CAMPERS’ CREATIVE JOURNAL

SHENACHIE
(the storyteller)
See it back there, what’s left of an old oak leaning
At a slant against the younger, upright trunks?
One root still taps the earth to feed one last limb
Of feeble leaves, certainly its final greening,
If there’s any chance at all, the hope grows dim,
The rest’s already gone, the big trunk nearly hollow,
Home, today, to termites and a family of skunks,
It will return to dust and loam tomorrow.

It must have stood for years giving succor
To herd and herder, a proud sentinel oak,
Until the field, fallow and ungrazed, gave way
Quite soon to bramble vine and hardwood sucker.
A second growth allowed to flourish and mature,
The woods with time reclaimed the upper pasture,
And in the course of things began to choke
The old tree and speed its natural decay.

When its knees buckled, and it took this fall,
I certainly could have used the fire wood,
But it’s too deep in, too far from my hearth to haul
It out of there and do me any good,
So, once more it escaped the bite of the saw,
To topple on its own, soon to settle and to lie
On the forest floor, to fade, to cease to try,
Taken, at last, or choosing to withdraw.

See, beneath it, a rubble-wall of old field stone
Proves all this was once cleared pastureland
And this, a first-growth oak, stood there alone
At the margin of a man’s acres, let stand
High on this ridge by those who cleared the field,
Perhaps as a place of shelter and of shade,
Perhaps because this last tree would not yield
To the blunted ax and the dulled saw blade.
It’s Not a Goodbye!

We don’t need to say goodbye to everyone. We need to say see you later. It’s not like we are leaving forever. We are just going to be gone for a long time. We will see each other soon. We will keep in contact with each other. We will see each other over the years. We will cross paths at some point when we are older, we just don’t know it yet. We will get together in a big group one day and catch up with each other. So this isn’t a farewell letter to everyone, it’s not a goodbye letter either, it is simply a letter to everyone saying we will see each other soon. Sooner than later I hope.

—Anonymous
I Am

I am friendly and athletic
I wonder, “what will I do in the future?”
I hear the referee’s whistle blow
I see the world changing before my eyes
I want to do great things in my life
I am friendly and athletic
I pretend to be tougher than my brothers
I feel the soccer ball at my feet
I touch the goals in my life
I worry that people won’t accept me for who I am
I cry when someone close to me gets hurt
I am friendly and athletic
I understand that I will continue to grow into a better soccer player
I say, “Always try your best, even if you don’t succeed.”
I dream of being a starter on the varsity soccer team.
I try to get good grades in school
I hope one day I’ll be taller than my brothers
I am friendly and athletic

—Kathleen Fitzmaurice
The Homework Machine

Do you not like homework? Do you feel like you need some more freetime? Do you think that your school gives too much homework? If you do, then you should get a homework machine! This is how it works.

You type in your assignment on the keyboard and the homework machine will do it for you. Next, you put your homework in the big slot.

Then, your homework will come out all done and neat in the little slot. You are asking how can it do this? Well, I will tell you. When you first get the homework machine you will have to write some sentences. Then, you put your sentences, in your handwriting, in the big slot.

Inside of the machine, it will scan your handwriting and then all of your homework will be prepared in your handwriting style. The machine will ask you if you want it typed, handwritten, or in cursive. Choose one of the three and make your selection. The process will take five to ten minutes to complete depending on the assignment. Now, you have all the free time you want! I would make clothing designs like dresses, suits, ties, coats, etc., and spend time playing and relaxing while watching t.v.

Have fun not doing homework!

— Nikolas Skalkotos
There are many things to do in my country. First, you can visit the Old City. The Old City is over 2000 years old. The golden dome is one of the main places to visit. Next, it is fun to visit Elate. There are many fun and big water parks. It is the biggest tourist site in Israel. Last, you can visit the Dead Sea. The water there is so salty it makes almost anything that is in it float. The mud at the Dead Sea tends to cure stress and cuts. Israel is a great home.

— Amichai Freedman
– Samantha Phillips
Black is ...

Black is Darkness in the sky
The Wicked Witch that is standing behind
The Mysterious creature under your bed
The Spooky eyes of a raven ahead
The haunted house next door to creepy man galore
The Soul of the Queen of hearts
The Silk hat that the madhatter is making for his costume
Black is that daddy long legs that haunts you

— Nikolas Skalkotos

Summer Days

Summer days,
Calming,
Sun beating,
Warmth,
Brushes of wind,
Swaying,
Sweet grass,
Fresh,
Salty ocean,
Turquoise,
Golden waves,
Hitting the shore,
White sand,
Shhhhhhh,
Goldfinch chirping,
Natures music,
Summer freedom,
Surrounded.

— Caitlin M. Ward

Dead leaves fall off trees
and transform into new leaves as the time goes by.

—untitled poem, by Maddy Correa
I Came for It

Hi I am faith and this is, This is what I came for.
When I was little I used to think that the big people in this world diddit have problems and if they did they could not share it or that it was so little a problem that they just did it bother sharing it. The truth is everyone has a problems in this world even the big people that’s just how this world is but that’s not what I here to teach you or even for you to listen to because this is much bigger than just one person. This is what I came for to teach and to learn.
People I am not here to force my beliefs on you I here because my mistakes are your learning experience.
The thing about writing is it is so powerful it could cure life long sickness it’s kinda like music.
When I was about 12 I was really good at soccer I thought it was my life so when I stop playing it took me about 2 years to find out what i really wanted to do what my purpose was on this earth was. It was for people who really made me decide what realy wanted to do with my life and that was writing these four people They didn’t care who I was they knew that i was good at writing that I could do it. my tutor even classified me as a writer. my two friends sam and clean just were my friends and i am so lucky to those friends by my side to show me what i was put on this earth for.
So for anyone who is reading this you are worth it.

—Faith
Horses

When you are riding a horse you there are many things to experience. The feet clicking on the gavel, jumping over poles, holding the reins, and starting to trot going up and down. My favorite horse is Powwow, because he is calm, kind, and a good listener. To get the horse to go you need to give it a small kick on the sides. To turn pull the reins in the direction you want to go. To stop say “ho!” and if the horse still does not stop pull the reins toward you.

— Jonah
Imagination: A Place to Escape the Real World for a While

Imagination is thinking or creating something that may or may not come true or dreaming about something that is different or unique. Imagination is important for kids to explore because it gives them something to drift off into, a place which makes them feel powerful, and a place which allows them to fantasize and maybe have goals for the future.

In the novel The Bridge to Terabithia, by Katherine Paterson, the main characters use their imagination to frequently escape their reality and go to an imaginary place they built together. They feel powerful to be the owners of something no one knows about and to be the owners of a place where they can feel safe. Jess and Leslie use their imaginations to think freely and to create; they have created a secret kingdom where they are king and queen of Terabithia and where they have magical adventures. To travel into their world, Jess and Leslie have created “The Bridge to Terabithia” where they go to and escape sometimes because it allows them to be free and to be themselves. It also allows them to not worry and have no judgment. This is the place that Jess and Leslie imagined and built for themselves to escape the real world.

— Mckenna Morgan
Introducing Myself

If you are reading this letter, beware, I am watching you. Just kidding! I just wanted to show you that I am creative and that I can start a writing assignment creatively. And don’t worry, I’m not that weird. Actually, I’m Kyle and I am creative kid that is looking forward to getting you know you better because I’ve heard you are a good teacher. Before I meet you, however, I wanted to let you know a little bit about myself in this letter. I’m going to speak to you about my likes, dislikes, successes, challenges and expectations for eighth grade.

Some of my likes include, basketball, skiing and creative writing. I like basketball because it is a fun sport and I play basketball because I admire Chris Paul. Chris Paul is good because is not cocky and he leads the league in assists and steals. These qualities and skills are important because they help his team win. Like him,
I try to get a lot of assists in a game. By doing this I have helped my team to two state championships. These successes have left me feeling very happy about myself.

My main dislike is reading out loud because I am not very good at doing it and it makes me very tired. Although reading makes me tire, I enjoy listening to audiobooks because the stories are interesting.

I have a few successes that I would like to share with you. Winning a state championship, improving my reading out loud, widening my vocabulary, and understanding what I am reading are the things I am most proud of. However, there is one that I am most proud of. This item is widening my vocabulary because it can help me throughout my life and, as I get older, my vocabulary will increase.

Some of my challenges are reading in front of other people, spelling and dyslexia. The most challenging thing is dyslexia because I can’t get rid of it. Although I can get better at reading and spelling, my dyslexia will always be there. This means that I have to put in extra effort to complete work. Yet, I also believe that my dyslexia is a good thing because makes me more imaginative in writing tasks, as well as come up with stories, even though it’s difficult for me to put them on paper.

My expectations for eighth grade are to receive a greater amount of homework. This means that I will have to be more committed to my studies. However, this will increase my knowledge. With increased amount of work will come more personal responsibility, meaning that I have to be more of my mistakes and how to correct them. I also expect the class to be more challenging because more work will be assigned to me.

These are some of my feelings and expectations about eighth grade.

Sincerely,

Kyle
My First Snowfall

I know the title of this story might be a little weird for someone who has never seen snow before, because that is a little bit of a lie. I did see snow last summer in Canada. I was in the mountains and there was melting snow on the ground. But I don’t count that. This story is how I imagine my first snowfall will be....

As I wake up in my room with the warm sun in my eyes, I look out my window. A huge smile comes on my face, I jump out of my bed and run down the stairs still in my pajamas. As I run for the door, my hand is on the handle about to open the door. I hear my mom say, “Where do you think you’re going?” I let the handle go, and walk into the kitchen reluctantly and I say, “I’m going outside to play in the snow!” “Not like that, you aren’t.” Mom says. “But, why?!” I whine. “You can go if you put on your winter coat, snowpants, and your boots.” she says. “Ok,” I say with a smile starting to inch across my face. “But first, you have to have some breakfast.” “Ok” I say as I run into the kitchen to grab some breakfast. I grab a bowl form the cabinet, and a box of cereal from the closet, and milk from the fridge and a spoon. I sit at the table and quickly scarf my cereal.

When I finish eating, I run up the stairs and into my room. I go in my closet for about ten minutes looking for my coat and my boots that are hidden in the back of my messy closet. I find my winter hat and my gloves and grab them as well. My boots are all black with a splash of red on them. My coat looks like a white, puffy marshmallow. It is so big I can barely move my arms. The coat matches my pants. My warm, soft hat is pink and white. There are pink pom-poms coming from the top. There are also black and pink tassels coming from the ends. When I was younger my mom used to tie the tassels together tightly to make sure that I was warm when it was really cold. But I always untie them after I leave the house. My gloves are all red, from the fingers to the end of my wrist.

I run down the stairs toward the door. I fumble for the handle, when my mom calls to me. “What?” I say impatiently. “Do you have everything I told you to get?” Mom replied. “Yes, I do.” I say “Can I go now?” “Yes, you can” my mom says.

I am not able to open the heavy door so easily with my gloves on so I take off one of my gloves and open the door. I swing the door wide open and run out and jump off my porch into the very soft snow. I quickly put my glove back on so I don’t freeze. My mom has to come out and close the door because I forgot to close it. As soon as my mom leaves and I am out of sight, I take off my hat and walk down my block. I look up
and see a hill full of children sledding down, throwing snowballs and making snowmen at the bottom of the hill. The teenagers slide down on their snowboards, knocking over the snowmen.

As I climb up the hill, I saw my best friend at the top. I run up the hill to see her. I am panting but happy to see her outside. She has her sled with her. We race each other down the hill. We speed down the hill and the wind is blowing through my hair. It feels like we are flying! There are little snowflakes falling from the sky and the trees. They land in my brown hair as I come to a stop at the bottom of the hill. I stand up on my sled when my friend comes down the hill-charging at me. We collide with a bang. I fall off, laughing. I lay in the snow giggling, when she jumps in next to me and we make snow angels.

We see a few of our friends from school so we each grab some soft, wet snow and make snowballs. We sneak up behind our friends and throw the snowballs at them as we shout their names. We hit them in the chest as they turn around to see who’s calling them. We then run behind the trees to hide. They start to throw snowballs at us. We duck, and when we are on the ground we make a whole bunch of snowballs and start to throw them. Eventually all the kids from the neighborhood join in the battle. Eventually, the suns starts to go down, the birds are no longer chirping, the sky is fiery orange, everyone starts leaving to go home to get ready for dinner. I am one of the last kids to leave.

I trudge through the snow and can’t wait to get inside and sit by the warm fire with my family and warm up. I walk up to my house and up the stairs to the porch. I swing the door open wide and walk inside. I take off my thick, black, wet, snow boots at the front door and leave them there on the mat. I walk upstairs to my room and take off my snowy, wet clothing and leave them on the floor of my room. I go into blue bathroom with shiny white tiled floor to take a hot bath. I jump into my hot bath as a shiver runs down my back. I grab the bath salts and throw under the rushing water. I feel relaxed, but tired, and calm. I think about my day and everything that happened. Then I go downstairs to get some dinner. At the table my mom asks me how the first snow fall was. I tell her how the entire neighborhood was in a snowball fight, and how me and my best friend raced down the hill. “That sounds like you had such a great day!” Mom exclaims. I ask, “yeah, but when is all this snow gonna melt?” My mom laughs as she brushes the hair out of my face.

I jump into the snow! It’s up to my knees. I look around and see the bare trees with no leaves, icicles hanging from the tree limbs. Birds fly from pine tree to pine tree knocking snow off the branches as they land. As I walk, I leave footprints in the snow behind me. I see other kids coming from their houses, laughing as they go. I go to the shed that is behind the house and get my winter sled. I drag it out.

—Madeleine E. Gonzalez
Hurricane Sandy

When I was seven, there was a storm — a big storm and this is how it began. I was going to bed but I was afraid. I was scared the power might go out so my brother slept with me. As soon as my dad left the room, I tried turning on the light and it would not work. I tried it again — it still did not work. Then, I realized that the power went out so I ran downstairs to my parent’s room and screamed “the power went out.” My parents decided that my brother and I could sleep in their room.

When I woke up I said, “why is the power out?” My parents said, “There is a storm coming in.” The next day, we went to a hotel on Broadway. It was really boring because there was nothing to do. After two weeks of waiting, my family moved back to our house. We checked out the neighborhood. It was wrecked but not our house. Three days later, I went back to school and my friend told me that there was a crane leaning on the hotel they were staying in! I was amazed.

—James Britton
My Favorite Vacation

I was so excited this was the day that me and my family would head off to Costa Rica. I hurriedly packed my bags and waited in the car for my family. We drove straight to the airport and checked in our bags and then we got on the plane. It was the most exciting two hours of my whole life.

We arrived in the Costa Rican airport and collected our bags. We got in the car and drove to our moms friends house. That is where we were staying for the first couple of days. Their house was on a farm with lots of animals. Although not a lot of the animals were farm animals they had animals more like ocelots and crocodiles. Sadly the time at the farm had to end.

After we left the farm we headed straight to a beautiful hotel that was in perfect view of a 2500m volcano called Arenal. The volcano first erupted in 1968 and last erupted in 2010 it is an active volcano. I got to see real lava and how destructive it really is. That was really fun.

One time in our hotel room we had just come back from the pool and our mini fridge was almost empty. The thing was that none of us ate anything in there. So we went to the front desk and asked them to show us the cameras. There was one pointing at our hotel room but only the balcony was showing we still rewinded it anyway and saw a monkey come into the hotel room and steal a pound of chocolate bars and drinks he even took the coffee.

After one fantastic week in Costa Rica it was finally over. I wasn’t sad though because I had a great time in Costa Rica. So i packed my bags once again and waited in the car for the rest of my family. We drove to the airport and flew back to Jamaica. From the airport we went back home. That night I fell asleep immediately. That was the best vacation ever.

—Elias Feanny
My First Trip Away

As I look behind my shoulder the trees waved to me in the wind. I am leaving the park I grew up in. Everything I used to know is now gone, fading into the distance like the summer days. As I flap my wings and fly away to a warmer climate. The cold winds start to blow in and dark clouds roll over the sky covering the sun. I try to catch up with everyone else. The big red blur in the sky, everyone twisting and turning in between each other. We fly higher, and higher in the sky to a new destination. Some of my friends have made this trip before so I follow them, to where I’ve never been before...

—Maddie Gonzales
The Alchemist

The Alchemist, by Paulo Coelho, is a world renowned book about a Spanish shepherd boy in search of his treasure in the Egyptian pyramids. Santiago has a recurring dream about finding his treasure in Egypt. One day Santiago comes across a gypsy. The gypsy tells him to pursue his dream and that when he finds this treasure one tenth of what he finds must go to the gypsy. This conversation engenders Santiago is to sell his sheep, save money, and pursue his dream, one that requires him to go on a venture of a lifetime.

In the book, Santiago, along with the Alchemist, is in trouble with a tribe that is at war. The tribe has already hampered their plan to continue through the desert. The Alchemist makes a deal with chief of the tribe that if Santiago can turn himself into the wind, they both will be “set free” from captivity. Santiago speaks with the elements of the Earth to perform the miracle of turning himself into the wind. This causes Santiago to speak to the “soil of the world.” The “soil of the world” is really a labyrinth and it is really hard to understand its true meaning.

I would recumbent this book to anybody that has trouble determining where they want to go in life because this book inspires people to follow their hearts and to pursue their dreams. Through its many enigmas, readers are forced to think about destiny. It offers a lot of wisdom and quotes about life, quotes that could be interpreted as inspirational. The quotes and discussion topics really kindle new ideas about life.

—Salim Fabio
The Writhing Dragon

I stared in wonder at the everlasting pool of placid water. As I stood still, overlooking the calm water, the air was just as still as the water. Along the shore, the waves were crashing on the beach as though it was a rhythmic dance that created a spectacular concert. The waves were perfectly coordinated to crash one following the next, to the beat of nature's metronome. A smooth brown blanket lays across the beach for miles. Under my abrasive, rough feet, the sand makes a perfect mold of my footsteps. Swiftly, the crashing waves erase my tracks and the evidence of me being there is gone forever.

Swiftly, the base arose from the dark abyss, intimidating the men. The men were surprised by the giant, devil-like beast and most of the men compered away in retreat. Hopelessly, the men felt defenseless on the ground, and had no idea how to enhance their strength to defeat the monster. Defeating the unreal monster was a very knotty and nearly impossible objective to accomplish.

The men had been through many tests and adversities to come face-to-face with the ugly horrid beast. Now they were at the end of the labyrinth and they knew they had to persevere to win the fight.

—Salim Fabio
Why is Pie Better than Cake?

Why is pie better than cake? Pie is a better dessert than cake because it’s not as sweet. Pie is not as sweet as cake because it doesn’t contain as much sugar. Pie is made with a crust, and the crust is bread-like and buttery—but not too sweet. Pie does not have frosting which can be very sweet and sticky. How do you feel after eating a slice of cake? Personally, I feel sick and like:

Also pie is healthier than cake. One reason is that pie contains fruit such as blueberries, apples, strawberry rhubarb or peach. Any kind of fruit could be baked in a pie—as well as nuts! You could make pie without dairy, eggs or sugar. Third cake is a dessert that is too filling. Cake can make you feel sick. After you eat cake you often feel too full and heavy. Pie on the other hand is lighter and pie could be more satisfying.

One of the best things about pie is that you can put ice cream or whipped cream on it. For instance,

Another great thing about pie is that it can come in different varieties. One of my favorite pies is from Steinhof’s in Brooklyn. It is a Linzer torte with raspberry filling. A torte is a type of pie that has a thin cookie crust and fruit and nuts. When you bite into a piece of Steinhof’s linzer torte...

—Stella
The Gladiator

Cringed every now and then because of the constant swords clashing and animals roaring. I approached the stadium with a sense of fear. The closer I got the louder it became because of all the people yelling. Butterflies raced throughout my entire body. Then, when I sat down, all of my thoughts and all of the loud sounds turned into excitement.

As I sat down in my seat, I heard metal crashing. Then when I looked closer at the arena I saw swords clashing against each other. The tight grips and the sharp blades were intimidating. At one point the gladiator thrust his sword into the tiger and the tiger died.

There were now three tigers in the arena. Each one had a golden coat with black stripes. Like grass blowing gently in the summer breeze, the tiger’s fur was waving in the wind. Sadly, earlier, the gladiator had killed one of the tigers to protect himself. The tiger lay motionless on the ground while spots of blood dripped on the sand.

The blood covered the tiger’s body and was no longer beautiful.

After a while the abhorrent smell of the barn rested strongly in my nose. It smelled of dirt, manure, and dirty animals. This smell filled the air. Sitting in this air and inhaling it every five seconds made me my stomach turn and made me feel sick.

So many tiny pebbles were held in the sand. In between two tiny boulders is dirt, blood, and who knows what else. It smells like you were walking into a barn filled with animals. The smell was so strong and awful that I had to get up and leave the Coliseum.

— Alex Coeytaux

SHENACHIE
The Lone Survivor

Once upon a time, there was a small village full of woodland animals in the only sunny spot in the forest. All the animals were going shopping in the forest because they needed food to last them through December, January and February. The frogs were selling the food to the animals. The red finch bought a worm for her babies. The two brown mice, with little baskets, gathered plump red berries that hung from a mushroom. One green frog sold green nuts to a green lizard with a blue purse.

The market was on green grass surrounded by white, yellow and orange mushrooms. The mushrooms were the stores. A brown butterfly with blue and yellow spots was the security guard. He flew over the village making sure it was safe. All of a sudden, Big-foot’s foot came down with one loud smash, and crushed all the woodland animals in the village. Only one animal survived the tragic accident. It

The Swimming Meeting

Before swimming meeting starts
Close your eyes and forget everything
Be ready for your meeting
Dream about other stuff
Just think about your meeting
Be ready
3. 2. 1. then go
Boo-yah

—Egecan Tezcan
The Big Game

One day it was seventy degrees at my school and we had a big game. We could not stop talking about it at lunch, because we were playing Arlington!!! It was our last game of the season. After school we practiced our kicks and our passes. Suddenly heard thumps coming up the hill. It was them and we knew it was time to on our game faces. It was obvious that we were all nervous. They started to practice but they did not do kicks or passes. Instead they did do suicides (sprinting from line to line on a basketball or tennis court, or a soccer field). Then we looked to the left and there was #23 their best player. He was approximately ‘5.8’ and 120lbs. He did about twice as many suicides as any other kid on the team. Coach heart said “get back to work”. About fifteen minutes later the whistle went off “toot, toot”. Coach sent the team captains over. We won the coin toss and chose to get the ball second half. Then I got the worst news ever. “Thomas you’re manning 23.” My heart sank. I knew it would be hard but it didn’t faze me. Well maybe a little.

Coach heart showed us the line up it was Luke was on left striker, Jake on middle striker, Clay on right striker, Joe and Jonathan were the wings, Nathaniel was center midfielder, Robert was defensive midfielder, Michael was right defence, I was left defence, Jahaziel was stopper and Lucas was goalie. Next coach let us out of the huddle and on to the soccer pitch. I saw my man on the left hand side I told the defense “if I go up cover my position.” We were five minutes into the game and we had a free kick. My job was to take free kicks, corner kicks and penalty kicks. I tried kicking the ball to the left side but out of nowhere 23 came out of the clump of people and took the ball. Jake came out of nowhere and hit 23 “thump” he did not budge, but just kept on running. He passed Jacob and shot we all stare........ score! We then realized he likes long passes. By the end of the first quarter we caught up and it was 1 1. It was a corner kick and coach told Joe to take it and told me get in the middle so I went. Then 23 started to guard me. He was pushing and shoving when I pushed him back he got pissed then I saw Joe winding up. He kicked the ball so high I had to go for a header, but 23 took my legs out from underneath me. I hit the ground and my shoulder popped. When I got up, I stretched my shoulder and it started to crack. But of course like every referee they didn’t see the foul. “Toot, toot.” The quarter was over and we went to get drinks.
You could see the sweat dripping off our noses as coach talked to us. He was proud of how we were playing.

Quarter two came to a start. The A team sat out for the first half of quarter two so we could see their strategy. I went out on the field and coach said “go to the defensive midfielder position.” I was dribbling the ball down the left side of the field when 23 tripped me and pushed me from behind. The referee blew the whistle and gave us a free kick and 23 a warning. I was upset because coach didn’t let me take the kick. Instead, coach Heart let Joe take the kick. Jacob ran to the middle, Joe kick the ball to him and Jacob scored!!! I was so happy we all ran back and high fived each other. Then got back in our positions.

When quarter 3 came to a start, the A team got to take a break because we were so exhausted. When we got to the pitch we started with the ball. They passed the ball back to me, and the wings ran up. I kicked the ball toward the right wing, he shot it but it was saved. We were playing harder and harder but nothing was happening. The next thing we knew the score was 22. During their next play 3 took the ball up the field, passed it to 13, crossed to 23, and scored into the top right corner of the goal. Coach was mad because I was supposed to be guarding 23, but he outran me. He was faster than me and had more ability than I did. So I thought to myself “just play his game.” Our wings cut down the field. Jacob went left to right and the ball was crossed by Joe. I missed the ball, but Jacob got it in the bottom left corner of the goal. They went to kick off and when they started we stole the ball from them. Then they stole it back so I ran up the field toward our goal. I saw 12 going for a shot so I slide tackled the kid. He got a free kick and I got a warning. After the kid kick the ball the whistle blew the quarter was over.

Quarter 4 was a standoff we both scored to make the score 33. This pushed us into overtime. When quarter 5 started we were all running down the field when all of a sudden “boom!” the turf lights turned on. We stopped and Jacob stole the ball from them, but they took it back. The possession of the ball was on and off, then out of nowhere there was a corner kick. Coach told me to take the corner kick. I lined up and took a deep breath. I heard people talking and then silence. I could see everyone but could not hear them. It was as if I was in my own world. Then all of a sudden I heard it all come back to me. I lined up the shot and then I kicked the ball to Nathaniel. He headed the ball into the ground and shot it into the goal. Score we won!!!!!! We celebrated and tackled our goalie. At the end 23 told me “you are the best player out there, keep doing what you’re doing and keep playing soccer.”

— Thomas Fitzmaurice
It Is Time For Australia

You’re a good soldier
‘Cause this is Australia we need this
Waka waka eh eh
This time for Australia
Listen to your God
This is our motto
Your time to shine don’t wait in line
y vamos por todo
People are raising
Their expectations
Go on and feed them this is your mo-
ment no hesitations
Today’s your day
I feel it
You paved the way
Believe it
If you get down get up oh oh
When you get keep going
Tsamina mina zangalewa
This time for Australia
Tsamina mina eh eh
Waka waka eh eh
Tsamina mina zangalewa
Anawa aa
Tsamina mina eh eh
Waka waka eh eh

Tsamina mina zangalewa
This time for Australia to win this
olympics Tsamina mina,
Anawa a a
Tsamina mina, Tsamina mina,
Anawa a Anawa a a
This time for Australia
This time for Australia
We’re all Australia
We’re all Australia

—Team Australia
When I Was on the Sailing Team

When I was on the sailing team
It felt like I had a new family.
Practice every day,
Every weekend going to meetings.
When we went to meetings it made me feel more happy,
Because our power, our energy and our goal
Makes me more happy.
After a long hard day,
When all you want is to take a nap,
You’re able to sail one more lap
And it’s wonderful.
Pushing yourself to be better,
Sail fast,
That was the best time of my life.

—Egecan Tezcan
How to Pronounce: “SHAN-a-key”