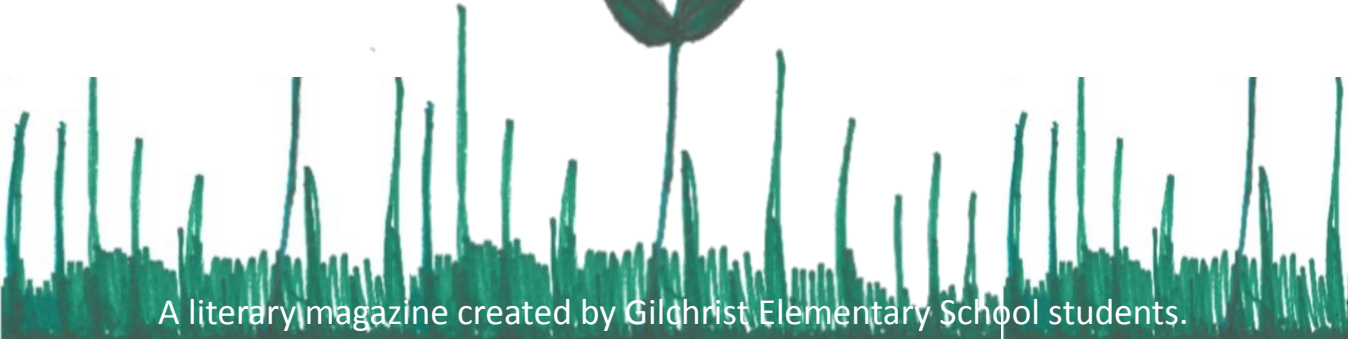
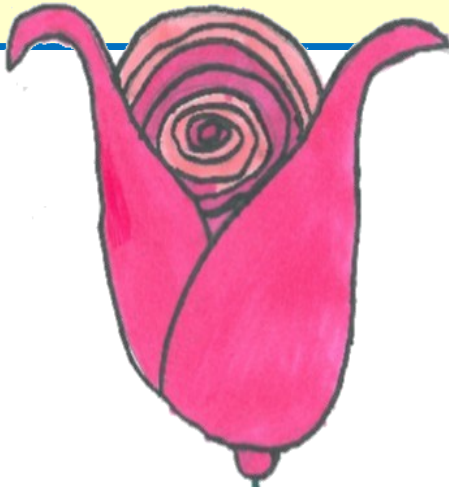




Pawprints

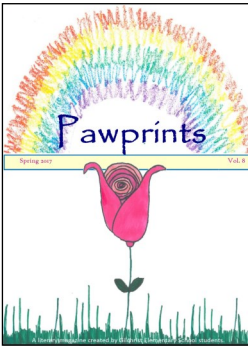
Spring 2017 Vol. 8



A literary magazine created by Gilchrist Elementary School students.

Pawprints

Spring 2017 Volume 8



Front cover artwork by Christina Parsons. Back cover artwork by Marley Thigpen. Learn more about Christina and Marley on page 21.

A special thank you, once again, to our beloved guest artist, Julie McBride, for coming to work with the Editorial Board members on their artwork for this issue. The breathtaking results may be found throughout the magazine.

Pawprints is a literary magazine created by Gilchrist Elementary School students. The students choose to join this after-school club and commit to a six-week term on the Editorial Board. Their involvement is extra-curricular and purely voluntary.

Pawprints Editorial Board

Rachel David
Rival Dobbins
Talia Duncan
Kaylyn Mudge
Christina Parsons
Cathryn Reed
Semyra Soltis
Mirthvika Srinivasan
Marley Thigpen



For more information, please contact Ms. Gibson at 488-3027 or gibsonm@leonschools.net

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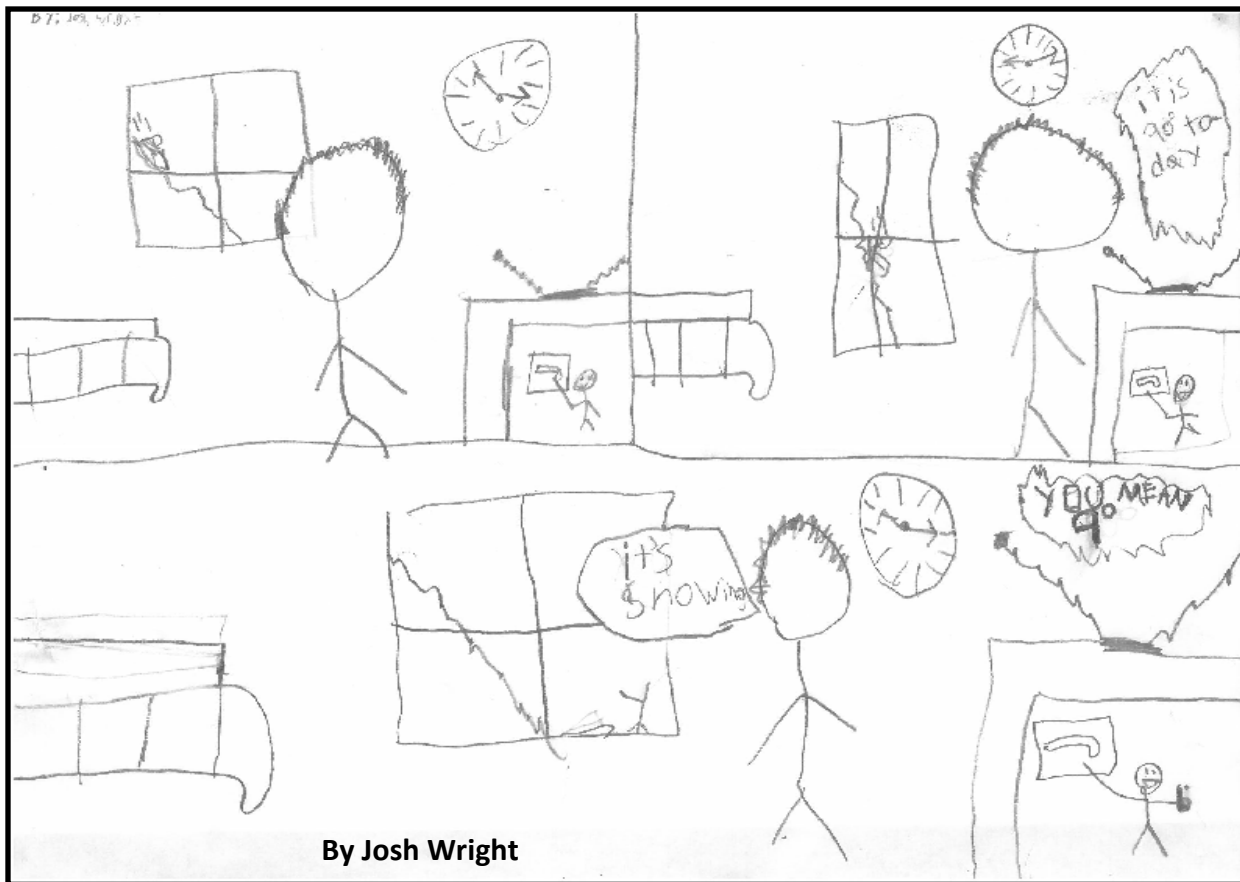
Artists' Corner.....17-20

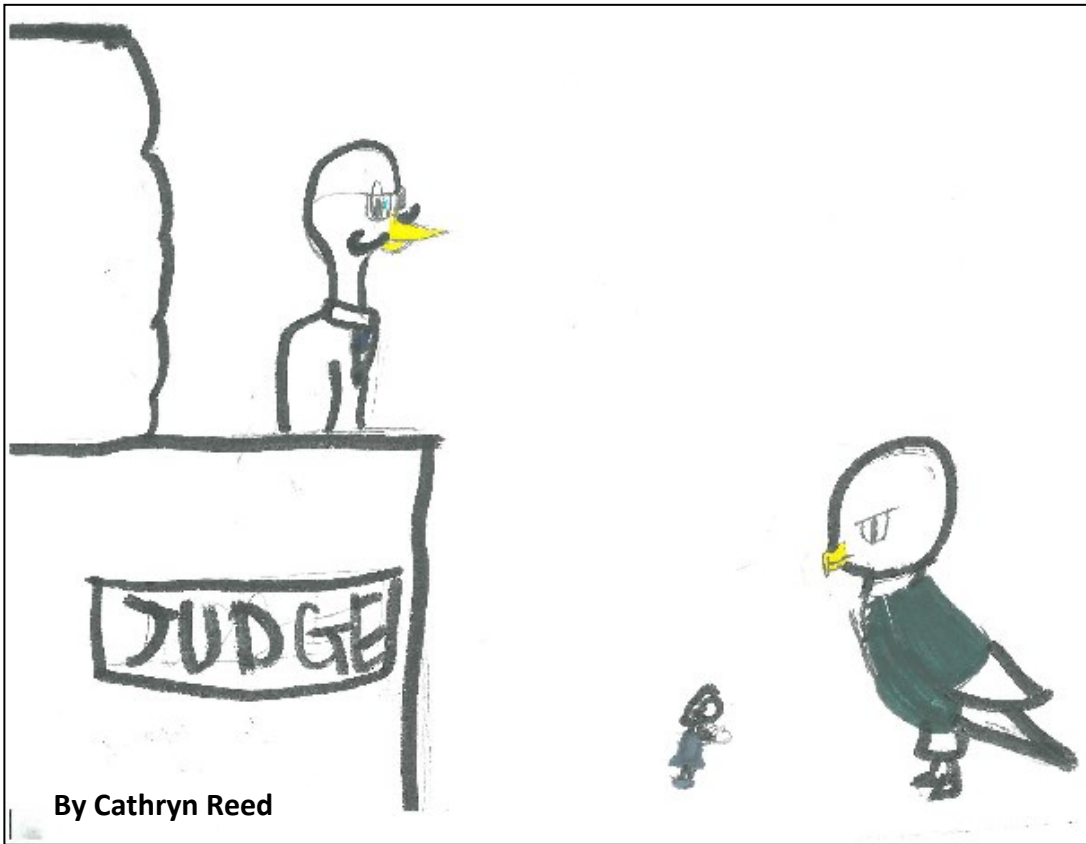
Artwork by Marley Thigpen, Talia Duncan, Hannah Meckes, Christina Parsons, Semyra Soltis, Gavin Lyons, Rachel David, Alyssa Gracie, Meghan Sands, and Elsie Anne Fraser

Additional Artwork.....ii, 4, 6, 8-16

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Just for fun...



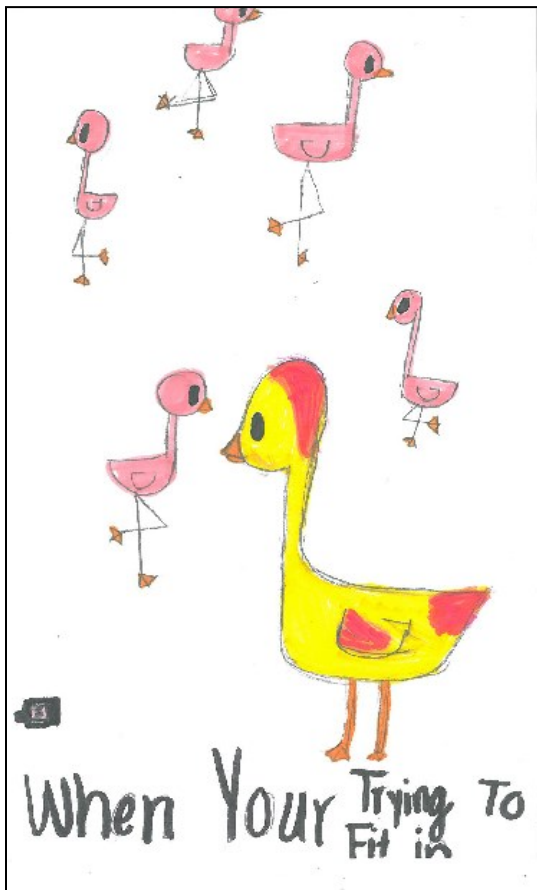


Ollie The avocado

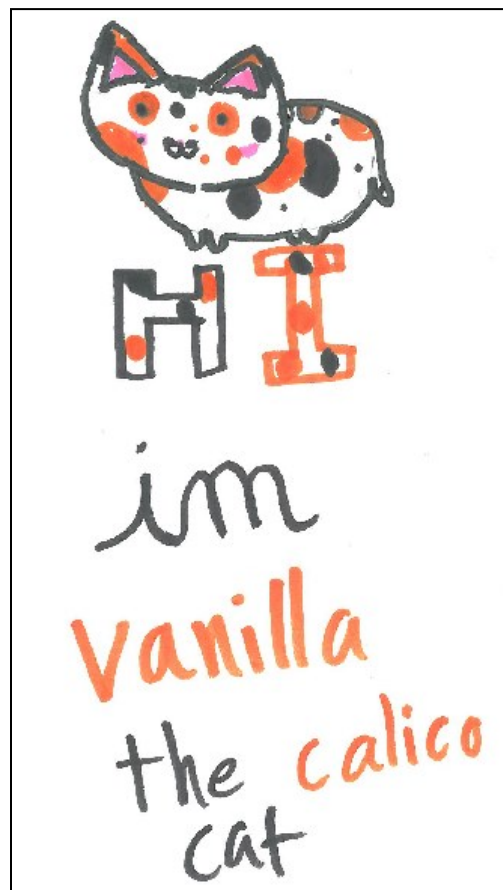
By KaylynMudge



Once a-pon-a time there
was an avocado named ollie.
He went on a trip with his
class to the guacamole factory.
ollie was asked to be a helper
he said yes why not? ollie got
smashed and squashed. ollie
was turned into ---- guacamole
he ended up being a-ok. He
hade a party The End



By Cathryn Reed



By Semyra Soltis

IN MY OPINION...

Littering

Essay and Artwork by Christina Parsons

Did you know that billions of tons of litter have been dumped into the ocean? That is crazy!! I have two reasons why people should stop littering

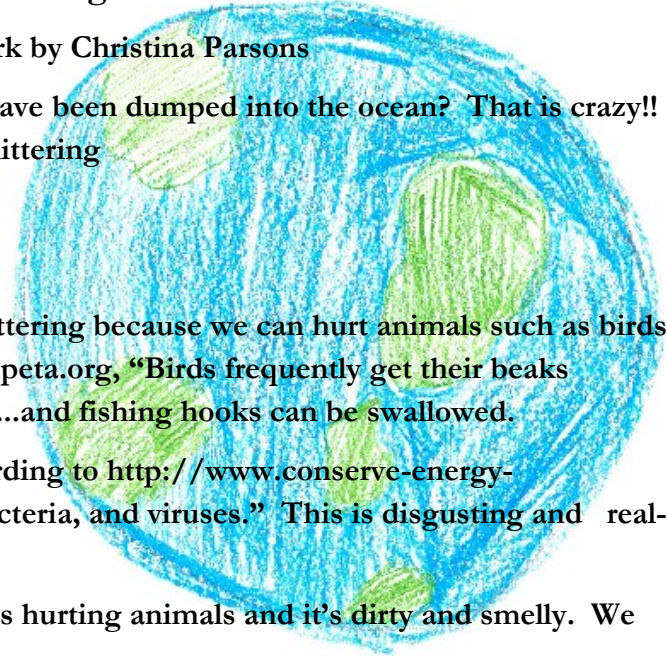
1—We can hurt the animals

2—It's smelly and dirty.

To begin with, I think people should stop littering because we can hurt animals such as birds or sea creatures. According to <http://www.peta.org>, "Birds frequently get their beaks wrapped or wings tangled up in fishing line...and fishing hooks can be swallowed.

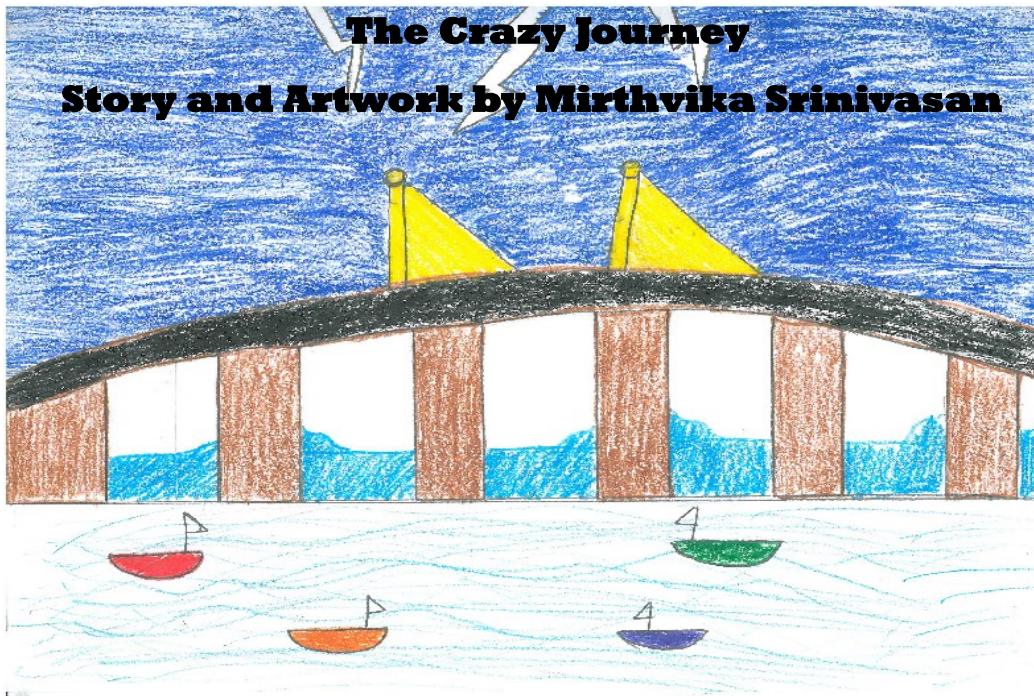
Secondly, littering is dirty and smelly. According to <http://www.conserve-energy-future.com/>, "Littering can carry germs, bacteria, and viruses." This is disgusting and really bad for the environment.

My two reasons for stopping littering are, it's hurting animals and it's dirty and smelly. We should all stop littering.



BE A
Buddy NOT
A
Bully

BE Good Kids
for your teacher
and your Parents!!



Excited! Excited! Excited! My family had planned to go on a vacation to Tampa. My sister and I were overwhelmed and wanted that date to be there. Finally, that day came and everything was set to go early that morning. During the four hour journey to Tampa from Tallahassee, we played games, took a nap, and watched some movies. It was quite long but was fun with the family. When we reached Tampa, we were all exhausted and tired, so we took that day very light and did some local sightseeing.

The next day, we went to many places throughout the day and that evening we went to the Sunshine Skyway Bridge which is one of the tallest bridges in the Untied States. We were all excited to go on the b ridge, so we went to the toll booth and purchased the tickets to drive through the bridge. When we were about to leave the toll booth, the person in the booth received a call indicating that there was a storm crossing the bridge and it would need to be closed for any traffic. Since we already paid for it, she let us go through the bridge.

We didn't know the severity of the storm, so we started driving and enjoying the view of the bridge and the Gulf of Mexico.

By the time we reached the top of the bridge, Mother Nature showed her roughness of down-pouring rain with high thunder and lightening. There was no visibility on the road so we carefully drove through the bridge and reached the other side. Since there was no way out unless we drove an additional 25 miles, we drove back across the bridge. This time the storm had subsided and was not so bad. It was a great experience with thrill and excitement which we never encountered in the past.

The day after the exciting, thrilling encounter, we decided to relax and spent our time ina theme park called Busch Gardens. We went through the variety of roller coasters, water rides, and game stands. We had a wonderful and memorable time.

Before leaving Tampa, we went to an Indian temple as a tradition to pray to God and we had a nice authentic Indian meal.

That brings us to the end of the vacation and we started back home. Even when we were driving back, it was dark and there were heavy thunderstorms with lightening. We carefully drove through the storm and reached home safely. It was an awesome vacation and I am looking forward to similar ones in the future.

Everybody Deserves a Chance

By Talia Duncan

Molly Phillips wasn't an ordinary girl. She got along with boys better than girls. Except for some circumstances. More specifically, a hot spring Thursday during recess. She had walked up to the basketball court and taken a deep breath and walked into the chaos of team picking.

"But, Kevin," Sam was saying, "You always get to be captain!"

Kevin sighed and gave in. "Fine, you be captain."

Molly saw Sam pump his fist. Alex said, "I call...Liam."

When Liam walked over, he high-fived Alex. Then Molly spoke up. "I'd like to play too," she said.

All of the boys (Sam, Kevin, Alex, Liam, Colby, and Aaron) turned to stare at her. Kevin broke the silence.

"But you're a girl." Liam elbowed him.

Alex asked Molly, "Do you know how to play?"

Molly was already offended deeply by Kevin's remark, and now even more by Alex's. She squinted at them and all six boys felt her icy blue glare boring into them.

Sam said, "Come on guys, just let her try."

Molly relaxed her gaze, but she still stared at them. The boys listened to Sam (even Kevin) and let her play with them. After four three-pointers, they decided she was good enough to play with them anytime she wanted. They even picked her for the team first.



Artwork by Christina Parsons

The Girl Who Loved Fire

Story and Artwork by Talia Duncan

When Pyra Matherson reached the flower-laden entrance to the “Royal Creek” neighborhood, she started to sprint down Fox Hunt Avenue, then took a right onto Crescent Road and skidded to a halt in front of her house.

“Mom, I’m home!” she called.

“Can I...” Her mother cut her off. “No, Pyra, remember? You burnt out all the candles.”

“Oh,” came the reply.

When Mrs. Matherson saw her daughter’s crestfallen face, she said, “Anamo is having a party and there is going to be a bonfire.” Pyra’s face lit up and she rushed to call her friend.

To be continued...



By Christina Parsons

The BIG Adventure

By Rachel David

One upon a time, there was a goose and a dog. The goose's name was Fred and the dog's name was Ted. Fred and Ted were walking to the park when they saw a sheep. The sheep looked confused and hopeless. Fred and Ted asked her what was going on. She said, "I am lost. I am not able to find my way to my field."

"What is your name miss?" Ted asked.

"My name is Sally," the sheep said.

They all started to walk into the deep, deep forest. Suddenly, a big rock rolled in front of them. Then there was a roar.

"AAAAAAHHHHH," they all screamed in terror. The Troll Triplets have escaped from their cave.

"They must be roaming around here somewhere," Sally said in a frightened voice.

This was followed by some loud thumping which made the forest ground shake.

"Uh-oh," said Fred, "Look behind you Sally."

There stood the Troll Triplets with scowls on their faces.

"What are you doing here?" Troll number two boomed.

"What do you need anyway?" asked Troll number three.

"Wwwe ddon't nneed anything," Fred stammered.

"So then what brings you here?" asked Troll number one.

Will they survive? Will Sally find her way back to her field? Will the all live happily ever after?

To be continued...



By Ava Sears

A Magic Man

Artwork and Story by Marley Thigpen

Once upon a time, a boy named Josey was walking down the street when an old man began to hobble toward him. He was whispering a few words that sounded something like, “where” or “oh, there.” He looked confused. He was clumsy and was tripping over his cloak. He turned and hit the diner door and fell inside.

Josey walked inside and ordered his usual. A small woman stood in the door. She looked around. She was wearing the same cloak that the old man was wearing. She looked around, twitching then briskly walked to Josey. The woman spoke softly, “Eat quickly, then come.”

Josey recognized this voice but couldn't put his finger on it. He finished eating and ran outside. The woman was waiting for him. They walked fast, her hood hiding her face and her identity. The pair turned into a store, the lights were out. Josey had never seen this place before.

The lights switched on and everyone screamed, “SURPRISE!” His mom took off her hood and hugged him. He almost fainted. Josey and his family celebrated his thirteenth birthday.

THE END?



Poetry



**Poetry and Artwork
by
Rival Dobbin**

Randy the Doughnut

Randy the Doughnut is happy.

He jumps off walls

And always falls.

Randy the Doughnut is clumsy.

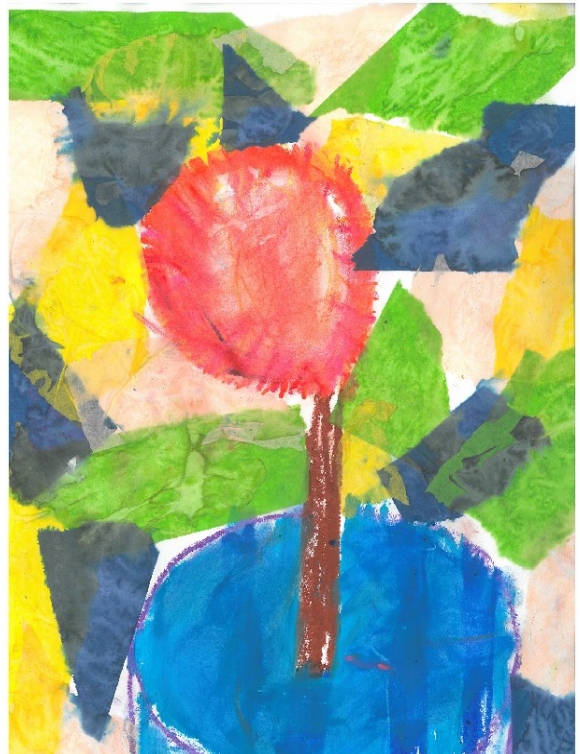
Randy the Doughnut is cool.

But he never goes to pools.

Randy the Doughnut loves Roman Atwood.

My Little Flame

I light it,
And it grows rapidly
Until the wick doesn't let it stray anymore.
It struggles and flickers against her hold
until it submits to its prison of the jar.
But still darting unsteadily and optimistically
Away from its captor
I hate to blow it out
Its little soul extinguished
And now smoke comes from the jar where my
Little flame used to be.



Poetry and Artwork by Talia Duncan

A Beach Dusk

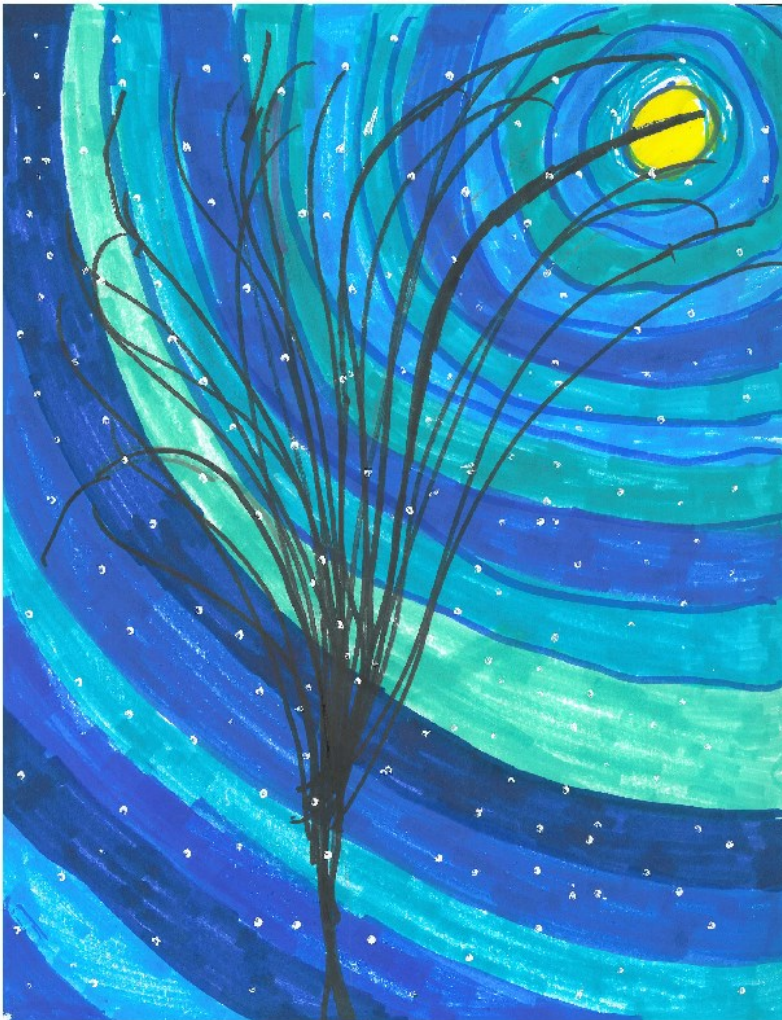
By Talia Duncan

**The wind whips through my hair,
As I gaze into the waves
And the autumn sun setting over them.
I watch sea turtles explore the ocean,
And make sand angels in the duens.
And as the warm breeze
Gently takes any traces of the sun,
Below the horizon
I fall asleep
Under the stars.**

The Chase

By Talia Duncan

As I take out the recycling,
I look for a lizard in the usual spots,
As always.
The difference this time though
Is that I see one.
“It’s a biggie,”
I say to myself,
And quietly creep up behind it,
“it’s a beauty too,k”
I think
It is green
With elaborate brown markings.
I stretch out my hand,
To hold its tail,
But at the last minute,
It darts away
Maybe next time.



By Christina Parsons



Spring (Haiku)

By Sarah Grace Duclos

Flowers are blooming
 Bees pollinating flowers
 Spring is so much fun!

Summer (Limerick)

By Sarah Grace Duclos

Summers are super sweet.
 There are many new friends to meet.
 And for us to stay cool,
 We can relax by the pool.
 And find new ways to beat the heat.

FALL

by Semyra Soltis

Fall is the end of summer days and the beginning of a new school year.

Leaves turn colors like yellow and brown and not any other.

A new class awaits you here in a brand new school year.

Many new students to meet and remember will be there with you.

Trees different colors all surround you while the weather is cool and nothing is different.

You'd better enjoy the end of summer because the fall is nearly here.

Spring

By Abu Balogun

Spring is the king of flowers and sprouts,

Listen to the butterflies and children's shouts,

Look at the violets and roses,

Look at the mocking birds and even the crows,

Spring is the kind of all seasons, you see,

Spring is the king, and brings bloomings and bees.

Sunshine to Storm

Poetry and Artwork by Talia Duncan

My fingers fly over the keys.

As I close my eyes,

The song flows out of my favorite
instrument,

And I imagine a sunny day.

One hand is the puffy clouds,

One is the sunshine,

But then,

Slowly...

The puffy clouds turn dark and
ominous

And the sunshine turns to the uneven
beat of rain

The quiet rain gets louder

And then a sharp

Unexpected chord of lightening

Shimmies to the rolling hills

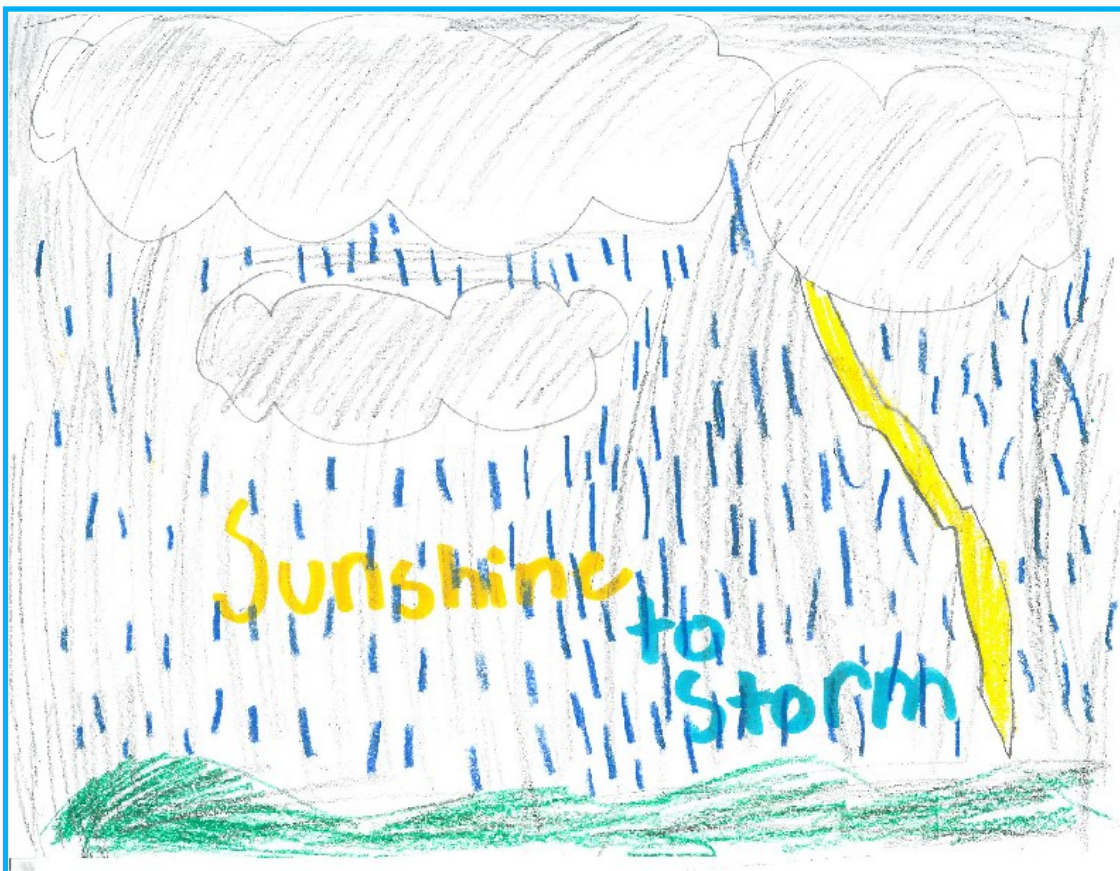
But no,


The rain slows

And the clouds blow away

The sunshine returns

And the puffy clouds as well.





Bored Day

By Vanessa Yunussova

I am sitting at the window
As bored as can be
Watching the rain drops
Race on the window sill
The grass growing so
slowly.
I walk outside,
Sit on a bench
Covered by a roof
The birds tweeting and
chirping,
Making a song,
A rhythm,
A tune.
A grasshopper hopping
from leaf to leaf,
The frogs croaking,
jumping around.
I go to the garage,
See my bike,
Hop on,
I ride so fast,
Then slowly,
To admire the beauty,
of the outside world.

I ride to the park,
go on the swings,
Up, then down,
Over and over again,
So high.
I feel as if I could just reach
out,
Touch the sky,
The sun,
The moon.
Just one touch would do,
Then I realize
My boredom has
disappeared.
I am having fun,
And lots of it.
I ride back home,
After a long day of fun,
go to sleep,
Till the day is done.
Wake up,
It's a new day.
Let's find something new
to do.

Background Artwork by Kaylyn Mudge

Grizzly Bear

Poetry and Artwork by Talia Duncan

I wake before the sun does,
And decide to hike to the mountains,
To watch the sunrise.

After a bunch of hiking,
I see lines of pink streak the sky.

I stop at a stream.

I sit on a large rock,
And spot a flat stone,
Perfect for skipping.

I pick it up,

And throw it.

My eyes dart to follow it,

1,2,3,4,5 skips,

And finally,

It lands at the feet

Of a great,

Big,

Brown,

Bear.

My heart stops

And for a second,

We make eye contact,

And with silent agreement,

We agree to leave,

And never see each other again.

I get up and walk away.

By now,

The sky is a painting

Of yellow,

Orange,

And cotton-candy pink

And to this day,

I can still recall

The thrilling feeling

Of standing less than seven feet

Away

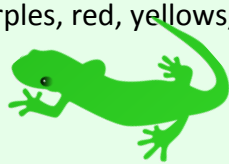
From a

Grizzly bear.



Forest Dream By Vanessa Yunussova

I slowly walk into the forest,
Creepy noises sounding,
I am terrified,
It would be beautiful he said,
I don't see it.
Close your eyes, take a deep breath,
Then you shall see, he said to me.
I did so,
I see as many colors as the eye could.
Sounds as peaceful as can be.
I can taste the wind,
The air smells fresh and pure,
Greens, blues, purples, red, yellows, too
many to say.

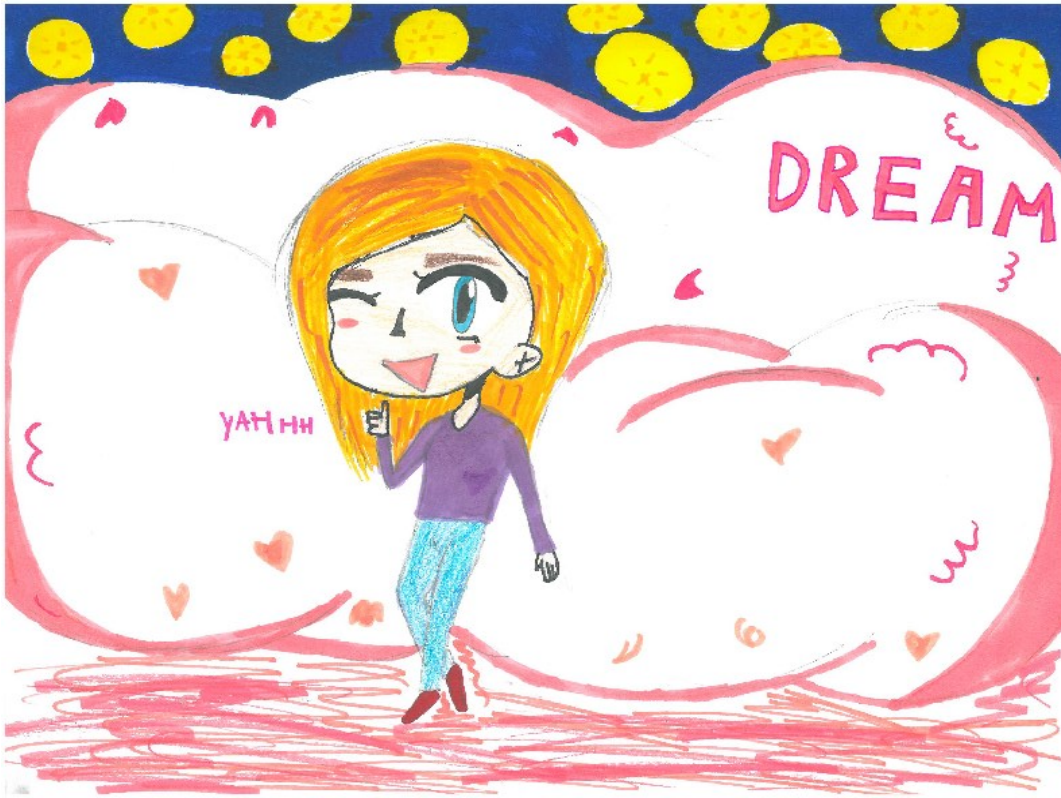


The parrots are flying rainbows,
Frogs croaking as loud as could be,
The trees as tall as giants.
Is it possible to see the canopy?
The turtles and lizards walking on the floor,
The river seems it could go on forever.
Then I wake up,
Laying on my lawn,
It was but a dream,
Till the next time,
My friends.



By Christina Parsons

The Artists' Corner



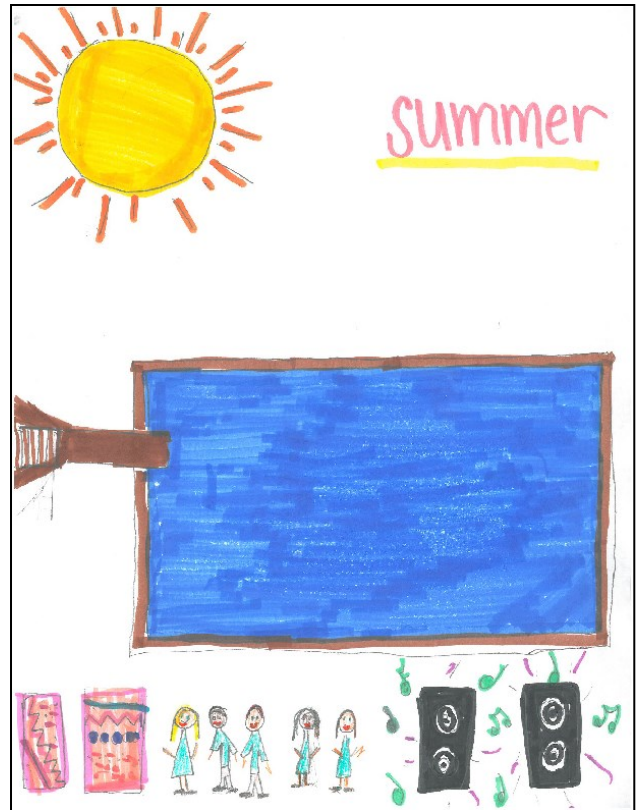
By Marley Thigpen



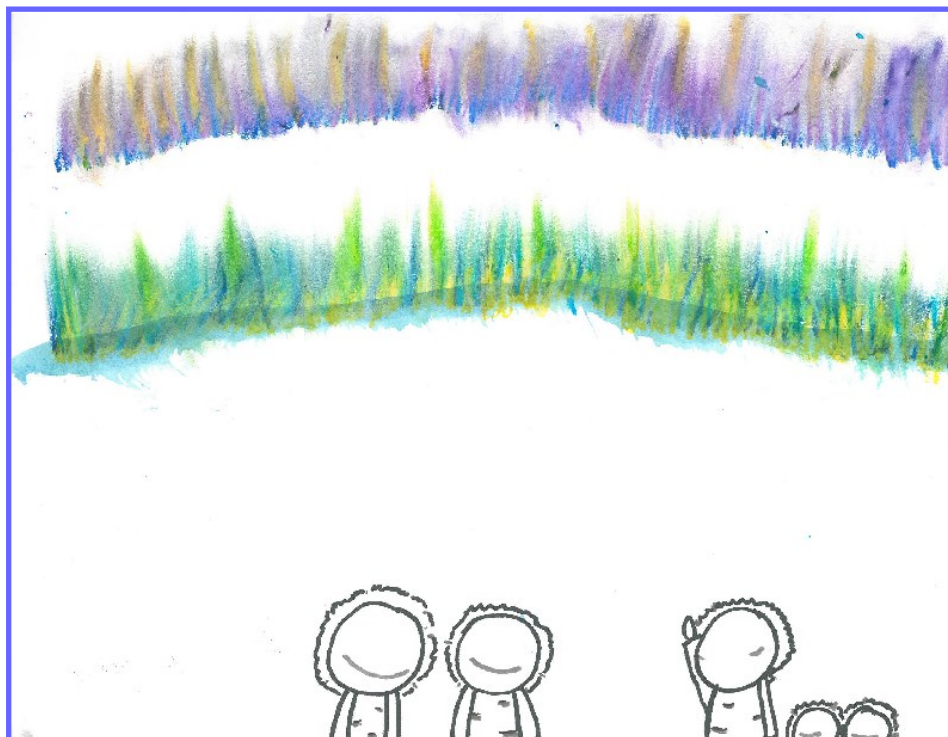
By Talia Duncan



By Hannah Meckes



By Christina Parsons



By Marley Thigpen



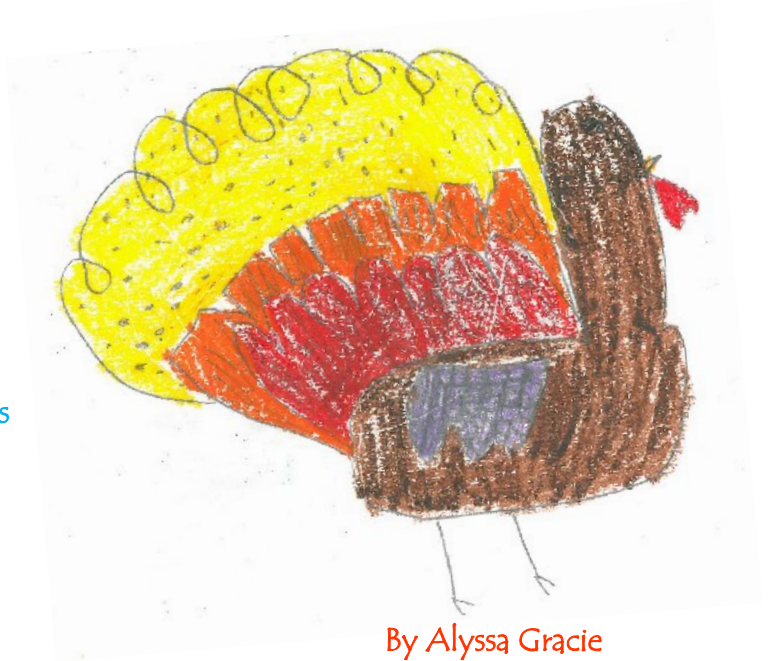
By Semyra Soltis



By Rachel David



By Meghan Sands



By Alyssa Gracie



Illustrator Natalie Nelson recently visited with our second graders. She talked about her artwork in the picture book, *King of the Birds*, then she taught them how to draw birds. Here are few examples.



By Elsie Anne Fraser

Editorial Board Members and Contributors



Rachel David...

is a wonderful girl who has a heart for nature. She loves any form of art and enjoys literature. She likes math and science. She loves Legos. She has a big heart for learning.



Cathryn Reed...

is a sweet girl who loves her family and pets. She also likes to draw and write stories!



Rival Dobbins...

is an 11-year-old boy who loves his two dogs, KC and Chico. He also loves his teachers, Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Rioux.



Semyra Soltis...

is in fourth grade in Mr. Miller's class. She is a cat lover with a funny and sarcastic sense of humor. She also loves puzzles like code breakers and word searches. Lastly, she is great at drawing.



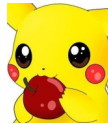
Talia Duncan...

is a fourth grade girl who loves writing, reading, and playing the piano. She wants to be a cook when she grows up.



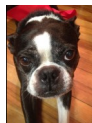
Mirthvika Srinivasan ...

is a fifth grader who is a loveable, friendly, and a unique person. She is also very helpful to other students throughout the school. She is interested in theatre arts and personally trained in Indian vocal. She also loves math, especially solving critical problems and puzzles.



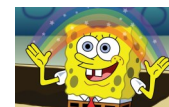
Kaylyn Mudge...

loves all people. She is nice. Kaylyn is very good at math. Kaylyn has two brothers and a sister.



Christina Parsons...

is a 10-year-old girl in Ms. Rioux's fifth grade class. She was born on May 11, 2006. She loves art and her dog Elvis. When she grows up, she wants to be a doctor.

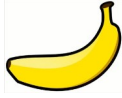


Marley Thigpen...

is a nice fifth grader who is quirky and random. No, seriously, no joke. She loves animals and is great at art. She loves TV and is a tomboy. She is also an introvert. Marley has one dog and two cats.

Guest Contributors

Abu Balogun...



is ten years old and love to read. He has a six year old brother in first grade. His favorite color is green.

Alyssa Grace Christie...



is an eight year old in Mrs. Stewart's second grade class. She is sweet and good at gymnastics. She does it every day with her friend Elsie Anne.

Sarah Grace Duclos...



is a fifth grader in Mrs. Gray's and Mrs. Sims' class. She loves cats.

Elsie Anne Fraser...



is a sweet, loving girl who is an eight year old in Mrs. Stewart's second grade class. She loves soccer, hip-hop, and gymnastics. Her favorite colors are blue and hot pink. She loves tigers.

Gavin Lyons...



is an awesome boy who is in third grade. He likes to play sports and color this he imagines.

Hannah Meckes...



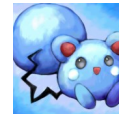
is a nine year old girl who loves to draw. She has three sisters and they all inspire her to what she loves. Hannah loves drawing cute and colorful animals.

Meghan Elizabeth Sands...



likes reading books, playing the piano and playing soccer. She is an eight year old in Mrs. Stewart's second grade class and she is a very enthusiastic writer. Her dog Dora is very comforting and sweet. Same with her mom. She also loves Gilchrist and her friend, Cassandra (Cassie).

Ava Sears...



is a fifth grader in Mrs. Bryant's homeroom. She enjoys reading, drawing, writing poems, Pokemon and swimming. She has a twin brother and an eight year old sister.

Josh Wright...



is a fourth grader who likes books and is the youngest of three. His teacher is Mrs. Adams. He likes Pokemon.

Vanessa Yunusova



is a smart, nice, and beautiful girl. She is in Mrs. Bottini's fourth grade class. She is a black belt in Tae Kwando. She also loves to draw and play outside. She will be eleven in September.

