

Living Wisdom School Angels Have A Lot To Say!



June 2011

Ansley

“Children want to write. They want to write the first day they attend school. This is no accident. Before they went to school they marked up walls, pavements, newspapers with crayons, chalk, pens or pencils...anything that makes a mark. The child’s marks say, ‘I am.’”

Writing: Teachers & Children at Work by Donald H. Graves

Each unique and original entry in this literary magazine breathes life into Graves’ assertion that children write to say, “I am.” As teachers, we strive to create an atmosphere that gives our students the freedom and the tools to do just that. This publication celebrates their originality and creativity, their ability to imagine and reflect, to ask questions, draw connections, and make assertions...all the “stuff” of the deepest kind of learning. Sometimes our young writers express themselves in the collaborative environment of Writers Studio where they learn to trust their own ideas, to share them with others, to rework, to edit, and to publish. Sometimes they express themselves in the form of a personal reflection or in an inquiry into history or science. Sometimes they write in prose or wax poetic. No matter the age of the children, the context, or the form, their writing reveals them engaged—heart and mind—in the very real process of making meaning both “on the page and in their lives.”

Helen Purcell
Middle School Language Arts Teacher
& School Director

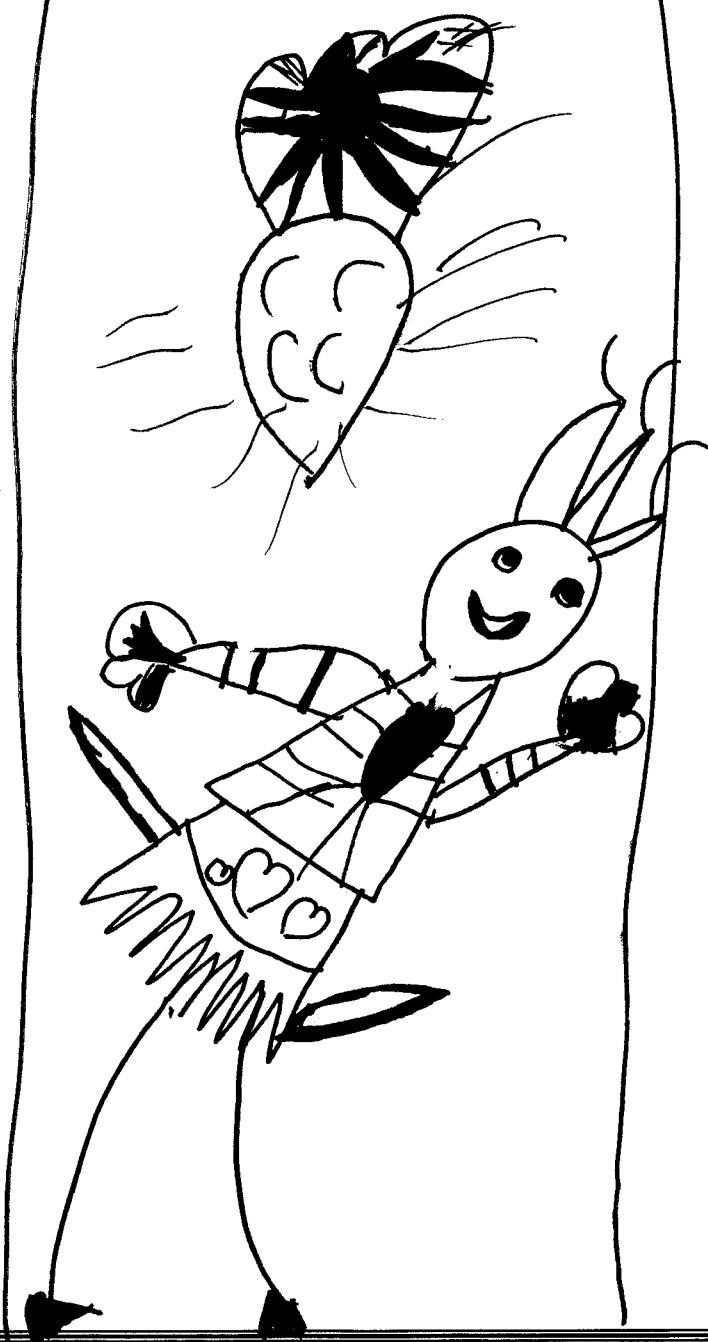
A note about the illustrations for the literary selections in this magazine:

Picasso once remarked that it took him fifty years to paint like a child again. Was he remarking on the freedom with which children express themselves? Did he mean that young children’s art might appear disarming in its freedom, especially to us as adults? Maybe so. Most of us are convinced we are not artists. We can remember when an adult remarked, “That’s not how it should look,” or “Sarah painted it just right.” It takes so much courage to face a blank canvas and trust one’s self enough to simply begin, to just jump off that high cliff into the unknown realm we call artistic expression and to see what evolves.

Often at Living Wisdom School, our students actually trust the process. They enchant us with their bold use of color, their magical use of line and shape, their delight in creating. Only the medium teaches limits. With no other rules, the unique vision of each artist can come to fruition. Often at the end of an art class, my dear students will, one by one, look up at me and ask, “Is this all right? Is it good?” And I answer them with a resounding “Yes! It is good. It is a masterpiece.”

Barbara Rabin,
Living Wisdom School Founding Teacher

Pre-Kindergarten & Kindergarten



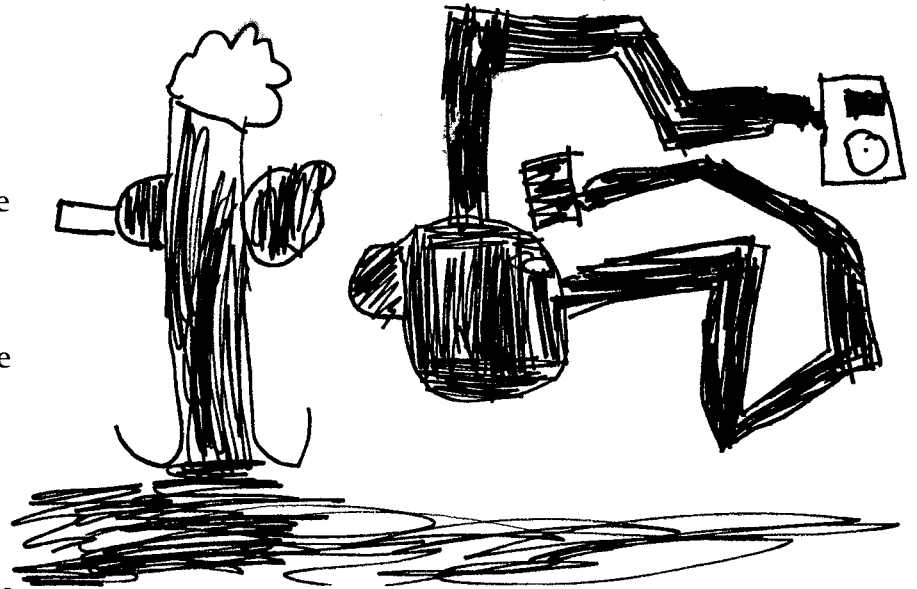
Youyang

Imaginative Stories by the Pre-Kindergarten — Kindergarten Playmakers

The Lemon Battery

By Akshay Singhal-Nulu, age 5

This is the lemon that I found on the tree. I wrote down positive and negative on the lemon. The meter tells you how much electricity it has. I plugged the lemon back in and it need electricity from the meter. It had 15 electricity. The lemon was all full and then the screen was all dark. There is a lemon tree with all the lemons. I picked the lemons. I plugged in a new lemon and we again had electricity. I picked another lemon and it was 50 hot. Another lemon was 20 hot. The end.



The Penguin of Memory

By Anna Reid, age 6

The wind was starting to come and the penguin was starting to feel cold. The penguin imagined it was raining and he felt better. And then it was raining again. He was swimming inside the rain. And then it was cloudy and he liked that too. At last the sun was out.

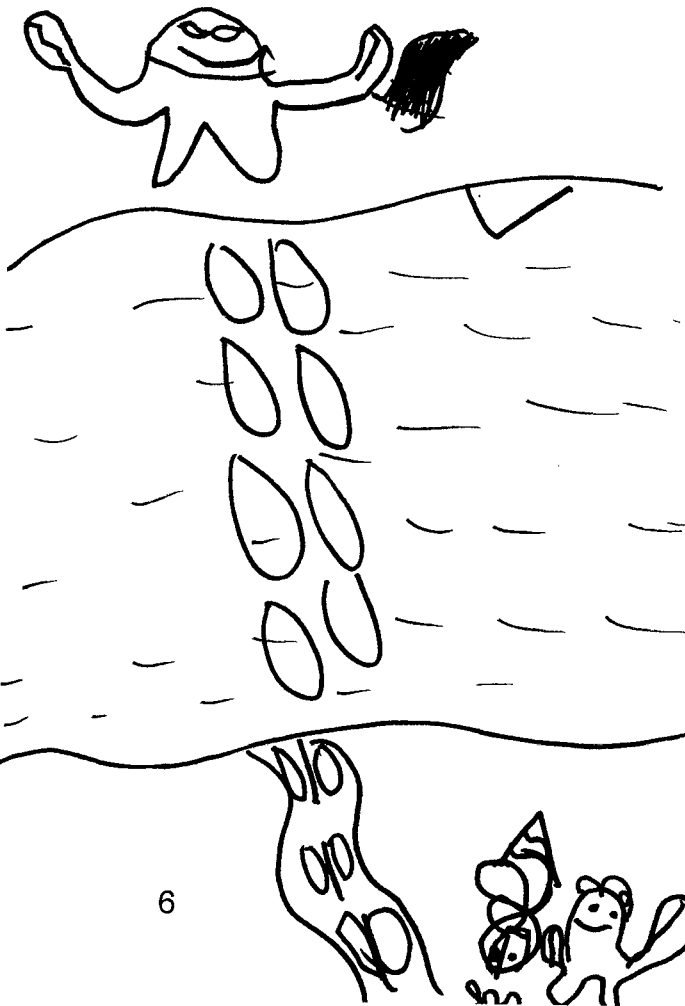
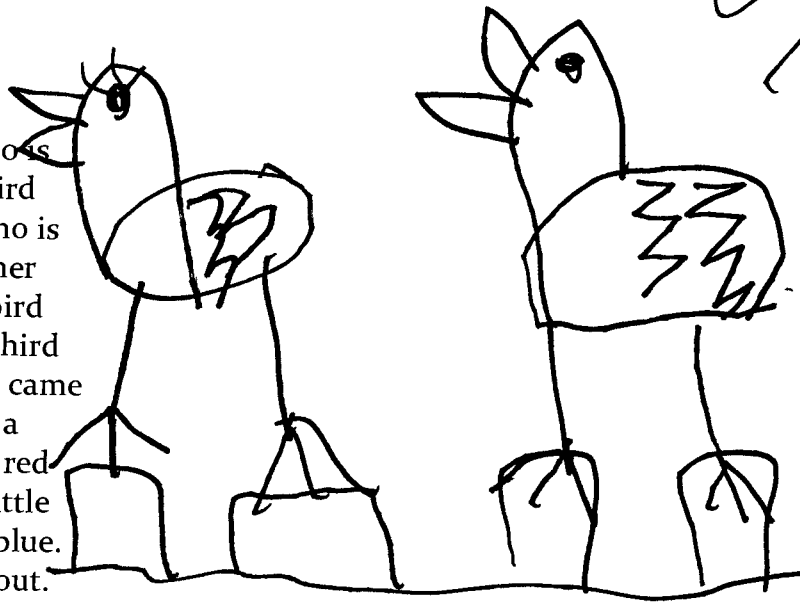




Rio

By Bryan Fu, age 5

This is the entrance of the zoo. The zoo is all about birds. One morning a little bird came out. There was a bad guy bird who is big and very mean. The next day another little bird came. There was also a girl bird who was nice. On another morning a third bird came out. One night another bird came and that bird was purple. Another day a little black bird came out. One night a red bird came out. He was fat. One day a little blue bird came out. He was black and blue. One other morning a black bird came out. One sunny morning all the birds are still sleeping. They all were friends.



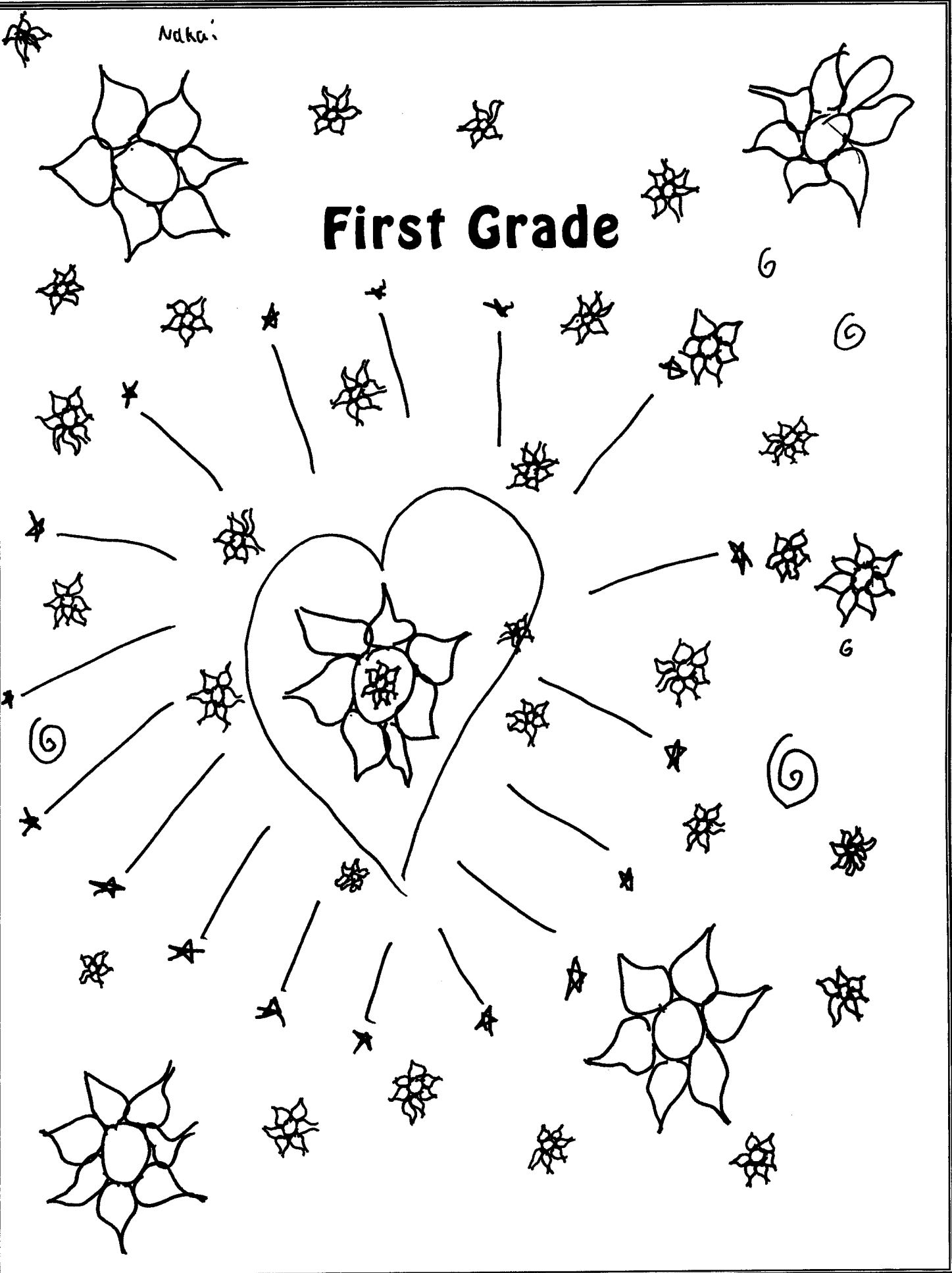
The Crab

By Clara Rosenberg, age 5

The crab went to the beach. He picked up some sand. He noticed it was not sand but a shell. He went home with the shell. He showed his mother the shell. The mother got kind of freaked out because it was actually a sea animal. The animal started to bite him. The crab got sad because he had to bring the sea animal back to the sea. He decided not to bring it back, but it kept biting him. He asked his mother if she could take care of it? She told him it was his responsibility. At first he was sad that the sea animal kept biting him, but then it stopped. So he kept the sea animal. It was dinner time. The crab and the sea animal had dinner together. The crab and the sea animal went to bed. They woke up in the morning sun. The crab and the sea animal were happy. The End

Naka:

First Grade



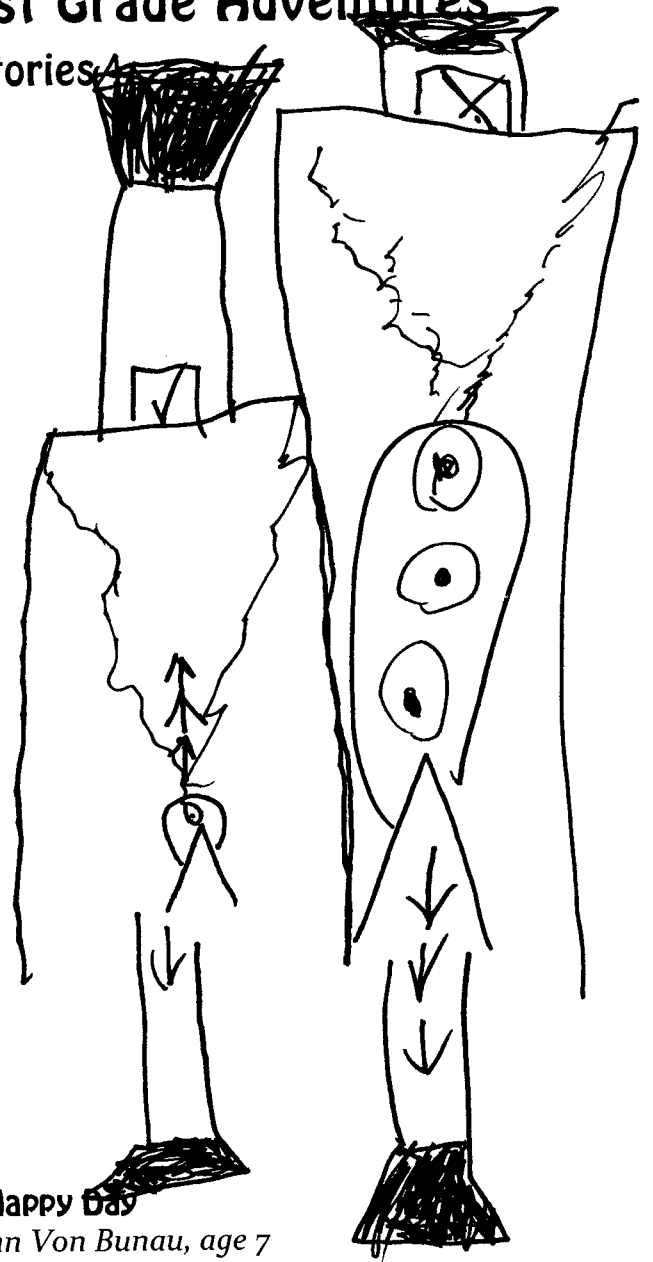
Creative Writing by the First Grade Adventures

Imaginative Stories

The Crazy Aliens

By Dominic Christiansen, age 7

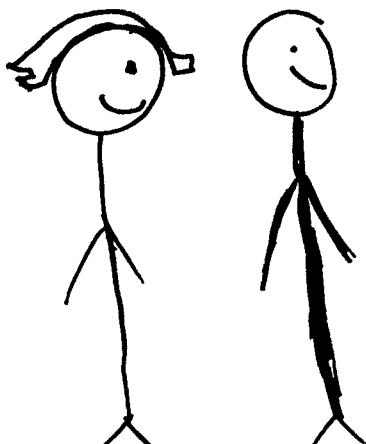
There were two aliens. They didn't have any names because they didn't have any parents or ancestors. They were made by the air. They didn't think about very much. All they thought about were the plans they made together. One day one of the aliens was thinking about destroying a factory that made utensils. They all put on their disguises and went to the factory. The place had very good security though and took away their disguises the minute they got in. They escaped and did not die. Then the taller alien punched the roof and dynamite fell out. The building was about to explode, and so were they...Until one of them noticed that it was all happening in his imagination. It really gave him a fright. He was so scared that he took the other alien away. They didn't die but they didn't complete their mission either. The End



The Happy Day

By Finn Von Bunau, age 7

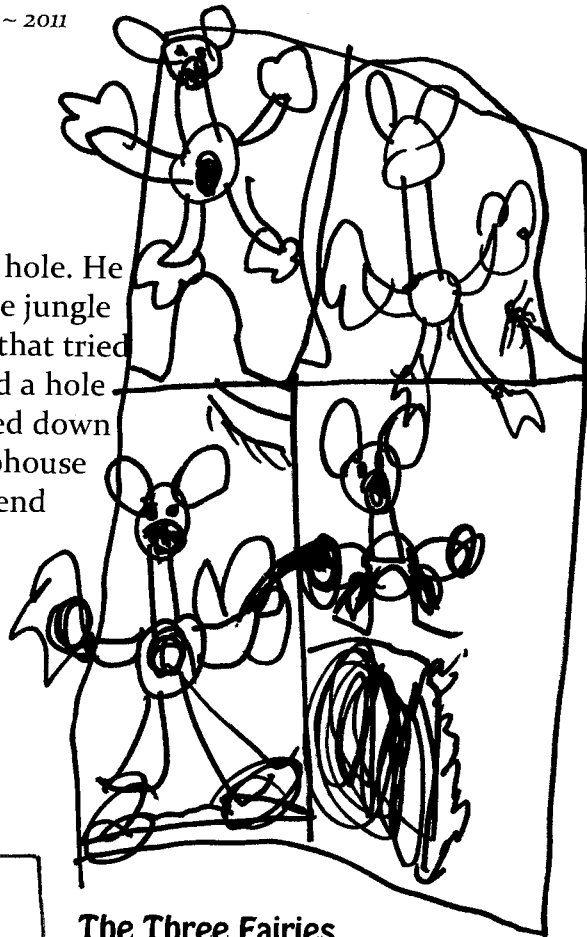
One day there was a man who went to a forest. He was actually a very great scientist. He saw a tree that had a hole in it. He knew that a woodpecker had made the hole in the tree. He walked for 10 miles. Then he found a friend. They said, "Hi!" to each other. They talked together for 10 minutes. Then they took a walk and decided to be friends. They played together. The end



Raving Rabbits First Book

By Joseph Dieckmann, age 6

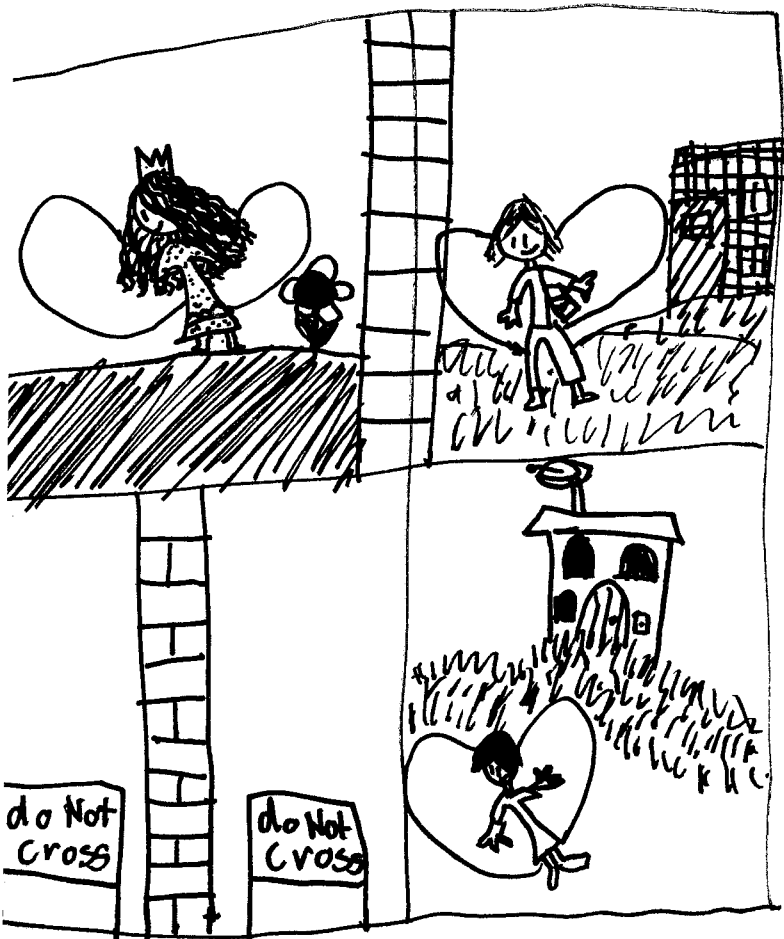
One raving rabbit got sucked down a hole. He went into a cave. He went through the jungle and he held his gun so that anything that tried to scare him he could shoot. He found a hole in the middle of the jungle and jumped down it. Then he was back home in his clubhouse with all his other bunny friends. The end



The Three Fairies

By Kaia Flores, age 6

Once upon a time there was an ice fairy princess. She lived in her ice castle. There was a boy fairy who lived far far away from there. There was a brick wall between their lands. On each side of the wall there were signs that said DO NOT CROSS. There was a good fairy who was nice and generous. She shared joy with lots of people. She had generosity and gratitude. The ice fairy and the boy fairy met each other in a far, far away land from their homes. They became best friends. They broke down the wall between their lands after they became friends. They broke it with a brick. Then they could see what was on the other side. They could also visit each other more easily. The End



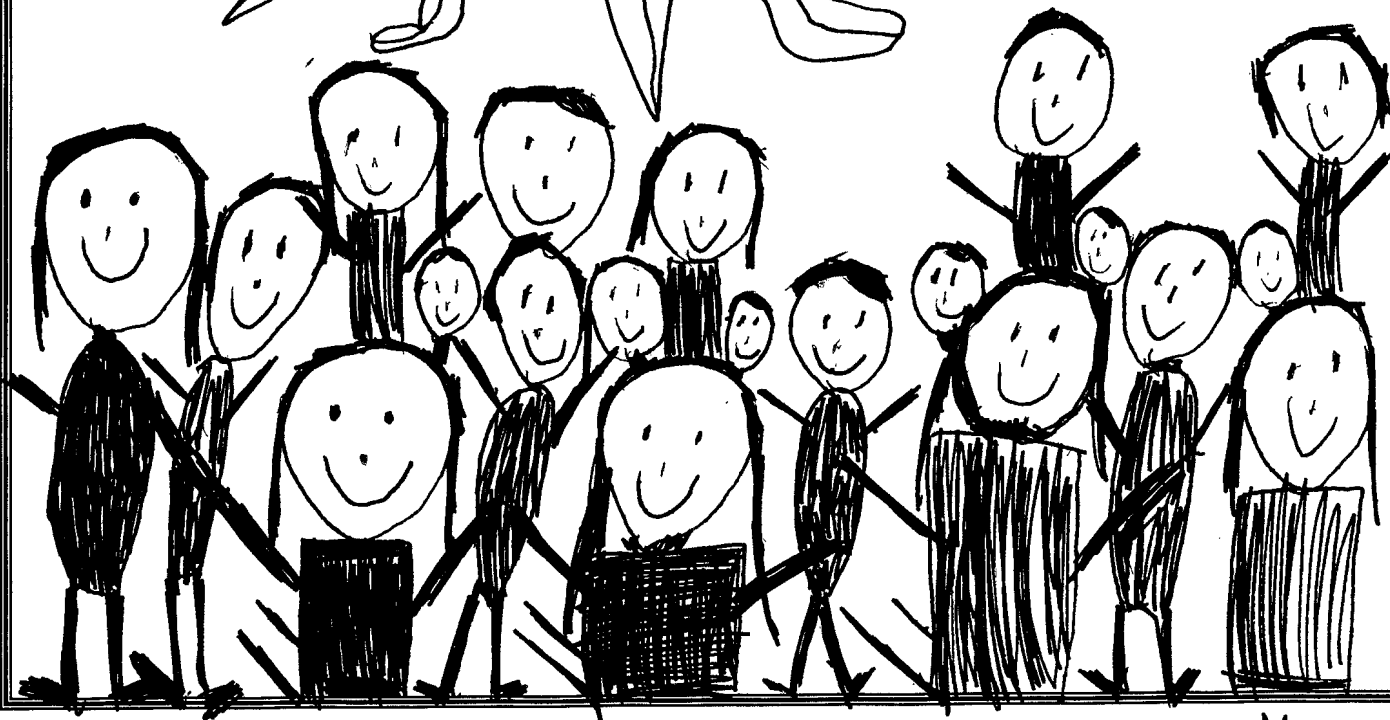
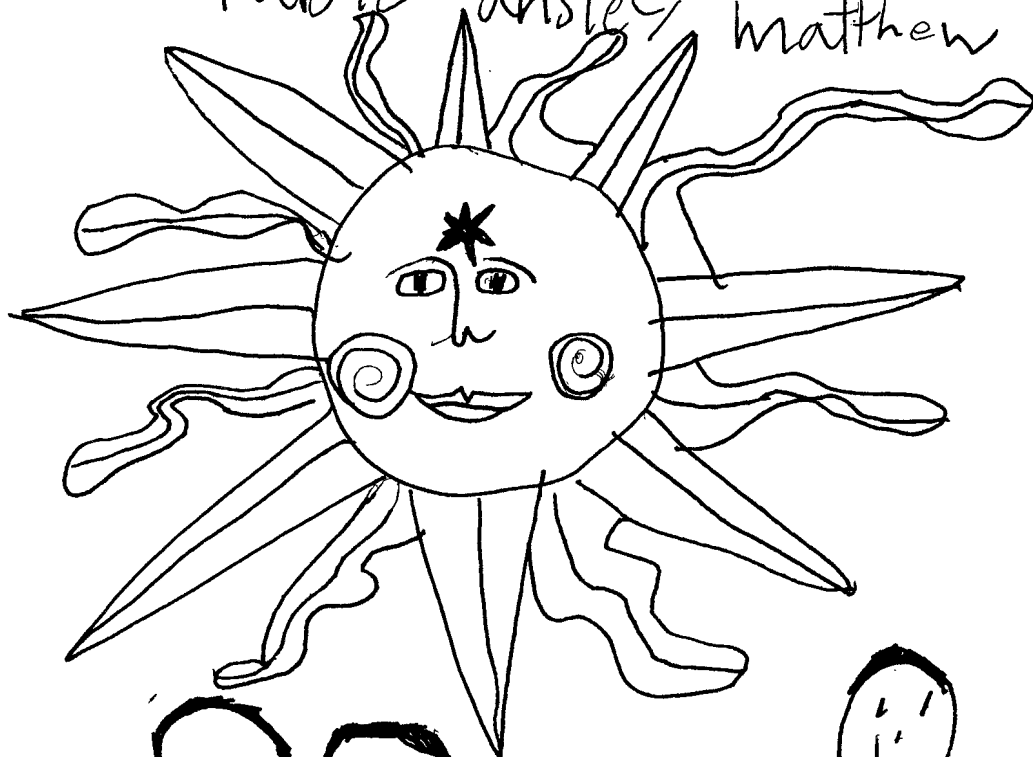
Mace Jason Pongsa Welford
Ava Gautav Emma Elisereha

Second Grade

Hugo Nina Caleb & Pailyn Kalyan

Third Grade

Sophia Pablo Ansley Matthew



Mace

Creative Writing by the Second and Third Grade Discoverers Imaginative Stories

The Girl and the Blue Dog

By Ansley Perryman, age 8

Once there was a shop filled with dogs. Inside the shop there was one dog that was blue. He was the only blue dog. The owner of his mom had put blue food dye in her food to make him turn out blue. The mom's owner was named Alley. All of the other dogs laughed at him because he was blue. They said, "You will never get an owner." When the blue dog heard this he would cry and cry and cry all night. By the way, I am the blue dog. This happened every day until one day, a little girl, about eight years old, looked at me and a marvelous thing happened: she bought me and took me home!

When we got home, she gave me food and water and a bed to sleep in. Then we went to bed. The next morning she gave me eggs for breakfast. Then we went for a walk. It was a quiet and peaceful walk. When we got home, the girl gave me a bath. Then, something amazing happened, the blue came off! And I was so happy! Then, the person who gave the mom the food peeked in the window and saw that I was not blue anymore! The person who gave the food was furious. He wanted me to come out different. Then Alley thought of an idea. While the dog was taking a walk outside in the backyard, when Alley appeared and said, "Would you like some food, my dear?" I was quite hungry and I said yes. Alley gave me a popsicle and I ate it and turned red, without even noticing! Then I went inside and my owner saw me and said, "What happened to you? You are fiery red!" I looked at my paws and I gazed down at the red paws. I did not know what had happened! Then, she said it was bath time. And, the red came off. Alley peeked in the window and thought, "How can I make him a different color permanently?" and then he thought of a plan. While I was outside in the backyard, Alley came by again. He asked, "Would you like some corn, my dear?" I was so hungry that I said yes again. This time I turned yellow. I went inside again and the girl said, "What is wrong? You are corn yellow!" She said it was bath time again. Luckily, it came off again. Alley had no more ideas, and soon stopped bothering us. He just walked without any more color. The end.

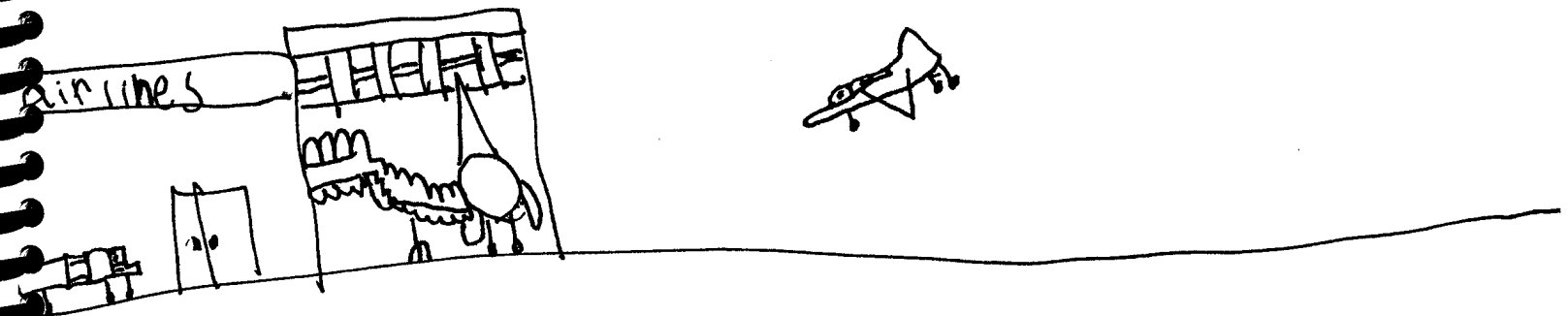


The Lion That Could Fly

By Caleb Flores, age 9

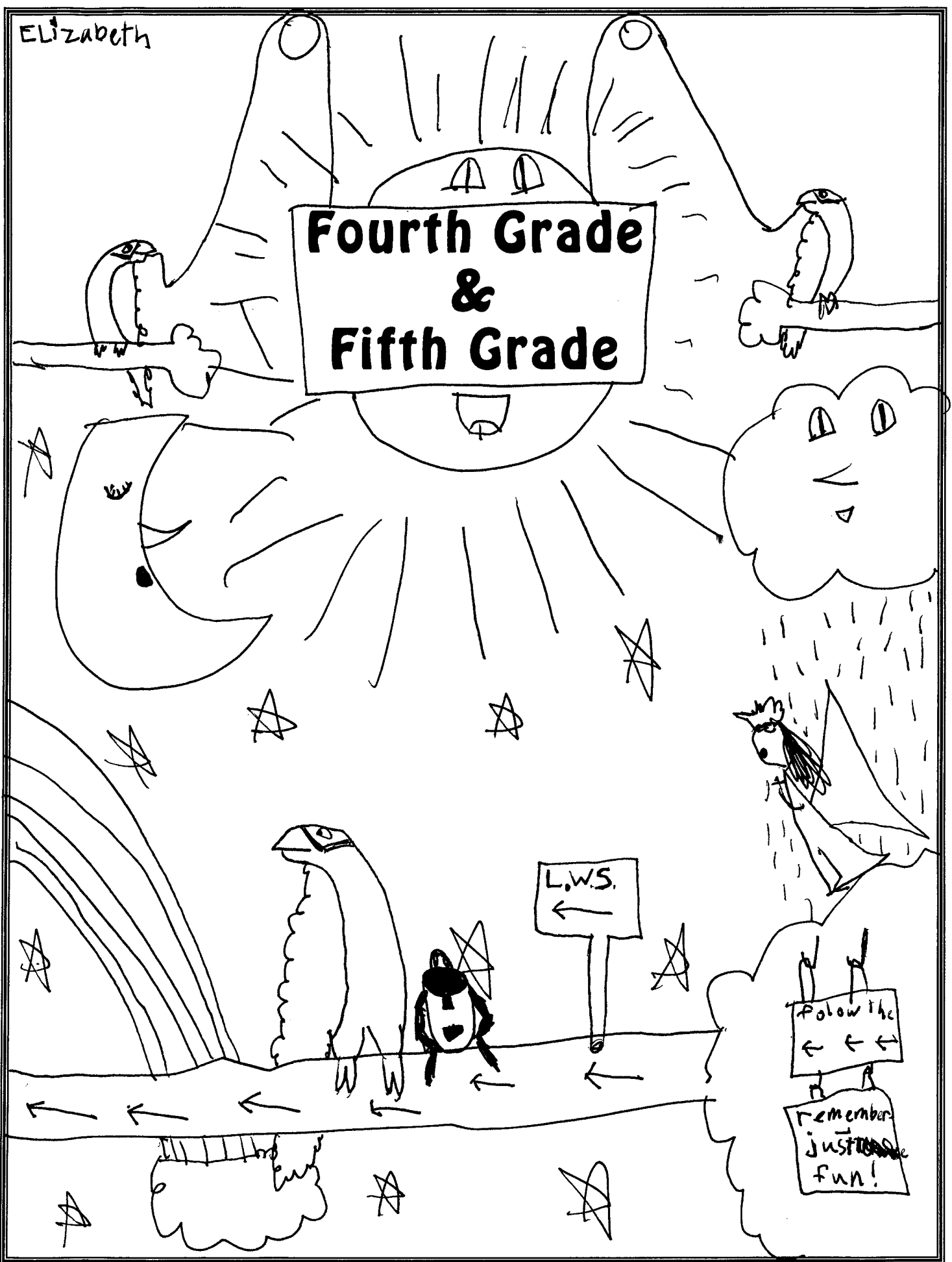
Once upon a time there was a lion named James. James lived in a desert in Africa. One day James the lion was crawling and crawling around the desert until he became very tired. He noticed a rock and lay down to go to sleep. He didn't know it, but a man was on top of the rock. He captured the lion with a net. The man put the lion in his plane and flew him to the zoo. The zoo was in New York.

When the lion got put in the zoo he really wanted to get out. One day the lion used his claws to burst out of the cage in a blink of an eye. The lion then found a cave near the zoo. There was something amazing inside the cave. The lion touched a rock in the cave and a Genie popped out of it. The Genie said, "I will grant you one wish." The lion didn't listen to the Genie because the lion was looking at all of the crystals in the cave, so the Genie granted a wish for him. When the lion left the cave, there was a rhino outside. The rhino chased him to a cliff. The lion had no choice. He had to jump. The lion was so scared but when he jumped, he didn't fall. He was so happy. He realized the Genie had saved him from falling because he had given him wings! Then the lion flew home back to the desert and lay down near his favorite rock. The end.



Elizabeth

Fourth Grade & Fifth Grade



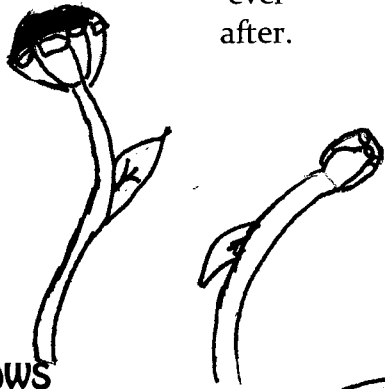
CREATIVE WRITING FROM THE FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADE CREATORS

Poetry

THE ANNOYING TOAD (A word walk poem) By Charlotte Glen, age 10

The annoying toad drank sausage smoothies in Canada
Hidden in bushy, green grass stalks.
The powerful toad heard the sound of a woodpecker
In a cool birdbath.
The woodpecker was shaggy, purple, and noisy.
The woodpecker said the toad was annoying.
The agitated toad exploded loudly
And rode away in a purple Japanese go-kart,
Hiding in Vermont.
Vermont is big and everlasting.
And he lived happily

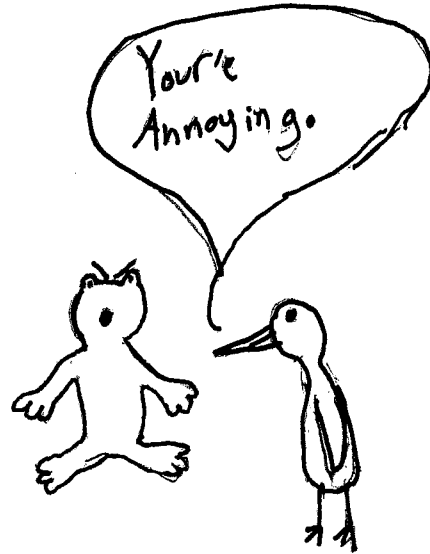
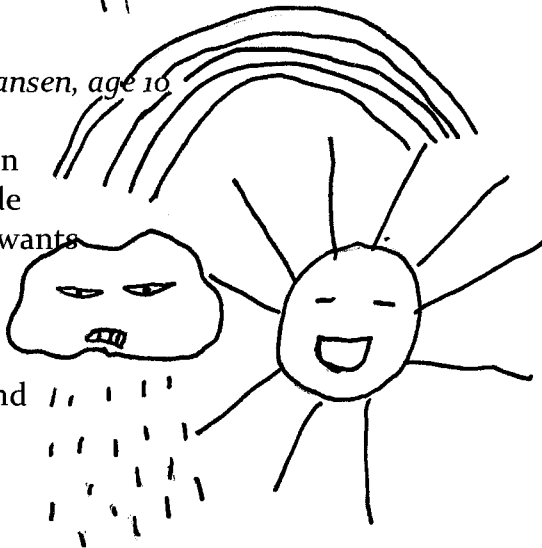
ever
after.



RAINBOWS of Peace

By Chloe Christiansen, age 10

Both sun and rain
Have peace inside
But neither one wants
To show it.
But when they
Join,
Comes beauty and
Peace.
We know it as a
RAINBOW.



Why Be Bad?

By Divya Thekkath, age 9

Do you ever wonder
Why people are bad?
Why war goes on with
Its hate and brutal
Force?
Look inside and fix yourself.
People will follow
In your peaceful footsteps...
Be Peace

Mission to Mars: 2012

By Reza Navadeh, age 10

On one random day, of that very fine year,
NASA wanted to send me to space because they were in fear.
I did not know what to do, or what to say.
So I said, "Yes,
but I'll need something for the sunrays."
I had to pack my bags, and say goodbye to my mum.
Ooh, I'll make history!
I'll have lots of fun!

I met an RC robot that later I'll drive,
his name is Mr. Tax, and together we'll thrive!

I promised my mom I'll call a little later.
But is there reception on Mars?
I guess I'll find out when I get there.

Its been months practicing for this very long trip,
only 10 more seconds until I actually lift!

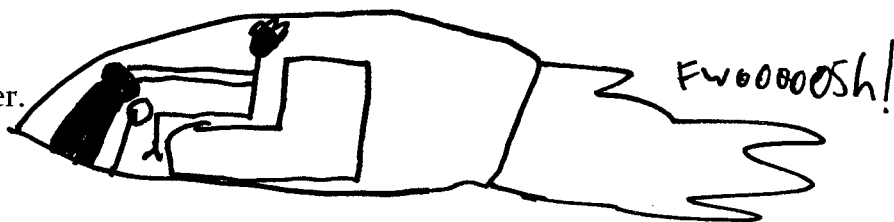
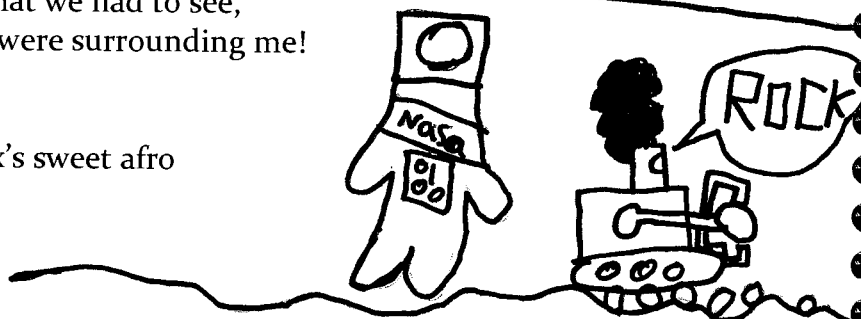
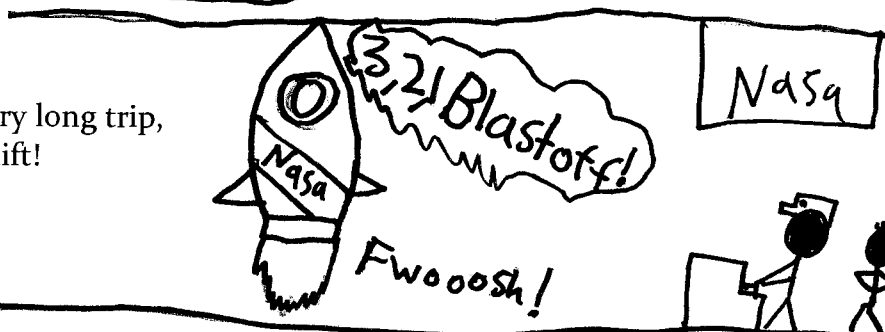
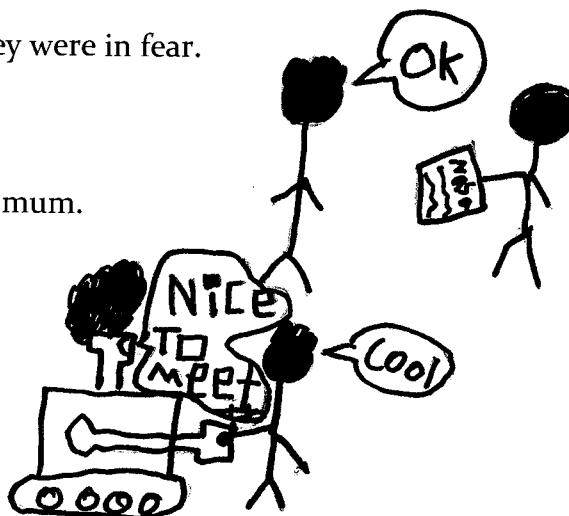
BLASTOFF!

WOW! I'm really in space.
I never thought I'd get this far, not even in a race.
I finally landed on this red deserted planet,
I wonder what will happen next....
Hey, maybe I'll find some granite.

I called out, "Mr. Tax!" so we could see what we had to see,
I heard a strange noise and I knew aliens were surrounding me!
I ran back to the spaceship.
It was time to go!
I looked behind me remembering Mr. Tax's sweet afro

It was nice knowing you, my space friend,
but this mission is coming to an end.

I drove the space ship back home.
It took forever!
I just gripped tightly on the black lever.



The Confederation of Mistreated Snakes

By Luke Chacon, age 11

One day, Eurus, an Eastern Diamondback rattlesnake, got tired of his species being mistreated just because they were poisonous. "We only bite people when we are angry or scared," he thought. His friend Zephyr, a Western Diamondback rattlesnake, was also tired of his species being mistreated. They gathered together all the poisonous snakes in America that were tired of being mistreated. Together, they formed the Confederation of Mistreated Snakes, an organization to stop people from mistreating poisonous snakes. But Winder, a sidewinder snake, thought that poisonous snakes from other parts of the world might want to join. He thought they would want humans to stop mistreating them too. He went to Eurus and Zephyr to tell them about his idea.

"Eurus, Zephyr, I have an idea I want to tell you about!" He shouted as he entered Eurus and Zephyr's office.

"An idea!" said Eurus.

"Great! Please tell us!" said Zephyr.

"Well," said Winder, "my idea is that we send messenger snakes to each continent. We'll tell them about the Confederation of Mistreated Snakes, our goal to get people to stop mistreating snakes, and invite them to join us!"

"That's a great idea!" responded Eurus.

"We'll send some messenger snakes immediately!" said Zephyr.

They sent ten messenger snakes to each country that was not on the continent of North America. Soon, the confederacy of mistreated snakes expanded to not just all the venomous species in the U.S.A., but all the venomous snake species in the world. However, there was one thing missing:

"What we need," said Colchis, a king cobra, "is a way to talk to the humans."

"But Colchis," said Boomer, a Boom Slang snake, "none of us are flat-tongues."

"Don't worry," said Egyptus, an Egyptian Cobra, "I can read their writing."

"Great!" said Eurus, "You can be our translator! You can write messages to them in human flat-tongue words, and read their responses in fork-tongue to us."

"Well," said Egyptus, "I can only read two types of their writing, Egyptian and English."



"You can at least get the humans in America, England, and Egypt to stop mistreating us," said Zephyr.

So they got the humans in America, Egypt, and England to stop mistreating them. "Yes!" said Eurus, "Our goal is almost complete."

"Yeah," said Zephyr, "but we still need to get people in all the other countries to stop mistreating snakes."

"But at least we have America, England and Egypt as safe zones for venomous snakes," announced Winder.

THE END

Bicky and Bocky the Cats Who Mess Up Everything

By Quincy Linder, age 9

One day, the cats, Bicky and Bocky, were sitting in their owners' house feeling bored. "I'm bored," Bicky said. "So am I," Bocky replied, "We've been playing on our big play house for hours, and I'm totally bored."

"I know something we haven't thought of yet!" said Bicky.

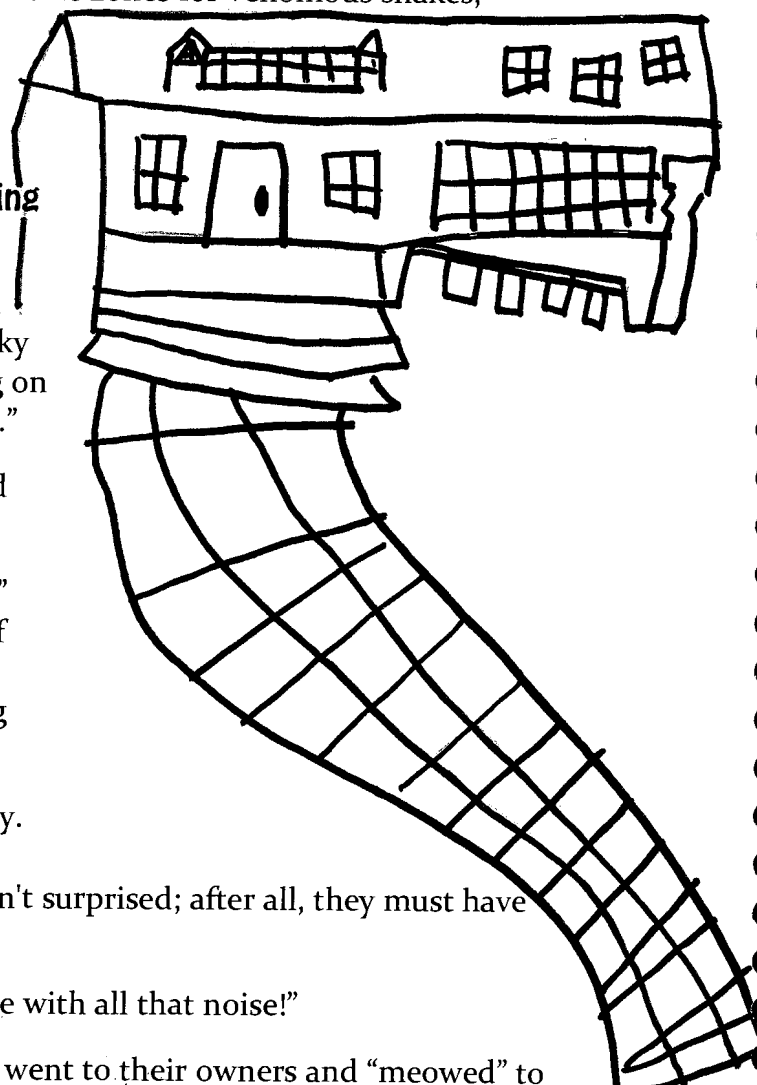
"What!" cried Bocky, "In heaven's name what is it?" Bicky was now jumping up and down at the idea of something to do. "Let's go outside and play - Who catches the mouse first." Bocky went nuts, jumping and leaping around like crazy.

"For goodness sake Bocky, calm down," yelled Bicky. Just then, the owners' son came bursting into the room. Bocky immediately calmed down. Bicky wasn't surprised; after all, they must have made quite a racket.

"Quit it!" their owners' son said, "I can't concentrate with all that noise!"

So they went to the front door. It was locked. They went to their owners and "meowed" to them, hoping they would understand. They didn't. Disappointed, Bicky and Bocky went back to their play area and sat down. Their spirits were crushed. To kill some time, they had their mid-day snacks. Of course, they only had cat food and water because their owners didn't allow them to bring dead mice, dead birds, or stuff like that into the house.

Bocky couldn't take it. He threw himself through the window, "CRASH!" "I'M FREE!" he yelled, jumping up and down like crazy on his tiny legs. "Come on," he screamed as he played, "come on out. It's lovely out here." Bicky wasn't surprised when their owners' son came in again and said, "Be quiet! I can never



concentrate with you guys in the house.” He saw the broken window. “MOM!!!!!!!!!!” he yelled, “get over here.” The owners came running. When they got there, they saw what had happened. At that moment, Bicky jumped through the window too. Bicky noticed Bocky had a look of pain, on his face. A couple of seconds later Bicky realized why his friend was in pain. Fragments of glass had entered their fur and had penetrated their skin. Bicky and Bocky moaned in pain.

Their owners had to pay for them to have an operation. They also had to pay for the broken window. Bicky and Bocky had to stay in the hospital overnight. Their owners stayed too. There was a snowstorm, and there was no way to get back to their house.

The next day they went home in a hospital car. It was silent the whole way home. A surprise awaited the owners when they got home. Before the window person came to fix the window, Bicky and Bocky's playroom had filled with snow. “OH NO!!!” Their owners cried. Now they had to pay somebody to clean out Bicky and Bocky's playroom. The total cost for the hospital visit and damages was \$11,800. After that, whenever Bicky and Bocky scratched their owners' skin, looked at their owners, or “meowed,” they knew that Bicky and Bocky wanted to go outside.

THE END

The Bad Experiment

By Reza Navadeh, age 11

September 16th, 1885

Jom was a western cowboy. One day he stayed up all night working in his work-shed. “Honey,” Jane, his wife, exclaimed, “time for dindin!”

“One moment!” Jom yelled back. After tweaking with his invention a little bit more, he went to the dinner table to eat with Grammy, Jane, and Papa Jones.

“I can't wait to see your invention,” Grammy said.

“You know we all believe in you son,” said Papa.

“Yes, Pop, I know,” said Jom.

The next morning Jom caught a deer for his invention. He went to the town to present his invention to a crowd of people.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he began, “I have made an invention.” The crowd stood, interested in what he said.

“This is a way to make hunting easier,” he stated. Jom cocked his invention, “Click-chick-chick, BANG!” The crowd was shocked as the deer fell.

“What do you call it?” someone asked.

Jom didn't know what to call it so he made up a name.

"A gun," he offered.

"A gun!" the crowd cheered. They went wild with the thought how easy it would be to hunt now.

Jom worked hard on making guns for people to hunt with. One night he had a dream.

"My son, oh what have you done?"

"Mom?"

"My child, don't sell anymore guns."

"What, why?"

"Just don't!"

"Wait; don't go, Mom!"

Jom thought about what could be so bad about selling guns since they helped people to get food. However, one day an angry man came into his shed.

"Can I have a gun?" he asked, "I will pay for it right now." Jom gave him a spare. The man took it, pushed Jom to the floor, took some bullets, and ran away. Jom got really mad and ran after him. He felt like he had run into the end of the 1812 overture. He saw a dozen people shooting each other in the middle of a field.

"What is going on?!" He thought to himself. "Bang, bang, whiz!"

"Guys, stop!" Jom yelled, "They are for hunting deer not each other!"

At that moment bullet whizzed over his head. He knew what his mom had meant now. Suddenly he felt a pang of pain in his arm. Jom saw he had been shot. Next thing he knew he was being carried away. At that point Jom fainted from the intensity of the pain.

He woke up in his bed feeling a lot better. He went to his shed burned his bad invention and took a short walk. After walking for a little bit he saw a building for UNICEF. He donated all the money he had made from his bad invention to them. Thanks to Jom, UNICEF saved an entire generation of children in India.

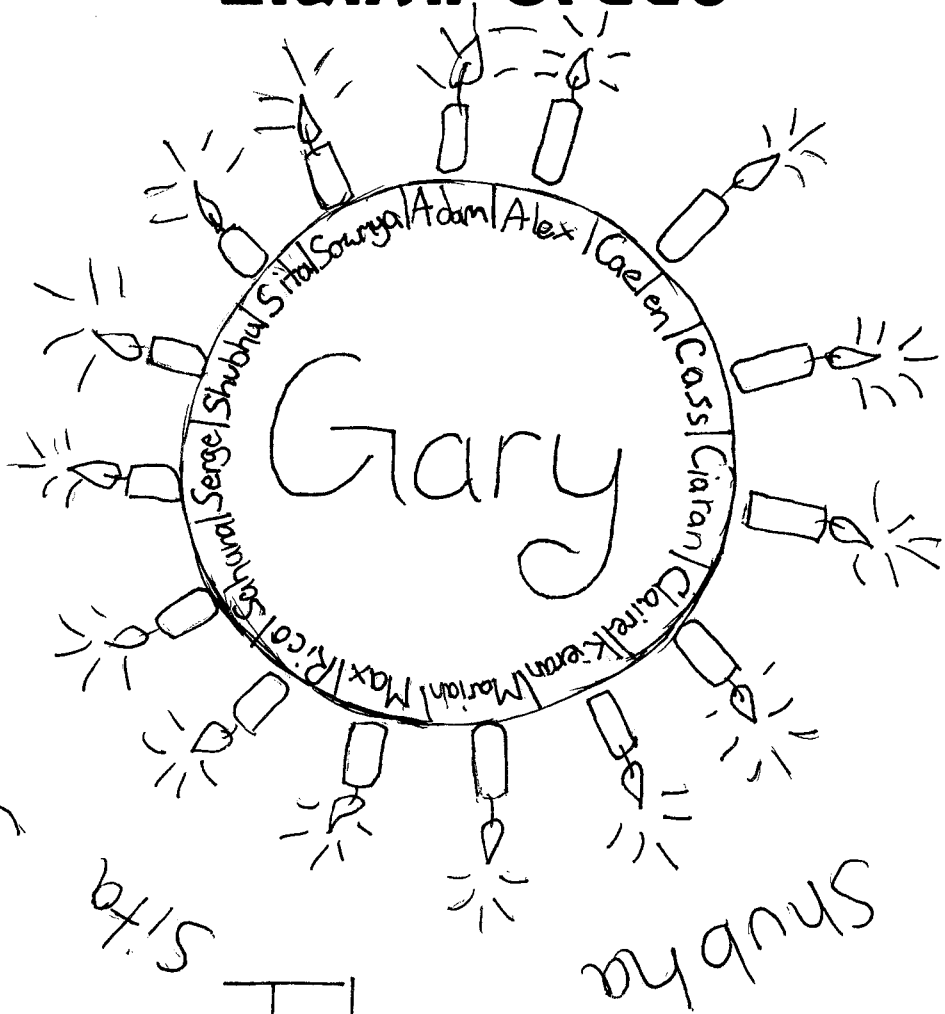


Ciaran Claire Kieran Mariah

**Sixth Grade,
Seventh Grade
&
Eighth Grade**

Adam Alex Caeden Cass

Max Rico Sahana Serge

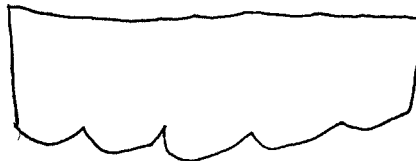
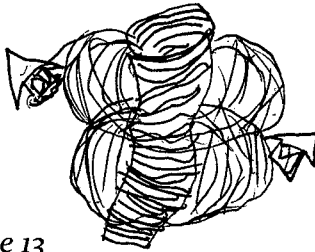
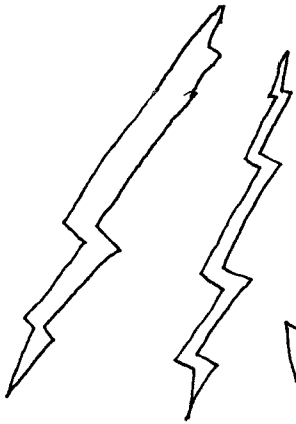


The
Explorers

CREATIVE WRITING FROM THE SIXTH, SEVENTH, AND EIGHTH GRADE EXPLORERS

POETRY

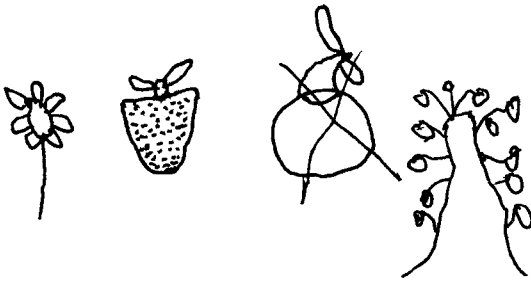
Haikus Have Three Lines
And Seventeen Syllables
Simple, Beautiful
THE HAIKU



Storms

By Kieran Rege, age 13

Lightning cracks the sky
Tornadoes use homes as toys
Thunder shakes out hearts



Spring

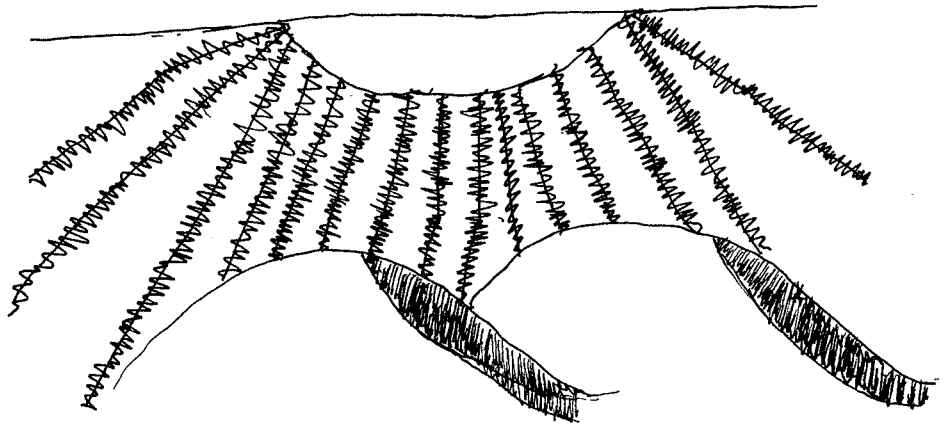
By Ciaran Farley, age 12

The oranges are gone
And the strawberries are now here
Spring has finally come

Desert

By Shubha Chakravarty, age 12

Hot glaze of the sun
Elegantly shaped sand dunes
The red desert lies down



**Poems of Feelings and Hearts Shining Bright
(They're a Pleasure to Hear, But a Devil to Write)**

THE SONNET

Wise Crested One

By Mariah Stewart, age 12

He stands there on his knobby branch
All senses keen and so aware
His dark eyes see all at a glance
He flies throughout the crisp fresh air

He stands there proud above the world
Awaiting now new adventure
His glorious talons are curled
He's valorous, full of splendor

He stands there tall above it all
He shades the Earth with both his wings
The world he cradles for us all
So brave, so true, a gorgeous thing

So there he is with keen and sharp eyes
He soars across the golden skies

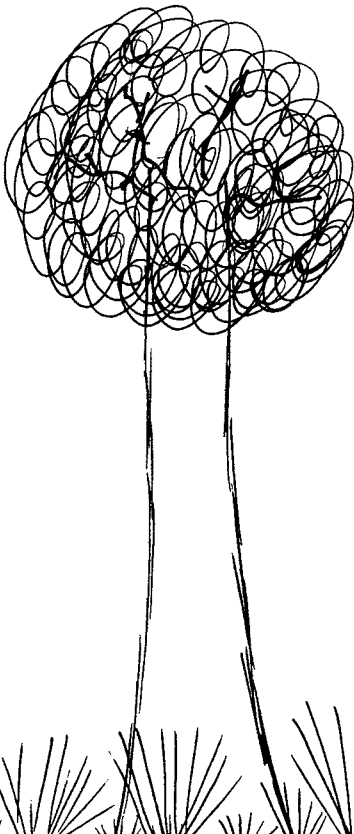


Deer

By Sahana Narayanan, age 12

With gold and shining coats, they both stood proud
His dainty paws danced on the coarse terrain
Her poise and polish stood untouched, ingrained
Both like resplendent angels, on the clouds.
Exquisite and undaunted, with no fear
They never saw the hunter bide his time,
Anticipate the moment, and the crime
To win his prize, the soft pelt of the deer

Like bright and shooting stars across the night
The pride of the kingdom is gone and pierced,
For even arrows can defeat the fierce.
The jungle's heart has fallen from my sight
The hunter stares upon his so-called prize
The priceless tribute and gift to mankind.



A TUNE

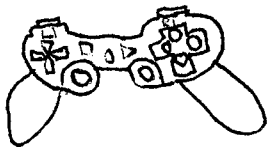
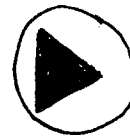
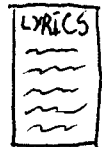
By Alex Tuharsky, age 14

That special tune is stuck inside my head,
I hear it once and then it's there to stay,
It saves my thoughts wherever I may tread,
Recall by listening some other day.

And never will that old tune disappear,
For people live, and when they pass away,
Their music stays for all the world to hear,
Logs the thoughts and customs of their day.

So their creator tunes immortalize,
For it's his thoughts the lyrics do convey,
And it's his mood the tune does harmonize,
To hear him once again you just press play.

The safest record keeper tunes shall be,
No matter if it's rap or symphony.



Video Games

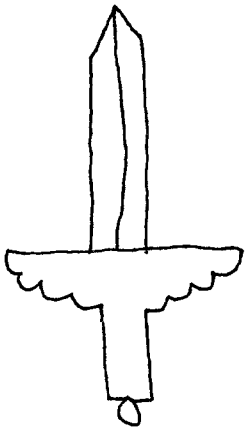
By Kieran Rege, age 13

Oh, what do I do when I am so bored
It's raining out there and boring in here
No options there are, a negative horde
But video games, they tarnish my fears

The first-person shooters, RPG's too
The 3D puzzles, how they are smash hits
The sci-fi zombies and trees that are blue
But they can be hard, and then I have fits

But with these complaints, they are very fun
Not necessary is some kind of will
They are so fast-paced, I just want to run
And run down mountains, and very big hills

The video games, they just leave me fried
And sweaty and tired, but still satisfied



Reflections on Fieldtrips

After reading *The Merchant of Venice*, we went on a five-day fieldtrip to the Shakespeare Festival in Ashland, Oregon. There we saw *Macbeth*, *Throne of Blood*, and *She Loves Me*. Then we had the great privilege of see the Dalai Lama when he visited this area. Both experiences resulted in some very thoughtful essays. –Teacher Helen

Shylock and Portia – Antagonistic Protagonists

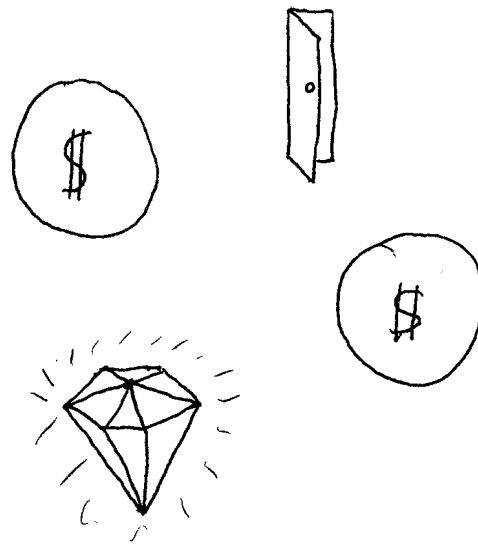
By Alex Tuharsky, age 14

Shylock and Portia have no friendly interaction in *The Merchant of Venice*, and all scenes involving both of them result in conflict. The entire plot is filled with themes of hate and prejudice, most of which are based around these two characters. Nevertheless, Shylock's and Portia's characters are more similar than one may think.

Both Portia and Shylock are outsiders. Portia, as a non-Venetian, and more importantly, as a woman in a world of men, is even more of an intruder than the Jewish Shylock in a Christian courtroom. Although Shylock does not know it, when Portia says, "Then must the Jew be merciful," she is, in a way, trying to appeal to Shylock, as one outsider to another. This irony may be easily missed by the modern audience, but would have been blatantly clear to the Elizabethans.

Both Portia and Shylock are bound by their heritage. Portia obeys her father's will in much the same way that Shylock bows to the laws and conventions that govern aliens. Shylock, an alien because of his Jewish faith, is forced by the Christians into the business of money lending, as usury is forbidden in the Christian faith. Similarly, Portia, in obedience to her dead father's will, is threatened with the prospect of having a husband forced upon her.

Furthermore, both Shylock and Portia are capable of love. Shylock does love his daughter, although it may not at first appear so. At first, it looks as though Shylock is only interested in money, as illustrated by the scene, related to the audience through his enemy's eyes, where he runs through the streets crying, "O my ducats! O my



daughter!" Viewing him strictly as the Jewish moneylender, his reaction appears to reveal that, to him, the loss of his daughter is equal to the loss of his money, and that greed is a far more powerful trait in Shylock than love. However, viewed as a parent, his unrelenting vengeance mirrors the intensity of his love for his daughter, and his subsequent sense of loss is compounded not only by his daughter leaving home, but also marrying into an enemy, Christian family. At the end of the play, Shylock forgives his daughter and assigns her and the Christian, Bassanio, all he owns in his will. This shows that he loves his daughter, even though she is now a Christian. Similarly, Portia's love for Bassanio is so strong that she forgives him despite him giving away her ring.

Finally, Shylock and Portia both attempt to use their wealth to manipulate the circumstances. Portia tries to use her wealth to free Bassanio's friend, Antonio, from the clutches of Shylock. Shylock uses his to "extract his pound of flesh" and to take revenge on Antonio for past insults. In the end, while the Christian Portia succeeds in her manipulation, though it was not her wealth but her cunning that won the case, the Jewish Shylock's attempt, true to the convention of the era, is frustrated.

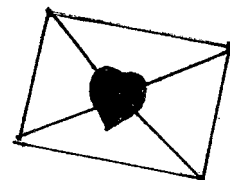
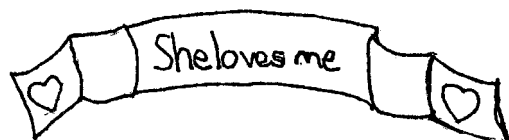
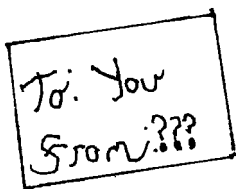
She Loves Me — A Charming Play

By Claire Alix, age 14

1930

The play, *She Loves Me*, is a story where love is tested, betrayal is endured, and friendship is crucial. It is truly a play that will keep you on the edge of your seat. The play takes place in a small town in Russia in the 1930's. The main character, George Nowack, works as a clerk in a small perfumery, Maraczek's Parfumerie, surrounded by other clerks who are all wrapped up in their own problems. Everyday he eagerly awaits the letters of a friend he met over a newspaper advertisement. He does not know who she is, but he always says to himself, "Who cares?" as he waits for the day when they will meet. Then Amilia Balash walks into Maraczek's Parfumerie, and nothing is the same anymore. Though she and Mr. Nowack do not get along, they each have the same hobby; writing to a person they don't know. As I watched the characters on stage, I asked myself, "Why does this play enchant me so much?"

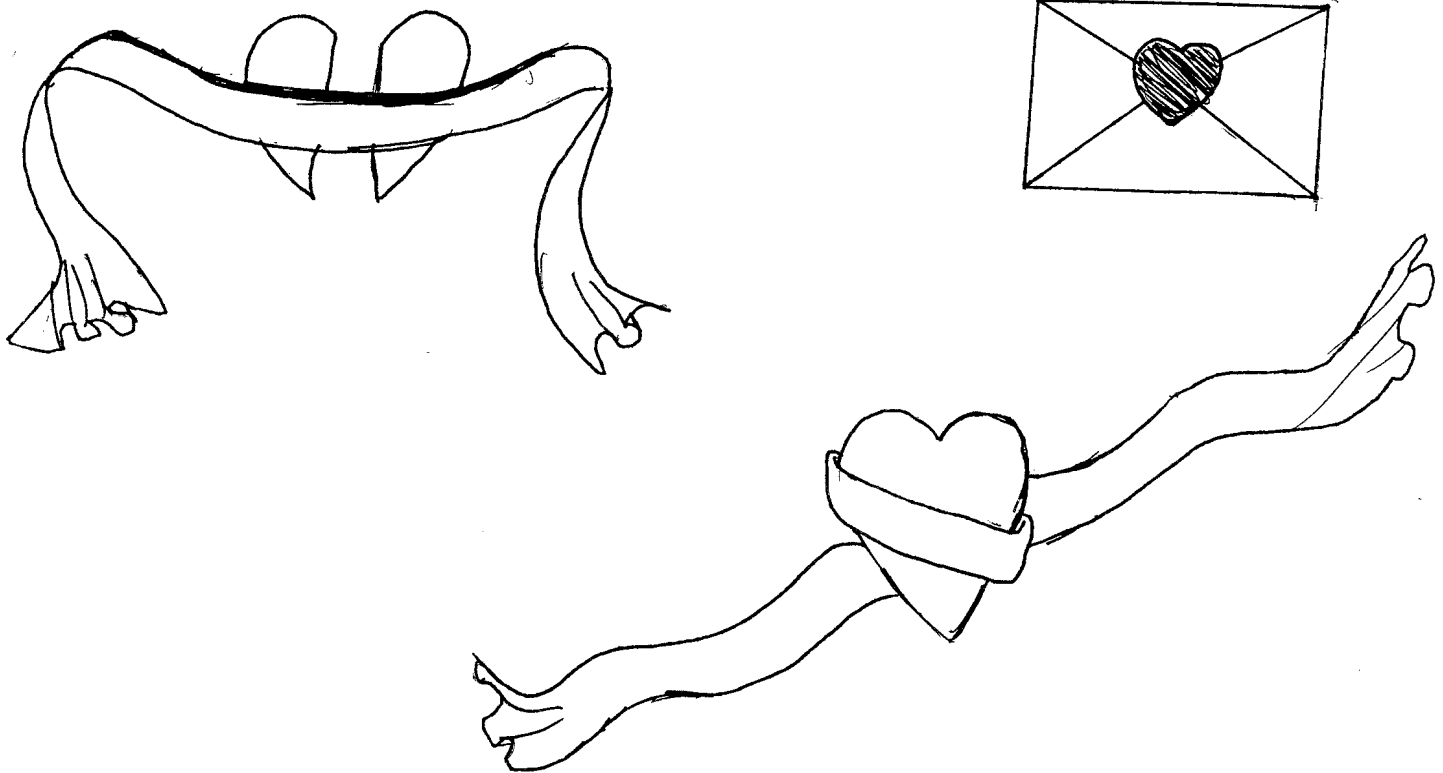
By the end of Act One, I realized the allure was the charm of the characters and how the actors portrayed them. The actors' expressions and funny remarks made me believe that the people on stage were real – especially Mr. Nowack and Ms. Balash. It was easy to believe that they really worked at a parfumerie and that everyone did have problems. What could be more real than an argument between two people, a self-centered woman looking for love, a man with bigger dreams than a lame parfumerie, a pathetic coward thinking only of himself, an intern just begging for more work, and a boss who had a lot of things on his mind. Even Arpea, the errand-boy, a minor character dreams of a promotion and wants to be a clerk.



The character I identified with the most was Miss Ritter, a young woman looking for love, who goes from happy and in love to weeping and drunk, who doesn't get her happy ending until the very end. During the play, I thought, "What if I knew someone like Ms. Ritter. Or better yet, what if I were like Ms. Ritter.

The set was amazing. At the beginning of the play, the set is a shop with a sign on the front, Maraczek's Parfumerie. Then, the front doors slid down a crack on the stage, and there was the inside of the parfumerie. Bottles and little glass items lined every flat surface. The clerks all positioned themselves at some category of beauty and cosmetics. I could believe that the parfumerie was real. And when it was over, I imagined that the characters turned to one another with their usual gossip and chatter. During the scene where Miss Balash and Mr. Nowack agreed to meet, the parfumerie is transformed into a restaurant with a reputation as "the most romantic restaurant in town," red velvet tablecloths, endless vases of roses, and rooms lit by candle light, all of which created a very romantic atmosphere indeed! And then, the scene changes into Ms. Balash's bedroom where she is heart broken that her mystery date didn't show up. And it's also the place where Mr. Nowack consoles her. Then, magically, another scene change! Mr. Maraczek has shot himself out of depression and has ended up in a very nice hospital room with dark green walls and a nice comfortable hospital bed.

No matter that it was just a story, it all seemed so real to me. The scenes and singing were fantastic. I was dazzled and charmed by the hysterical, moving, tragic, and romantic play called *She Loves Me*. It was more than just a play. It was a magic spell.



Waves of Joy

By Sahana Narayanan, age 12

One of the unique things about Living Wisdom School is our annual play. This past year, we did a production about the Dalai Lama called *Compassionate Heart*. It was a wonderful play, with colorful costumes and amazing actors. Not only did we learn about the life of His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama, we learned some core life lessons like “Never give up” and “Happiness is contagious.” Never in our wildest dreams did we imagine we would meet him in person. What was our annual school play became a door of opportunity when we found out we would be seeing His Holiness later that year. My interest and inspiration soared to even greater heights when I actually met him in person. Seeing His Holiness was one of the most unforgettable moments of my life. Just hearing him talk was a blessing. He exuded such a peaceful, powerful attitude that I felt peaceful myself. That experience was one of the most inspiring moments of my life.

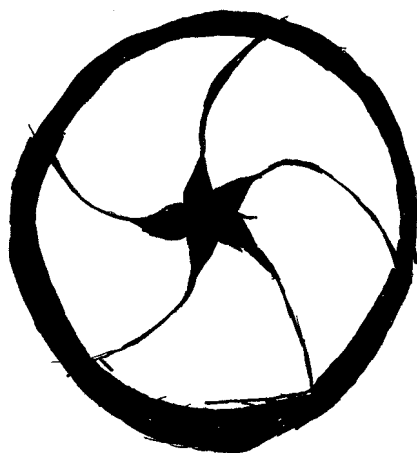
We first saw the Dalai Lama in a setting with 12,000 people at the San Jose Convention Center. The audience consisted of mostly adults. Giant video screens hung on both sides of His Holiness. Surrounded by storms of media, cameras and flashing lights everywhere, I felt overwhelmed, yet His Holiness was like an island of sanity, unperturbed and calm. He did not act as if he had to prove to anyone that he was a great master. He laughed and joked with the audience. At one point, he even pulled out an orange visor to protect his eyes from the powerful shining stage lights. The topic of his lecture was called “The Eight Verses of the Mind.” It was philosophical and intellectual, aimed more for adults, but some of the themes I could understand. One running theme was the power of humility. For example, one of the verses, said, “... When someone hurts you, be thankful for that person, for giving you the opportunity to be forgiving and humble.” “Forgiveness is invaluable,” His Holiness said, and I realized that forgiveness is something we can all work towards. The Dalai Lama also said, “All major religious traditions carry basically the same message of love, compassion and forgiveness ... the important thing is they should be part of our daily lives.” Practically in one breath combined the universality of Truth and the individual responsibility to practice it.

I experienced the Dalai Lama once again when our middle school visited the 49ers Academy in East Palo Alto on Wednesday. It was a more intimate setting. There were about 500 people, plus security, media and VIP’s. It was also a very different audience, ranging from Middle Schoolers to high schoolers of mostly Hispanic and African American descent. The kids in the audience did not have a lot of opportunities because in East Palo Alto there is a lot of crime and poverty. It was completely different from the day before, where the audience was mostly white and Asian Adults, and tickets cost up to \$1,000 dollars. On Wednesday the Dalai Lama talked about what the children could do themselves to make the world a better place. You don’t have to be big and strong to make a difference in the world, he said.

The kids asked questions, and he answered them with very profound answers, but totally understandable. It was very accessible to kids. One student asked, “ Do you think world peace

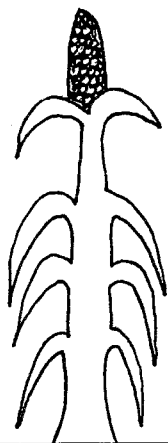
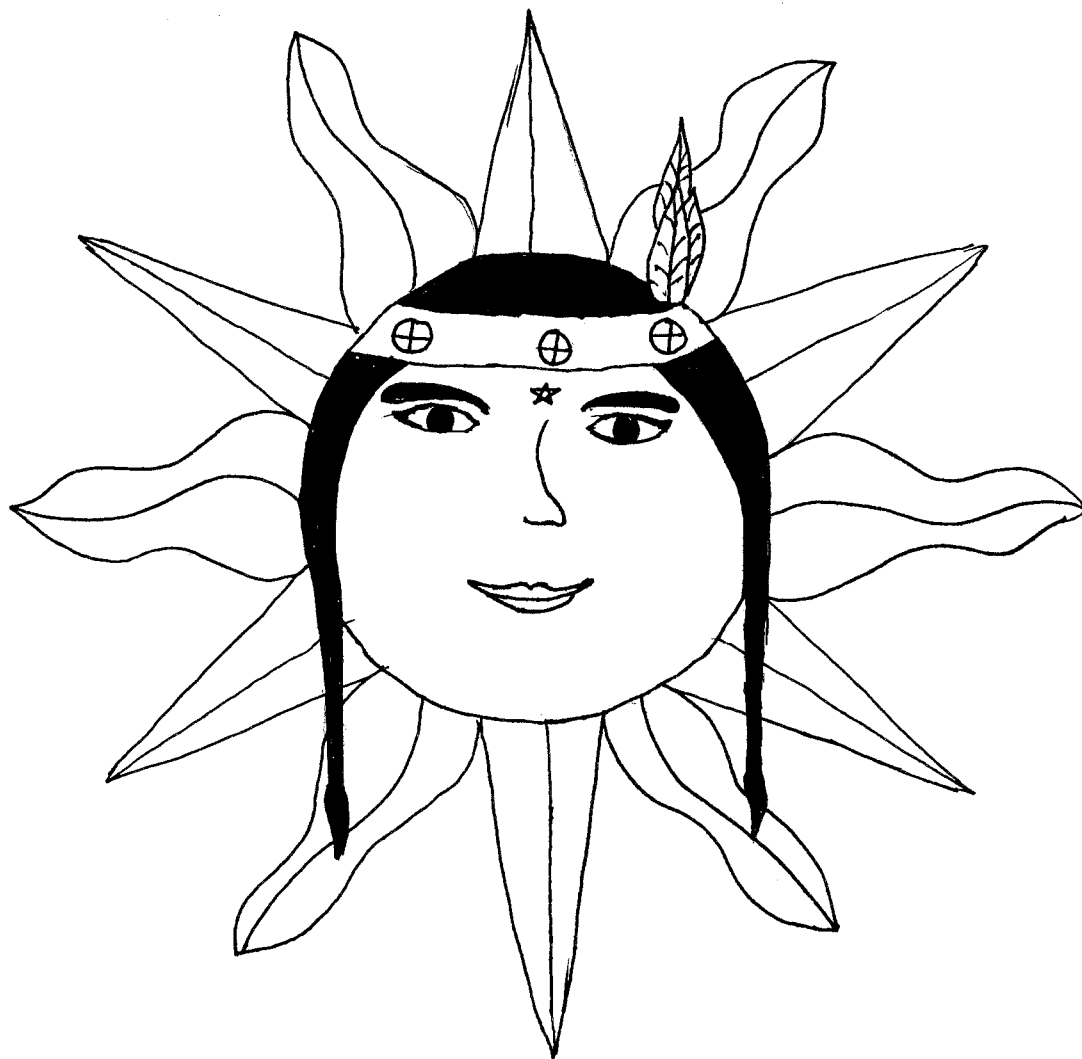
is possible one day?" He said it was all up to us to make the world a better place. He joked, "The first ten years of this decade were mine; the next 90 are yours!"

I know that when I am 80 years old, I will still remember this experience. I will remember how at the end, my friend Shubha and I ran to get the Dalai Lama's blessings, and he finally blessed us. He took my hand and shook it. Then he took my white scarf and blessed it on my head. I will remember how at the very end, he cupped my chin in his hand for a very short moment and smiled, just like my grandfather! In that short moment, I felt waves of joy. I found out the power of true happiness. It reminded me of a poem in our school play, "Thousands of candles can be lit from a single candle, and the life of the candle will not be shortened. Happiness never decreases by being shared!"



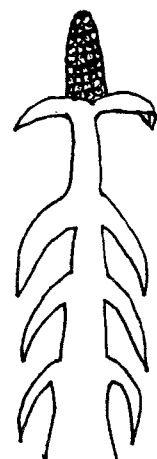


Reflections on the 18th Annual Theater Magic Production



Cry from the Heart of the First Americans

The Story of the Great Peacemaker, Deganawidah,
and His Follower, Hiawatha



Discoverers (2nd & 3rd Grades)

I came to Living Wisdom School in the middle of the play rehearsals. I was nervous at first, but I performed in all four performances. Once I got on stage I could say all of my lines. I enjoyed being a part of the audience when I wasn't on stage because I got to learn about the life of Hiawatha. My favorite part of the play was when I found Hiawatha in the land of the Mohawks.

Ava Bouthillette, age 7

I think that Hiawatha would like our school very much. If Hiawatha came to Living Wisdom School, I think Hiawatha would enjoy our school plays about great people. I also think Hiawatha would like the morning exercises, happy thoughts, and school rules. I think that Hiawatha would like our school rule "laugh often" because it makes everyone think of happiness. I didn't think that I would be able to go on stage during the performance, but I did it! I got used to going on stage because we practiced carefully so many times. I used the theater rule "the way I rehearse is the way I perform." That is how I was able to go on stage during the performances.

Caleb Flores, age 9

This year our school performed *Cry From the Heart of the First Americans*. It was a great play. This was the first play I have ever been in! I learned that I can memorize my lines, project my lines and stay in confidence stance during the performances. Before the performances I felt nervous and shaky, but when I was on stage I took three deep breaths. The breaths helped me to be calm. This play taught me that two people can bring peace.

Eli La Cour Delyle, age 7

During the play I learned that it is useless to try to get revenge when someone teases you. This is just like in the play, when the tribes were trying to get revenge on each other. Hiawatha showed them it is no use to keep fighting because it will keep the fighting going. Forgiveness and peace is the only way to stop. Now a lot of the time I don't react when I am being teased. Sometimes I forget not to react, but then I remember Hiawatha.

Emma Farley, age 9

I think that Hiawatha would like the LWS school rules. I also think Hiawatha would like that every morning we take the time to do Awake and Ready exercises during circle time. The Awake and Ready's help us to awake our superpowers so that we can be peaceful for the whole day. What I learned from this play is that if any person gets hurt, I can give good energy to them, just like when Hiawatha's uncle was sick in the play, Hiawatha kept calm and he healed him.

Gaurav Chakravarty, age 7

Hiawatha was a brave man. He worked for peace. He fought for peace. He dreamt of peace. He wanted peace. He loved peace. He used his peace to heal his mortal enemy, Atatarho. Hiawatha made Atatarho a good man, full of love and peace. I learned how to treat people

Creators (4th & 5th Grades)

This year's play was on the First Americans, and the story of Hiawatha and Deganawidah was AMAZING!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The lighting and slideshow were superb, and the costumes and props were awesome!!!!!! My favorite parts of the play were the dances. In the All School dance, the fourth to eighth graders did their own part of the dance. In three parts we all cried "Hiyah!" at different times!!! I think this dance was awesome!!!!

My favorite lighting effect was the strobe light in the Cayuga's Revenge scene. I liked it because it flicked on and off really fast. It looked cool because when Craig, Marguerite, and Matthew were running on stage, it flicked on, and they were someplace on the stage; then it went off and the stage was dark. You couldn't see anything, and when it came back on they were an inch from where you last saw them.

My favorite poem was:

I have been to the end of the earth.
I have been to the end of the waters.
I have been to the end of the sky.
I have been to the end of the mountains.
I have found none that are not my friends.

I liked that poem because it was hopeful and it showed peace is possible.

I learned a lot about Native Americans from this play. I learned about the False Faces. They are medicine men dressed up to scare the demons away from the forest. I learned about Hiawatha and Deganawidah and the Great Peace. I think this was a great play!

Charlotte Glen, age 10

In our first performance I was surprised because I felt very different from last year. It didn't really feel like the first performance, it felt like another dress rehearsal. I felt a little anxious, but that feeling died away since I couldn't see the audience because of the lighting.

I think the most important line in the play is Atotarho's line in one of the last scenes: "It is now time to recognize that we, people of the longhouses, are all one family!" This line shows how Atotarho has turned good!

My favorite part of the whole play process was probably trying on the costumes. I love clothing, and when we try on the costumes I know that the play is near, and I get very excited.

A scary moment came for me when I went on too early for the Corn Dance. I felt very embarrassed because it was very obvious I had made a mistake in the half-light of the stage. I handled this moment by just sitting and waiting for everybody else to come on the stage; but I

felt like I was going to explode. Maybe it was good I made a mistake because I felt guilty so in the real dance I tried extra hard to get it right.

The most inspiring part of the play for me was the dances. I loved the music and the rhythm. The dances filled me with happy energy.

Chloe Christiansen, age 10

Doing the play was an honor. The lighting was superb, the costumes were fantastic, the dances were breathtaking, and the props were so life-like! From where I'm standing, the play was the best play I've ever been in! It was a pleasure to be in such an amazing play.

I've been in three plays over the years and in each one the dances were breathtaking! Marguerite knows what she is doing when she choreographs dances! My favorite dance was the Agony Dance. I loved it because the music was really spooky, and in the beginning Matthew said spooky things quietly into a microphone. The Agony Dance expressed Atotarho's grief.

I've been in over thirty performances and this was the best one yet! We worked hard to cooperate together and make this play an extravaganza. I hope all of the plays to come are this amazing and better!

I love doing the plays, and I hope my fellow actors do too!

Divya Thekkath, age 9

This year we did a play on Native Americans. It was called, *Cry from the Heart of the First Americans*. It was great!!!! There were great lighting effects, awesome costumes, cool props, and amazing dances. The costumes were great. They fit perfectly; they had amazing patterns, and, best of all, they were comfortable. The dances were magnificent. No two moves were the same. Some of the dances I enjoyed were the Corn Dance, the Agony Dance, and the Marriage Dance.

This year, the poems were very fun to learn. My favorite poem in the play is the "flash" poem. It goes like this.

Life is like the flash of the firefly in the night,
Like the breath of the buffalo in wintertime.
Life is not separate from death.
It only looks that way.

It is my favorite because of its meaning. It means life seems long but it's only a flash.

Elizabeth Peters, age 10

Explorers (6th, 7th, & 8th Grades)

My favorite line in the play was...

"Your sorrow speaks, Hiawatha, not you." Deganawidah to Hiawatha

When Deganawidah says this line to Hiawatha, the words rang true to me. When somebody has been subjugated for so long, sometimes they lose hope. However, there is a person, in this case Deganawidah, who pushes you once more and says try again. This is one of my favorite lines of the play because it reminds the little person within me to say try again.

Mariah Stewart, age 12

To me the most important line of the play is when Deganawidah says, "Haven't sensible people always wanted peace?" Even today almost everyone wants peace, but for some reason, we still cannot make peace. This line also showed the plight of the Native Americans. The interesting thing is that even though Hiawatha is saying something that mostly everyone wants, they are still opposed to him.

Shubha Chakravarty, age 12

My favorite line in this year's play was when Hiawatha (Sergey) says, "You say much that says much of you, Atatharo," because it was one of the greatest 'comebacks' of all time. Atatharo had said we do not need peace or to be close to our family, and Hiawatha says the above line gives a window into his character.

Adam Larrimore, age 13

My favorite part of the whole play process was...

Definitely, when we first received our script was the most exciting part of the play for me. Energy is everywhere. Everyone is so excited to find out his/her part and lines; it's almost as if we are professional actors! Reading the scripts and rehearsing rigorously is more about focusing on putting out all we have. By the end of the rehearsing stage, when we are performing, we are more nervous than excited, so sometimes it's hard to enjoy the thrill of it all. But it is the very beginning of the play process that I will never forget, because the play truly becomes a piece of reality instead of a far off dream!

Sahana Narayanan, age 12

The dress rehearsal was my favorite part of the whole process. The costumes really made me feel the energy of the play. I had some anxiety, joyful nervousness, and anticipation, a longing to be up on stage and get going.

Adam Larrimore, age 13

The most inspiring part of the play for me was...



The most inspiring part of the play was when Hiawatha healed Atotarho even after all the things he had done. I find this example of forgiveness inspiring. I think this is an excellent example because if you have a problem with somebody and then you find it in yourself to forgive, or in a manner of speaking, heal them, you are not only healing them, but you are also healing yourself. If you are a bully to somebody, it does not feel good to the person you

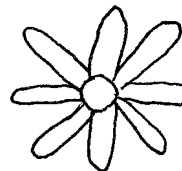


are bullying or, if you are honest, to yourself. It is a form of redemption. I think this is a very good tool in life that you can use to help other people and yourself to be happier and live more peacefully.

Adam Larrimore, age 13

I think the most important scene of the play was when Hiawatha asked his grandfather the significance of the False Faces. "Well, inside everyone of us lives two wolves; one is good and kind, but the other one is bad and greedy. "Which wolf wins, Grandfather?" "The one you feed," answered his grandfather. Grandfather means that if I act rude and selfish, the bad wolf will take over my attitude, but if I am sweet and generous, the good wolf will spread.

Sowmya Chandrasekaran, age 12



The most inspiring part of the play for me was the scene where Deganawida says, "Your sorrow speaks, Hiawatha, not you." This reminded me of how people often respond from impulse or anger and that it may have nothing to do with me. People's emotions get in the way of their better judgment at times. Having sorrow or anger in us may prevent us from moving on from something and being able to recognize it is a very powerful tool.

Rico Barron, age 13



I will take from this play something that will help me in real life...

Before each performance, I was very nervous and actually dreaded the moment that I would have to stand up and act. My mind was filled with thoughts of all the things that could go wrong. But once I actually went on stage to play my part, my confident character gave me the confidence I needed to portray him. Deganawidah was also very calm. So why shouldn't I be the same? Playing his character inspired me to remember to be calm in difficult situations and to try to approach all people with compassion and good intentions even if you don't like them. A person can't be forced into changing. They have to be willing and ready to change. As they go through this process, we can still show compassion and be supportive of their positive decisions.

Cass Norfleet, age 14

I thought the play was trying to say a couple of things. I thought that it was saying that what happened to the Native Americans was wrong. I think that it was also trying to say that they were actually very spiritual. Most importantly, I thought it was saying it's never too late to make up for what we have done.

Caelan Spence-Kron, age 14

After the marriage of Hiawatha and Tonedawa, there is a poem:

When I am far from home, I see my old friends.
When there is noise, I hear a robin's song instead.
When I am in a crowd, it is the mountain's peace I feel.
In the winter of my sorrow, I remember the summer of my joy.
In the nighttime of my loneliness, I breathe the day of my thanksgiving.
But when sadness spreads its blanket and this is what I see,
I take my eyes to some high place until I find,
A reflection of what lies deep inside of me.

This poem reflects Hiawatha's sadness in leaving his village to go to his wife's village as per the matriarchal custom. It shows how to find the beauty in ugliness; the good in evil. It tells me to take a not-so-nice situation and find the good in it. This is one of the lessons that I will take from the play.

Sita Chandrasekaran, age 13

In general, the poem "Deep Inside of Me" sums up many of the school plays. The poem attempts to teach the reader how to deal with or avoid all together hardship and sadness. All of the "Great Ones" from the school plays attempt to teach the same, whether it be through prayer, song, or meditation.

Alex Tuharsky, age 14