Grade 11
MY UNCLE
My uncle always worked hard.
He helped clear the spot where we live now.
He's always nice to me.
He had a deep sounding voice.
He always smelled as good as a Thanksgiving dinner.

Maria Murdock
Grade 6
Lewisville Middle

AUTUMN
Change in routine, days too short for all details
Books heavy, sweaty on way home sweater forgotten
Room inviting, seashells discarded and apples for snacking
Daddy raking leaves and burning them
As if the atmosphere needed a sacrificial fire
To the new marching-step of Autumn.

Sarah H. Jones
Teacher
Fort Mill Junior High

CREATION
One time God made planets, the sun and the earth--
Water and plants came out of the ground, gas and oil too
The animals had two hands, two feet and a skull and bones,
and they said, "GIVE ME SOME SKIN" and we got skin too,
and another person and a bunch of different animals came into the world.

Reggie Nolan
Grade 3
Latta Primary
WHERE HAS IT GONE?
Where are the huge pines that stood straight in a row?
Where is their fresh and gentle scent?
Where are my pines . . .
Where is their scent . . .
  Where have they gone?
Where are the mornings of awakening by the call of the crow?
Where are the voices of my grandparents in the kitchen?
Where is their talk of the day before?
Where are the mornings . . .
Where are the voices . . .
Where is their talk . . .
  Where have they gone?
Where is the feeling of that old home?
Where is the feeling . . .
  Where has it gone?
The pines have long been cut and gone,
  taking their fresh and gentle scent.
I'm never there to awake by the call of the crow.
The voices of my grandparents are in another kitchen now,
  along with their talk of the day before.
The old home is still there but the feeling is gone.
Where is the feeling . . .
  Where has it gone?

Emmy Bennett
Grade 10
Chester Senior High
MY PLACE

Sunlight filters through the canopy, and Falls in patches on the diamond-Colored sand.

The rugged form beneath labors over the Sticks, and they take the form of a Crude hut.

The virgin island, yet to be raped by Man's blindness, is to him the Last horizon.

Here, free from the bonds of "civilization," He will make for himself his Ideal existence.

He builds his world, devises the fishing Lines that will supply his meat, and Scouts for tubers and roots.

"Ha! Me," he thinks to himself. "The last of the rugged Individualists!"

He finishes his work; the hut is to him a Palace; the beach a royal garden.

The gold web of the sun dips below the World, and sleeps in peace and security.

Who, what, when, where is this man? Someday when I've found an island and a God, this rugged old man will be ME.

Guy Molnar
Grade 10
Fort Mill High
A POT OF COLORS

I jump in a pot of colors
and I get all colored up
I feel like a zebra
and when I get out
the color has dried

Richard Miles
Grade 4
Gordon Elementary

WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE--

I feel like I want to hit myself
I feel like a flying tree
I want to burst in pieces
I want to blowup
I am in pieces,
just like lost butterflies

Frank Strohlein
Grade 3
East Primary

There were deer hopping around.
Sunflowers were silver in the sunlight.
Birds were flying back and far along the trees.
But me, I just sat there all alone with no one to talk to.
My heart was filled with foam of sadness, no one to talk to.
Every one was happy but me all alone, and free.
Maybe the birds are free too, like me.
We are all alone.

Yvonne Canty
Grade 7
Elloree Elementary
INSTEAD
Instead of a tattoo I have
A rainbow on my tooth
In all the shades of cherry

Ellen Fowler
Grade 10
Seneca Senior High

UNTITLED
I feel like a sunflower in the sky.
I feel like little flyings.

Ronald Ford
Grade 3
Lake View Elementary

LION’S MOUTH
I feel like a boy who was born in the lion’s mouth

Anonymous
Grade 4
Gordon Elementary

DYING
I feel like an atom being split

Shelton Stewart
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

My teeth are held
Together
By string.
My smile is
Lipstick on a broken mirror.

Janet R. Ranké
Teacher
Westminster High
UNTITLED
I wish my hand could cry.
I wish my hand could sing.
I wish my hand could do
what I can’t do.

Geneva Canty
Grade 4
Elloree Elementary

A KITTEN
I am like
a kitten
I am gentle
I like to gaze
in the warm sun
I am soft
and I can
keep a secret.

Laura Morris
Grade 5
Fort Mill Elementary

THE SPLASHY SOUND
Once I heard
the splashy sound
of a bird and
I said to myself
I said wonder if
I could do it. I
whispered but it was
not like a
bird

Althea Scott
Grade 5
Elloree Elementary
I feel like rain inside, wet,
I would fill up with water
that doesn't have any color
Like a watermelon I'm gonna
bust up, I'm fat, bubbly,
gum drops of rain
it drowns me,
I have a rainbow.

Debby, Shirley, Terry, Mary Ann
Grade 3
South Primary

INSIDE
Do you know what is inside of me?
There is an indian playing a drum.

Ashley Walters
Grade 3
East Primary

A FLOWER WITHOUT WATER
At first I felt like a flower
without water, then,
at the end of the week,
it was a flood on me.

Michael Leslie
Grade 3
Stewart Heights Primary
I am like a tree that cannot grow
I am like a baby, forever helpless
I am like a river that will not rise
I am like a creature in disguise
I am like the wind that forever dies

Rhonda Davis
Grade 9
Elloree High

I am like a bomb that will not light.
I am like a teacher who does not fight.
I am a person with two minds.
I am like a child. I play all the time.
I am like a bird that will not fly.
I am like a baby that does not cry.
I am like a teacher who is very fine.
I am like a doctor who will try to take your mind.

Mark Carson Greene
Grade 9
Elloree High

I feel like a tick
that's going to burst in my heart, and a bionic woman, she's in my skin. And a "goldman" crawling in my octopus legs around him. And I turn him into a "Booboo, ahhhhhhhhhh."

Denise White
Grade 3
South Primary
BRAIN SHADOW

The shadow of my brain on
The mirror reflected nothing back
At me.

Gregg Corley
Grade 10
Seneca Senior High

MY THUMBPRINT

Little trails intertwine . . .
Bending . . . turning . . . circling around
A small world all in its own.
There's not another like it.

Bending . . . turning . . . circling around
a place where I can go and be me.
There's not another like it.
And no one can go there but me.
A place where I can go and be me.
It can be whatever I want it to be.
And no one can go there but me.
And it belongs only to me.
It can be whatever I want it to be.
A small world all in its own
And belongs only to me.
Little trails intertwine . . .

Sherri Brock
Grade 7
Seneca Junior High

I see a jacket singing songs.
I hear the man play the electric guitar.
I taste the soda in the pop.
I smell the paint a mile away.
I touch many mice a day.
I feel very sick.
I dream about food.
I love daydreaming about dogs.
I hate Monday afternoons.
I imagine I'm Robin Hood.
I believe I'm a scarecrow.

Michael Denman
Grade 5
Clinton Elementary
WHEN I'M LONESOME

I feel like a busted-up train
I feel like a hungry pig
I feel like a wild horse
I feel like a mean witch
I feel like a rotten pear
I feel like a dying rose
I feel like a dead poem

Donna Summerford
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

WHEN I WAS LONELY

When I was lonely
I felt like the earth
without the moon
or a mouse
in an empty mansion

David Rhoad
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High

I am like a crayon in a box
I have my own name
I have my own color
I am liked by certain people
and hated by others.

Pam Thomas
Grade 7
A.O. Jones School
IN THE INSIDE OF GLEN CAMPBELL'S GUITAR
In the inside of Glen Campbell's guitar
I travel very far
I do all the playing
And he becomes the star

Derrill Cape
ALPHA Program
Oconee County

HEART
I feel like a heart in the middle of a road.

Shirley Gibson
Grade 5
Lake View Elementary

FEELING BAD
I feel like a melted piece of plastic
I feel like a wild bull
I feel like a shot-up hog
I feel like a zig-zagged word

Darren Johnson
Grade 5
Lake View Elementary

A FUNNY FEELING
I have a funny feeling inside me.
I wonder what it is.
It's so funny I laughed.
I guess I keep it to cheer me up when I'm down.
Here it comes again. hahaha

Paula Barfield
Grade 4
Lake View Elementary
THE SUN
I am like the sun
I have my good days
and I have my bad days
Sometimes I shine down
on everything and give them
light, and sometimes I get
drowned out by the rain.

Sandy Cooper
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High

I FEEL LIKE A TREE, A SHOE, A STAR
I feel like a tree with broken branches
I feel like a tearing shoe
I feel like a falling star

Johnnie Johnson
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

A BALL OF COTTON
I am like
a ball
of cotton
I am soft
I am white
People make
things out of me.

Tammy Roberts
Grade 3
College Street Elementary
Chester
GREEN
Green is great like a beautiful mountain
Green is grimy like algae
Green is strange like deep, dark mysteries
Green is dark like a dense forest
Green is light in a green grassy meadow
Green is soft like a green pillow
Green is hard as a dragon’s scales
Green can fly like a hummingbird
Green can walk just like a green martian
Green can squawk like a mad chicken
Green can think like a college professor
Green can talk just like you or me
Green can copy others who think
Green can see when it opens its eyes
Green can be blind like a man with a seeing eye dog
Green can be polite when it feels like it
Green can fight when it’s mad
Green can turn flips when it just gets up in the morning
Green can lie still like when it’s in bed
Green can live just as anybody can
Green can die when it can’t be like anything else.

Mary Nan Ellenberg
Grade 5
Gignilliat Park

ONE SPECK OF DUST
When I am lonely
I feel like one speck of dust
on top of a shelf that nobody can reach

Allison Pridmore
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High

MY FACE
My eyes are blue puddles with black ink spots
My hair is brown like dead leaves flying everywhere
My nose and cheekbones are hills sprinkled with brown bittersweet
My mouth is a dark cave filled with huge white stones

Jessica Wylie
Grade 7
Chester Junior High
MY SELF IN THE MIRROR
My nose is pointed like the
direction of the wind
which breathes air out and in
My eyes are brown like the
colors of a small town
My ears look in like a
bird’s wings that hear
all the birds sing
The face is smooth and rough
it's light and brown
mixed all up. I look
into the mirror, what do
I see? I see nothing but
but the mirror sees me.

Wallace Boyd
Grade 8
Chester Junior High

I AM LIKE
I am like a dog
who walks down the street jiggling its tail
who doesn’t care if the sky is falling
I am just a plain ordinary dog who loves to take a walk
in the sun

Martha Dubose
Grade 9
Elloree High

I WONDER
I feel like a panther waiting for the kill
I'm so tense and tight as string
It's a weird kind of feeling that I can't explain
I feel like pouncing on one particular
Person but I haven't the energy
I picture me and a boy running
On the beaches together but I can't
See his face
My throat is tight
I wonder who he is.

Claire Hite
Grade 6
Gignilliat Park
I feel like ants are crawling all around inside of me, and I could run until it stops. Big worms start crawling through my toes. And then that night time comes. I can’t sleep. It feels like birds inside, and they sing and they sing and they sing.

Rhonda Hamilton
Grade 3
South Primary

WHEN I AM HAPPY

When I am happy I feel like a flower in a wedding bouquet but when I am angry I change into a swarm of bees with a bear's paw in its honey

Susan Ervin
Grade 8
Fort Mill Junior High

PULL UP THE CURTAIN

Pull up the curtain
Look out the window
See my eye

Vennice Jernigan
Grade 10
Seneca Senior High

I want to be like a waterfall with love running and tickling and trickling on my rocks. Oh how cool it is all of the water on me all year falling off me

Jeff Gibson
Grade 5
South Pine Elementary
THE CONFUSED ELEPHANT
I am like
a confused
elephant
that doesn't
know what
to think of
That is why
I am writing
something that
doesn't make
much sense.

David Wheeler
Grade 5
Fort Mill Elementary

I seem to be a stinkweed
But really
I am a tulip.

Beth Campbell
Grade 8
Lewisville Middle

THE DRAGON IN THE FIRE
I seem to be
a dragon
but really
I am a fire
around green
trees.

Carolyn Dye
Grade 7
Lewisville Middle
I feel like a bull's pulling my hair.
He knocks me deep into the water,
then my heart beats sick
like a condemned man
throwing bombs in me,
then my knee breaks.

Stephanie Janell Huggins
Grade 3
South Primary

STARFISH
I am in the middle of a starfish
It is very selfish
for when I look in
it closes back again

Kim Williams
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

MAGIC
I looked in the magic mirror
and I saw me as a heart.
I was red and had an arrow through me.

Linda Washington
Grade 4
Lake View Elementary
LITTLE COOKS/WEE RECIPES

**Tuna Fish**
Pepper  
Salt  
Two spoons of sugar  
Some drinks  
Some soup and onions

**Bacon**
Put it in the stove for 2 hours  
Put pepper and salt on it  
Cook eggs and grits and eat it.

**Onions**
Find them in the garden  
Cook them and wash them off  
Put pepper on them  
Put salt  
Put some on a plate and eat them.

**Sausages**
Put some salt and pepper and some water and cook it in the skillet for five minutes.

**Noodle Soup**
Put some tomato soup  
Salt  
Pepper  
Sugar  
Noodles  
Put it in the stove for two minutes.

**Rolls**
Put some sugar  
Salt  
Pepper  
Dough  
Milk  
Cook it in the stove for 2 hours.

**Ice Cream**
Milk  
Sugar  
Salt  
Flavor  
Put it in the icebox for 10 minutes.

Ms. Capps'  
Kindergarten Class  
North Hodges Primary
PLAYLETS

ADAM AND EVE

(The DEVIL comes onto the stage carrying a fruit tree. He offers it to ADAM and EVE.)

DEVIL
This is the tree of life. Eat off this.

EVE
I don’t know why God didn’t want us to eat this.

ADAM
Because it might be rotten or it might be poison and we might die.

DEVIL
But the tree of death is the tree of life.

(ADAM and EVE eat the fruit and fall dead. The DEVIL addresses the audience.)

DEVIL
I used to be an angel and God kicked me out of heaven because I told the people to do what I said do.

(ADAM and EVE rise up.)

EVE
I’m the Bionic Woman. Poison can’t kill me.

ADAM
And I’m the $6,000,000 Man. It can’t kill me, either.

THE END

Ms. Tribble’s
1st grade class
North Hodges Primary
CINDERELLA

ACT I

(The STEPMOTHER rushes into the room.)

STEPMOTHER
The Prince is coming!

FIRST STEPSISTER
What's it all about?!

STEPMOTHER
Dancing and singing!

SECOND STEPSISTER
Let's go get dressed!

CINDERELLA
What about me? Can I go?

STEPMOTHER AND DAUGHTERS
No, you can't!

End of Act I

ACT II

FIRST STEPSISTER
Fix my hair.

SECOND STEPSISTER
Powder my nose.

STEPMOTHER
Sweep the floor.

(CINDERELLA hurries to get her sisters ready.)

FIRST STEPSISTER
We're leaving now.

SECOND STEPSISTER
Good-bye, Cinderella.

(CINDERELLA begins crying. The FAIRY GODMOTHER appears.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER
Get me a pumpkin and a mule and four rats. Be home by midnight.
CINDERELLA
Thank you, fairy godmother.
(The godmother changes CINDERELLA into new clothes.)
End of Act II

ACT III
(The STEPMOTHER rushes in again.)

STEPSISTER
The prince is coming!
CINDERELLA
He's looking for me!
FIRST STEPSISTER
He's looking for me!
SECOND STEPSISTER
Naw, he's looking for me!
STEPSISTER
He's looking for me!

(The first PRINCE enters with a shoe.)
FIRST PRINCE
Which one of you is Cinderella?
ALL of the GIRLS and STEPMOTHER
I am!

(The PRINCE looks confused. Three more YOUNG MEN enter carrying shoes.)

ALL THREE PRINCES
We're looking for Cinderella.
FIRST STEPSISTER
Which one of you is the Prince?
ALL the YOUNG MEN
I am.

(ALL the cast goes off stage looking disappointed, muttering "Aw, shucks")
NARRATOR
Will the real prince find the real Cinderella? Will the real Cinderella find the real prince? Tune in again next year when TAP returns to present another episode about real people in a make-believe world.

THE END

Mr. Watson's
4th grade class
North Hodges Primary
SAMPSON

ACT I

(An ANGEL appears to MRS. SAMPSON.)

MRS. SAMPSON

Who're you?!

ANGEL

I'm an angel. I have something to tell you. You're gonna' have a baby in nine months. He's gonna' have a lot of strength to lead the people. Don't let him drink wine or get his haircut.

(The ANGEL leaves.)

MRS. SAMPSON

Nobody's gonna' believe this when I tell them!

ACT II

(The barbershop)

MRS. SAMPSON

Hey! Don't cut his hair! The angel told me not to cut his hair!

MR. SAMPSON

What're you talking about, woman! I ain't having no hippies in my house.

MRS. SAMPSON

But you don't understand! The angel said we shouldn't cut his hair. I'll go get him and prove it to you.

MR. SAMPSON

You go do that. Go on, barber. Cut that stuff off.

ACT III

(MR. SAMPSON is in the garden. The ANGEL appears to him.)

MR. SAMPSON

Who're you?

ANGEL

I'm the angel who told your wife not to cut your son's hair. Why didn't you listen to her?

MR. SAMPSON

My wife's always telling tales. Besides, I don't believe in angels.

ANGEL

Why don't you believe in angels?

MR. SAMPSON

I just don't, that's all. Besides, I never saw my son lift anything heavy.
ANGEL
'Cause you cut his hair, that's why.

MR. SAMPSON
Well . . . it's grown back now.

ANGEL
So call the boy over here.

MR. SAMPSON
Son! Come over here a minute!

(SAMPSON comes up. The ANGEL thrusts a jawbone from an ass in his hand.)

ANGEL
Show your old man what you can do.

(SAMPSON swings the bone wildly.)

MR. SAMPSON
Oooo! Wow! Look at all those dead phillistines! I didn't know he could do that!

ANGEL
Now do you believe in angels?

MR. SAMPSON
Yes. I believe now.

THE END

Ms. Bessinger's
6th grade class
Brewer Intermediate
GINGERBREAD MAN

OLD MAN
I'm hungry. I'm going to make me a man.

OLD WOMAN
I'll make you a man. I'll make you a gingerbread man.
(The OLD WOMAN puts the man in the oven. When she goes to check, it jumps out.)

OLD WOMAN
What is this? Help!

OLD MAN
What's happening? I'll catch him!
(The OLD MAN runs after the GINGERBREAD MAN.)

GINGERBREAD MAN
Run, run, as fast as you can. You won't catch me, 'cause I'm the gingerbread man.

COW
I'm gonna' eat you to make my milk.

GINGERBREAD MAN
Run, run, as fast as you can. You won't catch me 'cause I'm the gingerbread man.

PIG
I'm gonna' eat you to make me fatter.

GINGERBREAD MAN
Run, run, as fast as you can. You won't catch me 'cause I'm the gingerbread man.

HORSE
I'm gonna' eat you for not watching where you're going.

GINGERBREAD MAN
Run, run, as fast as you can. You won't catch me 'cause I'm the gingerbread man.
(The GINGERBREAD MAN gets to a river and can't make it across. The FOX comes up.)

FOX
You want me to help you get across?
GINGERBREAD MAN
I'm scared you might eat me.

FOX
How can I eat you when you're on my back? Hop on.

(The GINGERBREAD MAN hops on the FOX's back.)

FOX
Climb up a little higher. We're getting deeper into the water. A little higher. Now, climb up on my head.

(The GINGERBREAD MAN climbs onto the FOX's head. He is eaten.)

THE END
Ms. Murphy's
4th grade class
Mathews Primary

FLOUNDER, FLOUNDER OF THE SEA

ACT 1
(The FISHERMAN is fishing. He catches something and reels it in.)

FISHERMAN
Hello, dinner!

FLOUNDER
You jive turkey! You better let me go!

FISHERMAN
Shut up.

FLOUNDER
I'm a magic flounder. If you let me go I'll grant you some wishes.
FISHERMAN
If you stop calling me a jive turkey, I'll let you go.

FLOUNDER
O.K., I'll stop calling you jive turkey. Now, let me go.
(The FISHERMAN tosses the FLOUNDER back into the water.)

ACT II
NARRATOR
So the fisherman went home and told his wife what he had done.

WIFE
You what!? You caught a magic flounder and threw him back in the sea? Are you crazy!? You get back down there and catch him again. Tell him I want a new house and a castle.

NARRATOR
So the fisherman went and caught the fish again and told him what the wife wanted. When he got back home, the new house and the castle were there waiting. But the wife wasn't satisfied with what she got and she sent the fisherman back twelve times to ask the fish for more.

ACT III
FISHERMAN
My wife wasn't satisfied with the house and the castle and T.V. and the Trans Am and the Corvette and new clothes and the diamonds and the gold. She wants the universe.

FLOUNDER
What! She's not satisfied yet? Go sit on an egg.

NARRATOR
So the fisherman and his wife went and sat on an egg. And when it had hatched, the magic wore off and all their new things vanished and they were left with their old shack again.

Mrs. Whitmire's
4th grade class
Blake Primary
THE OLD LADY WHO LIVED IN A SHOE
(The CHILDREN go to their mother and ask for food.)

CHILDREN
Mama, I want a hotdog.
I want some porkchops.
I want a hamburger.
I want some french fries.
Mama, I want some chicken.

MOTHER
We don't have any hotdogs.
We don't have any porkchops.
We don't have any hamburgers.
We don't have any french fries.
We don't have any chicken.
You'll eat whatever I fix. Go to your room.

(The CHILDREN go to their room and the MOTHER hears the sound of fighting.)

CHILDREN
Mama, Jimmy hit me.
Make Margaret stop.
She hurt my arm.

MOTHER
You children stop fighting! Stop it! Oh, these children!

(She spanks them.)

THE END

Mrs. Rucker's
1st grade class
Matthews Primary
THE THREE PIGS

ACT I

MOTHER PIG

Pigs. Y'all come here. There's not enough room in this house for y'all anymore. Go out and build your own house. And watch out for the big bad wolf.

PIGS

Yes, Mother.

ACT II

STRAW PIG

Mister, may I have some straw to build me a house?

MAN

Yes, you may.

TWIG PIG

May I have some of those twigs to build me a house?

MAN

Yes, you may have some.

BRICK PIG

May I have some bricks to build my house?

MAN

Help yourself.

PIGS

Thank you.

ACT III

WOLF

Little pig, little pig. Let me come in.

TWIG PIG

Not by the hair of my chin-chin-chin.

WOLF

Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.

(He blows it in. The PIG escapes to the next pig's house.)

WOLF

Little pig, little pig, let me come in.

STRAW PIG

Not by the hair on my chin-chin-chin.
WOLF
Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.
(He blows it in. The two pigs run to the next pig's house.)
WOLF
Little pig, little pig, let me come in.
PIGS
Not by the hair on my chin-chin-chin.
WOLF
Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll huff and I'll puff.
BRICK PIG
He can't blow it in. He's on the roof! He's coming down the chimney! Quick, put some hot water on the stove. Make that fire good and hot!
TWIG PIG
I'll get some sticks!
STRAW PIG
I'll get some matches!
BRICK PIG
Hurry up!
(The WOLF falls in.)
WOLF
Yeeeoow!
BRICK PIG
We gonna' have wolf stew tonight.
The END
Mrs. Daniels'
5th grade class
Central Intermediate
THE THREE BEARS

ACT I

MOTHER BEAR
Y'all come and get it.

PAPA BEAR
This soup is too hot. Let's go for a walk and let it cool off.

MAMA BEAR
It's all right with me.

BABY BEAR
It's all right with me, too.

ACT II

GOLDIE
Is anybody home? Guess not. Umm, this looks good. Oh, this is too hot. Oh, this is too cold. This is just right.

(She eats the soup and goes to the chairs.)

GOLDIE
This chair is too hard. This chair is too soft. This chair is just right. Oh-oh! I done broke it. Sorry 'bout that.

(She goes to the beds.)

GOLDIE
This bed is too hard. This bed is too soft. This bed is just right.

(She goes to sleep. The BEARS come home.)

PAPA BEAR
Somebody's been messing with my bowl. I didn't leave it like this.

MAMA BEAR
Somebody's been eating my soup, too.

BABY BEAR
Somebody's been eating mine and didn't leave me none.

PAPA BEAR
Hey somebody's been sitting in my chair.

MAMA BEAR
Somebody's been sitting in mine, too.
BABY BEAR
Somebody's been sitting in my chair and sat the bottom out.

PAPA BEAR
Hey, somebody's been sleeping in my bed.

MAMA BEAR
Somebody's been sleeping in my bed, too.

BABY BEAR
Somebody's been sleeping in my bed and she's still in it.

PAPA BEAR
Hey, you get out-a here! Get out-a here and don't come back!

(GOLDIE LOCKS jumps up and gets away.)

THE END

2nd grade class
Pinecrest Primary

THE FONZ

ACT I

(FONZIE enters the classroom and the class speaks to him.)

FONZ
What's been happening?

RICHIE
Hey, Fonz.
RALPH MOUTH
Pinkie got hurt in a car wreck, Fonz.

FONZ
You gotta' be kidding me!

RALPH MOUTH
Naw, man, it's no joke. She's in Self Memorial Hospital.

(FONZ rushes out of the class.)

MRS. ARCHIBALD
(Rapping on the desk)
Pull yourselves together, class!

ACT II

MRS. ARCHIBALD
Do you have your homework, class?

CLASS
No, Mrs. Archibald.

MRS. ARCHIBALD
Why not?

(RICHIE enters the room.)

CLASS
Hey Richie. Hey Man.

MRS. ARCHIBALD
I'm very disappointed in you, Richie. Yesterday you asked me if you could go to the bathroom and you ran out of school. Now, this is the first time you've done something like this, but I'm still going to give you four demerits.

RICHIE
But the Fonz asked me to go home and take a bath.

MRS. ARCHIBALD
If the Fonz told you to stick your head in the fire, would you do it?

RICHIE
But I made a deal with the Fonz.

MRS. ARCHIBALD
So I'm going to make a deal with you. You already have four demerits for leaving the school grounds. If you get six more, you get suspended from school.
(The FONZ enters.)

FONZ
You having a problem, Richie?

RICHIE
This teacher is on my back, man. She's been on my back ever since I been in this class. You miss one little old day out-a school and your mama gets on your back, your daddy gets on your back, everybody gets on your back.

FONZ
You don't have to stay in here and take this, man. Come on out here in the streets with me. That's where it's happening.

MRS. ARCHIBALD
If you leave now, Richie, you can't come back.

FONZ
Come on, man.

RICHIE
Well, I... I need some time.

CLASS
Don't go, Richie. Yeah, Richie, don't go. Stay with us, Richie.

FONZ
Come on, you jive turkey. Can't you see school ain't worth two cents?

CLASSMATE
If school ain't worth two cents, Fonz, why do you hang around here so much?

(FONZ is unable to respond to this. He rushes out of the room. The CLASS cheers.)

RICHIE
I'm sorry, Mrs. Archibald.

MRS. ARCHIBALD
Let's get to work, class.

THE END

Mrs. Culbertson's
4th grade class
Blake Primary
GOOD LUCK
If you buy a brand new pair of shoes and put one on and then go outside and dig a 2 foot hole and bury it, then you will have good luck the rest of your life.

Robert McCormick, Jr.
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary

GOOD LUCK
If a dog smiles at you you will marry a rich man

Diane Crawford
Grade 6
Gordon Elementary