

The Raven's Quill



Rooftop School Literary Magazine
Spring 2012 - Volume 3

THE RAVEN'S QUILL

Welcome, Readers!

Rooftop's Literary Magazine, "The Raven's Quill", was developed to showcase the writing of our talented Rooftop students. Within the covers of this magazine, we hope to reflect the inner thoughts, private dreams and wild imaginations of our creative student body. Each of these student entries has been submitted by their teachers as reflective of the given theme or of particular literary value.

The theme for our third and final edition for this 2011-2012 school year is food and sustenance. This 28-page Spring edition of *The Raven's Quill* shows that Rooftop has an abundance of talented and expressive young writers.

Brazilian lyricist and novelist Paulo Coelho wrote, "We must never stop dreaming. Dreams provide nourishment for the soul, just as a meal does for the body." It is our hope that your spirit will be nourished by our student poetry and prose. As this school year ends and vacation begins, may your days will be filled with savory summer reading with *The Raven's Quill*!



The Song of Who

I am a blue wave crashing
I am a quiet sea turtle swimming
I am a piece of kelp bitter but sweet
I am a music lover
I am a lover of R&B
I am small like a mouse
But I am big like a Himalayan Yeti
And so I figured out
Is this the song of who?

- by Olivia, 3rd Grade

My Song

My song is a bright red balloon
I can see me popping the balloon
And it makes a big pop
I hear the drums sweet noise fill my ears
I see a brown hamburger with a bright
white bun
My song sounds like breathing branches

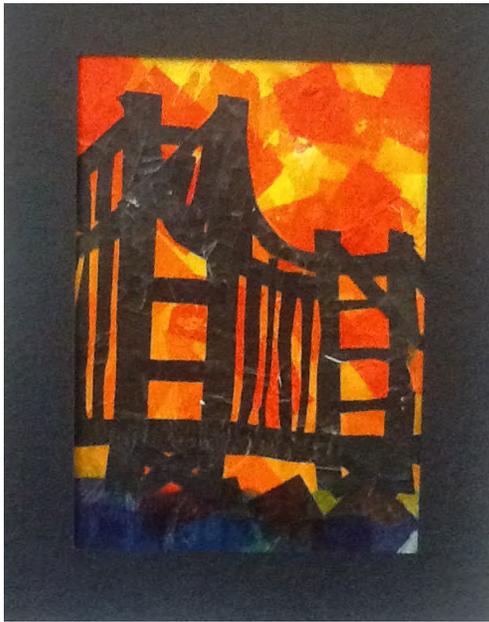
by Dylan, 3rd Grade

Mother Earth

Dear Earth, I hope people respect you
They don't respect you like they did
They don't respect you like they did
I look up, I see you Earth
I look up, I see you Earth
I look down, I see you too

Dear Earth, I hope people respect you

- by Elena, 3rd Grade



GOLDEN GATE

I'm big, old and wise.
I feel the people walking on me.
I'm 75 year old.
I feel the sea.
I feel the fog.
I'm beautiful and I'm 75 year old.
I'm big, but I'm strong.
I'm covered with paint.
My name is the Golden Gate.

- by Justin, 3rd Grade

I THINK...

You are great
for you are the gate to the golden state
Every day when I think of you
I know that in a way you are thinking of me too!
You help us in many ways
and every day I think of how all those people used to say you couldn't be built
but you stood up high and didn't even tilt!
You are the Golden Gate Bridge!

- by Raquel, 3rd Grade

WHAT I THINK OF YOU

You are 8,981 feet long
and I hear your lonely song,
why don't they build another bridge to keep you company?
I hear the cars race across you,
some of the cars are very new
and some of the cars are very old
but they are all very bold,
why aren't you gold?
you are called The Golden Gate Bridge
I've looked up to you since I was born, ever since I believed in unicorns,
you stay strong when it rains,
you stay strong when you have pains
that's why I love you so much

- by Annie, 3rd Grade

“I Am” Poems by Ms. Louis’s Class

I Am A Good Friend

I am a good friend.
I wonder how many friends I will have.
I hear my parents talking.
I see dew drops on trees when I am playing with my friend.
I want love with my family
I am a caring girl.

I pretend I am the best sister ever.
I feel good when my parents are calm and nice.
I touch and hug my parents when I am sad.
I worry that I might get in a big fight with a good friend.
I cry if my mom goes somewhere far away.
I am a nice sister.

I understand if a good friend doesn’t like me.
I say maybe one day we’ll get along
I dream of being a designer.
I try to make more friends by playing with them
I hope I will be a good person.

- by W.B., 2nd Grade

The Nature’s Wind

I am an adventurous child.
I wonder why I can’t sleep.
I hear the wind howling at the beach.
I see the moon glowing in the night.
I want to have friends that live underwater.
I am a curious girl.

I pretend to be happy when I am sad.
I feel like a chirping bird soaring in the sky.
I touch my baby brother’s soft, little, cold hands.
I worry about my mom’s neck surgery.
I cry when I think of death.
I am a creative eight-year-old girl.

I understand that surgery can be difficult.
I say awful curse words when I am scared.
I dream the most terrible dreams.
I try to be as calm as I possibly can.
I hope someday wars and fights will stop.
I am Klara.

- by Klara, 2nd Grade

I Am

I am playing at recess.
I wonder if I'm a fast runner.
I hear kids laughing, screaming and playing.
I see kids playing with balls.
I want to run faster than everyone.

I pretend I'm playing at the park.
I feel happy when I ride my bike.
I touch my handlebars.
I worry that I might fall off.
I cry when I hit the ground.
I am an excellent bicyclist.

I understand I can't play all the time.
I say I have to do some work.
I dream that I could keep playing.
I try to be a good kid.
I hope that soon I could keep playing.
I am a happy kid because I like to be nice.

- by T.E., 2nd Grade

I Am A Great Athlete

I am a gifted tennis player.
I wonder how much my score will be.
I hear the rushing of the cool wind in my face.
I see the light-green ball down the court.
I want to win the tennis match.
I am a fast sprinter.

I pretend I am better than I am at soccer.
I feel like a bird with the wind in my face.
I touch my yellow jersey.
I worry that I will lose the game.
I cry when I get hurt.
I am a great soccer player.

I understand that it is not easy to play piano.
I say encouraging words in my head to help me.
I dream to be a better pianist someday.
I try to play the piano as best I can.
I hope that I will keep playing.

- by C.B., 2nd Grade

The Poem of Me

I wonder what another galaxy is like
I hear the wind blowing in the trees.
I see the trees swinging.
I want to travel in space.
I am a collector of many things.

I pretend I am a basilisk.
I feel like I am running faster than
everyone.
I touch the ground when I am worried.
I worry that I will die very early.
I cry when I'm sad.
I am a dreamer.

I understand nothing is perfect.
I say that I will live to over 100.
I dream that I will be a rocket
scientist.
I try not to cry.
I hope I can find a new dinosaur bone.
I am a collector.

- by I.K., 2nd Grade

The Sun, The Moon and Me

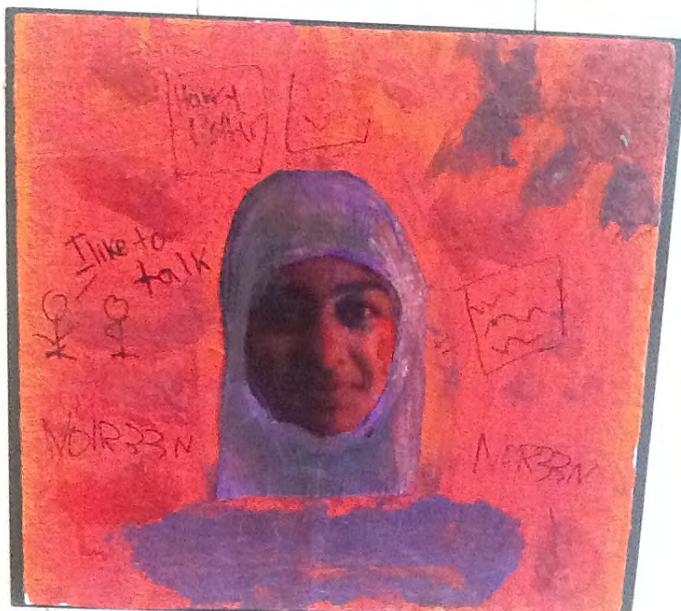
I am myself.
I wonder when the sun comes up.
I hear the swashing of the misty wind.
I see the blue sky.
I want to touch the bright moon.
I am very smart.

I pretend there is nothing better than
the sun or the moon.
I feel tired when the moon comes up.
I touch the hands of my family when I
hug them.
I worry that the sun or the moon will
disappear.
I cry when I am sad.
I am everything to my family.

I understand I am not perfect.
I say everything is good.
I dream about being a really good
person.
I try to be good.
I hope everything will be fine.

- by N.B., 2nd Grade

Below: Art by Noreen



A Response to “Yoko”

by Ms. Winship’s Kindergarteners - Room 3

“Yoko” is a story about a cute little Japanese Cat who brings sushi to school for the “International Festival” (sound familiar?) but other animals in the class make fun of her offering. The kids in Room 3 Kindergarten couldn’t understand why anyone would make fun of a different food, and especially delicious sushi! We went to Japan Town on a field trip, made a sweet Japanese treat called “mochi” and loved it. Then with Miki, our ceramics teacher, we made sushi plates in the form of fish, with big eyes that could hold ginger or soy sauce. Then we wrote about our favorite foods....if you tally up the sushi, you will find out the favorite food: chicken nuggets (Alejandro),sushi (A.R.), pizza (Ander), apples and bananas (Andrea),gogurt (Ashton), sushi and macaroni (Cameron), grapes an blood oranges (Dahlia), macaroni, peas and cheese (Dylan), bowl of mac and cheese (Elita), sushi and chicken nuggets (E.M.), sushi and cheese (Grekko), gogurt and honey from a beehive (Iris), chicken and sushi (Isabella), macaroni and sushi (Jack), crackers (Jamel), fruit (Jessica), macaroni and cheese, chicken nuggets, sushi and pizza (Joshua), sushi (Milo), bananas and peaches (Robby), pizza (Shade), strawberries (Vanessa), cookies (Zane). For Room 3, sushi rules!



Paradise

The feather of hope
Floats off to the sky
Crying Tears of joy
And covering the earth
With pieces of golden dewdrops of love
Filling empty souls
With abundances of happiness
To last a lifetime
To make lost dreams
And thoughts
Be welcomed
To
Paradise

- by Frankie, 4th Grade

Sunset

I look out my window
And see the calm blue ocean
The blazing sunset is
Like a pathway to a better life
Have people been here before me?
I hear my ancestors whispering
Thoughtful words in the breeze
And they echo in my heart and
Soul memories and flashbacks
Dance in front of me
My fears and feelings start
To attack I get on my knees
I feel tears in my eyes but then it
Starts to rain just as I start to
Cry every thing is black
Then I see the light my mind says
No but my soul says yes
So I see the door I open it
And I'm in paradise but that
Will have to wait

- by Ruby, 4th Grade

I won't worry my life away

Fireworks boom in front of my eyes.
The freeway moves fast but
I'm as slow as a snail.
I close my eyes but
my worries won't go away.
I can't turn away for
my life is right in front of me.
My freedom ring
glistened with the sun.
I have to work my way up
not go deeper.
The diseases and
poison will not scare me away
The night is dark but
the sun will still shine.

- by G.P., 4th Grade

THIS IS MY YEAR

THIS IS THE YEAR FOR ME
THIS IS THE YEAR
FOR CHANGE
THE YEAR WE ALL WORK
TOGETHER
TO CHANGE THE EARTH
THIS IS THE YEAR TO GO TO
A NEW SCHOOL
TO MAKE NEW FRIENDS
THIS MAY BE THE YEAR YOU
LOSE A FAMILY MEMBER
YOUR MOTHER OR FATHER
IN A WAR
CHEER UP YOUR FRIENDS
WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER
THIS MAY BE THE YEAR YOU
FALL IN LOVE
THIS YEAR RIGHT NOW
I'M WRITING
THIS POEM

- by Bianca, 4th Grade

There's Only So Much Time

The clock is ticking
There's only so much time
before the earth warms up
and the wind becomes still

There's only so much time
before the flower falls
and I kick off my sheets

There's only so much time
before the water rises
and all the life disappears

There's only so much time
before the sky grows dark
and the creature takes its last
breath
There's only so much time

- by Violet, 4th Grade

Short Story

The laughter and the humiliation
Just because I wasn't as tall
The jokes that stung like a wasp
My rage and frustration
How loud, oh how loud it was
I knew what to do
But it wasn't right
Then I remembered
That I had a friend by my side
She wasn't short or small like me
There was no help except for her
I decided and waited
She stood up and protected
For I had a short story

- by Bella, 4th Grade

The Raven

The Raven of Rooftop
flies high in the sky,
over twin peaks
it's a mystery he seeks.

- by Felix, 5th Grade

And It Continued Again

The earth is being destroyed
by plastic, chemicals, and muck
for humans keep making and making
but the making never goes away

In the middle of what was a forest
there lies a factory
making plastic bags
many of which would continue to destroy

A man bought some groceries
which came in a plastic bag
but once the man left the bag on the
ground
the danger began

A bird picked it up in its beak
and carried it away
but it got caught in the handles
and began to fall astray

It choked and started to die
and it landed on a beach
and after it had rotted away
the bag got caught in the wind
and landed in the sea

It sank to the bottom
and a dolphin decided it was food
and once again its snout
was captured and it wriggled away

It was dying and then decomposed away
then a turtle ate the bag
and it continued again

- by Julian, 4th Grade

I Speak For

I speak for the birds who eat plastic and die.
I speak for the sea turtles closing their eyes ready for peace.
I speak for the ocean which is getting more polluted every day.
I speak for the ocean life clinging on to life.
I speak for the trees which are being cut down.
I speak for the animals which are dying out.
I speak for the streams turning to plastic.
I speak for the fish breathing their last breath.
I speak for the overheating planet.
I speak for earth, the planet with only a few chances left
I speak for life.

- by Owen B., 4th Grade

ROOFTOP'S TRUE BLUE ANGELS



In 2011-2012, Rooftop's True Blue Angel's "Save the Wave" recycling campaign collected and kept these items out of landfill:

3,098 Drink Pouches
183 Elmer's glue
107 Ink cartridges
1,817 Ziploc bags

We are also collecting used toothbrushes & toothpaste tubes, dental floss containers, old cell phones and digital cameras. Terracycle.net helps us turn our trash into cash.

Our students earned enough to sponsor a sea turtle nest in El Salvador through Fabien Cousteau's Plant A Fish. We hatched 60 olive ridley sea turtles!

We invite you to save your recyclables over summer and send them into the computer lab when the new school year starts.

My Orange

My orange looks like a basketball,
smells tangy,
hearing the crackling sound
makes me want to taste its juicy pulp,
touching the slimy pulp makes me want to eat another one,
My orange.

- by Ali, 5th Grade

A Chair

A Chair is hard, and you sit on it.
Many schools and homes have a chair. It is very normal.
You sit on a chair when you're tired sometimes. A chair
has many uses.

- by Garlen, 5th Grade

The Sad Past

From the back of the bus,
I see the bad horrible things that Kony
and other bad leaders have done to Africa.

From the front of the bus,
I can see Kony getting arrested and
the Ugandan children getting set free
from killing and violence.

From the back of the bus,
I see my grandma worried,
packing in a small suitcase
to go to the Japanese internment camps.

From the front of the bus,
I can see people never having to go
to any internment camps again.

From the back of the bus,
I can see my grandpa getting hit by shrapnel.
I can see a horrible and sad past
which is now getting better and happier
in the front of the bus.

-by Cole, 4th Grade

The Day We Arrived

The day we arrived at
Valley of the Moon was
the best day of my life.
The sky was blue just for us.
Yellow rays of sunlight
filled my heart with happiness.
The smells of trees and
different kinds of grasses
made me want to think
the trip was going to be great -
I was right.

- by Annie, 5th Grade

The Mountain

As I hike up the lonely mountain, I remember
I breathe in the cool crisp mountain air
I'm a city kid
The air isn't like this back home
I take a break and sit under an immense, beautiful redwood
I wonder how old it is
As I sit I am silent
I listen to the sounds of songbirds and chattering crickets
I then look up
A bald-headed eagle soars and rolls through the air
It seems free
It's chocolate brown wings unfold as
they slice through the warm air
The eagle's fierce eyes glance down at me for just a second
Then it's gone

- by Eli, 5th Grade

The Six Flags Roller Coaster

I remember the Six Flags Roller Coaster;
The shaking of the car as I was loaded in,
the rumble of the tracks as I was lifted up.
My stomach lurching forward as I was dropped,
the feeling in my chest as I zoomed down.
The winds whistling in my ears as I sped past,
and a blur of yellow and red as I took a curve.
I remember the Six Flags Roller Coaster.

- by Joley, 5th Grade

Elegies by 6th Grade

Trayvon Martin

Feel the pain, feel the hurt
A mother's heart lies in the dirt
Her child slain for no good reason
With the boom of a gun
Racism the cause for an innocent life taken
He had no right to shoot a boy, why can't people awaken
It isn't fair that the shooter walked away because he was the law
What the police officer did was the last straw
To judge a boy with misconceptions and bigotry
Police you are supposed to protect, not kill at will
Now a mother cries alone at night
Her soul drowning like the rivers
Fast and furious, a life fallen
Stand up for justice
Stand up for the innocent
Stand up for Trayvon Martin!

-by Michelle, 6th Grade

An Ode to a Special Friend

When I think of my "special friend",
An image comes to mind.
An image that shows kindness,
Boldness, and humor in its eyes.
A bird, a white bird.
Its eyes shimmer with sadness.
It's always smiling.
It soars free as ever at day.
Past its chains and cage.
At night, it's shaded with shadows,
and trapped, locked up in a cage.

- by Joni, 6th Grade

Empathy

I see the pain in your eyes,
The pain is deep,
You've been through so much,
I just want the best for you.
It's hard for me to understand.

by Andy H., 6th Grade

The following stories were written as sequels to John Boyne's book, The Boy in the Striped Pajamas.

Who Was Shmuel's Mother?

- by Matthew, 6th Grade

Diana, Shmuel's mother was a very clever person. It was how she had escaped the clutches of the Nazi soldiers that had captured her and her family. She knew that her husband and Father were no longer alive. She knew this because others had told her that close to zero of the people that went on the forced marches returned to tell the tale of what had happened to them. She had seen her Father and her Husband go on such a march. They didn't come back. But what had happened to her dear son Shmuel? That was the exact thought that she was thinking when she saw a woman being dragged away by Nazi soldiers when she had tried to escape. The horrible scene that she was watching reminded her of her own, when she had tried to escape, and had accomplished that very task.

She remembered seeing smoke up in the blue sky, the dark, black smoke blotting out the pretty blue sky. After seeing the smoke she asked a Nazi soldier what was burning and making the smoke.

The man had just simply said "People, and tomorrow, you." The soldier had said gruffly.

That statement had shook her to her very core. She then asked him what she could do to avoid that terrible, fate, and the man said that he could give her a tattoo that dignified her as a labor worker if she wanted it. She then immediately agreed and received that tattoo, which burned the skin on her hand, and hurt very much. A few minutes after that particular incident, the other women that she slept in the same cabin with were sent on a forced march by their Nazi captors. They were never seen inside the concentration camp again.

A couple days into working for slave labor, she was already extremely tired and exhausted from all the work that she had done and what her group still had to do. She was so exhausted she then collapsed on the hard ground and lay unconscious for several long hours. The Nazi soldiers in her group had believed her to be to dead or close to death so they had just left her to die on the ground and they believed that they were going to go back for her body later. She would have died if one thought had not popped into her head, and had relit the fire, which gave her that strong will to live. The thought was one single word that she cared about and loved so much in her life: Shmuel. What had happened to her son that she loved so much? Is he okay? Is he even alive to begin with? She swore to her self that she would find out what had happened to her dear son Shmuel. She then forced herself to get up and walk into the forest where she then nursed her wounds that she had received.

She then woke with a start of uncertainty. She had not realized that she had fallen asleep on the forest floor where she now lay. It was daylight, but you could hardly call

it that. There was a huge storm brewing up. There was water everywhere and it was still raining unbelievably hard. There was barely any light at all that you could see with. She saw a man on the road with the Nazi emblem on his outfit. He looked at the ground to where she lay the night before she regained the will to continue living and search for her son Shmuel. She could have sworn then and there that she heard him say, "So you are still alive," even though the wind was very strong and you could barely hear your own voice, let alone another person's. She was now wide awake and lay there staring-at the man walking back to the concentration camp.

Diana found some women's clothes and although they were quite tattered and dirty she put them on (they were also a little big on her). The clothes that she had found had the Nazi emblem on the shoulders as well. After she had put the clothes on she then proceeded to walk into the *woman's* concentration camp. None of the Nazi soldiers that were there stopped her because they were more concerned about the Jews getting out, not going in. They also thought that no Jew would dare sneak into the concentration camp.

She stayed at the concentration camp for a couple weeks, posing as a woman Nazi soldier. After letting and making sure that the Nazi soldiers believed that she was one of them she asked for directions to the *men's* concentration camp. The man that she asked said to "Go out to the entrance, turn right, and walk for about a mile and half to get to the other concentration camp" as he plainly put it. She then walked the mile and a half to the other concentration camp, encountering about a dozen other people going in between the two awful camps. The people that she passed seemed so happy even though the work that they're doing to innocent people that had done nothing to them is so horrible she thought to herself. About 15 minutes later she arrived at the other concentration camp. She walked around the camp for a bit, noticing that it looked very similar to the other concentration camp, except that it was a little bit larger. She knew that in the other concentration camp the headquarters was in the middle of the camp so she then proceeded to the middle of the camp. It was there that she found a building that was about two stories tall, made of a grey-white rock, and there seemed to be a lot of people going in and out of the building. She walked in the building and asked a man behind a desk if she could see the records of all the people that they had here. The man that she asked said to go upstairs and ask for someone named Jim Brown. The named seemed familiar to Diana but she could not remember why. She went up the stairs leading to the second floor and asked a security guard for the man named Jim Brown. The security guard said to wait here. The security guard came back some minutes later and led her to the man named Jim Brown. Jim Brown was a person that she had gotten to know at the woman's concentration camp.

He then asked in a very polite tone looking her in the eyes "What records would you like to see, Diana?"

She also answered in a polite tone saying "Boys, 9 years old."

He then said "Okay" and started digging through some big, huge, metal filing cabinets until he found a huge stack of papers that he then handed to Diana. He then went back to his office after he said "Please give those papers back to me after you are done looking at them."

After he had gone, she looked carefully at each page. On the 14th page she found a picture of Shmuel. She knew that it was Shmuel because she could recognize her son's face anywhere. Next to the picture, it said **currently alive, cabin 19, planned to be killed January 19, 1939**. She then asked Jim Brown what the date was because she could not remember anything because she was stricken with fear about what or could be happening to Shmuel right now. Jim Brown then said that it was January, 19, 1939. She then said to herself "Oh no, I'm too late."

Jim Brown replied by saying "Too late for what ma'am"

"Oh nothing that you have to worry about Jim," she said quietly, almost to herself. She then proceeded to run down the stairs to the ground level where she yelled at a man "Where is cabin 19?!" The man said "Go left and for about a quarter of a mile, and you should see the cabins, you'll be able to tell which from which because they each have little silver numbers on the front," he said in a very slow and steady voice, as if making sure that he had the right answer. She then proceeded to run to the left to where the man said the cabins were rammed open the one that had the number 19 on the front. She went inside the cabin expecting a lot of people but there was no one inside the now empty cabin. She was too late.

Diana then ran outside to where she asked a man where the inhabitants of cabin 19 were. The man told her that they were going off to be "showered". She did not understand what the man meant but she knew that it was not good. She left the man where he was, chuckling. She then asked another man the same question. This man said that they were going to the north fence where they would be gassed and killed. Diana then started sprinting to where the man said the north fence was. The words that she was thinking were "I hope that I am not too late to save my son," As she arrived at the fence she saw a group of people in striped pajamas walking away on the other side of the fence, surrounded by a group of about ten Nazi soldiers. She yelled at the man closing the gate saying "Can you please let me in?"

The man then replied in return by saying "I'm sorry ma'am authorized personnel only." Then the man walked away from the fence to another group of people, who started laughing away with him about killing more Jewish people in their homemade "showers" of theirs.

After she was sure that everyone in the area was gone, she silently tried to pick the lock that was on the fence. The whole entire process took about twenty minutes. She

was almost caught twice when other soldiers came around. The first time it was a Nazi soldier that was patrolling the area that she was in. She barely heard his footsteps in the soft mud before she hid behind a tree. The man just simply walked past the tree that she was hiding behind. She kept hiding behind the tree for a couple minutes in case the man came back around.

The second time it was a group of drunken Nazi soldiers, going around the concentration camp. The men weren't quiet at all, but were yelling and laughing with each other. They appeared to be quite drunk and quickly left the area where she was located. She then quickly unlocked the fence. She closed the fence and then quickly relocked it from the other side of the fence. She walked down the road to where the people in the striped pajamas were. By now it was almost nighttime. it was still raining, and she could barely see her own hand. She started running down the road. She kept running down the road and met no group of people. But she did meet the wet, hard rock of a warm building. "At least he's safe from the cold" she thought to herself. She then heard a strange metal sound and then lots of people screaming. "No!" she thought to herself.

But then behind her, a man said "So you are the escaped Jewish woman." The man had a pin on his outfit that said "Commandant". She was then shot and killed by the men behind the "Commandant." So ended the life of Diana, Shmuel's loving mother and last alive family member. So ends a family amount hundreds of thousands that were killed during the Holocaust.

The Boy in the Striped Pajamas

Part Two

By Rose, 6th Grade

Mike Evens walked into class prepared for another lesson how important subjects and predicts are.

"Hey Mike!" Mike's best friend Erik called out to him.

"Shut up!" hissed Mike to Erik because he knew how bad Ms. Holoway's detentions were.

"Teacher's pet." whispered Mike's other best friend Jackie as he sat down next to her. Mike just shrugged with a slight grin in response.

"Okay class!" boomed Ms. Holoway. "Today-" Mike began to buzz off into I'm not listening because your boring mode- "we are going to begin our process into our new novel." The whole class groaned except for Mike who was still in his I'm not listening because you're boring mode. "I think your all old and mature enough for us to read as a class The Diary of Anne Frank."

Mike suddenly sat bolt upright in surprise.

"Ms. Holoway," the know-it-all Mindy said, "Don't you think that kind of material will... upset *some* people in this class." She stretched out the word some, and turned right around to face Mike. Mike could suddenly feel his face grow hot, so he began scribbling on his desk.

"Well, I'm sure no one is ashamed of their history here, but if anyone feels they can't read this book please raise their hand." Mike could feel all the classes eyes on him,, so naturally he didn't raise his hand, and kept scribbling away, "I guess that settles it," said a satisfied Ms. Holoway. "Jackie can you hand out these papers." Jackie gave Mike a concerned glance then hurried to pass around the papers.

For the rest of class Ms. Holoway taught the class about what happened through out the world during WWII, but Mike didn't listen he just continued to scribble away on his desk.

"Hey, Mike are you okay?" Jackie asked in her soft, calming voice after class was dismissed.

"Yeah I'm fine." Mike said truing his best to look truthful.

"Dude, no you're not," Erik said as he walked up to them," I know how you get, when you're upset you draw."

Mike continued to try to look truthful and innocent, not entirely succeeding.

"Listen., if anyone says anything to or about you, you just come over to us and we'll all teach them a lesson. Alright?"

"Yeah okay." replied Mike feeling slightly better, but he then glanced up at the clock and ran to the door with Jackie and Erik right behind him,

January 19,1944
Auschwitz, Hut 2

Shmuel runs off to the fence every day now, claiming he like the alone time. I can't blame him, I wish I had a place of my own besides this old bunk I share with Papa which I guess doesn't count because I share it. Maybe tomorrow go with Shmuel so we can have a nice brother to brother talk. I can't remember having one of those since

before we got here. Still I don't think I should go, I don't want to take his only place for sanity away from him. Oh well I wish this place didn't smell so bad.

March 15, 2012
Lunch Time, the Lunch Line

As he walked slowly to the front of the line, Mike thought about second period. Ms. Holoway talked about what happened in Germany during WWII. She talked about how the Nazis greeted and said goodbye to each other, she talked about what they called their great leader, and finally she explained about how the Nazis treated the Jews. She talked about their means of prejudice, torture, and extermination.

"Do you want a hot dog?" the lunch lady asked Mike in her monotone voice. "No thank you." Mike politely replied as he slid down the lunch line aisle with his red tray.

As Mike finished getting his lunch he tried around to go sit at his usual lunch table with Jamie and Erik when he heard something that made his face get red and angry and his stomach twist. "Do that again Alex!" someone laughed, gasping for air. "Okay!" the boy named Alex replied, giddy with the attention. He raised his right arm straight in the air and shouted in a deep voice, "Hail Hitler!" Then before Mike could see anymore, he ran from the cafeteria leaving his red, plastic lunch tray and food in a messy heap on the floor.

May 4, 1944
Auschwitz, Outside Hut 2

I am all alone. I've known Papa was gone for a while now, but know Shmuel has been missing for almost a week. I miss him so much. I miss singing Mama's favorite lullaby to him. I miss his smile that he used where every day before we came here. I miss him so much. When is this going to end? The Commandant has been very confused and angry lately, he's working us even harder than usual. My hut is now down to 23 people because so many have died from tiredness and hunger. I want to leave this place however it's possible.

March 17, 2012
English, Second Period

"Alright class, as you all know I told you to write your perspective papers on what you think it was like to be a prisoner in Auschwitz for homework last night." Ms. Holoway said, "Now I'm going to call on a few of you to read yours."

One or two people raised their hand and Ms. Holoway called on them until she just started picking people at random. "Urn, how about you Mike." Mike looked up then waded up to the front of the class and began,

"My great grandfather was a survivor from Auschwitz"

*death camp. He had a little brother named Shmuel,
a caring father, and a loving mother.”*

Deathly silence from the whole class.

*“He was from Poland, and lived above his father’s
watch making shop. Then WWII began.”*

Mike continued his great grandfather’s sad tale of how he was separated from his mother when he first arrived at Auschwitz. How his father was then gassed a year later and then how his little brother was gassed just a few months before they were released.

*“At the beginning of the war my great grandfather thought he had anything he needed,
at the end he had nothing.”*

There was deathly silence around the room again. Then Ms. Holoway stood up from her chair and said, “Thank you Mike, I think you have taught us all a something valuable.” Mike simply nodded his head, sat down, and started to scribe on his desk.

The End.

Sequel to The Boy in the Striped Pajamas

By Queenie, 6th Grade

After Mother found out that Bruno wasn’t waiting for her at the foot of their house in Berlin, she and Father decided to alert the authorities. They asked whether they noticed Bruno disappearing often or whether he had hinted he wanted to run away. They also asked if he ever did anything odd or say anything odd. “No.” said Mother. “Wait!!!! Bruno once said he had an imaginary friend that he always played with. He also said his friend’s grandfather was missing and he couldn’t find him. His friend’s father apparently was a watchmaker. Do you think he befriended a Jew?” Gretel said alarmed. “Hmm... that might be possible, but when would he be able to see him?” said the police officer. “Well, he has been disappearing, but I would always find him and he would always have a perfectly good reason.” Said Mother. “Think about it!!! My son, befriending a Jew?! You are insane surely!” boomed Father. “Sir, we will consider the possibilities and if anything comes up as a theory we will tell you immediately.” said the police. “Oh dear... What if Bruno did friend a Jew? What if this Jew led him to death? Oh where are my sherrries?” exclaimed Mother. “Calm down. We will find Bruno,” said Father. “Calm down? Calm down?! Are you mad? Ever since you had this

job, all you've done is cause our family pain and sadness! How can I possibly be calm when my little boy could be dead or starving!!!!" cried Mother. "Mother, please. How can we find Bruno if we can't even do anything, but argue?" soothed Gretel. "I guess you are right."

Said Mother. "Go to your room! This is an adult conversation not including you!!! Now!" yelled Father. Gretel went to her room. The next day someone knocked on the door. It was the police with a new theory. "We believe your son went into the camp and within the time limit you gave us matched exactly with the time your gas chamber was in use. So in conclusion, we believe your son was gassed," the police said. "How can that be possible?" sobbed Mother. "Madam, I know it may be hard to accept, but it is the truth. Your son is in fact dead." said the police officer calmly. "You may leave now," said Father lifelessly. Mother, Father, and Gretel just merely sat there skipping lunch and dinner, accepting that they would no longer see Bruno. Gretel and Mother sat there, sobbing and crying uncontrollably, but Father had not said a word this whole time. Tears just made their way down his cheek silently without a noise. Maria noticed this and begged them to eat for they would not be doing Bruno any good sitting there, mourning for him. They obeyed, but ate in silence. No one slept that night. They tried to keep their minds off Bruno, but somehow their minds just kept drifting back to that thought. In the morning, Maria made them breakfast, but everyone just nibbled on it halfheartedly. In the afternoon, they entered Bruno's room. The very room Bruno came home to, to find Maria packing up his things in boxes. In the very house, Grandmother stormed out of. They just looked and did nothing at all. The house was very still, quiet, and everyone in it was sad or in despair for a long, long, long time.

Finally, Mother broke the ice, excusing herself for a walk. Gretel at once decided she wanted to go as well. So the two left, Father in that room asking himself what he had done. At last Mother and Gretel came back to a quiet, but most definitely not peaceful house. To make matters worse, Father had decided to cut himself while they were gone and would've lost his life if Maria hadn't discovered quickly enough. Dinner was tense.

In the middle of the meal, Mother started to sob. "What's wrong?" asked Father. "What's wrong? Are you so blind? Haven't you noticed our son is dead?!" shouted Mother. "I've noticed." Father said simply. This was all he had to say.

The next morning, when Father came down he saw Mother, Gretel, and Maria all packed and ready to go. "What is happening?" demanded Father. "Well, we are leaving this place. It was fine before you had the ignorant pain over to dinner! I knew he was a rascal the first time I laid eyes on, but you were like "no, he's a great leader". Now look! We lost our son! You got taken off your position after all and the "great leader" betrayed you. Now look at us again! We are in Berlin, finally, and we are still arguing! Do you see what that man has done to us?" screamed Mother. "Uh.

Yes, but he still helping our country!” Father shot back at Mother. “So you don’t see. He is killing innocent people!! Open your eyes! Do you not see the war? That is what caused us this horrible economy! Our government caused us this, by spending too much and devoting too much to the war! Now we are leaving!” said Mother very emotionally. Father stood there dumbfounded. Never had he dreamed. His wife and daughter would leave him. With one last look at her house her husband, Mother loaded Gretel, herself, and Maria into the car waiting for them.

They rode for miles until they crossed the border into Europe and out of Germany. These were hours full of memories and crying. Gretel remembered when she’d teased Bruno on multiple occasions, talked to Bruno, and all her good times with Father and in the house in Berlin. Gretel sorely missed those days where her world was worry free or without fear. Mother thought about her wedding day and how the man she agreed to marry was thoughtful, kind and loving. She remembered him promising her to hear her thoughts and never do anything she didn’t agree with him on and how he kept that promise for years. Now he had turned the total opposite of that and even became more of a disgrace to her. When she had Bruno and Gretel he promised to take good care of them, but he really let her down on this one. Not only did he break his promise, but he caused Bruno to die! This thought really angered her and she started to shred paper madly. Maria remembered the man that pulled her through tough times and helped her. She remembered Bruno saving she was part of the family even though his father said otherwise. Maria wondered what had happened to this man. Whatever it was, it was turning him into an evil man. Gretel nudged Mother to get her attention. “Why did Father do these things?” asked Gretel in a quiet voice. “I wish I knew. Maybe he thought...” Mother trailed off. “Maybe what?” Gretel asked in an eager voice. “Honestly, I don’t know anymore.” whispered Mother. Then they fell silent again, each in deep trances of thought. Gretel really didn’t understand why her father had done so horrible things or why she once supported it. All she knew was it was going to get better. At least that is what she hoped would happen in her future.

Back at the house in Berlin, Father was lost. He didn’t know what to do or how to do it. He just sat there at one point the phone rang from the “Fury”, but he ignored it, not really caring about the “Fury” or what he did. He walked slowly to his office and looked. He didn’t like what he saw, which was a uniform, a picture of him and the “Fury”, and chairs other soldiers once sat on. He suddenly realized if he hadn’t taken that job he would be living happily with his family and Bruno would be alive. It was all his fault. He cried, but no one was around to hear him. There he was, all alone in a five story house, crying, something he had never done before for something like this. He was depressed and hated himself.

In Europe, Mother, Gretel, and Maria moved into a fine house with two stories. This house was simple, yet it seemed to fit the threesome. There were three rooms for each of them and two bathrooms on the top floor and on the bottom floor there

was the kitchen and the living room. They found they liked this new lifestyle better than the old one. However, all of them sorely missed Bruno.

One day Gretel and Maria came home from the market to find Mother talking to Bruno. They immediately took her to the hospital, the doctors said she had a hallucination and she needed to take this special medicine in order for it to go away. Weeks went by, but there was no sign that this medicine actually worked, instead Mother seemed even more paranoid than before. Maria and Gretel took Mother to the hospital again. This time the doctor said Mother was slowly going insane and that there was no way to cure it. They were shocked. "My dear, how was your play date with Daniel, Martin, and what's his name?" Mother asked her fake Bruno. She was hallucinating again.

Above her, in heaven, was Bruno watching her. He wondered what she was doing. Shmuel was having a reunion with his dad, grandfather, and his mom. Bruno wondered where his Father was. During their time in heaven, Bruno and Shmuel had asked around trying to figure out what had happened to them. So far no one knew the answer. Then a miraculous breakthrough happened, they asked Shmuel's parents. They said they were gassed, but they didn't get it. "What?" they asked. "That's when the soldiers put you in a chamber that rains this type of chemical that makes you die." said Shmuel's father. "Oh..." said Bruno and Shmuel. "Hmm, you don't look like a Jew, Bruno." said Shmuel's father. "Oh I'm not," said Bruno. "Then why were you gassed?" Shmuel's father asked. This time it was Shmuel who said, "He was helping me look for you. So he crawled under the fence and put on striped pajamas and pretended to be a Jew." "Do your parents know of this?" asked Shmuel's father. "No, sir. They didn't know." said Bruno. Then they got distracted and there the conversation ended.

Ninety years later... Bruno was wandering around when he saw Mother, Gretel, Maria, and Father! They caught up on each other's life. Bruno asked, "Father, why are you here? The last time I saw Mother, Gretel, and Maria they were without you." "Bruno, they left me as soon as we were told you had died. When I died, they pleaded with Hades to send me to heaven so I could see you. At first Hades did not agree, but due to more pleading, he reluctantly agreed," said rather finishing his tale. Bruno proceeded to show them around heaven, his family stopped him. They wanted to hear what had happened to him. Therefore, he told them what happened. In the end Bruno's father started to yell at himself for bringing his family to "Out-With". After all the crying they met with Shmuel's family. Then the two families lived in heaven for the rest of their lives.

The End

The following essays, accompanied by student designs for the Nautilus patch contest, describe why these fourth graders think that it is important to explore and study life under the sea. The Nautilus is the mother ship that launches ROVs (remotely operated vehicles) under the ocean for scientific exploration.

Robert Ballard, the oceanographer who discovered the Titanic remains, developed the ship and the Nautilus program. The Nautilus crew will wear the winning patch design in 2013!

Nautilus 2012

- by Pascal, 4th Grade



Hello fellow adventurers! I want to tell you about the Nautilus ship that explores the shipwrecks of the sea. The Nautilus is a very high tech boat that launches tiny vessels that plunge into the dark depths of the ocean, and eventually to the bottom, searching for new history just waiting to be unearthed. It would be an honor for my badge to go along with the crew members of the Nautilus. I love to travel; and if I could go two miles under the sea's wild surf, and look at the Titanic at the same time, I don't know how I would explain my feelings!

I feel amazed that you can study the Titanic 100 years later, and begin to learn

what actually happened on April 14, 1912, at 11:40 pm., when the ship hit the iceberg. The Nautilus helped to make this happen. Robert Ballard and his crew, have helped to reenact that day through the use of computers and R.O.V.'s, or also known as, "remotely operated vehicles." They even named the first R.O.V.'s that helped find the Titanic and did the first research, "Alvin and Jay Jay." Now the new R.O.V.'s are named Hercules, and Argos. The new and improved machines are smaller, and can fit into tighter spaces, so they can go through more entrances, and find out even more!

My brother and I love all sorts of marine animals. To be under the sea with all of those shellfish, fish, whales, jellyfish, and other mammals, pinipeds, and phytoplankton, would be breath taking! It pretty much runs in my family to like ocean life. Not too long ago, my Dad went to Costa Rica to save Olive Ridley Turtles with his girlfriend, Jen. She also like marine animals and volunteers at the Marine Mammal Center in Marin, where we just took a field trip!

I was also inspired by the book by Jules Verne called, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. A favorite quote, which I agree with is, "*The sea is everything. It covers seven-tenths of the terrestrial globe. Its breath is pure and life-giving. It is an immense desert place where man is never lonely, for he senses the weaving of Creation on every*

hand. It is the physical embodiment of a supernatural existence... For the sea is itself nothing but love and emotion. It is the Living Infinite, as one of your poets has said. Nature manifests herself in it, with her three kingdoms: mineral, vegetable, and animal. The ocean is the vast reservoir of Nature." I totally believe the same as Jules Verne!

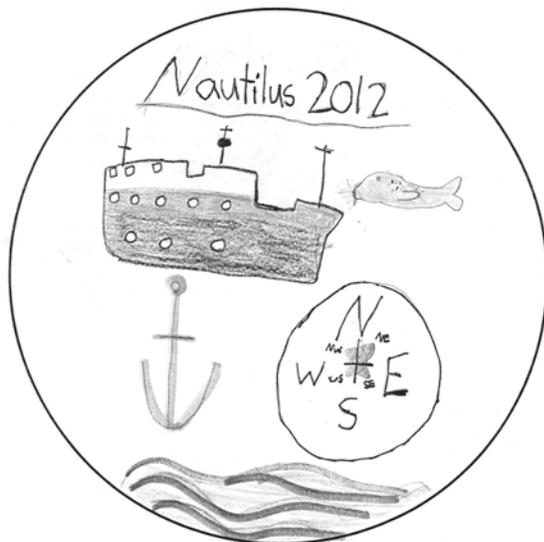
In the book, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, what was thought to be a sea monster, is actually a submarine called, "The Nautilus," which is kind of ironic. I wonder if not only the Nautilus shellfish; but also the submarine in the book inspired Robert Ballard to come up with the name for his awesome ship?

The history that has been unearthed by them is outstanding. I hope they continue to look for more important history. I wonder if they'll find another important piece of history that has never been found?

"They might discover a new species,
or even the lost city of Atlantis,
and if they get real lucky,
they might find an aquatic praying mantis!"

Nautilus 2012

- by Ryann, 4th Grade



If I could travel the sea I would go to the warm Pacific Ocean. I would play in the ocean, clean up our ocean and try to send a message about saving our oceans.

I would go scuba diving, look at beautiful coral and swim with the sea turtles and dolphins. I would look for new kinds of fish, crustaceans and coral. If I found anything I thought was new, I would report them to a scientist.

I would keep a look out for plastic. If I found some I would be sure to fish it out and throw it away to protect my friends that live in the ocean.

I think that it is important for everyone to know about the oceans and how they are slowly going to disappear. The oceans are disappearing because the sun is getting hotter. This will cause a total loss of our earth's oceans.

My school, Rooftop, has connections with a man named Dr. J. Nichols and we do a project called the Blue Marble Project with him. He sends us a lot of blue marbles and our computer teacher gives them to us. We are all supposed to give these

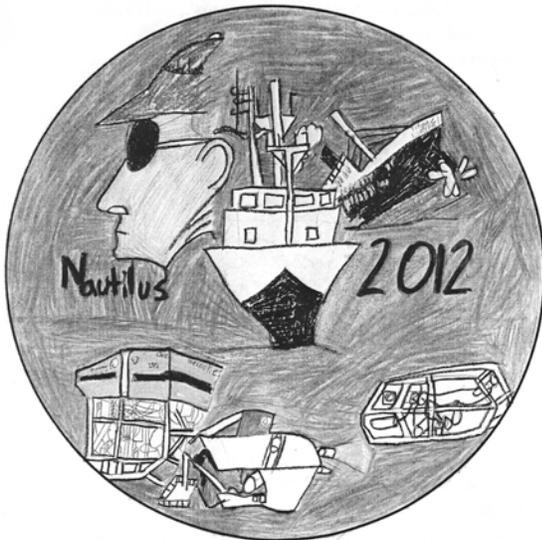
marbles to someone and tell them what it represents. The marble represents our world from outer space. When you give the marble to someone you tell them what it means and you tell them to pass it on and continue the cycle. The marble could travel all around the world.

If I went to the warm Pacific I would bring blue marbles with me and share them with everyone I met. I would want to drop one in the ocean so I know that all the sea creatures that pass it know about the blue marble. If I saw a dead animal I would rest a blue marble on its dead body.

This is what I would do if I could swim the ocean blue!

Nautilus Essay

- by Roman, 4th Grade



I think it's important to explore the ocean because you can learn about pollution and how we can stop it. At my school we learn a lot about the ocean. We learn about pollution and the Pacific Gyre. It's also important because we can discover new life forms. Discovering new life forms is a great way to learn about the ocean. Without underwater exploration we wouldn't know as much as we do about the Titanic.

Being a marine biologist sounds like a lot of fun. If I become one, I will make videos of pollution and plastic in the ocean, kind of like Jacques Cousteau. At school we are collecting Capri Sun packages, plastic

baggies, old toothbrushes, and old cell phones to recycle for money. We used the money to sponsor a plot of land in El Salvador, which an organization will use to raise sea turtles.

If we didn't have underwater exploration, we would know little about the ocean and people wouldn't be aware that we are slowly killing it. In class we watched a video about Robert Ballard. The video was about how the wreck of the Titanic changed since the first time he found it. Some change was caused by submersibles landing on the Titanic. Robert Ballard thought that it was not right to have the submersibles land on the ship. I also think that it's not right.

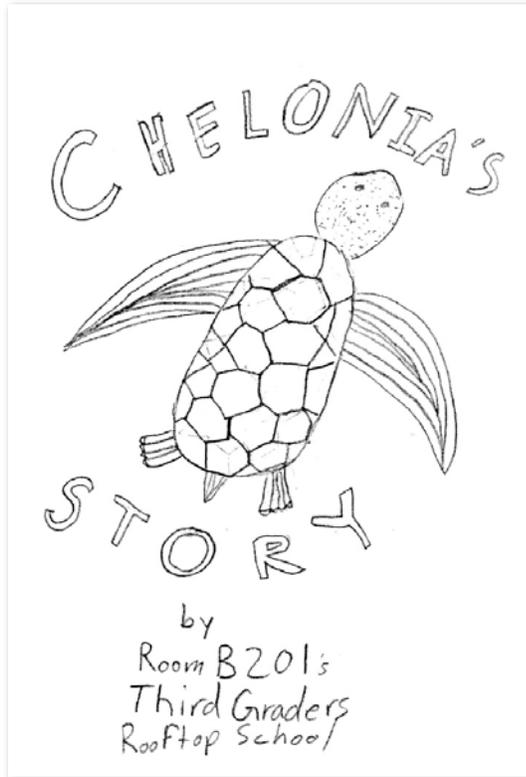
Underwater exploration is also important because you can see if fish are being overfished. You can also see if a certain species is going extinct. It's sad to see a species go extinct. It's hard to believe that there are no more of that animal on Earth.

It looks like underwater exploration is important for lots of things. It's important because you can learn about pollution and what to do about it. We can discover new life forms, and we can learn about shipwrecks.

Chelonia's Story

Ms. Toupin's students wrote the libretto and composed the music for "Chelonia's Story." Two scenes from their original opera are excerpted below.

NARRATOR: "Time passes & as Chelonia grows, her story becomes know & is published in the news. Wallace J. Nichols, the marine biologist, hears about her & pays the kids a visit."



WALLACE J NICHOLS sings to the boy & girl

I am Wallace J. Nichols
I saw your turtle in the news
Return her to the sea, return her to the sea
I know it's hard, but do it please.

I Wallace J. Nichols like all kinds of turtles.
I live my whole life saving eggs that are fertile.
Turtles are such little beautiful creatures.
Nobody wants them extinct in the future.
You and I must always be active and act right.
Extinction is doom forever be kind and give light.

I am Wallace J. Nichols
I saw your turtle in the news
Return her to the sea, return her to the sea
I know it's hard, but do it please.

The boy & girl look aghast, then look longingly at Chelonia, then each other & touch & kneel down with her. Then nod their head in understanding sadly.

NARRATOR: "Wallace J Nichols helps the boy & girl release Chelonia back to the ocean. They know it's for the best, but they're sad, nevertheless. The whole town comes in support."

BOY, GIRL, & WALLACE J NICHOLS:

Chelonia, you must leave
To be safe from hunters, poachers & thieves
Swim 'til you find somewhere clean
Where you can live safe and free

To roam in the ocean
In the deep blue sea.
We'll be here when you return
To roam in the ocean
In the clean blue sea
To care for the ocean, we've learned...



Above: Art by Kate. Right: Dr. J, the founder of the Blue Marble Project, came for the premiere of "Chelonia's Story."

The Raven's Quill

would like to offer special acknowledgement to

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Ms. Woo

Ms. Kennedy

Ms. Contreras

Ms. Vernace

&

our many featured writers and artists

for sharing your talents with the Rooftop Community

The 2011-2012 Raven's Quill Themes

Fall: PEACE

Winter: CELEBRATION

Spring: FOOD AND SUSTENANCE