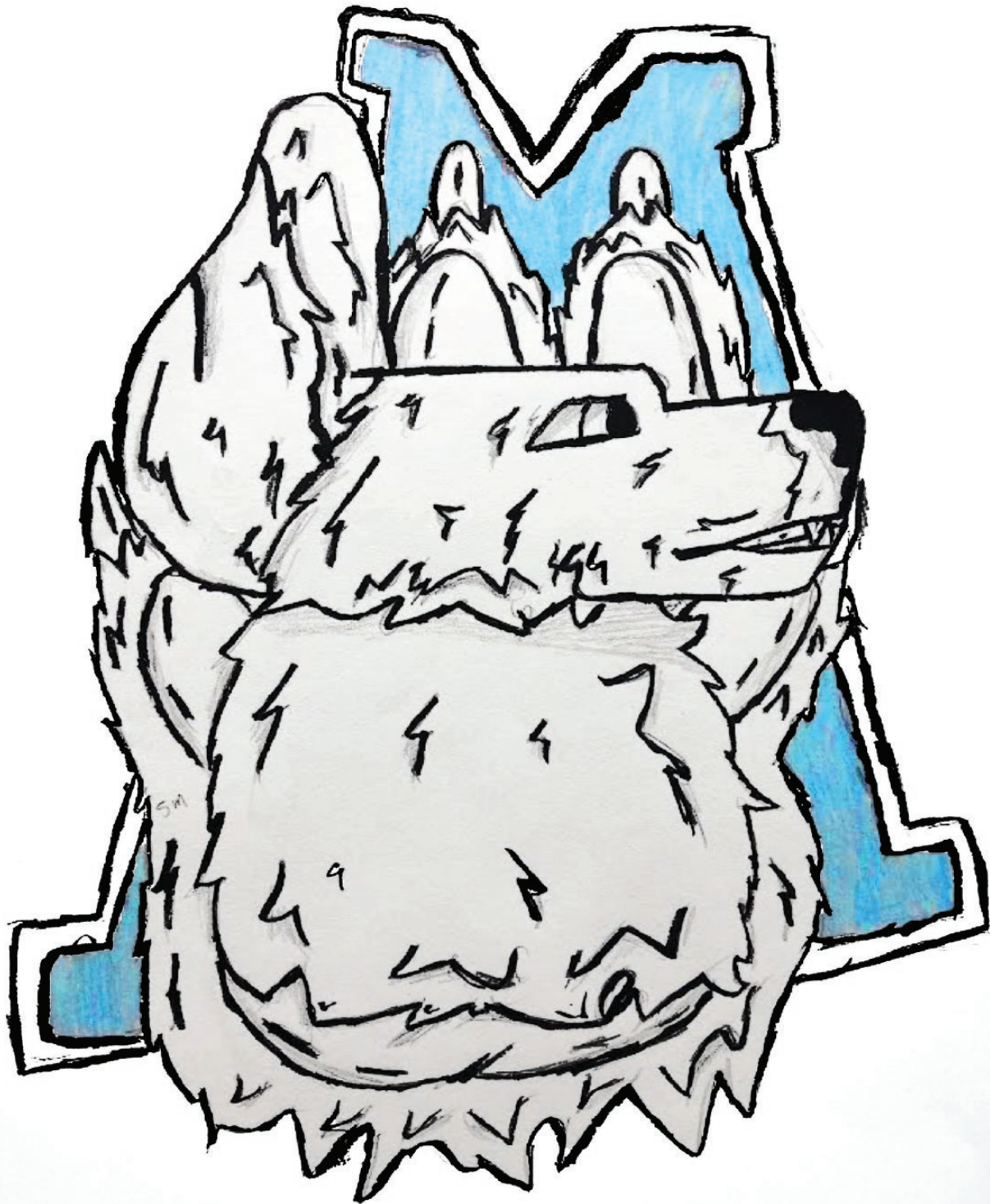


Middle Wrinkle

3rd Quarter



Cover Illustration by Skyla Millan (8th Grade)

RJK Middle School Writers
and Artists

Table of Contents

Poetry

“Singing in the Cemetery” by Hope Kinne (7th grade)

“Random Autobiography” by Senecere Wall-Thomas (8th grade)

“Personality? Or Insanity?” by Jimmy Benjamin (8th grade)

“The Shotgun” by Kayla Dumornay (7th grade)

“Walking Down the Street” by Shivam Patel (7th grade)

“Cheetah” by Araceli Gonzalez (7th Grade)

“In the Desert” by Jovi Roosa (7th grade)

“Winter” by Karen Arina (7th grade)

“Seasons” by Elecissa Kruszka (7th grade)

Immigration R.A.F.T.

“A Ship Log: Diary of a Captain, (1890...from Europe to Ellis Island)” by Xavier Rodriguez

Creative Short Fiction

“Home” by Aaliyah Hyman (8th Grade)

Featured Essay

“Important Figures during the Civil Rights Movement” by Ava Hovis (7th grade)

Vocabulary Posters

Poster #1: Lynmarie Jackson, Leon Martinez, Angelo Spence

Poster #2: Kinsley Hildebrandt, Caliph Graham, Jalon Fennell, Gavin Shupe

Comics and Emotions

Andrea Ruiz-Aldana

Jimmy Benjamin

Jeremy Villela-Pavon

Island of Personality Poster Projects

“Emotional Island” by Camila Guzman-Torrelba

“R-Blox Island” by Ethan Ong

“Device Island” by Jamieson Crawley

“Floating Islands” by Navayah Bolden

“All Eyes Island” by Aida Flores

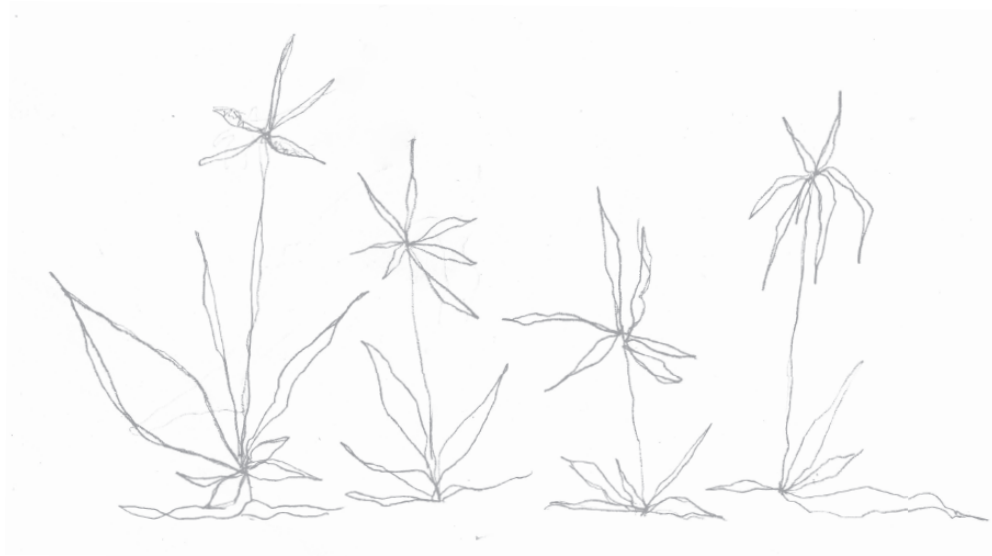
“FNAF Island” by 25

“Gamer Island” By Andrew Crumley

Visual Arts

“Abstract” by Kaeden Milton

POETRY



Singing in the cemetery

By Hope Kinne (7th Grade)

Singing in the cemetery

A dance of death

music from nowhere

and everywhere

all at once a dance that's never done

screaming and laughing

there's a buzz ...

but silence dooms the graveyard

because

in comes the girl

Singing in the cemetery

Random Autobiography

By Senecere Wall-Thomas (8th Grade)

I have been to Pennsylvania
my family lives there.

I ate my grandma's chicken and ribs
the best meal I have ever eaten

Because it was made with love

I once bought Jordan 12's, red and black,
size 11,

We won the game 50-0

I've held my baby sister, Sendeya,

I was only 6.

I once went fishing with my grandpa
On a sunny, spring day
he caught a bass.

It was delicious.

I've felt frustration and Sadness
At the loss of my grandma

My mom always makes sure I am ok

Her name is Ashley.

She is my best friend.

Pop smoke is my favorite rapper

"Welcome to the party" is my motto.

Everyone is always welcome.

I don't care about race.

I only care about respect.

My grandma is my inspiration

She's the reason I

"keep pushing, just keep on pushing"

I broke my leg once

On an old rusty pipe.

I broke my heart once, too

Giving and giving and getting nothing
in return.

Personality? Or Insanity?

By Jimmy Benjamin

I have laughed.

I have cried.

I've lost.

I've gained.

I have lost dread.

I have earned dread.

I am a leader in summer

I am a worker when asked and given a good reward.

I have been blind to what was important.

I have wondered.

I am curious about the new more than the old

I've been hurt by the person I protect.

I've regretted.

I've gone to a football game while my ears begged the loud noises to stop

I've blurred my visions to not have illusions

I've feared isolation

I have been sleepless

I have thought about food offers

I've declined many things

I've heard the good things about me

I've listened to the people I care about

I have gained respect

I've felt pain and the cold wind at the same time

I've misunderstood people like my ears deafen from reality

I have thought of many things that make big impacts

I've lost the importance

I know you cannot undo your mistakes

I keep doing them.

I've wanted to feel what it's like to be a leader

I go to sleep by 10:30pm

11:30pm in summer

I haven't listened when I should

I've been respected

I've been dreaming

but not put to work.

I have been to many places but not at the same time

I've lied about mental stability

I've yet to wonder again and again

I have been idiotic just to cheer someone up

I've wanted to be a writer

but changed my mind

I've lost many things

The Shotgun

By Kayla Dumornay 7th grade



She watches over the city, watching every move

She must stand on top of her shrine

Or she will follow her rules and enter her mind

The red burning skies and the bloody sun

The pillars and the gray platform

The puppet with purple hair

All is not truth, but eternity

Walking Down the Street

By Shivam Patel (7th Grade)

The walk was as long as 3 miles, it was a mountain of walking.

All the people walking greeted me with pleasure as they talked and talked.

The street felt it went on forever, but at a slight moment it felt a ruler long,

Oh, the street was an Olympic feat, a gold medal, an achievement beyond longitude.

The heat was intense but nothing to the flowers that stretched across the street, to the cement of the road that held with great might,

Green, grates greeted me as I passed by the greatest, grand sights.

The birds sang and sang, as the metals rushed and rushed on the street.

Boom, bang, clang as the big metals crossed with the blue birds that tweet, tweet, and tweet.

The farther I walked the closer I got, as I heard the blare of sirens I walked.

The walk was a weekly achievement for me as I greeted others and talked.

Finally, all that was left was the green greets, with their lush growth as the week passed,

The farther and farther I walked the noise stopped, I listened and all there was, was the quiet that talked.

It was as quiet as the wind passing by, while the flowers danced, and the trees waved.

Tap, tap, tap, as I walked and saw a mouse that was carrying cheese the size of 5 millimeters by the greens.

The colors vary, from red to lush green to petals of yellow and red,

I saw a sign warning with great caution to the mountains' rocks as I read.

I was well aware of the great dangers so I proceeded with caution and great care,

The sounds had returned as if it was a zombie that haunted me with no mercy to spare.

I made, made, and made my way as I saw for what was to come,

The walk was left with a block to go as I mustered strength to the last steps.

The block felt like a million miles, but with one last step had it finally ended,

I took a breath of relief as the birds tweeted, with the breeze of summer wind,

I took a tiny peek as I unwound, I saw a house with redness all over it, with brown tiles that bowed like a proud performer,

The windows ranged from small to big with one door that opened to the wide world inside.

This was the walk.

The same as next week and the week after that

And after that

I will be Walking Down the Street.

Cheetah

By Araceli Gonzalez (7th Grade)

Cheetah runs into a door

on the first floor

across the corridor

Your fur so soft,

Your roar so loud and fierce

The pitter-pater of your paws

makes you seem so far

Until

POW!!

You just caught your next meal.

She runs as fast as a cheetah.

She runs faster than a cheetah!

In the Desert

By Jovi Roosa (7th grade)

It's as hot as the sun here
Close to one thousand degrees
The land stretches for a million miles
And there's not even a single breeze.
We don't need Superman to save us
Why can't you send someone else to keep us from defeat?
I still taste the savory flavor from the last of our rations, all that was able to survive the
blistering heat.
Deserted in the desert, further from Delaware than Duluth.
A figure in the distance keeps coming closer, and closer, and closer.
Whatever it is clanked and rumbled too
That's when I realized
Could this be our rescue?

Winter

By Karen Arina (7th grade)

Snowflakes fall from the sky like white smoke.

There is no light, no season when it snows.

Oh god, how I wish the flowers will finally bloom.

Pale white sky with endless icy snow,

chilly breeze flowing by the sound of shoveling slowly.

Slippery, shivering, so cold – please let it be spring!

Nothing, nothing could be worse.

Ah! Let the spring days come.

Seasons

By Elecissa Kruszka (7th grade)



*Winter is like a chilly touch
It forever lasts with its chilly clutch
Winter, won't you end?
As if it was heard, spring is near,
With its sweet flowers, and bright petals, and green grass appearing here
The great spring greenery greets me graciously.
The wind, the wind welcomes me with its breeze.
Whoosh, before I knew it, summer had come with ease.*

IMMIGRATION R.A.F.T.

A Ship Log: Diary of a Captain

(1890...from Europe to Ellis Island)

By Xavier Rodriguez (8th Grade)



Day 1: Me and my crew of five just picked up 213 people...we are leaving Europe and heading to a new land of promise...New York and will dock at Ellis Island right outside of New York City. It will be a cold and weary trip. We have only 40 blankets, but we have 213 people. We know people are going to die and a few have already perished in just a few short hours. We need to think about the people that are going to need the supplies the most: the women, children, and elderly people. The ship is so packed, which may help them to stay warm over the next week. It is November 29, and we gave out the blankets and rationed some crackers and dried meats.

Day 2: Barely able to stay warm.

Day 3: Many people are sick from fecal matter and human waste upon the ship. It is bitter cold, and we all struggle to stay warm. Three more people have died. The rest are hopeful and continue to dream of the day we land in America to build a new life.

Evening of Day 3: Seven more people got sick and 5 more died from the cold. When will this misery end?

We had to throw all the dead people off but 1 mother would not let us throw her son off the ship. She was sobbing and pleading but we must make sure no one is contagious and will spread sickness.

Day 5: People are fighting for a place to sleep and food and blankets. I was punched in my face and got a black and blue eye.

Later ... Day 5. I hope my son finds a job. He left a month before me. There are so many immigrants from all over Europe. People from Italy, Poland, Ireland and even China. It is going to be hard to find a job with so many fighting for survival.

Day 6: No deaths today. Only sadness.

Day 7: There were 13 deaths aboard ship today! The most deaths in days. I got sick from cleaning and throwing the dead bodies off the ship. My crew members are now in control of the ship and are taking care of the people. I must rest.

Day 8: Sickness and Rest

Day 9: Just woke up from my rest and feeling good, but I woke up to 1 of my crew members dead. He had the same flu as I do, but he didn't make it. They had to throw his died body off the ship. I don't know how I am going to tell his family. They depended on him because he was the only one that was working.

Day 10: Pulling into the harbor. We made it to Ellis Island! We see the city skyline on the horizon, and it is beautiful! Everyone is crying and cheering. But they don't realize that when they get off the ship, they have to get what is called a "six second physical." Many people make it through, but some are not so lucky. I watched anxiously as a teenage brother and sister didn't pass their physical. They have consumption. This terrible flu. Their parents are forced to send them back alone or leave with them. So many families are devastated and risked it all to get to America. The land of promise and freedom.

Creative Short Fiction

Home

by Aaliyah Hyman (8th Grade)

Leo awoke from his deep slumber, as he overheard chattering, he cracked open his eyes and they fluttered as he caught a glimpse of a hovering orb. The orb darted away; he slid on his slippers and raced to hunt for this illuminated ball of light. Leo made his way onto the creaky stairs; he crept down them one by one in silence making sure his parents didn't overhear the loud creaks. Leo tip-toed into the kitchen. He was rummaging through all the appliances. Where did the light go? He lifted the pitch-black pans, pots, and silver utensils, but his eyes never met the ball of bright white light. In the living room, he stared with disbelief! Where his fireplace once stood, a portal now swirled with a bright purple light. His jaw dropped to the floor and his eyes bulged. Stunned and filled with shock and fear he hesitated as he stepped toward the bright spiraling gateway. Not knowing what to do, he ran into his parents' room. The door lay shut and locked; Leo was slamming and knocking at the passageway of his parents' bedroom, until finally it flew open. He quickly glanced around the room, desperate to find his parents but could not detect them anywhere. Instead, hovering over their bed was the mysterious ball of light that previously eluded him.

The light zoomed past him gracefully, and his ears heard the most beautiful sound, like wind chimes. Leo was running after this illuminated ball of light, which led him back to the swirling portal. He had never imagined stepping through the portal, but just at that moment, it had a gravitational pull that he could not resist. Before he knew it, he was violently sucked into the portal as he kicked and screamed. No one was there to help him. He bit his tongue...held his breath...closed his big brown eyes and hoped for the best. He finally landed with a thud, opened his eyes, and lo' and behold there was a mirrored version of his home. It looked identical. This house had the same gray walls, linen floors, vases, family photos, furniture and even his mom's favorite flower, a pink rose. However, something felt different about this place. It was on the tip of his tongue...he could feel it but could not grasp it. As Leo looked around, he passed his parents' room as he remembered he looked at the linen and wooden floors and wept into his hands. He missed his parents, his mom's lovely black hair that poofs like a lion and even his dad's unkempt beard that he could never control. He walked into his parents' room and in his disbelief, they were lounging on their bed waiting for Leo, they flexed their cheeks into a grin. Something was definitely wrong.

The parents grabbed Leo and took him in for a tight bearhug; his heart was beating out of his chest like he had run a marathon. His brown wavy hair was in his face. Pulling away from his parents tight, overbearing hug, his "father" shouted at him aggressively; his face, which was once a smile, twisted into anger and violence. He was jolted away knowing this was a tough situation. This was not his home nor his family. He hid in a tall brown cabinet—he fit snugly into the space and shut the heavy door just in time. His mother pleaded, "Leo where are you, we just want to talk...."

Gripped with fear Leo knew he had to stay put and attempt to escape. His so-called mother left, and Leo carefully crawled out and picked up the telephone, attached to the loopy curling cord. With a shaky hand, he began dialing 911 but it rang and rang and rang with no answer. The father raced in as he had heard the phone ring and grabbed Leo who fought as hard as he could, but his weak slender arms were no match for his muscular "father." A cloth had been put over his mouth...he struggled to breathe, he fell into darkness, a void, nothingness.

Soon he had woken up into a room where the walls were padded with dirty old foam; surprisingly, the door was open a jar. He had tipped toed out into the house and to his surprise the orb of light appeared once more; he soon had hope. Following the orb, it led him into the room with the portal. In pure bliss, Leo walked through the large, intimidating passageway. Finally, he was home and he cried out sounds of joy and tears of relief. However, Leo still feared his parents would not be there. Leo slowly walked up the stairs trying to reassure himself they would be there. He cautiously put one foot in front of the other quietly creeping on the wood floor until he reached the door. Leo spotted his parents, he ran to their white metal bed frame and climbed onto their familiar, blue-spotted comforter. He hugged and kissed them in excitement and so did they. He looked exhausted with big black circles under his eyes for he had not slept the whole night. He said goodnight to his parents and made his way to his bedroom. When he was gone, his mother and father glanced at each other with a menacing grin, his mother said "I can't believe he bought it" they both began cackling with cruel excitement.

“Important Figures during the Civil Rights Movement”

by Ava Hovis (7th grade)

Did you ever wonder how hard it was to fight for others' rights? The article, “Civil Rights Activists: Ruby Bridges” shows how an African American woman going to an all-white school changes peoples' perspectives on racism and discrimination. Ruby spent a year at her school being protected by officers just so nobody could do or say anything mean to her. “The Abolitionists: Frederick Douglass” is another article that shows how a slave escapes and helps to give others the rights they deserve. Frederick wrote a famous book called “Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave,” which is a book he wrote about the experience he had as a slave. He has worked with many people to get rights. Ruby Bridges and Frederick Douglass both worked hard and went through a lot to help other people and fight for freedom.

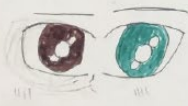



Ruby Bridges was a Civil Rights Activist who went to an all-white school to show that Black people should not be segregated and have rights without being treated differently. One way she proved this is that she was the first African American to attend an all-white school. The article states, “In 1960, Bridges' parents were told that she was one of only six African American students to pass the test. Bridges would attend William Frantz Elementary School. This would make her the first Black child to attend an all-white elementary school in the South” (Paragraph 5). Ruby attended an all-white school and showed how she and other African Americans should be able to get educated if white people do too. Another way Ruby fought for freedom and liberty is by creating a foundation to help gain support for rights, and to end racism: “In 1999, Bridges formed the Ruby Bridges Foundation, based in New Orleans. The foundation promotes tolerance, respect, and appreciation of all differences. Through education, the foundation seeks to end racism and discrimination” (Paragraph 13). This quote shows that Ruby Bridges had a strong opinion on racism and took a step forward to help end it for everybody by creating a foundation. Ruby Bridges has worked extremely hard to end racism and fought for others' rights. Another important figure in the history of Civil Rights is Frederick Douglass.

Frederick Douglass was a slave for a lot of his life and dedicated his life to stop racism and inequality. One way he did this is by speaking at anti-slavery conventions: “Douglass gave his first speech at a Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society convention. He became famous and started speaking across the country, though some crowds were not friendly” (Paragraph 9). This quote shows that Frederick wanted to speak out against slavery and its aftereffects. Another way Douglass tried to stop inequality is by asking for fair rights for Black people: “In 1863, he worked with President Abraham Lincoln for better treatment of Black soldiers, and later worked with President Andrew Johnson on Black voting rights” (Paragraph 13). Frederick Douglass was passionate about others’ rights and was willing to do what he could to get those rights. Frederick Douglass took his experience as a slave and turned it into a way to prove he and others deserve the same amount freedom and rights other Americans.

Ruby Bridges and Frederick Douglass dedicated most of their lives to help get freedom and rights for others. Ruby Bridges knew African Americans were being mistreated by her experience in school, so she spent her adulthood creating a foundation to end racism. The foundation also promotes equal education for all races. Frederick Douglass, who was a slave in his childhood, took a stand to help end slavery. He also asked for better treatment and voting rights for Black people. Both important people took risks to show how inequality facing African Americans race affected their rights and have truly made a difference to the world.

Vocabulary Posters 8th Grade ELA class

Poster #1: Lynmarie Jackson, Leon Martinez, Angelo Spence

word Salient	Word Pertinacity	word Virility	word contagion
Definition most noticeable or important (adjective) or a piece of land or section of fortification that juts out to form an angle. (noun)	Definition (noun) the quality of constancy or being pertinacious; stubborn persistence; obstinacy word of: 34	Definition (noun) in man the quality of strength, energy and manliness	Definiton (noun) the communication of disease from one person to another by close contact.
image 	image 	image 	image 


Poster #2: Kinsley Hildebrandt, Caliph Graham, Jalon Fennell, Gavin Shupe

1 LOAFING. "here and there the dogs loafing and the man burying holes through frozen meek!"
Definition: By aimless wandering or just not paying attention

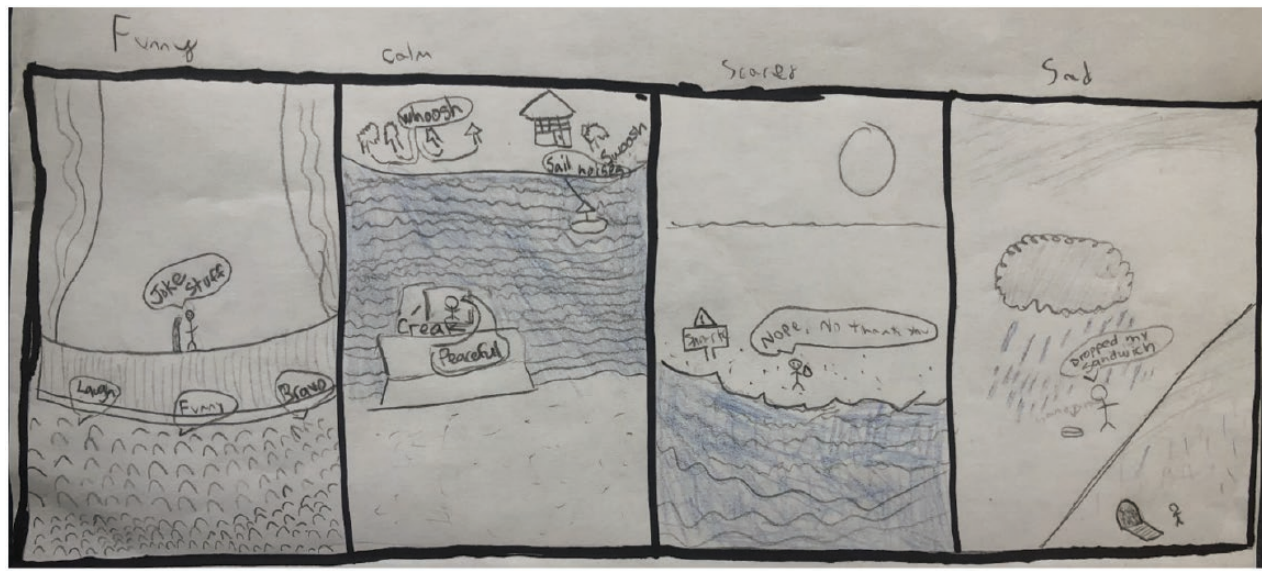
2 Whip-Sawed. "unknown rivers in slender boats whip-sawed from the standing forest!"
to cut with a whip-saw for wood

3 Contagion. "itself like a contagion to his physical being."
A idea or disease spread through close contact.

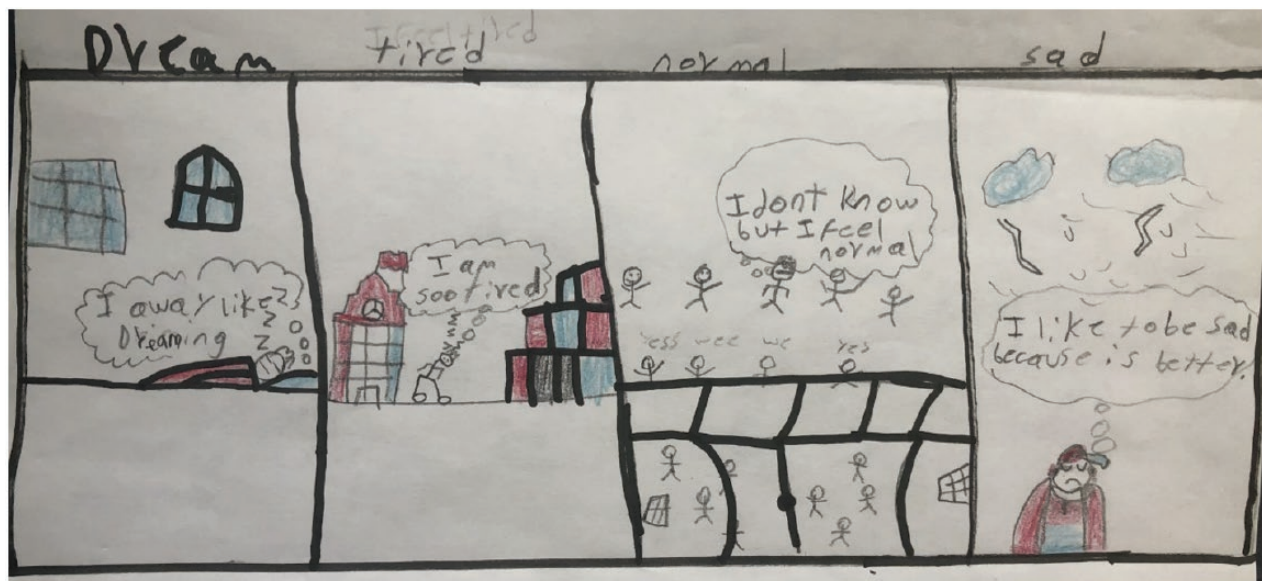
Contagion
now sick → sick



Using Comics and to express Emotions



By Jimmy Benjamin



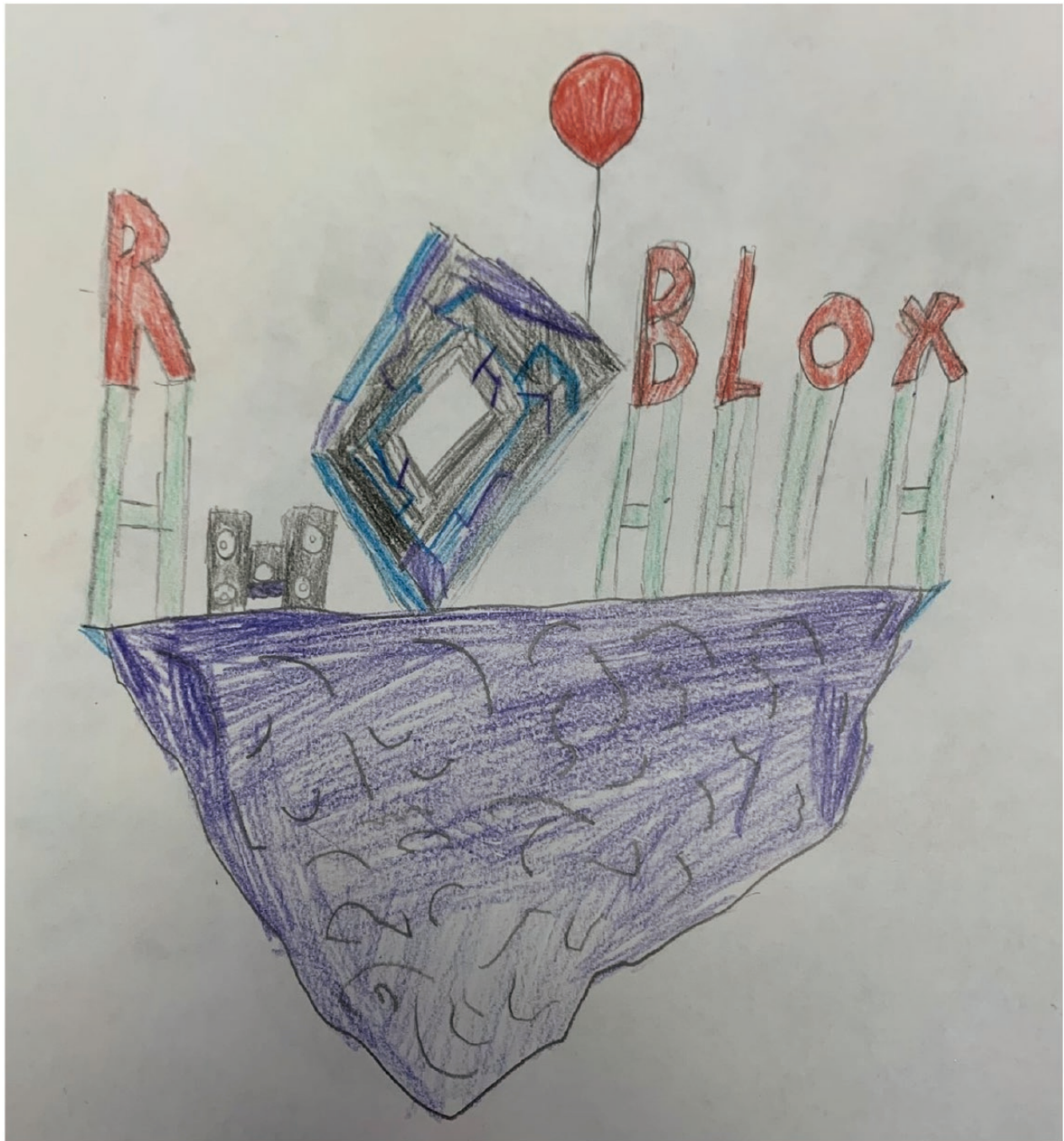
By Jeremy Villela-Pavon



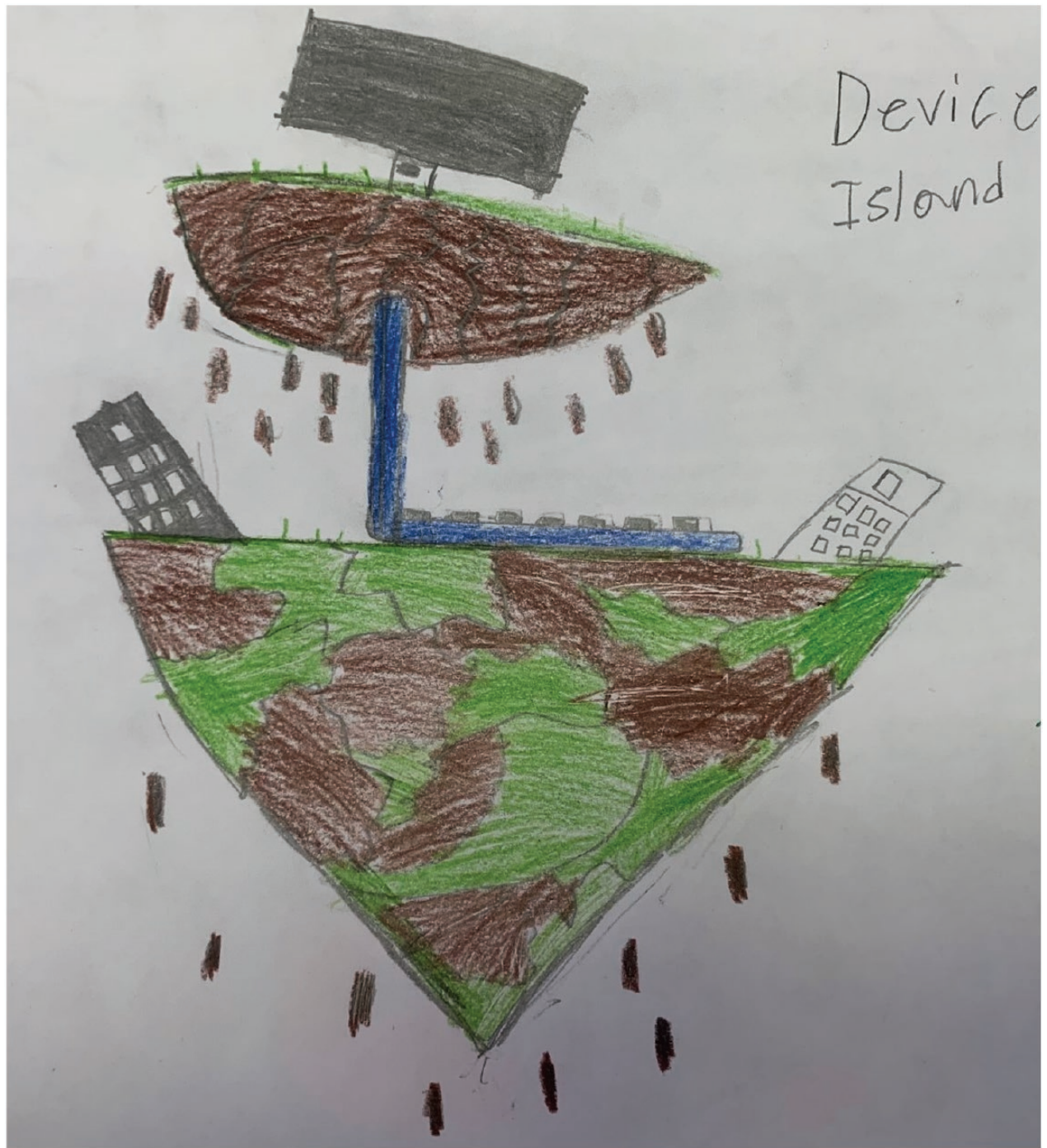
By Andrea Ruiz-Aldana

A hand-drawn illustration of an 'Emotional Land'. At the top, the title 'Emotional Land' is written in a cursive font. Below it, a central figure with multiple faces (one large, smiling face at the top, and several smaller faces below it) stands on a tall, striped pole. The land is divided into several colored zones: 'Sadness Place' (blue), 'Fear Place' (purple), 'Disgust Place' (green), 'Anger Place' (red), and 'Happy Place' (yellow). Each zone contains small, simple drawings of people or objects. A rainbow is drawn across the 'Happy Place' zone. The entire land is depicted as a brown, textured island or base.

"Emotional Island" by Camila Guzman-Torrelba



"R-Blox Island" by Ethan Ong



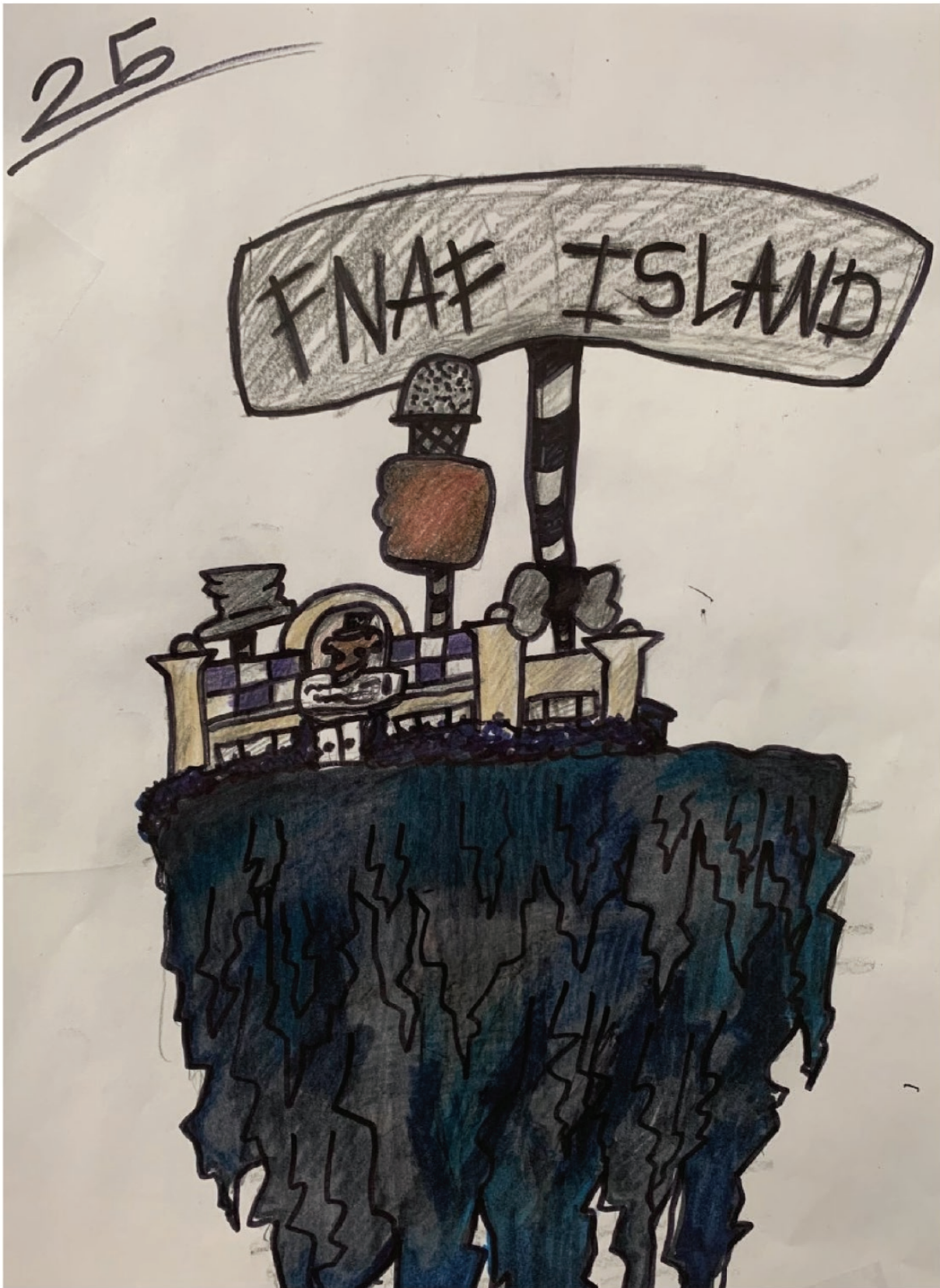
"Device Island" by Jamieson Crawley



"Floating Islands" by Navayah Bolden



"All Eyes Island" by Aida Flores

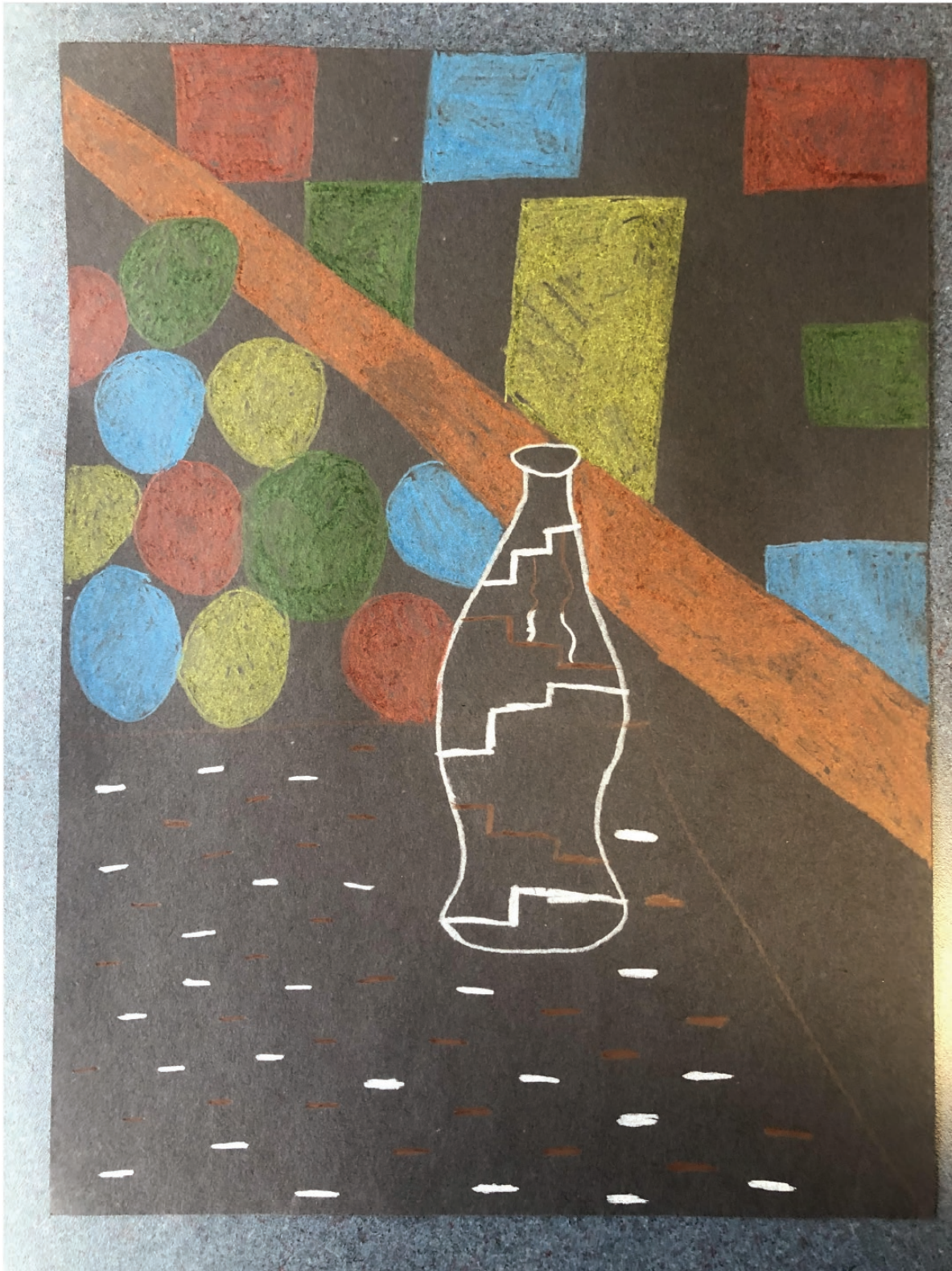


"FNAF Island" by 25



"Gamer Island" By Andrew Crumley

Visual Arts



Abstract by Kaeden Milton (8th Grade)