



# THE FLIPSIDE



**ASSIGNMENT: Write an abecedarian.**

At the top of a ridge,  
Birds sing. A  
Cliff  
Drops below.  
Eventually, the rock  
Face reaches the ground.  
Grass grows near a  
House. Nearby,  
In a birdhouse, blue  
Jays live. A  
Kite is  
Lazily flown by a  
Man  
Nearby.  
On a  
Peak, a  
Quest for food among the  
Rocks  
Starts.  
There is shade,  
Under a tree's  
Very  
Wide leaves. Peace in nature still  
X-ists under the  
Yellow sun.  
Zoos cannot re-create this perfection.

**WENDY TULLY-GUSTAFSON**  
**Sixth Grade**

**ASSIGNMENT: Write a winter poem.**

Winter's wind blows.  
It might freeze your nose!  
Snow falls right down  
Without making a sound.

**CATHLEEN DEUTSCH**  
**Third Grade**

Presents under the Christmas tree,  
It's as clear as day to me.  
Shouting, cheering on a snowy hill—  
Everyone is having a thrill.  
No more berries, peaches or clementines.  
Hooray, hooray! It's winter time!

**NICOLE PLANKEN**  
**Third Grade**

I'm a little snowman, short and fat.  
Here is my nose, and here is my hat.  
When the sun comes out, I melt away.  
But when it's cold, I'm here to stay.

**PARSA LOTFI**  
**Third Grade**

**ASSIGNMENT: Write about a time when you helped someone in need.**

"You're a loser." Those were the only words I heard the bully tell Jimmy, as I walked past the swing set. My friend Jimmy had tears rolling down his cheeks; he was bewildered and frightened that anyone would say anything like that to him. Jimmy was a child with special needs. He even needed help walking. It took a strong, courageous and indomitable kid to go up to a bully and stand up for his best friend, but I did it, not for the fame, not for a prize, but for the smile on Jimmy's face. That smile showed happiness for someone had stood up for him.

"Stop messing with my friend," I bellowed to the rapacious bully. He heard me; he turned in my direction with a look of astonishment and confusion that someone had the guts to stand up for what is the right thing to do. "Sorry, but if you want to be the Lord of this town, you have to go through knighthood," I said. Then I walked past the bully, held Jimmy's hand, and we walked away. My goal was achieved when I saw the smile and relief on Jimmy's face.

We should all reach out and help others in whichever way we can. It is good to serve our community, our city, and our country. We should all overcome our fears and inhibitions. In my situation there was a bully, a bully that everyone feared—except me.

**ARJUN MEHROTRA**  
**Sixth Grade**

**ASSIGNMENT: Write a poem based on a picture.**

On the table, it sits alone  
As though waiting for something.  
The poor, empty plate tolerates  
The disheveled piling of serving knives,  
Alike in use, but different in details.

Light reflects from the plate and knives  
But cannot make the few remaining crumbs of  
A previous pie shine.

The plate no longer stands out.  
It solemnly shrivels in silence  
In the background of its world  
As time passes by.

There is nothing left, nothing left unfinished,  
Nothing left to accomplish,  
Nothing but to be forgotten.

**DANIEL BARBAKOFF**  
**Sixth Grade**