

By: Chiara

Clear

Nothing is ever as clear as it seems...

"Here you go girl," I lovingly whisper to Corlee as I hand her the arthritis pill. I take a few steps toward her fragile body. "Outside?" I ask, even though I know the answer. She scampers around the dinning room doing spins, almost falling down. "Come on doodle dog let's go!" I say as we rush towards the door. She's 12 now and doing okay for her age, except that she can't hear and can barely see, but Mabley, our other younger chocolate lab, is her good little helper. Without Mabley, Corlee would be in the road in an instant.

Five years ago we almost lost Corlee. I remember the calm, clear day just as much as I remember yesterday.

"Clear." I remember the tree guys saying just before the tree fell. It fell right on top of Corlee's back. Terror struck me at that moment, along with anger, fear, and confusion. I was confused about why - why this was happening to us, to Corlee, to me.

I remember my brother rushing into the house looking around frantically for my dad. He was trying to find dad and get him outside to help Corlee. When my dad came around the corner of the house wearing his gloves to move the tree, I knew he would be there for us, no matter what.

He walked over to the fallen old tree lying there on Corlee's back looking as if it was trying to drown her in soil. The other men rushed over too. Together they lifted the tree

slightly off of her back, just enough so that she could painfully crawl out from underneath it. She could barely get out of the tiny pit she had already dug with her paws as she was frantically digging at the ground trying to get out of there. She was young and still strong. After they got her out, my mom and dad gently placed her flat on the back seat of the truck as if she was on a gurney in an ambulance. They rushed away to the ER before I had time to climb in.

When they came back, they announced that she was going to be fine - no broken bones, but it would take her a little while to recover. The next few days were slow, waiting for Corlee to be released from the ER. I was driven up to my grandma's on Saturday, and I spent the weekend there so I could get my mind off of Corlee. When Tiny Corlette finally did get home, all four of her paws were wrapped and she was as lazy as a log for the next three days.

Every time we drive by Corlette Street ever since then, I get this tingly sort of feeling. We name all of our dogs after a road, and that's where we got Corlee's name from, Corlette St.

Clear? Clear because my name means clear? Clear because it was a nice clear day? No and no. Clear because he *thought* that there was nothing in the way, but he was wrong. Otherwise he would have paid more attention and seen Corlee out in the yard. She recovered pretty fast, in retrospect. But now it's having some long term effects on her body.

Sometimes we say things, like clear. But we really are just going through the motions. Clearly we should always remember that nothing is ever as clear as it seems.

By: Connor

Socks

"*Creak*," went my chair as I leaned back. It was March Thirty First, the day before April Fools Day. I wanted to do something, different. Friends and people in my class had boasted of pranks they had played on their family. Thought they had probably made most of it up, I still was inspired to do some kind of trick that was out of the ordinary.

I got out of my chair, and opened the door to my room. I walked down the dark hallway, and went into the living room. The light from the open windows shone in my eyes, making me stop and squint, waiting for my eyes to adjust. A warm spring breeze blew through the house, making it smell like wet ground and newly budded flowers. Once my eyes adjusted, I walked into the kitchen, and filled a glass with water. I raised the glass to take a drink, when my cat sprinted up the stairs to the basement and crashed into my feet. The glass I was holding flew out of my hand, and spilled its contents everywhere. I got back to my feet just in time to see my cat's tail disappear back down into the basement.

"What was that for?!?" I yelled at the cat. The cat didn't answer.

I grabbed a towel to mop up the water, but there wasn't much for me to do. My socks got most of it.

I went back through the empty living room, and into my room. I pulled open my drawer and grabbed a pair of dry socks. I unfolded them, and threw them back in the drawer. They didn't match. The next pair I pulled out was also mismatched. Luckily, two of the socks I had pulled out matched.

As I pulled on my new, (dry,) socks, my mind strayed back to April Fools Day. I thought about how annoyed I was when my socks didn't match. I thought of how annoyed my mom would be if her socks were mismatched. All her socks.

I went over to my door, and pulled it open. I walked down the hallway, and peeked into the dining room. I saw the rest of my family eating lunch.

I quietly walked back to my room, and cleared a spot on my ever messy floor. *I'll mismatch the socks here*, I thought.

I looked out into the empty hallway. I could hear my family talking and laughing in the dining room. I snuck down the pitch black hallway, not wanting to turn on the e light, for fear of my family noticing. I thought I was doing all right, quiet wise, until I stepped on the floor just right to make it creak.

"Creeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeak..." said the floor. I froze. The talking in the dining room stopped. For one, two, three seconds there was silence.

"That crazy cat," my dad snorted. "What's he doing this time?"

My sister angrily defended him; "He's just playing!" After that she dropped her fork, and conversation began as normal.

I let out a long breath I hadn't realized I was holding. *I have to watch out for that next time*, I thought. I got to the end of the hallway, and entered my parents' empty room. The lights were off, but the windows were open. The long, red drapes were closed over them, so with every breath of wind they fluttered and waved halfheartedly, like a flag in little wind.

I stealthily walked over to my mom's dresser, and grabbed the handles to her sock drawer, and pulled. There, in the shadows of the dark, breezy room, were all of my mom's socks, neatly folded and stacked. If you're anything like me, you'll be wondering; *why does one person need a huge drawer, just for socks, and how is that drawer full to the brim?* I still don't know.

I started to load up my arms with the top layer of socks, until I realized what if she opens the door? She will notice all of her socks missing. I decided to take just a little from the pile, and make more trips. After taking the trip back to my room, I let the socks tumble out of my arms into the one clear spot on my floor. I quickly unfolded all the socks I had, and put them with a pair that didn't match.

I was in the process of refolding the socks I had paired, when I heard footsteps coming down the hallway. I panicked, trying to hide all the socks. At the last second, I grabbed the blanket off of my bed, and threw it over the pile. Then I sat on the pile for good measure.

My mom pushed open the door. "What've you been doing?" She asked. "I haven't seen you all morning!"

I quickly came up with an excuse. "Oh, uh I've been... wrapping presents, for um, Brooke's birthday!" I improvised. My sister's birthday is on April thirtieth, so it wasn't too unbelievable.

"Ohhhh." My Mom said. "See you soon!" Then she walked back to the dining room.

I re-shut my door, and uncovered the socks. The socks I had folded looked squished, angry that I had sat on them.

I finished mismatching all the socks I had brought, and returned to my parents' room. I pulled open the drawer and let the freshly mismatched socks fall into it. As I gathered up a new load of socks, my insane, irritating, and very loud neighbor revved his car. I was very high strung, because I was stealing socks, so the loud noise of the car sitting in my neighbor's driveway made me drop my armload of socks. I quickly resorted the mismatched and the unmismatched, and ran out of the room with a new bundle of socks.

As I shut my door, I realized how long re-folding all of the socks I had was going to take. I sank into my chair. "Creeeeak..." Then I got back up, and started unfolding the new pile of socks. *This is already boring*, I thought.



The hour it took to fold all the socks was an eternity, as I'm not used to folding a drawer full of socks for fun. After several uneventful trips back in forth between the the two rooms, and lots of folding, I was finial done. A drawer full of socks, mismatched, were waiting to be unfolded



I was outside, relaxing in the shade of a crabapple tree that was decorated with hundreds of sweet smelling purple flowers. The soft breeze brushed against my hair. *I wonder when she'll find out*, I thought sleepily.

BEING MYSELF

Apple Sauce
Bar tender
• I knew it was weird to like pouring apple sauce into a cap, but I didn't care, I just kept filling the cap, I was satisfying to watch it come to the brim of the cap. Filling it, then it was empty. I felt good to do that. It felt good to be me.

To much milk!
• I was crazy about it! The milk was flowing out of the jug and I kept on drinking it! It was a delicious masterpiece and I loved it! I now have at least a glass a day, and when my father and mother go shopping for the coming week, they make sure to get at least 4 cartons! I love milk and I always will. Some people aren't that crazy about it, but I am because I love it, even if other people don't.

PUNS
• "So I got this book, and I really like it, but the cover ripped off" Said London. "Wow. what a RIP OFF! HAAAA!" I said. That was one of my puns, Great, right!?" But the puns weren't always around for me, because after Roman introduced me to them 2 years ago, I was not as punderful (HAAA) as I am today. But I am now, and sometimes people don't like them, but I like them, so I never stop, because I am me, not them.

By: Lou

Dear Mrs. Jashan,

I've finally decided on a theme that reflects my life. I notice that life is important about the things around you and about you and things you do. You can feel love, feel on love, happy or sad but you are still important. The people the things are put in your life on purpose, and what

This is deep,
no Jason. (P) truly.

from,

Jason

Letter from student to
teacher - Session #5