

# The Garbage Disposal

by John Jonas

A small hole with sharp silver talons  
Makes trash into liquid gallons  
I wake him up by flipping the switch  
He growls at me when he wants to feast



# Someone's Crying Upstairs

by Lily Whitehouse

Never hurt little Samantha's feelings.  
Last week, Charles did and it was a disaster.

He pulled the long, dark, brown hair of her left pigtail one fateful day during Science. She was busy letting butterflies out of the huge, gray, mesh cage in their third grade classroom when she felt a sharp tug on her scalp. When she swung her head around, ready to yell, Charles had his head thrown back laughing as he galloped away to tell his friends. Samantha scrunched up her face and squeezed out a few tears. They rolled down her face and fell to the floor, making a tiny puddle. The tears kept coming, and soon her face was soaked and her eyes were swollen and pink and puffy. Her mouth tasted salty from the tears that slid in. They soon created a line down her shirt and skirt and landed on her sneakers. Then there was a larger puddle around her feet and her frilly pink socks were soaked through. Soon kids were screaming and running out of the room, away from the pool that covered the floor an inch high. These kids ran the halls of the school and told other kids, and soon the whole building knew of the third grade crybaby whose miracle tears had flooded the whole upstairs.

Before long, the principal was called to the building. He entered the usually peaceful halls, and gasped, finding kids of every grade screaming and jumping about, a P.E. coach blowing a whistle that was barely heard, and a teacher calling frantically to her friend that the water was starting to drip down the stairwell. His face turned red with anger, and his deep voice suddenly bellowed, "What on Earth is going on?!"

Everyone turned to him together, silent, and looked shocked to see him standing there. Then one little boy looked up at him and knowingly replied, "Someone's crying upstairs."

# The Sea

by Lauren Beames

The way is sways  
From side to side  
As it moves swiftly  
Washing away the tide,  
It makes children as  
Happy as they can be  
Reflecting the sun  
Off the blue sea.  
Glistening in the  
Sunlight's glow  
Everyday it puts  
On an incredible show.  
Adults and children  
Playing in the sun  
Swimming in the sea  
Just to have some fun.  
With sandpipers trying  
To get away from the waters  
With kids trying to  
Find their dear mothers.  
Picnics on the sandy dunes  
Watch the sea sparkle  
Until the sun shines no more  
And you hear the fireworks crackle.