THE BUCKEYE
May 2014

Cover Art:
Fenner Pollock
Scholastic Gold Key Award

Faculty Advisors:
Cherie Roberts
& Matthew Kimball

Montgomery Bell Academy
4001 Harding Road
Nashville, TN 37205
The Buckeye is a magazine of writing and art from seventh and eighth grade classes at Montgomery Bell Academy. The title was inspired by the buckeye tree that stood in the grove on the north end of campus. It was once a familiar gathering place for both faculty and students.
There is an ancient pine deep in the woods. Not just any person can find it, but the pine is always there for those in need. It is an ancient pine seeded by the sorrows of man, and is therefore as old as humanity itself. The odd aspect of this tree is that it dons a coat of oddities, trinkets, memorabilia of those who have lost. The pine grows ever steadily, and it always appears for those in their greatest time of need, but they may not know it.

Look close, and a rusted and weathered medallion can be seen, an old medal of Honor. Jane Lee’s husband was riding in an open topped armored personnel carrier when an unknown insurgent lobbed a grenade onto the floor of the vehicle. Without a single thought, the young corporal dove onto the rolling green metal ball. He was to go on leave two days later and see his newborn son, but was killed instantly in the bright flash while saving seven men. The medal was delivered by the corporal’s brothers in arms. As soon as the cold, lifeless, and painted metal reached her hands, she threw herself out of the back door, stumbling into the blind darkness. After wandering aimlessly, a grove could be seen in the distance, and in it, a giant pine watched over the grove in regal serenity. The odd aspect about this particular tree were the thousands of glinting and dull ornaments that flowed down the branches. At first glance, it was nothing more than a morbid Christmas tree, but the stories intertwined with these tangible lumps are as old as mankind.

Look closer on an even smaller arm of the tree and a rear view mirror from an old Chevy is perched. Jeff Davis was driving home with his little girl in the back seat and his wife next to him. Suddenly, a drunk driver crossed the median and collided into the passenger side of the car, killing his daughter and wife instantly. Jeff hung on the verge of life and death in the hospital for two weeks but finally was discharged a month later. The only trace of the fateful crash was the mirror in which he saw his living wife and daughter last. After Jeff had fully recovered, he went hiking near some beautiful cliffs. In his pack he always carried the mirror, and on this trip he hoped to end what was left of his life. Jeff came upon a lonely but proud looking pine perched on a massive boulder. Seeing the other objects reminded him of his own burden he carried. Wishing to rid himself of the pain, he placed the mirror on a new, green branch.

Look low at a newer, younger branch, and you can see a hiking stick on a lonely and solemn branch. Henry Krakow was on a climbing trip to conquer the towering Mt. Rainier. His best friend Frank was accompanying him on the trip up the 14,000 foot rock. As the men continued to climb to the peak, a distant rumbling was audible. The climbers thought nothing of the disturbance and began to ascend again. Within 400 feet of the mountain peak the rumbling came again and the source could be seen. A large, white glacier was split in three parts and the smallest piece came rushing down the mountain at high speeds. Henry lay right in the falling glacier’s path, but Frank reacted faster. Frank ran up and shoved Henry out of the way but was not able to save himself. The train sized chunk of ice flung Frank off the face of the mountain, and the only remaining sign of his existence up there was a lone hiking stick, the one he had used to prod Henry out of the face of danger. Travelers who make the dangerous trek up that lonely trail will find a large piece of volcanic granite that remains decorated all times of year. In honor of his lost friend, Henry Krakow makes the journey up to the summit every year.
and only three years after the accident, Henry came across a lone and gargantuan pine on the edge of a cliff. Ever since the incident, Henry carried the hiking stick everywhere he went, but now, he strung the nylon wrist loop onto a thick middle branch of the tree.

A Roman legionnaire named Septimus Olerus has returned from the fronts in Britannica only to find his daughter, Priscilla, ill with the measles. He visited every temple and would lie prostrate for hours, but to no avail. Priscilla passed on two weeks later. Her body was cremated, but Septimus would not be allowed much time to mourn his only child. He had to return to battle with his legion. Before leaving, he gathered the good-luck amulet worn by his young daughter. Caesar’s legion marched through the Alps, seeking to destroy any barbarians found. One day, after a surprise enemy attack, Septimus lay injured on the abandoned battlefield, left for dead by his comrades who believed he had perished along with one hundred other legionnaires. He slowly crawled out of the open field and followed a stream into a forest. After what seemed like hours, he came across a monstrous pine laden with many tokens. Before his own life passed away, he put his own golden, good-luck token on the thin branch near the forest floor.

Now, my child, put your own sorrows onto my branches. I see that you have brought a token of your own misery. Live your life freely now and do not mourn. It is my eternal labor and pleasure to bear your burdens. I have existed since your first ancestors left Eden and filled the world with pain. I will remain rooted on this earth until the air of life from the breath of the Almighty ceases to flow within the veins of man.
How could he forget that day? It was the day his life changed forever, and it wasn’t changed for the better. It all started when John Williams went for an ordinary doctor’s checkup. He was riding an emotional high after the Lincoln High varsity baseball team beat their cross-town rivals from Oak Grove. John had pitched that game, and he had done very well. It was the first game he hadn’t given up any runs that whole season! His family planned on going to celebrate at the ice cream shop after the doctor, but what they hadn’t planned on was having to spend the entire night in the emergency room.

Dr. Andrews was a nice guy. He was in his mid-50s and had been a doctor for most of his life. He had seen everything throughout the years from a Barbie shoe shoved up a kid’s nose to many broken bones. Dr. Andrews had known John and his family since John was a baby. He had gone to high school with Mr. Williams. Dr. Andrews knew John was his final checkup of the day. He was ready for a routine checkup and would leave afterwards. John came into the office and went into the room he always went to. It had green walls, the same colors as Lincoln. There was a sink, a few chairs, and an examination table. John hopped onto the table, and Dr. Andrews took his stethoscope to check John out. While Dr. Andrews went through his normal routine, he noticed a strange lump in the middle of John’s back. He asked John where the lump came from, but John had no clue. He had taken so many bumps and bruises from baseball he was unsure when and where the next would come. Dr. Andrews decided to go to the x-ray room to check the lump out. He assumed it was a bruise from where John had been hit by a pitch, nothing more. He had no idea the lump was a malignant tumor which would end up giving John leukemia.

Next thing John knew, he was in the back of an ambulance being whisked away to the hospital. When Dr. Andrews told him his lump might be cancer, John thought Dr. Andrews was kidding. He had known the man for years, and it wasn’t unlike the man to crack jokes. John finally figured out the doctor was being serious. He was scared to death, not only because he might die, but also it meant he may never play baseball again. John had been playing baseball all of his life. He had not once thought about waking up one morning and not being able to play. However, this thought was prevalent in his mind more than ever.

It had taken four months of chemotherapy to finally get rid of his leukemia, and there had definitely been times all John had wanted to do was give up. He didn’t. He

continued on page 6
was resilient and pushed through the hard times. The struggle had all been worth it. He was finally able to start living a normal life again. He also started working on baseball again. It was really tough for John because he had to reteach himself everything he had learned before leukemia. There were even more times John told himself he wanted to stop baseball because reteaching himself the basics were too hard. However, he remained steadfast in his training and was able to rejoin his baseball team at Lincoln.

It was great to be back with his team. John was back at the elite level of baseball he had been before his treatments. The season had started and Lincoln was undefeated. The wins kept piling up. 5-0. 6-0. 7-0. Before John knew it, Lincoln was in the championship game against their rivals, Oak Grove. John started the game, and he was in a groove. He sent twelve batters in a row back to the bench with the thought of, “Are we going to touch this kid?” They never found their mojo against John. Oak Valley ended the game with one hit. John and Lincoln were champions! All John could think about was the journey he had gone through to get to that point. At that moment, he knew absolutely nothing could stop him.
On a beautiful Saturday morning in August, ten young golfers prepared for the Junior Club Championship at Hillwood Country Club. This was my first golf tournament that I have ever played in, and the nerves were building up. While I was warming up, I was looking at all the other golfers and seeing how good they were. That put even more pressure on me. I’m not the best golfer in the world, but I’m not the worst either, so I knew that I had a chance at not losing the whole thing. I was paired up with someone that I kind of knew which calmed me down. At 2:40, it was my turn to tee off. I lined up with my hybrid and hit the ball to the left. The first hole at Hillwood has about two hundred yards of fairway that is then cut off by water. I hit the ball over the water to the left next to a tree. This drive wasn’t the best start to the tournament. I was thinking to myself just think about your next shot, so I did. This shot was a great shot with my sand wedge right onto the green, and I ended up making par on the hole. The rest of my round was spent making pars and bogeys. I don’t remember what I ended up shooting that round, but it was pretty average for me. The next day would be the final round of the tournament. I got to the course at around 12:30 to give me enough time to prepare for my final round. The night before, I found out that I was paired up with my long time friend Parker Sadlowski. Parker is a little bit better than me, but he doesn’t make a big deal about it. I did the same thing as I did the day before. I wore the same thing and warmed up the same way because I’m a little superstitious. Then at around two o’clock, I teed off in the final round of the Junior Club Championship. This round was about the same as the last one until the last hole. Number 18 is a long par four that takes a well hit drive to get there in two. Because this was the last hole, I thought I would use a driver that I haven’t used the whole tournament, which was a bad idea. I hit my drive to the left into the water.
The Last Hole
by Robert Cowan

rough. My next shot I hit into the bunker, and this shot killed me. Stepping into the bunker, I thought I could get out of there in just one shot. I was wrong. I always and still do underswing when I’m in the bunker. My first try didn’t go out, second shot still not out, third shot not out, fourth shot not out. At this point, I had given up until the head pro at Hillwood came up to me and told me to finish what I started. He calmed me down and helped me get out of the bunker and finish the tournament. I ended up shooting a twelve on the hole and I shot a 109 that day. At the end of the day, I didn’t get first nor last, but I did learn that if one little bunker is holding you back just calm down and play the way you know how to play. I didn’t quit golf. I learned from what I did and made myself better, and in this year’s tournament I hope to finish stronger.
Rascoe Bond Davis Creative Writing Awards
First Place Poetry

Soul
by Will Grana

What does a soul look like,
A flower, a tree,
Oh what could it be;
Oh what does it smell like,
Some bread, or tea
Or maybe a pollen filled bumblebee;
Oh what does it look like,
A cookie, or sweet,
Or maybe a tasty delectable treat;
Oh what does it sound like,
A bird, or a kiss,
Or maybe the feeling of eternal bliss;
Oh what does it feel like,
A scarf, or a sleeve,
Or maybe a blanket on Christmas eve;
Maybe it’s happy, or maybe it’s free,
Or maybe it’s simply...

Lost

Like Me.
Second Place Poetry
Basketball

by Alexander Roberts

The basketball bounces back and forth, up and down,
The team knows they can beat this town.
Players ready to come out of the tunnel like a swarm,
The Big Red and the coach know the shots will get warm.

The team wins the tip and scores the first swoosh of the game,
And suddenly a steal by the Big Red causes a lay-up and a flash of fame;
Players of the Big Red are excited and are on the other team like yellow jackets,
This game may just wreck the brackets!

No one believes the talent ready and waiting on the benches,
But the coach had faith and the boys were willing to fight the height in the trenches;
The Big Red played their rivals down to the wire,
And by the end of the game the dream team had put out the fire.

Palmer Thombs
A Shooting Star
by Aditya Priyadarshi

A prodigious jewel, perched high upon the sky

Soaring amidst a vast and limitless sea colored in black dye

It casts a magical streak, illuminating the night

A sight to behold, especially when burning bright

Its majestic aurora portrays of its brilliance

Is there anything that can convey such luxuriance?

The embodiment of alluring elegance and wonder

As it speeds across the galaxy, like lightning before thunder

After a stressful day, I sat on my porch- when it caught my sight

It flew at such celerity, similar to the speed of light

And for a while, it derogated any memories of my plight

Oh mystical and resplendent phenomenon

What are your secrets?
That god-awful smell that permeated the air
OHH, the measures I took to get it out of her hair
My best dog Sugar, sprayed by a skunk
And man the filthy smell of that god-awful funk

The stench so thick, hung on my lip
That god-awful smell, held me in its grip
That god-awful smell, my kryptonite
So dark that morning, not even a light

Scrubbing Sugar like a mustard stain
The other dogs, feeling her pain
Shivering shaking Sugar, covered in bubbles
My pitiful dog, moaning her troubles

Like a WWI soldier, I clicked on my gas mask
Rolling out the hose, I began my daunting task
Hearing her mute cry of sorrow and despair
That god-awful smell remained in her hair

Colin Snell
Mac Roberts

Jonathan Brown - Honorable Mention, Scholastic Art Award

Michael Ambrosius - Scholastic Silver Key Award
As Pencil and Pen stared at the blank page, they had no idea how they would complete their task of writing a two hundred word essay. Pen thought to himself, “I suppose Pencil will have to do the bulk of the work on this assignment, there is not a way I could contribute!” As Pen ran over this in his head, Pencil was worrying, “Oh no, looks like I’m gonna have to lay low on this project, there’s no way Pen could need my help....” Each fellow was waiting for the other to begin writing, and as a few minutes passed by, Pencil abruptly asks, “So when are you going to start?”

“While I was wondering the same, except for you, my friend! This is not a job in need of my ink!” replied Pen.

“Oh please, I only wish I had your ink! All I have is stupid lead...”

Pencil continues, “A pen is mighty and fearless, marching across the page without ever glancing back, continuing to stride in confidence as he seals important documents and pacts, holding the nations of the world together. A pen must be an expert in discipline and preciseness, uniformity and carefulness, brevity and assurance. You never hear someone say, ‘The pencil is mightier than the sword!’ Pens are the doctors, lawyers, politicians, and leaders of the word, making sure everything goes as planned and is executed correctly. Anything I say is not heard, and in this field along with many others, I envy you...

Pen considers what Pencil has said and shakes his head in disagreement. “But Pencil, you fail to realize that these traits you have mentioned do not begin to measure up to yours! If only I were a pencil.... Pencils are free like the leaves blowing on a chilly autumn afternoon, and can create a silent and beautiful wonder with many different shades and shadows. You say your lead is ‘stupid,’ but this very lead is the same material that can be written and erased, like the ever-dynamic thoughts of a great philosopher. Pencils are the artists and great thinkers of the world. This lead is the same material that makes the world we live in so subject to interpretation, and can be seen in so many different ways to different beings. You may not be heard, but nothing I say is worth hearing. Pencil, you are the brain to a body, the Spring to a year, and the words to a story.”

Pencil rolled this over in his mind and gained a new perspective on his purpose in life, so, Pencil replied, “Pen, if I am the brain, then you’re the skull. If I’m the Spring, then you’re the Fall, and if I’m the words, then you’re the page.”

Pen had a new look of confidence and self purpose on his face. And so, Pencil and Pen began to work. Over every revised, scratched, erased, rethought, and re-revised idea Pencil had, Pen would go over it in its powerful black trail of sheer permanence, for all the world to see. They finally finished, and as they admired their work, they realize the symbiotic relationship they share. What is a body without the brain and the skull? What is a year without the Spring and the Fall? What is a story without the words and the page? What is a world without the thinkers and the doers?
The Friend

by Cal Bryan

It was Friday before the big baseball game, and everyone was nervous for the championship on Saturday. I was not going to play at all; everyone knew it. I was awful at baseball. My dad wanted me to play it though. Baseball was my dad’s dream for me, and I had told him I was the best on the team. He had never seen me play, but he thought I was a prodigy. He was a soldier in the army, and he was coming home just for the game on Saturday. I had told him I was the star of the team, which wasn’t true at all. The pitcher on the other team was my best friend Joe. Joe was who my father wanted me to be. He was a god at baseball. I had asked the coach if I could possibly play outfield or something just for this one game. The coach, however, said that the game was too valuable to put someone like me in. Joe had no idea what to do, but he said everything would work out. As we were warming up for the game, I noticed my dad was sitting in the bleachers with the biggest smile on his face. I couldn’t look him in the eye. As the game started, he noticed I hadn’t played at all and that the times I had gone up to bat I had struck out. My dad came up to the dugout to ask why I wasn’t playing. I just told him I wasn’t feeling well. He knew I was lying. Joe just kept looking at me in pity. At the bottom of the ninth, it was all tied up. We were the home team with two outs left, and it was my turn to go up to bat. I could see my teammates were looking at me hopelessly, and I could hear the parents saying they might as well pack up and leave. As I came up to the plate, Joe looked at me, and I could see an idea pop up in his mind. The first and second pitches were both fastballs that I just whiffed. Then I could see Joe nod at me and he threw a perfect pitch that was right down the middle and was his slowest pitch ever thrown. I swung with all my might and hit the ball over the fence for a homerun. I was treated like a hero, and I could see my dad was the most proud of me he has ever been in his life.
There once was a potato named Jerry. Jerry was a very special potato because he was alive. Jerry was able to breathe, eat, and run like humans. He was also a very athletic potato. At the age of five, Jerry was already attending the most prolific basketball school in the country, OBS (Overly Big Starches). He was a 6.2 inch point guard out of the small town of Broccolini. Jerry's biggest dream in life was to win the high school league championship and make it to the NBA Finals.

As starting point guard for the OBS French Fries, Jerry shined. He was an outstanding ball handler and he could pass the rock like no other. Although he was a star in all aspects of the game, Jerry's most obvious talent was his shooting ability. His high school went into the playoffs with a record of 18-4. Jerry lead the team in scoring with a solid 47.8 points per game. Throughout the playoffs, Jerry shined even brighter. He had a 58 point game, followed by 53 point game, and then a 65 point game in the finals. Jerry hit a clutch three pointer in the final second to give the OBS French Fries an 84-83 win over their major rival, the HAM Meaty Meats. Jerry was pretty excited, but he still wanted more.

As the best prospect in the country, Jerry knew he had a chance to accomplish his dream. He was drafted to the Chicago Bulls, where he began to learn the ins and outs of the NBA. One day, he was asked to meet with the head chef of the Chicago Bulls. The team was scheduled to have mashed potatoes before a major playoff game. At first, Jerry did not know what to do, but then, he realized what was on the chef's mind. Jerry sprinted to the door, but was caught by the chef just before he got down from his seat.

Jerry was then locked up with some dead potatoes for a few hours while the chef prepared the rest of the meal. Finally, the chef snatched Jerry and boiled him on high for fifteen minutes. Jerry had died. Fortunately for Jerry, he had still, somewhat fulfilled his dream. Right before the NBA Finals game that night, the Chicago Bulls squad feasted on Jerry and unintentionally brought him out on the court with them. That is how a very special potato accomplished his dreams while sacrificing his life for his teammates.

Campbell Cook - Honorable Mention, Scholastic Art Awards
Exhausted from a long day’s work and an intense visit to the gym, Leonardo received an email informing him of a reward of a two-day paid break from his boss (he worked for the local newspaper) if a one page short story was entered into the writing contest on the following day. Leonardo thought he had nothing to lose, so he gave it a shot. He had no intention of winning or even writing anything decent, for all he needed to do was make an entry. After ten minutes of brainstorming, he thought about writing about a student, named Seb, in a similar situation. In his story, Seb, after a hard day at school, was offered extra credit if he entered a short story in his school’s writing competition. Leo found that writing a story based off of this idea was rather easy. He thought he had his work cut out for him. However, he soon noticed that he would not be able to write a full page’s worth of material based just off Seb. As a solution, he wrote about Seb writing about a guy named Leo (who was in no way, shape, or form related to Leonardo), who was in a similar situation as Leonardo. Leo was offered a bonus if a poem was entered in the business’ monthly competition. Leonardo tried to make Leo as close to himself as possible, thinking it was clever when in actuality, it only caused much confusion for him. Leonardo continued to write about how Seb was having an easy time writing about how Leo was trying to create a semi-decent poem about a weird short story that was based off Inception. Leonardo was soon getting very confused about his own writing, and was disappointed that his story had yet to reach a page. Leonardo started to stumble a little bit. He thought about giving up on his silly story. He was tired and wished to go to bed, for he had a very long day tomorrow. Leonardo then continued to write about Seb and how he was at dismay about his slow-going story about Leo writing a slow-going poem about a confusing short story that may or may not have reminded the author about Inception. As Leonardo was trying to find something about Seb to write, he realized that his story exceeded a page.
Access I.D. Card

by Jake Johnston

A way to get in buildings,
A way to keep out strangers,
A way to get in trouble,
Another thing to remember;

A picture of my face,
An expensive plastic card,
A toy to swing in circles,
When the teacher isn’t looking;

A thing with a string,
Attached to my belt,
A thing that disappears,
And is never seen again.
Hash

by Julian Habermann
An onion is cut with swift, swift hands
And mixed with spices from many lands.
Clove's of a deep chocolate hue
Are put into the brew, too.
The salty, spicy, savory chicken
Is cooked in the kitchen.
The smell like a sweet perfume
Made me scamper from my room.
The food as spicy as fire
Left me with voracious desire.
I gobbled up plate after plate,
I just ate and ate.
I would starve myself just to eat more
And would even do an extra chore,
Hash was the best
And is still better than the rest,
Hash is awfully good
And is my favorite food.
The Deadly Transition
by Will Weaver

The walker’s bite, still throbbing, flares,
Unanswered go the loving prayers,
And the deadly fever comes in for the kill,
As inevitable as a poison pill.

The light fades to dark as the hours slip by,
As lovers mourn and children cry,
Telling his friends to end it quick,
His eyes fall closed, no longer sick.

Light explodes inside the brain,
feeling hunger, but no more pain,
seeing the doors of gold from above,
reanimates, not knowing love.

Stumbling down the lonely road,
Searching for death’s hidden abode,
Feasting on the ones he used to call friends,
Searching for the next meal he attends.

Ode to a Pencil
by Ian Hall

The majestic pencil
Dixon, Ticonderoga, and Bic
Gold with a ruby on top
Smooth in appearance and ways
Like a sword in the sun
Greater than weapons
So underrated
So simple
Always awaiting arrivals of millions
Used every day
Used every way
The difference between failure and success
Forgives your mistakes
And makes your success possible
Oh Sky

by Franklin Frazier

Oh sky, so majestic
So silky smooth
Beautiful like butterflies
Blue as the ocean
White giants floating
Mechanical birds flying
But why do you try to hurt us
We’re just trying to go place to place
You shake us with invisible hands
Like you caught a rabbit
And it shakes to get free
Oh sky, why?
Here It is. Again.
At the end, the beginning.
The beginning of an ending which foresaw the past.
Never before has the blind man seen,
What the deaf man heard.
That forever tomorrow, not seen, not heard.
Not felt, not tasted.
Gone, before the beginning, and there It stood, after the end.
Lost, before it was found,
Sought, before it was known,
Loved, before It was hated.
Worshipped, before the pride.
But invisible, to human nature.

Lost, the goodness in all this evil.
The light in all this darkness.
Lost. Never seen Again. Or heard,
Or felt, or smelled, or touched.
But It’s Here! I know It! It’s got to be!
But we can’t see It, or feel It, or touch It, or hear It.
Its part of me, part of you, part of them.
but gone... from us, from this very place...
Was It ever here? Before It was gone?
Before the evil ruled the plains,
and swept the hills, and guarded our own waters?
It must be filtered out through this madness,
In order to be found again...

It will be found! It’s been here watching us, protecting us!
Giving us time to think in the waters of evil,
And painting us red as we charge into battle.
Motivating us to protect our people, children, and friends.
But the trees are burning! The people are losing!
The noises of today’s society are blinding.
Even so to me, I suffer. To you, you ignore.
To them, they doubt. But we all seek something!
If we can find It again, we will see!
We will hear! We we live our lives to the fullest!
But only if we choose to seek, to find, and to die,
in hope of finding It again.
It was there, It is here, It’s waiting
to be discovered once more.
Desperate ones try to open the eyes of others,
When theirs are the ones sealed tight,
Loving ones want to embrace all as brothers,
Others push away with all their might,

Heed the will of those above,
Yet beware that of those below,
The ones above release a dove,
The ones below let forth a crow,

Head down, eyes teary,
You wonder where hiding is love,
Feet dragging, soul dreary,
Over the edge would only require a shove,
The Sting of a Jellyfish

by Carson Reisinger

The waves were big and mighty, 
but not a single child was whiny. 
I grabbed my board, 
and ran with the hoard which was like a stampede. 
In seconds we were away from shore, 
and waited to see what the ocean had in store.

Out in the middle of treacherous waters, 
parents were helping their sons and daughters. 
And what to my wondering eyes appeared, 
but the perfect wave coming near. 
I began to push and shove, 
but the wave was almost above.

CRASH! The wave came tumbling down, 
but to my face came a frown. 
A strong ringing was all I could hear, 
and suddenly I drew a tear. 
A sharp stinging came from my stomach, 
and then I yelled, “It’s a jellyfish that’s done it.”

From the Skies of Philadelphia

by Reed Campbell

It comes from the skies of Philadelphia, 
And into the leather net in my hand. 
I open it to find my prize. 
I slide my fingers across the smooth seams 
Red as the roaring crowd, 
And white as the clouds above. 
My smile extends ear to ear. 
And for just one second, 
I feel like a famous nobody. 
With pats on the back 
And the “Congrats!” sailing through my ears, 
Memory of this day, 
Will stay with me for years.

David Blaufuss
Concrete
by Reagan Sparks

Concrete, a building block
Concrete, strong as a rock
Concrete, standing firmly
Standing strongly square
Tower ing in a gaunt grey
It makes our world stand proudly

Concrete, it makes our world stone
Concrete, it makes all of nature seem gone
Concrete, it leaves farmers all alone
Its rough, firm outside fights
Nature and time itself
Strong as it may seem, time will have won
Alex McClellan

Zach Smith

William Kinard
Deception
by Will Grana

Why
Are these angels W E
I never meant to cause YOU trouble
Dead, Dying, Death, Deception; E

Dec tion
cP

Why here,
Why now, I
’43 2013
’75 ’69

They said it,
What is it, new this thing?
The hearse,
A good man

NO I will never forgive him
And Them,
Never,
Ever

A Legacy, left behind, CHANCE
Funeral, Memorial, end.

End
The Sugar Maple
by Walt Dobson

Strong, Still, Silent
She stands.
More than once I’ve cast a glance
  To see her always there, unchanged.

Her arms far too high to climb,
But still I feel sublime,
As she provides
Cool shade like lemonade
  On many a hot summer day.

A kiss of the wind, sugary sweet,
Evening moving in the breeze
The majestic maple brings me to my knees
  And I sink down to lie underneath my tree.

Cannon King - Honorable Mention, Scholastic Art Award

Carter McClellan
Shelby Moats (The Transformation)
by Bennett Blackwell

Shelby Moats with his classy brown hair
Cut his locks does he dare?
But when he made his transformation
He let down all of Vandy Nation

His playing ability ceased
As his points per game decreased
He seemed to lose all his 3-pt game
All because he shaved his mane

I knew when he lost his hair everything
would go wrong
Everyone I know liked his hair long
The first time I saw his shaved head
I just about fell dead

I remember his sophomore year
When I went all out on my cheer
But once Shelby became a junior
Shelby Moats had a talk with his groomer

Michael Ambrosius
Honorable Mention, Scholastic Art Award

Ben Wassynger
Trace Fontana - Scholastic Gold Key Award
The Batman, the crusader of the night,  
Watches Gotham as its citizens sleep in fright.  
As the court holds the helpless hostage,  
The talons leave their perches seeking their prey during the outage.  
The Court is always watching.

The Talons watch as the bat readies itself  
For the night, the court would fall from their highest shelf.  
But the talons are killers, and they clawed at their prey.  
They hunted as owls, and they let none away.  
The Court is always watching.

The Talons closed in on every side, but  
The Bat finally escaped his cave and the Court was cut.  
Yet the dead Wayne brother, suddenly alive,  
sought vengeance for the life the bat had lived while he strived.  
The Court is always watching.

The Brother attacked the Bat  
with cannon fire  
while the Bat thought how his brother had survived the mire.  
The Bat left his Brother, the battle finished  
as all of Batman’s allies returned,  
the Court diminished.  
Still, the Court is always watching.

Jack O’Brien