



THE FLIPSIDE



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

Dear Mr. London:

Your book, *The Call of the Wild*, moved me because of the relationship between Buck and John Thornton. They have a parent-and-child relationship because John gave his love to Buck without asking for anything in return. They also have a very strong friendship. They love and trust each other. Their relationship surpasses that of a regular human and dog relationship.

John Thornton takes care of Buck and gives Buck love. John provides Buck with food and shelter and unconditional love. Just like a father’s protectiveness toward his child, John protects Buck from harm. At one part of the book where Buck drags a thousand pounds of flour over a hundred-foot snowy path, John could not bear the pain in his heart.

Their bond of friendship is full of understanding and trust. Buck always follows John around. Even though Buck keeps a distance from John, when Buck is following him, John can always feel Buck around him. When John turns around to look at Buck, Buck would turn and look at John at the same time. They understand each other a lot because of everything they went through together.

In my own life, I had a bird that I bought when I was six years old. He was a grey and yellow parrot, and I named him Latias after one of the Pokemon characters. He was my first and only pet until now. I changed his food, water and the newspaper on the bottom of the cage and also washed his cage. I trained him by taking him out of his cage, and while he was standing on my finger, I played with him. At first he would bite me, but as time went on, he started to recognize me and was able to trust me enough to stand on my shoulder while I was doing my homework. After awhile if he was out of his cage, he would fly to me if I called him. One day I found him out of his cage and thought that somebody let him out. I put him back into his cage and made sure that the cage was closed properly. While I was checking, he walked toward his cage door and slowly opened it. I was so surprised! After that I made sure that he wouldn’t come out by himself by tying a lock on his cage door.

One day when I got home from school, I found Latias lying on the bottom of the cage. He was dead. At that moment I didn’t know how to react because I was so shocked. Lots of thoughts started to run through my mind such as “How did he die?” and “Who am I going to play with now?” I started to think back to all the fun we had together. This made me even sadder. I didn’t know whether to tell someone or to take care of it by myself. In the end, I buried him by myself in my front yard; this way whenever I go out or come back home, I remind myself of him.

The relationship between John and Buck is very similar to the one between Latias and me. Buck depends on John for his food and shelter, but in return Buck keeps John company and gives him friendship. Latias was always there for me when I was bored and always seemed to cheer me up when I was down. At the same time, Latias depended on me for his food, water, and shelter. I don’t know whether I will ever

have another pet again, but I will always remember Latias. Thank you, Mr. London, for sharing this story with me because it brought back all the memories I had of Latias.

JESSICA HUANG
Seventh Grade

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

The Orchestra of the Pond at Night

The frogs begin to sing...do you hear?
They start without ceasing...do you hear? And croak throughout the night.
The crickets’ chirps come through the woods and persuade the frogs to sing.
Whispers from the mangroves are pleased by the song around them and the wind blowing through their leaves.
The marshy pond at night...
An orchestra.

DECLAN HUDDLESTON
Third Grade

The Music of My World

I hear the song of the whistling wind as it flows through the trees. Then a crackle of a single leaf as it calls out to his friends.
The chittering and chattering of a chipmunk as it moves to its home.
The silent sounds of clouds as they sway back and forth.
The flowing of the water as it brings life to animals and its reflection of the moon.
In the night, the twinkle of a little star as it glistens, shines, and sparkles.
The beat of my heart as the music of life fills me.

SAHIL SETH
Third Grade

The Music of Nature

Strong wind rushing through the leaves.
And the chirping of hummingbirds in the morning greeting the new day.
I hear the wind whistling, saying “Come. Come feel the power and sing my song.”

EMMA FARRELL
Third Grade

School Sounds

As I go into school, I hear the school bell ring.
While I’m in my classroom, I hear children playing in the background.
As I’m questioning myself, “Why are they outside?”
I hear a knock at the door
And then a violent slam!
Finally it appears to me...
It’s the melody of school.

LUKE FARRELL
Third Grade