



THE FLIPSIDE



ASSIGNMENT: Write a descriptive paragraph using as few adjectives as possible.

I crawled through the hole in the fence and stood up. I looked at the house in the yard. My friends dared me to go in there, even though the owners moved out years ago.

I watched my step as I proceeded to the porch. The yard was full of plants that hadn't been trimmed, and the ferns, leaves and branches scratched me as I walked through them. There was poison ivy on the ground, and the trees overhead looked like they would fall down on top of me.

I reached the porch and got a close-up of the house. The roof was covered with ivy, and there were leaves stuck in the gutter. The door had holes in it, and so did the floor. The structure of the house had craters, dents, and cracks everywhere. I decided, for my safety, that I shouldn't go into the house. I quickly made my way out of the yard and to my waiting friends.

MARIEL AGBIM
Sixth Grade

The shop smelled of scented candles, incense, and chai tea. There was a fire burning in the corner, and a breeze always seemed to be trapped inside. There were books and antiques and objects yet to be discovered cluttered all around the store.

The man that ran it always had a smile to share and a story here and there for anyone who would listen. Faintly, you could hear music playing, the sound drifting around, seemingly coming from nowhere.

I loved it. I had been coming here for as long as I could remember. I had always known the tabby in the back, who rarely did anything but sleep. I had always known the man behind the counter. And I had always known every nook, cranny, and crack in this shop.

I breathed it all in, knowing I would never come again. I bought what I always did, a book, and said what I always did: "See you again soon."

But there was heaviness on my heart because I knew I would not see him again, soon or ever.

DOMINIQUE LAZZARO
Sixth Grade

Quietly, like a whisper, the sun begins to set. It starts out like a caterpillar, but at the right moment, it bursts into colors like a butterfly budding and blooming.

The colors speckle the valley like an artist at his easel. With flair and grace they splash the valley, beautifully creating the scene. Then, all of a sudden, the sun sets, and the valley is cast into gloom, awaiting the sun like a dog awaits its master.

CHRISTOPHER GRISHAM
Sixth Grade

ASSIGNMENT: Write an autumn poem.

I was looking up at a tree.
It was a beautiful day.
When I saw all the leaves,
I knew autumn was on its way.

CAILEY ZIEGLER
Third Grade

Leaves are falling off the trees.
Autumn has a cooling breeze.
Now that summer's gone,
I'll sing an autumn song.

APHRODITE DIMOPOULOS
Third Grade

The beautiful leaves are falling.
It's getting colder.
All the colors
Are getting bolder.

ELIANA BRODY
Third Grade

Leaves are turning red, yellow and brown.
They're falling all over the town.
Everyone is raking them outside.
Now all the squirrels are getting ready to hide.

STEVEN PEPE
Third Grade

Colors falling to the ground,
Leaves spinning 'round and 'round—
Time's running out; the year's growing older,
And the weather is growing colder.

JOSEPH PILEWSKI
Third Grade

All the leaves are "autumn color."
The summer sky is now much duller.
It helps a squirrel hide its nest.
Autumn days are at their best.

VIMALA ALAGAPPAN
Third Grade

