



THE FLIPSIDE



ASSIGNMENT: Write about your dinner with someone famous.

When I had dinner with President Obama, my parents were neat freaks. My brother, BJ, and I had to clean the entire house, even our basement. My mom was cooking her famous curry goat while my dad took his tools out and fixed the front door. When the President arrived, everything was perfect.

While we were eating, my parents started a conversation with the President. They were talking about how much nicer the White House was than our house.

When it was time for the President to leave, he said, "Can I have some of that delicious curry goat to take home?"

My mom replied, "Why, yes, you can, sir." We waved as his limousine pulled up and he got in, and his driver drove him away.

JARED SAGET
Fifth Grade

ASSIGNMENT: Create a classroom god.

Once upon a time, when the first clock in the world was created, a god was born. He is the god of clocks, Timetus. It is said that his body is made up entirely of clocks. Some are analog clocks, some are digital clocks, some are old and lost forms of clocks and some are clocks that have yet to be discovered. He controls all the clocks in the world. He gained this power because all of the gods before him decided that at some time in the future the foolish humans of earth would lose their respect for such a great creation.

And the humans eventually did lose respect for clocks. They left them improperly set, with rusting gears, taking it for granted that they still worked. This outraged Timetus. To punish them, he made it so that all clocks would end up being an hour late in the fall and an hour early in the spring, so that all the humans in the world would be getting the time wrong all year long.

After people noticed this, society fell into chaos. No one could ever be on time for an appointment. Everyone in the world cried out to Timetus in repentance. He forgave them and told them the secret of daylight savings. He said that they should set the clocks forward an hour on the second Sunday of March and set the clocks back an hour on the first Sunday of November. The time in between would be called Daylight Saving Time, for this discovery "saved the light of the day."

Nowadays Timetus resides in L.I.S.G. His noteworthy actions have been those such as making it so that no set of clocks works properly for any extended period of time. His most recent deed was making the batteries of most of the atomic clocks in the school all run out at the same time. Hopefully, we'll all take better care of our clocks from now on.

ARON CORAOR
Eighth Grade

ASSIGNMENT: Write a poem based on a picture.

The beautiful green color,
The best you have ever seen!
Like the grass in the summer,
Oh! The luscious green, green, green!

The pale, but striking yellow,
As soft as yellow leaves
Very striking, but mellow,
That's the yellow!

The rusty color eyes,
So unique.
They took me by surprise!
Oh! His eyes!

The green, the rust, the yellow!
Who is this little fellow?
It's Charlie! He's a parrot,
And he loves carrots!

IZABEL FARYNICK
Sixth Grade

His big, puffy cheeks, his Dalmatian shirt,
My light purple camisole, my short floral skirt
Are all memories of a day when my brother and I
played a game,
A game where I ran, and he called out my name.
Not my name exactly, but a name given by the boy.
It was "Chel," that he called me, his voice full of joy.
I led him through the yard in our hula-hoop bus.
My parents watched, giggled, and laughed at us.
Following me was Alex, my brother,
Who begged, "Don't stop, Chel, let's do another.
My braids flailed behind me; the grass was so green.
It's one of our favorites: the hula hoop scene.

RACHEL BRAM
Sixth Grade

Reflected on the lake
The mountains stand high.
Just one more thing to wonder about
Against the deep blue sky.

With grass below the rocky peaks,
Some covered with glaciers or snow,
The mountains stand far above,
The island and lake below.

The reflections are so clear,
Sometimes it is hard to see
Where water ends and real trees start.
That is the way it is meant to be.

WENDY TULLY-GUSTAFSON
Sixth Grade

