

The Scribes

I am so thankful and fortunate to have had the privilege of working with these amazingly talented writers. I hope you enjoy seeing their world ... through their unique perspectives.

—Suzanne Boss

I write because I want my feelings to be understood and I want others to learn something from what I say. When I am older, I want to help people. -April Carson

I write because of how much I read. I get multiple ideas (usually inspired by other books) for a piece of writing, and I write them out to express my ideas , and see if others like them.

-Bianca De Haan

I write because it expresses my feelings. When I grow up, I want to be an artist/writer. -Haley Blasko

I write because I like to express myself in a way nothing else can. When I grow up I want to be a forensic scientist.

-Kiley Peer

I write to make people look deeper into life.
-Elayna Rauscher

When I grow up, I want to be an architect. I write because I can tell people how I feel and to inspire people.

-Emily Sowers

When I write, it inspires me to do things I know I can't do. It helps me to know to never give up and nothing is impossible. When I grow up I want to be an author and an illustrator.

-Delize White

SILVER SANDS

MIDDLE SCHOOL

Warrior Scribes

Perspectives

Silver Sands Middle School

Warrior Scribes Perspectives

This collection is dedicated to:

Our administration, who forever believe
Our teachers, who help us to always achieve
The Futures foundation, for financial backing
The SAC Committee added what we were lacking
Deltona Middle School's Howl Publication
for their kind words and helpful donation.
But, mostly to those we call family and parent
for their generous gift of support and talent.

The Warrior Scribes

Silver Sands Middle School

Suzanne Boss – Sponsor

April Carson – 8th grade

Bianca De Haan – 8th grade

Halcy Blasko – 6th grade

Kiley Deer – 6th grade

Elayna Rauscher– 6th grade

Emily Sowers– 6th grade

Delize White– 6th grade

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I Am

by Emily Sowers

I am a tree,
Peaceful
Swaying in the wind.

I am a rose,
Beautiful
Scarlet and exquisite

I am the grass
Luscious
Walked on by feet.

I am a lake
Pristine
Cold and blue.

I am a bird
Magnificent
Chirping lovely tunes.

I am a stone,
Protective
Ancient and unbreakable

I am a forest,
Dense
Covered in leaves.

Many things am I...
But perfection is not one.

Never Again

(for my aunt)

by Haley Blasko

Death
can only come
once in a life

Though
it may be celebrated
twice

The day you wish
someone to come back
from the dead

Is when you feel
the need
to dread.

Down

by Bianca De Haan

Down a trail of tears,
Time to face my fears.
Up a haunted pathway,
At ease, they say.
Through the crumbling entrance,
Can't you feel their angry presence?

Down a field of dead grass,
Amends; they don't last.
Up a hill of memories,
About to fall to my knees.
Through the graveyard I go,
Not knowing what lies below.

Down a broken walkway,
Over there, the gravestone lay.
Up to it, I gingerly walked,
My past about to be unlocked.
Through it all, a smile appeared,
Not on my face though, I feared.





Colors

by Kiley Peer

Colors! Colors! A to Z
What do you think about some of these?

Amethyst, black, cream, and denim blue
The first four colors in our queue

Emerald, fractal, gold, and honeydew
That's starts us off with just a few

Indigo, jade, khaki, and lime
Now we are halfway through our rhyme

Mustard, navy, ochre, and plum
Seems like a lot, but it's only some

Quartz, red, salmon, and taupe
I can name them all, I hope

Ultramarine, violet and white
Almost finished, but not quite

X-tra Yellow and Zucchini
Conclusion, finish, end, finale!

Decisions

by Haley Blasko

**Right or left
No or yes**

**Never or now
Wrong or right**

**Our lives change
In every moment**

**The consequence could be
joyful or somber**

It's your decision

Time

by Emily Sowers

*Time can go slow
Time can go fast.*

*Time can run short
Use it as it lasts.*

*Time is fleeting
in many ways.*

*Use time wisely,
Before it strays.*



Me

by: Delize White

*Be joyful
Be independent*

*Be truthful
Be honest*

*Be cheerful
Be curious*

*Be thoughtful
Be energetic*

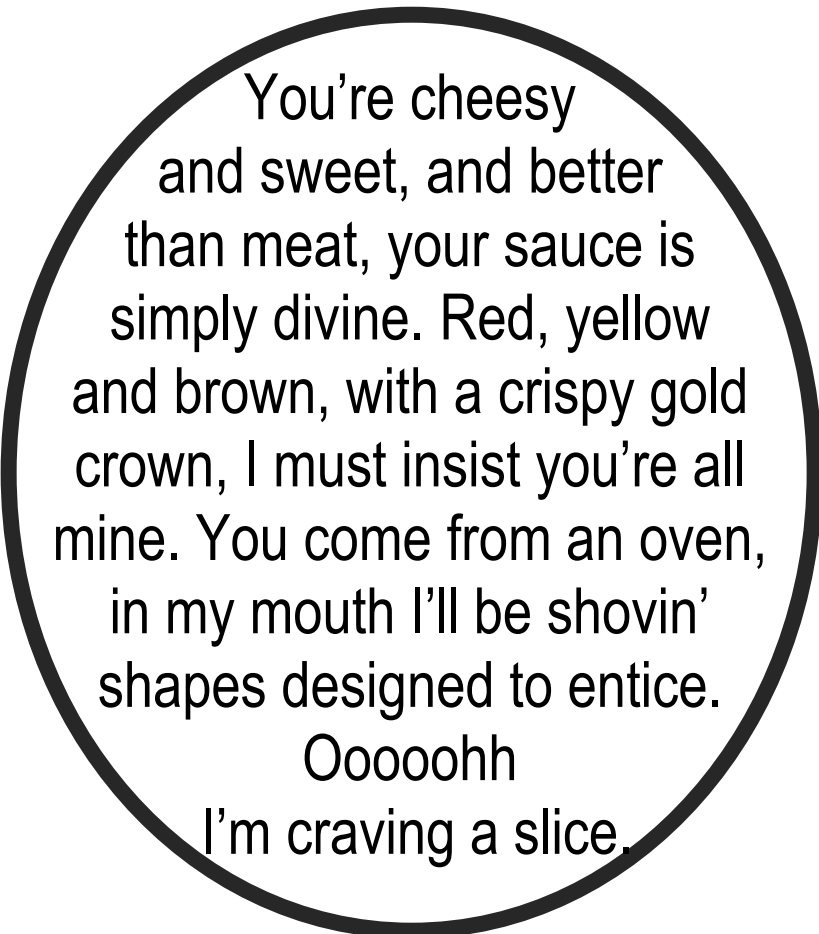
*Be playful
Be ambitious*

*Instead of being
what people tell
you to be*

Just be yourself

Pizza

by Emily Sowers



You're cheesy
and sweet, and better
than meat, your sauce is
simply divine. Red, yellow
and brown, with a crispy gold
crown, I must insist you're all
mine. You come from an oven,
in my mouth I'll be shovin'
shapes designed to entice.
Oooooohh
I'm craving a slice.

I Wonder

by Elayna Rauscher

I wonder how long I can keep this up
I wonder how long I can stay

I wonder which day I'll die
To be buried to rot and decay

I wonder if I'll die by the tusks of a
boar
or simply one of my lies

I wonder which tree will fall
To bury me alive

Or when the next bully will make me
feel small
Or when I am launched to the moon

Because if I am
It better come soon

The Collector

by Emily Sowers

I have a collection of rejection.
A collection of people that didn't

accept me.

Unheard boxes filled with memories
Shattered frames with irretentive faces.
I discover something I hadn't, when I

look back.

A mystery, a scene.
I think of all the things I've accomplished,
And wondered why people

hate me.

They were jealous.
They were jealous because

I was good.

When you go into the next box,
That you've never opened before.
Beware of the outcome and what you
feel inside.

Colors

by: Haley Blasko



Red, White, and Blue
America is with you

Green, White, and Red
Italy is far ahead



Black, Red, and Gold
Germany is really bold



Flying over every nation
symbols of inspiration

You

by: Delize White

People can be hurtful
They can call you names

F A T

loud

ugly

poor

annoying

fake

short

weird

dirty

stupid

selfish

But think of who you really are

loving

shy

sweet

smart

pretty

friendly

creative

happy

helpful

strong

funny

outstanding

**Then share it
with the world.**

Dance 'Til You're Dead

by Emily Sowers

Spin,
turn,
she falls to the ground.



Turn,
leap,
her head's in the clouds.

Leap,
plicit,
what is the matter?

Plicit,
split,
her clothes are now tattered.



Split,
kick,
tears are appearing.



Kick,
Sigh,
she's disappearing.

Speak in Silence

by April Carson

While dust flies away
and uncovers a buried photo,
I will have not ceased to exist,
but will have remained in understanding.
We did not choose to forget,
merely to remain silent,
and yet we still ask
what can I do?

Peace

by Haley Blasko

Take world peace for instance
It should be spread over a long
distance

No more civil wars
Open new doors

Forget the fighting
Stop igniting

Two wrongs do not make a right
When it comes down to a fight

Love

by: Emily Sowers

*It has the flavor of sweet tarts.
It has the mystery of a box of chocolate.
It has the surprise of pink roses.*

*It has the thrill of a roller
coaster*

Unexplainable

Close Your Eyes

by Elayna Rauscher

Flight is just one word
One word in a million
Why wouldn't you soar
Soar through the sky
Into the oblivion

Close your eyes
Floating on clouds may seem
calming,
But escaping is the thrill
Before you leave shut your eyes
You've already gained your will

Better things are soon to come
Tragedy lies before you anyway
Because tears don't lie
When he leaves you in the
alleyway
I've seen what he's done

So dry your eyes
It's better there
Stop crying you'll understand
As you flee through the air
It's the last time he'll beat you
with his hand

There's nothing to worry about
Just don't doubt
How I know
Just shut your eyes
It's simply your time to go



Rest of War

by April Carson

Prepared for attack in an old way,
no diplomatic titles can sway.

Must peace be lined with weapons
and those who wished to serve, not break?

Life

by Emily Sowers



Sometimes I sit around,
Wonder if I hit the ground,
That suddenly my life could all
change.

At times I speculate,
Ponder with my thumbs 'til late
Grateful for the things that I possess.

I have my hopes and dreams
But I have the most, it seems
Life just has to take its own approach.

Darkness

by Delize White

It's so dark, way out here
It's so dark, I can't see clear
It's so dark, it gets so bright
When the Earth moves
 'round the sun
 each night

It's so dark, I can't view
It's so dark, the stars of blue
It's so dark, can't see my face
I could be on Mars
 or at least in
 outer space



Food

by: Haley Blasko

Food is a wonderful obsession
Mainly when in my possession

Three meals a day
Keeps hunger away

You can eat for fun
Stop when you're done

Let your stomach digest
Then give it a rest



Make it to Home Plate

by Elayna Rauscher

One strike.
She's terrified.
A single pitch
can end a life.

She wants to hide
But stands strong
It can only go on,
for so long

A yellow whirl
whizzes by
In relief
she almost cries

Strike two
She cheered
for joy
too soon

Here it comes again
Swinging her composite friend
The ball turns,
accelerates

The only thing
she wishes for
is to make it to
home plate

How far she hit it
she doesn't know
Maybe too far
to ever come back?

There she goes
off like a flash
turning second base
sliding for third on her face

Past her head
the ball flies
she jumps up
players give chase

Will she make it to home plate?
She reaches the bag
slides under the tag.

The ump yells safe, finally...
home plate

All Alone

by Delize White

I'm all alone
no one's there

I'm all alone
without a stare

I'm all alone
without a friend

I'm all alone
Is this the end?



Decisions

by Haley Blasko

**Right or left
No or yes**

**Never or now
Wrong or right**

**Our lives change
In every moment**

**The consequence could be
joyful or somber**

It's your decision



Traffic

by Emily Sowers

Love is like a traffic light.

Sometimes you
want to speed up,

Sometimes you want to
slow down,

And sometimes you just want
to stop.

I Miss You

by Haley Blasko

The rain crashes
on the ground
Every splash makes
a different sound

You try to block
it still
And yet it comes
back shrill

It will not cease
not for a moment
the wicked force
the malice torment



Pets

by: Haley Blasko



Dogs, Cats, Guinea Pigs
It doesn't matter
what pet it is.



Snakes, Birds, Horses
It's really cool
of course it is!



Fish, Hamsters, and the
rest

It's up to you
which one is best.



The Ant and the Lizard

by Kiley Peer

Now long ago, deep in the desert, there was a lizard. This lizard was a very, very clever lizard that had all the friends, and all the fun. But, there was also a small, little ant that was very lonely and didn't have any friends. The little ant always stayed by his little home in the ground, and the lizard was always out, all over the desert.

One day, the lizard was out gallivanting with all his friends and came upon Ant's house. Now, being funny, Lizard stuck his big head into the little hole that Ant used as a door, and got stuck. When Ant saw Lizard, it nearly scared him half to death!

Lizard was starting to get worried that he would not get out, so he called for his friends. But to his surprise, they weren't there. They had all left him out of fright. When Ant finally came out of his hiding spot, Lizard called out to see if anyone was there.

"Is anyone there?" said Lizard.

“Why are you in my house?” asked the little Ant.

“Oh! Please help me. I’m stuck!” cried Lizard

“You expect a little ant like me to help you?” questioned Ant.

By now lizard was crying. “Just please help me.”

The ant had grown weary, with that big ole’ lizard in his house, so he decided to help him.

“If I help you out of my house, what will you do for me?”

“I will do anything!” pleaded the lizard.

So Ant told Lizard what he had to do. “You have to stay away from my house, not be so boastful, and be my friend.” said Ant.

So, Lizard agreed and they were friends, and Ant wasn’t so lonely and Lizard wasn’t so boastful.

Optimism Pessimism

by Bianca De Haan

An old street, the dullness of the asphalt portraying the lives around me. Yet these lives- these people, they smiled and laughed, and I let the happiness they gave off seep into me, allowing myself to relax a little willingly. Soon enough though, this happiness would die after I passed this sickening carnival, and I'd die inside, again and again. A kid, maybe eight or nine, ran in front of me, a mother following and said a rushed *sorry* to me, while I stood and smiled, nodding *no problem*. Those two would eventually die, the mother before the son most likely- unless something else occurred. But why not enjoy life as

you could, living and well, taking joy in the good moments and sometimes even in the painful ones. Yet there's no reason to be optimistic about it all, the end result is all the same.

As you can probably tell, there's something strange with me, but I will still love myself all the same, isn't that the key to happiness? But happiness doesn't matter, nothing matters, it's the key to anything, everything, and nothing. Maybe it's other people's happiness that truly matters, making others smile and laugh with joy, is that the key?

On my boring walk home, I stumbled across a classical old woman, looking up aimlessly at a tree.

I wondered what she was searching for, then I spotted a speckled gray cat, stuck up dangerously high. No regrets as I walked passed, not even glancing at the old woman. I just ignored her even though helping her wouldn't have been hard. I really wished I could've helped her though, but it seemed like someone else was on the way, and I had somewhere I had to be. Although, I'd much rather be going nowhere than somewhere.

“I know what you've done,” someone said somewhere nearby, and I straightened my back happily, was this someone conversing with me? When I saw his gray uniform though, I knew everything had been lost, I had to give up, it was pointless- they had

found me. I pondered what this person might've wanted from me, I had done nothing wrong, for sure, but why was a dutiful police man talking to me? I debated my choices, run for it or turn and fight this man. Yet, I was seriously confused when he quickly, skillfully locked my hands in handcuffs. "Murderer," he whispered, but I only grunted back.

"What? Why? How? I am innocent," I asked, as he roughly pushed me along, and I wondered if the kind policeman had been confused or mistaken. My fate had been decided, nowhere to run, unable to fight.

“Innocent? As if,” smirked the police officer as I turned around with a face full of shock, sure he was mistaking me for someone else. But I looked away, wondering what my punishment could possibly be.

“What are you talking about? I have done nothing wrong, and I find it disgraceful and illegal to do this, kind officer.”

“Shut up,” grunted the police officer, and I wondered why, I had never talked. He looked away and I just kept looking forward, not wanting my fellow citizens to see my shame.

“What do you mean, I understand what I’ve done, but there’s no need to be so rude. Where are we

going though, kind officer? Did they ever teach you anything in school, dumb officer, where are my rights and where's some politeness?"

"So the rumors are true..." the police officer muttered, looking tired and I worried that maybe he was overworking himself.

"Are you going to answer me, you dumb officer?"

"Which question?" he grumbled, looking at me ungratefully as I bit back shock, wondering what was provoking his unhappy attitude.

"Hello officer, anyone home?"

“I’m here...” he turned to look away, maybe I was causing him stress?”

“Stop ignoring me,” I grunted, staring lasers into his turned back. Suddenly though, he screamed and took a key, freeing me as I stood there, knowing it was all a mistake.

Appalled, I stood there, wondering how broken he must’ve been to run away screaming, freeing a criminal like me. I waved happily good bye to the officer, and started on my way home, smiling to everyone I saw on the way home. Maybe I should go confront that officer tonight... Find him and make sure word doesn’t spill.

The Wish

by Kiley Peer

Poof! A genie appeared in front of my eyes. I cowered in my kitchen to get away from it.

“Okay, I might as well get it over with,” said the genie. “You get one wish. What do you wish for? I don’t care, oh and there are two rules. You can’t leave this island and you can’t ask me for more wishes. Okay? Okay, you got it?” he said with an attitude.

I thought about it for a little while and finally came up with an answer. “I wish for a husband that will hold me near and dear to his heart and that he will love me forever.” and in a matter of seconds a good looking man was in front of me.

He looked at me, and I looked at him.

“Will you marry me?” asked the man.

“Yes” I said plainly. Being a middle-aged woman, I think I should be married.

Years later...

By now we have grown old together, living good lives full of love. We’ve eaten fruit and drank water, but one day my husband drank from the wrong water pool and was poisoned.

In my last hours with him I told him how much I loved him and that I would always love him and with that, he died in my arms.

