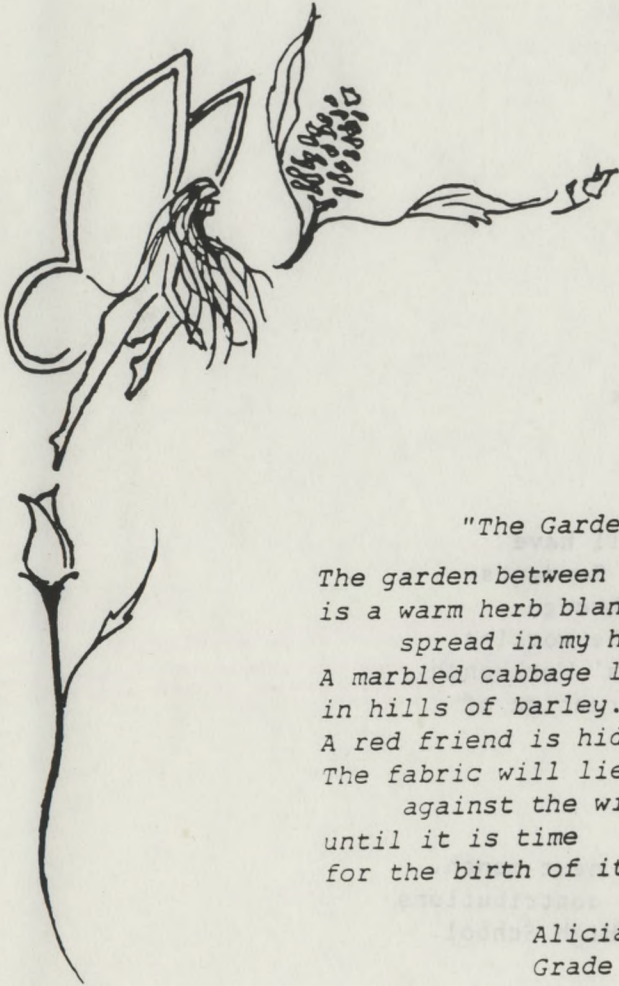


# Of Note

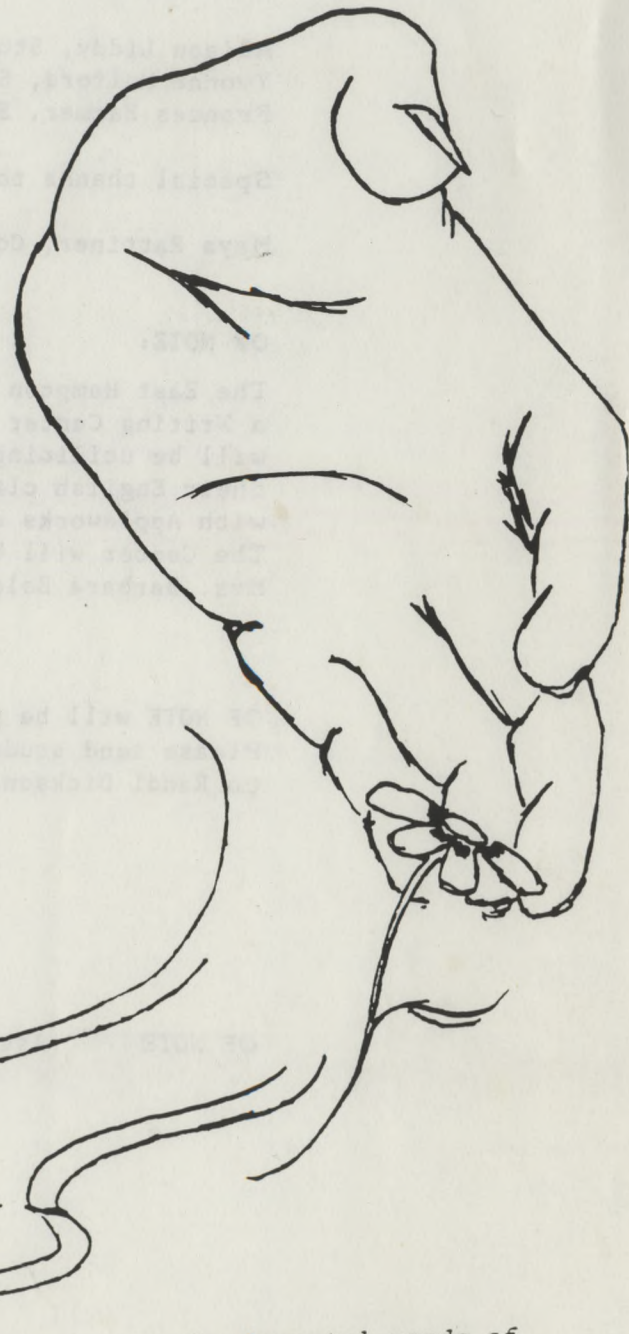
A publication of the  
LANGUAGE ARTS DEPARTMENT  
East Hampton School District



## "The Garden"

The garden between the fences  
is a warm herb blanket  
spread in my hands.  
A marbled cabbage leaf is lost  
in hills of barley.  
A red friend is hiding.  
The fabric will lie flat  
against the wind  
until it is time  
for the birth of its children.

Alicia Ann Fuchs  
Grade 9



In the immortal words of  
Mrs. William Shakespeare:  
Write, Dammit!



Thanks to the following teachers who  
contributed their students' writing:  
Catherine Cafiso, Queen Davis-Parks,  
Gail Parker, Tom Bubka, Violet Webb,  
Barbara Bologna, Mary Taylor,  
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Randi Dickson

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Maya Rattiner, Cover and Artwork

OF NOTE:

The East Hampton High School will have  
a Writing Center in September. Students  
will be utilizing this center through  
their English classes and will be working  
with Appleworks and AT&T Writers' Workbench.  
The Center will be under the direction of  
Mrs. Barbara Bologna.

OF NOTE will be published again next month.  
Please send student and teacher contributions  
to Randi Dickson, East Hampton High School.

OF NOTE

Issue 1

May, 1987



Juliet's Diary

a figure fair  
face hidden in a production  
the room  
could have danced away  
and yet the vision was  
of a soldier stationed fast  
He is not of name  
and can dance but of  
different song  
but i sing to him  
what we both want to hear

below  
blanketed in vines  
he appeared as if to answer  
the agility of love  
wrapped heavily in the night  
and distant from their voices  
we spoke in promise

i watched him disappear  
against the walls of family  
the slats between the fence  
are ours  
the heavily thorned flower  
will bloom  
opening its identity.

i wait for word  
in darkened halls of guidance  
she whispers close as .  
if i were a child  
and during my passage  
to Friar Laurence's cell,  
i still am.

My husband is to leave me  
the house is black in  
mourning  
we are one and no one knows  
he will soon fall into the arms  
of others and i can only hope  
that they are long enough  
to help him up.

Serpent eyes wrap around me  
i am brushed by scales  
i am not free to wed  
the county Paris  
he is blank  
and he too does not know  
that i am empty  
but was once full  
of what he hopes for

I have it now  
my way out from this confusion  
that we have created together  
but that i must end alone.  
He will know  
but no one else will  
so many secrets  
so much to hide  
but so much to gain

Let me sleep -

Alicia Fuchs  
Grade 9  
Romeo and Juliet



These are some poems from a science experiment. We used our 5 senses and went outside, then returned and wrote poetry from what they felt.

Mrs. Davis-Parks

---

I AM THE WIND

I am the wind that tickles your toes.  
I am the wind that tickles your nose.  
I am the wind that blows the roses.  
I am the wind that is blowing away....

Joshua Davidson  
Grade 3

I AM THE WIND

I am the wind,  
I am cold and freezing.  
At the same time  
I'm pushy when I visit the pond.  
I make him icy.  
I'm strong, I'm angry; I push  
sailboats out of my way.  
Sometimes I'm nice and  
sometimes I'm not.  
I'm angry, I whistle when I come  
in. I blow down beautiful trees.  
Look at me. I am the wind.

Mona Baker  
Grade 3

I AM THE WIND

I am the wind, I blow small trees!  
I'm free yes sirre, free to do any  
thing I want to do.  
I am the wind; I blow peoples hair  
and hats off.  
I can blow houses away, because I  
am strong enough.  
Yes sirre, you'd better watch out for  
me because I am the wind. I am strong  
enough to blow you, so instead of walking  
you get blown.  
See how free I am. Free, that's me.  
You'd better watch out for me.

David Cullum  
Grade 3

I AM THE WIND

I am the wind and I push, I  
blow, I shove.  
I'm strong, heavy, cold, and icy.  
I'm freezing and blowing.  
But I'm free.  
I'm evil.  
I'm cruel.  
People hate me, but I don't care.  
I still go on doing as I please.  
I go on ahead being  
Free  
Free  
Free.....

Alexis M. Hyman  
Grade 3



The following are "book reports" from Mrs. Webb's seventh graders. They are posted and serve to encourage other readers.

Wanted a person to read:

Runaway Ralph

Author: Beverly Cleary

This book is an adventurous book for people who like mice. It's a sequel to The Mouse and the Motorcycle. This story is about a mouse named Ralph, and a boy named Keith. Over the weekend, the mouse got a motorcycle from Keith. Join Ralph on his adventures as he runs away. Come, join Ralph on his adventures and his rugged trips. Don't forget Runaway Ralph.

Kenny Dodge  
Grade 7

---

Wanted, a person to read

Encyclopedia Brown Saves the Day

By Donald J. Sobol

I like this book because I like all of the books that Donald J. Sobol writes. In this book, I like the story of the "Kidnapped Pigs". I like this story, because it has pigs, and I like pigs. In order to find out about the story and how the thief gets caught, you should read this book.

Phong Ngo  
Grade 7

---

Wanted, a person to read,  
Rasco and the Rats of Nimh,  
by Jane Leslie Conly

This book was about a little mouse, Timothy, who is on his way to school, in Thorn Valley. Rats teach this school. On his way, he meets a rat named, Rasco. They become friends. Rasco goes to school with Timothy. Rasco tries to impress the rats, and doesn't succeed. In the long run, Rasco does become a hero, which he wanted to be in the beginning. You'll have to read this book to find out how he becomes a hero!

Samantha Siska  
Grade 7



Sixth graders used: Ouchless Curiosity  
Sheila Whalen. 1981 - Think Ink Pub.

From the questions posed, they wrote answers,  
using prose or poetry forms. Later we'll pose  
our own "Ouchless Curiosity" questions.

Mrs. Webb

"Can Your Cat Do the Can-Can-Can-?"

My cat has a special talent. He can do the Meow-Meow-Meow!  
He learned this trick while watching the Follies Bergere in Paris.

We were strolling down the Champs Elysee, when a poster caught  
Georgie's eye. He begged me to go with him. I knew that they wouldn't  
allow animals in the theater, so I tied Georgie around my neck and  
turned him into a fur piece! When I sat down, I took off my "fur  
piece" and placed him on my lap, head up! That's how Georgie learned  
how to do the Meow-Meow-Meow, while watching the Can-Can-Can!

Kathleen Mcmanus  
Grade 6

"How Many Ways Can You Spend \$5.00?"

"Is There Really A Muffin Man?"

I wonder if there's a muffin man,  
Who sells his muffins nice and hot.  
Who enjoys walking around the town,  
So lots of people will come and stop  
To buy his muffins, or maybe not.

Amanda Borsack  
Grade 6

As I was was walking down the street,  
I saw a shop, so neat, so sweet.  
I had five dollars in my pocket,  
And in the window was a locket.  
The locket was tarnished with silver and gold,  
I got five dollars from doing as told.  
Then I went into the store,  
And looked at what the price-tag bore.  
This price-tag wasn't as neat and sweet,  
As the sign painted on the street.  
As I walked out the door,  
My pocket bore,  
For my five dollars, a receipt,  
And my locket, a treat!

Rachel Coursey  
Grade 6



## Poetry

poetry, poetry,  
wondering what to write...  
should I talk about trees,  
butterflies, or possibly a knight?

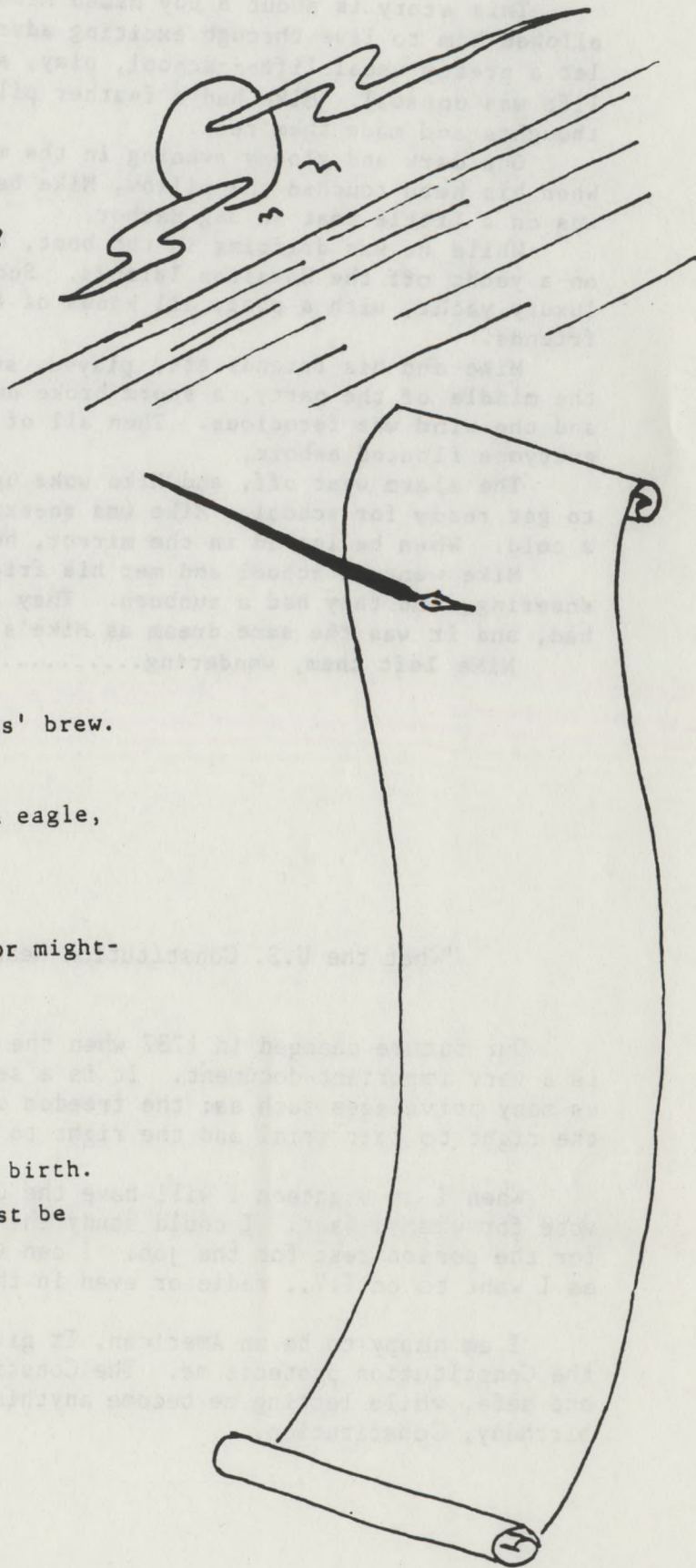
should I make it long,  
or should I make it short?  
poetry, poetry,  
I doubt it's going to be,  
of either sort.

lying back, thinking what to do,  
the setting could be walking  
in a meadow,  
where witches are mixing a witches' brew.

I think the poem will be about an eagle,  
who set its wings to flight,  
swooping down over a lake,  
hoping that a fish he'll catch, or might-

perhaps the eagle will fly,  
in the sky so high,  
looking down on the earth,  
wondering what could be the next birth.  
the mind of an eagle, amazing must be  
probably only he  
can inspire me to write poetry!

Conlon Carabine  
Grade 6





## Fantasy Pillow

This story is about a boy named Mike, who had a special pillow that allowed him to live through exciting adventures. Mike was 12 years old and he led a pretty usual life---school, play, and homework, but one thing in his life was unusual. Mike had a feather pillow, and one night it took Mike's thoughts and made them real.

One dark and gloomy evening in the month of December, Mike went to bed. When his head touched the pillow, Mike began to think or maybe dream. Mike was on a little boat in Sag Harbor.

While he was drifting in the boat, he thought it would be nice if he was on a yacht off the Hawaiian Islands. Suddenly, he found himself on a huge luxury yacht, with a pool, all kinds of foods, a game room, and a lot of friends.

Mike and his friends ate, played, swam, and had a lot of fun. Right in the middle of the party, a storm broke out. The waves crashed over the deck, and the wind was ferocious. Then all of a sudden the boat tipped over and everyone floated ashore.

The alarm went off, and Mike woke up. It was six-thirty, and Mike had to get ready for school. Mike was sneezing, and he knew that he had caught a cold. When he looked in the mirror, he had a sunburn.

Mike went to school and met his friends in the hall. They were all sneezing, and they had a sunburn. They all talked about a crazy dream they all had, and it was the same dream as Mike's.

Mike left them, wondering.....

Michael First  
Grade 6

### "What the U.S. Constitution Means to me and to Our Country"

Our future changed in 1787 when the Constitution was made. The Constitution is a very important document. It is a set of rules to follow. It gives us many privileges such as: the freedom of speech, the freedom of religion, the right to fair trial and the right to bear arms.

When I am eighteen I will have the ultimate power, to vote. I can vote for whom I want. I could study the problems such as terrorism and vote for the person best for the job. I can voice my opinion as loud and as publicly as I want to on T.V., radio or even in the newspaper. No one can stop me!

I am happy to be an American. It gives me a warm feeling to know that the Constitution protects me. The Constitution lets me grow up happy, healthy and safe, while letting me become anything I chose to be. Happy two hundredth birthday, Constitution.

Jesse Rothwell  
Grade 5



## The Argumentative Essay

Writing an argumentative essay involves a number of critical skills. Students are asked to research a topic using the most current resources available in the library. They must read and understand the important points being made by the writer. They must distinguish between articles and essays and take into account point of view and bias. They must weigh the arguments on both sides of an issue and come to a conclusion. Finally they must be able to communicate that position in writing and support it with evidence. Students write drafts and revise them after input by a fellow student editor as well as the teacher.

### Euthanasia- Should We Have The Right to Choose?

Allowing someone the right to choose to die a natural death is euthanasia. The word euthanasia comes from the two Greek words meaning "good" and "death". It is also used synonymously with "mercy killing". Now that our technology has become more advanced, and we are able to prolong life for long periods of time, people are now faced with the problem of euthanasia. A person should have the right to choose whether or not he should be kept alive by artificial means.

If a person with a long-term illness, such as cancer, is being kept alive by an artificial life-support system, he is probably suffering physically while his family is suffering emotionally. The patient may have made his feelings known to his family and/or doctor prior to his illness, that he did not want to be kept alive. In the event that his illness requires a life-support system, although it is a difficult action, his family and/or doctor should see that his request is carried out.

If a person knows that his illness is terminal, and remaining alive by artificial means will be a financial burden on his family, he should be allowed to refuse life-support systems if he so desires.

It is also a person's right to choose to have his life maintained by means of artificial life-support systems. The reason for this choice is that there is always a possibility for a cure to be found.

Opposers to the right to choose to die may say euthanasia is immoral. Life is too valuable in any state, why kill when there is always hope for a cure to be found? However, it seems to be more humans to not let people suffer needlessly. It is the quality of life, not life itself.

This essay does not take a side of euthanasia. It just states that people should have the right to decide to die. A terminally-ill person, who can make a decision, should be able to say, "I'm terminally ill; there is no hope of me recovering. Let me live as long as nature will allow me." The point is that the person himself should have control of his life, not a doctor and not his family.



## Capital Punishment An Intolerable Denial Of Civil Liberties

Capital punishment is a controversial issue that is faced by hundreds of convicts on death row every year. It has been called unconstitutional in 1976. As of now, it is a stand-off. But it should be abolished in the United States.

The supporters of the death penalty say that it is a deterrent and "if killers are put to death, then potential killers will stay their hand." Yet, this theory is founded on wish, not fact. When the death penalty is used in a state, there is no decrease in the rate of criminal actions. In fact, the use of the death penalties may increase criminal actions in that state.

The supporters go on to say that it is a matter of retribution, and that a murderer should give up his life if there is to be justice - "a tooth for a tooth." However, this brings the state down to the murderer's level of brutality. In turn, the law itself becomes a killer.

Those who argue for the death penalty continue to say that putting the criminal to death would prevent him from doing more harm to society. That is true, but if a judicial error is evident, it cannot be corrected. Evidence shows that innocent people are occasionally convicted of crimes and some of them have been executed. Such unfairness is due to mistaken eye-witness testimony, faulty police work, previous criminal records and the list goes on. Thus, the judicial system cannot guarantee that justice will be served.

In conclusion, the victim is not brought back to life by the death of his killer. In fact, society will not be harmed if the killer is put in jail for life. Actually, it is more fair, constitutional, and errors, if any, are capable of being changed. Still, the theory and practice of the death penalty is unchanged; the United States is still executing people. It's time we stopped.

Cynthia Carew  
English 9





"The Day I Climbed to the Top of  
a Flower"

One day an ant saw a grape on  
top of a flower. (ants craved grapes)  
But the flower was very high. The  
ants needed some one strong and brave  
to climb the flower. Guess who that  
was? Me. I got all the equipment I  
needed and started to climb and climb.  
I finally got there and dropped the  
grape down. Then I climbed down.

Lizzie Pizzorno  
4th grade

"I Feel"

As I sit by the bright light,  
I feel full of might.  
I feel like helping someone,  
To help by giving some fun.  
I want to kill the haste,  
And make the world a better place.  
I want to reach out,  
And give a BIG shout.  
People think life's a joke,  
I'd like to give them a poke.  
There are a lot of jerks out there,  
Who really don't care.  
They think life's a scream,  
But, it's supreme!  
You should love life,  
Not stick it with a knife.

Becky Cooper  
Grade 6

Ivy

The ivy creeps slowly  
up the terrace  
old with age  
it slows down only to find  
the young traveling higher  
than the aged ever expected to go.

Katie Dodge  
Grade 9



The underlined words were vocabulary words taken from a short story, "The Most Dangerous Game" that we read. The students were to use them in paragraphs of their own.

Ms. Dickson

### Cafeteria Lunch

Cafeteria lunch is usually a bizarre adventure. When you are waiting in line for a grotesque meal, things aren't usually placid. You never rarely find an indolent person on line. As you wait, you try to guess the bland tasting meal for the day. It's your turn to pick what you want to eat, you try to condone what's there so you don't get sick. You pick a lacerated piece of meat. It looks like the repast that you had yesterday. You slide You walk to your seat smelling this stuff piled on your plate. You sit down and eat your meal with a droll looking face, to hide the sickness that lurks inside you. Well the bell rings, and you just remembered you have gym next. Ohhhhhh.

Meghan Grant  
Grade 9

### Skateboarding

Skateboarding is a beautiful sport, especially if it is done on a halfpipe. Every move is so powerful yet so graceful at the same time. The concentration of a skater about to make a run is intense and focused on nothing but the ramp.

A skater poised on the shelf of a halfpipe, with full pads and ready to drop in looks like a warrior going to battle. The helmet is thick and covers most of the head; his face is fixed in concentration as sweat drips off his brow. His upper body is slightly crouched; arms are padded from his elbows to his hands. His shorts are slightly padded and damp from sweat. His muscular legs are padded at the knees; his shoes are battered and torn.

The skater is standing on his board ready to drop in, studying the ramp. The sun is shining off the grey paint that flakes off more and more after every run. The platform is slick because it is made of nylon-covered wood. The coping is made from plastic piping and is starting to come undone. The wood is starting to splinter from the constant traffic of skateboards. The transitions are quick and lead into vertical perfectly.

His concentration is intense as he goes over his motions in his head: lean forward, crouch, set up, pump, explode, grab rail, tap coping, air. Every move is so smooth, so effortless. Each move sets up the next-backside air into rock and roll, grind, drop-in, axle stall, drop-in, allie-air leading to frontside air. It's another perfect run, another example of power and gracefulness.

Matt Charron  
English 12S



The sixth grade students often use a spelling word to write "Acrostic Poems."

Mrs. Webb

Halos

Soles  
Singles,  
Punches, you be  
Teases for be  
Ammy, for be  
yourself.

Have  
a  
Lot  
Of  
Shiny Gold.

John Clablin

Kittens Grade 6

Kittens  
In a  
Joy  
Trumpet, joyfully  
Eating and  
Nibbling on pieces of  
Sandwich -

By: Allison  
Bahr  
Grade 6

But Phanie kept  
the grade 6

Echo  
Everywhere you hear the sound,  
Coming from all around,  
Hailing you from high or low,  
Over everyone the sound will go,  
Zip goes  
Zip plus Zip  
Equals nothing the same  
Remains for all,  
Once and for all.



"The Warrior"

Always in darkness.  
Yet fighting for light  
Cunning and shrewd  
with a keen insight  
Gifted by the Gods  
With a fantastic might  
He is looked on with adoring eyes by fa  
that is my portrait of Odysseus the Gre

Kerri Ryan  
Grade 9

"A World of Fantasy"

The crashing of the waves on the seashore -  
Homeless children dreaming of a home -  
This is life -  
Some fantasies unbroken,  
Some shattered.

Amanda Borsack  
Grade 6

"Temptation"

Temptation is the luring of the heart  
It won't stop til it tears you apart.  
Piece by piece you feel yourself crumble,  
into the hands of nothing but trouble.  
Whether it be tempting scents or luring voices  
It grabs you and demands you make choices.  
Choices to stay, choices to go.  
Temptation never lets go.

Laura Willenborg  
Grade 9

Have you heard  
Of anything so absurd?  
Me, swimming in the sea,  
With a two-piece bikini!

Kathleen McManus

The following were submitted by  
Mrs. Cafiso after a project involving  
the five senses.

"Wind"

When I go out,  
In the wind something  
Nudges me.  
Don't you think the wind is strong?

Elizabeth Borsack  
Grade 3

"Wind"

On summer days it's quite a treat,  
but sometimes it messes up  
picnics that are neat.

Peaceful winds on sunny days  
make it so much fun to gaze.

Kino  
Grade 3

"Wind"

I am the wind, and I like you.  
You are nice and I turn to ice.  
I am violent and you turn silent.  
And I go on forever and ever.

Courtney Wingate  
Grade 3