



Pawprints

Spring 2018

Vol. 10

A literary magazine created by Gilchrist Elementary School students.

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Front cover artwork by Hannah Meckes.
Learn more about Hannah on page 19.



Back cover artwork by Katelyn Sears.
Learn more about Katelyn on page 19.

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

Jacqueline Ard

Isabella Coe

Lilly Fansler

Quentin Howell

Hannah Meckes

Shawn Reeves

Raleigh Ring

Katelyn Sears



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Contents

Articles

Canyons.....4

By Jillian Schrader

Short Stories

Caetora: The First Chronicle.....3

By Talia Duncan

Prologue to Fire.....4

By Talia Duncan

Poetry

Beach House Days.....5

By Vanessa Yunussova

Departments

Just for Fun...1-2

By Adam Peterson, Lilly Fansler, Isabella Coe, Ava Beckham, and Sammi Coulter

Artists' Corner.....6-14

Artwork by Hannah Meckes, Shawn Reeves, Isabella Coe, Raleigh Ring, Lilly Fansler, Quentin Howell, and Amelia Marquardt

Additional Artwork.....19-20

Artwork by Hannah Meckes and Katelyn Sears

Photography....15-18

Photos by Isabella Coe, Hannah Meckes, and Katelyn Sears

Editorial Board and Contributors.....19-20

Just for fun...



Written and Illustrated by Adam Peterson

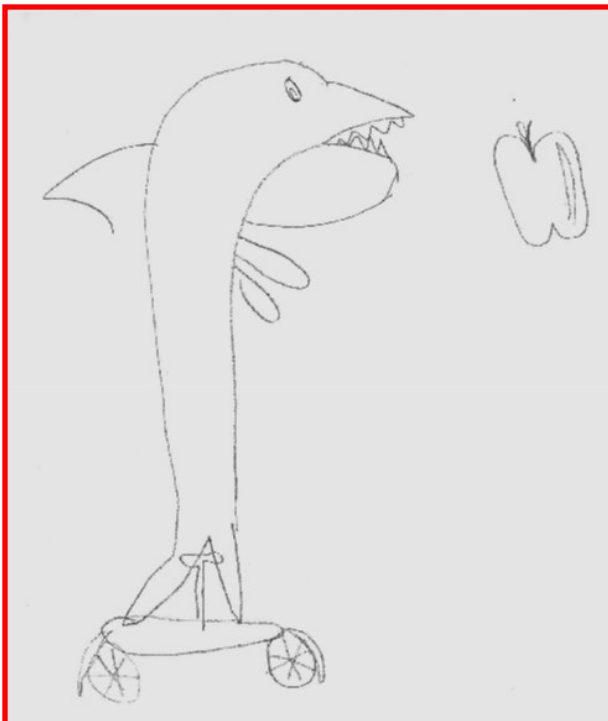
SPRINKLE DAY

By Lilly Fansler

One day, Sprinkles was walking through Sprinkle Forest and ate all the sprinkles and then left and went home... and then there was a holiday after that—Sprinkle Day!



By Isabella Coe



Shark and Segway

By Ava Beckham and Sammi Coulter

There was a shark. There was a Segway. The shark got on the Segway. Sharks don't ride Segways. So, you can only imagine how this turned out. After all the people in the world were gone, the shark ate an apple.

Caetora: The First Chronicle

By Talia Duncan

It was one of those early December afternoons when the sun was still daring enough to flash its sparkling rays over Montclair, thawing the cold-hardened ground and urging the birds to start their caroling again. Louisa carefully traced her fingers along the gray-brown wood fence that separated her from the forest. When she felt the latch of the gate she undid it and slipped through the opening.

The forest was densely populated by firs and maples, but there was a well-worn path that Louisa followed, holding her arms out to feel the carefully placed ridges in the trees. The trail eventually emptied to a clearing.

“Hey, Louey, over here!” Louisa swung her head towards the voice and looked in its direction with her hazy, green, sightless eyes.

“Hi, Casper. I was wondering if you had already left. Sorry, I haven’t been able to get out of the house for the last hour.. Mom’s got me a blindness therapist, and we were having a ‘meeting’,” she scoffed. “It’s not like I can’t get my way around.”

Casper smiled at his friend’s independence as he walked closer. “Where’s Loki?”

Louisa’s expression darkened at the name of her Australian Shepherd guide dog. “Lazy furball’s napping. Plus, he’d make too much noise while I snuck out.”

Casper laughed. “C’mon, Caetora is waiting! Which way is it today?”

She smiled. “It’s North. The wind is calling me there,” she whispered distantly, as she always did when she felt the presence of the secret wonderland. Casper shook his head in wonderment.

“I don’t know how you do it. Now, I’m not magic, but I assume by North you mean by the rock river?” She nodded. She held her hand out and felt the breeze.

“Winter winds blow from the west, so this way.” She turned to the right and started walking. Casper thanked

her silently. He knew that she knew the cardinal directions by heart, but said her ways of knowing so that he could keep up with her.

They reached the edge of the clearing and Louisa plunged into the darkness of the trees. Casper had always admired her for never hesitating before diving into the clutching hands of the undergrowth. They followed north for a couple minutes before breaking out of the forest.

Casper grunted as he scratched his arm. Louisa turned her penetrating blind gaze on him.

“Poison ivy?” He nodded. She placed a hand on the red splotches, and they faded.

“Thanks,” he said in gratitude. She shrugged in reply.

They turned back forward. The sight of the rock river really was stunning. It looked similar to a flowing river, but instead of water, there were ribbons of sleek white quartz, streaked with dark lines of other minerals. It was steeply slanted downward, which was why Casper cried out when Louisa stepped out onto the slippery slope.

He sighed in relief when she disappeared through the rock, and stepped onto the rock too when she popped her head up and told him to follow.

The realm on the other side of the rock river was wonderful. The twittering of birds filled Louisa and Casper’s ears. Wildflowers released their perfume all around Louisa and Casper, and the big azure sky seemed to welcome your gaze’s presence on it. The sun laughed merrily along with the squirrels. Mountains stood majestically in the distance, and a prairie ran as far as the eye could see. Wisteria and blooming cherry trees and dappled willows danced together in the wind. The temperature was perfect, though it was December.

“Lady Louisa Willoughby. Sir Casper Mayfelle,” greeted a deep voice from behind the pair, who were surveying the perfect kingdom. They whirled around and fell to their knees.

“My lord,” they said in unison.

Canyons

By Jillian Schrader

Canyons form by water. First, the water flows over the rock. Next, it makes a river in the rock. After that, it starts to change shape. After millions of years, it finally forms a canyon!



The Prologue of “Fire” (a novel)

By Talia Duncan

Dan,

I'm hoping you requested this army post for the reason I thought. Send a note to your Lieutenant, if you can trust him, and meet me at the edge of the forest at midnight and the war will end, I promise.

Daniel reread the short letter again and set his jaw in determination. The red-headed man looked up at the slight crescent moon, shining through the wisps of clouds.

He heard a crack from the forest behind him and he whirled around, placing his hand on the hilt of his longsword. A fawn stared back at him and then bolted. The middle-aged man sighed, the tautness releasing from his body.

He turned back to his midnight wait, straining his indigo eyes to see if someone was coming. He glanced up at the moon again frowned when he saw that it had sunk lower in the sky.

Finally, a figure came into view. It was tall and broad-shouldered, with a long, swirling, jet-black cloak wrapped around it. The cloak had a deeply-cowled hood that bathed the stranger's face in shadow. When the man got closer he flicked the hood back to reveal an oval, pale face with slim lips, a small nose, and big sky-blue eyes. He had auburn hair punctuated by streaks of silver. He would've been handsome if it wasn't for his worry-stained expression, and that he always seemed to have the burden of responsibility on him.

He stopped about a yard away from Daniel. They stood in silence for a few seconds.

“Long time, no see,” Daniel said. The stranger smiled and arched an eyebrow.

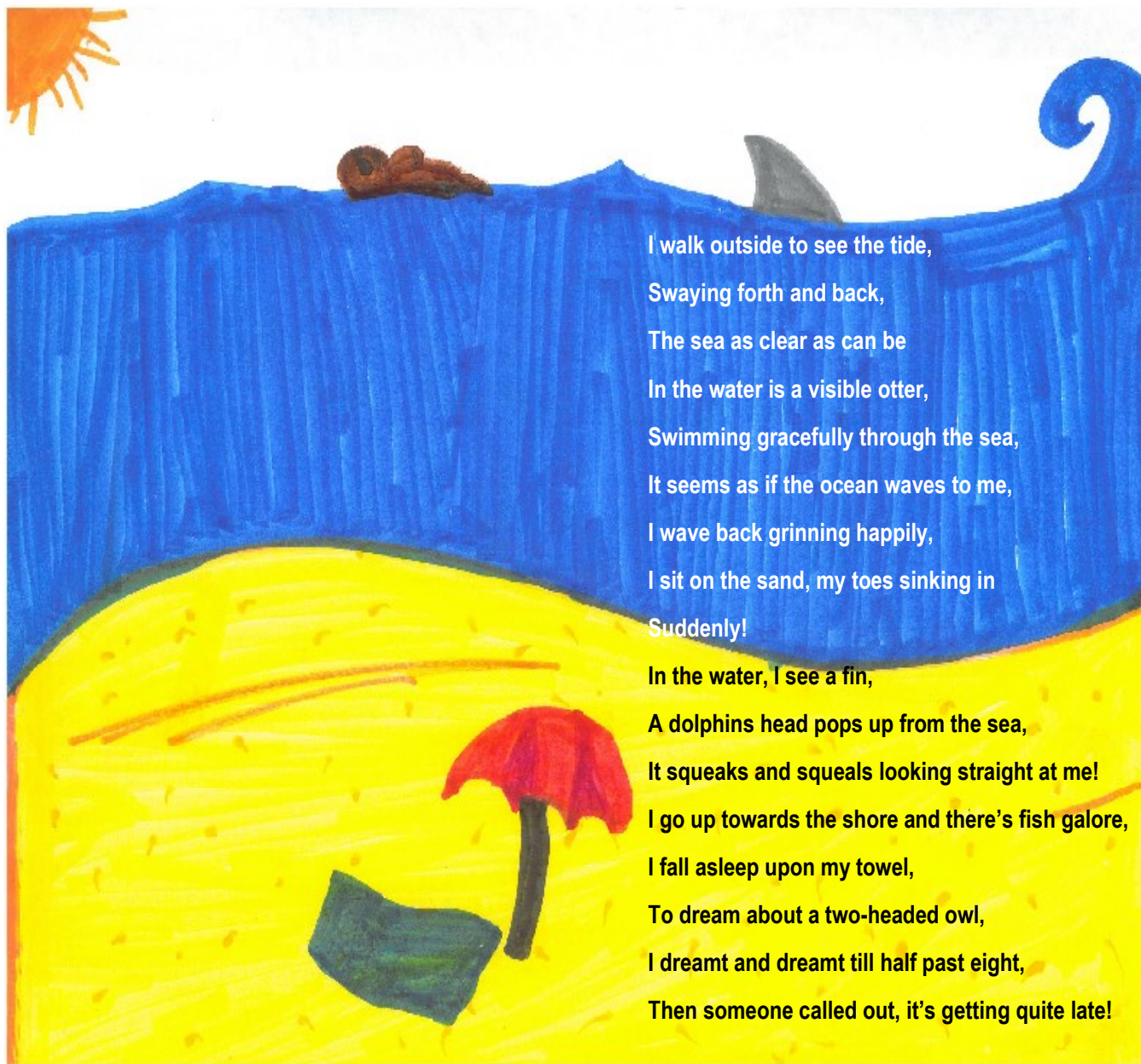
“By a long time, do you mean 25 years?” Daniel laughed and the other man pulled him into a hug.

“I missed you, Hiram,” said Daniel, his voice softened in his friend's cloak.

“I missed you too, little brother.”

Beach House Days

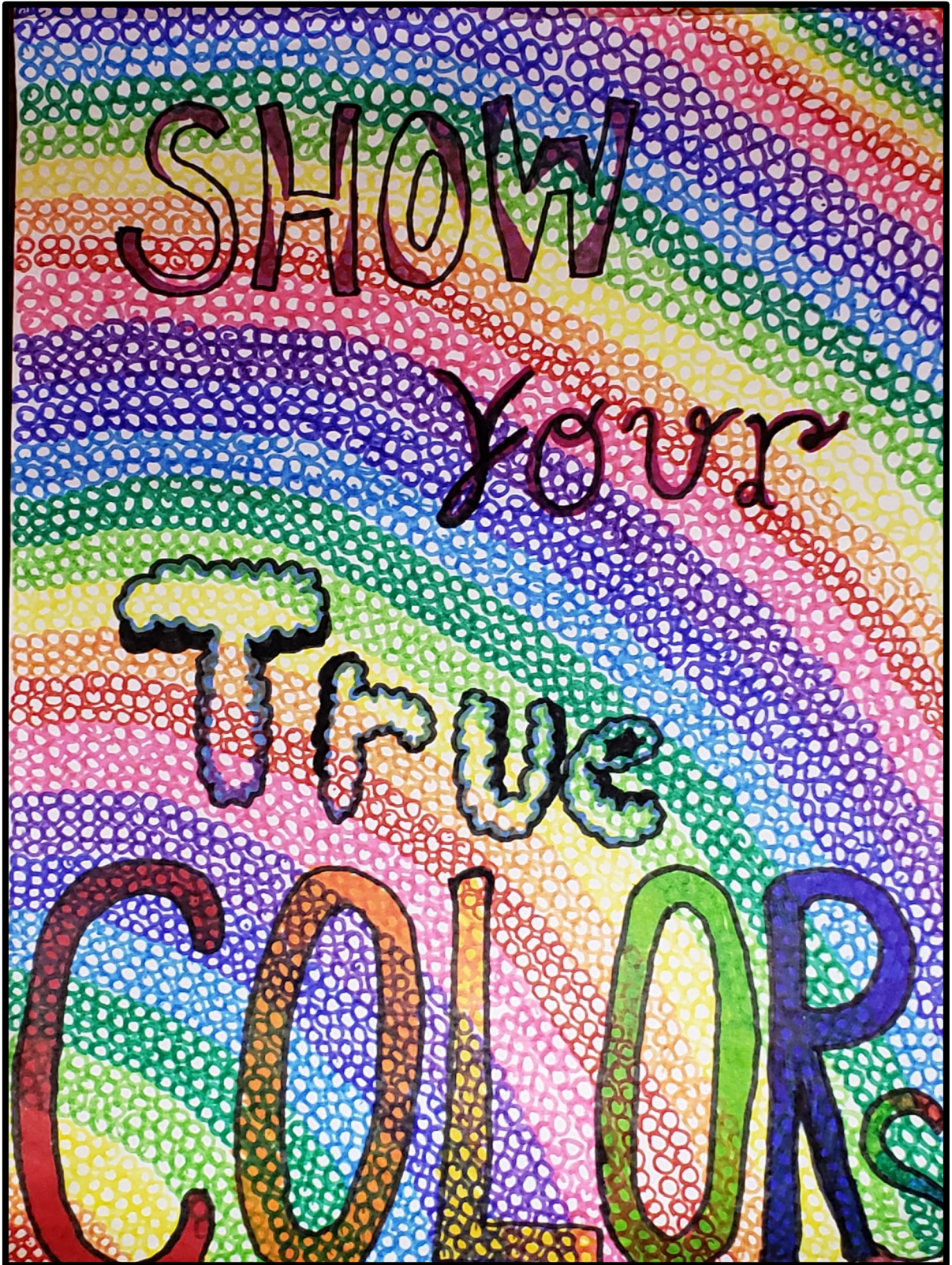
Poem and Artwork by Vanessa Yunussova



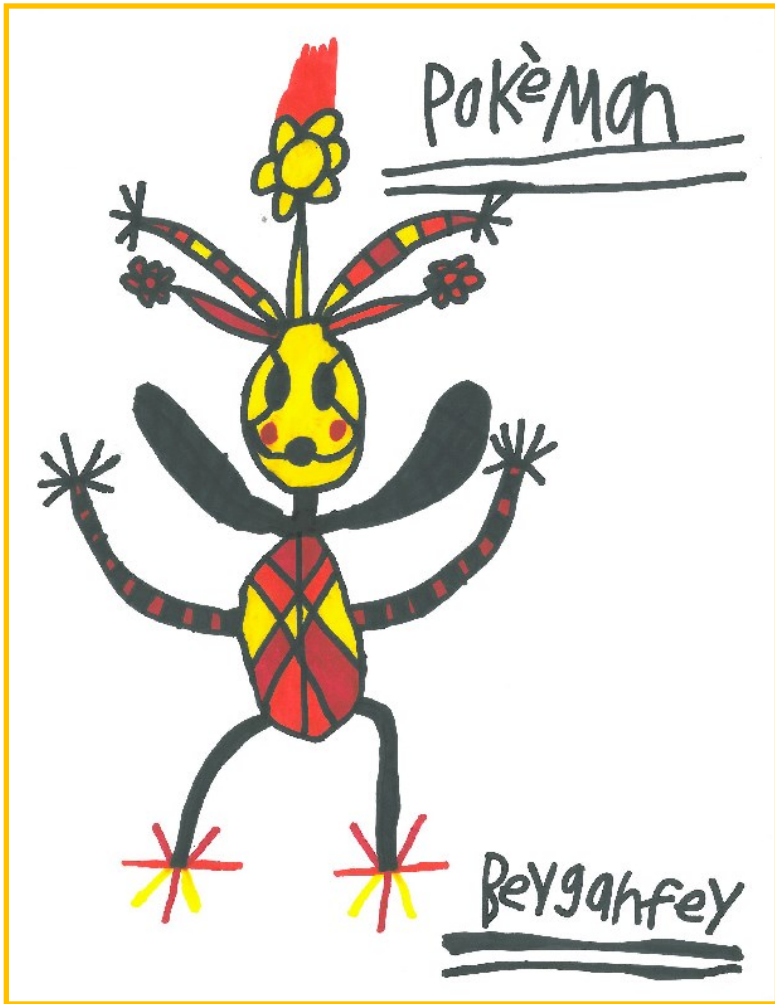
I walk outside to see the tide,
Swaying forth and back,
The sea as clear as can be
In the water is a visible otter,
Swimming gracefully through the sea,
It seems as if the ocean waves to me,
I wave back grinning happily,
I sit on the sand, my toes sinking in
Suddenly!

In the water, I see a fin,
A dolphins head pops up from the sea,
It squeaks and squeals looking straight at me!
I go up towards the shore and there's fish galore,
I fall asleep upon my towel,
To dream about a two-headed owl,
I dreamt and dreamt till half past eight,
Then someone called out, it's getting quite late!

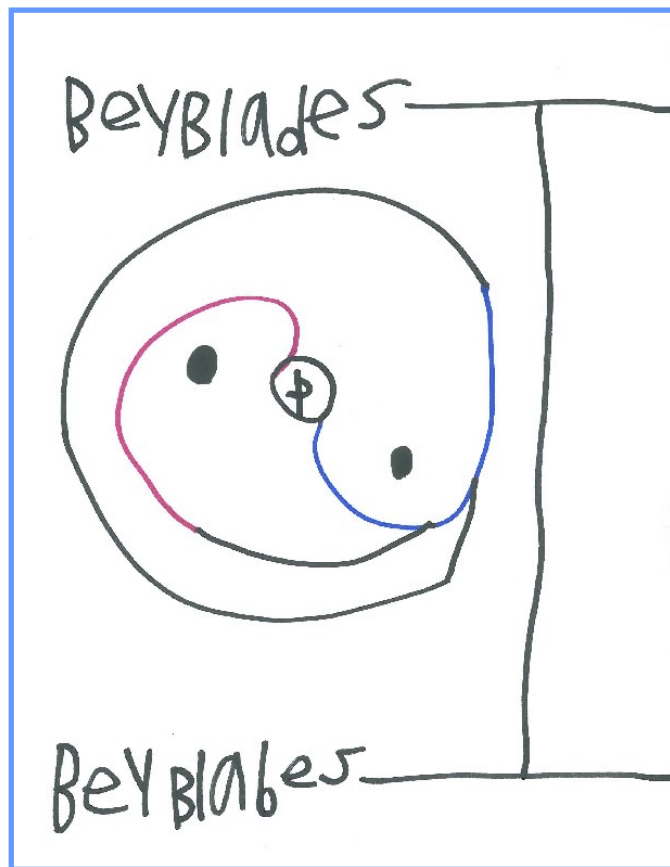
The Artists' Corner



By Hannah Meckes



Artwork by Shawn Reeves





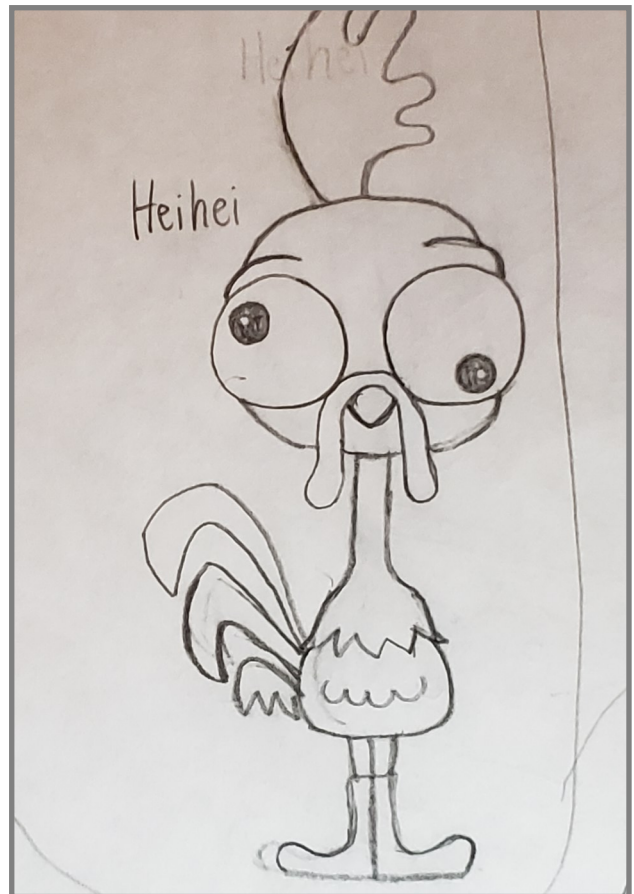
By Isabella Coe

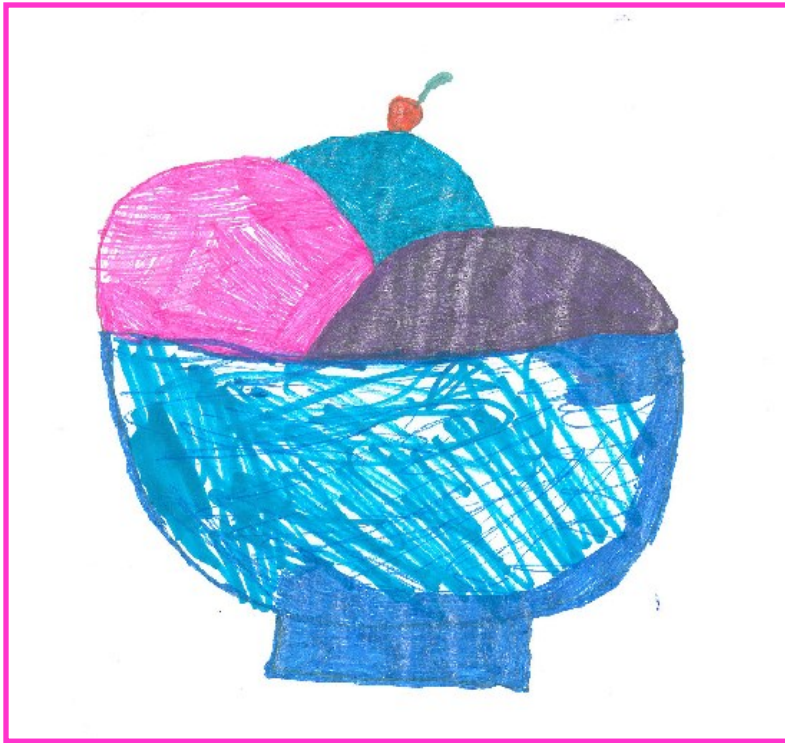


By Raleigh Ring



Artwork By Hannah Meckes

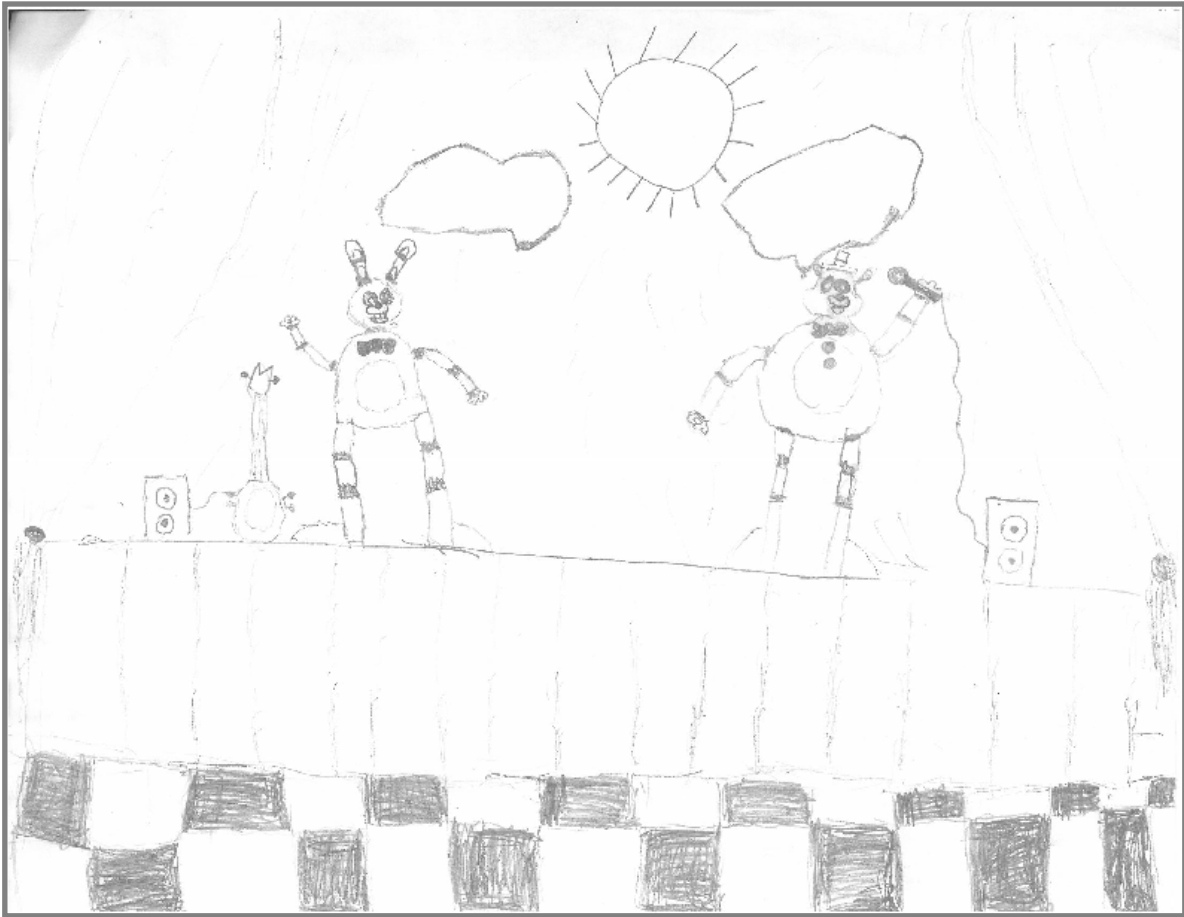




By Lilly Fansler



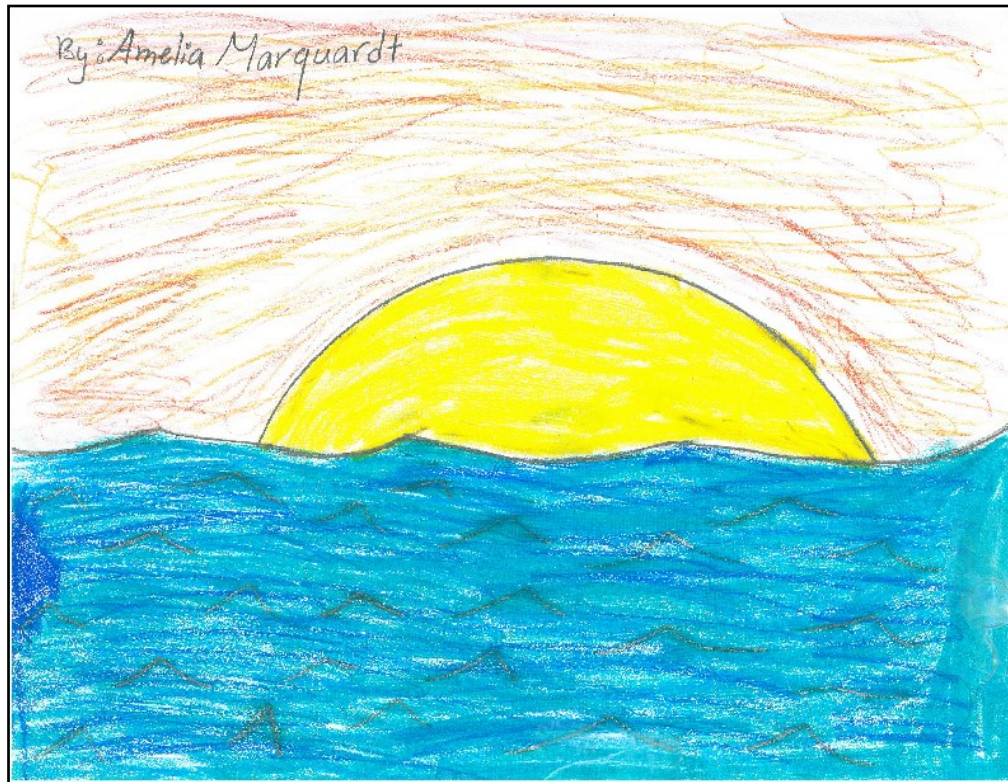
By Isabella Coe



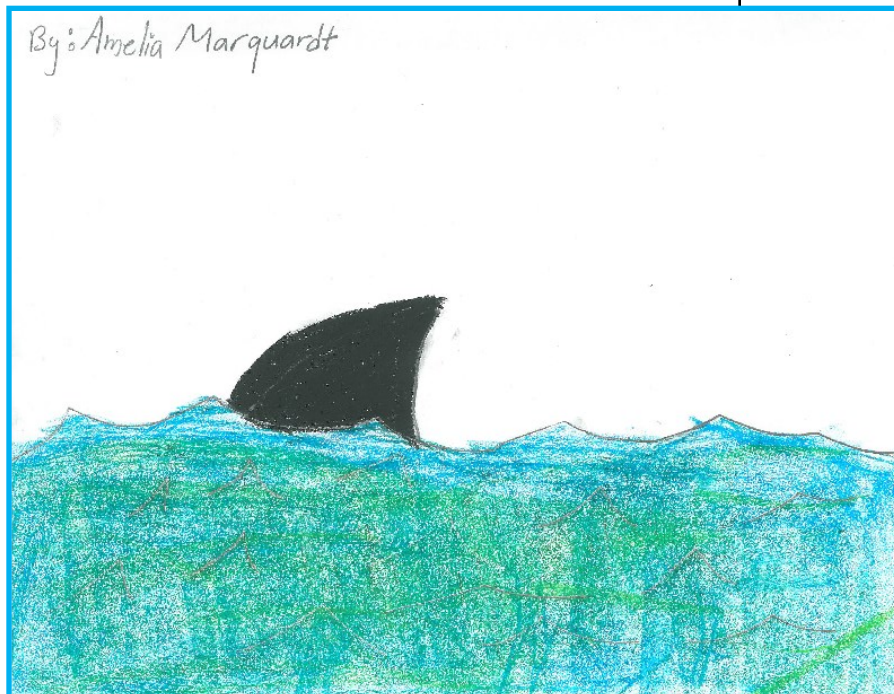
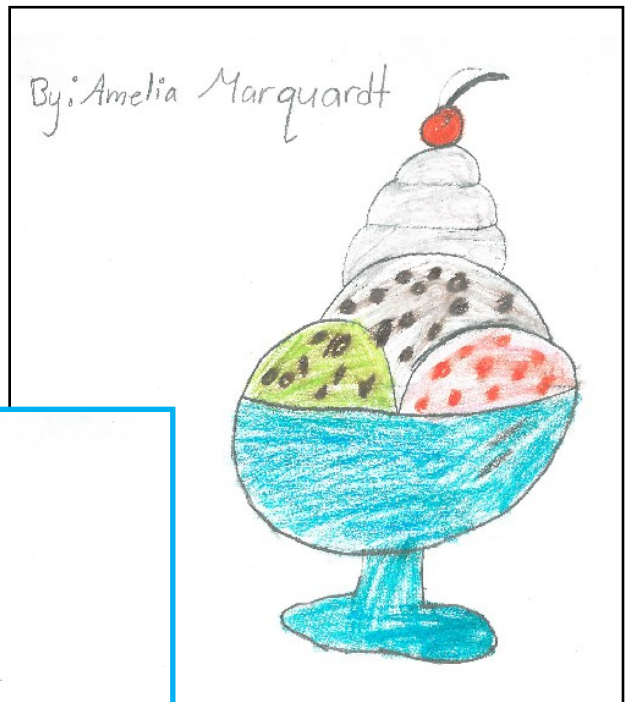
By Quentin Howell



By Lilly Fansler



Artwork by
Amelia Marquardt

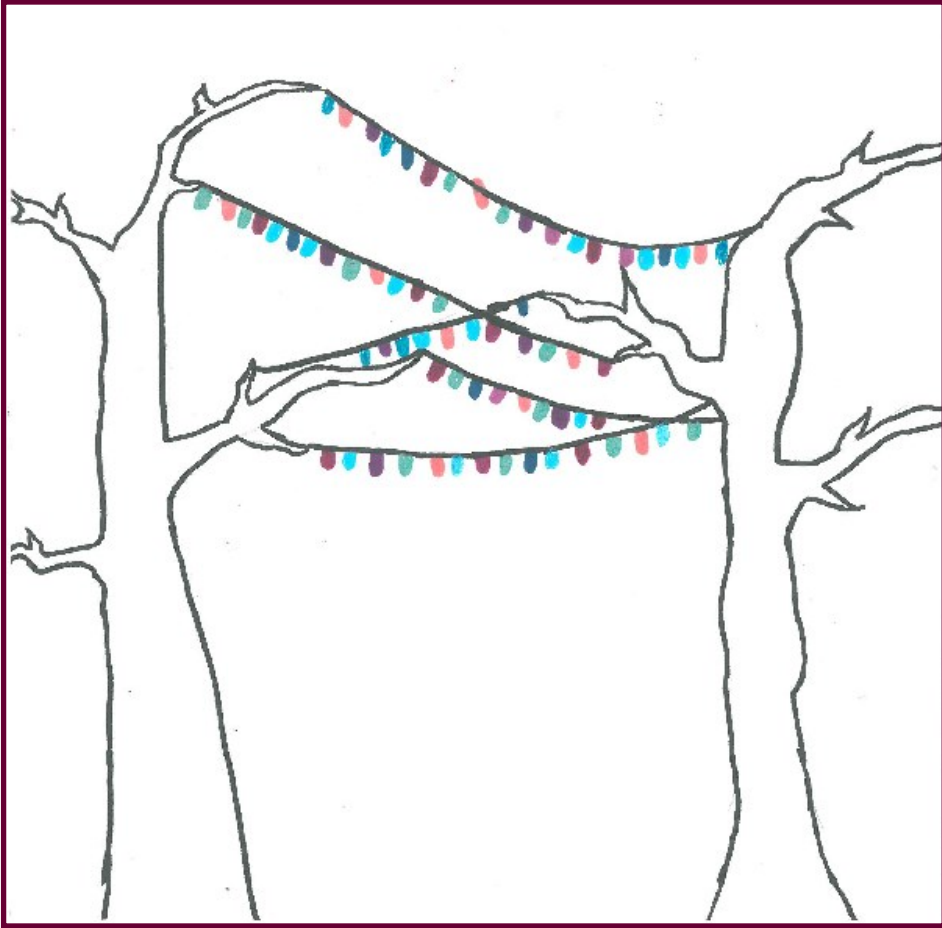




By Raleigh Ring



By Hannah Meckes



By Raleigh Ring



By Lilly Fansler

Photography



Photos by Isabella Coe



Photos by Hannah Meckes



Butters in Mrs. Thomas's first grade classroom.



Left to Right: Lilly, Gary, Mrs. Otero, and Isabella





Photos by Isabella Coe



Lucy in Mrs. Adams' fourth grade classroom.

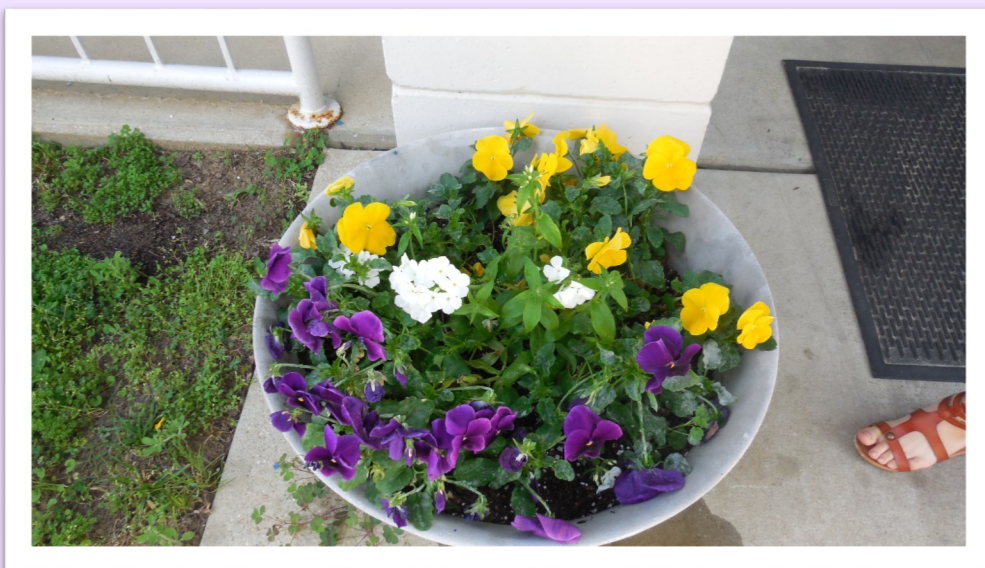


Hannah and Lucy.



Mikey in Mrs. Bottini's fourth grade classroom.

Photos by Katelyn Sears



Editorial Board Members and Contributors

Jacqueline Ard...



is a ten year old girl who loves glitter, puppies, memes, fashion, and of course, art.

Shawn Reeves...



likes making YouTube videos and gaming. He also likes Pokemon.

Isabella Coe...



is a caring, sweet, ten year old. She is in Mrs. Otero/Gordey's fourth grade class. She enjoys painting.

Raleigh Ring...



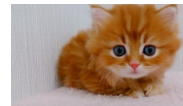
is a nine year old girl who has a name that can never be said and she loves her brother who will never love her back.

Lilly Fansler...



is sweet, caring, and smart. She likes dogs.

Katelyn Sears...



is a kind, sweet, girl who is very interested in reading and art. She lives on a farm with four dogs and three cats (and cows and donkeys).

Quentin Howell...



loves Five Nights at Freddy's and Bey Blades. He also enjoys watching YouTube and playing video games.

Hannah Meckes...



is ten years old and is in fourth grade in Mrs. Adams' class. She loves to act, play basketball, and do art. She loves dogs and white tigers.



By Hannah Meckes

Guest Contributors

Talia Duncan...



is an eleven year old girl in Mrs. Bryant's fifth grade class. She likes reading and writing and playing the piano. She also plays the cello.

Ava Beckham...



loves playing softball. She has two dogs named Ginger and Molly. Her favorite animals are dogs, horses, and dolphins. Yes, she knows her last name is the same as Odel Beckham.

Sammi Coulter...



loves playing softball. She owns a cat and two fish and a bearded dragon. She loves the beach. She hates spiders. She loves snakes and sharks. She is 4'3" (yes, she knows she's short). Her hair is longer than a ruler.

Amelia Marquardt...



is a nine year old girl who loves to draw and loves all animals, especially pandas.

Adam Peterson...



was born at 3:00am, August 1, 2007. He grew up as a gamer and reader. He has lived with dogs his whole life and enjoys training, playing and walking with them. He also writes three comic series and loves drawing and writing.

Jillian Schrader...



has a baby sister, loves to read and loves animals.

Vanessa Yunussova...



is an eleven year old girl who loves art and is almost a second degree black belt in Taekwondo. She also has a sister in Ms. Vasquez's class named Mia. Her homeroom teacher is Mr. Kenton.



Photo by Katelyn Sears

