



# RAMS

## STORY

**2021**

**RRMS**

**Legacy**

**photos**

**art**

**short  
stories**

**draw**

**poetry**

**essays**



# Legacy Magazine

Rocky Run Middle School

2020 - 2021

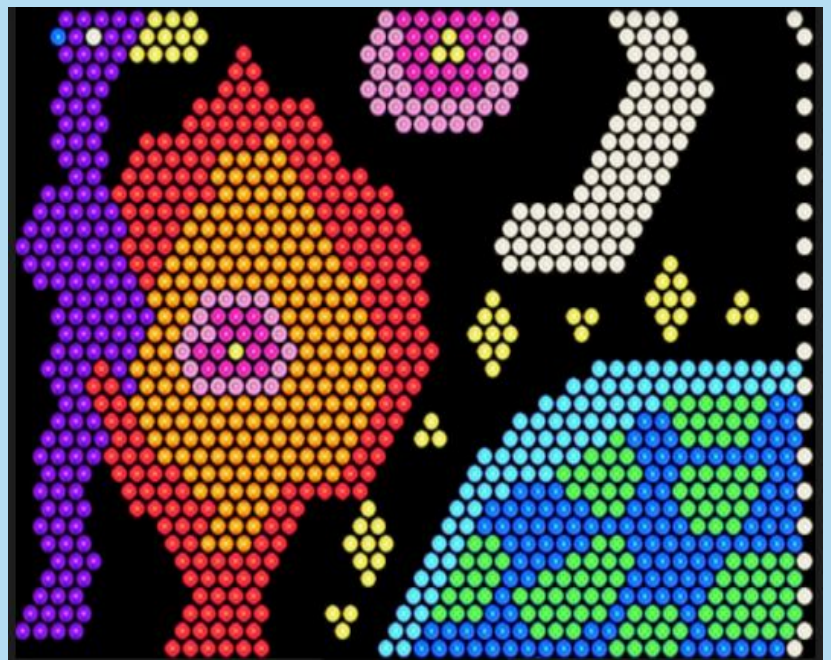
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Principal: Dr. Amy Goodloe

Legacy Adviser: Ms. Kaplan



Adison Zampello , 7

Kiara Berzi , 8

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## The Aerial Martian

A small vehicle  
far away from the  
comforts of home  
on a cold, dusty planet  
spins its rotors  
with only a  
lab on wheels seemingly watching.  
But little does it know  
that the world is watching  
from the eyes of its only close friend,  
and cheering as it slowly ascends from  
the cold red surface,  
and floating in the air,  
like a boat in the sea  
and then gracefully  
landing on the dusty field  
where it took off,  
leaving everyone  
with a hop  
for a drone-filled future  
in a place we have  
yet to step on.

**Jishnav Raj, 7**



## You're Late!

It's been one minute, two minutes, three  
minutes, four,  
Waiting for you is a terrible bore.  
I'm eagerly expecting you right NOW,  
How one can be so late- I'll never know  
how.

If you're invited, please come on time,  
Because coming late is surely a crime.  
You said that today would work for you!  
Now I know that your words weren't true.

What could possibly be the delay?  
Was it traffic, sleeping in, or someone's  
birthday?

Next time, come as late as you need-  
But if I don't invite you next time, don't  
come to plead!

**Summer Yoo, 7**



Katie Graham. 7

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Priya Viswanath, 7



### The Beauty of the Iris

One day the world turned on its head

Everything seemed to go dead

The streets were empty

And there was no longer aplenty

Of bustling streets

And filled up back seats

And everyone quarantined

And endlessly cleaned

For fear of this virus

If only we could see the beauty of the iris

Once again

*Hannah Gaffney, 7*



Claire Kim. 7

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Catherine Baylyff, 7

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### The good ol' days

*Told in the perspective of a student.*

Remember?

Remember the times when you didn't have to buy glasses-friendly masks when we talked so loud that the teacher had to yell to calm us down when we were allowed to walk any way in the halls?

Remember when we didn't know what the CDC was

and when we only washed our hands before eating

at least most of the time

and when our parents didn't wish they bought stocks from Zoom?

Remember?

And suddenly

I can't remember a time when social distancing wasn't a thing

BLM protests weren't on the news

I could make friends easily.

This is hard

but I need it.

I think I will come out of this stronger.

*Melat Beniyam, 7*

## Michelle

One day, a girl was born. Her name was Michelle Moulton, and she was a girl. Then, in 1979, Michelle would compete in an all male sport, called racing. She had support from her father, and a passion for cars. In the 80's she would become the only woman to win a round of the FIA World Rally Championship. Get ready for some up and downs people.

On June 23rd, 1951, Michelle Moulton was born in Grasse, France. She would live a life, and then, when she was 21, she competed in her first rally at Monte Carlo, then the next year, she competed in Tour De Course, then the next year, she was in a half season of the WRC, and finished 12th, which isn't bad considering this was her first rally championship, she wasn't the driver though, she was the co-driver. However, naturally, because of men, she was inspected in case of an illegal engine, but the engine was perfectly legal, and won the French and European ladies' championships.

The next year, she competed in LeMans with the first all-female team in LeMans. Guess what, HER TEAM WON. She recalled the race in an interview in 2008 when she said and I quote, "It started to rain I remember, and I started to pass everybody. I was running on slicks (not ideal tires for rain). In the pits they were saying 'Michelle you must stop', but I did not want to because I was passing everybody." Awesome.

In 1977, she signed with Fiat France to compete in the WRC, and she was not impressed with the car. She said that it had the handling of a truck. That's not what you want for rally races, let alone anything. Michelle did well with many top 10 and top 5 finishes in rally races all over the world.

In 1980, she signed with Audi. So, for the 1981 season, she did well, even though she had some problems. She did well though.

Alright, let's talk about 1982, definitely not for music though. This was the year that Moulton would shock the motorsport world. She had a really good start to the season, but then she crashed in a stage at Monte Carlo. This didn't stop her from getting third on the craziest stage though. Next was Sweden, where she would finish fifth. Then, Portugal, where she won 18 stages, and won the rally. Then, at the Tour De Corse in Corsica, she could not match the pace of the leaders, and got seventh. At Acropolis in Greece, Moulton won, and was closing in on Walter Rohrl, the previous year's winner. She almost won in New Zealand after an oil pump made her lose the win. She was just 32 points behind Walter, but at the Rally 1000 lakes in Finland, she rolled her car, and was farther away from the win of the WRC. However, she competed in one of the two African rallies, and she was doing so well that she was just two points behind Walter. However, before the African stage, she was told that her father died from cancer. Moulton didn't like the chance of losing the title. Her father's last wish was for Michelle to start the race. Sadly, she rolled her car on the last stage, and finished second in the WRC season. Walter said that he wouldn't mind losing to Hannu Mikkola, but he would not lose to Moulton, not because she isn't a good driver, but because she is a woman. I could write many things about this guy, and most of them would be very bad words, but I won't. ANYWAY, multiple breakdowns and other typical Audi problems robbed her of more WRC wins.

She retired to focus on her family in 1986, and is now the president of a very nice FIA organization that focuses on women getting into motorsport. She said that people were amazed that Michelle did her thing, but why hasn't any other woman done the same. That's what she's trying to answer with this organization. I think that it's totally possible, and WRC is WAY harder than any other motorsport in my opinion, as they are driving 130 mph on mud, snow, gravel, ice, and tarmac on twisty and cliffy roads where if you make a mistake, you die, maybe.

My thoughts of this woman are really good. Bear with me, I think that she is the greatest woman to have ever held a steering wheel, and is trying to make more women do the same. Hate me or not, women are better than men at focusing and are more skillful when they utilize their brain, this is why more women need to get into motorsport.

*Yadier Abiko, 7*

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Katelyn Brubaker, 7

### Pop Quizzes

Pop quizzes, oh pop quizzes  
You make me very mad  
I feel like hiding under the covers  
Or running away  
You make me so terribly sad.

No time to prepare  
I'm so scared  
Hoping someone raises their hand, so I'll have some time to spare  
But no, instead I'm just sitting in a pile of despair

Biting my nails  
Fidgeting with my hair  
At this point, why do I even care?  
All I want to do is sit and glare

At the end of the day  
There is nothing I can do  
Nothing I can say  
But please pop quizzes..go away

Aadya Deshmukh, 7

### Lost for a Second

I watch a movie with my family  
Then I get lost for a second  
I wonder what the world can be  
Then I get lost for a second  
I gaze at the vigilant trees  
Then I get lost for a second  
I know I'm not that powerful  
I know nobody cares  
But I really, strongly recommend  
Getting lost for a second

Benjamin Carey, 7



Lucy Ivy, 7

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Kaotic Kevin had applied to join the League of Justice and the Avengers team but to no avail. Superman noted that it would be far too dangerous to accept Kevin in the team as he was not a superhero but a super disaster. Thor threatened to use his hammer on him if he ever stepped foot on the Avengers headquarters again. Kevin, however, did not give up hope of becoming a superhero.

Kevin arrived on Earth from the planet Maug, located in the Nefian System in the Venbern Galaxy. His parents sent him to Earth in hopes of one day seeing their child use his powers for good. They assured Kevin that his weaknesses would vanish in the galactic atmosphere that surrounded their war-torn planet and that one day, he would be as strong as Superman.

His journey was not easy, after he was chased by reptile-like aliens, radioactive meteors showered over his spaceship without mercy. The z-rays that emitted from the meteors penetrated through the thin glass covering his vulnerable head, causing a mutation in his DNA that would completely change his life.

When he finally landed on planet Earth he noticed that his powers and overall body functions were completely out of the ordinary, but not in a good way. Instead of seeing with his eyes, he saw with his ears, and instead of hearing with his ears, he heard from his eyes! When he wanted to use his hands he instead moved his feet, when he wanted to walk, he punched with his hands. And the worst possible part of this mutation was when he tried to fly like Superman. Instead of elevating into the air, he perforated the ground beneath him with a force capable of forming the Grand Canyon in a matter of seconds!

Because of this bizarre mutation, his hopes of becoming something close to Superman had disappeared, but his motivation of becoming a superhero stayed untouched. He decided to add “Kaotic” to his Maugian name.

His luck changed shortly after he was rejected from the famous Superhero teams. A supervillain named Hugomad had invaded Earth, planning to completely wipe out the existence of mankind. Every superhero tried to fight him, but they were defeated one by one. Hugomad had the power to predict all of the fighter’s moves, making him almost invincible and every superhero’s efforts worthless. The hopes of saving planet Earth were disappearing until Kaotic Kevin decided to join the fight.

Families from all over the globe tuned in from their computers, TVs, and mobiles to witness the fight that might decide the fate of the Earth. They hugged and cried, seeing that the little guy that moved like he was having a seizure was fighting against a villain the size of the Eiffel Tower. They thought it would just take one punch to eliminate the existence of mankind.

But the exact opposite happened, Hugomad was not able to predict Kaotic Kevin’s moves and succumbed to the Kevinian-style flight power of Kevin, which squashed him to the point that his body was tattooed to the face of the Earth.

People could not believe their eyes. The Avengers and the League of Justice fought on which team was going to bring Kaotic Kevin with them, but Kevin did not want that, he wanted to be part of his own league, and most importantly, he wanted to be his own superhero.





Lenild Ramirez, 7

Meghan Sheehan, 7

## Jelly

Gummy bears, jelly beans, and jello  
They wiggle and jiggle  
Softly swaying from side to side  
As they elegantly sit on the table during  
dinner  
packed in bags, full of color  
Full of flavor  
Strawberry swirl, vibrant orange, juicy  
grape, zesty lemon  
The flavors burst in your mouth,  
exploding your mind with animation  
And you realize the world isn't bad after  
all.

Khadija Wajdi, 7



A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Katherine Senio'.

Katherine Senio, 7



Malana Smyth, 7

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Natalie Selchert, 7

### Paint Chip Poem

It was hot **August Morning** and **Sparkling Sun** was shining. I decided to head over to my favorite spot by the **Waterfall**. I was petting my **Dogs Ear** when **Black Panther** came along. I set up my picnic blanket on some **Fresh Cut Grass** and feasted. We had **Peach Cobbler** with **Nacho Cheese** on top. I've managed bring a **Enchanted Melon Popsicle**. I continued hiking all day and saw lots of **Roses** and even **Salmon**. Then at **Sunset** I got in my **Neon Red** car and headed home

\***Bolded** words are paint names

*Keenan Ulrich, 7*

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# Mystery Person

I love you oh so much but at the same time

You make me mad

I love when your around and when you not I'm sad

I know that when I'm sad you're a shoulder

And I know when I'm glad you're a shining face

I'll be here for you because I know you're here for me

Your read me like a book and always know what to say

Without you my days would be sad and full of doubt

You help me through the hardships and I will always help you out

You the reason I get out of bed

And your the reason I can't lay down my head

And the reason I can't clear my head

I need you to thrive

I need you to survive

You're my best friend

You're my one and only

Mystery person I need you

Mystery person

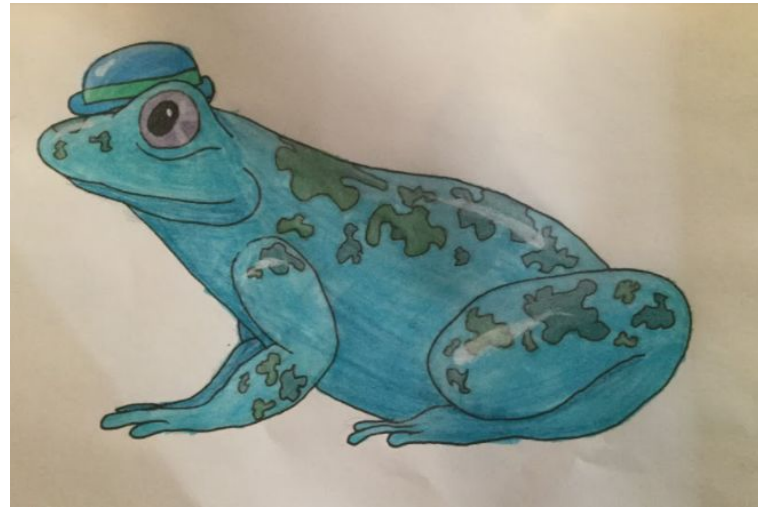
Can I be your mystery person?

*Peyton Dunham, 7*





Sabrina Spurlock, 7



Bridget Byrne, 7



Claire Kim, 7



Bridget Byrne, 7



Elle Fitzpatrick, 7

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**Just a one shot of my story “The Untold Fairytale: The Tale of the Royal Twins.” This is a prequel oneshot to the main story about how the twins met Reyna, and it’s not necessary to read before the first book. Also there are no spoilers for the main book here, yay!**

**Also this takes place about four years before the actual story, so they’re about ten.**

“I wanna fiiiiiiiiight something,” Winter groaned for the last time, kicking her legs back and forth as she sat on the windowsill, looking at the forest outside of the castle.

“Will you please shut up, some people are trying to SLEEP here,” Bianca complained, face planting into her bed and pulling a white silk pillow over her head. “And close that window! The cold air is getting in!”

It was practically the middle of the night, and the energetic noirette named Winter was still bouncing around, annoying her shorter-haired twin, Bianca. They could’ve had separate rooms, and Bianca even tried to get her own room once, but Winter made a sad face, saying something like “she’d be lonely without her sister” and got their auntie to keep them in the same room.

This wasn’t a good match, seeing as they were a lazy self-taught wizard and a jumping ball of energy.

“Noooope,” Winter responded. She had a little makeshift knife that she made herself, and swung it around wildly, wanting to learn how to fight but never being allowed to. “Do you think birds can talk but just don’t talk to us because us humans are annoying!?”

Bianca pulled the pillow even tighter over her head and shifted around, trying to find a comfortable position while simultaneously blocking out her twin’s random rambling. “Well I know one human who’s annoying.”

“Who?” the lively ten-year old inquired, obviously oblivious.

She resisted the urge to say “you,” and curled up into a little ball, covering her ears with her hands. “At least let me blow out the candle...”

“Okay, being in the dark is suuuuper cool anyways!”

The golden-eyed girl got up from her (finally) comfortable position piled under blankets and blew out the only lit candle in the room with a short puff of air, leaving them in the endless blankness with only the moonlight coming through the window to see, hoping that would signal that it was time for them to just go to sleep already, but nooooo. Winter had to keep rambling about birds ignoring her and how mean that was.

Bianca wished she found a way to cast a sound-muting spell for the next hour, but finally, something got Winter to stop.

At about one in the morning now, she still had a ton of energy, but shut up when someone came in through the window on the side of the room opposite to the one Winter was sitting in, and placed a gloved hand over her mouth.

“MPH MRPH MRRRRRPH!”

“Those irritating vampire hunters,” the mysterious person murmured, curly blonde hair shining even in the low moonlight, mostly covered by the hood of her bright red cloak.

“MMMMMRPH!”

It was at this point the intruder realized what she was doing, but didn’t release her hand from Winter’s mouth. “Oh my- you’re Princess Winter. My apologies, but hush for now, okay? Nod if you understand.”

She nodded.

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However, in the corner of the room, where Bianca was attempting to sleep, she heard a noise. Or more like, a lack of noise. The absence of Winter's rambling was alarming, and she forced herself to hop out of bed, grab the carved stick she called a wand, and once she caught sight of the intruder, rushed over immediately.

She didn't even have time to think. She pointed the wand at the intruder's neck, tried her best to pretend like she knew something, and glared at this uninvited guest.

"What are you trying to do with my sister? And vampire hunters?" Her eyes widened. "Shoot... you're a vampire..." she backed away, but was still pointing her wand.

"I'm not a vampire," she protested. "Just let me hide here until they go away."

Bianca tightened her grip on her wand and held it with two hands this time. "You're a vampire trying to hide from the hunters that keep us safe from scum like you!" Except, when she yelled that, she still had her super soft, quiet voice, and she didn't seem that angry.

"No, I tried to protect a friend that LOOKED like what they assume to be a vampire. They'll kill you too, seeing as you match the description."

Bianca scowled. "I still don't believe you-"

"Black hair, pale skin, red eyes. You match two of the three of what they consider to be a vampire, and they'll kill you on sight."

"We're the princesses, they wouldn't-"

Winter wriggled out of the strangers grasp long enough to say something. "I think we should just trust her. Remember Blaze? He almost got killed by the vampire hunters, and he was just a human who happened to have black hair and red eyes."

Blaze was a friend they met when sneaking out to the village once. Then the hunters burst through the window and tried to kill an innocent child, and they never saw him again.

"But I was saying we're the princesses-"

"It's dark. They won't be able to tell," the blonde hissed. "Now get down before they see you and decide to come here."

Bianca lowered her wand, eyes still narrowed, remembering what happened. "Fine. Just stay here until they leave." She ducked down so that the hunters outside couldn't see her through the window.

"Yes, I will, don't worry."

They sat there for a good few minutes, until they heard the footsteps outside go away. Bianca peeked out the window. "They're gone now. Out."

She nodded and put one leg out the window, about to leave, but felt a hand on her wrist.

"Wait," called Winter. "You have a sword." She gestured to the shiny silver sword in the red sheath attached to her hip.

"Yes. And?"

"Come back every day and teach me swordfighting."

"I'm sure she can't do that, and plus, why are you trusting a stranger?" Bianca jumped into the conversation, still very protective of her sister.

"Well, she might go ahead and tell her aunt if I don't..." The stranger sent hints to Winter.

"Uh- YEAH! I'm going to tell auntie if you don't teach me!"

Bianca frowned. "You did that on purpose, didn't you."

She pat both of them on the head. "Yup," she admitted. "Running from the hunters was kind of boring

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anyway, so I guess I'm your sword fighting teacher now, girls!"

"How old are you anyway?" Winter asked, turning her head quizzically.

Her eyes widened and her skin went a bit pale. "U-uhm... how old am I- shoot-" she counted out something. "Er... human years... yeah... uh- somewhere around twelve."

"Twelve!" Winter chirped. "That's only two years older than we are!"

"Yup," she laughed. "Anyway, I should get going now before they find the hideout, got to go!" She swung her second leg over the windowsill, but remembered something else.

"Oh yeah, they're going to recognize me because of my cloak. Here, take it, you can keep it." She unclasped the scarlet cloak and hung the hood on Winter's head, even though it was way too oversized for her, with the stranger they still didn't know the name of yet being pretty tall and Winter being a late bloomer.

"I'm Reyna, and I'm really looking forward to teaching you!"

She then jumped out the windowsill, and as she fell, she yelled "by the way, you're holding your wand wrong!" Then landed and ran so quickly it seemed almost inhuman.

"I don't like her." Bianca turned away with her usual frown.

"I do!" Winter smiled and clapped her hands together.

"Jeez, just go to sleep already."

## Jessica Metzger, 7

By: Natalia Ibanez

### A Day

Summer Day  
Jogging Path  
Free Spirit  
Queen Anne's Lace  
Decisive Yellow  
Humorous Green  
Hyper Blue

I woke up on a Summer Day  
I put on some running clothes the color of Queen Anne's Lace  
And got on the Jogging Path  
Sometimes I felt like a Humorous Green  
Or a Hyper Blue  
But today  
I felt like a Decisive Yellow  
I decided that tomorrow  
I would be different than today

Natalia Ibanez, 7

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## Ode to my book

Oh, my wonderful, amazing book  
A portal to another world  
That opens doors  
Of my imagination.  
Words that will  
Leap off the page  
As I devour them  
Wanting more, more  
More.

Characters become a  
Part of who I am.  
I am no longer just  
An observer of  
This outlandish world of words  
But now have become  
A part of the story myself.

The quiet engulfs me.  
Alone in my little world of words.  
I may be too quiet  
On the outside  
But on the inside  
I am fighting battles  
Cracking codes  
Exploring the unknown  
Overcoming.

So; my wonderful, amazing book  
Thank you.  
For showing me who I am

*Ella Hartman, 7*



Kaelen Winn, 8



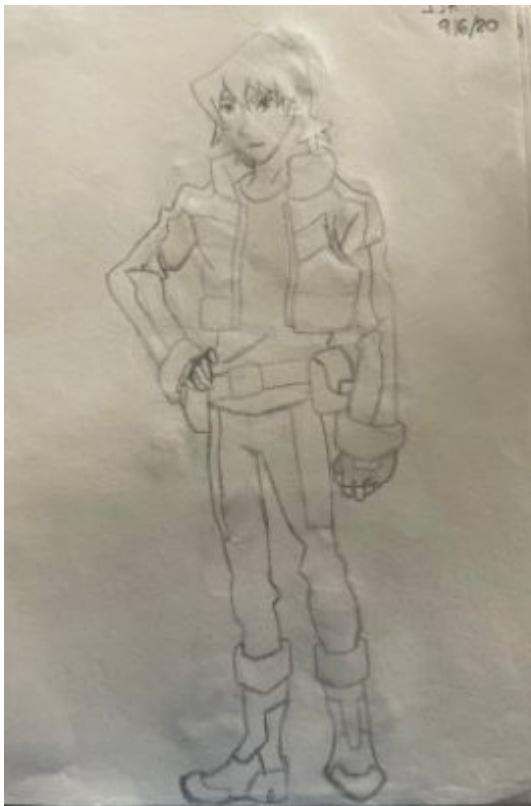
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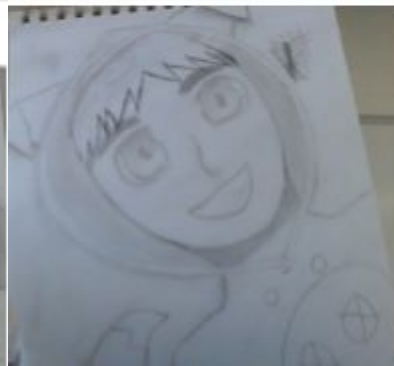
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Olivia Mary Jijo, 8



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## An Odd Commute

Joey was coming home after a long day. He just finished working and was driving downtown in a 1972 yellow Ford Pinto and ready to flop on the couch and watch a reality TV show. He was almost home when CRASH- a man in brightly colored pajamas crashed into the street in front of him. Joey honked his horn a few times to show who's boss until the man stood up and Joey realized it was Stupeni-Man, the protector of Gothopalitris City! Suddenly a man in dark pajamas and a laser gun the size of a desk flew above him.

"It looks like this is your end Stupid-Man," said the dark stranger.

"NOT TODAY" said Stupeni-Man as he flew up and heat visioned the building close to them just to flex he had powers.

Joey stopped honking the horn as the building collapsed on most of the car except him since he had plot armor. He jumped out of the car not sure to cheer Stupeni-Man or yell at him for making him late for the 6:00 airing of Totallynotfaked reality show. News reporters started to show up and were filming the scene. The villain was identified as Generic Antagonist-Man who was bent on destroying the world. Joey liked the world so he cheered Stupendi-Man on. They traded blows until finally Stupendi-Man punched Generic-Antagonist Man so hard it should have killed him, but I'm not at 400 words yet, so he fell to the ground dazed and his gear broke. Joey was climbing up a building close by to get a better look at the battle.

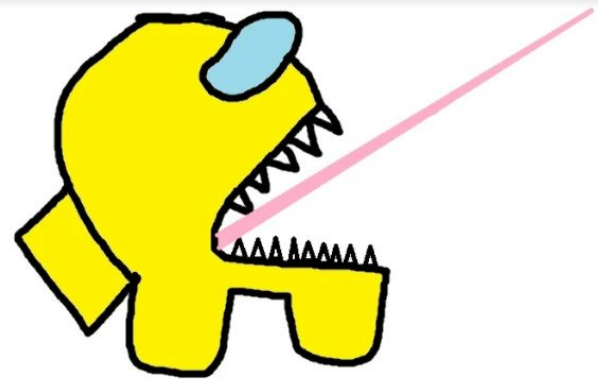
Stupendi-Man was celebrating until Generic Antagonist-Man yelled, "YOU FOOL. HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SUPERHERO MOVIE LIKE EVER? TIME FOR MY GIANT ROBOT". The ground shook as a conveniently placed hole opened up and a giant robot got raised up by a giant platform. Generic Antagonist-Man took about a minute to shimmy up the robot's legs and arms to the head where he jumped into the cockpit. Joey was wishing he could go home, but he did not want to walk the 3 blocks there, so he sat upon the rooftop watching the scene with some popcorn (do not question where he got the popcorn. You do not want to know. Never question the popcorn. Stupendi-Man tried to punch the robot, but the robot grabbed him and drop kicked him into the same building that Joey was on top of!

The robot crouched over the defenceless superhero and laughed. "Once I kill you and steal your powers I can blow up the world!" Joey knew that he could not watch any longer since he ran out of popcorn and did not want the world destroyed, so he ran and jumped off the building onto the robot's head and tackled Generic Antagonist-Man. He had the element of surprise, so he threw Generic Antagonist-Man off the robot and he fell 20 feet into the cop's handcuffs, but did not die since that would not make this story rated G. Stupendi-Man, suddenly better, came up and thanked him and Joey released today was not so bad after all. Plus he got to have a giant robot now, so city commuting was a little bit easier.

**Benjamin Smith, 7**



**Trisha Upadhyay, 7**



**Thaddeus Yalong, 7**

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## I AM Poem

*I am a dependable person who likes wolves.*

I wonder how the world will change.

I hear mysterious voices whistling through  
my head.

I see a wolf guiding itself to its own path.

I want a journey of my experiences as my  
future self.

I am a dependable person who likes wolves.

I pretend to be as brave as a lion.

I feel pressure gaining up on me.

I touch the heavens.

I worry if at one point I will change  
completely about who I truly am.

I cry of the lives and jobs that are lost in the  
world we are living in right now.

I am a dependable person who likes wolves.

I understand that life is hard sometimes, but  
we just have to move on with it.

I dream of wonderful and new discoveries.

I try to hope for the best in everything.

I hope someday there will be peace in this  
world.

I am a dependable person who likes wolves



Kiara Berzi, 8

### *My Family As A Car! (Simile)*

My dad is like the engine, he is able to make things run and go smoothly.

My mom is like the steering wheel and the light, she helps and guides us in the right way.

My sister is like the fuel tank, she is always hungry.

My pet bird Paquito is like the car horn, he is loud and noisy sometimes.

I am like the trunk, able to store and organize things in the right place.

Kiara Berzi, 8.

### Life in Quarantine

Life in Quarantine

A little blue and a little green

Attending school in pajamas

Asking for food around the clock from our "Mama"

Sitting on the couch like a boss

Taking a break to do the "floss"

Playing basketball in the driveway

hoping the sun would find its way

Going out for bike ride

hoping to see some friends walking on the side

Missing those bus rides to school

When can I go back, this is so cruel?

Life in quarantine

is a little blue, and maybe some green!

Atharv Sinha, 7

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Fiona Lao, 7



The middle schooler in his math class started

Typing a poem because he thinks his  
boredom might  
Fly away

He thinks it might might be good in his  
poem's

Original purpose to write about his schedule  
An exciting poem indeed

But he thinks more and more and decides  
that  
now this is a poem about him writing poems  
And so he thinks about what

He writes in poems,  
Maybe he has found a passion in writing  
poems ,  
Maybe he just needs to write down his  
feelings,  
or Maybe his experiences,

He questions if he truly writes  
poems or maybe he write small vague  
Anecdotes.

So he thinks as he writes this poem  
How he can't let his math teacher,  
That one, in front of him,  
See this.

### Jackson Fuller, 7

Pedaling, sweating, continuing to pedal,  
We break, but not for me,  
Continuing to bike, we go back  
Me, I fall and get scraped  
And continue biking  
My face a grimace of pain  
As I clutch the handle bars so  
Tight it's like, I am, hanging, for my life,  
Wishing for breaks, that will never come  
On the last stretch, on another stupid turn  
I fall again  
Now my hands are bloody  
I get up and continue biking  
The red blood clashes with the yellow  
handlebars  
Continuing, I bike to the end  
Now it's over  
Now it's time to walk home.

### Jackson Fuller, 7

The boy who thought his plan was full proof,  
Then the virus named after a beer proved him,  
Wrong

He thought he would be fine,  
Without his best friend,  
Without a book to relate to

But he was falling and none knew  
Not even himself,  
The boy who cried, the boy who fell.

Once he realized his  
Circumstances  
Once the boy started to get help  
He realized that he can talk to his best friend  
About how school is harder  
That he can get back into reading and still play  
games.

The boy who cried,  
had wiped off his tears  
And realized that maybe  
Just maybe he was happy once again.

He realized that he would have hard times again  
And he knew he had his friends and family to  
help.

Now he is the boy who grew.

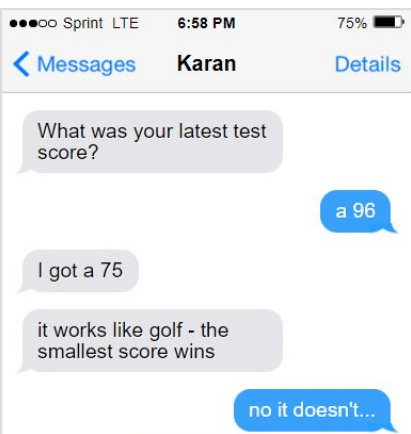
### Jackson Fuller, 7

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### Timothy Wah, 7





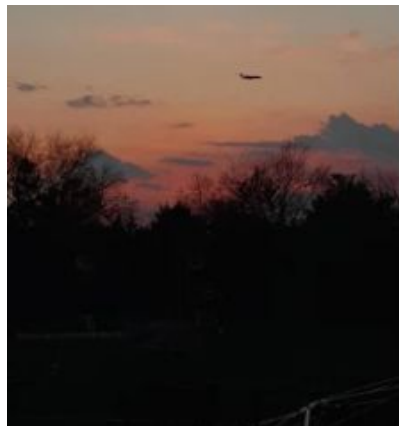
Photos by Leslie Madrid-Rodriguez, 7



### Roller Coaster – A Haiku

By: Sreesai Jakkampudi

Coronavirus  
A bumpy ride we are on  
Together we can...



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# Wishful Soulmate

*Staring out the window, wishing for a soulmate,*

*I think of my soulmate, holding hands, and looking at the bright, night sky.*

*Will he be kind? Caring? Loving? I do not know.*

*As I'm thinking, a couple walks by and shares a passionate kiss. A pang of jealousy stings my heart as if there's a dart.*

*A light breeze flies by, telling me it'd be alright.*

*As the breeze gets stronger, so does my desire.*

*I venture to the outskirts of my home, in hopes of finding him, the one.*

*Searching for hours, I try to find the one, but I find no one.*

*Near my house, I see a well. I wished for a soulmate and threw in a coin.*

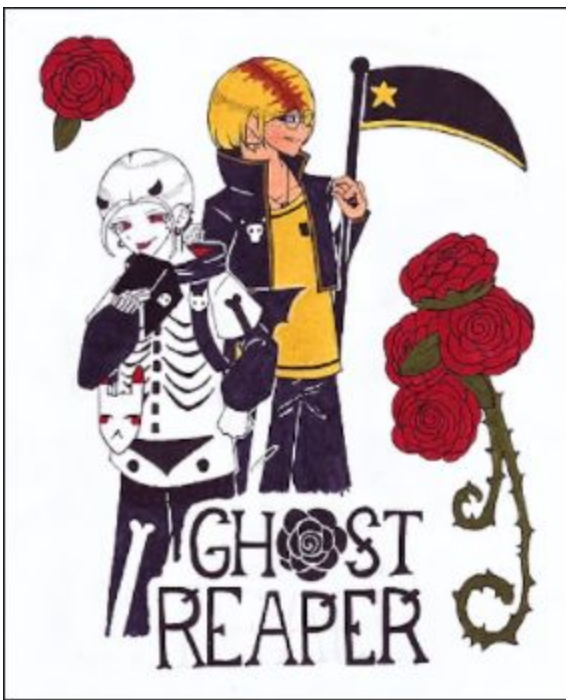
*Looking at the navy blue string on my wrist, A heavy sigh escapes my lips.*

*It will be a long wait, but I'll find him someday.*

**Sunny Wang, 7**

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Jessica Metzger, 7

I hate you COVID-19  
You make me quarantine  
I have to wear a mask  
When I want to do a task  
You are like a bean  
You disgust me

I hate you COVID-19  
I wish you would go away  
But nope not today

I have to sanitize  
Yes I know it is wise  
I don't wanna stay home  
Yes I know it is known  
I wish you did not exist

You are like an annoying mist  
I have to stay 6 feet apart  
You are not piece of art  
- **Sabrina Spurlock, 7th**

# Poem - 10 Things I Hate (and Love) About Rain

Nicole Nauss

I hate it when you cry at night  
Or even when you scream  
Alright! We know all about your  
never-ending dream  
I hate it when you flood the streets  
I hate it when you wet our feet  
I hate the way you make a "BOOM!"  
Or make us sneeze with a loud "ACHOO!"  
I hate how you take up the sky with your  
gloomy, loony blues  
The way you soak our shoes,  
It makes me blow a fuse  
Oh, how I hate it when it rains  
But... I love it when you make me feel  
blessed  
I love it how I can cuddle in my warm and  
cozy nest  
I love the way you provide us with most of  
our things  
Our food, our water, it's all because of your  
tip-tap rings  
Thanks for being who you are  
You know what, I love it when it rains



Sydney Yang, 8



Amelia Maurer, 8

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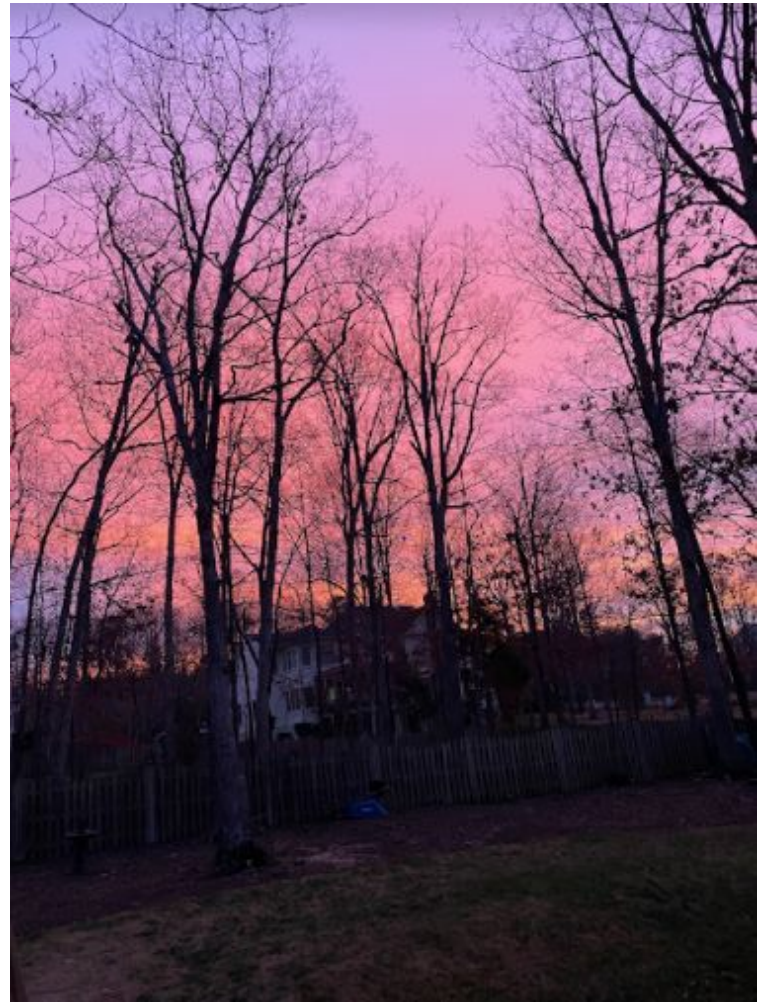
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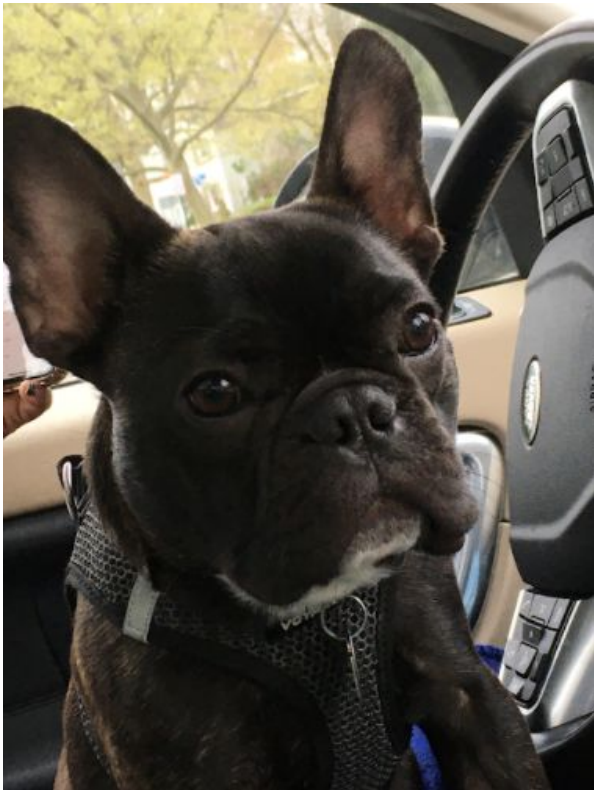




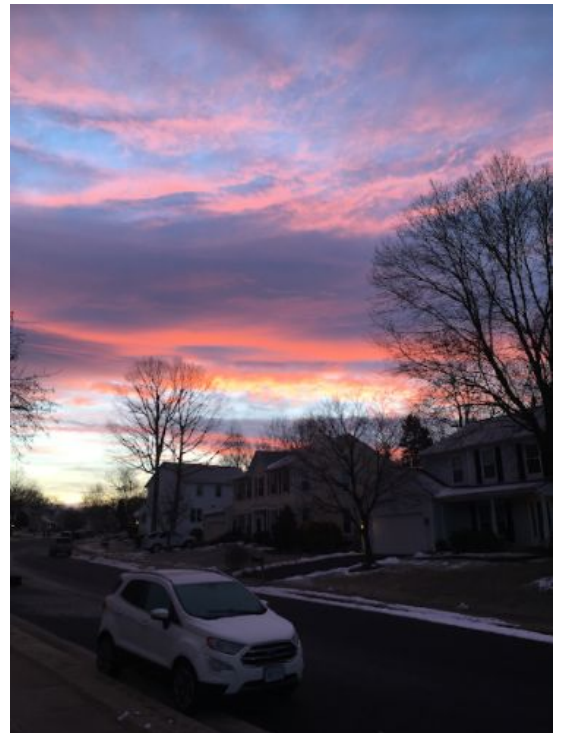
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Kiara Berzi, 8



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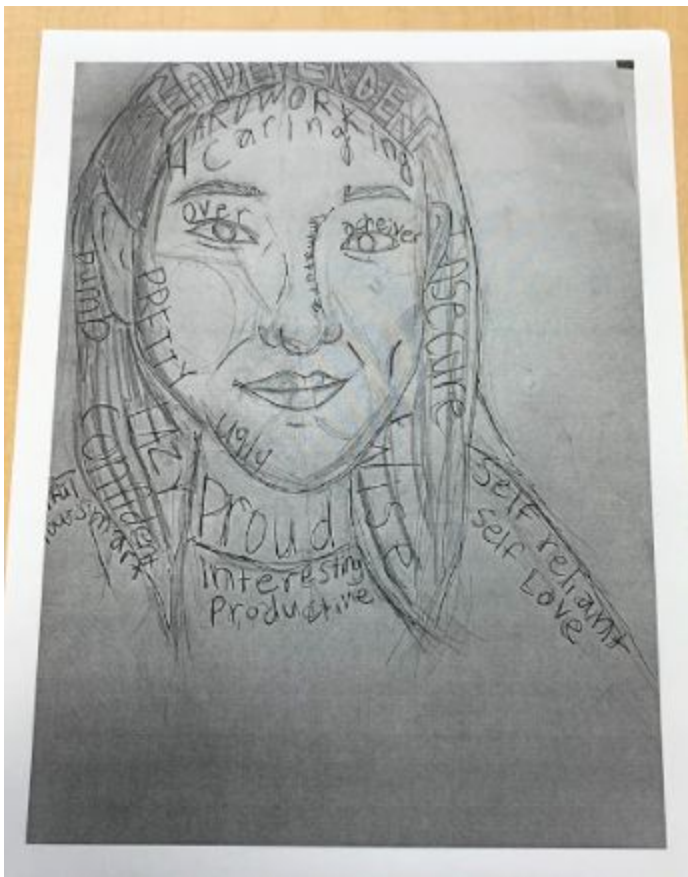
Catherine Kelly, 8



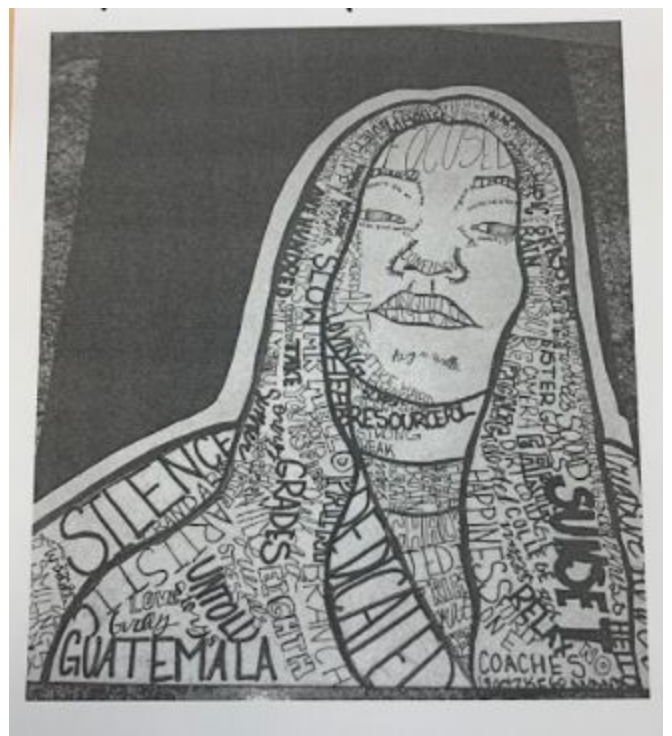
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Kailey Park, 8



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Chloe Workman, 8



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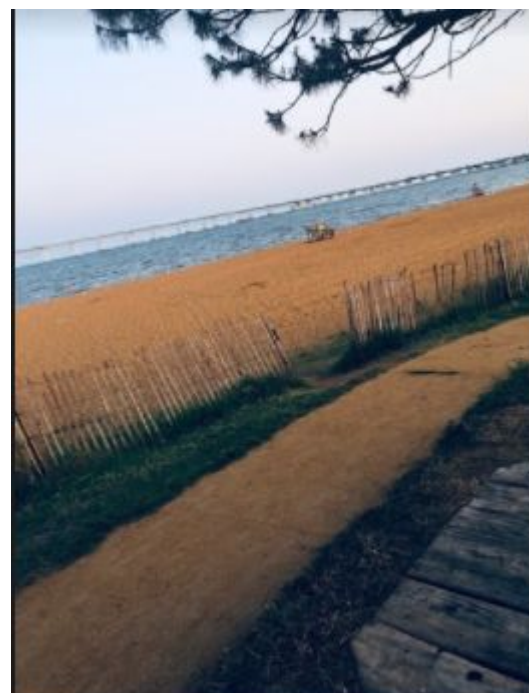




Jonathan Wang, 7



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Gabriella Walter - Ortuno , 8

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**Raksha Satish , 8**



**Rachel Denenberg , 7**



**Ishan Hanosh, 7**

I Am Unhide-able

I am emotions  
I am feelings  
I am expression  
I am who we are  
I am unhide-able

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Inspired by *Poet X* by Elizabeth Acevedo



**Victor Gant, 7**

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**Sharif Mokhsijerjian, 8**





Desperation-

Hoping for a better day.  
Clinging onto that one hopeful thing.  
Longing for a better tomorrow-  
today has been hard on me.  
Desperation pouring over me,  
anxiety filling up,  
and spilling over,  
my perfectly balanced cup.

Paint Chip Poem  
-Spring day-

Laying in the  
dancing green grass.  
Staring at the sky.  
The Blissful blue partly shy behind  
the sheer white and lazy gray.  
Listening to the cheery colored cherry  
blossoms  
sway in beat with the wind.  
The lemon twist and denim colored flowers  
showing off their first petals in the sun.  
The season of Spring has just begun.



Kathleen Meehan, 7

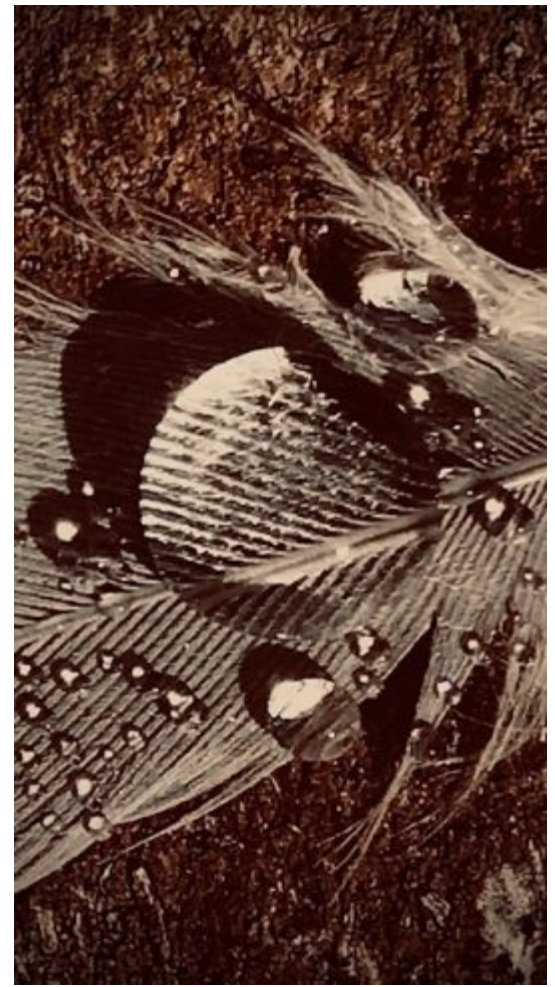
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# An Ode to Rain

Oh soothing, placid rain!  
Showering the world  
With drops of blue honey  
Giving rise to mother nature  
Helping uncurl the leaves  
Of wilting, withered life  
Washing away even  
the harshest of fires  
Making plant sprouts  
Instead of dry droughts  
You really are my  
Greatest superhero  
Oh Hail!  
The Greatest  
Water Warrior



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Chethna Ganesh, 7

Dreamers

There are artists in my body  
Sometimes they paint me beauty  
No, they paint me confidence  
But sometimes they paint over and over  
Distorting my features beyond recognition  
"Eat more, eat less, smile more, smile less" until  
I can't tell what I should and what I should not and  
What I am and what I'm not and  
What I want

There are builders in my head  
Sometimes they build me beautiful things  
Shining cities and lush forests  
Places I dare to dream of seeing again for  
This dark tunnel will have an end  
But sometimes they build scarier things  
Welding steel frames of doubt that  
Grow so high they scrape the skies  
Capturing my imagination and  
Trapping it in a too-small cage  
I try to avoid these times

There are dancers in my hands  
Sometimes they give me grace  
They make my fingers fly, skip, twirl across the page  
But sometimes they dance too hard  
And make my hands shake my  
Breath get fast and shallow rolling  
Down my face I feel my tears, and  
You can forget about the next few years  
I can't even think until next Tuesday

If there is a world, a life that I desire  
It floats out of reach, higher and higher too far  
For a short "wisp of a little girl" like me to catch  
And if I'm honest?  
I'd like it to float really fast  
So I can ignore it for a while  
I don't want to start rising up  
I'm only a child

I ask myself  
How do I know if the self I am is my best?  
How do I answer when I'm asked and say that I'm blessed?  
Because I know that I am  
I just can't tell whether I should  
Try more or try less

But now I know  
That even when I feel pulled in a  
Million directions and when  
I feel like my very soul is  
Spiraling out of control, just  
Leaving me and that lack  
Of human connection  
Even when I feel torn apart  
There are ones who envision for me a future that  
I can't quite see in my mind but  
When I need it, if I listen to the rhythm  
I will find  
The dreamers  
In my heart

**Gaayathri Mathuria, 8**



**Isha Joshi, 8**



**Mitra Manikandan, 8**

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# Contributing writers, artists and photographers:

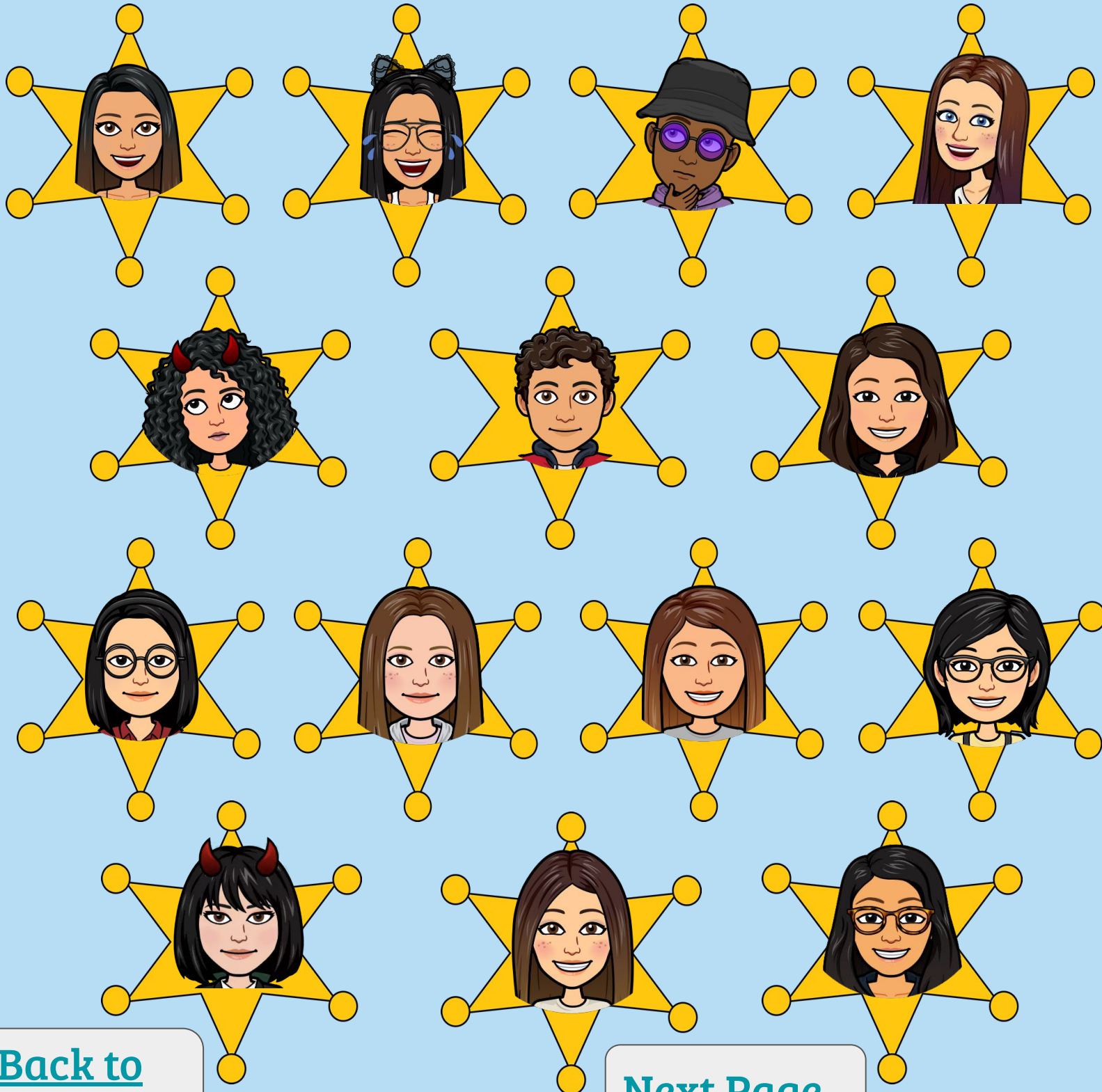
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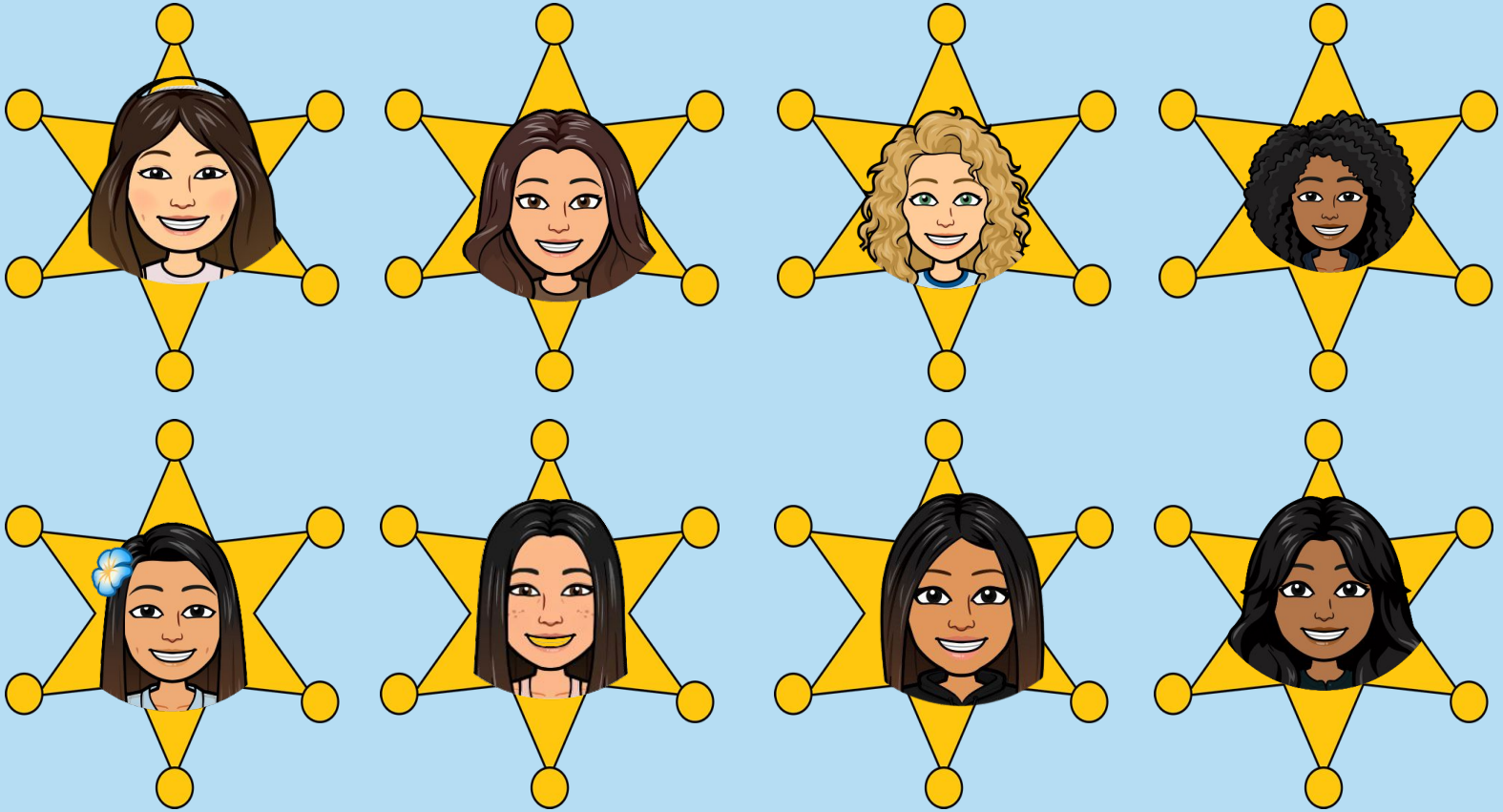


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# STORY

Legacy Staff  
2021



## Legacy 2021 Staff:

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Nick, Erin, Egshiglen, Alexis, Jenny, Kathy,  
Ava, Amber, Chloe, Katelyn, Joelle, Sydney, Monia,  
Patricia, Cat, Maria, Ruchika

Daniya, Ben

Adviser: Ms. Kaplan

Cover design and concept: Daniya Brown

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