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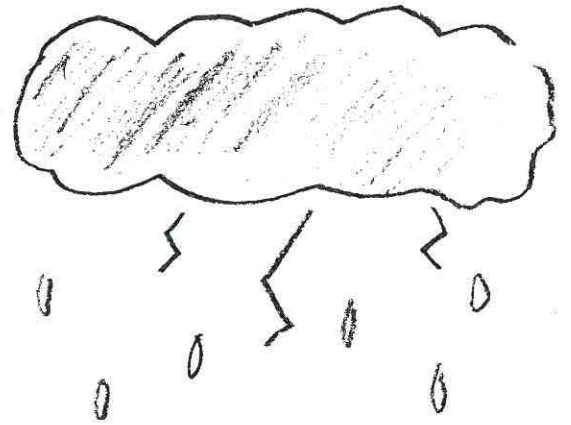
Nova Southeastern University

TREASURES and DREAMS

August 2000 to January 2001



The Literary Magazine of the Lower School
University School of Nova Southeastern University



Dear Students, Parents, and Faculty,

Welcome to Treasures and Dreams, the literary magazine of the Lower School. Our magazine showcases the finest writing produced by University School students in Grades One through Five. Classroom teachers submit writing samples for consideration by the student staff and me. We look for creativity and clarity in written expression that is grade-appropriate or above.

Student staff members are recommended by classroom teachers for their artistic talent and responsibility. They produce all illustrations, have input into pieces selected for publication, and help with editing. Thank you to this session's talented and dependable group of young artists. It was a pleasure working with you!

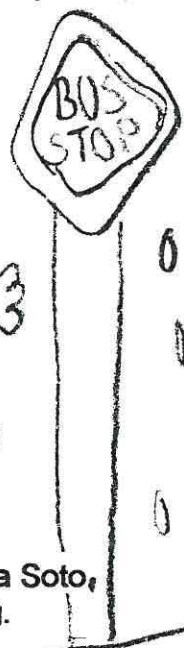
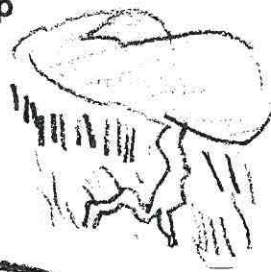
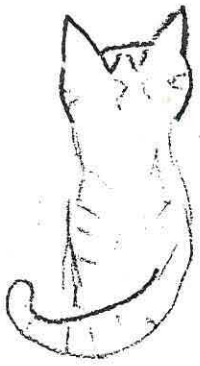
Special thanks to the classroom teachers for your continued assistance and support. The success of Treasures and Dreams depends on your ability to encourage and motivate your students.

Our rainy fall season inspired University School students to produce many of the fine pieces contained within. You may want to keep your umbrella handy! We know this issue will "make a splash" with you.

Finally, to all Lower School students, we encourage you to keep writing. Whether it is a poem, creative story, or personal narrative, put your best effort into it. You may find your story or poem published in the next issue of Treasures and Dreams.

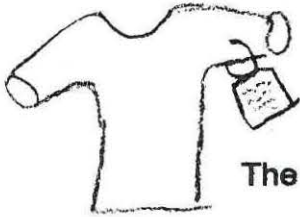
Sincerely,

Nancy Cantor, Editor



Front cover designed by Alex Pilaski and Gabriela Soto,
Back cover designed by Jennifer Eisenberg.

Ghosts and Goblins



The Notes

Jonny Craliss was a clean fanatic. His mother was a poet until his housekeeper was murdered. Then his mother took her job.

Jonny took out his favorite white shirt to look for stains. The bus honked. He threw on his shirt and ran. On the bus, he realized that it was slightly tinted pink. Attached to the tag on his shirt was a note, "After three times repeating what has already been said, it will be too late, I'll be blood red."

When he came home his mother was missing. He searched until midnight and decided that he should go to sleep.

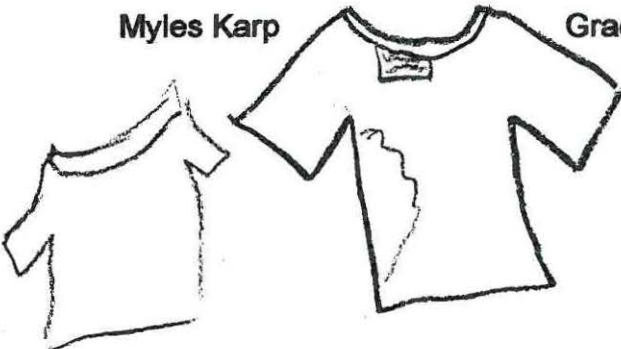
The next morning his shirt was redder than yesterday. There was another note reading, "The second note has been read, please act soon or I'll be blood red." He threw it in the wash and wore his clean red shirt. He put that shirt in the wash every day.

When he came home he found another note reading, "I warned you twice but it didn't sink into your head, I am blood red!"

Later he heard strange noises from the laundry room, where his housekeeper had been found. He opened the door and saw...his mother! She was folding clothes. She said, "You should've stopped putting your white and red shirts in the laundry together! It discolors your white shirt."

Myles Karp

Grade 5



The Witch Who Broke Her Broomstick

One dark and spooky night, a witch was rocking in her rocking chair. And then she said to herself, "I'm late for the witches' spooky party." So she went right to her broomstick. She picked it up but she broke it, so she slammed the door open and went out into the night. She saw Harry's car, the ghost who lived next door. She hopped in and went so fast, she crashed it. Harry heard the bad noise. He went out and saw what happened. He said to the witch, "If you did this, you will fix it." She did, then went home and took the vacuum instead.



Kaleb Shafa

Grade 1



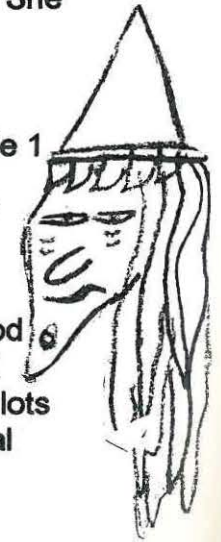
A Spooky Halloween

Halloween in our neighborhood was spooky. When my friends and I went out to trick-or-treat, there were lots of mysterious, eerie and supernatural things going on.

At one house laughter was coming from pumpkins and jack-o-lanterns. At the next house witches and goblins were popping out of the windows.

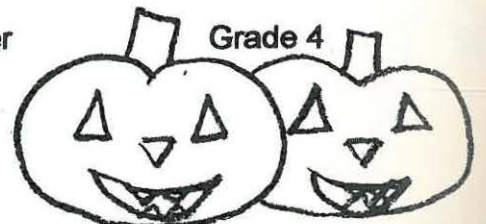
We went to one more house and a wicked ghost stuck his fact right into our faces and yelled, "Boo!"

We ran home and told our parents what had happened. They said it sounded unbelievable and that it was just our imaginations. It may be our imaginations but we are glad Halloween is over.



Hayden Sandler

Grade 4





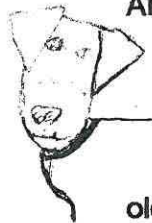
The Glowing Eyes

One dark windy night in 1872, when the moon was full, Mrs. Johnson was walking home from a late opera performance at the opera house. On her way home she saw two bright eyes glowing in the bushes. Then she walked a little faster trying to avoid whatever the eyes were attached to. She came to the tall berry tree and in that tree were the same glowing eyes. This time she ran home as fast as she could. Finally she reached her house. All she could hear was the wind howling. She looked at her doorstep from the rocky road and saw the two glowing eyes. She yelled and ran to the train station. She got aboard a train to Harrisburg, New York. She was the only one that boarded train thirteen. Little did she know that the glowing eyes were conducting the train. Mrs. Johnson was never seen or heard from again.



Andrew Merson

Grade 5



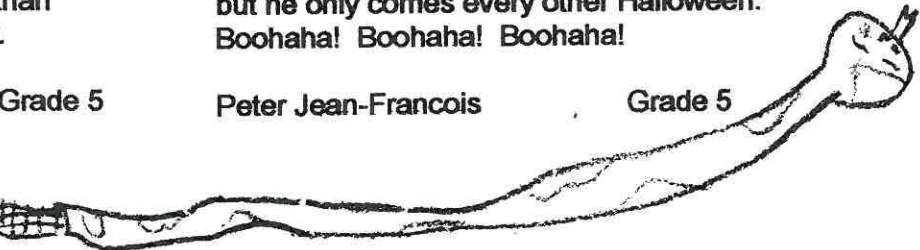
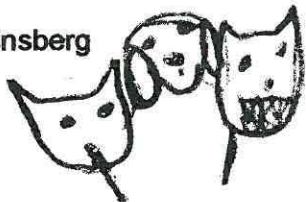
Three Heads Are Better Than One

One night when I was seven years old, I got a dog named Fluffy. He was two feet long and one foot wide. As we got older, we became best friends. One night, someone at my window dropped a purple bag with mushy green dog food. My mom threw it away, but that night the green stuff came alive and Fluffy ate it. In the morning Fluffy had three heads and was seven feet tall. He was ten times the size of me! Now I had a bad problem. Fluffy grew and he wasn't that nice.

One very stormy night a ghost came to our house and was screeching, "Where's my dog?" The ghost came to my room and said, "Give me my dog." Right before Fluffy left I said, "Three heads are better than one." I wonder where Fluffy is now.

Nicole Ginsberg

Grade 5



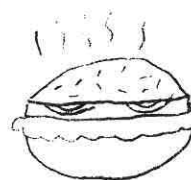
Peter Jean-Francois

Grade 5

Scared Silly



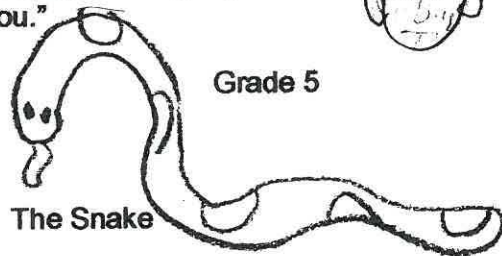
I'm Hungry



On a day just like this one five years ago, there was a woman named Mrs. Henderson. She was walking home from the market. She kept on hearing, "When I get you I'm gonna eat you." Mrs. Henderson started walking faster and faster until she started to run. The voice started to yell, "When I get you I'm gonna eat you." She went into her house, locked all the doors, and stayed in the kitchen. She still heard, "When I get you I'm gonna eat you." So Mrs. Henderson moved into the den. Someone walked into the kitchen and said, "When I get you I'm gonna eat you." The person reached into a bag, pulled out a hamburger, and said, "Now I got you and I'm gonna eat you."

Jarrod Pines

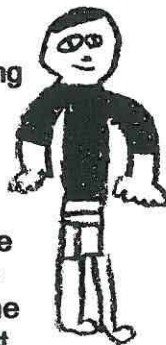
Grade 5



The Snake

No one has ever gone in the old mansion. No one knows why, but one day a boy named Billy decided to go inside. He saw all the old pictures and furniture. He went into the kitchen and saw people having dinner but no one grabbed for the food. Their hearts were beating, but they did not move. The boy went upstairs and into the old room. He walked into a closet and found a secret passage. He went down the steps, one by one, and he finally got to the bottom. There he saw the biggest snake he had seen only in a book. "That snake must have frozen the people downstairs." The snake stared into his eyes and the boy was never seen again. THE END.

But wait a minute. This story is true. The snake is roaming around somewhere, but he only comes every other Halloween. Boohaha! Boohaha! Boohaha!



Let It Rain

Crash!



Rain

It's rain
Like plain old water
falling from the sky
and saying to itself

fall,
fall,
fall,

and get ready to crush
when it hits the ground
It splatters and shimmers
on its way,

and when the sun comes out
the shimmering raindrop
will go on its cycle
again, and again.

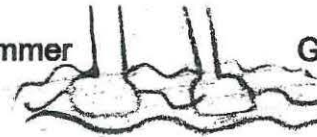
Sammy Greissman Grade 3



The Rainy Day

Finally we can go outside. We are sitting on the equipment. It started to rain. The rain felt like ants crawling. Airplanes soared by as the sky rumbled. The rain dripped down my cheeks, they looked like tears. My shoes were soaking wet. When I stepped, it felt like stepping in a six-inch puddle. What a wet day.

Joshua Zimmer Grade 2



Rain

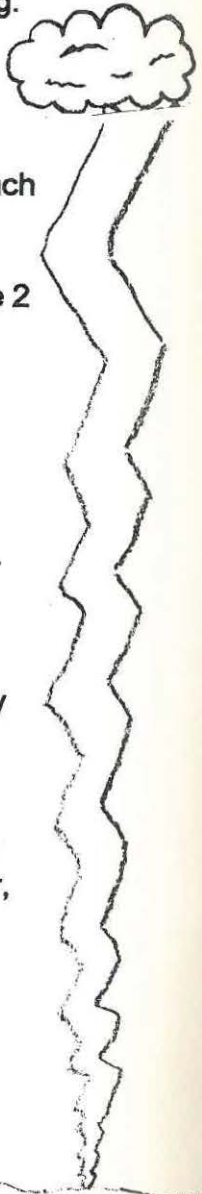
Silver clouds erupt in fury
and tiny gems fall out.
They hit the ground and split open.
Thunder shakes the sky
as these brilliant diamonds fall
to Earth's ground.
A streak of lightning flashes the sky
until the rain stops, it just stops.
It stops the beautiful sound
of pitter-patter,
It stops the excitement of the sky,
No more lightning, no more thunder,
no more rain.
As soon as it stops
the sun pokes its head out
and the storm is over.

Nicole Dodich Grade 3

Slow Thunder Sweet Rain

I see the cars one by one. I hear the slow thunder and the sweet rain all over the golden house. It's sprinkling in the beaming wind as I sit in my house in my bedroom with my cat.

Michelle Edelsburg Grade 2



The Rainy Day

It was sunny outside. Then a storm rolled in. The clouds started to rumble. It started to rain. Water ran down the window. The rain looked like a pitcher of water. The puddles were like a mirror of reflection.

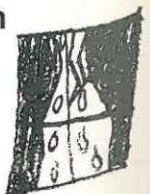
Justin Plutt Grade 2



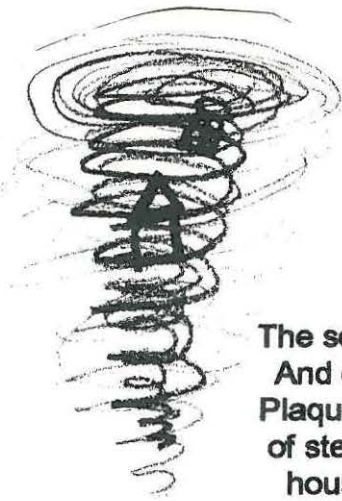
Rain

Pools of rain flash
all around.
Shaking, shining, to the ground.
Thunder crashing,
Waterfalls of rain,
Smashing like two wrestlers
ready to fight.

Emily Stein Grade 3

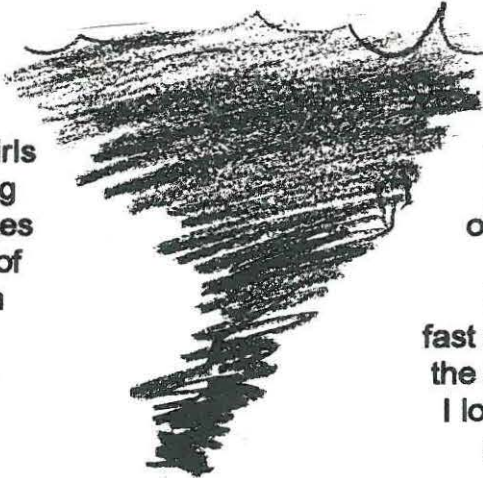


The Weather Report



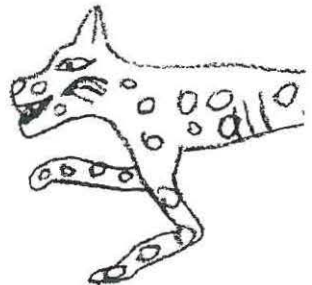
Twister

The solid smoke swirls
And chimneys lifting
Plaques of iron, plates
of steel, the bones of
houses to hover in
its grasp. Its eye
opens and closes
as if the tornado
was laughing
at us.



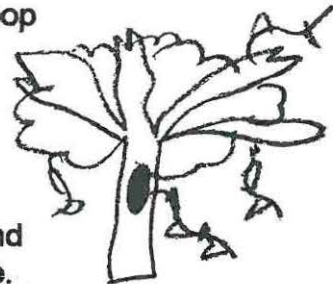
Wind

the wind
so tingly
oh so tingly
Wind
the wind
fast as a cheetah
the wind so light
I love the wind
so crispy
so cool
The wind



how it loves, how it sings
the sounds of harps
the peace of the wind
the wind
my life.

I feel the wind swoop
down my back
of course
I feel its power.
The wind
nice and strong
I try to pull the wind
the wind pulls me.



Mitchell Rogers Grade 3

Rainstorm

The bulging clouds sway across
the purple dim sky. They burst open
and the rain plops down making dust
dance. Another drop plops down
waiting for a piggyback ride. It is wet
and droopy as it slithers through the
cracks of the sidewalk.



Melanie Baer

Grade 2

David Birenbaum Grade 2



Fields of White



I'm relaxing in my car as I drive
very slowly. All of a sudden I start to get
goose bumps. I look out the foggy
window but all I see is fields of white. I
drive a little more, but I don't move. It
feels like I'm stuck in very deep
quicksand. I sit there and fall asleep. I
wake up to very clear windows. I don't
know what I see. All I know is that white
is all around me. The color of clouds
surrounds me. I think I'm trapped in a
deserted place.

Falling Trees

I was playing outside and a storm
was rolling in. I ran inside and there
was a strike of lightning. It struck my
tree. The tree was dead a couple of
days later. People came to my house
and they chopped down our tree. It felt
like a big earthquake. My neighbors
came out and asked my mom, "What is
all the commotion?" My mom said,
"Can't you see our tree?"



Rachel Ezrol

Grade 3



Harrison Meister

Grade 2





Unite

The great crime of racism,
I hope the racists use sarcasm.
The felony of prejudice,
The orphaned children cry and fuss.
In other countries we argue for rights,
Let us be peaceful and stop the fights.

Adam Orshefsky



Grade 4

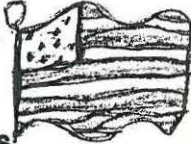
We Dream



Martin Luther King Jr.



Martin Luther King was a black man who wanted to work for blacks. He wanted people to do the same things whites did. He wanted black people to go to the same schools, play at the same parks, go to the same restaurants, and other things. He made a speech that made the white people and black people realize that we shouldn't go against each other. That we should learn to get along. I can help keep his dream alive by telling other people and passing it on for generation to generation.



I Have a Dream



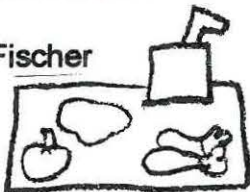
"I have a dream." That is what Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. said and had. But he never got to see the world fulfill his dream. This essay is about a dream that I have and will say aloud. "I have a dream."

This dream is about the hunger of the poor children and grown-ups. Some of them have no place to live, so they go to the homeless shelter. But usually, there is not enough food for everybody. This is where my dream comes in.

Every day at school, people waste their untouched food. The cafeteria people throw away all the food that the kids don't eat. We can help homeless people by doing the opposite of that. We can SAVE the food that we don't eat. Kids like you and I can try harder not to waste our food. Cafeterias all over the country could join in...

I think that Dr. King had this thought in his mind. If children and grown-ups work together, they all could make a difference. I hope that my dream will be a success just like Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream was. "I have a dream."

Stephanie Fischer



Grade 4

Later on, a white man didn't like how Martin wanted white people to get along with blacks so he killed Martin Luther King. So many people came to his funeral. Many people were crying. Everyone will always remember him. He was a good man.



Olivia Perez

Grade 3



My Dream



My dream will improve the lives of children in the world. Here is my dream...

I have a dream that everybody should help take care of each other. We should also all be friends. If we do this, there won't be any people without food, water, or homes. Also, we should teach it to our children, so we will have peace throughout the generations. That is my dream.



My dream will improve the lives of children, and everyone's lives. My dream will bring peace around the world!



Danny Crispino



Grade 4

We Accomplish



Helping Others

I helped the homeless by bringing them food. The Girl Scouts brought in food and put it into baskets and wrapped it up real pretty. Then we brought the baskets to the homeless and gave them their baskets. They were really happy. I think we cheered them up by visiting them.



I felt great because all of the kids were so happy. I like to see people smile. I felt really good about it. It was the most caring thing I did.

Demi Marks

Grade 4



A Kid with Character

I think I'm a kid with character because I want to do things for people and try my best to do it. I want to give presents to homeless people. I also want to make sure they're always okay.

I also think I'm a kid with character because I treat people the way they treat me. If they treat me nice I treat them nice too. I don't judge people by how they look or how they talk. I always play with people that are sad or lonely. I try my best in my work so I can be the best I can be!



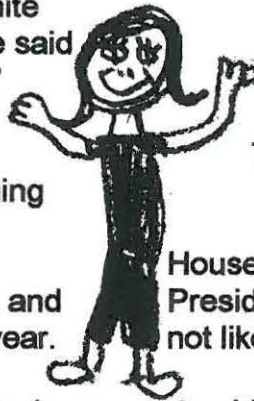
Morgan the President

One day I woke up in the White House. I saw the President, and he said to me, "You are the new President." And I said, "No, that cannot be."

He opened the window and everyone was cheering and screaming my name. "Morgan, you are the President!" I screamed, "I am the President!" We went out for dinner, and had a great time for the rest of the year.

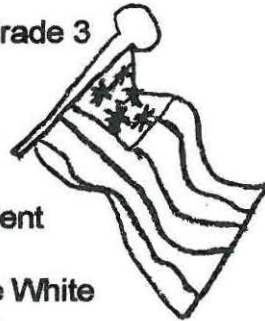
Morgan Manella

Grade 1



Alex Pridgeon

Grade 3

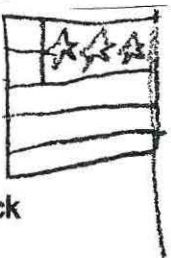


The Poem and the President

One day I woke up at the White House. I was going to meet the President, but there was one thing I did not like. I had to memorize a poem.

It was time to go to the President's office. Now I rechecked the poem. We were approaching the President's office and in a second or two, I had to say my poem. "Roses are red, violets are blue, but I've got something better for you. Presidents and people are both the same, but a President takes care of the land."

"Hurray!" my mom shouts. The President likes it too, and then I go back home.



Baby-Sitting

When I heard I could baby-sit my neighbor, I was so excited. I knocked on her door and her mom opened it. Then I saw Lindsey, the girl I was baby-sitting. She looked very nervous. We went outside and played on her trampoline. It was really fun. Then I said good-bye and left.

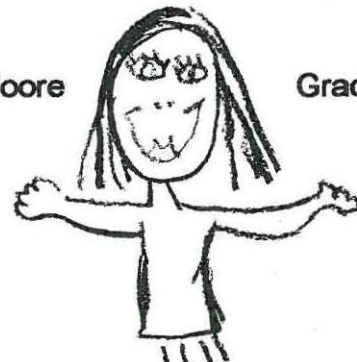
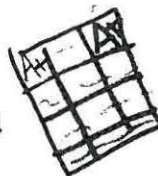
I felt really responsible. I had never baby-sat before. I hope I get to do it again sometime soon.

Megan Seely

Grade 4

Jessica Moore

Grade 1



The Magic of Nature



Moon

The silver ball of diamonds and jewels that shimmer throughout the night. The tiny crystals blaze in the spangled light of the beautiful moon.

Brooke Weisman

Grade 3



Colors



Streaks of color dance through the sky
Like the feather of a peacock's tail
Red and orange

stands for fairies picking berries
Yellow is the glazing hot sun shining down on the earth
The green is Mother Nature taking care of her children
And blue stands for the angels leading you to your future.

Amanda Samuels

Grade 3



Nature

Birds make me prance, dance, float in the air.

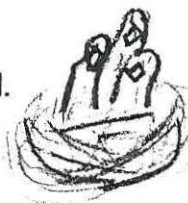
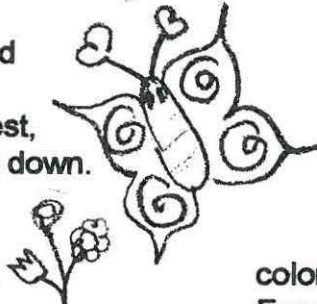
They scatter around pick the leaves hurry over to their nest, and carefully place them down.

A butterfly flies up while the beautiful sweet smell of the flowers tickles its nose.

A tree sways across the air the wind whistles hard. The beauty of nature fills me with life!

Maya Navon

Grade 2



The Everglades

Birds zoom through the air with colorful wings. They explore the Everglades one by one until each one is done. They fly far off until you can only see a speck in the sky. They glance into the sparkling water, swaying over and under and finally splashing into the cool lake.

Ashley D'Achille

Grade 2

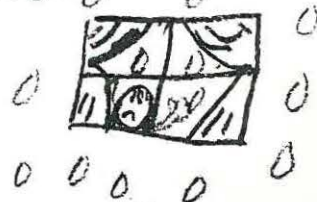


Rain

Drip drop drip drop
Goes the rain on my windowpane.
Pitter patter plop plop
Goes the rain like horses' hooves.
Bang bang boom boom
Goes the thunder like a cannon ball.
Flash flash goes the lightning
Like a light bulb when it's going out.

Emily Bolinger

Grade 3



Wild Wilderness

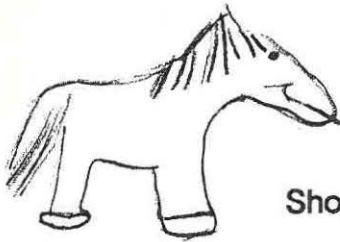
The wilderness, so peaceful with the bushes and trees coming off the mountain. Chilling water blasts through the mountain ridges. I look down and think, when will the long stream of water end? My feet become damp from the rain that just hit. The tall grass still looks dry and crisp. Hiking through the wilderness just makes me feel at home.

Josh March

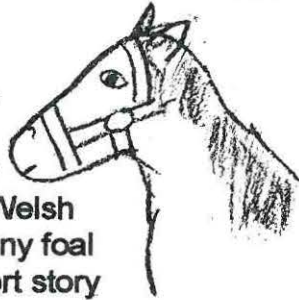
Grade 3



Animal Appeal



Shorty



Shorty

Wonderful Welsh
Frolicking funny foal
Superstar short story
Special

Brittney Bell

Grade 4



The Grace of the Eagle

As the grace of the eagle
passes over the canyon,
The eagle flies with twists and turns.

As he goes along
swooping up and down,
As he gets a catch for his young,
He drops it as he turns and fails.
He arcs to his young,
They sigh in sorrow
As they fall into their morning dream.

Katrina Gaffney

Grade 3



Daisy

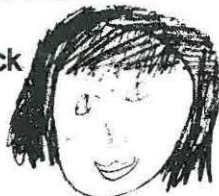


I love the feel of Daisy's soft fur.
It makes me feel warm and cozy. Her
nose is cold and wet. It feels like she
stuck her nose in a pool of water. Her
tail is long and furry. Her tongue is huge
and slobbery. Her whiskers are a
sparkly shade of clear crystal and prickly
as nails.

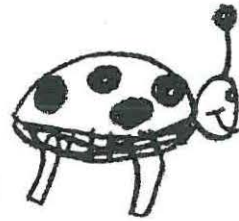
I look into her small shiny brown
eyes and she looks into mine. We sit
and think about the wonderful times
we've had together.

Jessica Peck

Grade 2



Why Bugs Are Important



Once upon a time there was a
bug. Nobody liked the bug. So the bug
was sad. But one day a little boy saw
the bug and said, "Why are you sad?"
The bug told the story about how no one
liked him. The boy was curious for a
minute. Then he said, "Everyone loves
you. It's because you're a bug and
people don't understand the love of
bugs. If people did not have bugs, they
would not have fruits or chocolate. I will
never forget that bugs are good. If we
did not have bugs our world would be in
danger."

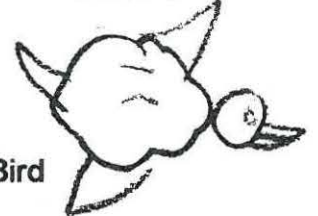


Sarah Gordon



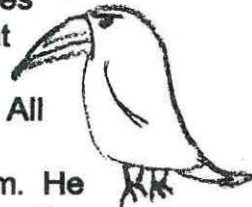
Grade 1

Runaway Cloud Bird

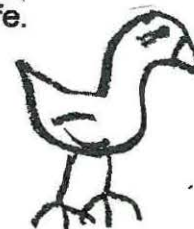


One day there was a cloud bird
named James. Every bird, except one
named Tom, laughed at him because he
looked like a cloud. Tom and James
were very good friends. They went
places.

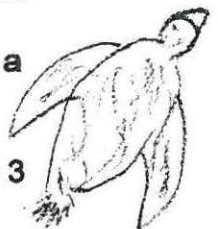
One day James flew away. All
the others were sad. James was
exploring. Some men captured him. He
chewed through the net. He escaped!
He flew back as fast as he could. He
almost got shot but his cloud feathers
protected him. He finally got back.
Everyone hugged him. So he lived a
very happy life.



David Lipkin



Grade 3



Wonderful Earth

Earth

Roses are red, the sky is light blue,
With a beautiful touch just like you.
The sunset is orange, pink, purple
and blue,
Our different shades of grass
are important, too.
Our trees let us breathe oxygen air,
That is our earth for us all to share.

Ilexis Mazer Grade 3

Beautiful Day

The sky is blue and bright with a
beautiful rainbow in the sky. The
rainbow looks as if it's shooting up into
the sky. The sky was bright in the
morning. The rain comes. It looks like
glittering stars falling to the ground.
Suddenly it stops. The wind whistles
and slides through my hair, slithers
down my body and tickles me. A hard
breeze fills me with glee. The sky grows
dark. I can only see houses with their
windows glittering with lights. It is a day
and night of beauty.

Erica Wilner

Grade 2

Rain

The rain
Like jewels from the sky
suddenly falling to the ground.
How it tap tap taps on the rooftops.
Its songs are drifting notes of happiness.
How it sways from area to area
like a big wave in the ocean.
Suddenly we see a rainbow,
the storm is over.

Hayley Brooks

Grade 3

The Quick Waters

The quick moving water rushes
down a long stream. White water hits
the ground and splashes up again. The
cool mist circles the air. Fresh green
trees leap over the waterfall just to look
nice. The thirsty animals crowd around
the lake pushing and shoving to get a
very refreshing drink of water. That is
how life can be in a very wet,
dangerous, daring forest.

Candace Phillips

Grade 3

Sun and Rain

The broiling, sizzling, shimmering
sun is beating against my skin. It is
warming the streaming sea. Then rain
comes. The clouds are thick. PLOP!
The first raindrop hits the ground. It
makes dust dance. The thunder
rumbles, lightning crackles in the sky.
The clouds sway away and I see the
first rays of the sun.

Alexandra Rubin

Grade 2

In the Rainforest

I went in the rainforest with my dad.
It was raining so hard that it dashed right
down my face. So we got an umbrella. The
rain dashing down on our umbrella sounded
like birds pecking on trees.

We saw birds but we could not hear
their chirping because they were sleeping. I
saw trees that looked like jingle bells.

The rainforest was green but there
was a lot of pollution. There was a big pipe
making water that people use to clean their
mouths. It was disgusting. I wish I could do
something that would help save the
rainforest animals.

Oren Friedman

Grade 2

Treasures and Dreams Staff
September 2000 - January 2001

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Mitchell Drew	Grade 5
Jennifer Eisenberg	Grade 4
Dylan Goldberg	Grade 3
Nicholas Gonzalez	Grade 4
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