



# THE FLIPSIDE



## ***HONORABLE MENTION WINNERS in the “Letters about Literature” Contest.***

Dear Mr. Adams:

I absolutely loved *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* series; I’ll say that flat out. I laughed out loud while I was reading it, much to the bewilderment of those sitting next to me. But that’s not the only reason I liked it. I liked it because it made me realize something about life. I always used to get very upset when bad things happened. I blamed myself over everything, even if none of it was my fault. The relentless pace of life turned a cold, deaf ear on me, throwing dilemmas at me like Frisbees.

However, a fact slowly dawned on me. I realized that *life just happens*. I realized that I should take a few steps back and admire it as a whole, not scrutinize and worry about every little detail. I looked at Arthur Dent, to whom so many tragedies befell and saw how he just seemed to keep going, never stopping just to lament (or at least, not for very long). He cared less about every little detail of something and more about the thing as a whole.

I also identify with Zaphod Beeblebrox, who didn’t care much about what happened unless he could get a good laugh out of it, but he was also driven to achieve his larger goals. He was very smart, and he didn’t let himself get caught up in all the little things.

Unlike Zaphod, however, is Agrajag. He is so focused on getting his pointless revenge on Arthur that it ruins many of his lives. He was so obsessed that I felt pity for him. He is ultimately the character that caused me to want to be less obsessed with the small scale and look more at the big picture. He was everything I don’t want to be.

Thank you Mr. Adams for the wonderful books you wrote. Although most people take them as comedy with a complicated plot, your work has motivated me to change who I am for the better. I am now an altogether happier person. Plus a little comedy never hurt to make someone happy either.

***SUZANNE NORRIS***  
***Seventh Grade***

Dear Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.:

Your speech, “I Have a Dream,” affected my life deeply. I listened to your speech for the first time in kindergarten. It made me feel confident about every idea that came from my brain and through my mouth. I now feel brave for every challenging thing I do. I also learned to be fair to every person no matter his race, look, accent, perspicacity, gender, or even if he is handicapped. I learned the expression “every man is created equal.” I definitely agree with that.

I was made fun of too because I am Asian. When I was playing in basketball camp when I was in third grade, I was no worse than some other kids, but all the people who were better than I picked on only me just because I was Asian. I’m sure that’s how you felt about racism against African-Americans before you made your speech.

Your speech not only taught me these valuable lessons, but the way you spoke it taught me some public speaking skills. It taught me how to communicate very positively, very confidently, and very clearly. It also taught me how to speak in front of a big crowd without any fear.

Out of all these reasons, the most important thing I learned is to be peaceful. You won the Nobel Peace Prize, and I said to myself, “If Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. won the Nobel Peace Prize and he’s such a great man, I have to be peaceful to get my thoughts out to the world.”

“I Have a Dream” really changed my feelings about this world and changed my personality.

***RYAN WU***  
***Fifth Grade***

***ASSIGNMENT: Excerpts from the third grade class anthology submitted to Walt Whitman poetry contest.***

### Music of a Coming Spring

The sun, stretching after a long winter’s nap, tells the frost, frozen snow, and winter wind to disappear or face its hot wrath.

Of the remaining frozen, some stay, some go. Sun whistles and says, “You dare to defy me? You may change your mind when I soar to full height in the summer.”

Swaying flowers begin to awaken and say, “Please go away and let me bloom.”

Winter, in love, says, “Yes, my love. I will go away for as long as you like.”

Chipmunks and squirrels spread the word of light throughout the retreating darkness.

Fox thinks of warm rabbit stew, for he could not get that in the sleeping winter, but alas, the rabbits and animals of the hunt have grown wiser, so he must resort to cunning again.

Spring starts to shine and birds and bees all around flourish in the warm weather with their beautiful melodies.

***ESHA SAWANT***  
***Third Grade***

### Nature’s Music

Throughout the day I hear the gorgeous birds calling out to one another on long twisting branches blowing in the whispering whistling wind.

The dripping of the rain like little footsteps on the lively lapping lake, never ending or beginning.

I sit by the crackling of the crispy warm fire of the sunset, hearing the cheerful chirping of crickets.

And as dawn turns to dusk, I hear the loud hooting of wise owls in the dark and gloomy night telling me it’s time to go to sleep.

***SARA FRAWLEY***  
***Third Grade***