

# The Frog

By Amy Angelo

Based on "Seal" by William Jay Smith

See how he jumps  
From lily pad to land  
With legs rather quick  
In the mud and the plants  
All around the pond  
Eating flies and such  
With his long twisted tongue  
Catching insects for lunch  
His green skin shines  
From the reflection of the sun  
With bulging eyes gazing  
He frolicks for fun  
His super-slimy skin  
And terrific sticky toes  
Make him super swift  
And away he goes!  
Faster than fire  
Quicker than boats  
He jumps over ponds  
And on lily pads he floats  
He croaks and he sings  
At the top of his lungs  
Just to be heard  
As he sticks out his tongue  
Although he is small  
And mistaken for weak  
He'll jump on your body  
And make you shriek!

# Gymnastics

By Amanda Lee

Upside down I hung, blonde hair reaching for the ground. I saw the bright blue gym mat beneath me, but I was scared—scared I wouldn't land it and that I would fall flat on my face like I had done many times before.

This was my first time doing a back hand spring during a gymnastics meet. My crimson leotard and yellow shorts were a blur, but you could see my expression, terrified of the ground and wondering if I would land it. My mom was in the backdrop at the end of the mat with my coach; both had their eyes glued on me, hoping I would land it.

The entire day I had been nervous, pacing around the gym and all my anxiety had lead up to this moment. The gym was silent. I guess everyone in the stands had their eyes stuck to me as sweat trickled down my face and blood rushed through my veins.

# Leap of Faith

By Hannah Joel

If I were to do this, would anyone really care? Nobody really likes me anyway; I'm too much of a hassle for my parents, and my best friend now thinks of me as nothing. Would anybody even really miss me?

These were the thoughts running through my mind as I stood on the edge of the bridge contemplating the great plunge to my dramatic end. While inching a little bit closer to the stone edge, I peeked down. The frigid water sneered back up at me, taunting me to take the leap. A boat was anchored on a nearby dock. People stared, wondering if I would really take my own life. I stared back. I was determined to make people remember how horribly I was treated at the end of my time on Earth.

I took a deep breath, and pictured every single person I love: my family, my pets, my friends, and most especially, my sisters and my best friend. I saw their smiling faces calling me towards them. Then I remembered how they no longer cared about my existence, and I scooted a little closer to the edge.

I am really going to do this, I thought. Why not? Would anyone really care?