

# The Unicorn



Spring | 2010

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## A Note From the Editor

On behalf of The Unicorn's staff, thank you to everyone who submitted to The Unicorn supported the Poetry Slam and bake sale. We received many submissions. We plan to use some of these submissions in an early issue next year. The money we earned through the bake sale was enough for us to be able to make a color issue. We will do our best to continue the traditions The Unicorn during the transition to Granby and maybe even start new traditions. Enjoy!

### List of Unicorn Staff:

Editor: Lynn Bradford

Advisor: Mr. Morris

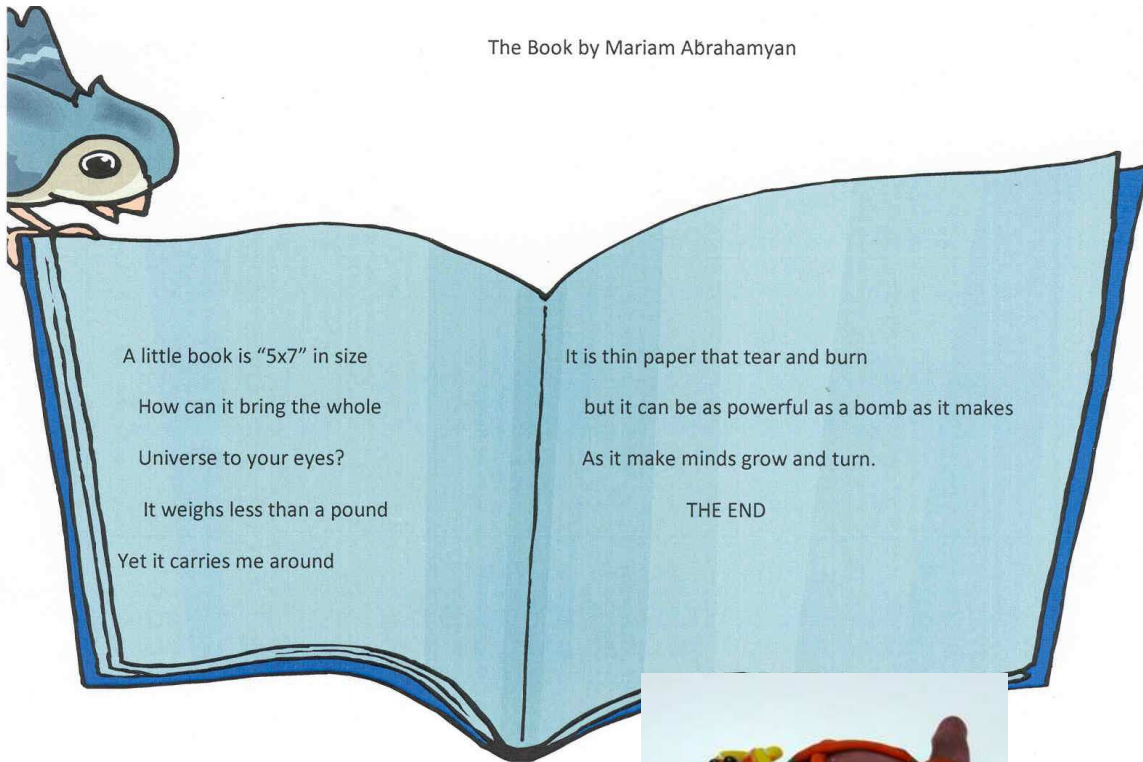
Gina Napolitano

Makalah Moore

Duyen Hua



Stephanie Marvel



My best friend Luisa

Emma Rege, grade 6

Funny, makes me laugh

Caring and loving too

Loyal, gentle, and artistic

All these words describe her.

She's honest and a leader

Adventurous and athletic

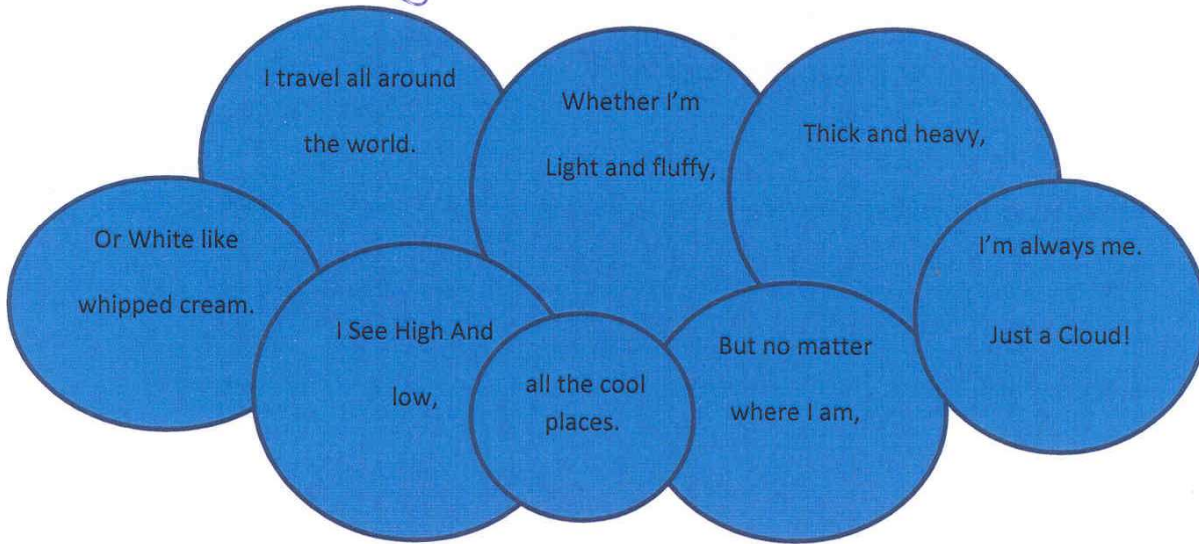
Witty and cheerful

A smart and pretty girl

My best friend Luisa.



# Just A Cloud



## Things by Brandin Stewart

Things, things  
Birds that sing  
Chicken wings  
I want to be an eagle not a seagle  
I want to soar not walk through doors  
I do my chores but laundry is a big boar.  
I love to ride my doonbuggie  
And wear my snuggie,  
I love bells that ring,  
Birds that sing,  
We all love chicken wings.



Untitled by Alexis Chapin

Drip, drop, drip, drop!

Here comes the snow

Watch as it flows

Through the sky it falls,

The world is a giant cotton ball.

Schools are closed,

And kids come out in winter cloths.

Winter is here at last!

Wish, wash, wish, wash!

Cars come down the street,

Oh, No! The snow is beat.

Hardly a flake is still present,

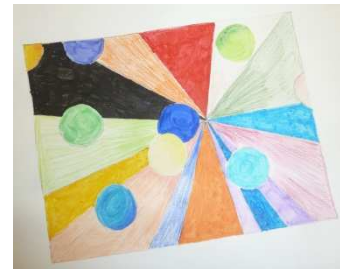
The spring mush is not so pleasant!

Spring is here at last

Alanna Ford



by Alana Ford



By Alana Ford

Alanna

5

<p>A book</p> <p>Simple, complex</p> <p>Hard, soft</p> <p>old, new</p> <p>picture, novel</p> <p>A book</p> <p>1</p>	<p>All the same</p> <p>Horror story, mystery,</p> <p>on the edge of your seat</p> <p>Can't stop reading</p> <p>Fairy tale, romance,</p> <p>A book is like nothing else</p> <p>2</p>
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a book



Jeremy Greer

English 6

3/21/11

A Baseball

A baseball can be thrown fast or slow.

It can go far or close,

It can be used for fun,

Or used for sport.

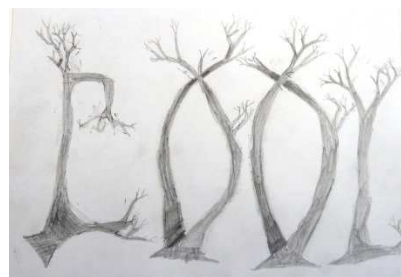
A baseball has stiches so it can curve.

If you don't catch it in time

You will hear it whiz by.

Sometimes a baseball will about to go into your glove,

Then it will change its mind and go right past you.





Cassidy Polga, 6th grade

Spring

Bunnies hop, raindrops plop  
Spring is here, but not to stay  
Sunshine warms my frigid bones,  
The decreasing snow moans and groans,  
Flowers burst in lacy glory,  
Nothing in spring is brown and grey,  
The colors sharpen every day.  
I can't think of the day  
When radiating summer comes,  
Blustery gale, with icy winter  
Nipping at your nose and toes,  
Just weeks away.  
So I cherish spring while  
It is here,  
Bees buzzing in my ear,  
The season of life, color,  
Dew, and Easter too!  
So when spring flies away,  
I hold bright memories  
In my heart for yet another  
Rainy day.



Li Guan

Maya P.

A clock is a simple circle,

Simply square, 11  
Works all day,  
Even in the night.  
Big and tall, 10  
Small without call,  
Can ring every hour, 9  
It's not very dour  
Unless you are sour 8  
Tick and tock,  
There it goes.  
It fills the people 7  
With strength,  
And happiness  
They come in many different sizes.



Round as pie.  
1 Ticks and tocks  
All day and night.  
2 When the clock turns,  
Big and little hand on 12,  
3 The little clock sounds  
Hitting gears and switches  
4 It wakes the whole town  
With its loud noises.  
The start of the day,  
5 Or the end of the night,  
This mini robot works,  
Without a fright.  
They come in many different shapes.



Maya Pope

# Rain

By Donovan Richardson



Rain, rain, go away  
because you are ruining my day.  
you are making puddles and  
turning dirt into mud.

Rain, rain, go away  
You are making my grass wet  
Like sprinklers do in the  
Spring and summer time.

Rain, rain, go away  
You are the creation of a  
Sad day with your blue drops  
That hit the earth and make everyone's  
Day gloomy.

# The Tall Tree

By Ethan Shelburne



Towering over everything

Like a tower of green leaves circling around

A single dark brown stem surrounded by layers of wood

The heart of the tree beats to the elegant song of nature

The tall towering tree is the emperor of the forest

The green leaves give off an incredible aura

The tree lives all alone in the world

Alone forever

Yet somehow

Connected to

the rest of the world

Magically

the tree will

outlive all the rest

Crack! Yet none can live forever.

Moon by Julia Sparago



The moon

Has a silver glow

It lights up the night.

With the suns' light

It is fully surrounded

By bright twinkling stars

It is clearly visible

In its fullest stage

Bright like a

Light bulb.



Mata Papamichali



Ming Poolayaporn

Mary Sparago, 6th grade

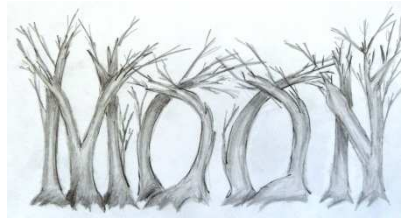
Poem

They grow large above the ground

They reach up to touch the sky

They grow tall without a sound

And try to reach up high.



What I speak of, one may not know,

What it symbols differs to and fro,

Here and now your opinion takes place

For one can say it may be space.



And in this way we are a match

In our ways of life,

For what we want and what we have,

Matches like a man and wife.



A vine is what this object is

And it climbs above the ground,

Open and free is what it is,

So willing, thrilling, and sound

Catherine deHahn

Hail to the Dissenter  
By Licentious Dey

All hail the Dissenter, who questions reason.  
Who finds the truth in policy and action.  
Hail he who seeks truth and is unhappy.  
The one who gathers stock and speaks sensibly  
The one everyone ignores

Hail him, for he is our savior.  
The Dissenter is the skeptic:  
The annoyance at the back of your mind.  
Heed his words, for his is always right.

He is the one who advocated free press.  
Freedom to bear arms.  
Freedom.

Take action against your would be servants and Dissent.  
Dissent!  
Dissent.  
Dissent.



Gina Napolitano



Maggie O'Shea

Ian Soares



Maya Wilson



Joshua St. Pierre, 6<sup>th</sup> grade

Forests

Forests are full of many creatures,  
Home to trees as well, forests can sprout,  
From anywhere, by rivers, in valleys anywhere,  
Forests are like a mask, to hide what is different from out life,  
They mask what must remain hidden, what must not be seen,  
Yet when you are looking sometimes, you will see.

What forests have hidden for

Many years,  
A Forest  
Is a labyrinth  
With a prize  
Something  
None will find.



Hannah Finn-Erb



Leah Finn-Erb



Ruth Kornblatt-Stier



*Poem of the meadow*

By Connor Stevenson

I'm a meadow, green and plush  
I live all day and night,  
I sleep in winter and thrive in spring  
All I require is water and sunlight  
Creatures walk across me  
Eating grass and other creatures  
Grass grows greener, and wheat grows taller  
Thorns and vines grow up the trees,  
Then they fall down to the ground  
I'm peaceful and quiet,  
Birds sing, squirrels chatter,  
Woodpeckers peck at trees  
Fish swimming in the stream,  
Crickets chirp at night  
And all is quiet when you're with me



Gregory Alcazaren



Suzette Appiah



## Untitled by Alyssa McBryar

In my Peace Studies course, daily discussions are about peace, its meaning, how we might achieve it, what impedes it, its relation to war, and everything in between. When asked as independent students to define peace, I defined it as the achievement of absolute harmony with oneself and its translation to any larger group of people who are all united under this same principle. Through a collaborative exchange of ideas we produced a class definition that read: peace is a state of mind that anyone can achieve in a world free of anxiety, no matter how different you may be from anyone else around you or the environment you may be in. Peace involves the feeling of happiness, harmony, respect, knowing who you are and not allowing violence or anger to come between, your love and your freedom. A conversation with a soldier about war, peace and killing revealed to me some of the reasons peace often eludes us.

My classmates and I participate in community service efforts and peace promotions across campus, but more recently we had the opportunity to meet personally with a West Point graduate and U.S. Army Captain previously stationed in Afghanistan. In this small group setting I could closely observe the level of comfort he exhibited throughout our discussion as well as his general reaction to questions asked. I gained an additional perspective on what we call peace in talking to someone who has had firsthand experience with war.

He confidently described his position as a unit leader, detailing what he and his crew did. He told us about their mission and what it meant to him. He believes it is important that the U.S. military works with the government of Afghanistan in order to help stabilize their country and eventually protect themselves, without outside help, from the dangers of organized terrorist crime. When asked why he is fighting in the war, he explained to us with passionate belief that he would rather be stationed in Afghanistan, protecting his own country, than waiting at home with the fear that his people could at any

moment be attacked by terrorist crime. Although talking to students who view war as an impediment to peace, he seemed to be comfortable defending his aspirations and view point.

As the discussion progressed, my classmate asked the young captain of twenty-five “Have you ever killed someone?” Although previously open to personal questions, I perceived a subtle change in his composure when faced with this one. It appeared that his hands suddenly felt foreign to his body and he became unsure what to do with them. He waved them while answering the question, seeming to channel his anxiety into gestures of the hand; the part of our body with which we communicate most simply. Avoiding direct response, he began by saying that he had never looked down the barrel of a rifle, fired, and seen a person fall to the ground upon impact of his own bullet. Continuing, he shifted from the use of “I” to “we.” He carefully avoided using the active verb “kill” and substituted with the passive act of losing one’s life. He explained that during large, yet standard, “open fires” people have lost their lives; that “we have shot at our opposition.” The very term “open fire” implies acceptance of the unsupportable idea of impersonal murder. It seemed to me that by depersonalizing the act of taking another human’s life, his mission is more easily justified, which he claims is unnecessary in ultimately obtaining peace. The diction he chooses is the key to analysis of his values.

Being able to analyze his reaction to the question and the manner of his response, I gained a deeper understanding of his view point and how it differs from my own. Although the captain said he believes peace will only be achieved through acts of war, I interpreted the guilt manifested in his eyes and timid fingertips and his choice of words to suggest an internal moral battle being fought between duty and conscience. Because of our inherent tendency to minimize conflict, right becomes confounded with wrong.

Without complete honesty with ourselves and its translation to our use of language, we are less likely to see the importance of considering the validity of opposing viewpoints. Although some may say

a strong military provides security, it is also possible that it creates the opposite effect. In a world where weapons are available, weapons are used. It may be only when we abandon dependency on violence that we can feel truly secure. A true sense of security is the stepping stone towards the achievement of internal harmony. I believe that if we can find peace within ourselves, it will become a shared state of mind, enabling all people to flourish. The urgency of considering these opposing viewpoints is diminished by using language that fails to confront the moral reality of killing.



Nichole Duvall



Alex Webb



Claire



Don

Laevus Hominus\*

By Anonymous

Or the shards on the asphalt ,

Drenched in night, reflecting blue,

And other lights.

Reflecting the white pickup truck, sopping wet

With a broken windshield

Which had been driven by two young whelps

Who ignored a man

Crossing at a crosswalk as they

Peeled out of liquors 44.

An old man, who cannot but stare,

At what most of him cannot believe

With bent knees, gnarling back

Which once hosted Great leafy trees

That left nothing but roots.

An old man, who was walking home from the grocery

With a gallon of milk,

Who had to jump aside to avoid this truck, which angered fate so

That he was granted permission from some dank where to

Transform into a red ape with harsh hairy arms brutal enough

To launch his gallon of milk into the air in a great sweeping arc,

So it struck the windshield like a meteor causing the

Pilot to swerve across the lanes, granting

Him and his passenger not enough time to even hold open a door.

Or the Father, with the weight of the day following him

As he lurches open his oaken doors

Nearly falling over and wiping his face on a mat meant for his boots.

Who proceeds to prepare dinner for 3,

And then stares far across the long thin table

At where the 4<sup>th</sup> had once sat.

Who takes a breather to watch

As his 1 son and 1 daughter

Shovel down his gift to them in silence so that they may quickly

Return to their important lives.

Do not worry, for they don't go far, and indeed,

They always manage to come back again each evening to break his heart.

Or a green eyed little youth,

Marching up the hill away from grade school

With his hard plastic lunch box, who speeds up at the sound of some friends behind him

Who informed him today that his drawings are stinky,

And that he draws the worst horse in the whole class.

When in reality,

He is simply not one to presume that any living being would want him

To be the one to capture its magnificance.

He seems to have agreed with them all,

That there will be no feeble attempts to record

Beating marvels of the world, in exchange for the

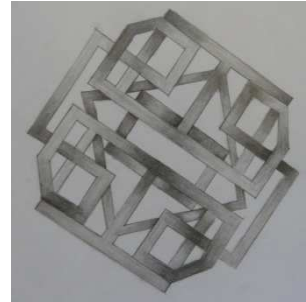
Right to marvel at them all, for as long as he lives.

\*The bumbling of a man.

Eva Snyder, 10<sup>th</sup> grade

I For One

If for one day, one hour, one moment,  
I could let all go and be my true self,  
What would I be?



Dave Sang-Min Cho

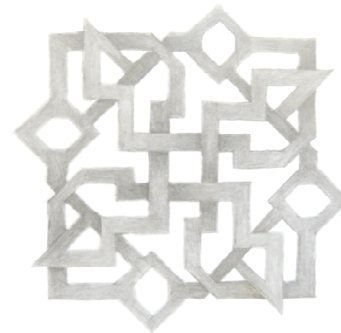
Would I be a tiny monkey, a pygmy Marmoset?  
Small, often unnoticed, but amazing when recognized  
Would I be recognized?



Madison Jung

My life would be adventure alone and intense  
A small creature, alone in a world of mystery, free to go anywhere  
Would I be this forever?

Forever discovering, drifting through world of thought  
Never bound down, going far and near  
Who wouldn't want that?



Caleb Shelburne

But if I was trapped, locked up, like I am now  
Cursed as simple minded form of entertainment forever  
Would I ever be free again?

I would be lost in memories of magic and thought  
Such a small little monkey, barely seen but treasured,  
Would I treasure myself the same way?



Jack Li

Robin



Stefanie Ruiz

David Juantao Zhang

