

EXPRESSIONS



Conner Mills, 8, Wintergreen Primary School.

I am from Craziiness

By Skyler Morrissey

I am from the kitchen,
From pots and pans.
I am from fries and
milk shakes.
(Sweet and salty)
I am from jeans and
tank tops
Whose colors I
remember as if I were
wearing.

I am from the cleanup
song

To wanting to become a
special ed teacher
I am from a clown
grandpa
To attempting to kneel
board
From Britney Spears
hits
To "I'm a lover, not a
fighter, but I'll fight for
what I love."

I am from cracking my
head open
To playing on sports

teams.
I am from "Friday
Night Lights,"
From Maryanne and
Raymond.

I am from stumbling
through life
Like a leaf falling from
The beginning of our
family tree.

Skyler Morrissey, 13,
E.B. Aycock Middle
School.

School Day

By Tyler Brummitt

Bell rings, go to class
Are you late? Get a hall
pass
Students have a lot to
learn
Then one day, it will be
my turn

Tyler Brummitt,
11, Wintergreen
Intermediate School.

Snowmen

By Dresden Holmes

Balls of white mystery,
Stacked up like a white
cake.
Eyes as black as the
night;
Buttons as black as coal.
Nose shaped like an ice
cream cone,
Which holds a
substance as cold as
snow.
At last, a black hat
To hold all the winter
memories.
Some may be good.
Some may be bad.

Dresden Holmes,
11, Arendell Parrott
Academy.

Love

By Bradford Mueller

Love, love, love
It's a special kind of
feeling.
But when she says no,
It's not always so
appealing.

Bradford Mueller,
10, W.H. Robinson
Elementary School.



Ava Whitlark, 11, Arendell Parrott Academy.

My Pet

By Hunter Murry

A pet is the best thing ever
Someone to share your feelings with
And to be your best friend.
A pet is a love that will never end.
A pet is very playful,
Someone close when nobody else is

there.
A pet is filled with energy
To play with you when you are alone.
My pet is the joy of my life!

Hunter Murry, 11, Farmville Middle
School.



Keegan Moloney, 12, St. Peter's Catholic School.

Contributing teachers:
Judy Johnson and Janet
Riccaredelli, Arendell
Parrott Academy;
Carmen Webb, Eastern
Elementary School; Sarah
Lanier, E.B. Aycock
Middle School; Charlene
Whedbee, G.R. Whitfield
School; Lea Davis,
Farmville Middle School;
John Bell III, St. Peter's
Catholic School; Charetta
Walls, South Central
High School; Susan
Warren, Stokes School;
Jennifer Levi, W.H.
Robinson Elementary
School; Christy
Reynolds, Wintergreen
Intermediate School;
Aleigha Reott,
Wintergreen Primary
School

Coming of Age

By Catherine Taylor

I am five years old
And I just want to be a big girl
I steal my mom's heels
And play with her makeup
I cannot wait to grow up

I am now the age of ten
About to be in middle school
Only a few years away from being
a teen
Why can't time go by faster?
I cannot wait to grow up

I have finally reached fifteen

And I'm at the end of childhood
It seems like I'm almost there
But it seems so far away
I cannot wait to grow up

I am now twenty years old
And I have finally made it
I am now an adult
I have responsibilities, and I care
for myself
Why can't I just be a kid again?

Catherine Taylor, 14, South Central
High School.

What is the Promised Land?

By Christopher Beamon

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. thought
of the promised land as freedom for
all of the African Americans. Dr.
King thought of the promised land
as equal rights for all Americans.
He wanted everybody to be together
peacefully. He wanted everybody to
go to school together, be together and
have peace. He did not want separate
schools or water fountains or even
bathrooms.

A promised land looks like joining
hands peacefully. He thought the
whole world should join together as
a big family and sit down together.

He believed in nonviolence and
fighting with words, not fist or
weapons. Ever since he was a child,
he wanted to be treated fairly. He
tried his best fighting for us with
love and nonviolence and he died
trying. His death was respected and
so was he. He was loved and a good
person also. His ways and actions
were really loved by all people, most
of all African Americans. Because
of his actions, he was loved and
remembered by all people, white and
black.

Christopher Beamon, 10, Stokes
School.

The Wood

By Alexis Scott

The tree started to
guard
Because it had one,
One beautiful flower
queen.
The tree sprouted out
his roots
To make a fence for his
queen
To protect her from too
much harm

The wind made a soft
tune
So the queen would
dance and grow

To the slow, gentle

whisper,
The bird sang in a leafy
tree
To the perfect, gentle,
whisper-type tune

The queen danced,
The warm breeze made
her flow gently on her
feet
In a shining flow of
light,
In a grassy, green wood,
Wild, free and
beautiful,
Living in a pretty castle.

Alexis Scott, 12, G.R.
Whitfield School.

Winter

By Jaden Gaddy

Wonderland
Ice cold outside
Need mittens and a hat
Time for hot chocolate
Eat lots of warm soup
Really like when it snows!

Jaden Gaddy, 10, Eastern Elementary School.

Entry Form

Fill out this form, attach it to your entry, and mail to:
Expressions, The Daily Reflector, P.O. Box 1967,
Greenville, N.C., 27835-1967

(Please print)

Student's name Age Birthday (including year)

Teacher's first and last name Date of submission

School name

Parent's name

I verify this to be original work

Parent or teacher signature