

Waves

February 2009 — Issue 3



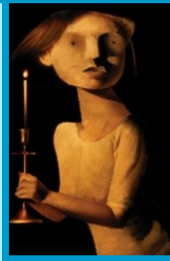
Fifth Grade Book Reviews

Title: Coraline

Author: Neil Gaiman

Reviewed by:

Catherine D.



The rain is bucketing down, but that won't stop Coraline Jones from exploring. If her mom won't let her outside, she'll tear the flat apart. She'll try her hardest to know it as well as the back of her hand by dinner. Coraline doesn't know it yet, but the old house has more secrets than she guessed. She's hardly begun to search when she finds The Door. She finds the key within seconds, and it only takes one turn of the old black key to begin her journey into the world that borders her flat. On the other side of the door, her "other mother" is waiting for her. This new world seems exactly like her own world, but better. However, there is something strange about this world that Coraline feels is dangerous, so she heads home. One night, her parents go out shopping and do not return. Coraline knows they're trapped in the other world and she is the only one who can get them back. She also knows that if she is ever to return to her normal life, she must be outstandingly brave and outwit her "other mother." Does she? That's for you to find out in Coraline.

Coraline is a great read that has something for everyone. It's scary yet exciting and it's a lot of fun to read.

Title: The Graveyard Book

Author: Neil Gaiman

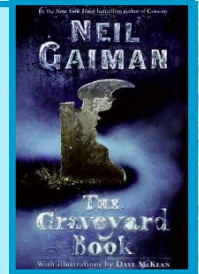
Review by: Mason N.

Are you looking for a spooky read? If you are, I've got the book for you. The Graveyard Book. Scared already, right? Well, it gets better.

Nobody (Bod) Owens is a boy raised by ghosts after his family is killed by the man Jack. The man Jack was supposed to kill baby Bod too, but the tiny baby managed to escape to the Graveyard where he now lives with his ghost mother and father.

Bod has a great life at the graveyard, but he is not able to exit the safety of the graveyard, or the man Jack will try to kill him. His only sense of the real world comes from his guardian, Silas, and his best friend Scarlett. But when Bod decides that he is old enough to experience the real world off the graveyard premises, tragedy might strike. Read The Graveyard Book today to find out what happens to Nobody Owens.

Just like Gaiman's other book, Coraline, The Graveyard Book is filled with excitement and suspense. Filled with twists and turns, this is the perfect book for anyone who is adventuresome!



Staff



Emi



Alyssa



Catherine



Maddie



Mason



McCall



Payton

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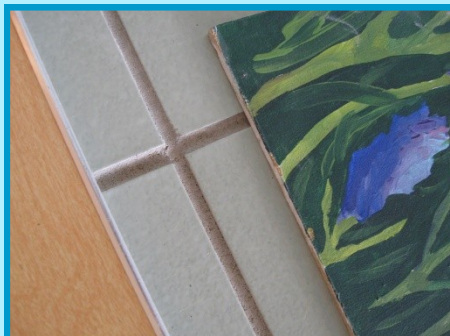
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Somewhere In Douglass

If you know the location of this picture, go to Leann Mullineaux's room for a prize.



John's Breaux's Message

By: McCall

John Breaux, he was a 57 year old man who moved from his parent's old house in California to live with his brother and his family in Louisville. Every day he rode around on his bike, picking up trash and doing favors for any local he could find. Whether it was holding open doors or taking in a store's shopping carts, John was always on the move helping people!

John was an excellent role model for all of us and we can learn from him. His smile could make anybody's day better. Even a wave or a "Hi" could make people think "Wow he is really nice and I think I can try to be more like him." People should and can do just that, giving even when you don't need something in return.

John picked up trash, took in shopping carts for stores, and held open doors for anyone coming by. He was always ready with a smile and a wave. If many people follow his lead in life, our community would be a kinder place for everyone, plus we would have less trash on our streets!

If you have ever had someone hold open a door for you or do something nice for you, you probably know the good feeling, so let other people know that feeling too. Do one good thing that John would have done and our community will be full of helpful, great, smiling people who care about each other.

Even though John is gone now, everyone can learn something from him, and he left a big place in many people's hearts. If we can follow his great message, we can make our community and the people inside of it even better!



About Douglass Waves— The purpose of Douglass Waves is to showcase the writing and artwork produced by Douglass Students. If you are interested in contributing to this publication, please contact your teacher. If you want to pass on a compliment to a Waves author, please send comments to Leann Mullineaux. (leann.mullineaux@bvsd.org) and she will pass them on to the author. Thanks you for reading Waves.

Treasures by Second Grade

By Niklas

I have a treasure that you can't see or touch. Could it be friendship? Yes, it could be friendship! Friendship is something to remember and appreciate. It is being with another person and having an enjoyable time. If I didn't have good friends at school, then, I would be very lonely and sad. These are some reasons why I like having friends. Friendship is special.



By Henry

The best treasure I could ever have is the promise that no animals would ever be hungry. It would make me feel so happy to know that there are no starving animals. I would love to look into animals' eyes and know that they are full and taken care of. Animals are so loveable, loyal and innocent. They do so much to make us happy and its nice to let them know how special they are to us. The world would be so much better if no animals were ever starving.



By Anna

A true treasure is love. Love is the most powerful feeling in the world. Without love, there wouldn't be any friendship. You wouldn't have a family because they would be fighting and people wouldn't get along and then your family would fall apart. Love is giving your best and is shown by what is said. You feel love by hugging someone and by holding hands. So that is one reason why we have a special holiday celebrating love called Valentine's Day! Love is a true treasure!



Mahri

Something that you can't see or feel is an imaginary friend. An imaginary friend is an invisible person who you believe in. Sometimes when you're upset or angry, you can talk to your imaginary friend. Love is another thing you can't see or touch. Love is something that mostly all people believe in. Love is a wonderful thing and most people love to be appreciated! These are two things that are important that you can't see or feel, but have great value.



Stories & Such

Good Luck

By Carlton

I believe in good luck and I have three reasons why. First, I can knock on wood and good luck is going to happen! One time I lost my black cat and I knocked on the door and he immediately bounced on my back!

Another time I was playing on the computer when it crashed! Just then, the same old black cat walked over the keyboard. I thought the computer would blow up because black cats are bad luck when they walk across your path. Instead, it started right back up. The black cat meowed and hopped right down. He had walked by and it was fixed!

Finally, I have a glass, glow in the dark, elephant that brings me good luck. A piece of paper was on a bright light bulb and the elephant was next to it. The paper sat on the light bulb for two days. It got brown, but didn't burn, because the elephant, with its trunk up, is good luck.

Truly, I believe in good luck!



The Ikidarod

By Matthew Januszewski

Have you ever wondered how second grade celebrates their study of Alaska? Well, first grade has Mexico and Japan Day. But what for Alaska?

What, what, what?

Well, I will tell you what: it's the Ikidarod! It lasts for

almost 2 hours! It is named after the Iditarod, the most famous sled dog race in the world! In the Iditarod, you are a musher (the leader) and have to direct a team of 15 dogs to run the 1,049 miles of the forbidding Alaskan wilderness. The trail goes in zigzags and in forests and in open plains where buffaloes roam. Now, enough about the Iditarod, let's get back to the Ikidarod.

So, we walk into the gym, where Mr. C explains the stations. Then we go to our numbers. I was number 1. At the first station, we put on warm clothes, but I didn't get to do it because there wasn't enough time. My favorite stations were hockey, sleds, eggs, and juice. The hockey's obvious, but in the egg station, we had a plastic egg and a wooden spoon and we walked around with the egg on the spoon, and as far as the juice, we drank some juice! As for the sled station, one person was on a cart while the other pulled it with a rope. It was so fun!!!

This is how we celebrate Alaska!



Stories & Such

Getting There

By Olivia K.

Hi reader!
I am the bright, vivacious, and silly Olivia!! I love my school because there is no pressure. Being in 5th grade feels



like a new door opening, but I hate the idea of growing up and being at the bottom of the heap next year in middle school. Therefore, I have decided to never leave Douglass and go back to 3rd grade. I chose 3rd grade because you can be as free as a loon and not have much homework. So, now you see my problem. I have to get back to 3rd without being hated.

The first thing I will do is just ask Leann, my teacher, if I can go back to 3rd grade.

"Leann, I was wondering if you will just let me go back to 3rd grade once this year is over?"

"Absolutely NOT! Why would I ever do that?!" I quickly see that she does not like my idea at all.

"I don't know. Well, are you sure?" I ask.

"Yes, I am busy so please shoo, SHOO." She responded.

Ok, so my first plan did not work but, not to worry, I still have two more ideas!

My next plan is called 'succeed at failure.' In math I will put a random answer for each question. I will be sure it is wrong! In science, I will doze off during class. I will also put 'A' for every multiple choice question. This is a for sure plan to succeed at failure.

Amy, my student teacher, was very worried about my math so she gave me an extra lesson. I do the homework again and put more impossible answers for every problem. I turned in my homework

hoping Amy will give up on me.

After 'THE LESSON' it is spelling which I am already not good at, so blowing the test will be a piece of cake with extra icing.

By Friday, I had scored a zero on everything I had turned in that week! Leann, our teacher, called up Dr. King the 'BVSD' superintendent. He came to talk to me about why my grades went down so fast.

"Well I don't get it, that is why," I patiently explained.

As I watched his eyes slowly budge out like an angry bear ready to kill, I replied, "I will try my best sir, sorry."

He left with a little attitude in his hips like my sister when she is mad. I laughed and was glad it was over.

Over the weekend I made chocolate chip cookies for every teacher in the school. I also made amazing pop out cards that said THANK YOU! YOU KNOW YOU'RE MY FAVORITE!

"This better persuade the teachers to let me stay or I do not know what I will do." I mumbled to myself while my mom looked at me like a confused gorilla.

"Oh hi, Mom. I am thinking about the choices I have made in the past week at school"

"Oh, ok I'll let you be."

On Monday, I gave all the teachers their cards and cookies. Everyone was grateful but no one changed their minds! I can't believe it. I've gone through so much and they still say NO! Oh well life goes on, and I guess you have to follow.

The world has outsmarted me. I guess I am destined for middle school after all. But now the problem is what middle school am I going to go to?



Stories & Such



Rice Man

By Mason R.

Hi. My name is Rice. I am a scrumptious man made out of fluffy rice. It was a normal day when I put on my red hood as

I was taking oatmeal cookies to my grandma's house. I took my woven basket and headed out the door.

It was hot day, hotter than usual as I started down Maple Street in the usual way. As I quietly walked down the street I noticed there was a tree. Next to the tree I spied a wolf with a curly mustache.

It stared at me with its beady eyes. I started to run as fast as my puffy legs could carry me.

The next thing I knew, he started to follow me. I was so scared I was shivering like a jitter-bug.



The wolf with the curly mustache and beady eyes caught up with me. I gave up.

He said, "You dropped your wallet, sir."

"OK then," I said. "Whew! I thought you were going to eat me!"

I finally got to my grandma's house. I glided through the door with my basket of goodies. Then my grandma, for no obvious reason, bit my arm off with her fake chompers.

I screamed like a little girl being chased by the boogie monster but it got worse. She waved a butcher knife toward my other arm as I bolted for the front door.

"You look so tasty," she said in her usual sweet voice. The look on her face was nasty, real nasty.

I kept running but she continued to chase me. It's a good thing she was as slow as a tortoise.

Since then, I have never visited my grandma again... As for my arm, I cooked up a new batch of rice and patterned a nice new arm for myself.



Thoughts On Things

Fairness

By Carlo

Have you ever been in a game when there is a kid or kids not being fair? Well I have, and here are the things that happened to me and what it taught me.

To begin with, kids should be fair in games because it prevents fighting. When kids start to fight they start throwing punches and start kicking each other. Kids get really hurt and it can be a real serious injury. One time out at recess, a kid was being really unfair and another kid didn't like it. They stated to fight. They both ended up with a couple of broken bones and they had to go to the hospital. That is really bad and it was only at recess. WOW!!!!!!

In addition, kids should be fair in games because it prevents kids from getting their feelings hurt. Kids can get real offended at what people say to them. Like at recess and those things happen, those games or kids get banned. Once at recess, the teachers told us to stop fighting. The next day the same two kids were fighting again and the teacher told them to stop and the game was banned. The two kids ruined the game for everyone. After that, there is nothing to do at recess.

My last point is, kids should be fair in games so kids can have fun. When the kids are playing the game fairly, they have a ton of fun, and then they start playing that game more. When kids are not fair, the game is a total mess. Like this one time out at recess, we were playing football. We kicked it off to the other team. The kid that we kicked it off to returned it for a touchdown. Kids then said that he stepped out, but he clearly didn't. They were not being fair to the other team. We got in a huge fight. So I stepped in and said, "Let's re-kick." We all agreed and re-kicked. So times after that if we get in a huge fight at the kickoff, we always re-kick. If all kids play Fair, we wouldn't have to waste time fighting. We could just have fun.

Kids should be fair in games so kids can have a ton of fun!!! KIDS BE FAIR SO WE ALL CAN HAVE FUN!!!!!!



Why Pets Are Healthy For You

By Alex

Pets are really important for people because they help people become happier and healthier. Pets can support humans by lowering and reducing stress and they also help us calm down when we need it. Pets can give us a lot of love which makes people feel all warm and cozy inside.

In addition, pets are always going to be there for you when you need help calming down and when you are angry or upset. For example my dog Sienna will always lick my hand when I am upset which always makes me feel better. They will sit in your lap, purr in your ear, or just want to play a game with you.

Pets also give us bunches of love and company so that you know that they will always be there for you. Also, they let us feel needed and very important. For example, my dog Sienna always gives me love and company and also very much important to me.

Finally, pets are also there to entertain us. For another example, my dog Sienna will always do funny tricks to try to entertain me. They can perform many tricks for us and help us too. Also, pets keep us active and healthy.



Middle School

By Kyra

Some people say "I can't wait for middle school." But for me as a fifth grader, it is really scary. Right now, I'm the big fish in a small pond, but soon I'll be a sardine in the deep blue ocean.

One reason why middle school is so scary is because of the 8th graders. They are freakishly scary. I hear that they usually make fun of you, scare the living day light out of you, and make you feel like ant. This might be true but I'm guessing that some of the 8th graders can be kind. At least I hope so.

If that's not enough well here is another reason. Saying good- bye to my BFF's will be challenging because they mean the world to me. My friends and I have had some great times together, for example we had a bone thrilling sleepover. Once when Maddie, came over for a sleepover, we first played truth or dare, then we said we would stay up till midnight telling bone shaking stories. The problem was that I had been skiing that day and so at 10:30, I was a sleep. Oh yeah, here's the funny thing; Maddie was in mid-sentence when all of the sudden she heard me snoring! That was a great time. Making new friends will be very hard because we've had years of primary school together. I also hate to say good-bye to my wonderful teachers who have helped me through all of these exciting years. They have helped me through the toughest times and look where I'm now.

Oh, well let's just look for the positive side. Hmmm... Right now, I can only think of three positive things, we'll have our own lockers and we get a new fresh start. The third reason is, well if you have a lot of luck, you still will hopefully have your best friends!

So I guess there are good things waiting in middle school, but it still is frightening for me as a fifth grader. Oh well, there are still is three months of 5th grade, so I will just make the most out of it! Thinking of middle school is frightening to me, but in some ways, it's awesome too!



The Best Sports Ever

By Cleveland

What sports do you love? I love Football and Lacrosse. In my opinion, these are the best sports to let out anger with physical contact. You can also learn team work skills and can make new friends.

There are many reasons why I love these sports but one of the best reasons is all of the legal physical contact. The reason physical contact is so awesome is because of what you can do like body check, tackle, block, stick check, bull dose, sack, lacrosse fist fight, stiff arm, and my favorite - pancaking, which is flattening your opponent across the line of scrimmage. A lot of these are pretty self explanatory but sacking is a little bit different. Sacking is tackling the QB behind the line of scrimmage, which for people who don't know what that is, it is the blue line on the football field on a TV game.

Another reason Football and Lacrosse are both insanely awesome is you learn team work skills, and team work skills are the best skills to have. Once you gain team work skills, they will always come in handy at work, at home, and even at school. These skills help because if you are in bad situation with a teammate or anybody you can fix it with your skills.

The very best reason Football and Lacrosse are the greatest sports ever is playing any sport actually is one of the best way to make friends. Let me tell you a story. One year when I was in second grade, I went in to my first season of Lacrosse and I only had one friend which was Soudie (his nick-name) or his real name Zach. But as the season went on I had one friend, then two, then four, etc. By the end of the season I was friends with every player.

Physical Contact, Team work, and Friends are just three reasons Football and Lacrosse are the best sports ever.



Stories That Continue

Cissy's Journal A Civil War Story

By Mason N.

May 25, 1862

Hello! My name is Cissy Garthwate. I am 14 and I live in New Orleans, Louisiana with my brother and my parents. My brother's name is Edmond. Ed for short, and he is 16. We are very, very close. Sadly, Ed went to war with the union 10 days ago. Although we live in the South, we are a supporter of the North. My Papa does not own any slaves, but we have two valets and two maids. When I was only two, they came and offered work for clothes, shelter, and food. Papa said that he would give them what they wanted without making them work, but they would not eat food that they did not work for. They remain loyal to us, as they have a bond with all of us. But, now I am going off topic, because I do like to talk. I could gabber all evening, but Mother is calling from the kitchen, so I must depart.

For now, Cissy

May 31, 1862

Goodness knows where poor Edmond is now! Bitsy, my maid, was lacing up my Sunday dress when we heard a horrible whistling, crashing and splintering sound as an army shell fell to the ground somewhere. Both Bitsy and I screamed and Bitsy dropped her lacing. It is Tuesday now and 7 more shells have fallen! Poor Ed! I could not live a second in that dusty battle field. I haven't heard anything from Ed since the 28th, and he only been in the army since the 15th of May! I hope he is not missing... or dead.

God bless Ed. Cissy

June 18, 1862

And I never thought the day would come! Edmond has been declared missing! I dearly hope that he has not been sent out as a scout and been captured! Mother is worried sick. But, I have made a decision. Late tonight, I will "borrow" Papa's beard shavers, and I will cut off all of my beautiful blonde hair. Then I will steal Ed's trousers and a blouse, and I will go enroll myself as a drummer boy in the Union army. I know it will break Mama and Papa's hearts, but I have to find Edmond. I cannot enroll myself as a Garthwate, so now you will be hearing from me as Levi Johnston.

So long for now, Levi Johnston



July 1, 1862

Ay, me! This is hell. The soldiers here are living in putrid conditions. The water is stained brown and pink, and the shoes have holes in the toes. The only thing they have to eat here ishardtack, salt horse, cornmeal and cold coffee. Our uniforms are only blue trousers and blue blouses. The soldiers have rifles, but I only have my drum. I do not march the drills with a rifle (I'll be glad), but I beat the marching drills. I also beat morning wake-up calls, meal calls, and I will beat communicated orders while in combat. The youngest person here is a drummer boy who is 12. He is in sad conditions. No young boy deserves to march in worn down boots across bloody battle fields. By living here you can tell that this country is "hereby dissolved."

Sincerely, Levi

July 4, 1862

There are much higher spirits today than the last few days. Everyone is celebrating, as it is July 4th. One of my bunk mates, Daemyn Morgan, went out early this morning and traded a twist of tobacco for juicy green apples to celebrate with warm coffee. I like Daemyn, and he would make a very rich plantation owner. But I know that Mama and Papa would not approve. He is only a farm boy who was raised in Minnesota. Oh, well. There is still no sign of Ed, but we still haven't marched outside of 5 miles of the fort. I dearly hope that he is safe.

Levi

August 17, 1862

I am very terribly sorry that I haven't written in a while, but there is a large chance that our regiment will start marching to Sharpsburg tomorrow! I cannot believe that the great Lord is letting us do this. There is still no direct word about Ed, but one lad says he's heard the name Garthwate...

Later

It is final! We are marching to Sharpsburg in the morning! The weather seems fair, and the soldiers are happy. But there is one problem... my hair is starting to grow back! How will I hide it?

Levi

Read more of Cissy's Journal in the next issue of Waves.