

Mustang Musings

4th Edition
Edited by Christine Chang



Lucia Kitching, Grade 8

A Note From the Editor

We are proud to present the 4th edition of Mustang Musings, Central Middle School's own literary journal. This journal is compiled of students' works. These were especially interesting to see this year because of the change COVID has brought upon us all. I was impressed by the ways in which everyone put their feelings into words. Some entries had nothing at all to do with COVID, focusing rather on the normalcy of life we knew before.

We can't publish everything, but thank you to everyone who took the time and effort to submit something.

As part of this special COVID edition, there is a fun survey at the end of this journal that I hope you will all enjoy reading through!

I owe thanks to Mr. Domer and all our English teachers. Without them and their support, this journal could not be.

Enjoy!

Christine Chang



Anonymous, Grade 8

A Bird and a Fox

Genna Pravdin, Grade 7

A nose peaks out from under a bush,
A paw steps forward but the heart still back,
A tail as white as a sea of snow,
A sound like song, but a song with cracks.

Eyes of a predator commanding and true,
But deep inside he's small and weak,
He might seem tough, he might seem strong,
No matter what, he still feels meek

Blank like a page, empty like his mind,
Willing to learn, willing to find,
Sniff out the world, so high he can't drown,
But what comes up must come down.

With every new loss, another one appears,
Sinking deep in the ground, but it will never hear,
Sitting under a tree he starts to care,
It's the middle of winter, but the branches aren't bare.

The leaves rustle in the wind, singing quiet in the breeze,
One starts to fall, soft but with ease,
It gently falls onto his wet nose,
Eyes wide open, his head froze.

Orange fur dancing in the wind,
He looks back up at the tree,
Paws still black, like ash from a fire,
Heart wide open while he makes his final plea.

The leaves fly away like bird in the sky,
The tree now bare, but the leaves are high,
He smiles while his eyes are fixed right ahead,
Didn't know it before, but the tree was unread.

Standing back up on his own two feet,
Now he knows no matter what he'll never be beat,
So he walks away from the empty tree, making a brand new start,
Head held high, eyes are proud, the choice is from the heart.



The Mountains Of Chamonix

Anonymous, Grade 8

I feel my heart beating faster and faster, adrenaline rising, as I approach the cliff. I break into a sprint, bracing myself for the free fall I'm sure will happen. As soon as my feet run off the cliff, pulsing the air instead of the firm grass I was on seconds ago, I lift off, and suddenly, I'm flying. The guide behind me adjusts the straps that I'm sitting in, carefully steering us towards the great cliffs I suddenly have a full 360 degree view of. The white peaks are bright, the buttery-yellow sunlight reflecting off of them. The mountains look huge from this view, with the whole valley of the small French city Chamonix laid out before me.

It is so beautiful, with the forest green trees running up its steep sides, birds flying around it, taking in the same perspective that I see now. The paraglide guide lifts us up to the top of the hill that we ran off of, to the very top of the town, where the full view of the mountains comes to view. I forget where I am and take in the view that I will remember forever. It feels like I am inside of an art show, a beauty that is stronger than anything that I've seen or may ever see.

Meanwhile, in a small, forgotten town in Kenya, a small girl around my age walks with her mother in the hot desert, shoes a treasure not bestowed to her. Sweat beads collect on her forehead as her feet travel further into the desert, toward the water hole that supplies her family with life. She makes this trip to and from three or more times a day, and her favorite times of day are when her father and brother come home from their jobs, bringing food, and having dinner together.

Everywhere in the world, everyone has their happy places, their memories that make their day and make them feel alive. Some are better than others, with a reality that is appreciated by some, and not by others. As one child goes on a road trip with their family, complaining about the small space in the car, with their sibling screaming in their ears, thinking they wish they could be anyone else, there is another person who wishes their family had a car, or had a brother or sister, or wishing they could see their dad again after they died from cancer.

One of the greatest tools a human has, one that changes their outlook on life, is empathy. While you're complaining about not being able to see your friends, the ability to recognize that millions of families are grieving the loss of a family member from COVID-19, cannot be stressed enough. Realize that if you are fortunate enough to have experiences, or moments with people you love, you need to experience them to the fullest. Knowing that these experiences make you feel happy, and doing all you can to make sure someone else can experience those moments as well is something that humans were made for. Helping each other is the one thing that fixes everything. When we cooperate, everything is better, and more people can feel those experiences and make those moments part of their lives as well. Change your life to be thankful for the moments that you have, to recognize that it isn't granted to everyone, and to try to make it so is one of the best things you can do as a human being.

Maylee City

Gabby Lonardo, Grade 8

The edge of the cliff looms nearer, but I keep going, going, going. Esmer's sharp, emerald eyes scout the way as her padded feet rhythmically pound the forest floor. I cling to her charcoal fur as we ride.

My teacher's loud voice brings me back into the classroom. "Maylee? Are you paying attention to me?"

Cold panic runs down my spine. Looking up at her, I mumble, "Yes, Ms. Dean."

She raises an eyebrow, a fish hook forming on her forehead. "Good, can you answer the question?"

What were we talking about? I frantically search the board for an answer. "Um ... sixty-seven squared?"

The class snickers. Ms. Dean looks disappointed, almost pitiful. "Hmm, not quite. Remember, class, when you divide, it's a lot different..."

She continues as I slip back into my city. My imagination, I guess, but I like to think of it as Maylee City. Run by me, Maylee Ray. Skyscrapers, apartments, and shops line the lonely sidewalks. The shops have my favorite things; restaurants, tea, books, and clothes stores. There's a company called Emotion Hourglass. They show my emotions through visual representations of hourglasses. When I'm angry, red beads fall into the anger hourglass. Blue is for sadness, yellow for happiness, and so on. The beads fade with each emotion.

I come to Maylee City often. I don't have any friends and I'm too shy to make some, so I come here. Sometimes I browse the shops, spending way too much time watching the critters in pet shops. Other times I bake elaborate cakes or read a chapter or two of random books, but a lot of the time I ride out into the forest on my horse-sized wolf, Esmer. We always go into Rock Creek Forest, ignoring the trails (why go on a planned path when you can make your own?). Around the big rock, over the second river, and just to the left of that one tree that looks like a stiff bird. And then you get to The Edge.

I could spend hours at The Edge. Reading random books, looking out over the acres and acres of never-ending trees, or just sitting and talking to Esmer. It's my happy place; my place I go when I need to escape.

There's this mean girl, Jordan, who always pushes me around and calls me names like "preschooler," or "day-dreamer." One of my previous friendship failures was one of her friends spying on me. I told my so-called friend about my city, and she told Jordan. Ugh.

Bring!!!

I'm jerked back to the classroom by a loud ringing sound. I start to pack up with everyone else. It was just the bell. Time to go to history. As I'm walking down the hallway, Jordan starts coming toward me.

"Hey, Maylee! Daydreaming again? I hope that failed answer didn't make you look stupid in front of your friends. Oh, wait, you don't have any!"

She looks around at her giggling friends triumphantly, but her sneer quickly turns into a look of anger. "Hey! Are you even listening to me?"

She shoves me into the lockers against the wall, but I don't retaliate. I imagine Esmer sitting on the cliff with me. The anger hourglass is filling up right now.

Maylee City Cotd...

Gabby Lonardo, Grade 8

Jordan shakes her head. "I don't think she is. What, did you get lost in your pretend city?"

She shoves me again. Thinking quickly, I slip under her outstretched arm and take off down the hall, pushing past the few stragglers. I'm desperate for the safety of a classroom.

"Run, little daydreamer, run!"

Jordan's cackles fade as I swing around the hallway and into the history classroom. I set down my backpack and unpack. My head is swimming. I just want to go back to The Edge, away from Jordan. Mr. Hudson starts talking and my attention slides away. I'm not doing so well in school, but whatever. I just need to get away.

Slipping into Maylee City, I start to converse with Esmer.

"What do you think I can do about Jordan? She just won't leave me alone."

Esmer yips three times, meaning the same thing she's been saying all along; just stand up to her!

"I can't remember anything to say. I have this perfectly planned phrase in my head, but it disappears when she's actually there."

Esmer makes a muffled growling sound. You don't have to plan it.

"I guess so, but I can't just stand up to her. It's not as easy as it looks in the movies."

One yip. Why not?

Giving up, I answer, "I dunno. What if she just laughs? How do I know she'll change?"

All I get is a sigh. Esmer rests her head on her outstretched paws and stares up at me with her piercing eyes.

"Fine, fine. The next time I see her I'll try. Now, let's go back, I've been away for too long today."

It's quiet at school the next day. I always get here early, so I easily spot Jordan. I walk past her and, as predicted, she fires up at once.

"Hey, preschooler, what's for lunch today? Apple juice in your sippy cup?"

Her friends screech with laughter and I feel my ears glow red. A shower of beads drop into the anger hourglass. I try to sound confident, but I'm numb with nerves. "Hey, Jordan, do your friends actually like you, or are they afraid of you?"

I know, it was lame. And mean. But her split-second falter gave me enough time to escape.

And I take off running. I'm not running away from Jordan, I'm running toward freedom. Chancing a look behind me, I see Jordan start to follow me but then fall back. Esmer howls with victory in the distance. Even though it was one small comeback, one comeback was all I needed. Jordan knows it, too. I can stand up to her now, the burden that had held me down for so long was gone.

I am finally free.

Untitled

Anoushka Swaminathan, Grade 6

Words flung into my skin

Push it all away

Let a cruel smile slice my throat

Teacherous lies spill out

Push my soul into a drawer

I lost countless hours

Crumpled papers spell-

'You're all alone'

Losing a battle from beyond

Just push it all away

Didn't like how I made no sound

Said I needed to stand my ground

Don't pretend you know my mind

You can't see what's happening

When I open my mouth

Only lies come out

When I try to sing

Only tears it brings

I cause sorrow

I cause pain

And nowhere nothing

Does anyone gain

The Sun Is Also Orange

Tallie Miller, Grade 8

“The sun is white,” I repeated to the quizzical eyes watching me. Some condescending giggles and furrowed eyebrows then a burst of, “How can you possibly see that? It’s yellow!”

Our class couldn’t accept a different thought. Was I crazy? The sun looks white to me, like a dandelion not yet blown apart, a warm sheet of paper from the printer.

“He’s just messing with you guys.” A few girls rolled their eyes, walking away to play on the grass. The school’s small but it has a nice field, and a playground with bars to swing and climb. Big lettering on the school building read “Pine Hill Elementary.”

Our 4th grade class all grew up alike only a few blocks apart. This small town- it’s our whole world. Maybe that’s why my peers found someone believing differently to be so unnatural.

A couple more kids dispersed from the crowd, laughing and muttering, “He’s blind.” or “He’s just dumb.” I turned red with shame. I couldn’t explain to them what I saw, for they believed the sun differently, only yellow, nothing else. After a minute, the other boys and girls lost interest in me and started screaming and snatching the biggest and bounciest balls to play with for the remainder of recess.

I ran up to Albert, my best friend, and stole the red ball from his hands.

“What are we playing?” Albert pushed past my shoulder like I wasn’t there.

“I’m playing with Randy.” It felt like a slap to the face.

“Yeah. Go play with a white ball or something- oh wait it doesn’t exist!” Randy snorted at his dumb joke and ran after Albert to the field. By now all the kids were in their groups, leaving me on the blacktop, my heart clenched with a sadness of abandonment and embarrassment. Nobody wanted to play with me anymore.

The ring of the bell summoned us back into the classroom like we were livestock being herded into the barn. I was the last one to file in and sit down.

All of our desks were covered in newspaper below a white sheet of paper, accompanied by paints and paintbrushes. The other kids were reading the dated news, and sticking their brushes into the clean cup of water.

“Okay quiet please,” Began Mrs. Burton. She’s a short stout woman who likes to yell, attempting to grab our attention before we stained our hands blue, or knocked over the soon dirty water onto the rug. “Quiet! Today we are going to paint a landscape. When you are finished, bring it up here so I can hang it to dry.”

I started with some grass, spreading emerald paint across the page. Most kids hated painting, but I felt calmed. I glanced at Albert next to me. He started with the sky, using thick and swirly brushes. The brush plunged into the water letting off an explosion of deep blue. He dipped his brush into the yellow paint, looking at me with a sneer.

“See how I’m painting the sun yellow?” He tried to reach over to my page and press the brush into it but I snatched it away.

The Sun Is Also Orange... Cotd.

Tallie Miller, Grade 8

“You can’t paint the sun white or else it won’t show up.” I ignored him and spread brown paint to make tree trunks, topping them off with a blob of chartreuse for the leaves. I peeked at the other kids mostly painting the school, with random swirls for the playground, but they all had a yellow sun.

Mrs. Burton stood before me, cleaning up other kid’s desks. “Charlie, class is ending soon. Do you need any help finishing up?” Realizing I was the last kid still painting I quickly lathered on a coat of blue for the sky. “No thanks.”

I left a small circle in the top right corner blank. It was my sun. Even if nobody else would know what it was, or their eyebrows knitted together, I knew it was the sun. I looked up again at Mrs. Burton who hovered over my shoulder.

“Charlie you haven’t painted your sun yet. Is your yellow dirty?” Mrs. Burton reached over to his desk and placed his paints on mine. “Use Albert’s. Good, you left a little circle. Just paint that in and tell me when you’ve finished.” My face turned a deep scarlet.

“But the sun is white.”

She looked at me and laughed. “No dear, it’s yellow.” She said it slowly as if I didn’t speak her language. My voice rose a few octaves in protest.

“No it’s not.” By now all the kids were looking straight at me. Some laughed. Mrs. Burton’s eyes widened a little and she took my paintbrush and dipped it right into the paint, and filled in the circle. Whatever calm I had felt fluttered away like a hummingbird.

“Doesn’t that look better, dear?” There was a twinge in her voice. She had the eyes of a deranged cat. I sat stunned in my chair. How dare she change my painting. My sun!

I was fuming when the bell rang, fleeing from the classroom to the sidewalk outside, close to tears. The other kids were close behind. Albert with Randy, laughing at me as I ran down the street. Anger turned to despair. What’s wrong with me? Everybody else saw it the same. Everyone said the sun’s yellow.

An old man that was walking by me stopped me with his cane. I looked up startled, with big and glossy eyes of surprise. He studied me before he spoke, an old tired voice of wisdom.

“Boy, don’t look so sad, when the day is beautiful and the sun shines so orange.” The old man looked at me with a smile on his wrinkly skin. I looked back strangely for a moment, then smiled slightly. Orange? Nobody ever thought it was orange. My smile grew.

I decided then that maybe the sun is yellow, but it’s also orange like a Halloween pumpkin, and white like fresh fallen snow.

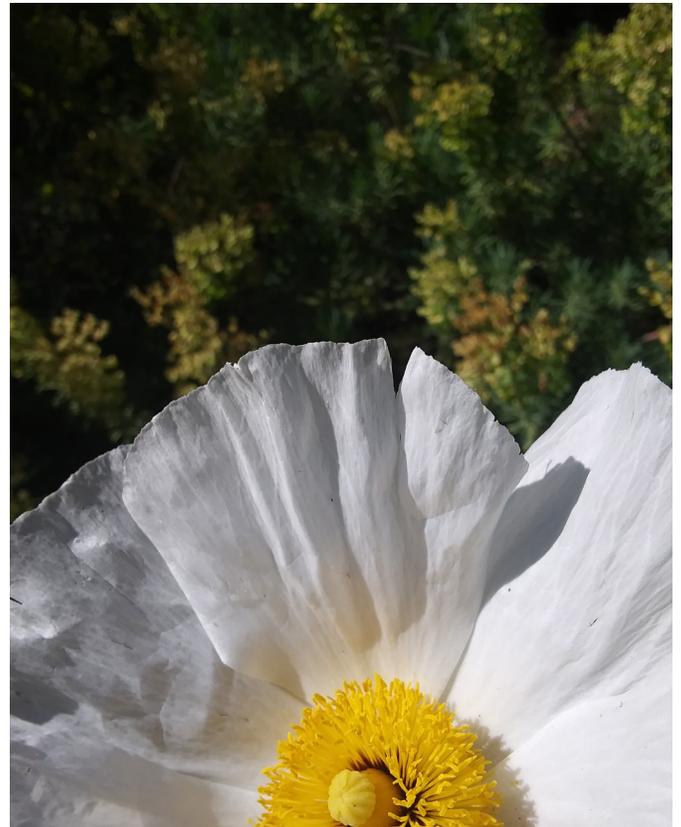
Photography



Lucia Kitching, Grade 8



Anonymous, Grade 8



Maeva Guillaume, Grade 7



Mia Stahler, Grade 7



Hadley Ryan, Grade 6



Christine Chang, Grade 8

Five Foot Miracle

Cameron Reynolds, Grade 8

It was a dazzling Saturday morning. The sun's rays glistened through the car window like dozens of welcoming beams. The golf ball was nested in the palm of my hand as I sat in the passenger seat of Mom's Audi. I ran my thumb along the surface, feeling each little dimple. Four hundred dimples all clumped together, like the four hundred memories I still had of my father, swimming in my head like an enormous school of fish.

"Benny, let's go!" mom shouted from the trunk as she pulled out my golf bag.

I sighed. "Okay."

I may seem like any ordinary kid, but I'm not. People always doubted me, even for the smallest things, but I proved them wrong. I have always been bullied and made fun of everywhere I go. I don't really fit in anywhere. People make fun of me because I can't read and I always look like an old man because I like to hold a stick. I want to be like everyone else; like the cool kids who get to play football and basketball. But I can't, because I'm different. Dad was usually the one I could talk to when I needed to and when I felt lonely.

The scent of the mowed grass calmed me as I walked past the freshly raked bunkers and listened to the charming clicking sound of the clubs hitting the balls on the range. Ambition churned in my stomach like hunger. I was afraid it wouldn't go away. My heart was constantly skipping beats, and the word "fail" was like a pellet bashing against the side of my brain, damaging it, making me feel like I was going to fail. I clenched the golf ball tighter. I was about to play in the USBGA City Tournament. I was awfully nervous, but I couldn't wait. I was winning this game for Dad.

I stepped up to the tee box, took a breath, but the word, throbbing inside my head.

"F - A - I - L"

KWATHAP.

I felt uncontrollably nauseous and dizzy, too. But it didn't matter, like Dad had told me an uncountable number of times.

Clank.

The dull sound of the club's contact with the ball filled the air, sending shivers down my spine. There were no claps to be heard, except my Mom's. She always cheered me on. I could tell her applause from anyone's, even if there were hundreds of people in the crowd.

"How many yards was that?" I asked Frank

He replied in disappointment. "Ninety-three."

Four shots later, the sound of the ball rattling in the cup was a relief. After all, it was a par 4, so I was pleased with a Bogey. But the word "fail" still rattled within me. KWATHAP, KWATHAP.

Five Foot Miracle... cotd.

Cameron Reynolds, Grade 8

I sat down on a bench nearby, right before I was about to tee off on Hole Eighteen. Frank joined me. Frank was like Dad, very outgoing and supportive. I buried my head in my arms and groaned. I wish Dad were here.

I felt the sun's rays beating on me. "Frank, I can't do this anymore." I was overwhelmed, but I wasn't that far away from winning. I was 3 under par.

Frank encouraged me. "Yes you can, Benny. There is always still a chance."

I stepped up to the tee box, took a deep breath, but took a step back. It happened again.

"FAIL."

I was overpowered by only one word. It had become quiet, yet was still so powerful. The word soon multiplied a million times and echoed in my head. My voices inside grew deafening, muting the outside world. I froze for a minute and felt dizzy. But it didn't matter.

"You'll have good holes and bad holes, but you can't give up. Just keep going." These were the words Dad had said to me many times before I lost him.

Clink.

Who knew that just a simple sound could shock so many people? The delicate sound of whistles and cheers evolved into a parade.

Frank boasted with a grin. "Atta boy, that's over two hundred yards!" I beamed as well.

There I was. I stood five feet from the cup. I lifted my head to feel the sun's rays and reminded myself that I was doing this for Dad.

I picked up my ball marker and knelt down, placing down the golf ball Dad had given me. I ran my hand along the grass to survey its slope. The green broke left. Only a five foot putt. It wasn't far, but it was going to be tough. I had been playing golf all summer, and here I was. The putt to win the City Golf Tournament. I couldn't believe I still had the chance to win. I licked my finger and pointed it to the sky. The breeze kissed it and I could tell the wind was blowing south. Three miles an hour. I smirked and nodded confidently. At that moment, I felt hands grasp my arms. I knew it was Frank aligning me for the putt. That moment took me back to the time I was four, making my first putt with the help of Dad. I swung my putter back.

Smack.

The putter made contact with the ball but there was an abrupt moment of silence. The next thing I heard was the satisfying rattle of the ball dropping into the cup. I thrust my arms up into the air, unintentionally throwing my club. I fell to the ground and sobbed tears of joy, with my hands cupped around my face. Claps and whoops came from everyone. I smiled humbly, but I couldn't hold back my emotions. A wide grin exploded from ear to ear. I knew Dad would be very proud of me. I only wished I were able to see my Mom's reaction as well, but I couldn't. It was still impossible for me to see the most cherishable moments. Each memory is so intangible, yet so unforgettable, especially when you're blind.

Lise

Christine Chang, Grade 8

And I stand.

Looking around the barren room once more, I can finally stop. I can finally relax. My things have been sold, stored away, or moved to my college address. Everything is set.

The only item left is the single photograph that I caress, not even framed. You, my older sister, standing tall, smiling with those crooked teeth of yours. My fingers brush over your face. I imagine the wind ruffling your hair, remembering the occasion on which this picture was taken. It was your tenth birthday. I am perpetually surprised at how young you look. I can grow old, but you are stuck at ten for eternity, sleeping under the earth. When I was little, you seemed so mature, so much older than I was. You will always be my big sister, even though I am now eight years older than you will forever be.

I remember, with a tender pang, how you used to play the violin. You would play as I danced in our bedroom, as we reenacted scenes from our favorite children's books. You would play when I couldn't fall asleep. You played on your tenth birthday.

"Keep playing, Lise," I say softly, "Keep playing."

I remember how I used to bring trinkets to you after school. You would smile and line my dandelions, feathers, and pebbles up on your windowsill until the wind carried them away. Every day, I would give you something.

I remember how we used to do trust falls together. I was usually the one falling. I would fall backward, frightened, and then stand up after you'd caught me, giggling and giddy and wanting more, more, more.

"Catch me!" I'd squeal, "Catch me!"

I tried to catch you once. I let you fall to the floor. You cried when your head hit the ground. But you still let me try to catch you until I no longer dropped you. Again and again, you would catch me. You never dropped me. Not once.

I stand and walk slowly to the window, creaking it open. The photograph slips from my fingers and drifts around with the dust, illuminated by golden beams of indirect sunlight spilling through the window. The photograph settles to the floor behind me as I climb slowly, thoughtfully, onto my usual spot on the windowsill, my feet hanging down over the busy street far below. My arms are wide open, my eyes are closed.

"Catch me," I whisper.

And I fall.

Survey

As part of our special COVID edition, we asked teachers and students some interesting questions. Please enjoy comparing the two! Thank you to all those who participated in this fun survey.

* Teachers' answers will be on the left, and students' on the right.

Why do you teach?

"I love sharing my passion for music with young people."

-Ms. Moulder

"I really enjoy working with children and love learning new things."

-Ms. Goulet

"I teach because I enjoy students. I love seeing the "aha!" moment and I love talking about science!"

-Ms. Peck

"I teach to pass on my love of learning to students and hope they will continue with the learning process for a long time."

-Ms. Sebben

"I love inspiring, learning and teaching."

-Ms. Burton

"Because I really like to see the progress my students make and to be of service. Having summer off too is really nice :)."

-Ms. Martino

"I've always loved creating lessons and working with children."

-Ms. Francesconi

"I really enjoy working with children and love learning new things."

-Ms. Goulet

What did you miss most about school during distance learning/ what are you looking forward to once the majority of the population is vaccinated?

"I am so excited to be able to hug my friends/not wear masks."

-Grade 6

"I missed seeing all of the students and feeling the energy from all of them learning, having fun, growing from mistakes and being a part of a community."

-Ms. Jobak

"I missed everyday interactions, even ones that I used to find annoying. I'm looking forward to seeing loved ones and traveling."

-Grade 8

"I mainly missed seeing my students in person and being able to personally connect with each of my students. I am looking forward to having all of my students in one classroom each period of the day. "

-Ms. Sebben

"I look forward to having in person band."

-Grade 6

"I miss hearing and seeing students being creative as a group. I have always loved when students interact in class to make skits, projects, or participating in debates. Students tend to be quiet on Zoom meetings. I am looking forward to going to more social events that involve music, dancing and good friends."

-Ms. Banfield

"I missed interacting with my peers/teachers, and stuff that I used to take for granted like being able to just sit in a classroom."

-Grade 6

What were some pros to distance learning?

"I enjoyed private chatting with students. It felt like I was telepathically communicating with my students."

-Ms. Burton

"I could do the work on my own time more often (ex. Asynchronous days). I also got to have all the work in one place (google classroom)."

-Grade 8

"Pro: I can work at home and wear my slippers; Cons: Students don't show me their face so I feel like I am just talking to myself."

-Ms. Amos

"It is a new experience."

-Grade 6

"Were there any? "

-Ms. Mitchell

"Spending more time with family."

-Grade 8

"I needed to adapt my curriculum which gave me the time and space to review which topics and standards I found important... I also felt like I could allow my students more time and space to learn when they were ready instead of requiring "performance" in a certain hour of the day."

-Ms. Kneebone

"Not having to interact with humans."

-Grade 7

"Less "discipline" issues. I have also truly appreciated my students' support and patience when I attempted something new related to DL."

-Ms. Banfield

"Some pros to distance learning were being able to have a flexible schedule and work from home."

-Grade 8

What are your hopes for your students in the future/ what do you hope they learned from quarantine? (Teachers only)

"I hope students learn how important it is to be connected and care for others. I believe that COVID has exposed the importance of empathy for others' hidden stories and daily inequities."

-Ms. Kneebone

"I hope my students learn about how strong they are. This is a major issue that they have survived and work hard through - I hope they understand how strong and amazing they are!"

-Ms. Francesconi

"I hope that students learned flexibility and more easily coping with changes. I also hope that students learned that personal hygiene (especially hand washing) can be effective in not spreading disease."

-Ms. Peck

"My hopes for the future of my students is to become kind adults and members of our community. I hope they learned from quarantine to be flexible and go with the flow."

-Ms. Martino

"I hope that students learned about flexibility, self advocacy, mindfulness and self-care."

-Ms. Burton

"I hope they learned that they are resilient and can adapt."

-Ms. Mitchell

"I hope that students will write of their experiences so that they can reflect on these times. I hope students learned new ways of coping with a bad situation. I hope they have found out that they are actually more resilient so when hard times come they can say, "oh, I've been through quarantine during a pandemic, I got this!"

-Ms. Amos

What did you learn from quarantine? (Students only)

"I learned to be more flexible and adaptable. I also learned to not take in person interactions for granted!"
-Grade 7

"I learned that the area of a circle is ($A = \pi r^2$)."
-Grade 6

"Not to take things for granted, time management(sorta?), and flexibility."
-Grade 6

"I learned that I can adapt better than I thought."
-Grade 8

"I learned that doing your part can change the world."
-Grade 6

"I learned how to stay healthy by wearing masks and sanitizing."
-Grade 7

"I learned how to adapt, how to persist, and that hard things become easier over time."
-Grade 8

"That it's easier to learn in person."
-Grade 7

"That family matters more than I realized."
-Grade 6

"I've learned that we've been taking teachers for granted, and that they work very hard to support us."
-Grade 8