

The Origin Project



BOOK THREE | 2017

The Origin Project



BOOK THREE | 2017

The Origin Project



“All writing is communication; creative writing is communication through revelation—it is the Self-escaping into the open.”

—E.B. White

Writing is an essential part of life: it is a lens through which we view each other and the world academically, professionally, and personally. The Origin Project, co-founded by best-selling author and film director Adriana

Trigiani and education advocate and longtime friend Nancy Bolmeier Fisher, seeks to inspire young people to discover and release their inner voices through the craft of writing about their unique Appalachian origins.

Now in its fourth year, *TOP* continues to follow its mission of bringing best selling authors and artists into classrooms to ignite the imaginations and storytelling abilities of the students and to discuss the creation of the students' narratives in stories, poems, letters, journals, and plays. In October of 2016, Margot Lee Shetterly, author of “Hidden Figures,” presented two programs for our students from the stage of the Barter Theatre. Students were enthralled to hear that Hidden Figures takes place in Virginia. Margot joined previous bestselling authors David Baldacci, Mary Hogan, and Meg Wolitzer in visiting and inspiring our budding writers.

As students have become published writers for the first time, they've learned how to create, craft, and edit their work. They now enter literary competitions: winning and placing in the John Fox Jr. Literary Festival, the Barter Young Playwrights Festival, and Poetry Out Loud (sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts/VA Commission for the Arts).

The *Origin Project* family has grown from the 40 ninth grade pioneers at Union High School in Big Stone Gap to include nearly 1,000 students in fourth to twelfth grades at Powell Valley Middle School, Norton Elementary School, Eastside High School, Lee High School, Flatwoods Elementary School, Appalachia Elementary School, and Abingdon High School.

We sponsor field trips to the Southwest Virginia Museum's Festival of the Trees and the Birthplace of Country Music Museum, where our students not only enjoy the displays but learn about the role museums play in conservation, history and culture, which gives them inspiration for their own developing writing, research and storytelling skills. Our schools conduct their own exciting versions of Appalachian Heritage days, presenting music, dance and drama from a historical perspective. Individual students reach out to Ms. Bolmeier Fisher, Ms. Trigiani and our guest authors for guidance and mentorship. We often provide feedback on their projects and contest submissions beyond the borders of The Origin Project.

This book, our third volume, presents the creations of our students as they share their experiences growing up in the mountains of southwest Virginia, proudly embracing the rich cultural heritage of Appalachia in prose, poetry, and the visual arts, celebrating their roots and the landscape of their dreams . . . in a place called “Home.”

Nancy Bolmeier Fisher

Adriana Trigiani

TABLE OF CONTENTS



Kicking off the Year	I
Abingdon High School	5
Appalachia Elementary School	31
Eastside High School	47
Flatwoods Elementary School	59
Lee High School	137
Norton Elementary School	205
Powell Valley Middle School	231
Union High School	275
Literary Competitions	371
Barter Theatre	397
Hidden Figures	405
Before and After	419
In Gratitude	425
Index	427

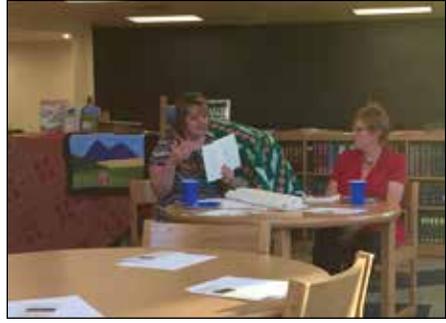
KICKING OFF THE YEAR



Powell Valley students swinging into the new year!



Sheila Shuler sharing high interest ideas to give students background knowledge prior to the students writing about their heritage



Hope Cloud (left) sharing poetry written by students in her Creative Writing class; Cheryl Duncan (right) explaining ideas for authentic writing instruction

Our students began their academic year with a visit from Ms. Bolmeier Fisher—joined by retired teachers Linda Woodward and Grace Bradshaw—during which journals were distributed. This is intended to kick off the process of students’ deciding their topic for the school year: the journals *belong* to them: they are encouraged to fill the journals with their own ideas and thoughts. The dedicated retired educators, along with talented current teachers in the classroom, guide students on their submissions for the annual anthology.

Current teachers met with Nancy, Linda, and Grace in an evening session to discuss experiences from the previous year and to share ideas for making the new year even more illuminating and meaningful for our students.

Student Comments: My Journal

Yesterday, I got a journal. I think it feels like silk or fleece. I really want to write in it forever. I was not really nervous, but I’m very excited. So, I’m pretty much happy. I got to meet Ms. Nancy. She’s really nice!



Sheila Sizemore, Gretta Carroll, Dr. Renia Clark, Sheila Shuler, and Alex Long discussing ideas for collaboration and co-teaching within the inclusion classroom



Matthew Stanley (left) sharing Union’s presentation about Appalachian Heritage Day; Gigi Long (right)



The Origin Project recently kicked off the school year at Lee High School with the arrival of the new journals for the students in Alex Long's Honors English 10 (upper left photo). Approximately 1,000 students in eight schools are involved with the program initiated by author Adriana Trigiani and Executive Director Nancy Bolmeier Fisher. Linda Woodward and Bolmeier Fisher discuss a story with a student (upper right photo) and Linda Woodward and Bolmeier Fisher address the class on their own activities (middle lower photo).

Lee High Powell Valley News Article



Abingdon students with teacher, Dr. Crystal Hurd (front right)

Student Comments: My Journal

When I first got my journal, it felt smooth and soft, like cloth. Nancy Fisher and Adriana Trigiani gave it to me to write about where we are from for The Origin Project.

Student Comments: Skyping With Adriana

When I went to the library to Skype with Adriana, she gave me advice about how to write a good story. She told me to use my five senses and to tell how the person I'm interviewing talks or smells or looks.

Student Comments: My Journal

My journal is very special to me because Ms. Nancy gave it to me. It is very, very, very, unique because it's very soft and it smells good. I hope to write a lot in this journal. I was so nervous when I got it. I thank Adriana Trigiani for it.



Flatwoods students happily showing off new journals



Powell Valley students excited about new journals



Union boys with new journals



Union girls with new journals

Student Comments: My Journal

A few of us got to read what we had written to her. She gave us tips about writing. She also talked to us about details. She said to put what you see, feel, and hear. Adriana gave us really good tips about our writing.

ABINGDON HIGH SCHOOL



Grandma Whiteaker's Rum Cake Recipe

1 box yellow cake mix	Mix all together and bake at 350 for 30–40 minutes.
1 small box instant vanilla pudding	While cake is hot mix together and boil for 3 minutes:
4 eggs	1 cup sugar
½ cup water	1 stick margarine
½ cup vegetable oil	¼ cup water
½ cup light rum	¼ cup light rum

Pour over hot cake while still in pan. Let sit for 15–20 minutes. Dump cake and allow to cool.

My grandma loved to bake. She was always a homemade-gifts-are-better-than-store-bought-gifts kind of person. For Christmas each year she would clean off her counter and line up items for her famous rum cake. My mom and aunt would help her assemble and bake, laughing the whole time. One year she made almost two dozen cakes. The house smelled like heaven. I was young so was only allowed a taste of the nonalcoholic one, but my cousin, Zachary, was a bit older. He was allowed a slice of the “real” cake. He loved it. In fact he loved it so much that he kept sneaking in for another slice and another slice over that evening. Within a few hours most of that cake was gone. Poor Zak was vomiting in the bathroom as well. My aunt connected the dots.

Since my grandma has passed, someone had to take up the cake-baking reins. One night two years ago, Zak came by and suggested we make one. We did. It was glorious. Our house smelled just like Grandma's. Since that night, I think I have made this cake a dozen times. Sometimes it turns out perfect and sometimes not so much. We all agree that's the way it's supposed to be since it's made with love and laughter.

JARED ADAMS, GRADE 10

I Am From a Place

I am from a place where you go outside and see the mountaintops.
I am from a place where you smell fresh pine.
I am from a place where people are very friendly.
I am from a place where you can get biscuits and gravy in bed.
I am from a place where you can hear birds chirping a mile away.
I am from a place where the sun and clouds hug the mountains.
I am from a place where sports are our lives.
I am from a place that when it snows, even a little, everyone takes a day off.
I am from a place where we take pride seriously.
I am from southwest Virginia.

ANDREW ALBRO, GRADE 10

I Am

I am from Southwest Virginia.

I am a lover of rolling hills, tall trees, and foggy mountain tops.

I am a believer that soup beans and cornbread are really what makes you grow.

I am a God-fearing Christian, attending a small church with a congregation who knows everyone's name and will bring you dinner when you're down or sick.

I am from a town where wearing camo to school isn't a rare occurrence, where going hunting isn't just for fun, but for a week's worth of dinner, where it's okay to wear jeans, boots, and a flannel to church because that's as nice as it gets around here.

I am being raised in a large white house on acres of hunting land and the only neighbors are relatives.

I am the granddaughter of a coal miner and a soldier, both who fought day and night to keep their family and their country safe.

I am from a southern family who's as crazy as can be but loves unconditionally, a family who believes that spanking your kids isn't a bad thing, but helps them learn and grow into the adult they need to be.

I am from a place where the Christian flag, the American flag, and the Rebel flag are the only three flying.

I am the only girl in the family, having to learn how to rough it and stick up for myself, not only against the boys in the family, but against whatever stands in my way in life too

I am a beach bum, but after a while in the hot sun I miss my mountains and the cool fall breeze and urge to be back home.

I am a lover of fishing with Dad and cooking with Mom.

I am crazy about Friday night football no matter how cold the weather.

I am addicted to sweet tea, homemade biscuits, and deer meat.

I am from Southwest Virginia and wouldn't want to be from anywhere else.

DELANEY AUSTIN, GRADE II

App-a-LATCH-a

This place will always be my home. I am an outsider in this region, even though I have lived here my entire life. I come from a classic northern family, Caucasian, Roman Catholic,

and remarkably different from many people in this region. But I never feel out of home, I never feel out of place. Many families like mine, who live away from the mountains, only see the stereotype of the region. Coal, Poverty, Low health care, Drug abuse, Roughness, and a thick southern accent. These people feel they wouldn't be accepted here. But, these are the people who pronounce Appalachia App-u-LAY-shuh. These are the people who have never been here. These are the people who don't understand the richness of the culture, the beauty of the mountains, the peace of the forests. They have never met the people here. The people who live in this region, no matter what their status is, no matter how different you are, will always stop to help you, and welcome you into their home. The mountains and the forests shape the people here. I am not the classic northern person lost in the region. These mountains have shaped me like anyone else. I can spend hours lost in the forests and the hollows. No matter where I go, no matter what I choose to do with my life, this place will always be my home. And, I will always pronounce Appalachia App-a-LATCH-a. Just like it should be.

JOSEPH BUSH, GRADE II

Grandmother's Chocolate Chip Cake

- Time required 90 minutes
- 1 yellow cake mix
- 1 cup milk
- 3 oz. package of vanilla instant pudding
- 3 eggs
- 1 bar of German chocolate grated (shave $\frac{1}{4}$)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of oil
- 6 oz. of semi-sweet chocolate chips

Directions

- Combine first 6 ingredients, mix well. Fold in chocolate chips
- Pour into greased bundt pan, bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at 350 degrees, then $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at 300 degrees
- Sprinkle extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of grated chocolate on cake after turning into cake plate while still warm

My grandmother made me this cake so often while I grew up. She would give me the bowl to eat the leftover cake batter. The cake makes me remember so many memories and happiness that my grandmother and her cake brought me.

SEAN CANADA, GRADE IO

Fresh Apple Cake

3 cups of self rising flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 c. sugar
½ c. brown sugar
1 ½ c. oil
2 large eggs
2 tsp. vanilla
3 c. chopped apples
1 c. pecans

Mix all ingredients well. Pour into a greased and floured pan. Bake at 325 degrees until golden brown.

This is my grandmother's recipe. She always likes to make this for our family. We eat this at most family occasions. I am surrounded by family every time I eat this dessert.

BRIANNA CANNON, GRADE 10

Duck Tales

When I was a young boy, I had a farm, and on that farm we kept plenty of animals. There were sheep, some ducks, and a pig. Among the ducks was a favorite of mine, my parents had told me not to name any of them or spend time with them, and I now know that they just didn't want me to get attached to them. Of course, I disobeyed them; my favorite duck was one that I liked to call "Quackers." That was the most creative thing my youthful mind could muster. When I was outside by myself, I'd let him out of the enclosure that we kept the ducks in to play with him. We would play "fetch", which consisted of him eating pieces of bread that I would throw for him to retrieve. On days when I was upset, he would sit on the swing with me, and I would run my fingers through his feathers. Eventually, all of the ducks got sick and passed away, leaving me without a best friend.

PATRICK CASEM, GRADE 12

Grandma's Macaroni and Cheese

Ingredients: (4 servings, 1 cup each)

- 2 cups of elbow macaroni
- 1 pound of VELVEETA cheese, cut into ½ inch cubes

- ½ cup of milk
- ⅛ tablespoon of pepper

Instructions:

1. Pour the pasta shells into the water, and boil uncovered for eight minutes.
2. Stir in rest of ingredients
3. Cook on low heat until VELVEETA is completely melted
4. Stir until the mixture is well blended
5. Heat up in microwave for 30 seconds to melt a little extra

Mhm mhm. The sweet smell of Grandma’s famous Macaroni and Cheese. It never failed that every time I was over there, she made us mac and cheese. No other mac and cheese I’ve ever had in my life has tasted better than grandma’s with a little extra VELVEETA to make it a bit more tasty. To go along with it, she would make us homemade sweet tea, a perfect night cap for a long days of work. My Grandma would also make a little extra so we could take it home and eat it then next day.

CONNOR CREASY, GRADE 10

Hokie Haiku

From the roar of Lane
 To the Highty-Tightie March
 And keys that jingle

Hear the cannon blast
 And do the Hokie-Pokie
 Fans don’t stop the noise

From tough Coach Fuente
 To the greatness of Beamer
 And “Sack-Man” Bruce Smith

Play “Enter Sandman”
 And the crowd screams like mad men
 As noise amplifies

The crowds line up quick
 Seas of maroon and orange
 All say “UT PROSIM”

Quick like the tail-backs
Strong like the lunch pail defense
And always serving

Blacksburg is a home,
What is a Hokie you ask,
The answer is me

JORDAN DOVE, GRADE 12

Lemon Chess Pie

Ingredients

1 ½ cups sugar
Finely grated zest of 3 large lemons
Juice of 3 large lemons
5 large eggs
½ cup butter, melted
One 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Preparation

1. Preheat the oven to 325°F.
2. Combine the sugar, lemon zest, and lemon juice in a medium- size bowl. Beat the eggs in, one by one, then add the butter in a slow stream, beating all the while.
3. Pour the filling into the pie shell, slide the pie onto a baking sheet, and bake on the middle oven shelf for about 45 minutes or until puffed and delicately browned.
4. Transfer the pie to a wire rack and cool to room temperature before cutting; don't fret when the filling begins to fall. This is what gives chess pies their silken texture. Cut into slim wedges and serve.

Lemon chess pie is one of my family's favorite dishes. We have it at many gatherings. If you can make it a part of your family, then I have great satisfaction sharing this with all of you.

AIDAN DUMLER, GRADE 12

Song of the Mountains

In the mountains
A song that never dies drifts upon the air

And rests on deaf ears
A song unknown to the rest of the world
A song speaking the unspoken
A song of vibrant life
The song of the mountains

SARA FLEENOR, GRADE II

I Am From King Mill Pike

I am from King Mill pike
From poverty and struggles,
I am from big trucks and the same pair of size 6 brown chucks,
Honey suckles and rebellious bike rides
Unfamiliar places and no tour guide.
I am from the various fonts on a page and parents working long nights on
minimum wage.
Holding hands to pray at the dinner table,
Reading books because i had never heard of cable.
I am from bare feet and hand me downs, from the saying “turn that frown
upside down”
I am from a grandmothers love and a grandfathers protection.
I am from unfortunate circumstances and cruel objections.
From real love and hard times,
Rolling hills,
Lightning bugs,
And blowing windchimes.

BRITTNEY FLETCHER, GRADE 12

Nanny’s Homemade Chicken and Dumplins

Ingredients:

- 3 chicken breast with skin
- A pack of thighs with skin
- 2 cans of Cream of Chicken soup
- 3 tablespoons of butter
- Salt and pepper
- Frozen biscuits (you can make homemade if you would like)
- Evaporated milk (only if it’s too thick)

Instructions:

Put a pot of water on the stove, add the chicken breasts and thigh and bring to a boil. Allow the chicken to boil until the chicken is done so about 20–30 minutes (depending on size of breasts). Take the chicken out and let cool and then take skin and meat off the bone (make sure there is no bone in the water or in the chicken). Put the chicken back into the pot and add three tablespoons of butter, two cans of Cream of Chicken soup, salt and pepper and bring back to boil. Now for the biscuits. If you choose to use the frozen ones, they will need to thaw for about five minutes. Once they have thawed, cut them into fours and roll them in flour and “dust” them off. Once the cream of chicken and chicken has come to a boil, reduce heat to medium and add the biscuits into the pot. You don’t need to stir it but make sure the soup is covering the biscuits. This should take about 10–15 minutes or until biscuits are down.

I can still remember walking into my Nanny’s house on the weekends and her standing in the kitchen cooking her Chicken and Dumplings. She was the only one in our family that could make the best Chicken and Dumplings. I can still remember the smell.

KATLYNE GARRETT, GRADE 10

I Am From

I am from the land of country music and pickup trucks.
I am from the land of the trees that never stay green.
I am from the land where the mountains are blue from a distance.
I am from the land where you can always count on someone to help you
when you get stuck.
I am from the land where hunting and fishing is the favorite pastime.
I am from the land that makes the best homemade biscuits and gravy.
I am from the land where a cow pasture is only a turn of the head away.
I am from the land home to the fastest half mile in NASCAR
I am from the land that relies on its coal fields and miners.
I am from the land where a trip to the nearest city is a trip over a few
mountains.
I am from the land of Appalachia.

GEORGE GREEN, GRADE 10

Blueberry Cobbler

Ingredients:

One pint of blueberries, put 1 cup of sugar. Let stand while you make batter as follows:

1 tablespoon butter creamed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, then add 1 cup flour sifted with 1 tablespoon of baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sweet milk and stir well. Pour batter in

buttered baking dish, add cherries and cover with 1 cup boiling water. The batter will come to the top while baking at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

My Grandmother makes the best blueberry cobbler I have ever eaten. I remember when I was a child; I went over to her house and she would always have one made. I could always tell because the house smelled like fresh sweet blueberries. This recipe originated from one of my great Grandmother's recipe books called "Recipes from Old Virginia." She introduced the blueberry cobbler to my grandmother and it has been a family tradition ever since.

CARLY HARGROVES, GRADE 10

Southwest Virginia

Rivers that roar
Mountains crawl
Farms that roll,
Virginia is alive.
Not only the people
Not just the wildlife
The atmosphere
Unlike anywhere else,
Things are fixed just by looking around
Problems are solved by the community
And life is taken care of simply by the land
That is why Virginia is alive.

MAX HINE, GRADE 11

Stability

The sun begins to rise over the hills and the grass shimmers from the freshly fallen dew in the little "holler" of Meadowview, Virginia. Birds are chirping as Marie wakes up to a warm, mid-July day. The smell of sizzlin' bacon and warm biscuits fill the living room.

"Girls, breakfast is ready," yells Marie's grandmother.

"Comin'," yells Marie and her sister Megan. Marie leaps off the couch and bolts into the kitchen.

Soon after grabbing her plate and sitting down, Marie's grandfather slowly walks into the kitchen, grabs a plate, and joins Marie and Megan at the table. Just as Marie's grandmother sits down, the telephone rings. This was the call that has been anticipated for almost a year now. See, a year ago Marie's grandfather was in the hospital for kidney failure. He underwent surgery to remove the bad kidney and was put on the donor list. Marie's grandmother put down the phone and cried out, "This is it, our prayers have been answered!"

Marie's grandmother begins to frantically run around and grab bags. She is throwing clothes into suitcases and calling everyone she could.

While all this was going on, Marie is so excited that her grandfather was going to be healthy again.

Once they arrive at the local hospital in Bristol, Virginia, the doctors work as fast as they can to get Marie's grandfather into surgery because it had now been two and a half hours since the kidneys arrived and the doctors are running out of time. Soon after sitting down in the waiting room, Marie's parents arrive. As they are talking and catching up with each other, Marie notices a man in the corner who was profusely sobbing. Before Marie can say anything, a news story blares on the television that caught everyone's attention. It said, "Woman found dead after falling in a rock climbing accident at Backbone Rock in Northeast Tennessee. Sarah Willis was only 28 years old. The incident happened three hours ago. Rescuers found her ID and perceived she was an organ donor so they rushed her to the Bristol, Virginia hospital . . ." Marie observed that the man in the corner is crying even louder. Then it clicks. Marie looks at her family and her family looks back with faces of sorrow and disbelief.

"Is that . . ." before Marie could even finish her statement her family collectively answers, "Yes."

A sudden sadness fills the room and there is no escaping it. It was like blowing air into a balloon and tying it so tight that no air could ever escape. It was true. The sobbing man in the corner was the husband of Sarah Willis and Marie's grandfather is getting Sarah's kidney.

Twelve hours later, Marie's grandfather comes out of surgery.

"He looks so much better," Marie says.

"Yes he does sweetie," replies Marie's grandmother.

"I wish Mommy and Daddy were in here right now," says Marie.

"I do too. Now you and your sister lay down in this chair. It's been a long day."

Marie's parents are in the parking lot arguing, again. They have been fighting for months now and it seems like they can't agree on anything.

The next day Marie wakes up to see that her grandfather is awake and eating.

"Today is my birthday grandpa!" Marie says.

"Yes it is," said Marie's grandfather

"I am so glad you're awake, I wanted to spend my birthday with you." exclaims Marie.

Marie's grandmother brings in a birthday cake after lunch and Marie gets up close to her grandfather's hospital bed along with her sister, grandmother, and parents. They all sing Happy Birthday, eat cake, and are happy.

Two weeks later disaster struck. Marie is at her grandparents house and her grandfather gets rapidly ill. In a matter of hours he went from playing hide-n-seek with Marie, to hugging the toilet and puking. Marie watches it all happen.

"Marie, call 911. Now!" Yells Marie's grandmother. The ambulance finally arrives from after what seemed an eternity. Once at the hospital, Marie's grandfather is sent into surgery once again. It is no use; the kidney that was placed inside Marie's grandfather is failing. The doctor

came into the waiting room and says that it was only a matter of time so they put Marie's grandfather on hospice care and send him home two evenings later.

Three days later Marie got a phone call that would change her life forever. Her grandmother is hysterical. Marie said, "What grandma, what what is it?"

"He's...he's . . .," her grandma gasps.

"What grandma! He's what?" Marie screams.

"He's...dead!"

Marie drops the phone and runs back to her room. Marie's dad picks up the phone as Marie's mother goes to comfort her. Marie's parents know how much Marie loved her grandfather and know this was going to be extremely hard on her.

Five days later the funeral service is held. Everyone in the community be it churches, neighbors, or just kind folk were so nice in bringing food and deserts to the family. That's how the people are around here. They step up and try to help in any way they they possibly can. They all go out of their way to take care of the necessities so that Marie's family has time to grieve.

Marie's life has been turned upside down. The one thing she needs most and is searching for was stability. But Marie did not get what she was searching for because on the kitchen table she saw a single piece of paper that made her heart drop all the way down to her toes and her whole body tremble with fear and anger. For that single piece of paper has disrupted her life more than it already was causing Marie to drown in a sea of grief. That paper was titled, "divorce agreement."

KAITLYN HOLLEY, GRADE 10

Chocolate Chip Cookies

1 cup shortening

1 c. sugar

½ c. brown sugar

2 eggs

2 tsp. Vanilla

2 c. plain flour

1 ½ tsp. Salt

1 tsp. Baking soda

1 pkg. (6 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate chips

Cream shortening, sugar, eggs, and vanilla until fluffy. Sift dry ingredients. Blend and add chips. Bake at 375 degrees for 10–12 minutes

Jane Edwards, part of my step-family, always makes these cookies during any family occasion. They never fail to make me feel at home. Any time I smell these cooking in the oven, I am surrounded by family and everyone is happy. Without a doubt, they are my favorite cookies.

HAILI HUTCHINS, 10TH GRADE

Beacon

The mountains are a place I tend to go
When the world seems to pull me to and fro
Look up and I see the world a'gleam
A billion suns entrancing me in lovely dreams
The splendor, the majesty of creation
Suddenly the centrifuge of my fixation
Beaten, battered, bruised, and scarred
Yet still I yearn for the hills and stars
For it is in those ever gleaming beacons of hope
That I find solace through which I might cope.

JOSEPH JESSEE, 12TH GRADE

Reflections

Though I didn't grow up in southwest Virginia, my family did. I remember going down every holiday to see them, though mostly during winter break and summer break. Often, we would stay at my pawpaw's house, playing on the trampoline outdoors (which always made us dirty) with a small ball and making up games, constantly changing the rules to benefit ourselves. Last summer I even got to help raise some chickens with my brothers during the summer, something I would've never been able to do at home. It was so much fun seeing the piles of fluff turn into full grown chickens. Until then I had never even touched a chicken, let alone raised one, so it was a fun and interesting experience. I remember the times at my uncle Jim's farm where I got to fish with my family and then enjoy a meal together, usually with some of my aunt Debby's mouth-watering chocolate pie. After hunting season we sometimes got to eat deer meat, which I found to be delicious. During the summer all of our family would camp out at the lake and enjoy being around each other. I went boating with my cousins and played in the murky water, which I enjoyed throwing the clay at the other children. All the big kids lived under a giant tarp, which under it, held a bunch of hammocks. The place was eventually called hammockopolis. My cousin Alexa and I often biked around the campground and made "special" food that our parents let us cook with in hopes of making a groundbreaking new food. Though in the end, the "food" was so disgusting even the wildlife wouldn't eat it.

Winter was also quite fun too. Since the hills were much steeper down here, sledding was much more fun, though we sometimes had to make a snow drift to prevent us from sliding into the stream at the bottom. Every Christmas morning I would be awoken by anxious children jumping up and down excitedly chanting "It's morning!" until I woke up and went to go pester my parents. My pawpaw, as usual, would always make a delicious Christmas lunch before we went to go visit the rest of my family.

The fondest memories of southwest Virginia were with my Nana. As a child, I had trouble reading, so she brought me a giant box of books and made me read them to her on the couch. She taught me how to crack an egg properly and let me have sleepovers with her whenever my mom would let me, which she bought me a special nightgown for. I often gardened with her and helped hunt for the shiny clear stones in the garden bed. My Nana and I each had our own jars and we would dig through the dirt to find the pebbles and compete for who had the most pebbles in their jar. Whenever we would leave she would move her fingers in a circle through the door, which meant “angels around you.” She always made sure that we had something for our birthday and always made us feel special and happy to see her.

HALEY JACKSON, IOTH GRADE

I Am From

I am from the land where coal fields scatter the mountain tops.
I am from where the best biscuits and gravy are made.
I'm from where pickup trucks fill the back roads and highways.
I am from where you wake up to beautiful blue mountains in the distance.
I am from the land where it's not “you all,” it's “y'all.”
I am from the land where huntin' and fishin' are favorite pastimes.
I am from where Friday nights are more than just the end of a work week.
I am from the prettiest place on earth where in the fall the leaves turn
 every color from dark purple to bright yellow.
I am from a small town in the foot hill of Appalachian mountains.

CLAY KISER, IOTH GRADE

Mountaintops

Standing up on the hilltop
 A sight before your eyes
A sight that makes you stop
 And a sight o'er that lies
 Where the crests mingle
 With the horizon and Sun
 A range sits glorified
The most wondrous sight of all
Can't find a better one, I've tried
 There they stand, ever so tall
 Behold the mountaintops
Beautiful right before your eyes

NATHAN LACOMBE, IOTH GRADE

Shrimp Bisque

Ingredients:

1 pound of shrimp
2 tablespoons of olive oil
1 chopped onion
2 stalks of chopped celery
½ cup of white wine
2 tablespoons of flour
1 cup of chicken stock
Half a pint of whipping cream

Instructions:

Peel and place shrimp. Cook your oil, onions, and celery in a saucepan then add flour and let cook for five minutes. Next add chicken broth, wine, shrimp, and pimentos. Last get a large sauce and add the ingredients in the saucepan and whipping cream. Let cook for 10 minutes.

My mother has made this since I was little, usually at family gatherings and events. She used to own a small little country restaurant in town. She always made the best food and this is one of my favorite things that she makes. She has taught me to cook and I love making this soup.

LAUREN LAMBERT, 10TH GRADE

Back Home

November 11, 2017

People cheering could be heard around the stadium. I walk up to the chalk bucket and cover my hands with the white powder. My heart is beating faster than usual. The judge raises her hand and I salute. I swing my body on the wood-coated fiber glasses. I use almost all of my muscles making sure not to make a mistake. My body goes upside down once, twice, and on the last one I release the bar. I twist my body as I fly up in the air. My feet hit the mat; they don't move an inch. I can hear my name being cheered very loudly. I smile widely from my accomplishment.

They are about to announce the first place winner, "For Rio 2017 Women's Gymnastics all around first place is . . . Nari Lin!" I can feel tears fall down my face as I hear my name being called. I walk up to the podium and accept the gold medal and bouquet of flowers.

"Nari, how does it feel to win your first Olympic gold medal?"

"Being 16 years old, do you feel accomplished with life?" Reporters bombard me with questions while taking pictures of me.

"Nari, where are you going to go after this?"

May 5, 2003

“Hi, Nari. My name is Coach Lisa! I will be you coaching for a few years.”

Coach Lisa walked me to the uneven bars and I tried some skills that were new to me. These kinds of bars aren't like the ones at my playground at school. I had fun doing gymnastics for the rest of the year. My mom would always see me doing gymnastics in the living room or in my bedroom.

August 25, 2012

It has been nine years since I have been in gymnastics and my skills have improved so much. Each year I would get to work with different coaches as I advance to another coach.

My mom picked me up from school today, as usual, and she drove me to the gym. As I was staring out the window, I saw the Appalachian mountains, many trees, and some historical homes. At gymnastics, my coaches don't just teach me about gymnastics, but they also teach me life lessons. They were there when I was having a bad day or when I needed a shoulder to cry on. My coaches taught me how to push through when life gets hard. No fights alone.

February 11, 2013

There are only a few days left until I have to compete. I practiced hard to make sure if I had any mistakes, so I could fix them before I compete. I prepare to get on the beam and do my routine. I let my body flow on the beam, but also make sure I'm tight. As I do my front punch, I land it, but my foot misses and twists off the beam. I fall off the beam and face plant to the mat. I cry out in pain and my coach rushes over to me as quick as possible. It wasn't the first injury I've ever had. Coach Jacob made sure it wasn't a serious injury. He was there with me while I was in pain, helping me recover before the competition.

January 12, 2014

I was practicing my tumbling passes for my floor routine, but I couldn't seem to get one of my passes. I tried over and over again, but I kept landing on my butt.

I got so angry at myself, “I can't do this. No matter how hard I try, I'm not able to land my pass! I can't figure out what's wrong.”

Coach Lana grabbed my shoulders softly, “Don't say “can't.” If you keep saying that word then you really can't do it. It will take some time to get the skill. I have faith that you CAN do it. Have faith in yourself!”

October 3, 2015

I am having a hard time this year due to the lack of practice. I am either at marching band, winterguard, or gymnastics. My skills are getting harder and I'm not at the gym as much anymore. I want to get better. Vault wasn't hard for me until this year. I didn't really fear vault until now.

Coach Chris would always ensure me that I would be okay, "I know you can do this Nari. You don't need to be afraid of it. You're getting better trust me. Do fear the vault, let the vault fear you."

November 11, 2017

I looked straight at the reporter who had asked me where I was going next, "I'm going back to Southwest Virginia."

My home will always be at Mountain Empire Gymnastics.

LANNEY LE, IOTH GRADE

My Role Model

Bayleigh Die. When I hear this name I think of someone so amazing and inspiring. Bayleigh is a senior at Abingdon High School. During her senior year she had to step up and become the high school's colorguard instructor. We all call her "Granny." She has lived in Abingdon her entire life. Her father is a preacher and she has always been seen as the preacher's daughter. She wanted to make a name for herself so she joined the colorguard. She loves living here for multiple reasons, one of them being the history that follows this area. Living here has helped her break through the religious situation she was put in, it is helped her learn more about her culture, and it has made her an inspiring, strong, amazing, independent woman whom I look up to and love very much.

HAYLEE MADER, IOTH GRADE

Haikus

Our mountains stand tall
They shine gray and blue colors
This is where I live

The leaves slowly fall
Cluttering the ground below
A beautiful mess

CAMERON MASON, IOTH GRADE

Mississippi Mud Cake

Ingredients:

- 3 sticks of butter
- ½ cup of cocoa
- 3 tablespoons cocoa
- 6 tablespoons milk
- 1 pound powdered sugar
- 2 cups chopped pecans
- 1 jar of marshmallow cream
- 1 small can of coconut
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 and ½ cups of flour

Directions:

Combine 2 sticks of butter, ½ cup of cocoa, small can of coconut, 1 cup chopped pecans, 4 eggs, 2 cups of sugar, and 1 1/s cups of flour into bowl and mix well. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes in a 9×13 pan. While still hot, spread 1 jar marshmallow cream on top and cool.

Bring to boil 1 stick butter, six tablespoons milk, and 3 tablespoons cocoa. Remove from heat and add 1 pound of powdered sugar, 1 cup pecans, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and enough milk for spreading consistency. Spread over cake. Enjoy!

This is a recipe my Nana always made for family cookouts. It reminds me of summertime and my childhood.

ISIS MCCOY, IOTH GRADE

My Home

Southwest Virginia is my home. It's where I have learned how to walk, talk, smile, cry, laugh, read, and write. I have learned how to feel. I have had so many experiences here, good and bad, and it is what has shaped me into who I am, and I know that no matter where I go, this will always be the place I come back to. Everything and everyone I have ever known is here. To some people, Southwest Virginia could be just a tiny dot on a map but to me it's family, memories, friends, happiness, sadness, sickness, health, and a never ending love for God. I belong here, and although I want to see more of the world, what I have right here, right now, is irreplaceable. I am so incredibly grateful for all the blessings I have in my life, Southwest

Virginia being one of them. Everything about here screams beautiful, from the mountains, to the rolling hills covered in hay. All of it is beautiful, and all of it is my home and I will never take it for granted.

SAVANNAH MOORE, 10TH GRADE

Foundation

Mountains turned into swamps and then back again as I traveled across four different states and back. Daytona Beach in the middle of Florida with the humidity closing my throat. Small town Abingdon, with the breeze of hospitality warming the mountain-lined streets. I remember leaving the mountains to be met with swamps only to find myself suffocated and eventually called back to this small mountain town. The nostalgic night sky and mountains from here to there covered my eye. There was something called liberty found here on these mountains. This same liberty formed me and became my foundation.

KAT MULLINS, 12TH GRADE

Breakfast Casserole

- ♦ 1 lb. Sausage
- ♦ 6 Eggs
- ♦ 2 cups of milk
- ♦ 1 tsp. Salt
- ♦ 4 slices of bread, cubed
- ♦ 1 cup of cheese
- ♦ ½ tsp of dry mustard
- ♦ 12 strips of bacon
- ♦ Refrigerate overnight, and then bake at 350 for 45 minutes.

I was lucky to see this sitting on the table on Christmas morning. When Granny cooked up a batch of this, it wouldn't be around too long. It was all of my favorite breakfast items in one. No one made it the way my Granny did though, not even my mom. My Grandma's breakfast casserole will always hold a special place in my heart!

KIRK NAIRN, 10TH GRADE

Villanelle

The noises of Appalachia speak to me
Crickets chirping, creeks flowing,
Begging and yearning to be set free

Children running around an apple tree
Both content, yet always growing
The noises of Appalachia speak to me

To hear nature's voice is a guarantee
A language many go without knowing
Begging and yearning to be set free

Birds chirping throughout the mountain air with glee
All while a Southern breeze is steadily blowing
The noises of Appalachia speak to me

Bright green leaves sit atop their branches for all to see
Anxiously awaiting the day they will get going
Begging and yearning to be set free

One thing that will always be
Whether the sounds are overpowering or slowing
The noises of Appalachia speak to me
Begging and yearning to be set free

KERRINGTON PARRIS, 12TH GRADE

Transplant

All along SWVA has been my home, even though I was not born here or anywhere near here. I am glad my dad chose to move here out of all the places we could have gone. Virginia has been nothing but sweet to my family so how can I not call it my home? There's nothing better than waking up in the morning, walking out on the porch, and instantly seeing the mountains. Getting to witness the hills changing color every season really beats any city skyline I have ever seen. In eighth grade my class took a three-day trip to a cabin in the mountains. We woke up early every morning, ate breakfast, and started hiking right after. We saw the sunrise and sunset every day. We played in the creeks, caught crawdads, and even hunted for snakes. We stuck our head in waterfalls and chased after salamanders. We learned about the different bird calls and trees. We took naps on rocks, stared at the stars and danced in the rain. It wasn't until our last night that we all shared blankets and gathered around the fire and sang songs that I realized that I have never felt more at home in my life. The Appalachian Mountains will always be my home.

DANIELA REYES, 10TH GRADE

Strawberry Shortcake

Ingredients:

- 1 quart strawberries, hulled and quartered
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream
- 3 cups self-rising flour
- 2 stick cold unsalted butter, cubed
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 tablespoon honey

Directions

1. In a medium bowl toss the strawberries with the sugar. Let stand at room temperature for 3 hours then stirring until juicy
2. Meanwhile, thaw the ice cream in the refrigerator until soft, about 1 hour. Spoon the ice cream into large bowl
3. Preheat oven to 450 degrees. In a food processor, pulse the flour and butter until the mixture resembles coarse meal; stir into the ice cream with a wooden spoon until incorporated. Using your hands, gently knead the dough until it starts to clump together. Drop clumps of the dough into 9-by-13-inch metal baking pan in an even layer. Bake for 20 minutes, until golden on top. Let cool slightly, then cut into 12 squares.
4. Meanwhile, in a medium bowl, whip the heavy cream and honey until soft peaks form. Serve the shortcake with the macerated strawberries and whipped cream

Every summer my family plants strawberries in my grandparents' garden on their farm and use them to make strawberry shortcake. The strawberries are always enormous by the time it is time to harvest them which makes them perfect for strawberry shortcake. After my Granny makes the strawberry shortcake, all of my cousins and I go to my grandparents and sit outside and eat. We sit around in the grass all day eating strawberry shortcake and ice cream and talk about all the things we plan to do over the summer. Eating my Granny's shortcake and spending time with my cousins is one of my favorite parts about summer and I look forward to it every year.

AIESHA SINGLETON, IOTH GRADE

Who I Am

It wasn't really hard for me to move from Englewood, Illinois to Abingdon Virginia. Like you would expect it would for an African-American I went from an all-black community to

an all-white community. The culture here is very different from Englewood, and to my surprise I fell in love with the culture here. It was a small town full of very vibrant, caring sweet and willing to take the shirt off their back to help a complete stranger people. When I was in Englewood, not many people were like that. It was a nice change. I have many memories: some are great, some are sad, some are happy. I even have bad memories here, which seems impossible to me. I was seventeen at the time, I was learning how to drive, and like any other teenager I was speeding. I was pulled over. Flashbacks from my original hometown began to surface, the memories that I had pushed back when I moved in here. My dad was a victim of police brutality and the flashback of that night resurfaced. As the cop got out of the car, I put my hand on the steering wheel immediately. He came to the window asked me how I was and shook my hand. Then asking the normal questions that are usually asked when being pulled over, he told me I was on a warning and the next time a ticket will be given to me. After he left I sat where I was and cried, not sure why I cried but I did. Maybe it was how beautiful this town was, or maybe I was crying for my dad. Maybe I was crying because I knew if I actually was given a ticket my parents would have kicked my butt. There were tears a joy if that was the case. This town has changed my life to the better. I'm in love with Abingdon, VA. I love all the vibrant people. I even love the art (paper-mache) wolves that are randomly scattered throughout the town. My senior of high school my friends and I made game out of it to see how who could find the most wolves. Despite everything that I have gone through, this town is my past, my present, and it will forever be my future.

INDIA SMITH, 12TH GRADE

Old Fashioned Applesauce Cake

Ingredients

- 4 C. flour
- 2 C. sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 C. liquid shortening
- 2 C. applesauce
- 2 tsp. Soda
- 1 C. black walnut
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. Vanilla
- ½ tsp. Cloves
- ½ tsp. Allspice
- 1 box seedless raisins

Instructions:

Heat applesauce and add soda. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ of flour mixture with nuts and raisins before mixing to prevent their sinking to the bottom of cake as it bakes. Mix all ingredients and bake in tube pan at 250 degrees for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

I remember this cake very clearly, growing up. It was a routine delicacy in my house. I loved the aroma of the cake when it first came out of the oven. Everyone just couldn't wait until mama put it out onto the kitchen counter to cool. I wouldn't leave the kitchen until I got a wonderful piece of that cake, which I always prevailed in getting. The applesauce cake was my favorite dessert back then and will always have a special place in my heart and in my stomach for that matter.

JOSEPH STEPHENS, IOTH GRADE

Royal

They say peace is hard to find, but I'm sure I found mine.
Right in Appalachia where the rivers match the sun with a shine.
From city to town
From sun up to sundown
A dimple in a world of renown
The tree's shake, the twigs break
The leaves crunch while the animals eat lunch
Dear Appalachia, without you I'd be a different me than I am now
I'm stronger than ever, my voice makes a sound.
Where I'm literally a minority right down to the crown.

QADIRA WATSON, IITH GRADE

This is Southwest Virginia

The Appalachian Mountains and Southwest Virginia.
A place where families are strongly bonded.
A place where traditions are taken seriously.
Values are close to heart.
Children are taught to do the best they can at everything.

People get along well.
People don't judge others based on their beliefs.

Everyone works together to get things done.
It is a community of people willing to help others.

This is Southwest Virginia.
Where Love is wide spread.
Where exploration and wildlife is valued very much.
This is the Appalachian Mountains.

RYAN WISE, 10TH GRADE

The Peaks

Walking in the fall leaves,
the mountain all around.
The tall peaks tower above.
Nothing is better that
I have found.
Oh, this place that I love.

MEGAN WYATT, 10TH GRADE

Throwback

Ever since I was little I always thought I would fit in better in the late 80's-90. I've always felt like it would suit my personality better than the time period I live in now. My mom says that being a teenager in The MTV Generation was fun, but difficult. She grew up poor and was built like an amazon, so she was made fun of a lot. That was the downside of being a teenager back then. There really is a major difference between now and then.

"Not that there wasn't cool stuff in the 80's, but growing up in a town that only knows you for being the school bully. I was like every other teenager . . . mad at the world . . . so I took it on everyone else." She said when I asked her about growing up in Tazewell, VA.

"When did all of that start?"

"I was in the seventh grade . . . and from where I only lived with my dad . . . he didn't really know how to raise me like a girl. So he cut my hair to where I looked like a little boy . . . because it was easier to brush that way. And I got made fun of a lot because I was a big person that looked like a boy, and it had an effect on me. I became mean . . . but only to the people who didn't deserve it."

"Do you think people (teenagers) were more judgmental then or now?"

"It's probably about the same...maybe worse now than then. Kids get made fun of for being poor, or fat, or having glasses. You know, petty things like that . . . but I mean back then if you were openly gay, you got beat up for it. If you lived in a trailer, you were immediately called

“white trash”. If you hung out with a guy, or if he was your best friend. . . . it was immediately assumed you were “together”. The years may change, but the cliques and name calling probably never will.”

“What’s one thing you miss about the 80s?”

“Things were a lot safer back then. You didn’t have to worry about being picked up off the street, and you could actually go trick or treating without having to worry about the candy having razor blades in them. . . . life just seemed. . . .easier.”

“Okay so . . . here is the big question . . . what is your favorite experience (story) with your buds?”

“One time me and my best friend ever, Sherry, skipped school, and tons of adventures around town, but we had to be careful because everybody knew who we were. . . . we couldn’t get caught. . . . so we went to Hardee’s and ate breakfast, and we didn’t know it at the time, but a teacher saw us! Anyway, our whole goal was to get Krista’s house (my sister). She just had a baby at the time so we knew she was home. On the way we met up with our buddy John. He had one arm and three fingers. Well when we got there he spilt Coke all over my shirt, and we had to be back at school before the buses came back! I couldn’t go inside the school with soda all over my shirt so I borrowed one of his shirts then we left because Sherry thought he was weird, because he didn’t have any teeth. Then we went to the gas station where our buddy Chris worked. He gave us free fountain drinks and we left there because we were on a time limit. Afterwards we were chased by a dog until we walked in front of a church and a lady walked out and asked us why we weren’t in school. I told her that we graduated year the year before, so she wouldn’t take us back to school. Then she gave us some sandwiches, because it was around lunch time. By this time we were five miles away from school. Sherry gave up, so we sat down to take a break and after about five minutes I heard a car coming. When I looked, I noticed that it was Krista! I was like “YES!” Now we are on the side of the road waving our arms in the air like a couple of idiots hoping she’ll see us and stop so we won’t have to walk all the way back to school. But she blew right past us. That’s when we realized that we are in trouble. We booked it, and made it back to the store and saw a car sitting there. Just sitting there in the pull out zone, not moving. Of course Sherry was freaking out and was all, “We are going to get kidnapped!” We figured out later that it was just Chris. We asked him to take us back to school and dropped us off right when the buses got there. We got on the bus, but then the principal came on and said “Sherry Asberry and Melonie Lee . . . y’all come to my office tomorrow morning.” Of course I didn’t. I wanted to do what I wanted to do first, then I went to his office. He fussed at us and sent me back to class, but gave Sherry a week of in school suspension. She was mad. She said “How come I get in trouble, but she gets to go back to class?” Then the principal said, “Putting Melonie in in school suspension would be a vacation for her, so I send her back to class as a punishment.” I just didn’t care though. I kind of wish I wasn’t like that.”

“Is there anything you regret?”

“I regret being a bully. When I got older I found everyone I was ever mean to on Facebook and apologized to all of them. I regret dropping out of high school because I could’ve been someone. I could’ve been a therapist which is why I pressure you guys to stay in school.”

I think the only negative things about how my mom grew up was growing up poor and being a bully to everyone, and dropping out of school. I have realized that the only thing different between now and then is everything, except how judgmental people are. I feel like maybe one day it will stop, but not anytime soon. It’s not just Appalachia either; it’s everywhere. I even do it, but hearing my mom say it and me writing here has made me realize that it’s messed up and unfair to judge someone you don’t even know or someone you do know as a matter of fact, based on their appearance, where they are from, what their sexuality is, or how they act around others.

ANGEL ZHARA, IOTH GRADE

APPALACHIA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL



Appalachia Elementary School Seventh Grade

Young in the Mountains

While I'm young in the mountains I go out and play ball; I sit on the porch and listen to the crickets chirp, and I read. I have three siblings who just don't know when to quit. I lay out in the sun and relax. Some people might say it is boring, but I say it's home.

KHRISTIYANA ADAMS, GRADE 7

I Am A Person Who. . .

I am a person who. . .
Likes hanging with their friends,
Hates being left out,
Can dream big,
Cannot dance nor sing,
Would never eat a Big Mac,
Would rather eat chicken nuggets,
Loves to be weird,
Wants to learn how to play the piano,
Used to be afraid of flying,
Would be better off living in North Carolina,
Gets really angry when people makes fun of me for watching Golden Girls,
"Bugs" other people when I laugh,
Has a bad habit of talking,
Wishes I could change my laugh,
Wishes I could change the way other people think about me,
Never misses watching the TV show Timeless,
Will someday go to college.

SKYE BARNETT, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from 30–30s
From shotgun shells and Winchester
I am from the fields, forest, hunting mountains
I am from plants, flowers, trees
Leaves, twigs, trunks
I'm from hunting and fishing
From John Bentley and Douglass Dale
I'm from cookouts and hikes
From "Don't touch that!" and "Put that down. It's expensive!"

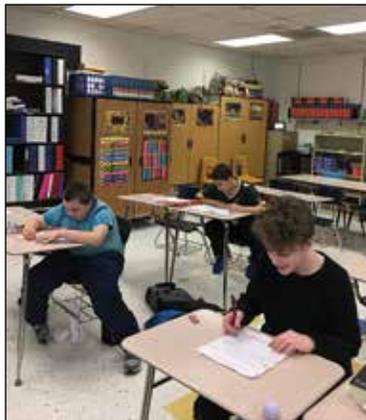
Church praying
I'm from Missouri
Deer and fish
I killed my first deer my fifth time hunting
My pawpaw was poor growing up
Pictures in the attic
My first gun was a little black 22

ANDY BENTLEY, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from a blueberry bush
From my Coke that's cold and dush
I am from a house from Boggs Avenue
It is near a forest called a holler new
I am from a garden
It has crops and a farmer which is Martin
I'm from Thanksgiving and great
From Allen and Joe
I'm from "Don't Give Up!" and "Do this, not that!"
I'm from Ashanta's church and Mamaw Tammy's church
From a cool house that's really swerch
Pizza, Pizza, Little Caesar's pizza
From digging holes in the backyard
Where my mom just looks like my regular old mom
All the things from my past and my brother's past are on a wall
This is my house
We don't just smile, we laugh.

JOE BLAIR, GRADE 7



I Live In The Mountains. . .

I live in the mountains where bears are everywhere and some nights we see people running around in their underwear.
I live in the mountains where we have bonfires and make s'mores; we love to hunt deer and hope we kill more and more. We ride four-wheelers and dirtbikes, and sometimes we even take hikes.
I live in the mountains where on summer days we play outside from dawn to dusk.

I live in the mountains where we help mama cook even if it's just taking
the corn out of its husk.

I live in the mountains, the place I'm happy to call my home.

CHARLEE CALHOUN, GRADE 7

The Best Love Story Ever

His Side

We met in Michigan and lived beside
each other in a duplex.

I thought she was a beautiful, intelligent,
and caring.

On our first date we went to "Lee Rights."

I always knew I loved her from the day
we met.

To our wedding on June 1st, 1990, I wore
a white ivory tux.

Some advice we have for newly married
couples is to be good to your spouse and
treat her with respect.

Her Side

We became best friends

I thought he was a sweet, gentle,
and honest man.

We went out to eat at "Lee
Rights."

I always had that feeling when
I was around him, that made my
heart melt.

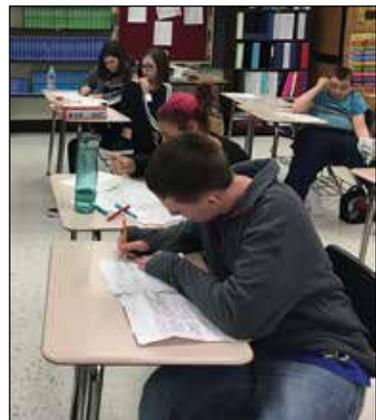
On our wedding day I wore an
ivory white two piece dress.

Never go to bed angry and
always say you love each
other.

DIANA CASEY, GRADE 7

I am a person who

Likes to play sports with friends
Hates when the internet goes out
Can make food on a grill
Cannot do public speaking
Would never wear all white shoes
Would rather play basketball than football
Loves to play basketball
Wants to learn to be a better person
Used to be afraid of snakes
Would be better off playing video games
Is really good at sports
Gets really angry when someone touches me
Bugs people when I speak



Has a good habit of caring for people
Wishes I could change the way I work
wishes I could change the way some people act
Never misses watching America's Got Talent
Will some day play in the NBA

ANDREW CHURCH, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from a BMX bike
From Slim Jims and Beef Jerky
I am from the yellow house on the hill
Four bedroom, two bath, pumpkin-scented candles
I am from winter snow, cold and glistening
I'm from Taco Tuesday and blue eyes
From Cassandra and Andrew
I'm from the stubborn and strong
From "Have a Good Day" and "I Love You's"
I'm from help those in need, and treat others as they themselves want to
be treated.
I'm from Fairfax, Virginia, pizza and salisbury steak.
From the hundreds of freckles on my dad's face.
The loving hugs and butterfly kisses of my mom
In picture frames and photo books
Never forgetting where I came from.

ANDREW CLINE, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from football
From Nike and Under Armour
I am from the mountains, lots of trees, green and brown, it's very quiet
I am from mud holes and the woods
Deep and brown
I'm from going riding atvs and watching football on Sunday
From my mom and my dad
I'm from a busy family
From "Come inside" and "Go get the soap so I can wash your mouth out"
I'm from going to church every Sunday

I'm from Lee County
I am from soup beans and taters, corn bread.
From my dad winning state in football
The time I almost hit a homerun.

LOGAN GARRETT, GRADE 7

I am a person who

Likes the dark
Hates two faced people
Can do anything I put my mind to
Cannot live without internet
Would never cheat
Would rather text than talk in person
Loves to swim and tan
Wants to be normal
Used to be afraid of the dark
Would be better off alone
Is really good at overreacting
Gets really angry when someone tries to take my friends
"Bugs" other people when I cry
Has the good habit of making everyone feel wanted and needed
Has the bad habit of laughing a lot
Wishes I could change the way I think of myself
Never misses watching Teen Mom
Will someday be okay

SHYLA GILLIAM, GRADE 7



I Am From

I am from video games
From Nintendo and Xbox
I am from the trees, coal, the mountains
I am from mountains, trees, and flowers
I'm from tv and having fun
From Bobby Herron and Jane Trinkle
I'm from watching tv and gaming
From "Don't touch that" and "Always do the right thing"
I'm from Christianity, Dunbar church

I'm from Wise, Virginia, meatloaf and mashed potatoes
From my mom who came from very poor to middle class
The arcades are what my dad owns
You don't keep track you lose your family history

RYAN HERRON, GRADE 7

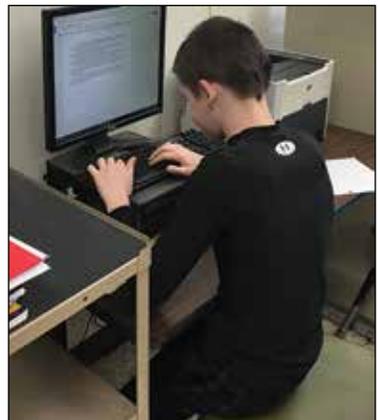
I Am From

I am from where we grow gardens and get your hands dirty.
From taters and cornbread.
I am from place that no one talks about and forgets about.
I am from quiet, muddy, rusty.
I'm from the mountains and daisies.
From the mountains are woodsy, muddy, full of animals and a daisy is of life
I'm from visiting my granny at the graveyard and helpful, loving, caring.
From Mommy and Daddy.
I'm from family love and care.
I'm from Norton hospital and Pocahontas, family and cornbread, broccoli
casserole and Chex mix, and sausage balls.
From the daddy who thought a dresser was a toilet and peed on the
dresser.
Andover, Pigeon Forge, Gatlinburg, Kingsport, Appalachia, Big Stone Gap
They are very important to me and I wouldn't give them up for anything.

SYDNEY HERRON, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from Xbox and RCA
From Dawn and Bleach
I am from the white house, small,
3 bedrooms, metal
I am from dirt and mud, nasty and everywhere
I'm from Thanksgiving dinner and watching
movies
From Thomas and Stephanie
I'm from the arguing and wrestling
From "Hands to yourself" and "You're not a baby"
I'm from sleeping in on Sundays
I'm from Virginia born and raised



Any kind of vegetable, soup and saltine crackers
From the ghost stories told by my sister
The anger issues of my brother
Family pictures who knows where
Wouldn't look at them anyway

DONALD HOLLYFIELD, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from too many dishes in the sink.
From Ramen noodles and Hamburger Helper.
I am from the front porch, blue, quiet, and has a rosy smell.
I am from pink roses,
With thorns sharp as needles.
I'm from Sunday dinner and loud mouths.
From Poppy and Mimsy.
I'm from the florists and prison guards.
From "Stop fighting!" and "Say you're sorry!"
I'm from that little white church, not that far from my school.
I'm from Big Stone Gap - A.K.A Tinytown
Ribs, and overcooked deer meat.
From getting chased around barns by angry chickens.
And feeding baby deer by a bottle.
All those photos stashed in my room.
And all the memories before my grandmother's passing.

KYNDRA HORNER, GRADE 7

I Am A Person Who . . .

Likes baseball.
Hate annoying people.
Can swim.
Cannot surf.
Would never climb a mountain.
Would rather play baseball.
Loves to play baseball.
Wants to learn how to surf.
Used to be afraid of monsters.
Would be better off rich.

Is really good at basketball.
Gets really angry when people annoy me.
Bugs people when I am bored.
Has a good habit of talking.
Has a bad habit of eating sweets.
Wish I could change the way I live.
Wishes I could change the way other way
people live.
Never misses watching the TV show Sports
Center.
Will someday change the world.

PRESTON JOYNER, GRADE 7



I Am From

I am from the back woods
From trees and dirt
I am from the old white house that sits on top of the hill
I am from picking corn and peppers from the fields
I'm from mud bogging and loud mouths
From helping Grandpa fix the Bronco and taking Dad's Can-Am to the
store to get gas
I'm from the 4 stroke and Enduro riding
From "Fill the furnace" and "Feed the dogs"
I'm from Lee County, Virginia, deer meat, and hog jaw
From the blood of my great grandfather's' pocket knife that he used to cut
off his little finger
The coal dust from my father's face

AIDON JUSTUS, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from late night sketches
From swaying trees, and multiplying cats
I am from a wooden house hidden on top of a hill, surrounded by trees,
and flower beds of tulips
I am from apple trees, and rows of hay bales
I'm from cherry cheesecake on Christmas, and curly uncontrollable hair
From homemade apple pie and banana pudding

I'm from dad's fishing hat and mom's red lipstick
From "Everybody, try laughing. Then whatever scares you will go away!"
and "If it looks easy don't do it. Don't let the world spoil you."
I'm from sleeping in on the weekends, and watching Grey's Anatomy and
The Walking Dead with my family
I'm from the Appalachian Mountains, and Ireland's rocky shore lines
From the time my family and I were stuck in an elevator
From Mom's worrying and Dad's laid back attitude
The shelf of photo albums filled with family memories
Never forget where you came from and how it shaped you into who you
are now

TUCKER KELLY, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from video games
From Playstation 4 and Nike
I am from the big white house
I am from dirt, nasty and slimy
I'm from chocolate delight at Christmas and loud families
From Mamaw and Mom
I'm from the flight to Oregon and building snowmen
From "You are my sunshine" and "Watch your mouth"
I'm from rarely going to church
I'm from Big Stone Gap
Chicken legs, Ramen
From the time my mom slipped on a rug
The cooking from my Mamaw
Pictures in a brown photo book
Family items are what hold us together

J.D. LARSEN, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from basketball
From baseball and football
I am from the mountains, lots of trees, lots
of leaves, smells like dirt



I am from mud holes, woods, riding on a four wheeler through the mud
holes and woods
I'm from driving coal trucks and loud, busy
From Dad and Mom
I'm from my dad yelling at me
From "Watch your mouth" and "I will put soap in your mouth"
I'm from going to church, once or twice
I'm from being born in Wise County
Cornbread, beans, fried taters, and corn
From the ghost story from my mom
The Papaw who likes to weed eat a lot
On our house wall
Pictures of us

BRAXTON MCKINNEY, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from cast iron skillet
From Kool-Aid and Kraft mac and cheese
I am from the tin roof house, rusty, cozy, with a creaking screen door
I am from poison ivy, Itchy and scratchy
I'm from watching Macy's parade and craziness
From Lily Jo Miller and Chassity Perry
I'm from the busyness and calmness
From "Stop that!" and "Get here now!"
I'm from Full Gospel House of Salvation, joyful
I'm from Ohio
Mashed potatoes, mac'n cheese
From the hammer that was a lie detector
Papaw Steve's warning about fire and peeing in the bed
Pictures on walls, refrigerator doors, and in a big red photo album
Family mementos are always remembering the past

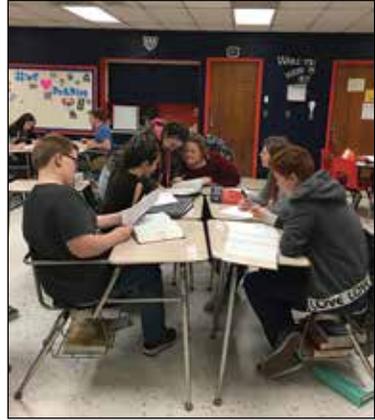
ASHANTA MULLINS, GRADE 7

I Am A Person Who. . .

Loves chicken nuggets and hates clowns
Can eat anything that gets in my way and cannot do a cartwheel
Would never do anything to hurt the people I love and would rather be sleeping

Wants to learn how to kickbox and is
terrified of spiders
Would be better off not eating everything and
is good at making people laugh
Hates when people say that I will get killed
in football and always tries to be nice
Has the bad habit of laughing at serious
moments and wishes I could change the
way I get my hopes up about everything
Wishes I could change the way people think
of others and themselves
Hopes to someday become a vet

IRULAN MULLINS, GRADE 7



I Am From

I am from hills
From iPhones and Xbox
I am from the homes that coal miners and their bosses lived in, dust,
spices, rough hardwood floors
I am from the woods,
Oak and pine smells run through the air
I'm from staying up on Friday the 13th and happy fun moments
From Michael Myers and movie man Michael
I'm from the big dogs and Diet Coke
From "Don't do that" and "That's not yours"
I'm from lack of energy, on weekends and on Monday
I'm from Wise County and a bear and a bulldog
Pepsi, Diet Coke
From the old recliner in my room
The number 77 of my father
Fire department and EMS of my father's
Those hats are of my father who passed on September 29th of 2016

LOGAN MYERS, GRADE 7

I Am From

I am from the grass between my toes.
From Under Armour and Red Robin.
From Mom and Dad.

I'm from Trips and Adventurous
From "Here Now!" and "You're going to get it now, son."
I'm from The Assembly of God and very kind.
I'm from Richlands. And cornbread and baked beans.
From my mom's brother
The hilarious stories that my family tells.
My mom's house.
To always remind you of your kids if you don't live with them.

ETHAN ROSE, GRADE 7

I Am

I am smart and curious.
I wonder about the universe.
I hear neutrons clicking.
I see atoms splitting.
I want to be a physicist.
I am smart and curious.
I will be a world renowned physicist.
I feel like it will not happen sometimes.
I wonder about things.
I worry I will fail.
I will solve the most challenging things.
I am smart and curious.
I understand the problems.
I say everyone can too.
I dream of winning awards.
I try to learn.
I am smart and curious.

SHANNON SIZEMORE, GRADE 7

Beneath Your Feet

More than a decade has gone by since I have been made by a loving husband ready to start a new life. I have held little baby feet as they took their first steps and tears as loved ones have left. I hold many hours of bad jokes and whispered secrets. I have seen arguments that lasted for days and little disagreements ending in



loving hugs. I watch as the whole family gathers together for the holidays, exchanging gifts and sharing meals. There are countless memories built into me and I will hopefully still be standing for many more years to come.

MAKAYLIE STANLEY, GRADE 7

Spencer

Spending time with family
Planning to travel the world
Extra happy to see friends
Nice when possible
Crazy all day
Even better when with people
Ready to go places

SPENCER STANLEY, GRADE 7

The Bed

Many people have laid on me before but I'll never forget the new feeling I felt almost 16 years ago. The feeling of a tiny human being that was born a little over 2 days ago. The feeling of this child squirming around on me felt amazing. His soft little hands rubbed across me and gave me a shiver but was soothing at the same time. They were smaller than the hands that had touched me before. After a few months, he got bigger than he was, but he still slept on me. I knew someday it would end, but that little boy was my best friend. In the middle of the night, he woke up and kicked the person next to him and said, "Daddy wake up I want a bottle." The bigger person got up and made the boy a bottle and the boy drank up. After that, they both laid back down and I could feel the little boy's breath on my pillow as he fell into a deep sleep for the rest of the night. In the morning he sat up and watched TV until his mother had finished breakfast and I was sad when he had to leave but somehow I knew he would come back to me. Two years passed, the boy was two, and his mother sounded like she was in pain so suddenly they had to leave in a hurry. The boy and his father came back without mom and slept through the night. Two days later the door to the bedroom swung open and the mother walked in with something in her arms. I felt the same feeling that I had felt with the little boy. The same little hand I had felt two years ago. The boy had a new sibling. The first few weeks were hard on the boy because he was used to being an only child and then another one came into the picture and he didn't get as much attention, so he got jealous of her but he soon grew fond of her. They both slept on me every night. Until one day, the boy was gone and I wondered where he went but I knew he had left me and went somewhere else. The girl still stayed and it was great. She had her best nights and her worst night on me. One night the girl got up and ran somewhere and came back crying and I didn't know what was wrong, but her mom got up and helped her with whatever happened. She didn't get that much sleep that

night. She sat up and spit something in a bowl and her mom had to empty it over and over but eventually she finally fell back to sleep for the rest of the night. She was great and had so much fun with her brother on me. They laughed so hard although I didn't quite get what was so funny. Little did I know it would all happen again.

EMILY STIDHAM, GRADE 7

I Am A Person Who . . .

I am a person who sees the best of everyone.

I am a person who strongly dislikes being bored.

I am a person who can create wonderful masterpieces.

I am a person who cannot be anyone other than myself.

I would never do the latter,

I would much rather draw a ladder to my own future.

I am a person who loves to stand out.

I am a person who strives to learn how to live without worry.

I am a person who used to be afraid of fitting in.

I am a person who would be better off rocking a grin.

I am a person who is great at looking at the positive things when the ice is thin.

I am a person who accidentally bugs people when I stand out.

I am a person who has a bad habit of having too many regrets.

I am a person who, despite this, does not care what others think.

I am a person who will stay determined through bad times.

I am a person who would, rather than worry, draw a ladder to my
amazing future.

ASHTON YOUNG, GRADE 7



EASTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL



Where I'm From

I am from the roots in the ground.

From the dirt beneath my fingernails.

I am from the place that built me.

I am from the crispy cool air around.

From the comforting place.

I am from the small ponds in the field.

From mother constantly cooking.

I am from the flower bed in which mom lives.

From all the colorful flowers around.

I am from campfires lasting all night and the marshmallows being roasted.

From listening to the chirping crickets at night.

I am from the accepting home.

I am from minding my manners.

From knowing right from wrong.

I am from the lamps that stay awake all night.

I am from all the laughs and tears.

From eating Sunday dinner.

I am from the thousand pictures hanging on the wall and the rugs on the floor.

I am from the place where I have grown.

LACEY AUSTIN, GRADE II



Where I'm From

I am from Southwest Virginia,
from fishing in the small pond and hunting in the peaceful woods.
I am from the small town.
I am from the back roads.
I am from the mountains that glisten in the winter months, covered with frost.
I am from the road trips and happiness
From Ring and Bright.
I am from the know-it-alls
And the have-to-have-it-alls
From *Don't give up!* and *Always do your best!*
I am from Christianity
with Jesus on the cross
and singing along with the choir.
I am from Norton Community Hospital and Riverview Rd,
Turkey on Thanksgiving and ham on Christmas.
From some of the eyesight my brother lost,
to the car that hit him.
In my closet were dozens of boxes
full of collectibles,
such as baseball, football, and basketball cards
have so much meaning.

TYLER BRIGHT, GRADE 12



Anna Belle Lee

As I sat there with the guitar in my hand
I could feel the icy cold chill of the concrete of
my grandfather's front porch.

I remember the day well.

I remember the lonely feeling of looking out
and seeing the beautiful snow-bearing
mountains.

I remember the peaceful sound the guitar made
as I strummed the cold strings to the falling
of snow.

I now heard the music of the Appalachian Mountains in winter time.

I could hear the floor crack as someone walked near the front door.

I could tell it was my grandfather because of the limp.

He stepped outside and viewed the beauty of the mountains.

I remember the first thing he said was,

“Son, I can tell you really like that guitar,

And so I've decided that since your birthday is gonna be soon,

I want you to have it.”

I remember feeling so happy and proud.

Several days later as my excitement grew

I thought to myself,

“What should I name it?”

Every famous musician has a name for their instrument.

And I sat down with the guitar

And I gave it a good strum

The first name to come to mind was

Anna Belle Lee.

I named her after the famous Edger Allan Poe poem.

Since that day, I keep Anna Belle Lee close to my heart

And it always reminds me of that special moment

me and my grandfather shared

that cold winter morning.



HUNTER DEARRY, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I'm from the mountains of Southwest Virginia,
Where family and friends are just as close.
I'm from a small town,
Where everyone knows everyone.
I'm from an area,
Where the summers are hot and the winters are cold.
I'm from the woods,
Where seein' a deer or turkey is normal.
I'm from a family that comes from a couple states,
The Huffman's and Anderson's in Coeburn, and the Armstrong's in Ohio.
I'm from a family who's had veterans,
A great-grandfather who fought in World War 2.
I'm from a Christian house,
Though we don't go to church.
I'm from holiday cook outs,
From "Go out and play," to "Supper's ready."
I'm from the hills,
Where winter fun isn't hard to find.
I'm from a family of football,
Though tennis is more for me.
I'm from a family that if you mess up,
They'll still be there for you.

ANDY HUFFMAN, GRADE II

Ode to Marigolds

You, marigolds,
are the finest golden jewelry,
a bright red-orange sea
Capturing the eyes of all who overlook,
Raised above all others in that wooden flower bed.

Your burnt orange color
Calms me and entices the butterflies
To inhale your soft floral fragrance
The hue of your petals is wild,
alluring to all.

Compared to you,
Roses are dull,
Day lilies common-place,
And even the glimmer of a crimson ruby
Seems drab.

When I'm without your presence,
The world seems to be in black and white,
I miss your sweet scent carried within the autumn breeze
And I yearn to lay on my back in the soft grass
While I admire your beauty.

For you, marigolds,
I will stay in the garden plucking out weeds for hours
I will nurture you and care for you
So you may grow to your full potential.

EMILY LEE, GRADE II

The Couch

The couch is old and worn
Black leather in the middle of our wooden, homely living room
13 years that couch has sat and saw
Seen and survived

Family and friends
Neighbors and children
Breakups and tears
Love and fears



Crying and mirth
Cuddles and snuggles
Hugs so constricting, breathing is next to impossible
Melancholy and bliss
Movies and books
Tired eyes and restless nights
Midnight snacks and tearful reunions
Photo albums and home movies

Fights and reconciliation
Broken bones and broken hearts
Unconditional love
Reminiscences about this black leather couch, not soon forgotten

RACHEL MCCOWAN, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from dryer sheets,
from Pop-tarts and toaster strudels.
I am from the carpet full of dog fur (In every corner and crevice, always
sticking to your clothes).
I am from the rusted red roses,
the Crepe Myrtle, whose bark was torn and the pink flowers grew.
I am from the caramel brownies and fair skin,
from Sonya and Lolita.
I am from the Early Birds and the Get-It-Dones,
from the "Stand up Straights" and "Cover your Mouths".
I am from The Communion of Saints and the Forgiveness of sins.
While angels watch me through the night and wake me in the morning light,
I'm from Norton and the place of many lakes.
Fried Green Tomatoes and Sunday morning doughnuts,
From the Olympic Tryout, a soccer hopeful,
The famous broadcaster in the Hall of Fame.
Every nook in my house is a memory
From fridge magnets, wall frames,
Closet doors and Grandma's basement.
I am from the place where the cleaners and puzzles are crafts,
And the mothballs and memories lay.

SAVANNAH MINTON, GRADE IO

Where I'm From

I am from plane tickets.
From Allegiant and Delta Airlines.
I am from the Tri-Cities to Orlando.
From pine trees and palm trees.

I am from the airport.
Where best friends become family,
And 724 miles is only far,
If you make it far.

I am from Celebration,
From Disney Springs and Universal Studios.
I am from summers spent in Florida,
To life spent in Coeburn.

From "OMG I'm so, so happy to see you!!"
To "Until next time!"
I am from the smiles and hugs when I get to Sanford,
To the frowns and teary-eyed goodbyes.
I am from the pictures printed off at Walmart,
To the all night facetime calls.

I am from "Wow, what an accent,"
To "You live in Virginia?"
I am from my best friend,
Where we're never together,
But we are always together.



EMILEE MUTTER, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I am from the tall oak trees,
From the bark and leaves.
I am from the warm, happy place where everyone laughs and no one is left
behind.
I am from the grapes on the grape vine.
The dandelions that you make wishes on.
I am from the softball games in the front yard.

From my father and uncle arguing about
a safe at home plate and a crazy family
who's always there for me.
I am from sleeping in tents and hammocks
and getting scared of the coyotes in the
field.
From "Stay out of the pond" and "Mind your
manners."
I am from sleeping in on Sundays and
cleaning the house until late.
I'm from Coeburn but split into two different
families.
From gravy and biscuits on Sunday with
pork chops and bacon
To microwave popcorn and drive thrus.
From the family that plays cards and my papaw always cheats at.
The dad who's always at the softball field and the mom who isn't there a lot.
I am from little pictures of my family to crazy fun with them.



KAYLEE SEXTON, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from video games
From Sly Cooper and Spyro
I am from the one story brick house
I am from the rain and thunderstorms
The crackling thunder
I am from family Christmas dinners and laughter
From Camelia and Randy
And the Stanleys
I am from the loud and independent
From honesty and friendliness
I am from science and the wonders of the world
I'm from Coeburn
Cornbread and coleslaw
From the rural area
The big trees and the big fields
I am from South Western Virginia

CAMERON STANLEY, GRADE 12

The Little Red Wagon

This wagon sat on a hill
Carried me and my brother as we flew down with fear
Crashing and turning as we avoided bushes.

This wagon has never seen cushion
Only the roots of trees.

This wagon has seen two boys grow
into teens
It has never been clean,
The mud being creased into the tires.

This wagon has seen midnight fires
Roasting marshmallows as we share
laughter

The red flame grows forever after.



RANDY STANLEY, GRADE 10

Gratitude

Gratitude is a powerful thing nowadays. At one of the more difficult times in our country, people need to be more thankful and have more gratitude for things that they already have. People just cannot seem to be happy with what they already have. They need to learn to be happy with what they have and be thankful they have at least what they do have. While plenty of people in the world have more than others, those are the people who tend to want more, and the people who have less tend to be more grateful. The richer people in the world are the greediest, and the homeless or poor are the most thankful and also tend to be wiser. A famous quote by William Arthur Ward states, "Gratitude can transform common days into thanksgivings, turn routine jobs into joy, and change ordinary opportunities into blessings." So if people nowadays could learn to be more grateful and be thankful for what they already have, things would be so much better.

COLYN STURGILL, GRADE II

The Old Lights on the Wall

Two bright lights hang from my Grandmas and Grandpas wall.
Those two old lights have seen more than I could even imagine.
Three children, eight grandkids, and five great grandkids.
They were all raised in this one home.
Three generations of Teasleys.

I wish I could have just seen what those lights have.
The memories, the stories.

So many things happened under those lights.
All the football games on tv.
Proms, homecomings.
Friday night movies.
Chinese takeout.
The tea parties.
Time outs, and first kisses.
Birthdays, anniversaries,
Christmases, and Easters.



All of this happened under those two lights.
They were the first lights my grandmother
turned on,

And the last ones to get turned off.
They weren't pretty, they were always dusty.
But they were always perfect to me.
They lit up my whole world.
They were so bright it hurt to look at them.
The lamp shades on them were so old they had holes in them.
My grandma never bothered to replace them.
I believe she thought it would ruin the magic of them.

When we moved out of the old house in Ohio.
We had to say goodbye to over 45 years of memories.
As we walked out of the old house for the very last time.
I remember my grandmother turning those old lights on the wall off for
the very last time
And saying I hope the next family enjoys your precious light just as much
as we did.

ALYSON TEASLEY, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I am from stuffed animals,
From Fisher-Price, and popcorn poppers
I am from cute suburban cul de sac homes
I am from glossy, green blade grass,
The fresh catered to trees.

I am from one opened gift on Christmas Eve and Macey's Thanksgiving
Day parades,
From Maurice's and George's

And Mami's too
 I am from steak and sandwich cheese
 and Law and Order,
 From "Mashara" and "peanut".
 I am from Christ is the strength
 For he always loves you
 I'm from City-Suburban buildings,
 Collard greens and Cajun seasoning.
 From the Marine stories told a million times,
 The troubled teen, to the respected soldier.
 I am from raggedy, floral photo albums
 Pages falling out,
 To lost photos no one will quite remember.
 I am from the places you live and learn from.



MARSHARA THOMPSON, GRADE II

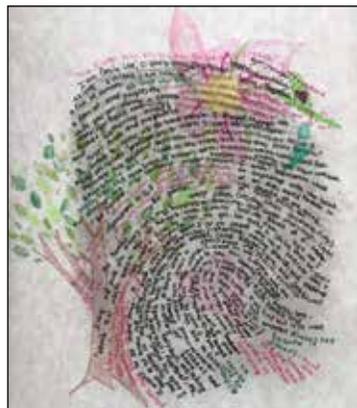
The Tree

A beautiful holly tree all alone.
 The things this tree has seen and heard are unknown.
 Witnessing my father, aunt, and uncle grow up.
 All of the laughter from swimming in the pool.
 The grumbles from someone losing a game of cards.
 Seeing the slow-dying tree brings me sorrow.
 The connections to the past can't be found or salvaged.
 Lost hope for the memories that are yet to come.
 Forever mysterious the tree leaves me wondering.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS, GRADE 12



Nancy and teacher Hope Cloud



FLATWOODS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL



Chloe Willis reading a composition about Anthony Trigiani to Adriana Trigiani during a December 2016 SKYPE session



Anthony Trigiani circa 1980

Adriana's Dad

I interviewed my great-uncle Jerry for The Origin Project and he told me about Adriana Trigiani's dad.

Adriana Trigiani's dad gave people in Blackwater, Virginia jobs in the sewing factory from roughly 1973–1983. They made skirts, blouses, and T-shirts. Janet Collins, my granny, worked for Anthony Trigiani. She got to meet Mike Trigiani when he helped his dad run the factory.

The sewing factory was located in the old Blackwater School. Granny worked there for two years. There was around 40–50 employees. Their ages ranged from 21–65. This allowed the women to supplement the income of their husbands who were farmers.

I thought that this was really cool since I know Adriana personally in The Origin Project.

CHLOE WILLIS, GRADE 5

The Lovely Life of Laura

My grandmother, Laura Arney, is very kind and neat. She was born on August 25, 1946 in Duffield, Virginia in Scott County. In the past, she has told stories from when she was young.

My grandmother has six brothers and sisters and they all rode a bus to Rye Cove. She played basketball. For Christmas, they got candy, nuts, fruit, and one gift.

My grandmother's happiest memories were from the farm. Family got together and her grandmother taught her how to cook and sew. She had cats and dogs and farm animals. When



Mamaw Laura Arney as a little girl

she was a kid, she made mud pies and played ball in the yard. She had to do chores, carried water and wood, cleaned the house and helped can food. She worked in corn, tobacco and hay fields.

My grandmother had a lot of jobs. She was a secretary at U.S Navy and in charge of operations at a bank. She married Charles Arney and they had triplets named Matt, Mark, and Mike.

I love my grandmother Laura. She taught me to try to do my best. She helps at her church, and that makes me want to help people. My grandmother is a good person.

FAITH ARNEY, GRADE 4

My Favorite Pappaw

My pappaw is Jimmie Delph. He is my favorite. His birthday is August 8, 1945, My pappaw lived in a one room house. My pappaw is 71 years old. He has white hair and is six feet tall. He wears jeans all the time and wears boots too. I interviewed him because he is the oldest of the family.

When my pappaw was my age, he was helping with hay. His happiest moment was when he quit the eighth grade. My pappaw's grandparents died, so he did not get to meet them. He had 9 brothers and 2 sisters. The girls helped around the house and the boys helped outside. My pappaw went to Flatwoods and his favorite subject was reading because he liked reading words. He liked western books because they told about the old west. My pappaw wanted to be a farmer because he liked animals. His special memories was when he went to visit his older sister in Tennessee.

My pappaw and mammaw had six kids. The change in my pappaw's life was how stores have changed a lot.

I learned that it was harder back then. My pappaw learned a life lesson which was to never, never lie. I have very good, I mean really good feelings about him. I think my pappaw is nice and so, so, so sweet.



Papaw Jimmie Delph

ADAM BARBER, GRADE 4

Benny Ray Dennison, the Best Babysitter

Benny Ray Dennison is a U.S. Marine and my babysitter. He and his wife Lorene have been to places like Tweetsie Railroad, Ashville Zoo, Knoxville Zoo, and Alaska. Benny is sixty two years old. His wife Lorene is almost sixty. He was born on July 20, 1954 in Harlan, Kentucky. He is kind, loves to hunt, served our country, and is brave because he had to go away from his family in the Marine Corps for training.

Benny had two brothers and four sisters, so that's six siblings in all. His school was Ben Hur Elementary and Jonesville High. His favorite subject is history and he liked peanut butter cookies for lunch. His pets were dogs and one big white rabbit that ate more than the dogs. His favorite sport was football and he was on the tumbling team at half time of ballgames.



Benny Ray Dennison

Benny's job was serving our country as a marine and is a mechanic now. He and his wife like to go to church. They first met me at church when I was three weeks old. His proudest moment was when his children were born. The biggest changes he has seen in life were how fast his children grew up.

He thinks life is better now because he has got to know me better. His favorite piece of new technology is cars with cruise control. His special memories were of his children having big, bug eyes and sitting on his knees. His favorite saying or expression is, "If it's going to be dumb, you have to be tough". This means if an idea is dumb, you must be tough to do it.

Although Benny is just my babysitter, it feels like he is my family. He has taught me that I should read the Bible and pray every day. He also taught me to always go to church. I think he is the best babysitter. I am glad that we met because we have had a lot of fun together.

KYLIE BARNETTE, GRADE 4

The Great Russell Fee

Russell Fee, my great-grandfather, had five brothers and two sisters. The most important thing to him was his family. His birthday was July 20, 1916. He was born in Lee County, Virginia. The reason why I picked him is because my pappy Anthony tells me stories about his dad who was Russell Fee.

My great-grandfather mostly walked to school. His favorite subject was history when he went to school in Scott Hollow. His favorite book is the bible. He remembered when his mom would melt sugar and add molasses and make hard candy. He had several jobs such as coal mining, carpenter, and farming. He met his wife at a barn dance. He liked to listen to bluegrass music. The best compliment that he received was that he raised 14 good kids.



The proudest moment of his life was his daughter, Ada, graduating from Berea College. When she was younger her eye was damaged by an incubator and caused her to go blind. He was so proud when she walked out on stage and accepted her college diploma. She worked very hard to overcome this disability.

The most important life lesson he taught me was you have to work to get things you want. His favorite piece of technology is the the TV. I learned a lot about him. I wish I could learn more.

ALIVIA BATES, GRADE 4

Great Papaw Russell Fee

Bobby Warner

My granddad is Bobby Warner, but I call him Dad most of the time. He is very interesting because he tells me about my great granddad and my great-grandmom that I never met. He tells me about some interesting places he lived. He is 70 years old. His birthday is February 20, 1946. He was born in Pennington, Gap Virginia in Lee County. He is 5 feet and 7 inches and he always wears a Virginia Tech hat.

When Dad was a baby, he lived here on Flatwoods School campus in a little white house. After moving around a few times, he ended up in Gate City in 1960. Then he moved back to Lee County.

Bobby had a brother, and his name was Jimmy Warner. He died in 1973 of cancer. My papaw went to school at Gate City and Jonesville. His favorite subject was history. He had dogs for pets. He played football and baseball.

Papaw liked to go to his grandparents' house. Their names were John Thomas Warner and Medie Warner, who owned a small farm. He liked to ride the mules and play with the other animals. He was in the U.S. Air Force for six years, then he worked at a factory for 26 years. After that, he drove an 18 wheeler for three or four years. Then, he worked for Lee County Schools maintenance department. He is married to Clara Warner. He told me that my mom was very good in school. She made A's and B's and she liked to stay inside.

Dad is a fun granddad. He has had a very good life. He has COPD now and cannot do much, but he likes to talk to me and for me to be around to watch sports with him. He is a very nice person.

COLIN BOSTIC, GRADE 4



Bobby Warner

Josephine Stanley, a Great Grandma

Josephine Stanley is a very nice person and interesting to talk to. My great grandmother was born in May 19, 1942, in St. Charles, Virginia. She is nice, funny, and friendly.

My great grandmother has 14 brothers and sisters. She went to school at St. Charles and liked history. She had a dog and cat named Snowball and Sweet Thing. She didn't really like sports, but she liked to read old tales.

One of her favorite memories was to make bonfires with her family. She mostly walked to school when she was little. She wanted to be a designer of clothing.

She worked at White Castle. I only know that she had one child which is my grandpa. She liked to read Danielle Steele romance novels. One thing that she cherished is her china cabinet.



Maureen Grable, family friend and neighbor

One of her favorite memories is when her brother brought her to North and South Carolina. She taught me to obey my parents, and she taught me to be honest. She is a good friend and a great grandma.

CAYDEN BROCK, GRADE 4

Maureen Grable, A Great Friend

Maureen Grable is my friend and neighbor, and I could not wish for a better neighbor. She was born December 3, 1937 in Jonesville, Virginia. I interviewed her because I thought it would be interesting to know what it was like to grow up in that time. Maureen is very kind and friendly, and I am glad she is my neighbor.

When she was growing up, Maureen had a pretty interesting childhood. One of her strongest memories is growing up on the farm and walking to church with her grandpa on Sundays. While she was growing up, for fun she played kick the can, jump the rope, and hopscotch. Maureen went to school at High Top Elementary and her favorite subject was English. She had a great childhood and a lot of happy memories from it.

Maureen, who is legally blind taught braille to blind students for nine years. Her son Ralph has worked at Walt Disney World. The most difficult time in her life was when she was told she had an incurable eye disease. Her favorite thing to do is write, she has three poetry books and one regular book. Maureen has done a lot in her life.

It was really fun interviewing her. I loved getting to learn more about her. Maureen is very kind and friendly. Maureen is the best neighbor I could ever ask for.

JAMES CAVINS, GRADE 4

Joe Childers, Amazing Pappaw

Joe Childers is an amazing papaw. His birthday is on October 2, 1943. He is a hard worker, funny, and exciting. Joe is so exciting because he tells stories about lots of things. I interviewed him because he lives closest to me. His birthplace was Cranks, Kentucky.

Joe Childers is a great person. Joe's favorite subject in school was math. His favorite book is "Tom Sawyer". His first school was Johnson Grade School. His favorite sport was softball, and it still is.

He worked in the coal mines. He is married to Mary. They met at the movies. The biggest change he has seen is getting older. One of the lessons he taught me is to always tell the truth.

I really admire my papaw. I learned from him how to ride a four wheeler. He takes care of me. He works hard and doesn't forget people. He's funny and tells interesting stories about coal mines. It was fun to learn about him.

Here is a poem I wrote about my papaw:

My Pappaw
Old, old
So very old
Works on a farm
Has 12 cows
I help him
Feed the cows
Sweet hay
We birth the cows
It's messy
He teaches me
How to work
On the farm
With the cows
'Til I'm old

JACOB CHILDERS, GRADE 4

An Amazing Mamaw

Linda Coleman is a hard worker and a good wife. I look up to her because she's smart. She is my mamaw and I love her so much. She was born on November 21, 1956, and she was born at Pennington Gap, Virginia. She's funny, caring, and smart.

My mamaw has five sisters and four brothers and they all love each other. She said that her favorite subjects were math and spelling. She went to Pennington Elementary School and Pennington High School. Her happiest memory is her parents taking her to visit at her grandparent's house. Her chores were to clean house and to wash dishes. She liked playing hide and seek, jump rope, and rode bikes when she was little.

Mamaw worked at Roger's 5 and 10 Cent Store and Lee County Garment. One of her changes in life is her watching children and grandchildren grow. She has a husband named Jerry Coleman, and he is a amazing papaw. She has two sons named Kevin and J.T. and I love them both. We love going to Disney World and Myrtle Beach.

I love my mamaw and I don't know what I would do without her. She told me, "Love your family and enjoy each day you have with them." One day she walked up to me and said to never tell lie and to be honest. Linda and Jerry Coleman are the best grandparents in the world.

KENNEDY COLEMAN, GRADE 4

My Great-Grandmother, Barbara Surber

My great-grandmother is Barbara Surber but I call her Gaga. I am her great-granddaughter. Her birthday is on August 1, 1949. She was born in Jonesville, Virginia. She has blonde hair and she loves to paint her fingernails.

She has four brothers and three sisters. Their names are Tom, Ben, Susie, Vivian, John, Doris, and Joe. Her favorite subject in school was history. Her pet was named Cotton. Gaga's favorite sport was basketball.

My great-grandmother worked in a sewing factory. She taught her children how to swim. Her happiest memory was when she graduated. She loves to read books, but sometimes she will read from a Kindle. She was married to Jesse.

Gaga has many memories of playing with her sister. They used to go sledding and because her sister was taller, she would push the front of the sled with her legs to guide it and drag Gaga's butt in the snow. They used to have to rake leaves and they would rake them in front of their swing so they could swing out and jump into them. Then they would rake them up again. Her favorite song is "Baby Come to Me," because she does not want Dakota, Evany, Madline, Jordan or me to grow up and listen to bad songs.

I love my great-grandmother. She has taught me to be nice to everyone. She has also helped me to get over my fear of the dark. Barbara Surber is my great-grandmother, but I call her Gaga.

ALIVIA COLLINS, GRADE 4

Favorite Foods

My favorite foods to eat at school are the French fries, hot dogs, sausage, steak and chicken biscuits.

LUCAS COOPER, GRADE 4

The Life Of Chris Roop

Chris Roop Is a generous man and loves big trucks. He is loving, caring ,and a very great friend. He was born on August 28, 1964 in Marietta,Georgia. He is very smart and kind.

Chris has one brother and two sisters. He went to Holidale, Elementary and his favorite subject was gym. He had no dogs or cats. He played baseball and football. His favorite book is "Lonesome Dove". One of his favorite memories is when his daughter graduated.

When Chris grew up he wanted to be a truck driver. He has one daughter. The biggest change in his life is humanity. The biggest accomplishment he has is working hard. One of his favorite memories is racing with his uncle.

My family loves Chris very much. He taught me to learn all you can so you have more than one trade to fall back on. He says, "You got to work if you want to eat." That is why I love him.

BENJAMIN COPE, GRADE 4

Eddie Johnston, A Cool Uncle

Eddie is a farmer and he teaches me a lot of things like how to farm and mostly about cows. He is my great uncle and he was born on September 23, 1948 at Pennington Gap, Virginia. He shows me how to feed cows and how to take care of them. He knows a lot about tractors and teaches me a lot about tractors like how to fix them and how to use them.

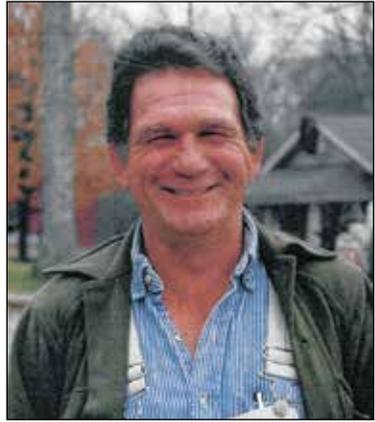
Eddie has one sister and her name is Carolyn. When Eddie was younger, he went to school in Jonesville which is in Lee County. His favorite subject was history and he rode a bus to school. He had two dogs named Scooter and Jack, and his favorite sport was football and baseball.

He liked to play in the woods, and his favorite book was *Moby Dick* because he liked reading about the sea. His strongest memory from growing up was President Kennedy getting killed. When he was my age he wanted to be an electrician. A life lesson he learned was to be happy with what you have. His chores that he had was to milk cows and feed animals. He liked to listen to bluegrass music.

Eddie had many jobs like a soldier, teacher, business owner, electrician, and now he is a farmer. He met my Aunt Kitten at a restaurant in Jonesville and their children are named Nick and Mason. A change in his life is people getting crazier. Some of his best memories are when he returned from Vietnam and saw his family after the war, his sons being born, and his sons graduating from school. He said that when my Mom was younger, she was pesky. His favorite saying is, "Rangers lead the way!" One of the best compliments he has received was his welcome home from war. He treasures the Bible because it's his comfort and his guide. A trip he remembers is going to Disney World, and his favorite thing to do now is watch family play.

I love that Eddie is my uncle because I have learned many things like how to work cows and how to work sheep. The advice that he has for me is learn all I can learn and stay away from girls. His family name means Stone Mason and his recipe for happiness is do good to others. I love him very much.

SETH COWDEN, GRADE 4



Eddie Johnston

The Best Mamaw Ever, Sue Crabtree

Sue Crabtree is kind, thoughtful, amazing, and a great cook. I decided to interview my mamaw because I thought she would have great stories, and she is very special to me. My mamaw was born on November 22, 1945 at 7:00 a.m. on Thanksgiving Day at Lee General Hospital in Pennington, Virginia. My mamaw is very loving, helpful, smart, funny, and sweet. She has brown hair, cute clothes and shoes. Her favorite shoes to wear are her fuzzy and soft comfy Crocs.



Flatwoods High School (1988–89) Alumni/Homecoming basketball game; Sue Crabtree, back row, far right

My mamaw's siblings are Elsie, Linda, Harold, and Dennis. She went to school at Flatwoods Combined School in Jonesville, Virginia. Her bus driver was Rufus Unthank and the bus number was #22. Her favorite subject was history, because she wanted to learn about the past in our state and country. She had a dog named Dutchess. Dutchess had long white hair and liked to play fetch. She wasn't a big dog, but she wasn't small either.

My mamaw played center guard for Flatwoods Eagles (#11 and #22) from 1961 to 1965. Her favorite games were Old Maid, Rook, Gin, and Rummy. My mamaw's favorite book is the Bible because it tells about Jesus and his friends. Her strongest memories from growing up are spending time with aunts and learning to cook.

When she was young, she really didn't know what she wanted to be when she grew up. When my mamaw was young, she had chores and those chores were milking cows and doing laundry. She also had to stay the night with her grandmother because she didn't like being lonely. When my mamaw was little, she liked applesauce cake, but now she likes white cake. What she did for fun was she built a playhouse at the corner of her yard. One of the most memorable times in her life is when she spent the summer with her grandparents, and they told tales. Her mom was a wonderful cook, and they would pick apples off the apple tree.

My mamaw had a bunch of jobs such as being a waitress at an Italian Restaurant in Bristol, a Home Health Aide, working at a hospital as an OB nurse, an administrator of an assisted living facility, working for a home health agency, a dialysis center, and a ventilator unit. Her husband is Ken Crabtree and she has three children named Kim, Jason, and Richard. Her proudest moment is graduating from nursing school. She cherishes a wooden ironing board that was her grandmother's. One of the most difficult times in her life was when she was five. A horse ran over her and broke her leg, so she had a full leg cast. One of the biggest changes she has seen in her life is in the medical profession.

My mamaw remembers some stuff from when her kids were little. Kim climbed trees, Richard was sick a lot, and Jason spent the summer with his dad. His dad worked at school

and had to go to work in the summer. The kids all had long black hair. One of the trips she remembers was going to the beach. My dad, Jason, was a little blonde headed worry wart and tenderhearted.

She remembers when I was born. It was on March 12, 2007 at 12:30 p.m. in Johnson City, Tennessee. She said I was in my mommy's arms nursing and there were friends and family around.

My mamaw likes the time back when she was little because family was closer, less stress, and people canned and produced their own food. Her favorite piece of new technology is a telephone because it is a way of keeping contact with and family and friends who live away. My mamaw's advice to me is to stay sweet, study hard, and get a good education. The most important things to her now are God, family, and friends. Her favorite things to do now are to read, work puzzles, cook, and visit people. She has a recipe for happiness and it is love God, love your family, and always be honest. If you tell a lie, you make another lie to cover that lie, then later you forget the lie you told. So you should tell the truth. Her favorite expression is "Holy Cow" and the best compliment she has ever received is, "I don't look my age". My mamaw is so special to me. I don't know what I would do without her.

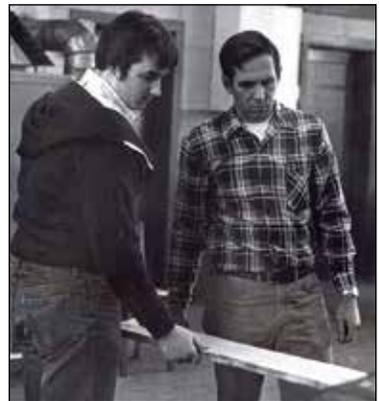
GRIER CRABTREE, GRADE 4

All About Ken Crabtree

My papaw's name is Ken Crabtree. He's nice, hard working, tough, reliable, and thoughtful. He's a good papaw because he takes me camping with his church's men's group. He was born August 10, 1942 in Dryden, Virginia. He cuts wood for free, makes apple butter, and does wood work. He has gray hair, wears blue jeans and white t-shirts, and is tall.

My papaw has three sisters named Dorothy, Letia, and Linda. He also has six brothers named Leonard, George, Danny, Frank, Larry, and Eddie. He went to Dryden Combined School, which means it was 1st-12th grade. He had two dogs. One was named Jack. He was a black and white shepherd. The other one was brown, but he doesn't remember his name. He also had four cats. One was named Old Blue. He liked the card game called Rook and he liked Monopoly too. Some of his strongest memories is fishing, swimming, and wading in the river.

The jobs my papaw had were working on the home farm, managing stores, and teaching agriculture at Flatwoods and Thomas Walker. My papaw's wife's name is Sue Crabtree. They met at my mamaw's sister's house. One of the memories my papaw is most fond of



Ken Crabtree, teacher in his agriculture shop classroom at Thomas Walker High

is when his children found a litter of puppies and brought them home in a five gallon bucket. The biggest changes in his life is he can't run as fast or far because he's old and stiff. A major accomplishment he's made is when he defeated cancer. He had a very hard time through it. One of his favorite books is "1984". He likes this book because it looked into the future of government.

Here are two stories my papaw told me that I found really interesting. He told me that my great-great-grandparents owned slaves. When the slaves were freed, some slaves didn't want to leave, so they let them stay. The slaves stayed their whole lives. One woman slave named Seba was one of the people who stayed. My great-great-grandparents were not mean to the slaves, but they must have treated them good or they would not have stayed.

Another story was about when my great-grandmother. She was grading tobacco in the barn, when a deer came in the barn and attacked her, putting her on the ground. We like to say she got run over by a reindeer and that's the same year they came out with the song "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer!"

I think my papaw is loving. I have learned a lot about my papaw. Life lessons I learned from him was to be a christian, love the Lord, love your family, work hard, and be truthful. It was pretty awesome that I got to learn a lot about my papaw. The things I have learned, I will never forget.

RYLEY CRABTREE, GRADE 4

Doris June Early Is My Great-Grandmother

Doris Early is nice, kind, and hardworking. The reason I decided to interview her is because I thought I would get more information from her than anyone else. I am her great-grandson. Her birthdate is March 13, 1931. She was born in Stickleyleville, Virginia. She has gray hair, wears white shoes, glasses, and blue jeans all of the time.

Doris has six brothers and three sisters. Her favorite subject in school was reading. She went to Stickleyleville Elementary School. She walked part of the way to school, then she rode the bus. She wanted to be a teacher when she was little. She had a pet goat named Billy. Her favorite sport growing up was basketball, but she also played softball for fun. One of the special memories she had was when her grandmother took her to the courthouse to watch a trial.

In her adult life, she cooked at a restaurant called Ramada Inn located in Duffield, Virginia and she worked at a sewing factory in Dryden, Virginia. Her husband's name was Ellis Early. They met at an auction. Her happiest moment was when they were married. She has three kids named Danny, Glenn, and Hope.

Her favorite thing to do now is read. My great-grandmother's favorite books are Amish stories because she likes they way the live. Her favorite piece of technology is television. Our holiday traditions are family getting together on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

My grandmother's best compliments that she has received are about her cooking because everybody loves her cooking. When my dad was little, he was a good kid. She likes life better now than when she was my age. When she was little, she had chores like carrying water, feeding the pigs, carrying wood, and hoeing the garden.

I think Doris is nice, kind, helpful, and loving. I learned that having a big family was important back then because of helping with chores and farm work. Everybody had a job to do. The biggest life lesson I learned from her is to not take things we have for granted. I enjoyed interviewing my great-grandmother, Doris.

KONNER EARLY, GRADE 4

The Life Of My Great-Grandmother Loretta Parsons

My great grandmother, Loretta Parsons, is a very nice and caring woman. She was born July 23, 1937 in Kem Gem which is in St.Charles, Virginia. She is a very good person when you get to know her. I think she is one of the nicest people ever. I wish I could visit her more.

She has 5 sisters and 1 brother. She was the oldest. She went to school at Kem Gem Elementary School and St.Charles High School. Her favorite subject is arithmetic or mathematics. She also had to walk to school (even in the snow). She had a cat, but she can't remember its name. She always liked riding her bike and playing outside. Her favorite book ever is the Bible. Her most special memory is when she went to New York, New Jersey, and Florida inside an RV.

Her jobs were being a housewife, factory worker, caregiver, and community center worker. Her husband is Earl Parsons and they got together at a church. They have a lot of children. When she got married, she liked being home with her family and having dinner with them. That was her favorite thing to do.

She is very nice, caring, and beautiful. She says always love and believe in God. She says to never say no to breakfast, lunch, or dinner or she might say "I'll take a switch to you!" She loves me, and I love her.



CADENCE ELY, GRADE 4 *Loretta Ely, great-grandmother*

The Story About a Good Man Named Ottis Capps

My uncle Ottis is funny and a very good cook. He was in the army, and he is my favorite uncle. His birthday is on September 21, 1947. He was born in Middlesboro, Kentucky, and he loves golf. Most over all, he tells stories on Christmas and they are funny! My favorite one is

about an elf. The elf was telling the boss that he is a joyful, happy man. The boss was getting married on Christmas morning, and the elf was singing Christmas songs.

My uncle has two sisters named Mary and Stella. He has four brothers named Pat, Esco, Calvin, and Carl Ray. He went to Edgewood Elementary, Bell County High School, and Green Leaf Business College at Lantana. His favorite subject is US History. He had a dog, but not one for him personally. He had a job at an IGA store during high school.

My uncle's family had several dogs, but his favorite one was born with 3 legs. This dog had its own little baby bed, and he would get in the bed and cover himself up with his little blanket. Ottis played all sports in school. His favorites were baseball and basketball, and he was good at both. His favorite book is about Kentucky history. He has learned all about his state.

Uncle Ottis spent years in the U.S. Army and the Kentucky National Guard. He has a lot of memories, but watching and coaching his children in baseball was special.

My uncle's job while in high school was at an IGA store in the mail room. Also, he spent 40 years in the US. Army and Kentucky National Guard. He basically wants everyone to enjoy life like the electronic improvements such as cable and medical improvements that enable people to live longer. When he was young, he played games in the neighborhood and would play together with everyone. They knew each other and everybody's parents took candy canes for everyone's kids. Uncle Ottis told me, "Grandma loaded all us kids in the car after church on Sunday, and she would take us to get frozen custards at the ice cream shop." He actually called them *custards!*

He remembers Dolly Parton's songs on the Cas Walker program on the radio. His favorite is now the 60's music, but he still likes old music. He like sandwiches from Huddle House like he used to eat when he would he would eat with his friend who was a military commander. People there remember him.

Ottis is my favorite uncle because he is nice, funny and I love him. He loves me so much. He would like for me to follow the golden rule.

SADIE EVANS, GRADE 4



Grandfather Eddie Spivey

My Papaw Eddie Spivey

My best papaw, Eddie Spivey, is nice, funny, and loves to joke. I respect him for what he has done for us. He was born in December 28, 1957 in Jonesville, Virginia which is in Lee County.

My papaw Eddie Spivey wears a t-shirt, drinks coffee, loves TV, and loves to farm. He has four brothers and his favorite subject in school is history.

My papaw went to school at Jonesville High School where Jonesville Middle School is now. His favorite sport was basketball and football. My papaw rode the

bus to school and back home. His favorite memories are riding go carts, going fishing, and hunting.

My papaw had jobs and they were being a coal miner, power company, and he built houses. He told me, "We walked five miles to see my grandfather". It was always windy.

His biggest change was the way the world is and people in general. People don't have respect like they used to. He is very nice and loved to farm and loved cutting down tobacco. Life was better when he was my age since he didn't have to worry about thieves as much and people killing people all the time.

SAVANNAH EVANS, GRADE 4

The Amazing Story About Teresa Franklin

Teresa Franklin is kind and a good cook. She was born on August 15, 1956. She likes telling stories of when she was little. One I remember is when she went on a picnic with her cousins. Sometimes they ate watermelon and other good foods. At night, they would have a fire and had marshmallows.

She has three brothers whose names are Dwight, Bill, and Tim. Their favorite subject was reading, but Bill's favorite was science. When they got home, they played with their dog, Lassie. They liked to play hide and seek. Bill did not go outside, instead he was doing his homework. When they went back inside, they got their homework finished, then they played again.

She got married to Justin Franklin, but they called him Junior at work. Next, they had kids named Justin and Josh. She said when Josh was little, he ran into the fence with a four-wheeler and broke his nose at school. Justin was not like Josh, but Justin was mean to Josh. She had three jobs. One of them was sewing, working at a restaurant, and Assistant Registrar.

She is loving and kind to me and my brother. She said that I should listen to my mom and dad and be good at school. Her advice was to never have two boys and a fence. I love my nana. She is the best nana in the world!



AMEILEIGHIA FRANKLIN, GRADE 4 *Tim, Bill, and Nana Teresa when she was little*

An Amazing Great-Grandmother

Ann Cope is a nice person. She was born at her house on October 26, 1938. She has black hair, wears glasses, and is always happy when I see her. She is my great-grandmother.



Great-grandmother's butter mold that is approximately 100 years old

My great-grandmother had two brothers and three sisters. Her favorite subject in school was spelling. She went to Flatwoods and Jonesville High School. Sometimes she walked to school and sometimes she rode the bus. Her favorite books when she was younger was any thing about quilts. She didn't play sports or have a pet. One of her special memories was when her family and friends would come to her house to eat and play.

When Ann was an adult, her jobs were cooking in the Lee County jail and working as a seamstress. She was married to Willard Mullins and Glenn Cope. She had five children. She liked going to camp meetings with family. They would fix them a picnic lunch. There would be small groups everywhere with quilts spread on the ground and their horses and wagons everywhere.

My great-grandmother would churn butter in a wooden churn. Then she molded her butter by pressing it in the mold firmly and it took a long time to make it. The butter mold had a design of a flower on it. She taught me how to use the butter mold and the steps to make it.

Ann told me to always be honest, truthful, sincere, and most of all live for the Lord. I love her because she is a good great-grandmother.

OWEN GRACE, GRADE 4

Lucille Graham My Amazing Grandmother

Lucille Graham (my great-grandmother) was born on March 20, 1923. I decided to interview her because she's an older women, loves me very much, and knows a lot of family history. She is very smart, loving, kind, generous, and an awesome cook. I love my great-grandmother and thank her very much for doing this for me!

Great-grandmother (Lucille Graham) had four brothers and four sisters, so there were nine in all. She went to Rose Hill School for eleven years and Thomas Walker one year. She was



Lucille Graham in her 20's

in the first graduating class at Thomas Walker. Her favorite subjects were reading and history. She rode the bus and walked to school. She had a dog named Rex. Rex was very smart, active, and trained. Her favorite games were baseball, softball, and "Ante Over" (you throw a ball over a house and the people on the other side catch it or they're out)

Lucille was married to Bob Graham who died in April, 2006. They met at a school ballgame. They had two children named David and Patricia. She said that they were good children and well mannered. She worked in Maryland making raincoats in World War II and did some sub teaching. Her favorite game is Rook.

This is Great-grandmother's Chocolate Pie recipe. She loves to cook and makes everything awesome. This is the recipe which everyone loves!

Lucille's Chocolate Pie

1 cup sugar

2 tablespoons cocoa

3 tablespoons flour or cornstarch

2 cups milk

2 large eggs

1 teaspoon vanilla

2 tablespoons butter

Add flour to sugar and mix well. Add cocoa. Add milk to mixture. Stir well.

Add 2 beaten egg yolks and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix well with flour, sugar, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.

Cook until thickened. Add to baked pie crust.

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Mix well. Bake until brown.

My great-grandmother, Lucille Graham once was stuck on a train bridge while the train was coming. When I interviewed her for The Origin Project, she said, "I was scared, but the Lord saved me, Uncle Gene, and Aunt Sue!" She also said, "The bridge shook like crazy!!!!!!!!!"

One thing I remember my great-grandmother telling me about was making raincoats in Maryland for the soldiers in World War II. When I interviewed her she said, "We made many raincoats for the soldiers in World War II." I loved interviewing my great grandma because I learned things I didn't know about her!!!!!!

Lucille also told me to behave, do good in school, become a nice young man, and always stay faithful to God. Thank you very much for doing this for me. Mamaw, I love you very much!!!!!!

MORGAN GRAHAM, GRADE 4

My Grandfather's Life

My grandfather's name is Olen Y. Wood. He is very funny and smart. I am related to him because he is my grandfather. He was born on November 14, 1943. He was born in Pennington Gap, Virginia. My granddad is always happy and wears hats a lot.

My granddad has five brothers and six sisters. He went to school at Ben Hur, Jonesville High, Dryden High, and Flatwoods High. His favorite subject in school was math. He did not own any pets. His favorite sport is baseball. His favorite book is the Bible because it's God's word. His favorite memory is of his kids.

My granddad's jobs were raising tobacco, corn, milk cows, and he served in the U.S. Navy. He is married to my grandmother, Pattie Wood. He met her while visiting her school. He had two children, Richard and Cherrie Wood. His major accomplishment was when he completed basic training in the navy. A memory of his is working with his daddy on the farm.

My feelings about my granddad tell I know my granddad a lot. I know he will always love me no matter what. I learned that history from family members matter. A life lesson my granddad taught me was to always be honest. I've learned a lot from my granddad and I love him a lot.

GREGORY HALL, GRADE 4

My Great-Aunt Sandy

My great-aunt is Sandy because he is my mom's aunt. Her birthday is April 25, 1959. She was born in Jonesville, Virginia. My aunt is short, nice, and kind.

Sandy has one brother and one sister. She went to school in Jonesville. Her favorite subject was typing. She loves to fix new food so her favorite book is a cookbook. Her most special memory was spending Christmas with her parents.

Sandy was married but she is a widow now. She has two kids, but she also raised my mom. Her major accomplishment was owning her home. The biggest change in her life is government. Her most special memories of her kids are their birthdays and watching them play sports.

I am sad that she lives alone but it makes me happy to visit with her. She taught me how to turn on the computer when I was six or seven. Sandy wants me to remember to live life and go for my goal. Interviewing my great-aunt made me happy.

COLBY HELBERT, GRADE 4



Mamaw Hibbs

My Mamaw Janice

My mamaw Janice is loving, caring, and can never stay mad at anyone. I interviewed her because I wanted to know who she was and what she liked to do. She was born in 1937 in Appalachia, Virginia. She was 70 years old when she passed. I remember she was funny, short, and wore glasses.

My mamaw went to Dryden High School. That school is no longer there. She rode the school bus and had two older brothers. She played for the girls basketball team and was great at it. She also liked to eat Chinese food.

My mamaw has had several jobs during her life. First, she was a telephone switchboard operator.

Then, she worked as a school bus driver and last, a church secretary. She was also married to Grandpaw Fred and had two children, James and Konni. Her favorite memory is when I was born. She was so proud!

If I could see my mamaw, I would want to know her more. I also wish I could go visit her. I miss her so much. She also knew when things got tough, she would pray to God. She was also a very blessed woman.

KONNER HIBBS, GRADE 4

Elton Hobbs Awesome Uncle!

My uncle Elton is a real smart and hard working man. I chose Elton because I look up to him. His birthday is on June 7, 1947 and he was born in Pennington Gap. Elton is my awesome uncle.

Elton has seven siblings named Linda, Ruth, Glen, Gola, Ray, Dana, and Teresa. His school was Elk Knob and his favorite subject was history. He loves to read the bible. Like us, he had a dream, and it was to be a coal miner. His favorite sport was softball.

Elton has had six jobs. He worked as a mine inspector, as a construction worker, and as a meat cutter. He has been through change from working to retirement. Elton is married to a girl named Judy. She is a real nice girl. Elton has two sons and their names are Josh and William. They're troublemakers.

Elton, Josh, Judy, and William are very good christian people. Elton is the best uncle I can have. I'm special to him because he loves me. He is the best uncle ever!

EMMA HOBBS, GRADE 4

An Awesome Nana

Patricia Honeycutt is my nana and I love her. She has some interesting stories. I'm related to her and she is fun. Her birthday is on April 6, 1960. She was born in Johnson City, Tennessee.

Nana had a sibling and her name was Nancy. My nana said she was bossy and mean when she was little. My nana went to school in Sullivan County. Her favorite subject was science. She had a dog named Pepper and her dog would lay on the couch and watch TV with her. Her favorite sport was kickball. Her dad would turn down the thermostat and her mom would turn it back up.

One time she worked in a sewing factory. She had two kids one was named Fredy and the other is Erica. One time she had to help her dad with a car and she had to stop at a train track. Then she could go but she was not thinking and she pressed the gas and jumped the track.

My nana told me about her dad only having one arm. She remembered a watch that was in a box when she was little. She would



Trish Honeycutt

ask her dad about it, but he would just say it does not work. One day she ask him about it again and he said that when he got his arm blown off. His buddies found his arm on the beach and the watch was still on it. They got it and brought it to him. So that was the watch he kept in the box!

I love her and I'm glad she told me about all of this. I'm going to tell you two things I learned from her. I learned my nana is interesting. Her life lesson for me is to stay away from liquor.

JOSEPH HONEYCUTT, GRADE 4

My Mamaw

I interviewed my mamaw because she is nice. Her name is Darlene Seal. She was born on April 06, 1961 in Maryland. My mamaw sews a lot of pillows. She is helpful, funny, nice, and she cooks well.

My mamaw had four brothers and 3 sisters. When she was young, she had a cat named Dan. Her favorite thing to do was play basketball. The Bible was and is her favorite book. My mamaw's most special memory was when my mom was born.

She had a bunch of jobs. Papaw Vick is her husband. My mom, Brandy, is his daughter. My mom's granny would play swamp monster with her and her sisters to get them to go to sleep. One night, my mom was it and Papaw told her to hit the monster with a stick.

My mamaw stays in the house when we all go fishing. She really doesn't fish anymore like the rest of the family. She always says, "Good job," when I catch a fish though.. I know she will like this poem I wrote about fishing.

Fishing
Stuck in the tree
Stuck on a twig
Blub, blub, blub
Fish takes the bait
Into the depths
He gets away
I'll come back the very next day!

I love her so much. I learned a lot from her. She taught me to be honest and always keep God in your heart. She is the best mamaw anyone could ever have. She loves me and I love her.



KODA HONEYCUTT, GRADE 4 *Darlene Seal*

My Uncle Steve

My uncle Steve born was on July 21, 1949. He was born in Johnson City, Tennessee. I interviewed him because I thought I could learn something new about my uncle.

He only had one brother. His pets were the horses. He got to school by riding the bus. He went to to Unicoi County schools. His chores was getting fire wood and feeding horses and taking care of the farm.

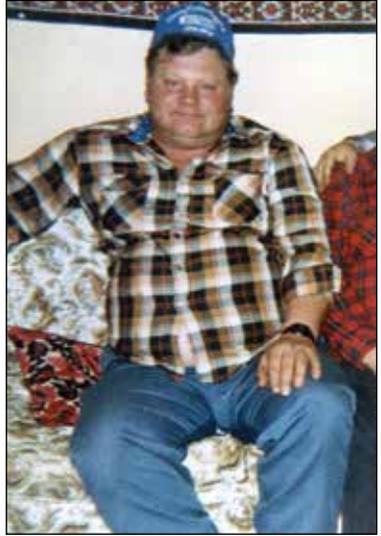
Some of his favorite vacations are when they would go fishing. He would pray when he had problems in his life. His wife's name is Regina. His job was logging. My great uncle Steve loved to go fishing.

There was a tree where my uncle Steve and Jerry go and get apples even though they were told not to. Most of the reason they were told not to is that it wasn't on their land. Well one day they decided to go and get apples. Well they found some bricks and they decided to start trying to get apples. So they threw the bricks and Steve threw one and it hit a tree limb and hit Jerry in the head. Instead of getting help he brought Jerry to the house and put a rag on his head and went back to pick apples.

We all loved to go fishing. Steve always called Papaw daddy and he said that daddy brought a new fishing pole. He was excited to go to the lake and try it out. They headed out on a Friday night. They got there and got started fishing. About one o'clock in the morning the fish started biting good. Papaw hooked one on his new pole and jerked the pole over board! Papaw was mad that he lost his new pole. He didn't know it at the time, but Steve had hooked Papaw's new fishing pole. Steve started fishing with Papaw's new fishing pole. Steve finally caught one on it. He got Papaw to net his fish. Then Papaw found out that Steve was using his new pole and he was mad for the rest of the night!

I wrote a poem about fishing.

Cast
Flies through the air
Hits the water
Feel the tug!
It darts
Reel, reel, reel
Harder, Harder, Harder
Pull it out



Steve Honeycutt

It's a big one!
Throw it back
I will be back
And mount you to a rack

Steve told me to always put God first and to work as hard as I can. He also told me to always try to go to church. I loved him. He was a great uncle.

WESLEY HONEYCUTT, GRADE 4

My Favorite Thing

My favorite thing about the school day is running and playing with my friends at gym time. I also really enjoy playing on the ipad and snack time.

REBEKAH HORNER, GRADE 4

The Amazing Donald Haley

Donald Haley was my grandpa. He was born on February 16, 1943. Grandpa was born at home in Dorton, Kentucky. He was funny and happy.

My grandpa had three brothers and three sisters. Their names were Billy, Charles, Mike, Sue, Teresa, and Shirley. He went to school at Shelby Gap in Dorton, Kentucky. He had two dogs named Dotty and Woody. His favorite sport was basketball.

In his adult life, he was a mechanic, a coal miner, and a police chief. His wife's name was Phyllis. He went to her house to meet her. My grandpa was also a really good guitar player.

I love my grandpa. He taught me how to play a guitar. If he was still alive, he would want me to be a police chief, coal miner, or a mechanic.

SHAWN JOHNSON, GRADE 4



Grandparents, Tom and Becky Jones

My Grandfather Tom Jones

My grandfather, Tom Jones, is an interesting man. I picked him because he is my only grandfather. His birthday is February 11, 1939. He was born in Jonesville, Virginia. He is interesting because he is smart, funny and knows so many things. Some people call him Dr. Jones.

Tom has three brothers named Ben Ed, John Paul, and Howard. He has five sisters

named Maryetta, Vivian, Doris Anne, Barbara Katherine, and Sara Patricia. They were all born in Jonesville. He went to school at Jonesville, LMU, and Louisville, Kentucky. He walked 3 blocks to get to school. His favorite subject was math. He wanted to be an electrician. They had a dog named Fuzzy. He was a Collie. One of his special memories is when he was carrying in some molasses, his arms were getting tired, so as soon as he got to the bed he dropped the molasses and he got a bad whipping!

The jobs Tom had were the Marines, salesman, and dentist. He met Becky when she was a young girl before they started school. His biggest accomplishment was when he was congratulated on being a Second Lieutenant in the U.S. Marines. One of his special memories is when my dad had some matches and he went between our neighbor and us then started a fire. The neighbor came out to see what was going on. She had a dog named Buford. Then my dad said, "Did you know Buford can strike matches?"

His important life lesson is not to lie. He told me to get through difficult times, he would pray about it. The most important to him is his family because he loves them. I love my grandfather and he loves me.

HANNAH JONES, GRADE 4

Don Mitchell, Friend and Neighbor

Don Mitchell is my friend. Not only is he my friend, he's also my neighbor. He loves his neighbors because he's sweet and nice. He has known me since I was born. He was born on December 12, 1945. He has gray hair and wears glasses. He likes to wear army hats.

Don has three brothers and four sisters. His favorite subject in school was math. He has two dogs and their names are Pixie and Angel. His favorite book is "Dragon Slayer". His special memories includes going on picnics with his family.

His favorite job is being a welder. He still welds today. He has two boys and one girl. One of the biggest changes in his life are phones. Christmas is one of his favorite holidays. One of his favorite shows is "M.A.S.H." He is 66 years old.

I love him because he's been with me during hard times. He cheers me up when I am sad. He told me to be a good boy. He's a great friend and neighbor.

DAMIAN KING, GRADE 4



My Uncle Alva

I interviewed my uncle, Alva Langley, because I thought he would have some good things to say. Alva is my great uncle. He was born in 1949 in Leggett,

Alva Langley

Kentucky. My uncle has gray hair and always wears a hat. He is funny and laughs all of the time.

Alva has three brothers and two sisters. His favorite subject in school was history. When Alva was growing up, he did not have any pets. He loved playing softball. Alva liked to read Western books.

He was a soldier, then worked as a fireman, which he still does. Alva is married to Susie and does not have any kids or pets. Alva and his wife met one day at his sister's house. His life was changed by going to Vietnam and coming back home to a new life that had changed around him. Alva said his most special memory was being a firefighter.

I feel great about interviewing Alva. He said that if you tell a lie, it could get you in a lot of trouble. Alva is a great uncle.

DEVON LANGLEY, GRADE 4

Junior Livesay, A Great Guy

Junior Livesay is a great guy because he's very funny, a good father, and a great Poppy. Junior Livesay is my poppy. He was born on March 29, 1984, in Pennington Gap, Virginia. He has long hair, and he's really funny! He's also interesting, I think.

He has 13 siblings and two pets named Lady and Frisky. Lady liked to chase rabbits and Frisky was funny. He went to school at Pennington Elementary, Flatwoods Elementary, Jonesville High, and Wise Technical School. His favorite subject was history. He liked to play dominoes and checkers. He also loved his mother's cooking.

He had four jobs and worked on cars for 40 years. His wife's name is Norma and they met though a friend. They have two children, Jeff and Anthony. Electronics and the microwave were big changes for him. He was also in the army. He remembers when he and my dad, Anthony would race up the hill.



SP4 Dana Harmon Livesay, Jr., 1st Battalion, 75th Artillery in 1969 during Vietnam War in Bamberg, Germany

He told me a story about his dog Frisky. Frisky was a mini chihuahua, so it was really small. They would put a big red hat on its head, when a car was about to pass his house. Frisky would walk around and it looked like the hat was floating.

I love my poppy. He's very sweet and caring. He told me to not get too serious and you can never have too much peanut butter pie! He also said to get a good job. I liked learning about him, and I'll always love him.

MARISSA LIVESAY, GRADE 4

Leonard Angel My Favorite Pappaw

My pappaw Leonard Angel is my favorite because he is smart and always talking. He is so funny! I love him. His birthday is August 1948. He was born in Harlan, Kentucky. He is my favorite because of a lot of things, but he is loving and always keeping me going.

Leonard Angel is a great Pappaw. He has one sister and no brothers. his favorite thing in school was math. He is really good at math. He used to have a dog named Den. He was a hunter dog and loved to hunt. He went to school at Elzo Guthrie in Harlan, Kentucky. He got to school by walking to grade school and rode the bus in high school. He loves to read "High to Hunters". It's fiction. He likes to hunt and watch it on TV.

When he was little he used to love to fish. He used to have a job. It was carrying sugar throughout the mountains. He is married to my mammaw. He met her when his mom told him. He has two kids, my nanna Mary and my mom, Virginia. His favorite piece of technology is a flushing toilet.

He always told me to go to school and stay away from bad people. I am so glad that he is my pappaw. I really want to know more things about him!

HANNAH MARCUM, GRADE 4

The One and Only Dora Marcum

Dora is loving, generous, funny, and kind of lazy. I thought she might would like to talk about herself when she was smaller and now. She is the only mammaw I would want. She was born September 3, 1942, in Jonesville, Virginia at home. She loves to talk and is always smiling and tries to do her best.

She had two brothers and two sisters. Billy and Don were the brothers. Georgie and Brenda were the sisters. She went to Flatwoods Elementary. Her favorite subject was reading. She had two pets which was a dog and a cat. The dog's name was Spot, and the cat was Callie. Spot would chase rabbits and Callie. Callie would lay on the back of the couch. Softball was Mammaw's favorite sport. The Bible is her favorite book, because she loves to read God's word. Her favorite memory when she was young was having Christmas with her family.

Her job when she was an adult was being a housewife and taking care of her children. She was married to Billy Marcum who has passed away now. They met when he was working for her papaw. They had seven children and their names are Donna, Rick, Tajuana, Billy, Justin, and Amanda. The roughest time in her life was when she lost her son Billy in an ATV wreck. Her biggest accomplishment was making a family. Her memory from being an adult was watching her children running and having fun.

The feelings I have for my mammaw are very special, because, if I ever need anything she would get it for me. I learned it must have been rough when she was young. Overall, she is the best mammaw anyone could ever have.

JACOB MARCUM, GRADE 4

Virginia's Life Long Story

Virginia Green is the greatest aunt I've always wished for. Most any time I ask to do something she says, "No problem." She was born on September 15, 1950 in Rose Hill, Virginia. She is very generous, thoughtful, loving, and protecting. I admire her because she protects me.

She has one sister and three brothers named Ray, David, and James. Her favorite subject was spelling. They all had a cat named Punkin. Their favorite game was tag or hide and seek. Her favorite book was "Women's World" because it has helpful household hints. Her favorite memory is when her daughter was born.

She worked in a restaurant, store, and a nursery. She was married but her husband died. She has one daughter named Stacy. The biggest change in her life is politics. The worst memory is when her husband Bruce died. It took a lot of praying to get her through that hard time in her life.

The table scarf in my picture was started by my great-grandma and hand finished by my great-aunt Virginia Green. It is special because it was handmade a long time ago and finished in 2016. It was published by me, Dalton Miles. The table scarf was homemade with cloth pieces.

My feelings are good for her because I trust her. I learned her life long story. Her advice for me is live right and do right. Her life long story is a great, great life.

DALTON MILES, GRADE 4



Tablescarf started by great-grandmother years ago and completed by Great-Aunt Virginia Green. Quilt pieces were stitched onto an old feed sack

Thelma Moore My Favorite Mamaw

Thelma Moore likes to help people. She keeps people going, because he is a good person and likes to go places. She is lovable and cheers me up when I am down.

Her birthday is November 22, 1949. She was born in Jonesville, Virginia and was raised in Lee County. My mamaw has gray hair, wears glasses, and has blue eyes. She is kind, and she likes country music.

Mamaw has two siblings. Their names are Barbara Roop and Roy Sexton. She went to Jonesville Elementary School, and her favorite subject was math. She has two pets named Bear and Kitty. Bear is a boy dog that is black and white. Kitty is a boy cat that is black. She liked to play volleyball and basketball for fun. Her favorite book is "The Little House" and it told her how it was growing up years ago. Her strongest memories were getting spankings. The chores she had was to gather eggs from chickens on the farm. When she grew up she had to work on the farm.

When she was older she married Ralph Moore and they got married in a church. She has two kids named Tish and Eddie Moore. The change in her life was needing more money because it can pay her bills and to get food. I feel like it was hard back then because farm work is hard. You had to respect your elders. One day I want to learn more about Mamaw Moore.

KAITLYN MOORE, GRADE 4



Thelma Moore holding granddaughter, Kaitlyn

The Life of My Grandmother Betty Stewart

I interviewed my grandmother Betty Stewart. She is a great cook, and she is very smart. She was born on September 25, 1961, in Rose Hill, Virginia. She works at a hardware store and knows a lot about tools.

She has six brothers whose names are Charles (Bull), Hank, Timmy, Tom, Brandon, and Ricky. She has two sisters whose names are Connie and Kathy. She went to school at St. Charles Elementary and Pennington High School. Her favorite subjects in school were math and spelling. When she was growing up they had pets like farm animals. Her favorite books to read were Nancy Drew. She and her brothers and sisters would play games like tag and hide and seek.

She has had many jobs in her life. Her first job was at the mayor's office. She also worked at the school board office as secretary. My grandmother was a cashier, and now she works at a hardware store. Her husband Terry Stewart has passed away, but they met for the first time in elementary school.

She said that the biggest change she has seen in her life is electronics. Her favorite piece of new technology is her washing machine. They used to use a wringer washing machine. She washed the clothes, and then at the top there were metal rollers that she put the clothes through. This took the water out. I wouldn't want to get my fingers caught in that! OUCH!!

This is the favorite food my grandmother fixes me. It is chicken spaghetti.

Grandma Betty's Chicken Spaghetti

2 cups cooked chicken

3 cups dry spaghetti broken into 2 inch pieces

2 cans cream of mushroom (chicken) soup

2 cups grated sharp cheddar cheese

¼ cup finely diced green pepper

¼ cup finely diced onion

1 jar (4 ounce) diced pimento, drained

2 cups reserved chicken broth from pot

1 teaspoon seasoned salt

Salt and pepper

1 cup additional cheese

Cook chicken. When done, remove and cook spaghetti. Tear chicken into bite sized pieces. Add all other ingredients. Stir together. Put in pan and top with 1 cup cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

I love spending time with my grandmother, and I really enjoyed learning about her life. I learned a lot of things I didn't know about her, and I hope I get to learn a lot more.

MADISON MULLINS, GRADE 4

Papaw Clifton Paul Pennington

I'm interviewing my dad who told me about my papaw, Clifton Paul Pennington. I interviewed by dad about my papaw because I was adopted and my papaw passed away before I was born. His birthday is June 14, 1921. His place of birth is Keokee, Virginia. His hair color was blackish gray.

He has five sisters and five brothers. His favorite subject was math and he went to school at Robbins Chapel School. He could tell stories about his mixed shepherd, which was his dog. His favorite book was the Bible and he could tell how to get to Heaven. It was the greatest love story ever. He could teach how to fish and how to hunt.



Clifton Paul Pennington

His job was coal mining and he was in the U.S. Army. He and his wife met at church. My papaw could remember my daddy. It was July 7, 1957. His happiest memory was watching the love they had for each other and their children. My dad can teach me how to go fishing from my papaw. He will make me laugh and giggle. I feel like he would still be here if he could. I love the pictures in my house of him and my mamaw. I would like to have known him because my dad said he was a good man.

My papaw was very funny, my dad said. He was a preacher and when my dad, Rick, announced his calling to be a preacher, his children told him that he was a good father. His Bible had the roadmap of how to get to Heaven.

MEGAN PENNINGTON, GRADE 4

My Great-Grandmother's Heritage

My great-grandmother's name is Lorene Hensley. Her birthday is July 19, 1936, and she was born in Rose Hill, Virginia. She is very caring and super nervous for me about the interview. The reason I interviewed her was because she was my only great-grandparent to live close to me. In fact she is my only great-grandparent alive.

My great-grandmother has one sister. The school she used to go to was Thomas Walker. Her favorite subject in school was home economics and typing. She has a lot of cats and one dog, but her favorite is Tom the cat. Here are some descriptions about him. He is playful and his favorite food is rats. She didn't have a sport but she did like to climb trees. She got school by walking or she rode the bus one mile.

She worked on a farm which is the same farm that my granddad works on today. She is married to a guy named John Henry Trent who also goes by J.H. She has three children and the youngest is John, in the middle is Patricia, and the oldest is Jane Trent. Two of the big changes in her life is losing family and getting old. Her favorite thing to do is



Great-grandmother Lorene Trent

riding around. Some of her special memories of her children are that she taught them to talk and walk.

What I learned from her is that she will be eighty-one next January and that her recipe for happiness is keeping pictures. Her advice for me is grow up, be honest, and be kind to people. I love her a lot. She inspires me to be a good person. I hope she will be happy when I read my biography about her.

MICAH PERKINS, GRADE 4

My Awesome Papaw, Brian Halsey

Brian Halsey is kind, funny (and I mean a very funny papaw) and very cool, too! He is a great papaw! He was born on December 7, 1967. I decided to interview him because I really love him so much and I want to show him that I know a lot about him!

Papaw had two sisters and one brother. The school that he went to is Pineville and his favorite subjects were English and history. His favorite memories were when his kids were born and tickling them. Another favorite memory was when I was born. I was born two days before his birthday. When my sister was born is another memory. Some memories are when he went camping with his family and going fishing with his dad on a boat. He also had a dog named Sandy.

My papaw was a coal miner, and he is married to Brenda Halsey. I call her Mimi. The biggest change in his life is the internet. His favorite song group are Boston and Journey. People tell him that he is a good man, a good dad, and a great husband too.

I really love my papaw so, so much. I was so excited to interview my papaw and I want to learn more about his life. I know more now than I did before I interviewed him. I want to be a good person like him when I grow up!

KAYLEE ROBERTS, GRADE 4



Otis Smith

My Dad, Otis Smith

My dad's name is Otis Smith. He was born on March 17, 1965. My dad lives with us in Jonesville, Virginia. My dad used to work on a construction job, but now he likes to raise goats and sheep. He likes to go 4-wheeling with me. My dad loves me and my family. He always puts us first. I have the best dad in the world.

LUKE SMITH, GRADE 4

Tom is a Great Person

Tom is loving, caring, funny and fun. He is my papaw. His birthday is on October 21, 1948. He was born in Rose Hill, Virginia. He lets people stay at his house and helps people feed their animals. He means a lot to me.

He has three brothers and one sister. He likes history and went to school in Olney, Maryland. He played football and he had a watch dog. His favorite book was "Tom Sawyer" and his happiest memory of being a kid was spending time with his mom and dad. When he was a kid he fed the pets and played in the woods.

My papaw was a plumber. He has three children, and he is married. He has a lovely granddaughter. He likes holidays. The biggest change in life was a man landing on the moon.

He says to treat people the way you want to be treated. My grandpa makes me happy because he is special. He plays tag with me. He also says to never put off tomorrow what you can do today. Doing this interview made me happy because I got to learn more about my papaw.

ALICIA SPIRES, GRADE 4

Mary Alice Sharp, the Amazing Great Aunt

Mary Alice Sharp loves dogs, loves to sew, and she loves to work. I love her and she is also my favorite aunt. Mary is my great aunt which makes me her great niece. Her birthday is on August 26, 1945. She was born in Harlan, Kentucky in a mining camp. She's a hard worker, is awesome, takes really good care her dogs, and always has her hair up.

Mary has four brothers and four sisters. Their names are June, Bobbie, Buddy, Laura (Smidge), Ed, Gary Allen, and Patsy. She went to school at Flatwoods Combined School. The reason she liked it there was because she liked the way her teachers treated her. Her favorite subject was math because she liked her teacher and it was easy for her.

When she was growing up, she had a pet and its name was Calico. Her favorite sport when she was growing up was jump rope, jack rocks, and checkers. Her favorite book when she was growing up was the story of Eisenhower from a history book, and she liked to read about Indians. When she was my age, life was ten times better.

She wanted to be a nurse when she was my age which is 10 years old. Her happiest memory of her parents or grandparents was when her mom took her to see her grandparents.



Left to right: Laura Fee, Bobbie Graham, America Sharp, Mary Sharp

Her grandma's name is Laura Jane and her grandpa's name is Dee Cavins. Her job that she liked to work at was a sewing factory.

Mary said my mom was a really good girl, and Aunt Mary would always take my mom, Angelia, to school back and forth. The most difficult time in her life was when she started losing her family. Her strongest memory was of her dad because he was a hard worker and he would get out with only one and a half of a leg. He would work in tobacco on his crutches .

Mary used to go outside and build club houses. Her dad had only one and a half of a leg. She liked listening to country and bluegrass music. Things that are most important to her now is her dog Tora because she loves him. I feel like she is an amazing aunt and is just the right aunt for me. Something that she taught me was not to treat people the wrong way.

SUMMER STAPLETON, GRADE 4

The Life of My Grandmother Anita Rutledge

I love my grandmother because she laughs, she is funny, and you can trust her. She is great, sweet, fun, and pretty. She was born in Jonesville, Virginia, on May 19, 1959.

My grandmother has three sisters. Her favorite subject is English. She had a dog named Prissy. She loved to play kickball and softball. Her favorite book was 'Gone With the Wind'. The schools she went to was Jonesville Elementary and Jonesville High School. She rode the school bus.

Mamaw wanted to be a nurse. She loved singing with her daddy while playing the guitar. For Christmas she got her first doll and she was so happy. Most of all her parents taught her to be honest and work hard.

My grandmother was a nurse, cashier, and mowed lawns. She met grandpa at Burger Hut. She had two children. One is a girl, and one is a boy. The changes in her life was that there is a lot less kindness. Her memories are first home run, first kid, and her marriage. She is a great-grandmother. She takes care of me and is the best grandmother ever. What I learned about this person is she is great and she has had a great childhood. I would like to learn more about her next year.

EMILY STEWART, GRADE 4

George Bowen's Life

George Bowen is my best friend because we go to church together. He is nice, caring, and funny, and is a christian. That's what I like about him.

George was born in new Tazewell, Tennessee on February 4, 1946. He has two sisters and two brothers. When he went to school he loved math and English and he loved the book "Tom Sawyer's Adventure".

George Bowen worked at Powell Valley Electric. He's married to Betty Bowen, an AMAZING woman. They have three children. He said the biggest thing he saw in his life was getting older. He is nice, caring, and funny. The last thing he told me was to work hard. This is why I love George Bowen.

CASSIDY THOMAS, GRADE 4

My Papaw

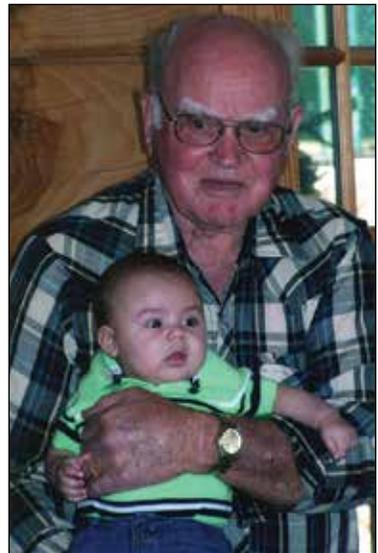
My great grandpa, Howard Helton, Sr., is fun to talk to because he was in the army. His name is Howard Helton and his last name is from Germany. He was born in 1933 in Knox County, Tennessee.

Papaw had four brothers and one sister. He had a dog named Stranger. His favorite sport was softball and favorite subject was art. He went to school at Lonsdale Elementary, but the bad thing is he had to walk to school because buses were rarely around. When he was my age, he wanted to be a truck driver. The chores his parents made him do were gardening and cutting firewood. Another thing his parents taught him was to be honest, respectful, and behave.

My papaw has a wife named Louise, and they had children. The jobs he had were truck driving, U.S. Army, and restaurant management. When he was in the army, he had eight weeks of training plus for more weeks artillery. He still has friends living from the army. He went in the army on April 14, 1953 and came out April 13, 1955. He got drafted into the army and fought in the Korean War. He was in the heavy artillery and missiles which were 120 millimeter recoil of five foot which is a very big bullet. He is glad he went and served his country. He said he had to do kitchen patrol and boy did he hate that! There was very little rain in Korea, but one day it finally rained. His friend was asleep in the barracks, and they carried him outside in the rain. He was a hard sleeper. He woke up in the rain.



George Bowen, age 10



Great-grandfather Howard Helton, Sr. (holding Lucas Aiden Troutman)

My papaw is a nice friendly guy. He gave me some advice to live a good life, be honest, and live for the Lord. I'm so glad he's my papaw.

AIDEN TROUTMAN, GRADE 4

My Family

I'm gonna be writing about my family. My family has been going through some rough times lately, because my dad passed away two months and two days ago. My family also had a lot of good times lately too. I got to move in with my nina Peggy Dunn and my poppy Roger Dunn. My mother got to move in too. My family is also going to Dollywood sometime this year!!!

Something good me and my mom have in common is that we both make friends super easily! That's why I love Flatwoods Primary School. My mom made lots of friends like Jay and Pat. Family comes before anything, except God of course. I love my family!

I have two brothers and two sisters. Ladell is 17, Parker is 15, Mariah is 19, and Morgan is 20! My favorite sister is Mariah. My favorite brother is Ladell. I like that Ladell is 6 feet 9 inches so that he can pick me up on his shoulders!

The last thing I'm going to tell you about is my granny Sheree Willis and my granddaddy Ladell Peter Willis, Jr. They used to live with us until we moved up here. They were so fun! I got to hang out with them and my cousins! She took me and my cousin Logan to our basketball games. It was very fun. That's all about my family!

GRACIE WILLIS, GRADE 4

My Great Papaw Michael Woliver

Michael Woliver is the best papaw to me. He is very good to me. He built me a cabin. He was born on August 28, 1950 in Harlan, Kentucky in the USA. My papaw is smart, kind, and funny.

His sister's and brother's names are Ray, Kathy, Scott, Jan, and Judy. He went to school at Elk Knob Elementary and then he went to Pennington High School. He rode the bus and then in a car. His favorite subject was FFA. His favorite pet was a big, black pony named Ray. All the neighbors came to ride him. My papaw played no sports. He had to work all the time. His favorite book was "Hi, to the Hunters". It dealt with a boy and a dog.

His happiest memories were going quail hunting with his dad and going camping, fishing, and hunting.



Grandfather Michael Woliver, as a 22 year old holding a Red Horse fish that he caught in Powell River

When he was my age he wanted to be a forest ranger. His chores were to carry water and he helped work.

His jobs were a miner, farmer, and an engineer. His spouse's name was Jimmie. My papaw met Jimmie at high school. They were sweethearts. He had two kids named Mark and Wendy. Mark is my dad. His hardest time was when he was getting older. The best compliments that he has received was when he was raising a good family at home.

When my dad was little, my papaw said he was hard headed and very sneaky. Their favorite places to go on vacations were to Disney World and to Sea World and they liked to go see their kids play sports. The most difficult time my papaw had was lost time in between jobs.

My papaw's favorite things to do now are hunting, farming, and antique tractors. The best item my papaw cherished was a cowboy rifle from Jimmie. My papaw remembers when I was born. He said, "Sure thought you would never get here!" My papaw's favorite food is potatoes.

My favorite family memory is going to my papaw's on Sunday evening. We go to the pond and fish for catfish. My dad and I get worms from under logs. We eat a meal cooked by my aunt. She makes chocolate chip cookies. Every time, Garet, my big cousin tries to race me to them. We play outside with my family and play games like football. I love going to my papaw's and playing with my family and friends.

The best advice my papaw had for me was study hard, work hard, and go after your dreams. The biggest change in his life was getting older. His favorite saying is, "Dadgum." His favorite recipe of happiness is faith in God and a good job and family. When I grow up I want to learn more about my papaw.

MIKAH WOLIVER, GRADE 4

Lynn Herron, My Favorite Friend

Lynn Herron is a good guy. He keeps me and my dad going. I decided to interview him because he was in the army and he is my friend. He is my neighbor. Lynn was born in March 11, 1958 at Pennington Gap, Virginia. He has brown hair, brown eyes, is skinny, and is a cool dude.

Lynn had one sister. He went to Pennington High School, and his favorite subject was math. The animals he had were two ponies. One was strawberry roan colored and the other was brown. Their names were Bob and Cookie. Lynn played basketball, baseball, and football. Lynn's favorite book is about a pony who pulled a fire wagon.



Lynn Herron

Lynn's biggest achievement in life is when his daughter was born. Lynn's favorite memories are when he and his uncle would play cowboys and Indians.

My feelings about him are that I'm proud of him because he is trying to beat cancer. I learned from Lynn it's not easy going through life. Lynn's life lesson are to be honest and to not lie. Lynn is a caring, kind, and thoughtful person. I can't wait until he tell me more about himself.

JORDAN WOODARD, GRADE 4

C.F. Long, The World's Most Amazing Grandfather

I interviewed my papaw C.F. because he is an amazing person. The C in his name stands for Claude and the F in his name stands for Franklin. He likes to farm, so he can make money off of the animals he sells like cows and pigs. He also like to lay in the recliner and take naps. He normally naps around one or two o'clock. He is an amazing papaw, because he takes care of me on Saturday when my mom is working at the feed mill.

I look up to my papaw C.F. because he can fix things like tractors, trucks, and hay rollers. When I grow up, I want to be like him. The relationship I have to C.F. is that I am his granddaughter.

My papaw C.F. was born on November 29, 1948, he was born in Pennington Gap, Virginia. My papaw is about six feet tall and wears a hat 99.9% of the time.

My papaw has two brothers and four sisters. His brother's and sister's names are Huey, Betty, Flo, Carolyn, James, and Joyce. He went to school at Thomas Walker High School in Ewing, Virginia, and his favorite subjects were math and recess. He also rode the bus to and from school. His favorite book was the dictionary, because it gives the meanings of words. One of my papaw's proudest moments was when he graduated high school. He probably had a lot more proud moments, but he could not think of them. Some of the chores my papaw had when he was a child was milking the cows, getting coal and wood for the fire, and feeding the chickens and pigs.

When my papaw was young he had a family dog. His dog's name was Rover. Rover was a black dog, and was about 15 years old when he died. My papaw liked to play basketball, he played basketball for his school.



Jarrett Kemmerer, Claude Franklin Long, Jr. (Kalli's papaw), and Kalli Woods

Some of the jobs my papaw has had were driving a bus, farming, working at the rock quarry, working at the feed mill, and being in the U.S. Army for two years. He still is a bus driver and farmer. My papaw has one child. His child's name is Emily, my mother. One of the changes my papaw has seen in his life were the changes in gas prices. My grandmother Debra is his wife. A couple of my papaw's memories he told me was when his daughter (my

mother) started school, began talking and walking, and when she would jump out of the barn onto a pile of tobacco.

Something I learned from my papaw C.F. was to treat people how you want to be treated, and how it was for him when he was growing up. If I did not have my papaw, I would go crazy because I would have nowhere to go when my mother is driving me crazy.

KALLI-ALEXSIS WOODS, GRADE 4

Ada Edwards

I interviewed my great-grandmother, Ada Edwards. She loves her grandchildren. She was born on September 7, 1929 at home in Jonesville, Virginia. My grandmother likes to cook and bake cakes for family birthdays.

She had seven brothers and four sisters. When she was in school, her favorite subject was math. She had a lot of pets, but her favorites were a dog named Poodles and a turtle named Marvin. Softball was her favorite sport to play in the summer with her brothers and sisters.

My grandmother was a cook at Jonesville Elementary. She was married to my Papaw Miller. They met at Victory Baptist Church. She has went to church there her entire life.

I love my great-grandmother so much. She taught me how to swim. Her advice was not to smoke. I interviewed my great-grandmother because she is sweet and kind.

EMMA WRIGHT, GRADE 4



Ada Edwards, great-grandmother

The Life of Wilma Counts

Wilma Counts is a good person. We are family. She was born in January 15, 1951. She was born in Clintwood, Virginia. She is kind to people. She has brown eyes and brown hair. She is 66 years old

Wilma has three brothers and three sisters. She went to school at Clintwood High School. Her favorite subject was reading and writing. Her favorite games were softball, tag, hop scotch, and marbles. Her mom would say, "Just wait until your dad gets home." She liked to make mud pies and decorated them with flowers. Her chores were to wash dishes, sweep floors, make up beds, and watch younger kids. She liked to listen to



Wilma Counts

rock and roll and eat soup beans, chicken, gravy and biscuits. “We were too poor to go on long trips,” she told me.

Wilma’s jobs were store clerk, secretary, bookkeeper, administrative assistant, clerk, treasurer, and teacher. Her favorite new technology is an ipad. “The Robe” is her favorite book. It is about the crucifixion of Christ. The birth of her son was her best memory. Going to church and playing with my brothers and sister are things that she likes to do. She likes Sunday dinner and family reunions. She prays and reads a lot. The death of her father was hard for her.

The most important things to her are family and love. She told me to always tell the truth to my parents. She said, “Technology is good for you, but it was better when I was your age, because of family togetherness. She said, “Obey and listen to your parents.”

LYNZIE ZIEHLER, GRADE 4

My Papaw’s Life Story

Robert Allen is my hard working papaw. My papaw was born on September 2, 1951. He’s 65 years old, and he has gray hair. He likes to wear blue jeans. He’s a great papaw! He gives me anything I want. I wanted to write about him because he is very special to me.

My papaw has two sisters and three brothers. He went to Pennington High School. His favorite subject was history. He loved history because he learned about the old west. He had five horses and their names are Lighting, Promise, Daisy, and Old Blue. He also had a dog and her name was Lou Lou. His favorite sport was football because all the boys in my family played. His favorite book is the Bible, because he says it’s the answer to everything. He said his special memories are when I was born.

Papaw has five children named Robbie, Bobby, Cathy, Misty, and Hannah. He worked in the coal mines and at Eastman. He got married to my mamaw, but got a divorce. My papaw met my mamaw at church. My papaw got saved at the First Baptist Church in Big Stone. When my papaw was 36 he graduated college. He always said among the major accomplishments of his life was when I started walking.

I decided to write about my papaw because he’s so special to me in many ways. He’s the best Papaw in the world. My papaw taught me to milk cows, work on cars, and feed the animals. An important life lesson that my papaw’s parents always taught him was to be honest. They also told him to treat others like he wanted to be treated. My papaw is a good, hard working man and that’s what I love about my papaw.

ALEXIS ALLEN, GRADE 5

My Grandmother Lillie Davis

My grandmother, Lillie Davis, was an interesting person. I’m writing about her , because I loved her. Lillie was born on Sunday, August 30, 1931, in Lee County, Virginia. She had blonde hair and blue eyes. She was a great grandmother.

Lillie had three sisters and four brothers. In school she liked all subjects. She had a pet skunk that would not spray her. Lillie was not into sports. Her nickname was “Blondie,” because she had a lot of blonde hair. I liked it when she used to give me coffee as well.

Lillie loved being a housewife. She had a husband, his name was Henry Davis. She had thirteen children, six boys and seven girls. Her favorite thing to say before she passed away was, “Amen.” Elvis Presley was her favorite singer.

When Lillie passed away, it was hard for me because I loved her very much. One thing she told me before she passed away was she loved me. She also told me to make friends. She and I used to go to church together. I also loved her blonde hair. I would love to be like her when I grow up.

CHELSEA AYERS, GRADE 5

My Grandmother Susan Woodard

My Grandmother, Susan Woodard, was born in July of 1953, in Springfield, Ohio. She had short hair. She is my dad’s mother. My grandmother wears glasses.

She has four sisters and three brothers. She rode the bus to school. Her favorite subject in school was art. She wanted to be a good mother. Her grandpa raised her, and they lived in a little house.

She loved to help her mother work in the garden and grow beautiful flowers. Some of her favorite expressions are, “Yes, I do” and “It ain’t worth a plug nickel.” She has several children and grandsons. She loves watching TV and reading anything about the Lord.

My grandmother shared a funny story with me. One Easter many years ago, her oldest son tried to eat a boiled egg with the shell on it. I liked this story.

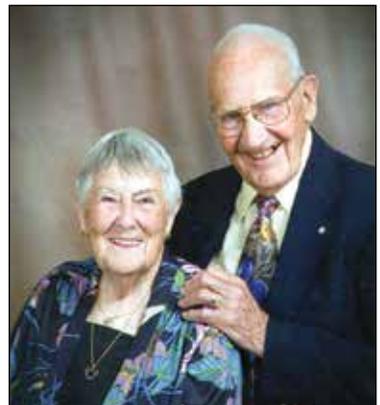
My grandmother told me to stay in school and keep going to church. She makes funny jokes. She told me the world can’t give me happiness, but God can. I love my grandmother. She is a good worker.

MATTHEW BALDWIN, GRADE 5

Noreen’s Life Story

Noreen Smith, is my very sweet great-grandmother. She is 5’2 and was born May 25, 1925. Now Noreen lives so far away that I don’t get to see her often. She has baby blue eyes and snowy white hair. Noreen was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and is now 91 years old and very energetic.

My great-grandmother has three brothers and no sisters. She went to elementary school in Cleveland, Ohio, then moved to Massachusetts. She went to school at Massachusetts Middle School and Massachusetts



GG Noreen on 67th wedding anniversary

High School. Her favorite subject there was history. She remembers having to walk to school in the cold weather. Her favorite food and dessert is ice cream! Noreen's favorite thing to do was to roller skate on the sidewalks.

When Noreen was little, her mother loved to have family picnics. My great-great-great grandfather cooked the food like mashed potatoes, lobster, chicken, fruit, and vegetables. All of Noreen's aunts and brothers come to the picnics. It was a great way to get the family together.

To me, Noreen is the greatest person alive. She taught to never get up and you can do anything if you put your mind to it .

JESSIE BARTON, GRADE 5

Hazel Blair, My Mamaw

Hazel Blair is my Mamaw and she is a very interesting person. She was born on November 11, 1946, in Middlesboro, Kentucky. She has beautiful, short brown hair. She has eyes that are blue like the sky.

She can't walk so good so she uses a cane. Mamaw loves taking care of her family. The things she liked to do were cleaning, cooking, and taking care of her children. She worked with the elderly people. On her way home, she would listen to country music. When she got home she would make pizza or buy pizza for us. Her proudest moment was when she got married to James, my papaw.

Her dad, my great-grandpa, was a very nice man. Several years ago she gave my dad a gold watch that belonged to her grandmother. Mamaw had three brothers and two sisters. They rode to school together on the bus. They went to Thomas Walker High School. When



Mamaw Hazel

she got home she would play with her dog Bella. When school was out in the summer she would go to West Virginia to take a vacation. Her favorite book to read when she was there was the Bible. When I was little we went to her home and she cooked us a good meal. She cooked corn, beans, gravy and biscuits, chicken, and mashed potatoes. The most difficult time in her life was when her brother died. It was hard for a lot of the family.

My mamaw is very special to me and she told me to try hard and accomplish things in life, I've learned a lot from my mamaw over the past few years. She is a very sweet person.

LYNSEY BLAIR, GRADE 5

My Mamaw Bertha Ledford

My great-grandmother, Bertha Ledford, was nice and loving. She was born at home in Hubbard Springs on January 25, 1913. She went to Hubbard Springs School. She walked to school every day.

She had twelve siblings. She always wanted to be a wife and mother. She loved to go to her grandparents house when she was in trouble. She knew she would not get a whipping with a switch if she was there. Her mom and dad were nice.

Grandma Bertha loved picnics with her children. She loved being a mother. Her proudest moment was when she was baptized.

She always said you reap what you sow. She always said to live a Christian life. I didn't meet my great-grandmother because she died when I was young. But I still love her.

KENDRA BLEDSOE, GRADE 5



Bertha Ledford

Gail Bloomer: My Mamaw

My mamaw, Gail Bloomer, is a loving and caring person. Gail Bloomer raised me because my mom died when I was a baby. Mamaw was born on August 2, 1949, in Pennington Gap, Virginia. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. She wears white shirts and blue pants.

My mamaw, Gail Bloomer, rode a school bus to get to school. My mamaw wanted to be a movie star when she was little. She has three brothers and two sisters. When she was my age, she went to the movies and played soft ball, and Kick the Can. Mamaw had to do chores when she was my age. She made the beds, helped wash dishes, and helped fix supper. Gail had a dog named Blackie, and he was a Cocker Spaniel. He would chase cars. When it stormed, he would run in the house and hide. Gail would play softball, Hide and Seek, jump rope, Hop Scotch, and 123 Red Light.

One of Mamaw's happiest memories is when they took us camping at Shaver's Ford. The music she likes most is rock and roll. Elvis, Man Ford Man, Brenda Lee and Buddy Holley are some of her favorite singers. Gail worked at RCA, Walmart, and KCL. Gail's happiest moment was when she had her first child. Gail told me that her children were well behaved. Mamaw said, "Kaitlynne Bloomer, your mom was a beautiful child, she was real timid, she loved animals and she was a Daddy's girl." My mom's name was Teena Marie Bloomer. Mamaw met Papaw the first time she came to Virginia to visit.

My mamaw is a good person. Mamaw said to just do the best I can in life and be faithful to God. Her recipe for happiness is to get a job, have a beautiful family, and be good to people. Her favorite saying is, "What goes around comes around." The most important life lesson her parents taught her was to never lie and do good in life. I'm glad she's my mamaw.

KAITLYNNE BLOOMER, GRADE 5

Heartwood's Painting

Ah, the landscape's beautiful,
the Son,
he is shining
oh, so bright.

The waterfall
is falling down the cliff
where the railroad is busy.

Isn't it surprising
that the train
is coming out of a vase?

Why is there a mountain with a face?
Why is the ground covered with quilts?
What is going on?

I then woke up,
then gasped!
It was all a dream!
Thank gosh!
Time to go
back to sleep.



Poem about mural by artist D. R. Mullins located at Heartwood: Southwest Virginia's Artisan Gateway in Abingdon, Virginia

LYDIA BRANSON, GRADE 5

Josiphene Stanley

Josiphene Stanley is my great-grandmother. She is a very amazing person. Josiphene has snow white hair and blue eyes. I don't know why her hair is always short. She was born May 9, 1942, in Saint Charles, Virginia. Josiphene is now 76 years old. I think she's a special great-grandmother, especially because of her blue eyes.

Josephine had 14 brothers and sisters! She went to school at Saint Charles. Josephine usually walked to school. Her favorite subject was history. Josephine's grandmother would rock her in a chair and sing songs when she was little. She had dogs, cats, and a monkey.

Josephine worked at White Castle and loved to eat their burgers! She had two sons, named Jeff and Carter. She really liked to go to church. Her favorite songs were love songs.

Josephine told me to obey my parents, go to school, and get an education. She loved old tales. She is my second to last great-grandmother. Josephine is an easy going person, and not much bothers her. Josephine Stanley is very very special.

RILEY BROCK, GRADE 5

Maggie Burgan

Maggie Burgan was my mamaw. Her birthday is May 10, 1917. She was born at Millers Chapel in Jonesville, Virginia. She had gray hair, and her skin was wrinkled. She was a great lady! She always gave me and my brother some candy when we were little.

She had three brothers and three sisters. Her favorite subject was math. Her dog was black and white. When she was in school she played 1, 2, 3 red light 1, 2, 3 green light. Her favorite book was the Bible. One of her special memories was going to church. Her job was washing clothes for other people. Her spouse was my papaw Spencer Burgan They met at school. I know five of their kid's. They are Bill, Noah,



Maggie V. Burgan

Charlie, Gary, and Sue. Noah is my dad. The important change in her life was having kids. Her major accomplishment was finishing high school. Her memories are spending time together.

My feelings about my mamaw is I love her and I care for her cause she is my mamaw. Something that I learned from my mamaw was she always told me to accomplish things in life, such as graduate from school. My life lessons was she told me to be good. Her favorite food was mashed potatoes cause it was easy and soft for her to eat..

She was a nice lady and she would help you in some kind of way. She would make you feel better.

MAKAYLABETH BURGAN, GRADE 5

Charlotte Paul, My Nana

Charlotte Paul is the sweetest Nana ever. I'm writing about my nana, because she means a lot to me. She was not born in a hospital, she was born at home. Charlotte was born in



Nana Charlotte Paul as an infant

Appalachia, Virginia, on December 28, 1957. She is short, blonde, has blue eyes, and wears dressy clothes.

When she was a little girl, she had lots of things to do. She cared for her dogs, babysat, cooked, and did laundry. Her favorite subjects in school were biology and psychology. When she had free time, she read love stories by Nicholas Sparks. She also loved running the 50-yard dash, 100-yard dash, and 880 relay races. My nana built a carnival in her backyard for the neighborhood and made a lot of money.

When she grew up, she had more things to do. Charlotte had lots of jobs. Charlotte was a candy stripper in two hospitals, a nursing assistant, nurses' aide in a nursing home, worked at pizza hut, and HR (Human Resources). Her husband is James Paul, but they are divorced. After the divorce, she moved to Minnesota to be with her family. Charlotte had three kids Christie

(my mom), Stephanie, and Matthew. Her favorite memories are of her kids when they were little. She liked to take them to the library and to the park to play.

My nana has shared many things with me. One thing she said was, "Always do your best, and own up to what you do and don't place the blame on other people." She also tells me to build a great relationship with God. Even though I don't see her a lot, because she lives in Minnesota, I still love her lots.

RAVEN BURGAN, GRADE 5

Bobby Lynn Turner, My Granddad

Bobby Lynn Turner, My granddad is 64 years old. He was born on July 15, 1952 in Cranks Creek, Kentucky. He has a mustache and gray hair and wears button up shirts and blue jeans. I interviewed him because he is a very interesting person. He lives 30 seconds away from me.

My granddad has one sister named Lana. He went to Cawood School in Kentucky. His favorite subject was band. He walked to elementary school and middle school. Then he rode the bus to high school. He had a pet hog that he rode like a pony. He also had some dogs.

Bob's favorite game to play when he was young was fox and hounds. You play fox and hounds by having the hounds go hide and the fox has to go find them and tag them. He and his friends played that in the woods all the time. His favorite book is the Bible because it his belief and it has a lot of interesting stories.

He had a lot of jobs when he was younger like being a coal miner, coal operator, truck driver, and a boss in the coal mines. He also worked in a store for his dad. His current

job is a bus driver. He married Ella Sue Turner. He met her working at a store when she walked in the buy some food. They had three kids, one boy, and two girls. Their names are Bobby Lynn, Jr, Amy, and Nicole. When I was born he had to wait his turn to hold me.

He always went ATV riding in the mountains in Montana when visiting his daughter Amy. He loves going fishing with his grandkids. His favorite saying is, "Ain't she cute." His favorite compliment from people is, "I trust you." His favorite type of music is 60's and 70's hits.

When he got hurt in the coal mines, it was hard to support the family. He got through it by praying and trusting God. He always tells me to work hard and show respect. He also tells me to read the Bible. I'm glad I interviewed my granddad because he was a very interesting person!

EMMA CLONTZ, GRADE 5



Bobby Turner, grandfather

My Papaw Russell Collins

My papaw was a very interesting man. He was born on May 13, 1923 in Indiana and lived a hard working life. He was a generous and kind man.

My papaw didn't have very much schooling but he loved to read. He played baseball, jumped rope, played tag, and climbed trees. He had a lot of chores to do. He had to carry water from a well, hang out clothes, worked in a garden and carried in wood for heat. Russell had two sons. One was named Danny and the other named Jack. He had dogs, cats, turkeys, and goats. He went to church and was always talking to people.

Russell met a girl named Mae in 1936. They got married and had three kids. One of two sons is still alive. They both were bricklayers. He worked at a movie theater and was a school bus driver. They would go to the lake and ride the pontoon and camp. He would pray to God and hope things would get better when things were bad.

His strongest memory was when I was born. He said it was raining mixed with ice on the day. I was born to country music in Norton hospital.

Russell Collins was a wonderful man. Sadly he died in 2010 and I wish he were still here. I've learned a lot of things from him. I learned never drink or do drugs, spend time family, and do the things I love. The life lessons he taught me are always be truthful, work hard, be fair with everyone and never forget where you come from. I will try to do the things he wanted me to do. I will remember my papaw in my mind and in my heart.

COLLIER COLLINS, GRADE 5

My Distant Cousin Luella Davidson

Luella Davidson is a hard working person. She is already 92 years old! She was born in Spartanburg, South Carolina on September 9, 1924. She has white hair and blueish greenish eyes. Luella is very pretty. The only time we get to see each other is when we go to church and family reunions.

Luella went to Anderson school in Blackwater. Her favorite subject was reading. In school they used to play a game called round town which was like baseball. Before she went to school, she would brush her teeth by chewing the end off a stick and putting baking soda and salt on it. She used it as a toothbrush.

When she was younger, her dad and her dog Watch went up into the woods and went to a spring where they always got water. There was a cave in the spring so they went in the cave. There was a snake that bit her dad's pant leg. Watch pulled the snake off his pants! Watch got bit and swelled up so her dad mixed raw eggs and milk together. Luella's dad poured it down her dog's throat! It saved Watch's life!

Some advice she gave me was to be a good girl and go to church and believe in God. Because I love her very much, I will follow her advice. She will be proud of me if I get good grades in school and be a hard worker like she is.

EVANY COLLINS, GRADE 5

Jack Flanary: Great Grandfather

Jack Flanary is my great-grandfather. I call him Pop. Pop was born on June 5, 1933, and he is still around. He was born in Pennington Gap, Virginia in Lee County. My pop wears glasses and he uses a walking cane. He walks with a limp. He has an Air Force tattoo on his right arm.

He has two brothers which he enjoys visiting. He went to school at Pennington High School and he rode the bus or he rode with an aunt who taught school. His favorite subject was history. He wanted to be a school teacher when he grew up. He liked to go swimming in the river and he liked to play ball. His chores were to feed hogs and get coal out of the river.

He helped farmers in the corn mill on Saturdays. His wife's name is Eulalah Flanary. They lived very near to each other and that is how they met. The biggest change he has seen in his life is jet engines replacing World War II engines. He also remembers electric starters and replacing hand cranks in cars.

One of Pop's happiest memories is spending time with his grandparents. Another happy memory for him was when I was born. He came to the hospital in Kingsport the day I was born. He taught me to always be honest. Pop's recipe for happiness is to have an open mind, find a good wife, and stay in church. His favorite piece of new technology is the color TV. The most important things to him are health, happiness, and his great grandchildren (Hunter,

Aiden, Addison, Annabelle). Pop said he got through difficult times in his life by discussing things with his grandfather and he prayed.

My great-grandfather is an important part of my life and I'm an important part of his life.

HUNTER COLLINS, GRADE 5

Shannon Johnson My Great Aunt

Shannon Johnson is my great aunt. She was born on November 28, 1949. She was born in Jonesville, Virginia, in the Sugar Run community. Shannon has white, curly hair, is tall, and has beautiful green eyes with a hint of brown. She wears nice clothes, nice shoes, and jewelry. I love to talk to Shannon because she tells me a lot.

Shannon had five siblings. One of her sisters is Joan. Her real name is Martha, but no one calls her that. Next there's Barb, Bill, Jim, and last, there's Tim. She went to school at Flatwoods Elementary. She also went to Jonesville High School. She didn't have a favorite subject, but she loved to read. She had a dog whose name was Missy. If you yelled for the cat, Missy would jump in your lap, so the cat couldn't. She never had time to play sports because she had to take care of her siblings. Shannon's favorite memory was of she and her mamaw walking, talking, and laughing on their way to church.

Shannon worked at a sewing factory. She also worked as a babysitter. She takes care of elderly people, and she also substitutes here at Flatwoods. Her husband's name is Garry Johnson. Shannon had two kids. Their names are Barry and Garry. Shannon, Barry, and Garry would eat snacks and watch the Super Bowl. Shannon loved to set on the porch with her grandparents and listen to the crickets.

One time Shannon and her brother, Jim, went to ACL (Bible School). Their mother left before it was over. Someone else had to take them home. They were walking up the hill and her brother told her to stop and be really quiet. They listened very closely. Jim said he thought something was following them. They started to walk and they heard something following them. They ran all the way home. Shannon and Jim ran in the door. There dad Hobert said, "What inarnation is wrong with you guys?". Jim explained the story. Their parents went searching, and never found what was following them.

I love to talk to Shannon because she tells me a lot about my family's past. I learned a lot about my family I never met before. Shannon told me to do what God wants me to do.

REECE COOK, GRADE 5

Juanita Corbin

My mamaw Juanita Corbin was born in July 25, 1956. She likes to cook and while I was interviewing her she was either cooking beef stew or potato soup. She likes to wear puppy dog and butterfly T-shirts, especially to work. She grew up in Harlan, Kentucky.

She took the bus to school and she had two brothers and four sisters. When she was growing up she told me that she wanted to be a fashion designer. When she was little she would listen to her grandparents tell tales. Her favorite subject is literature and she went to Pennington Elementary School and Pennington High School.

She would make her bed every morning, clean dishes, and sweep and mop. When she was my age she would ride her bike and pony for fun. She would always enjoy the long hot summers. Her favorite book is "It" because of the friendship of the characters.

Some sports that she like is track, martial arts, and horseback riding. She has worked at VAMCO, a sewing factory, managed a sea store, and still works at her store which is 421 Market over at Ely's Creek near Pennington. Her favorite song is "Kentucky Rain" by Elvis Presley. Her hardest time was when her husband had cancer.

She read books and stayed busy to get through difficult times. Her favorite food is steak and potatoes and the last time I was down there she made us steak and potatoes. She and I played Rummy for 30 minutes, I won and the score was 175 to 140. Her special memories were when grandchildren and children were born and the day she got married. Her memories of her children are that they liked riding toys that they could get on. Some very special memories are from Christmas, graduation, and first day of school.

JASON CORBIN, GRADE 5

Charles Corbin, My Papaw

Charles Corbin had a great life. Charles Corbin is my papaw. He was born June 12, 1952, at home. He is tall and has grey hair. I think my papaw has an interesting life.

I think my papaw had an interesting life when he was young. He had two brothers and one sister. His favorite subjects was history and science. He had an family dog named Tippy. He and his friends played tag and hide and seek. He had chores like chopping wood, and carrying water and coal.

My papaw had an interesting adult life. His jobs were logging, coal mining, factory worker, and many more. He was married to Juanita Corbin. He had two children, Kevin and Jason. His biggest accomplishment was getting through cancer.

My papaw is very important in my life. He told me, "Be God fearing and honest." He also told me, "God and family is truly all anybody has." He was a successful man. Charles Corbin had an amazing life.

JUSTIN CORBIN, GRADE 5

Billy Ray Hammonds, My Neighbor

Billy Ray Hammonds is our family neighbor. We just moved here a year ago, and Billy Ray has always been there to help us. Billy Ray Hammonds was born February 17, 1950.

He was born in Lee County, Virginia. I wanted to interview Billy Ray because he is a very trustful neighbor.

Billy Ray has two brothers and three sisters in his family. His favorite memories are hunting and fishing with his dad and school break!! Billy went to Jonesville High School and the sports he liked were football, basketball, baseball and track. Now all he really likes are football and basketball. He only watches it every now and then, but he watches football as much as possible.

His chores were getting coal, fire wood, feeding their hogs, then feeding their chickens. Then he would collect the chicken's eggs. For fun, he would fish and shoot birds with a BB gun. One saying his parents always said was, "You better get a well paying job." He would normally listen to classic rock 'n roll and country. Billy Ray had only one dog and he didn't name him because he was raising the dog for his co-worker's daughter. Billy Ray's favorite food was biscuits 'n gravy and soup beans.

Billy's jobs were road work, a brick mason and he was in the military. His best memories were getting away from the military, getting his retirement and watching his kids graduate from college. The best compliment was from his parents saying, "Billy you have done a very good job raising your kids." Billy Ray's favorite changes in technology are warm running water, electric heat, electricity, vehicles, and the indoor plumbing. Billy Ray said the best vacation was when he had got the family together in Tennessee for a month and to watch the fourth of July fireworks with them.

Billy has always told me to get a good education and a good job!

JAKOB CROWDER, GRADE 5

E. J. Eldridge

My dad's name is E.J. Eldridge. My dad doesn't live with us anymore, but he comes to visit sometimes. My dad works on a farm taking care of the land and animals. Once, my dad took me to the store and we bought a remote control helicopter. We flew the helicopter in the front yard. I like to spend time with my dad.

ELIJAH ELDRIDGE, GRADE 5



E.J. Eldridge

The Life of Hansel Kimberland, My Cousin

Hansel Kimberland, is one of my favorite cousins. Every time I've seen him he's worn blue jeans and flannel shirts. He was born on February 3, 1947, in Bonnie Blue, Virginia. He's got a lot of interesting stories to tell, for example like the one where he got bitten by a snake!

He has eight siblings all together, four brothers and four sisters. He went to school at Pennington Elementary and Pennington High School. His favorite year of school was eighth grade. He has had a lot of pets in his life. So far he has had ten dogs, three cats, and one rabbit. His favorite book is the Bible, he says this because it's the truth. He loves to go fishing and play golf. His favorite memories are vacation.

He got his first job when he was 17, at an auto parts place. The way he met his wife, Karalin, was when my papa introduced her to him. He has one son, Hansel and one daughter, Melissa. He also has four grandchildren: two boys and two girls. Each of his kids have two boys and two girls.

So far his favorite thing in his house is his television. He thinks modern technology is good at some points and bad at others, like self check outs. He has a collection of Hot Wheels. His favorite one is the 1967 Camaro Redline. His biggest fear is snakes.

I love my cousin because he has a warm heart, he's awesome, and just fun to be around. He always tells me good advice like live life to the fullest, get a good education, and do your best. I hope I'll get to read this in about ten years from now. That is the life of Hansel Kimberland.

PAYTON ELDRIDGE, GRADE 5

Daisy Smith, My Great Grandma

Daisy Smith was born on September 23, 1931, in Lee County, Virginia. My Mamaw Daisy had four brothers and two sisters. She had a twin sister who died at birth and an infant brother who also died. Mamaw loved her family and always helped around the house.

Daisy grew up poor, so she never had store bought toys. She had cornstalk dolls with homemade clothes and match boxes for furniture. When Daisy was older, she went to school at Ewing Elementary. She walked to school every morning. When Daisy was

just thirteen, her mama passed away. Daisy missed her very much and so did everyone else. Just six months after her mother's death, her daddy died leaving she and her brothers and sisters alone. Most of her brothers and sisters married and moved out, but Daisy didn't end up alone. She watched a man named Henry Smith from a fence post. Soon Daisy and Henry started dating and married shortly after. They were so happy together, just the two of them.



Daisy Smith

However, their family didn't stay small. Along came a baby and another and another, and soon they had eight children. Daisy loved them all so much. Daisy was married for fifty eight years. In her life, she only took one vacation to Myrtle Beach. This is because Daisy didn't have time for vacation. She had other things to balance her time like a garden, a home, a family, and a dog named Cricket. Cricket was so small when they got her, she looked like a stuffed puppy. She was so skinny, she could rest in the shade of a clothes line.

Daisy always loved us and said she always would. I love my mamaw and will always miss her smiley face, unique personality, and great food. My Mamaw Daisy was the best mamaw in the world. I wish she were still with us today.

CAYLEA ELLIS, GRADE 5

Peggy Epperly, My Mawmaw

My Mawmaw, Peggy Epperly, is a very loving and kind grandma. Mawmaw was born on November 26, 1946, in Radford, Virginia. She was born a month early. She was the only child in her family to be born in a hospital, but she was very ill. Her parents were Eveleyn and Ottie Young. Mawmaw also has blonde hair and at my house we've got some black and white pictures and Mawmaw looks a lot like her mom in the pictures.

Mawmaw also lived a very interesting life as a kid. She lived with her Grandmother Young until the age of 11. She still did chores like cleaning the house with her mom and helping her dad in his garden. All her brothers and sisters still lived at home, and there names are David, Joie, Frankie, and Sammy. Then in 8th grade, she met a man she liked and in 9th grade, her and Rodney began dating.

While at Kuhn Barnett School Mawmaw brought one of her teachers homemade sausage, from her dad's farm. The teacher, because they they took sausage to her, let her do whatever she wanted to do. Mawmaw's family also didn't celebrate Thanksgiving because that was hog killing time.

Two years after graduating Radford High School Mawmaw married Rodney. Then 1 1/2 years after they got married, Rodney went into the Air Force. While pawpaw was in the Air Force in South Carolina, my dad (Rodney Epperly II) was born near Myrtle Beach. Then a few years later they moved back to Radford. Next, my Aunt Eveleyn (Melissa) was born not long after they moved back to Virginia.

One day when Rod and Melissa were home they decided to lock the door. When Mawmaw came home the door was still locked. She asked to come in, but



Grandmother Peggy Epperly as a young girl

they never opened the door. Finally they opened the door, but when Pawpaw came home Rod and Melissa were in big trouble.

Mawmaw is 70 years old, and she still lives in Radford. For her 70th birthday, our family had a big party at the restaurant where my Aunt Melissa works. She has two grandkids including me and my sister Taylor. She still is very loving, and I'm very proud of the many things she has done, such as writing a part of a family book.

TANNER EPPERLY, GRADE 5

Hagan Roop, My Great-Grandfather

It all started when Hagan Roop, my great-grandfather, was born in Jonesville, Virginia on March 12, 1912. When he was born he had really short red curly hair. I decided to interview my mamaw, his daughter, about him because we never had the chance to meet, and I wanted to know more about my great-grandfather. I think he would have been a wonderful great-grandparent.

As a kid, my great-grandfather loved to play numblepeg, marbles, and baseball. Of course he played with 7 siblings though. My great-grandfather also had a dog growing up named Laddie. Laddie could do tricks, he could fetch, roll over, and shake. Laddie was a big help around the farm, with all the work they had to do.

My grandfather, Hagan, met my grandmother, Dora, when my aunt introduced Dora to Hagan. They fell in love the second they saw each other. Eventually they ended up marrying. They had 3 children and their life was very fulfilled. Soon my great grandfather went to the army for a few years.



Hagan Fortner

One day Hagan Roop was driving along the roads of Lee County, and saw a hitchhiker walking down the streets holding his thumb up. My great-grandfather was such a nice man that he pulled over. He rolled down the window and said, "Where are you heading to?" The man did not say anything and started running toward the car door. My great-grandfather had no idea what to do, but by the time he did the hitch-hiker already caught up to him and the man was taunting and threatening my great grandfather for money!

Hagan refused to give him money so the hitchhiker pulled out a knife and stabbed him, but that didn't stop him from fighting so he tried and tried but the man finally pulled out a gun. The hitchhiker shot and killed Hagan Russell Roop. The man was arrested for the murder of my great-grandfather. It was a different

story with my great-grandmother though. She was a very forgiving person, but I think this was hardest of all, she forgave the man who killed my great-grandfather, Hagan Roop.

I do feel that my great-grandfather was a very nice man, probably from all the comments he got! Also, one of the reasons I thought he was a nice man was because he kept encouraging people all the time. He always said, "Hard work pays off." I think that if my grandfather were still alive, I would visit him all the time.

EMMA FORTNER, GRADE 5

William L. Ely, My Great Grandfather

William L. Ely's amazing life started when he was born on March 8, 1913. He was born in Harlan, Kentucky. He died on September 23, 1991. William was my great grandfather, but I never got to meet him. I imagine that he was tall and he had brown hair and eyes.

Great grandpa Ely had two brothers and four sisters. When he went to Ely's Creek to school, he had to walk there. His favorite book of all was the Holy Bible. His happiest memories were of his parents and grandparents at their family reunions.

My great grandfather worked as a coal miner, a farmer, and a factory worker. He had six children including my grandmother Nelline. He was very happy when his grandchildren would sit around him singing many songs together. The biggest change in his life was faster transportation like cars, planes, and trains. Life was much harder when grandpa Ely was younger.

Grandpa Ely's favorite saying was, "If someone is talking about you, at least they are giving someone else a break." My great grandfather's favorite things to do were making music and spending time with family. My grandfather played gospel music on his guitar. I wish I could have heard some of those old songs, so I could have had memories of him.

KAILYN GIBSON, GRADE 5

Danny Harber My Great Uncle

My great uncle Danny Harber is a fun-loving guy. He is interesting to me. He was born on August 21, 1949, at home. He has grayish-white hair. He has hearing aids and still lives with his mom.

Danny has two brothers Rex and Rusty. Rex is my grandpa. Danny went to Mentor Ohio Schools. His favorite subjects are English and history. When he was a kid he wanted to be a baseball player. His favorite book is the Bible because it makes him feel inspired. His proudest moment was his first deer he killed with a bow.

Danny's favorite hobby as an adult is metal detecting so, he can find cool things like old coins and old toys for his collection. When I was a baby, his dad died. A lot of people in the family call him Uncle Head, and most people tell him he doesn't look his age. He stays on his computer a lot, he really loves it. The most change he has faced is liberalism. He said my Daddy was lazy.

Danny is important to me because he taught me how to stay out of a fight, and other important life lessons. One of his expressions, "Do unto others and then run!" Another one is, "It's virtually impossible impossible to underestimate the importance of almost anything." I know I am important to him because he listens to everything I say.

RILEY HARBER, GRADE 5

Benney Ray Marcum, My Great Grandfather

Benney Ray Marcum is my great-grandfather. I interviewed him because he lives near by, but I call him papaw Ben. He was born in Yancey, Kentucky on March 23, 1944. He has worn blue jeans, t-shirts, and tennis shoes about all his life. I love to go see him, because when I get there, I talked to him while we were sitting outside on the swing.

Papaw Ben has one brother, and three sisters. In school, his favorite subject was history. When he was young he didn't have any pets. The game he played was tag. He remembers is being in the boy scouts and going camping. The book he liked to read was "Moby Dick." He told me about the time he rode a Greyhound bus from Pennington Gap, Virginia to Los Angeles, California. What made it cool is he was only 18 years old.

My great-grandfather's jobs were a store stocker, deputy sheriff, and doing kitchen paperwork for the army! His wife is Hazel Marcum. He met my grandma at the Driftwood Ice Cream Parlor where she was a waitress. They have three children. His daughter is my mamaw. His favorite singer is Hank Williams, Sr.

My Papaw Ben said he was worried when I was born, because the doctor said I was going to be a small baby. When I was born I weighed five pounds and eight ounces. He was so happy I was alright and healthy. I was the first grandchild he had.



Papaw Herbert Turner

Usually we go see him on the weekends. When we get there the food is already cooked and ready to eat! The soup-beans, cornbread, and onions are awesome!

MADDOX HOUNSHELL, GRADE 5

Herbert Turner

My great-grandfather's name was Herbert Turner. He was born September 27th, 1914. He lived in Pennington Gap, Virginia and worked as a coal operator. He was in WWII and received a purple heart. During the coal depression, he started a moving business to help people move to Ohio. He was so strong, he could carry a refrigerator up a set of steps on his back, by himself. My great-grandfather is no longer alive.

NATHAN HUGHES, GRADE 5

Pat Bledsoe

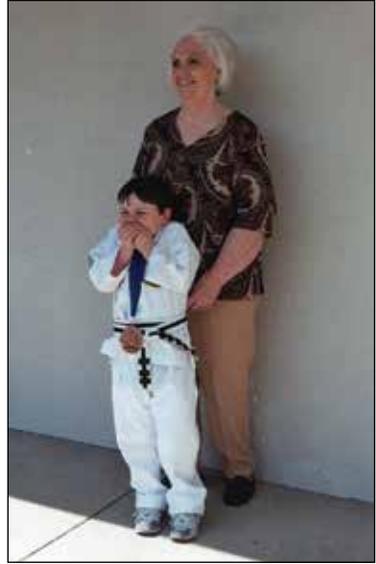
My spectacular family friend is Pat Bledsoe. The reason why I wanted to interview this woman is because I want to learn more about her life and her experiences. Pat was born on May 7, 1941 in Elizabeth, North Carolina. Pat has white hair, brown eyes, wears makeup, and loves to wear fake nails.

Pat has three brothers and six sisters. She likes to play UNO, basketball, and when she was little she wanted to become a nurse. Pat had to cook and clean for her brothers and her sisters. Pat went to Publeth Park Elementary and the way she traveled to school was she walked.

Pat owned her own restaurant. Pat is divorced and no longer married, but she had four children. One of her kids, a girl, passed away at four months old. Pat said that her proudest memories of her kids when they were little was that they never misbehaved and they were always polite.

My feelings about Pat is that I think of her as a grandmother. She taught me how to make wreaths, and she taught me to never take anything for granted. Pat Bledsoe is a unique, talented, and very creative woman and I'm sure you would love her.

MADISON KING, GRADE 5



Pat Bledsoe, special friend

Wonderful Life Of LaWanna Jackson

My wonderful grand mother LaWanna Jackson was born on January 3, 1952 in Harlan Kentucky. She's 65, has beautiful blondish white hair, brown eyes, is really short, and her favorite color is pink. When she was younger, she wanted to be a nurse. Her favorite food is hot dogs and favorite dessert is angel food cake, and Cheetos. She had a dog named Dutches and and a mean cat named Samantha.

LaWanna has three brothers, one sister and 22 grandchildren. The school she went to was Earlsville in Illinois. When she went to school, she had to walk to school and back, she didn't have a car or a bus, so I bet her feet hurt like crazy. When she went to



Mamaw LaWanna Jackson

school, her favorite subject was English. Her favorite athletic games and sports are gymnastics and archery. She loved to play tag with her neighbors and ride bikes. When she was younger and had to do chores, she had to wash and dry the clothes and took care of family members. She still does things except it's easier to wash and dry clothes because we have machines now.

When LaWanna was little she loved going to her grandparents' house. When she visited she would go out to their porch swing and sleep. She liked life better when she was my age.

LaWanna's happiest moments is when her first grandchild was born. One of the best compliments was when a man had dropped a dollar and her children saw that he had dropped it, so they tried to find the him so they could give him back his money. When he received his money back he gave the kids \$5.00. My mom, LaWanna's daughter, got pouty because she only got \$5.00.

The job LaWanna did was she used to work at a clothes store. If I was alive at the time I would've gone there every day because I love clothes. She's also worked as a bookkeeper, dispatching for a truck driver, and worked and ran restaurant. LaWanna married my wonderful papaw, Jackie Jackson. He is just as important as LaWanna is. He's also a racer. The biggest change in their life is technology.

When LaWanna is on her computer she always plays "Cookie Crunch". LaWanna's favorite book is "The Shining" authored by Steven King. She likes the book because she loves horror books and movies. Her favorite song "My Special Angel" and album is by the Bee Gees.

One of the best memories is when she took her children (Cheryl and Micheal) to a family boat. When she wanted to have fun with her children, she would turn a song on and dance together, that would also be one of the best memories. One of the worst memories is when her mother passed away. When she tried to get rid of the pain of any bad things that have in her past life, she would do work.

A life lesson LaWanna taught me is to always take care of yourself and don't expect anyone else to, because they won't. She always says, "Always love your family conditionally no matter what because family is the most important thing God could ever bless us with."

The reason I wanted to interview this person is because she has put a roof over my head, food in my stomach, and clothes on back. When I show her my good grades, she'll always say, "Great job keep up the good work!" When we visit we would be face to face and she'll also say, "Quit growing up so fast on me!" I love this woman so much.

EMILY KIRK, GRADE 5

Dorothy Chadwell, My Great Grandmother

My adventurous great grandmother is Dorothy Chadwell. I interviewed her because she is a very interesting person. In fact she was born on November 22, 1931 at home in Campbell County. I've always called her Grandmother Chadwell, but before I was born, my family called

her “Mamaw at the store.” Her name changed after my great-great grandmother passed away. She became known as “Grandmother Chadwell.” She has always worn house shoes around her house. She is a sweet, smart, inspiring person, and a great cook.

Grandmother Chadwell had one brother and a white dog named Scotty. She went to high school at Alder Spring Lafollette High. Her favorite subjects in high school were geometry and algebra, also she got to school by a school bus. Her favorite thing to do when she was younger was to play basketball because she enjoyed the game. The thing that she dreamed of becoming was a school teacher. As a child, she cooked and did the dishes. She liked to listen to gospel music on a record when she was a child. The trips that she took as a kid were convention trips with her parents and siblings.



Dorothy Chadwell, great-grandmother

A dessert that Grandmother Chadwell makes every Christmas is Cherry Yum-Yum!

Cherry Yum-Yum

2 cups graham cracker crumbs

1 stick margarine, melted

Mix together.

1 8 ounce cream cheese

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar

1 cup milk

2 envelopes Dream Whip

1 can cherry pie filling

Mix cream cheese and sugar until smooth.

Beat milk and Dream Whip until thick.

Add cream cheese and sugar to Dream Whip mixture. Blend well.

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ of graham cracker crumbs in a 12 × 8 loaf dish or pan.

Then put $\frac{1}{2}$ cream cheese mixture.

Spread cherry pie filling over, then add remaining cream cheese and then graham cracker crumbs.

Turns out Dorothy’s dream came true when she became a school teacher, but she also worked at the leather factory. One of her biggest accomplishments was graduating from high school. Her favorite compliment that she has received was, “She has always been a good girl.”

Still to this day, Christmas is the holiday that she loves. The biggest change in her life was leaving home going to college. My great-grandfather met Dorothy in high school and they became high school sweethearts.

Out of all those good ole memories of my great-grandmother Chadwell, her happiest memory was of her parents and working with them as a child. Dorothy's proudest memory is of her and her children graduating from high school. Grandmother Chadwell's memory of my mamma is that she was, "Down to earth." The memory that she has of when she would have a difficult time is she would call her brother at The White Store where he worked.

Dorothy had three children. Their names were Donna, C.A., and Mike. So there was one girl and two boys. Donna was the only girl out of the bunch and she played the piano and graduated from grade school, high school, and college. Mike also graduated from grade school and high school. He eventually went to work with his father in electricity. C.A. graduated from grade school and high school as well, but after high school he went to electronic school. Today he works at Walt Disney World's underground computing system.

Important things to Grandmother Chadwell was that she cherishes and treasures her wedding ring. She said that her family is the most important thing to her. Her recipe for happiness is to see her and her family healthy. A life lesson that her parents taught her was to always go to church.

One of my favorite stories that Grandmother Chadwell has told me is the story of when I was born. So when I was born she was at the leather factory working. She heard on the intercom and it said, "Pick up Chadwell." It was my daddy on the phone saying we're heading to the hospital. So that's the story of when I was born.

The present day honest opinion of Dorothy Chadwell is that she would rather live in her life now than when she was my age. The advice that she told me is to stay in school and take advice from my parents. Some of her favorite things to do now is help Mike at the store and also spend time with the family.

RYLEE LAWSON, GRADE 5

My Great-Grandmother Virginia Lewis

My great-grandmother Virginia is a kind and caring person. She was born in Rose Hill, Virginia. Her birthday is on May 14, 1932. This year she will be 85 years old. I wanted to interview her because I love her a whole lot.

She went to High Top School, and she had to walk to get there. Her favorite subject in school was reading. When she was little, she wanted to be a teacher. She had three sisters, but they have all passed away.

As an adult, her job is to take care of the house. My great-grandmother is proud of growing up and having kids. She likes to eat pizza and read the Bible. She also likes to see family,

friends, and watch the kids. She thinks that my dad was a great kid. When I was born, she was so happy and thankful.

I love my granny Virginia. She has taught me a lot of life lessons. She told me to be honest and do what is right. This story tells just a few of the reasons why I love her so much. I wouldn't change a thing about her. She is the best granny ever.

ALYSSA LEWIS, GRADE 5

The Life Of Pearl Long

My great-grandmother Pearl Long was amazing. She was born on January 30, 1927, in Moles, Kentucky. When she was little, she moved to Virginia. She had hazel eyes and brownish grey hair. She is very polite.

In her early life she had twelve brothers and sisters. Her favorite thing in school was math. The pets she had were two cats, two dogs and one mule. Her favorite food is fried potatoes and pork.

In her adult life she sold buttermilk, eggs, milk, and butter. I think she sold chicken and beef, too. She also made quilts from her pedal sewing machine to keep her family warm.

My favorite thing from her was her homemade milk and butter. Also, if you ever go to her house don't go out the back door. This happened when I was four years old. I was going to chase the chickens in the backyard. I was going out the back door and when I looked down there were no stairs. It was scary! I got scared thinking I was going to fall. My dad hurried over and grabbed me to keep me from falling.

My mama has passed away several years ago so this story is in her loving memory.

EVAN LONG, GRADE 5

My Mamaw, Moveta Keltner

My mamaw, Moveta Keltner, was born in Sonora, Kentucky on August 30, 1956. She has hazel eyes and brown hair. My mamaw's grandmother made most of her clothes when she was growing up. Some of her closest friends were Lora Fox and Fay Benningfield. Her favorite class in school was art. She liked to play Chinese Checkers and hide-and-go seek when she was younger.

She had two brothers and three sisters. Her chores were to make the beds, sweep the floors, wash and dry the dishes, carry in water and wood.

Some important moments in her life include the Kennedy Assassination, the 9-11 attack, and Elvis's death. When she got married she had three kids. Their names are April, Jamie, and Mandy. Some of my mamaw's favorite foods were fried chicken and tomatoes. Some jobs that she had were sewing machine operator and retail sales.

A life lesson that my mamaw has taught me is you can do or be whatever you want in life and always be true to yourself. I love my mamaw and her delicious cooking. I would like to

be able to cook as well as her, and maybe someday I can because I want the world to taste the good things that she makes.

EMILY NUXOLL, GRADE 5

My Great Aunt Gail Moore

Gail Moore is my loving and awesome great aunt. She was born on Feb. 19, 1947. My great aunt Gail was born in Pennington Gap, Virginia. I interviewed her because she is very interesting. We both like music, especially guitar.

She has two brothers and one sister. She went to Pennington High School. Her favorite subject was English. Her favorite book in school was called "The Secret Yard." She wanted to be a musician when she was little.

She met her husband when she was in college. Her husband's name is Jim. Her favorite things today are computers, Tv, and shopping.

The best compliment she has received is that she has a wonderful personality. She said my dad was fun and normal when he was little. She said that the recipe for happiness is a good marriage. When I asked her if life was better when she was my age or now, she said, "Your age." She said her favorite thing about being married is being loved, cared for, and devoted. I love her very much.

MADISON McELYEA, GRADE 5

Geneva Johnson, My Grandmother

Geneva Johnson, my grandmother, is a great, hard working person. She was born November 28, 1937, in Lee County, Virginia. Geneva has long black hair and brown eyes. I think she is interesting, because she's my last living grandmother. She now lives in Jonesville, Virginia.

When my grandmother was little she loved bluegrass music. They raised chickens and collected eggs. She didn't go to school much and when she did, she walked. She also worked in a garden. My grandmother has four brothers and nine sisters.

She loves eating KFC and green beans. Her favorite moment was having her children. She comes over for Christmas, and we eat before we open our gifts. Her most difficult time was losing her son. One thing she loves that her son gave her, is a clock shaped like a horse. She always tells me to pray when I'm going through a tough time.

My grandmother is a very hard working person. She also told me to treat people the same way that I wanted to be treated and be kind. My grandmother also told me, be honest, because nobody will like you. I think she's funny and smart because she gave me advice like this.

JAYDEN McNIEL, GRADE 5

My Great-Grandmother Mary David

My great-grandmother is very nice, and I wanted to know more about her for The Origin Project. She was born on February 8, 1925 in Cullman, Alabama. She had short red hair and green eyes. She would wear her hair really curly and fancy. I have never met her, but she sounds really nice.

She had two brothers and one sister. Her favorite subject was history. Her first pet was a Beagle, and its name was Girl Trouble. She played basketball and softball. For her chores, she just had to help around the house sometimes.

My great-grandmother worked as a waitress, in grocery stores, and at restaurants. She married my great-grandfather. I don't know how they met though. Her children were my papaw and his brothers and sisters. Her major accomplishments are her kids. Her best memory was her China cabinet, because her husband gave it to her. The best days of her life was when my papaw and his brothers and sisters were born. She loved to read the Bible, because it's God's letter to us. I don't know what she looks like, but my papaw has a picture of them on his dresser. She is so pretty.

I feel happy about getting to know more about my great-grandmother by asking my papaw Terry. When she was older my papaw said that she taught him how to make cinnamon toast in the oven. My papaw makes it for me and my sisters all the time. It is so good. My great-grandmother taught people to always be respectful. Her life lessons will be for me to take care of my family.

SKYRA MIDDLETON, GRADE 5

The Great Life Of Anna Hall

Anna Hall is greatest mamaw in the world. She was born July 22, 1951, in Tampa, Florida. She rode the bus to her school. The reason I interviewed her was because I have heard some interesting things about her.

She has two brothers and three sisters. Mamaw went to Riverview Elementary School her favorite subject was history. Her favorite game was hide and go seek. She had no pets. She had a lot of black hair. Her special memory was when she played with her brothers and sisters.

My mawaw worked at a Levis Jean factory. Anna Hall husband's name is Larry Hall, and her kid's names are David, Jeremy, and Cynthia. The biggest change in her life was the end of segregation. Her greatest accomplishment was when she graduated from college. One of my mamaw's best memories was when family went to her house for Thanksgiving.

I love my mamaw because when I'm feeling down she helps me feel better. She taught me how to make banana pudding. She taught me how to survive. The one thing I like about her is that she never gives up.

DAVID MILES, GRADE 5

The Great Life of Betty Moore

I interviewed Betty because she is living a great life. She was born on March 4, 1951, in Jonesville, Virginia. Betty is my step-mamaw. Betty has gray hair, moles, and brown eyes.

Betty went to school at Flatwoods, and her favorite subject is math. She got to school by the school bus. The chore that she had at home was to milk the cow. Her favorite book is the Bible. She played ball for fun when she was my age. She has 12 siblings.

Betty's job is being a housewife. Betty has three boys and their names are Chris, Billy, and Jesse. Her special memory about her children was when they got saved. Betty had a pet parrot, and she named him Jake. Jake died last year.

My feelings about Betty's life is happy, and sad all at the same time. Betty's life taught me to respect, and be good to people while they're still around. Her favorite food is apples. Her favorite music is gospel. She thinks life is better now instead of when she was my age.

AUSTIN MIRACLE, GRADE 5

The Life of Robert Moore

Robert Moore was born in Rose Hill, Virginia. He was born on a farm in 1950. He is very kind. His birthday is November 8, 1950. His favorite subject is biology. He rode the school bus to school because they didn't have a good car.

My papaw has two brothers and six sisters. His family worked on a farm most of the time. He played basketball for Flatwoods, back then, it was a high school. His favorite food is biscuits and gravy. He and his family love animals. They love horses and cows.

He dreamed of laying brick and that is what he does. He's a preacher at our church. He is very nice and kind. His favorite book is the Bible. He loves kids. He loves church and told me I should always believe in God.

His motto is never lie or steal. He said I should always go to church and be Christian he also said to never steal and to keep friends and never lie to them. I love him very much. He told me "not to lie or steal."

CLAYTON MOORE, GRADE 5

Anne Daniels, My Grandmaw

The wonderful life of Anne Daniels started on the day of December 31, 1957. She was born in Harlan, Kentucky. She is a very interesting person. Anne is my grandmaw, but I call her Maw. She has short red hair and brownish green eyes like me.

Anne went to four different schools when she was little, and she wanted to be a teacher when she grew up. She has one brother and sister. Sometimes she walked to school or rode the bus.

Her favorite book is “To Kill a Mockingbird.” Two of her favorite memories are having her children and graduating college. She likes spending time with her grandchildren. She liked it better when she was my age.

She is very interesting because she is very creative. Anne is one of the best grandmaws ever. She always tells me not to lie, and I should find humor in everything. I love that she is my grandmaw.

MATTHEW MOORE, GRADE 5

My Grandpa Jim Bott

My grandpa’s name is Jim. He was born on February 8, 1949. My grandpa Jim has brown eyes and white hair. He was born in Fresno, California. He is my role model. I love my grandpa Jim and my grandmother Bonnie.

Jim had one brother and one sister. He went to school at Madeira High School. He loved to play PE. His favorite sport is football. My grandpa’s favorite book is the “Hot Zone.”

Jim loved to drive semi trucks. My grandpa married my grandmother Bonnie. He met her at a race track. When they moved to Virginia, it changed their lives. His biggest accomplishment is being a pilot.

My grandpa inspired me to work hard and never give up. He has taught me how to never give up on a dream. He taught me to work hard. That is my grandpa’s life.

GAUGE MYERS, GRADE 5

The Life Of Rebecca Ely

Rebecca Ely is a wonderful grandmother! The reason why I wanted to write about her is because she sounded interesting. My relationship with her is that she is my great-great grandmother. Rebecca was born on July 2, 1913. She was born in Dryden, a town in Lee County, Virginia. Rebecca had greyish brown hair, blue eyes, and she had glasses.

Rebecca had a wonderful early life! She had two sisters and six brothers. Her favorite subject in school was history. Her favorite book was the Holy Bible because it made her happy. Her special memory was going to the fair with her children.

Rebecca had an interesting adult life! Rebecca was married to a nice gentleman. She and her husband met at a barn dance. I don’t know how many children she had, but I think she had more than one. She would have been a fantastic mother.



Rebecca Ely

Rebecca was a wonderful great-great-grandmother. I think she was amazing, and I love her. This interview allowed me to learn more about my wonderful grandmother. Her life lessons are to get your education, and that lying is not good. Lying gets you in even more trouble than you're in. It's better to just tell the truth than lie. When I grow up I want to be just like her!

HAILEY PARSONS, GRADE 5

Ray Ellis, Sr., My Awesome Great Grandfather

Ray Ellis, Sr. is my awesome great grandfather! My papaw was born on June 5, 1942, in Brookside, Kentucky, at his home. They had to get the doctor to come to his house to help deliver him. He passed away in August of 2016, from pneumonia. I'm writing about him, because I love him.

My papaw had 11 siblings. He had four brothers and seven sisters, but he only has two sisters living today. He went to elementary school in Ages, Kentucky and high school in Evarts, Kentucky. His favorite subject was math. His dad's name was Charles Ellis and his mom's name was Nettie Ellis. His best memory was when his first grandchild was born. It was my mom, Heather. He played catcher in baseball and wide receiver in football. His nickname was the Lone Receiver in football, because he would always know that the football would be passed to him.

My papaw worked in the coal mines for a long time. He was married to Mary Ellis, and she is still living today. He has three children named Ray, Donna, and Vicki. He has six grandchildren, and their names are Heather, Hali, Hannah, Jonathon, Phillip, and Matt. My papaw also has seven great grandchildren who are Rylan, Karder, Jordan, Payton, Jordyn, Ellysin, and me.

I love my papaw, because he worked hard to provide for his family and he loved everyone. The best thing I learned from him was to always try your best in everything you do. The most important thing to him was his family. My papaw has passed away, but I will always love him.

BRENNEN PENDERGRAFT, GRADE 5

My Great Grandfather Sherman Williams

My Great Grandfather, Sherman Williams, has a very exciting life. He was born January 1, 1934. He is 83 years old. He was born at home on Millers Chapel Road, Jonesville, Virginia. He has white hair, blue eyes, and always wears denim button up shirts.

Pap has four sisters and five brothers. He went to school at Millers Chapel School until the seventh grade. Then he went to Jonesville. His favorite subjects were math and reading. He has a dog, and her name is Lola. He like to raise his garden every year. We always plant tomatoes, green beans, and potatoes.

His mother cooked a lot. His father was a doctor for cattle all over the United States. His mother's name was Ollie and his dad's name was William. They got electricity when he was 13. They also got running water.

His mom died when he was 21. He married Betty Shelton. They had four children there names are Roger, Sandra, Sherrie, and Joby. Pap said that he remember when Sherrie told Joby that bugs were going to get him. He wouldn't walk for three months. So my granny had to carry him.

Pap worked for maintenance for a long time. One of his biggest moments was when he finished his house that he been working on for a couple of years. He built it with money he had saved up for a long time. He still lives in that same house. Every time when we go to his house he asks us if we want a soda.

Pap also said he remembers when my mom was a little girl. He said that she was well behaved and always listened. Pap called her "monk" because she looked like a little monkey. He said that when I was born I had a lot of hair just like my mom.

He said that I did not cry a lot either. Pap did say that my brother did. He did not tell me about my sister. The only thing that he said about her is that she looks like me. He said that I was a daddy's girl when I was a baby.

He told me to get a good education and stay in school. He said that I would have to get a job to provide for my family just like he has for a long time. This is the exciting life of my pap.

KAELYN PENDERGRAFT, GRADE 5



William Patton "Bill" Williams and son Sherman Lee, taken in 1936

My Papaw Clarence England's Life

Clarence England, my papaw, has had a very interesting life. My papaw was born on October 8, 1958. He comes to my house all the time. He wears a cap that says "Veterans" on the back. He also wears pleated shirts, and he is tall. My papaw is from my mom's side of the family.

My papaw has one sister and five brothers. He went to Rose Hill Elementary School. He said his favorite subject was history. His favorite book is the Bible. He had a cat and dog. The dog's name was Puppy and the cat's name was Fluffy. When he began school, he rode in a car while in Kindergarten, but later, he rode a bus to school.

When my papaw got a job, he was an orderly nurse. He has two children, Melissa and Mandy. Mandy is my aunt that I really don't know much about. Melissa is my mother that I know a lot about. My papaw said that my mom was intelligent when she was little.

When my papaw was a little kid, he loved to fish. He also loved to play with his brother. When he rode with his parents in the car, he was happy. He probably was excited about going on car rides with his parents. He said, "Well, it's always fun to do things like this."

My papaw is very nice. He is always there when I need him. He is always grateful for what he gets. My papaw taught me a life lesson. He said, "Be good to people and work for what you get." That is my papaw's life, and it always will be, as his life still continues.

ERICA PILON, GRADE 5

William "Bobtail" Lambert

I enjoy spending time with my grandfather William "Bobtail" Lambert because he is an interesting person. He was born on December 1, 1963, in Lee County, Virginia. He worked with the highway department for 15 years. He always wears a U.S. Navy Sailor's hat. He wears Nike shoes all the time.

Papaw's dad taught him to work on a car. When he was little he wanted to be a mechanic. He had two sisters, Linda and Vickie. His favorite book is Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain. He went to school at Jonesville High School. He walked to school each day because he lived near the school. When he was in high school, he was president of the Future Farmers of America.

Papaw said his proudest moment was when his daughter Eden was born. His happiest memory was when his dad beat cancer. He has been called a gentleman and that has been one of the best compliments he has received. Papaw remembers when I was born. It was snowing a lot that day. The biggest change he has seen in his life is computers.

Papaw and I were at Douglas Lake fishing one time. His dad came too and I got a fish. I was the only one that caught a fish that day.

Papaw told me to always do my best. His favorite saying was, "If you're not the lead dog, your view never changes." His recipe for happiness is eating meatloaf with his grandson - that's me. I love my papaw very much.

ELIJAH RITCHIE, GRADE 5

My Great-Great-Grandmother, Lillie Davis

Lillie Davis, my great-great-grandmother, was a loving person. Lillie Davis was born in Lee County, Virginia on Sunday, August 30, 1931. She was a very nice person. Lillie's favorite subject in school was math because she loved math work.

Lillie loved to read the Bible. She had three sisters and four brothers. Lillie went to school in Lee County. She loved school. When she was my age she wanted to be a stay at home mom. She loved her children. My great-great-grandmother loved every one, even if she didn't know them.

Lillie's favorite moment was when she got married to the love of her life. She had 13 kids, six girls and seven boys. She loved watching her kids grow up. The biggest change in her life

was when she became a christian. She loved church. Lillie said that her mom told her she was pretty when she was a baby.

Lillie Davis was a very special person to me. I knew Lillie for a long time. I saw Lillie twice a day at her home. My mamaw loved to tell jokes and smile. Lillie told me to never give up no matter what. Lillie Davis passed away on August 7, 2014 at home. Lillie was a very special person to me.

DARA ROGERS, GRADE 5

My Grandma Donna Wilder

My grandma, Donna Wilder, is a wonderful grandmother. My grandma was born on February 16, 1943 in Pocahontas, Arkansas in Randolph County. I can describe her as a great cook, great person, and she makes delicious hot fudge cake. She has shoulder length white hair and always has nice clothes on. She always wears shoes around the house.

My grandma was an only child. She liked to go visit her grandma and grandpa Ragen and visit her cousins. She went to school in Rochelle, Illinois. Her favorite subject was Latin. She wanted to be a teacher when she was little. She had a Dalmatian named Jimbo that was black and white. She played soccer when she was a little girl. Her favorite book was Heidi because she could relate to the book. Mamaw ice skated and went to the movies. Some chores mamaw did when she was little was she washed dishes and made her bed. Mamaw liked to listen to



Five generations

the Beach Boys. Her favorite memories were of family vacations. The hardest time in her life when she was a little girl was when she moved from northern Illinois in 1965, so she became active in the school to get through that hard time.

Mamaw has worked at Lawson's Building supply for 37 years, and still does. Her husband Tevis Wilder worked at night, my mamaw and my mom, aunt, and uncle slept in one room with sleeping bags and watched TV while he worked. Mamaw has a red crochet hat that was made in 1920 that her mother made, so she gets the hat out when she is reminded of her. Her favorite things to do are sew, cook, and read the Bible. Her happiest moment was when she had kids. My favorite thing she cooks is hot fudge cake.

Hot Fudge Cake

8 squares of semi-sweet chocolate

2 cans of cream

2 cups of sugar

Put all ingredients in a bowl on medium high. Stir constantly. Boil 5–6 minutes.

Let it sit for 10 minutes. Remove from heat.

Add:

1 teaspoon of vanilla

¼ stick of butter

1 box of cake mix.

Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

My family gets together on Christmas Eve for dinner with my uncle from Georgia and my aunt from Lexington. My sister and I open our presents from Mamaw Donna and Papaw Tevis before the family plays games. We also go boat riding on the Fourth of July. Mamaw always says, "You make your bed, you lay in it". She told me to get a good education and go to college. Mamaw said, "My biggest advice for you is to always have faith in God and go to church." She tells me to never give up when I am having a hard time with my school work. Mamaw Donna said to do my best at everything I do.

Here are two stories Mamaw Donna told me. Before I was born, my grandma moved from Illinois and my great grandma was in constant care, so my mom and my aunt helped take care of her. That helped my Mamaw Donna a lot. She told me a story about me when I was a baby. When I was born I had to be rushed to a NICU because they couldn't find my heart beat. She told me that my family and friends were very worried because they thought I wouldn't survive, but I did!

I learned a lot because of the things my grandma told me. I learned to spend time with my family because you don't know how long you have left with them. Mamaw had an associates degree in accounting. Mamaw says you have to have two people in a household to survive. I will always remember interviewing mamaw. She is a big influence in my life.

ISABELLA ROUSE, GRADE 5

I Like to Play

When I am at home in the evening I like to play. I like to play with my stuffed animals and with my Barbie Dolls. On Friday, I like to play cards with my mommy and daddy. We play war and Old Maid.

HANNAH SEABOLT, GRADE 5

My Grandma Rosie

My grandma, Rosie Jones, lives in Rose Hill, VA. Grandma Rosie is a kind person to people that are nice to her. Grandma Rosie was married to Bob Jones.

Mammaw has three girls named Brenda, Samantha, and Loretta Jones. She also, has three boys named Ricky, Bobby, and Dustin Jones. She has two birds as pets and they both are yellow. She loves to have birds as pets. They are her favorite kind of pet animals to have.

My mammaw is a great cook of sweets mostly. She loves to make chocolate chip cookies, apple pie, and banana pudding. That is my three top favorite sweets that she makes. Also, she loves to make funnel cakes.

Mammaw always would tell me stories about how she was raised. Why she would get in trouble for bullying, not being kind, and picking on kids. I learned from my mom and mammaw about how good it is to be nice and have manners.

ALEIGHA SMALL, GRADE 5

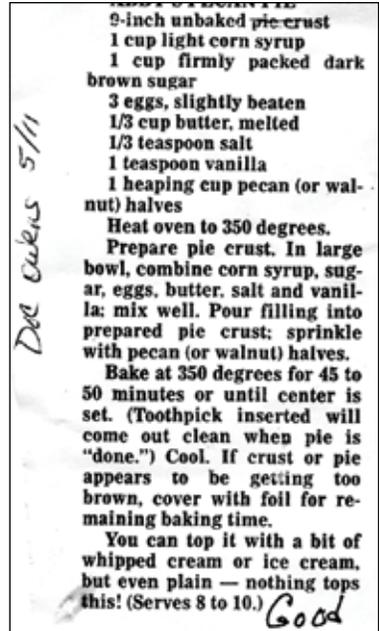
The Life Of Beverly Nelson

Beverly Nelson is my grandma. She was born on October 21, 1957 in Middlesboro, Kentucky. My grandma has brownish and blackish hair.

My grandma Bev had four brothers and two sisters. She went to school at Rose Hill, Thomas Walker, and LMU. Her favorite book is the Bible. It's her favorite, because it is a book of love.

My grandma's job was being a nurse. She had six children. One of the biggest changes during her life so far was the space program. Bev's funniest memory was that her son Aaron weighed six pounds and eight ounces with really big feet when he was born.

My grandma likes to cook. She has a special recipe called "Abby's Pecan Pie" given to her from Doc Owens. She says it's very good. One of my favorite things Beverly cooks are her cookies! They are very soft.



Beverly Nelson's recipe received from Doc Owens



Grandmother Linda Stafford

Bev is a good grandma. One of the things I've learned from her is how to carry wood on my arm. She is loving and caring. Bev is the best!

DALLAS SMITH, GRADE 5

My Wonderful Grandmother Linda Stafford!

Linda Stafford is my wonderful grandmother. She was born on March 13, 1947, in Middletown, Ohio. She has white hair, blue eyes, and wears glasses. My grandmother wore dresses when she was little. She is a very wonderful person.

My grandmother has one sister Penny. She went to school at Flatwoods School. She had lots of dogs, but Blacky was one of them. My grandmother used to wrap him up in a blanket, and rock him in her rocking chair. Another memory is when her mom took her to the Lee County Fair. Every Sunday she went to her grandmother's house.

My grandmother had a few jobs like data processing, a cashier, and cleaning jobs. She married Clarence Stafford, my papaw. They have three children Lisa, Debbie, and Jody. Her most difficult time was when her mom had cancer.

My grandmother is very kind and honest. She is the most amazing person I have ever met. She is nice and kind to everyone. My grandmother told me to always be good and honest. She is a very wonderful person.

KATELYN STAFFORD, GRADE 5

My Mammow Linda Lou Williams

Linda Lou Williams is my mammow. She was born on February 13, 1951, in Maryland. I wanted to interview her because when she was little she had a hard life. I also wanted to get to know her better. She has some brothers and sisters too. Their names are Bill, Ken, Betty and Diane. One of them lives in Florida, which is where I'm going this summer.

When Linda was my age she wanted to be an airline stewardess. She went to Washington Grove Elementary and her favorite subject in school was history. Linda got to school by the bus. Her favorite book is the Bible, because she said it is the way of life.

Linda Williams met my pappow, Jimmy Williams, from school. One of her special memories is decorating for Christmas. She also said that my mom was really spoiled when she was little. The hardest time I've seen her go through, is when my Aunt Karen passed away back in October from cancer. She got through it by spending time with friends and family.

I love to listen to old stories. She tells them all the time when I go to her house. One thing she told me was to always respect your reputation. Linda Lou Williams is my mammow and I love her.

ALLISON STANDIFER, GRADE 5

My Papaw Carl

My papaw Carl is my best friend. He was born on January 20, 1939. I am his grandson, and I love him. When he was little he lived in Cass City, Michigan. Today, he is bald and you probably won't see him dressed up!

My papaw Carl has two sisters that he really loves. When he was in high school he went to Pontact High. He had a few little kittens in his house that just laid around all the time. When he was little, he played catch for fun with his dad. Then when he got a little older, his dad gave him his first car.

When he became an adult, his first job was on a farm in Cass City, Michigan. His first real job was as a parking lot attendant. Then he worked as a mechanic at a shop in Michigan for forty-five years. He always had good comments about his work. A few years later, he got married to Pam Hammonds. The memories of his children being born is everything to him. He still remembers the memories of him and his papaw selling Christmas cards from house to house.

My papaw is a really nice person, and he is good to other people. He taught me to never lie and to always tell the truth. When he was little he cut his papaw's wooden window sill with his Jack Knife. He has taught me not to damage other people's property. I am so glad he is my papaw because he couldn't be better.

LUKE STAPLETON, GRADE 5



Papaw Carl Hammonds

Ellie Hartsock

My grandmother, Ellie Hartsock, passed away before I was born. She was born on January 2, 1942, in Sticklelyville, Virginia. She was a loving and nice person. My dad doesn't talk about her much, but he did say they used to play poker. He said the they used to play at the round table in the kitchen, all night!

She had five siblings and their names were Billy, Gene, CW, Martha and Nellie. Her favorite subject in school was history. She walked to school, but sometimes she had to be driven. She had a cow when she was growing up. She had to feed and milk it.

Throughout her life, she worked at Norris. She was married to Gene Hartsock, He died in 2012. She was always nice and honest. She said the biggest change in her lifetime was having eight kids.

I would liked to have known Ellie because she liked the same things that I like. She liked country music and I do too. I loved learning about her. She was an interesting person. She was best person ever, because she gave birth to my dad.

MASON STEVENS, GRADE 5

Wanda Harless, My Grandmother

My grandmother, Wanda Harless, lived a hard and adventurous life. She is a very interesting women. We sometimes farm together. Wanda was born on January 7, 1947, in Kingsport, Tennessee. She has brown hair, brown eyes, and white skin.

Wanda has six sisters and three brothers. She went to school at East Stone Gap Elementary School. When she was my age, she would walk to school. Her favorite subject was history. She always wanted to be a clerk typist when she grew up.

Wanda had a pet cat when she was my age. She loved having fun. Her favorite sport was softball, and she loved gardening with her parents. Wanda still works at Walmart. She's a cashier. Then she married a man named Arville Harless, and had two daughters and one son.

I love my grandma. She is the best. The most important lesson that she taught me was to be honest. She learned how to work at Walmart and how to use a cash register. Why I chose this person was because she is my love. I love her and she loves me.

My grandma Wanda told me a funny story. One time in 1950, a cow was eating hay until he was thirsty. He wanted some water. Then he saw a river. He was curious about that river. The next day, the cow went to the river and started drinking. Then out of nowhere, BAM!!!!!! The cow was eaten by the river. No one knew what happened to the cow. It was never seen again.

KENDAL-KAY STIGGER, GRADE 5

My Great Grandmother Ellen

My great grandmother Ellen was a loving and caring mother. Ellen was born on August 19, 1926. Although I never met my grandmother Ellen Witt I know she was a loving and caring mother. My grandfather only told good stories about her but never bad.

My great grandmother Ellen had four siblings, two brothers and two sisters. She went to school at Black Mountain School in Kentucky. Ellen didn't have enough money to pay for school so the school payed for her to attend. Her favorite subject in school was math. My grandfather didn't know what she did when she was my age.

Ellen's husband's name was Sam Witt. She worked in a fireworks company. On her days off, she went to the movies and met my great grandfather Sam Witt. Ellen married my great

grandfather. A few years later, she gave birth to my grandfather Vince Witt. She had four kids Vince, Tommy, Lisa, and, Sheila Witt.

I'm very sad that I never met my great grandmother. I know great grandmother was a loving, caring mother. My grandfather said that she told him to never lie, cheat, or steal. An interesting memory was that my great grandmother remembered watching her son Vince Witt tear apart a toy truck. Even though I only heard stories about my great grandmother I can tell that she was a loving and caring mother.

TRISTIAN STONE, GRADE 5

The Life of My Aunt Jean Webb in the 1900's

Jean Webb is my great-aunt. She's very fun to play croquet with, and she's a good person to talk to. Aunt Jean was born in Pound, Virginia, (U.S.A.) on October 9, 1948. She wore blue jeans, white short-sleeved shirts, and shoes. She had mid-brown hair the color of dark chocolate. Jean is very, very nice. Jean has three sisters. She attended first through fourth grades at Dotson Elementary School. Whenever Jean was in 5th grade, she went to Pound Elementary School. This was just after World War II. Her favorite subject was math. Her favorite book was "A Dog Named Kitty" because it was a heartwarming story about a boy and his dog.

Aunt Jean is a school teacher. She is married to Danny. She had one son named Tony. She remembers when Tony was a baby. He was always the happiest baby who always had a smile on his face. When she was growing up, Jean dreamed of seeing the world. She loves her cell phone and Facetime. She loved living in Europe. One of her sayings is, "Make sure you have someone to love and that someone loves you". She also said, "God will always be with you." What she told me is, "No matter what you do, always do the best you can."

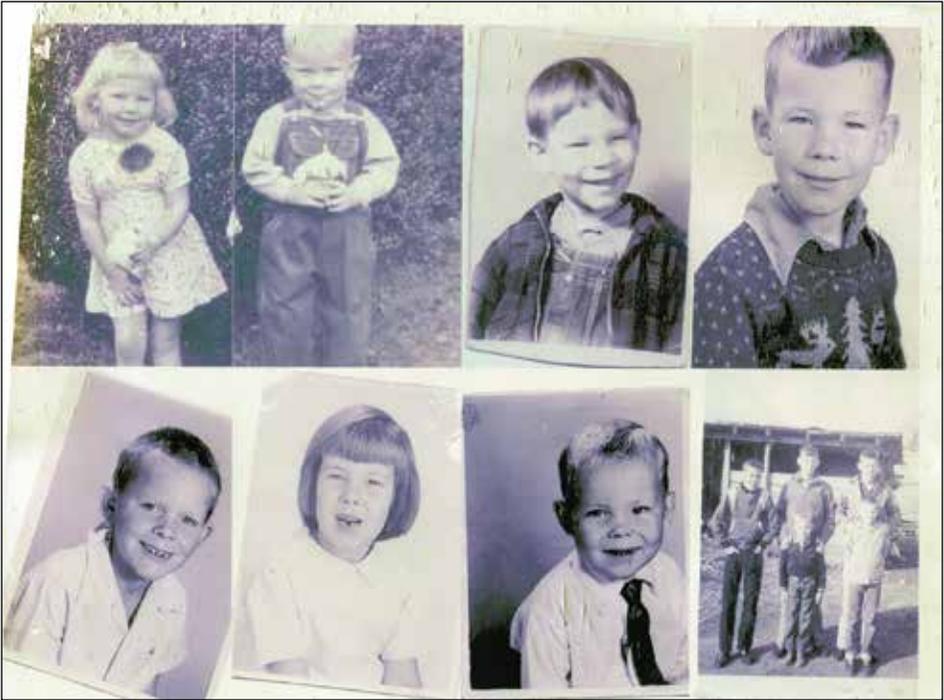
One thing I know is that she is my favorite great-aunt ever and that she's very, very fun.

WYATT SUGGS, GRADE 5

The Great Life of Roy Lee Grizzle

My uncle Roy had a hard life growing up. He was born on December 29, 1941, in Middleboro, Kentucky. He is my adopted uncle and I love him a lot. Roy always wears overalls over his clothing and he wears plaid shirts. Roy has gray hair, with white on top, and he has a long face, long ears, greenish blue eyes, and he has a bad back too.

Roy grew up in a family of eight. He went to many schools. He dropped out at Flatwoods in 7th grade at 17. When he was still in school his principal made the boys pick up trash. He loved math. He did not like sports, but he did like marbles. He could not read very well, so he did not like books. While Roy was growing up he had a dog named Ring. That dog would chase anything in the world. One day, Roy and his friends were outside with Ring, and Ring started chasing a possum. He thought the possum was boring and started to chase a fox so Roy



Roy Grizzle

and his friends followed him and that dog got them lost on three acres of woods. The next day, they got home with no possum nor fox.

Roy had many jobs. My favorite one is the butcher. The main changes that he had was from using horses for farming all his life to using tractors. His best memory was when family and two friends went to Gatlinburg.

Roy is my best friend and I love him. He taught me to live day by day. The life lesson he taught me was, "Do your chores as quickly as you can." Now that he is older he has slowed down. I don't care. He is great and I love him all the same.

SHIRLEY WASHBURN, GRADE 5

My Great Aunt Pam, My Best Friend Forever

The story begins in July 1960 with my great aunt Pam being born. She was born on July 1, 1960. She was born in Pennington Gap, Virginia.

Years later in life she went to high school in Pennington. Her favorite subject was English. She had to get up very early and take the bus to get to school. When she grew up she thought she would be a tall and skinny teacher, but what she looks like is tall and skinny with short blonde and brown hair. She is very sweet and she looks a lot younger than she is. She works

at Joy Global. Her favorite book is the Bible. She has three sisters and one brother and their names are Wanda, Vivian, Beverly, and Edward.

As an adult her favorite saying is bless your heart. Her very proudest moment is when her son Brandon was born. She really liked going to her mom's house and eating dinner at her mother's house. Her mother passed away many years ago. She had no pets when she was younger. When she was little she liked cheerleading. My aunt Pam taught me to always love my family no matter what happens. My aunt Pam is my true best friend forever.

CARRIE WILDER, GRADE 5

Jerry Collins, My Great Uncle

My uncle Jerry is awesome, and I love him so much. He is my great uncle and is amazing! Jerry's birthday is December 17, 1951. He was not born in a hospital. There was a midwife that came to their house to help deliver him. They lived on Sandy Ridge in Jonesville, Virginia. The midwife was his Aunt Ethal, his dad's sister. Later they moved to Backwater, Virginia. I would say he is tall, has black hair, and is very country. His happiest memory is riding Jack the mule and having dinner on the ground (family reunions).

He has three brothers named Melvin, Floyd, and James. He went to Blackwater School until eighth grade, then he went to Jonesville from 1963–1971. His favorite subject was science. He had a little three-legged dog named Tricky. His daddy was mowing hay and cut the dog's leg off. He liked to play marbles. The kids in the community would get together and play softball. His favorite book is "Alex Stewart : Portrait of a Pioneer" by John Rice Irwin. He liked this book because it was about the people around here. When he was my age he played in the creek, went fishing, and swimming. He had a lot of chores at home like to carry water, move and milk cows, feed the hogs and chickens, gather eggs, and pack in wood and coal. His dad would always say, "Boy get that done!"

Jerry had a lot of jobs. He made furniture in Morristown, Tennessee from 1972–1973. In 1973 he started welding at Pak-Mor (a company that built garbage trucks). He worked there for 23 years. He got married to Janet Collins. His life changing event was when his mother died, because she was sick for a long time. He helped do all the chores. He told me it snowed the day when I was born. He said I was very little.

One story my uncle Jerry likes to tell is about his grandmother Mahala. Mahala was a well known Melungeon. It is said she had 21 children. She weighed over 600 pounds. Her nickname was Big Haley! She lived on Newman's Ridge in Vardy, Tennessee, and she died at 74 years old!



Mahala Mullins, 6th great-grandmother

I love him because he is so cool. I learned about my ancestors and my family. He told me, "Take your time and think about what you want to do and don't jump into anything fast. Don't rush into anything." I love him and I think all of the stuff he did was so amazing. He is awesome!

CHLOE WILLIS, GRADE 5

Betty Gifford, My Aunt

My Aunt Betty Gifford was born on December 10, 1938, in Pennington Gap, Virginia. Why I decided to write about my aunt Betty is because I love her, and she is very funny. She wears thick glasses, blue jeans, and she uses a cane. She became legally blind at middle age. She comes every year to see me.

She has four brothers and three sisters. She went to Keokee, Virginia. Her favorite subject was math. Her animal's name was One Eye Bob, because he was a horse with one eye. Her favorite game is 500 Rummy. She has a favorite book called "Virginia History." Her strongest memories are living at the Cooney Place. She walked to school. When she was little she wanted to be a nurse. Her summer memories was staying at Runt's house.

She worked as a restaurant operator. Her only child was Dianne. Dianne has a son whose name is Jonathan. Betty went legally blind at age 34. Her best accomplishment was receiving an award from Norfolk Naval Station. She told me her favorite saying is, "What goes around comes around." My aunt said she remembers when I was born. She said it was a very hot July day, and I was born in Morristown, Tennessee.

I love her a lot and she is very pretty. She told me to always be honest and kind. My life lesson from her is to be nice and respectful. I hope she comes down this year. All these things are why I wrote about her.

JULIANNE WOODARD, GRADE 5

Edith Presley: My Friend

Edith Presley is my life long friend. I have known her for seven years or more. Edith was born on June 3, 1923, in Pennington Gap, Virginia. She is a nice, kind, elderly lady and she looks like a friendly person, even if you don't know her. She has white, curly hair. She has glasses, and she walks with a cane or sits in a wheelchair.

She has one brother and one sister. When she was little she had no pets, but later on in her life she found a puppy in her yard so she named him Buddy. High Top, in Lee County, Virginia, is where she went to school.



Edith Presley, a very special friend

She walked to school until buses were made. When she was smaller, she wanted to be a teacher. She loved the subject English in school. The book she loved the most is “My Last Valentine”. The book is a true story about an actual family.

When she was older, she got married to a man named Avery, then she became a home-maker. Years later, she had children named Larry, Jerry, Rick, LaVonna, Brenda, and Rebecca. It’s sad that she lost one of her children. It was Rick, and years after that she lost her husband. The most difficult times in her life was when she lost her youngest son and her husband. Her Bible and having faith in God are what she most treasures. The biggest change in her life was electricity!

Edith’s favorite food is cornbread with milk. She likes to crumble the cornbread with a nice cup of milk, then she eats it with a big spoon! She also likes peanut butter and crackers.

When she was going through hard times, she watched Shepherd’s Chapel. I think she is a very interesting lady. She told me to believe in God and I do believe. She also said to be nice to your neighbor and to love my family. She also told me to go to church, study in school, and to obey my teachers and parents.

SIERRA WOODARD, GRADE 5

My Aunt Anne Hall

I love going to my great aunt’s house because she is an interesting person. My aunt Anne is a good aunt. My aunt Anne was born on May 23, 1952 in Harlan, Kentucky. She always wears a white dress.

My aunt wanted to be a cop when she was my age. She had four brothers and one sister. She went to school at Gaithersburg, Maryland. She got to school was by riding a bus. Her favorite subject was history because she likes to learn about the Civil War. Her favorite book was Amish and why she like the book because the house they lived in. She’d always go and visit her grandparents in Kentucky.

My aunt Anne shared a funny story with me. Her brother Chester Langley went out behind the house and found a red paint can. He started hitting it with an ax and covered himself with red paint! Their mother had a hard time scrubbing it off.

Anne Hall grew up and married Lawrence Hall. They meet at his dad’s house. Her son’s name was Junior Hall. He wanted to grow up and be a police officer. Her family had lots of family reunion.



Anne Hall, great aunt

My aunt is a very nice and kind to me. I learned a lot from her when I interviewed her. I liked hearing about her life and what It was liked back then. She would work hard for anything in life. I really like interviewing my aunt Anne Hall.

Sometimes when I go to her house, Anne makes Potsuta for me. It is really good!

Potsuta

Cook a box of elbow macaroni. Drain. When done, in small saucepan, put in one can of to-mato paste, one tablespoon butter, and one can water, until warm. Stir often. When macaroni is done, drain. Add the tomato paste, then add the parmesan cheese. Mix together and serve.

ETHAN ZIEHLER, GRADE 5

LEE HIGH SCHOOL



Alex Long and class receiving new writing journals



Carolina Sunset

A St. Mary's Day

Growing up, I've traveled home to Georgia every school break. Every summer, spring break, fall break, and Christmas break, we drive down to St. Mary's, Georgia. In St. Mary's, we spend time with family. One of our family activities is riding bikes to the waterfront to watch the sunrise and have a relaxed, peaceful beginning to the fresh, new day. I can recall it just like it happened yesterday.

A soft, bright ray of sunshine peeks through the clouds as they scatter away, only to take over the sunlight in another place. Many ravishing, perfectly blended hues are painted across the skyline. A delicate blue, pink, orange, and red begin to take over the dark, starry night. A cool, salty breeze flows across the quiet town. You can hear the soft, calm waves crash into the barnacle covered inlet. Sometimes you can catch the sound of a gentle purr of a boat sailing across the water. Then after some time, you hear the bell that indicates the ice cream shop has opened up. A variety of delicious, creamy ice cream is right behind a chilly sheet of glass. You can choose from a serving in a sweet, crunchy waffle cone, a soft sugar cone, or a white Styrofoam bowl. After the sun rises above the horizon, we hop onto the vintage styled bicycles and ride through the laughter-filled park. The sound of children's laughter is one of the highlights of the ride. After the joyful ride through the park, we stroll through the friendly streets, lined with mossy, aged oak trees. The warm, radiant sunbeams scatter through the large trees. We greet friends and neighbors we haven't seen since the last school break. Then, on occasion, we head to the lonely, worn-down cemetery to pay respects to our gone, but never forgotten family. After the gloomy tears are shed, we ride again. This time we go wherever our hearts desire, as long as we stay inside the town limits.

When our energy is drained, we head home to the small, memory-filled house. The adventure has ended, but only to allow a new adventure to begin.

ALANAH ALDRIDGE, GRADE 9

Red Velvet Cake-a Family Favorite

To make a red velvet cake you will need:

- ♦ 1/2 cup shortening
- ♦ 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- ♦ 2 eggs
- ♦ 2 tablespoons cocoa

- 4 tablespoons red food coloring
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 2 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 tablespoon distilled white vinegar

Icing:

- 5 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup butter, room temperature
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup buttermilk

Directions:

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Grease two nine inch round pans.
2. Beat shortening and 1 1/2 sugar until very light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well.
3. Make a paste of cocoa and red food coloring; add to the creamed mixture. Mix salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and buttermilk together. Add the flour to the batter, alternating with the buttermilk mixture, mixing just until incorporated. Mix soda and vinegar and gently fold into cake batter. Don't beat or stir the batter after this point.
4. Pour batter into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven until a tester inserted into the cake comes out clean, about thirty minutes. Cool cakes completely on wire rack.
5. To make icing: Cook 5 tablespoons flour and milk over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Let cool completely! While mixture is cooling, beat 1 cup sugar, butter, and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract until light and fluffy. Add cooled flour mixture and beat until frosting is a good spreading consistency. Frost cake layers when completely cool

ANNABELLA ALSUP, GRADE 10

The Crucible

I have decided to write about my grandfather graduating from Parris Island. I asked him what year he graduated and he said: "Well I don't know maybe 1970 or so". He was going to Vietnam. When he arrived at Parris Island, he was greeted with Drill Instructors screaming in his face. For nine weeks he endured pure hell. He had to learn rifle marksmanship, water skills, and to work fast and efficiently. After his nine weeks were up he had to face the obstinate challenge he had been regretting the whole time.

His challenge was The Crucible he would have to stay awake for 54 hours with very minimal food and water. He also had to march 13 miles with 150 pounds of gear on his back. His platoon eventually made it to the Iwo Jima statue and was awarded the Eagle, Globe, and Anchor. He said it was a very emotional time for him and everyone there.

HAVEN ALSUP, GRADE 9

Getting Together

Everyone has been to some type of ceremony in their life. Some include a Christmas, Thanksgiving, or Halloween party. Families usually have a tradition or multiple traditions every year. A family may watch the super bowl, get together on holidays, and have a reunion of the people they're related to. What type of ceremony have I witnessed in my life?

To begin, my family usually has a tradition of getting together on Thanksgiving and Christmas every year. We have Thanksgiving dinner at my grandparents' house with most of the family there. The food usually consists of turkey, ham, macaroni, mashed potatoes, and a variety of other foods and desserts. During Christmas break, we have family travel down here for about a week to spend time with us. We usually have dinner every night as a family, open up presents around the Christmas tree, and listen to music and watch movies. The time they are down here is a joyous time for everyone to get caught up on life and do things together.

In conclusion, ceremonies or traditions are a part of most families and people in the world. The types of ceremonies you see vary from one to another. What would a person be doing in their life if they don't have a tradition of some sort? That's why most have one so they can have something to do that interests them and to keep up with family. They wouldn't have much to tell their children about their childhood without these traditions.

NICK ARNEY, GRADE 10

Volleyball

Volleyball is an amazing sport that consists of skills and concentration. The technique has to be spot on. When you go up to hit you have to be in the perfect spot, you have to have your feet in the right movement. Going left right left then planting your feet and getting up in the air as high as you can, and hitting the ball as hard as you can as you are going down. While getting your feet in the right movement you also have to move your arms. Using them to help pull all of your weight up into the air. To get a perfect hit you need the perfect set. The setter has a certain position you have she has to get to every time. When the ball is passed the setter adjusts depending on where the ball goes, you would step out, in, forward, or back but always keeping your left foot pointed toward the pole to where your hitter is hitting. To get a perfect set you need a perfect pass. Passers need to always stay down in position. Moving your feet side to side, always staying down. Keeping their arms tight and out straight for the perfect

platform, always facing setter position. Which should give you the perfect pass to the setter to get a perfect set, then to get a perfect hit.

CAMERON BAKER, GRADE 10

Brown Mountain Lights

On September 13th, I interviewed my papaw, Paul Bales, and asked him if he knew any ghost stories. This is what he told me.

Brown Mountain is a mountain near Morganton, located in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western North Carolina. Near Brown Mountain, a strange phenomenon occurs, called the Brown Mountain Lights. On a moonlit night, these lights will appear and move around on the mountain tops, and down through the valleys. These light have been observed as far back as the days of the covered wagon. The U.S. Geologic Survey even made two investigations, one in 1913, and the other in 1922, which concluded these lights were nothing more than car and train headlights. In 1916, a flood hit the area around Brown Mountain, which blocked roads and bridges. No cars or trains could reach the area, but the lights still appeared, and to this day nobody can explain this occurrence.

It is said though, that long ago, a Southern plantation owner came hunting near Brown Mountain area and got lost. He never returned home. His trusty, old slave brought a lantern and searched day and night for his master. The slave is long gone, but his spirit still wanders the area, and the old lantern still casts its light.

RYAN BALES, GRADE 9

A Night in Arjay, Kentucky

In a little ole town of Arjay, Kentucky, some of my close family members had an encounter with a paranormal spirit. The first encounter was my Great Uncle named Al, he was sixteen years old. He was walking home one night and saw a young girl and walked her home and did not know what he was doing. When he got the girl home he talked to her she told him her name and everything that was the first encounter.

The second encounter was my Uncle Bow he was only sixteen years old. He was coming home from hanging out with some friends and saw a girl in the same place so he thought it was the right thing to do so he walked her home to. She did the same thing she told him her name but this time he heard a rocking chair inside the house rocking it was an old. That was my uncle bow's experience.

The third and last encounter was my Aunt Faye. She found out that the girl that they had talked to was a paranormal guest and was not real. They started hunting information and found out that the town was an old green camp. The old lady they heard rocking was a paranormal spirit. It was told that when the girls would get pregnant and as the babies

were born the babies were thrown into the furnace. These are only a few of my family's ghost stories.

ANDREW BARTON, GRADE 9

The Ghost Story

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Angel. She lived in a foster home because her parents were unfit to raise her. Everyday she was beaten and tortured because of things her other siblings did.

One night when Angel got home from school, her parents were waiting on her with a belt. She had kept asking why they had a belt, but before she could get another word out, her father cracked her with the belt. Angel fell down the stairs and her parents went running at her. Her father then hit her with the belt again. It hit her in the throat killing her instantly.

Angel's parents hid the body behind the creek bank, thinking it wouldn't be found. The other kids wanted to ask about Angel, but they knew if they did, they would be beat too and could possibly end up like Angel for asking.

About a week later, Angel's younger brother Jonas found her body while he was wandering around the creek. As he approached it, her spirit began to reach out to Jonas. She told him to take the kids and leave. She wanted him to get as far away as possible before they ended up like her.

That night, Jonas took the other kids, and attempted to leave. As he was getting them out one by one, the parents had stopped them and beat them for trying to leave and get help.

Angel's spirit came that next morning and told the kids to try and escape tonight. She told them she would watch over them as they escaped the foster home. Jonas told the kids, and now they are planning another escape.

That night, Jonas took the kids and left when their parents had work. They had ran down to the police station to explain everything and get them out of there. Before they could explain, they got a call at the station. The foster parents had wrecked and died, but nobody knew how.

The kids now live with new foster parents. They take good care of the kids and treat them like their own. Angel still comes and visits the kids. They are now the happy family they have always wanted to be.

KAYLA BIRMAN, GRADE 9

My Neighborhood

My whole life I have grown up in Saint Charles, Virginia on Kemmer Gem Road. I have lived there ever since I was little, if I were able to choose a place to grow up and spend majority of my life I would not choose anywhere but where I am right now. The small place may not seem so great to anyone else, but it's where I have been my whole life and I couldn't find a better place to grow up. Back a few years ago we had a swimming pool set up in our front yard for the hot

summer days, also we had a trampoline that my brother, my sister, and I would jump on for hours at a time. I wouldn't trade my memories from back then for anything. I remember my brother and I would always walk up the road to my nunny's house and stay up there for practically the whole day, with my brother watching cartoons with nunny as I sat at the bar with my papaw and helped him with his crossword puzzles, even though I didn't really know what I was doing. We would go up there, sit down and relax while my nunny would make us coffee that was honestly just basically milk, sugar, and a little bit of coffee, and she always made us a bowl of cereal. I miss the days like this and I miss sitting with my papaw and helping him with his puzzles. A couple years ago he passed away due to lung cancer, I still go to their house and visit nunny sometimes. I always loved the memories I had in the small neighborhood and I wouldn't trade it for anything.

CASSIE BLEDSOE, GRADE 9

How To: Rock Hound In Virginia

Rockhounding in Virginia is very easy and simple. It requires people with outdoors skills, knowledge of geology, and knowledge of the outdoors. Here in Virginia there is many different things to rockhound such as, gems, minerals, rocks, gold, metals, uranium, and fossils. All the rocks and minerals are different in the regions of Virginia in the Appalachian plateau coal and fossils are found, in the valley in ridge there is fossils, coal, oil, sedimentary rock, limonite, galena, salt, calcite, Uranium, and some gold and silver. In the Blue Ridge Mountains there is Gold, Uranium, volcanic rock, hematite, hiddenite, and quartz. In the piedmont and coastal plain and tidewater there is pearls, turquoise, labradorite, calcite, gold, silver, Uranium, some ruby and sapphire (corundum), and all forms of quartz, chalcedony, and agate. Now knowing the location of the major rocks, minerals and gems all you need to find is the location you need to search at. Also you have to have the right equipment such as rock hammer(s), chisels, acids (for testing), eye protection, and maybe a gold pan. The best location to find any minerals or rocks is on top of mountains, in or near rivers dry or running, waterfalls, also railroad rocks, and the best possible location is near mine entrances. There are a few locations for mining rocks, minerals, etc. like Moorefield gem mine in Amelia County, Virginia where you pay 5\$ to go on a tour and mine a gallon of any gem you find in the mine. It is known for the very rare turquoise in crystal form, this happens nowhere else on Earth.

AUSTIN BOCOCK, GRADE 10

How to Make a Chocolate Carrot Cake

What you will need:

- 2 ½ cups all purpose flour
- ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon cocoa
- 1 ¼ teaspoon baking powder
- 2 ½ cups sugar

- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 ¼ teaspoon baking soda
- 5 large eggs
- 1 pound finely grated carrots
- 1 ⅛ cups oil

Then once you have all your ingredients you sift them together into a large bowl using all dry ingredients. Then place the eggs and oil in a large mixing bowl. Then once it is well blended slowly add flour to the mixture then add the carrots last. Then pour the batter into two ten inch round cake pans. Bake 35 degrees for forty to forty five minutes or until you poke it with a toothpick and it comes out almost clean. Cool cake pan for ten to fifteen minutes then remove and let finish cooling.

What you will need for the filling

- 6 ounces cream cheese
- 3 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup powdered sugar
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 teaspoons vanilla

Then proceed to mix and spread between cooled cake layers

What you will need for the frosting

- 1 ½ sticks butter
- ⅓ cup plus 1 tablespoon cocoa
- 3 cups powdered sugar
- pinch of salt
- ½ cup whipping cream
- 1 tablespoon vanilla

Mix butter cocoa and salt until mixed finely add powdered sugar, cream and vanilla, whipping at high speed until fluffy. Frost sides and top of cake then you are done and that's how you make a chocolate carrot cake

TATE BOWLES, GRADE 10

My Pet

I once had a pet named Molly and she was a small little Pug. She was so cute and by far the best dog I have ever had. We had got her when she was just a little puppy, she was so small that we could fit her in a pocket of a sweatshirt. Molly had gotten big every quick, but she had just

grew up to be a lazy yet fierce dog. She loved to play with us, but she would get out of breath easily due to almost all Pugs having breathing problems. So one day she had we out to go to use the bathroom and she had got attacked, the dog that attacked her tore a hole in her neck, which almost killed her. So we had took her to vet and they said that she was going to be ok, so we were lucky and she did pull through. She had lived on for a-lot longer until we had to a vacation down in Savannah, Georgia. We had left her at the house because the campground was not pet friendly, so that day that we had left our grandma went to go give her some water, but she had discovered she had passed due to her overheating and giving out. So for the time we had her she was the best dog I had ever had, I loved that dog to death and I wish I could have her back.

TAYLOR BOWLES, GRADE 10

Headless Woman

Imagine that you are walking next to the railroad tracks and you see a woman in a white dress. Click! That is the sound of her red heels clicking against the track. She follows you as you walk, but the second you turn around you can barely catch glimpse of her. This all could happen to you if you went to the old mining camp in St. Charles.

How the story goes is that a lovely young couple were married, and they lived in Bonnie Blue a mining camp close to the railroad tracks. Everything was picture perfect for the married couple. Until, word got out that the coal miner's wife started having an affair with another miner. The man decided what he had to do he picked up his axe and dragged his wife down to the railroad tracks. Many people claim they could hear her screams and desperate cries for help. Apparently, if you go to the railroad tracks you might catch a glimpse of her in a long white dress with red heels on. Even if you don't see her you will hear her walk behind you as she follows you. Click! That's the sound of her red heels as they tap against the railroad tracks. If you're extremely lucky you might get to see her longer than a second. The few people who have seen her say that she is also headless. Wouldn't that be a scary sight to see?

In conclusion, next time you go to St. Charles, Virginia near the old mining camps keep your eyes open for a headless woman in a white dress near the railroad tracks. Beware you never know she could be wanting revenge on anyone who steps foot on those very railroad tracks. Real or not you should always stay on your toes near while you're in St. Charles, because you never know who could be following you. Click-Click!

JASMINE BREWER, GRADE 9

Borrowed Time

There are quite a few things my family has experienced over the years. My mother grew up with the paranormal in her life and has quite a few stories, and one she told me didn't happen to her but instead to her mother. This is the story she entitled "borrowed time".

“When my parents were first married, they rented a tiny house over on graveyard hill. Everyone told them that a witch owned that house, but my mom didn’t believe them. She borrowed her landlords broom and alarm clock so my father could go to work in the mornings, they were young and very poor, and the landlord said that they wouldn’t stay there long that no one stays there long.”

“A few nights later my mom woke up because of some noise, she sat up in the bed and at the foot of the bed stood an old woman with messy long hair holding the broom my mother borrowed, and glaring at her with intense hatred. Then she disappeared, and a few nights later my mother moved out and went to return the clock and broom. The landlord said, “I told you wouldn’t stay there long no one ever does”.

This was story passed from my grandmother to my mother and now to me. But this is only one of many stories from my family and one of hundreds from many Appalachian families. They are all quite amazing in their own right.

DERICK BROADHUHN, GRADE 9

The Life of my Father

I decided to write my descriptive essay about my father, Bobby Burchett. He is the oldest of two children. His parents, my grandparents, are Bob and Charles Lea Burchett. Dad grew up on the outskirts of Jonesville. He lived there until he and my Mom were married in 1994. Dad has a brother, my Uncle Billy, who has two boys of his own. They reside in the Piney Flats community near Johnson City, Tennessee.

Dad was born on September 26, 1968 . . . he will probably get me for putting the year. He was a very easy going, calm child. From a very early age dad had an obsession with cattle. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been in the cattle supply industry for many years. Dad said he can remember toddling around down at his Grandpa Burchett’s feed mill. He said one time, “Those are some of the best memories.” Dad has told us stories of how when he was a “youngin” he would spend every weekend, and all his summer breaks, at his grandparents’ farm in Lone Branch. “Nothing any better than grass and mud between your bare feet and toes,” said Dad.

When dad turned 5 he went off to Kindergarten. He attended Jonesville Elementary School which was just a little piece away from his house. The buildings, where he spent many a year, are still there; however, they have since been converted into the Lee County Public School Board Offices. He told me he doesn’t remember too much about elementary school other than he and his best friend Jeff Dean did everything together. They still do everything together. Dad and Jeff are only a month apart in age. They grew up in the same community, went to the same church, participated in Christmas plays, and had every class together from elementary through high school. Dad and Jeff are more like brothers than

best friends. Our families still do everything together. Mom and Vilene, Jeff's wife, will tell you they can complete each other's thoughts and sentences. "Two peas in a pod," dad says.

Once Dad entered Jonesville High School, which is now Jonesville Middle School, he became a little more outgoing. He wasn't as shy as he used to be. Now, Dad has never really been the talkative type, but when he became involved with F.F.A, things began to change. F.F.A. and agriculture came second nature to Dad. Mamaw told me he went from not talking to constantly talking about F.F.A. Dad loved F.F.A and agriculture he ran for an officer's position which he won! Oh course, Jeff was right there with him. They both excelled in public speaking, tractor driving, and cattle breeding. Dad's high school F.F.A. jacket is covered with medals. He received so many medals he had to have two, blue corduroy jackets. I know I inherited his passion for Agriculture and that's perfectly alright with me!

Cecil Clendenen was my father's favorite teacher. Rightly so he was also his Agriculture teacher and F.F.A. advisor. He encouraged dad to try new things and take risks; those risks paid off. Dad earned a trip to the National F.F.A. Convention in Kansas City twice. The Powell Valley News even did an article on Dad complete with picture. It is currently in a frame in our living room.

In closing, my Dad is my hero. He is always there for me no matter what. He is an honest, hardworking man who would give you the shirt right off his back. He is a good Christian and is raising me the same way his parents raised him. "A strong work ethic builds character," he said, "Nothing worth having in life is free." I hope I grow up to be half the man my Dad is.

ROBBY BURCHETT, GRADE 9

Stone Mountain

In October 1981, I and my brother John decided to go camping. It was a Friday night so we had no school the next day. We took a single barrel shotgun but didn't have any shells because our daddy wouldn't let us take any. We told our daddy that we were going to go camping at a spot that he camped out at when he was a young boy. He didn't really want us to go, but we insisted on going alone. The camping spot was not only on Stone Mountain, it was also two hundred yards from the Burgin Cemetery. We had camped there years earlier with our daddy and he told us all of the old stories that he and his buddies experienced when they camped there as young men.

That evening, John and I walked to the campsite on the mountain. We only took crackers and potted meat to eat. As the evening became dark, we started a fire and began to listen to all the little critters that scared us both to death. We remembered our daddy talking about bobcats and ghosts. Before we left, we talked about the graveyard where all of my great grandparents and other family members are buried. My daddy always said, "Never worry, if you ever run into one of them, they'd only hug ye to death". I guess this is because they were all family.

We talked a little and watched the fire burn. It became darker and darker and we soon ran out of wood. And the later it got, the louder the critters sounded. We were very scared and just

prayed for it to become daylight soon. We finally fell asleep but woke up a couple times that night. I reassured my brother each time that it won't be long until daylight. One time, I was awoken by something very gently touching me on the back of my neck. I picked up a stick that still had burning embers on the end and looked around the campsite but couldn't seem to find anything, so I tried to go back to sleep.

We woke up around 6am the next morning and began to walk home. We walked just a little piece and discovered that our daddy camped just over the hill. As soon as I saw daddy, I asked him, "Did you come to our camp during the night". Daddy said he slept all night and didn't leave his campsite. I told him that something like a hand, rubbed me lightly on the back of my neck. My daddy said when he was a young child, his Granddaddy Burgin would always rub the back of his neck. And to this day, I still wonder if it could have been Granddaddy Burgin who offered kindness and comfort to me during that scary night.

This story was told my Father Greg Burgin. He is 46 years of age and was the individual to actually experience this ghost story.

GARET BURGIN, GRADE 9

How to Make Peanut Butter Balls

Some things you will need are:

- 1 cup peanut butter
- 1 cup of water
- 2 cups powdered sugar

First, you pour 1 cup of water and 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar into a bowl, and mix until thick. Second, you get out a cookie sheet, and place on your table. You then take the peanut butter, and put in the sugar/water mix. Then, stir until the mixture is again thick. You then roll up pieces of the mixture into balls and then place on a cookie sheet with 1/2 cup of powdered sugar on it. Roll the peanut butter balls around on the powdered sugar until covered, and place on a plate. You're then ready to eat!

ALEIGHA CHURCH, GRADE 10

How To Make Good Grades

Do you struggle with bad grades? Are you wanting to get on the path to outstanding grades in school? I struggle with bad grades especially in math classes. In this essay I will be sharing with you some good tips and tricks to help get you on your way to the A/B Honor Roll.

To begin, paying attention in class pays off. The most well-known reason to be failing a class is due to not paying attention in the classroom. This is something that I struggle with

myself, but it isn't hard to sit there in class and watch and listen to the teacher show you and tell you how to do something. What the teacher is telling you is very important! I do realize that all teachers are not the same and that there is always the one teacher who you just cannot follow up with. Maybe they talk fast or they don't tell you enough information that you need, but there is always tutoring and anybody is entitled to it and I am sure the teacher will do everything in their power to make sure you succeed.

In addition, don't be a class clown. This is something that I also struggle with. Being a class clown may seem funny and all but it's not. There are people in the classroom who want to learn and understand how to do something and you are obstructing their path to success. The same with you! If there is a class clown in your classroom if they start "clowning around" tell them politely, "please stop, I'm trying to learn."

To conclude, there are many ways and tips to make good grades in school. These things I have shown to you can help you greatly in the long run. Use these teachings to your advantage against be it "class clowns" or if you are struggling yourself in the classroom. I hope my experiences in the classrooms can help you become successful.

COLEE COTTRELL, GRADE 9

My Dodge Cummins

A diesel truck is like a strange relationship with something that can't even breathe! My truck is 15 years old and still kicking which is good for a truck that age. It is a Cummins that is made by Dodge "Dodge makes it Cummins shakes it"! The Cummins motor is a very powerful and durable motor although the Dodge part is what causes problems. My truck is a 24v Cummins with a 6 speed manual transmission. The thing with a diesel truck is to see how much horse power and torque you can build. Although when you go to building you have to have an after-market clutch so it can hold the power. Where my truck has a computer in it you can build it with a programmer. I have a power puck stacked with an edge evo which makes 140hp and 345 torque! My truck is not a race truck unlike Donovan's my truck is made to pull because it has 4:10 gears. Just by experience a diesel truck is a lady git er for sure! The love and passion for a diesel can only be found in the guy that owns one!

DJ COX, GRADE 10

The Story of Bouncing Bertha

Around 80 years ago, in a small community out past Blackwater, VA., lived a girl named Bertha Sybert. She attended school at Sand Springs Schoolhouse, which actually burned down and was rebuilt. Before it burned, it sat on the spot of where my house sits now, and the rebuilt one is still standing beside my house. Anyways, in the winter of 1938 when Bertha was around 9 or 10 years old, according to my father's recollection of his grandmother's tellings of what she

witnessed, every time this girl went to bed, her bed would bounce. He said that it would legit jump off the ground, and that even four large men couldn't hold it down. The strange thing was while all this was happening, Bertha was sound asleep. Being accused of being possessed of course drew visitors, and his mamaw and her sisters would have to shovel mud and snow out of their home. The bouncing was not the only strange thing to take place though. Ralph Miner, an old family friend (now deceased) who used to live down the road from my house, was related to Bertha, and was one of the first to see the whole thing go down. Ralph told my sister and I stories of it when we were younger of how they would shut all the doors and lock them, and when she went to sleep, it was like a huge gust of wind came and they would fly open. There were times Bertha's rocking chair would rock itself around the room when no one was near it. Also, the newspaper that lined the walls would peel off and be stuffed in her underwear and up her nose. There was also a story of how one night their donkey somehow got in the top part of the loft of their barn while everyone was asleep, and there was no pathway for it to manage to get up there. They decided to move her to the Miner's residence to see if it would help. In return, it actually made it worse and yanked clumps of her hair out, shook the bed more (even to the beat of Ralph's guitar he used to play), and woke Bertha up many nights screaming and in tears, which in turn left her terrified to go to sleep. All of this lasted for around 3 to 4 months, until it finally stopped. She later was married and had kids, and died in 1986 at the age of 57 due to arthritis.

KAITLYN COX, GRADE 10

The Brilliant Light

On Sunday, September 18th, I interviewed my dad and asked him if he had ever seen a ghost or something unbelievable. He told me that once he saw a bright light flying across the sky. I asked him what it looked like and he told me it was a brilliant blue so bright it was white in the middle with a blue hue around the edges. He had told me it was just floating slowly across the sky. When I asked if anyone was with me he told me no, he was just alone on the back porch when he just suddenly saw it. I asked him what was going through his mind when he saw the light and he told me he was wondering what it could be. He said it was moving too slow to be a comet and comets don't burn blue anyways. It couldn't have been a plane because planes don't shine that brightly or have one central light. It also couldn't have been a helicopter because it was silent and stealth helicopters wouldn't shine a spotlight for no reason. I proceeded to ask him when it happened and he told me it happened on a Saturday sometime between 12:00 and 12:30. I asked him what he would do if he saw it again and he said he would look on the internet to see if anyone else in the area had seen the light. If anyone else had seen it he would have asked them what they thought it was and if they had better perspective on it or saw anything he didn't. In conclusion my dad wasn't able to explain what he saw, but he won't jump to any conclusions.

ANTHONY DANIELS, GRADE 9

Universal Studios

This summer I went to Universal Studios, in Orlando, Florida, for the first time. I remember that full adrenaline and exciting feeling I got as we approached the big Universal Studios sign with big beautiful palm trees behind it.

Once we parked the car, we got out and started walking up the stairs to get there. After going through many moving sidewalks, we finally arrived to the entrance of the park. After the security woman checked all of our pockets and bags we could finally enter!

As soon as we walked in, I noticed the big roller coasters. I could not wait to ride all of the rides!

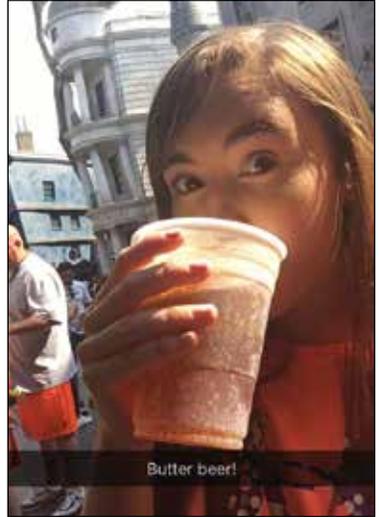
There was a super hero part of the park. I saw a green goblin running everywhere getting pictures with everyone. There was a Spiderman ride, where we got in a car and it was like we were actually fighting with Spiderman.

My favorite part of the park though, was Harry Potter World. When I walked into Harry Potter World a magical feeling went over me. There was an exquisite bank with a fire breathing dragon hovering over it. I walked into the bank to ride a Harry Potter ride. There was gigantic marble columns and elegant diamond chandeliers draping across the ceiling.

The best part about Harry Potter World though, was the butter beer. The creamy butter-scotch foam feels like tiny hugs to your taste buds as it oozes into your mouth.

Universal Studios was the most magical place to go. I hope I will get the opportunity to go back again soon!

BETHANY DAVIS, GRADE 9



Sipping Butterbeer in Diagon Alley

My View On The Mountain's View

My descriptive essay is on the beautiful mountain views of where I live. The mountain can be treacherous with the winding roads, trail, and dangerous animals that live here, but it is worth it for the view. To many the mountain view on a warm summer day or a cold winter morning is nothing, but to me it is a beautiful sight to see. The way that the sun touches the mountains and as the trees stay tall and forever swaying, there is no other sight I would like to see. See when you are on top of the mountain and are seeing all the beauties of nature and the calming of the view it will make you feel peaceful and calm for which the world seems to move around you as you focus and see the beauty of nature.

DEREK DAVIS, GRADE 10

Traditions

It was a cold and brisk night. The sparkling red ornaments made my face light up with joy. The green, prickly coniferous tree is glowing from the multiple light rays beaming all throughout the room. Aroma fills the room from the warm meal prepared for me by the beautiful women in my family. The name of this beautiful day is Christmas.

Love fills the room annually at my grandparent's house on this day. After dinner, we sat around the Christmas tree and listened to my elders speak of the warm memories they experienced in their young Christmas days. We then open all of the thoughtful gifts we have received. It doesn't matter how expensive or mediocre our presents are, we treasure each one as much as the next. There is never a dull moment on this cool December night. We then give thanks for the real reason we celebrate Christmas, the birth of Jesus Christ. As this eventful day comes to rest, I then give all of my relatives thanks for the gifts and the excellent food. Christmas truly is the most wonderful time of year.

KANTOR DAVIS, GRADE 9

Ghost Story

Once my aunt moved into an old house that a family had died in from disease in the late 1800's. When I interviewed her and asked if anything happened to her while she lived in the house, she replied with this. "One night when I was home alone I heard a loud banging noise upstairs. As I was walking up the stairs the noise seemed to be getting louder and louder. I walked into the room that the banging sounded like it was coming from and saw that the dresser was slamming up against the wall over and over again. After my brain actually processed what was happening, the dresser suddenly stopped beating against the wall. I ran outside and didn't go back into the house until my husband got home from work."

ANTHONY DOTSON, GRADE 9

The Golden Hand

My mom used to tell us many ghost stories when we were little. No matter if she told us the same ones over and over again, we still wanted to sit and listen. One of our favorite ones was The Golden Hand. The expressions on her face and the way she told it made it feel real. Here's how she told it:

"One day there was two brothers playing in a barn. One of the little boys had spotted something shimmering in the dirt. The little boy had went over, uncovered it, and saw that it was a golden hand. They hurried home and hid it in their bedroom. They wound up getting cleaned up and washed off for supper and after they ate, they went upstairs

to go to bed, but instead, they stayed up mesmerized by the golden hand. On this night there was a storm coming through, so the wind started blowing furiously which made the shutters beat against the windows. The thunder was so loud that it shook the house and all of the sudden, they heard a loud bang. The boys jumped and screamed and looked at each other. The lightning started flashing and the wind was still blowing the shutters up against the windows. All of the sudden, they heard footsteps coming up the stairs and heard ‘Who stole my golden haaand?’ As the footsteps got closer, they got louder, and with each footstep, they heard, ‘Who stole my golden haaand?’ The boys were so terrified that they couldn’t move and they kept watching the door. The thunder still booming, and lightning crashing, the boys stayed focused on the bedroom door. As they heard the footsteps stop at the bedroom door, they gazed at the door and heard once again, ‘Who stole my golden haaand?’ BOOM went the thunder, the lightning lit up the room, and the door was slung open. The boys saw an old man in ragged clothes standing in the doorway with his right arm held out. Attached to the end of his arm was a hook where his hand should be. The boys ran, jumped in their beds, and heard once again, ‘Who stole my golden haaand?’ They heard the sound of boots sliding across the floor getting closer to them. Thunder cracking, lightning crashing, shutters banging. All of the sudden, the covers were jerked off their heads. As the boys were face-to-face with the old man, he shouted, ‘You did!’”

AUDREY DOTSON, GRADE 9

Welcome To Lee High

Lee High School is confusing. It’s long narrow, and crowded hallways do not make you feel welcome at all. Yes, all the teachers make you feel welcome on the first day of school but after that you are literally bait to the seniors. The teachers are nice but they all mean business. Homework is due a day before they assigned it, and before you know it you’re failing their class. All the classes that you thought were easy, are now hard. Homework is literally your life now, cancel all plans, and do not think you will still have friends because school takes up that time. You don’t learn how to write a check, pay bills, or balance your checkbook, but hey, I know about igneous rocks. Lee High School is full of tobacco loving, boot wearing, loud country people. Most of them do not want to be at school and they ruin your experience. We’re all being forced to come here, so please be quiet. The school really is not bad at all, it is terrifying for freshmen like myself, but you get used to it. It may be full of odd people and terrifyingly long hallways but it’s alright over all.



KENLEY EISENMENGER, GRADE 9 *Lee High*

Our Ceremonial Event

Every year my family will always get together to talk about how things have been and also play cornhole. My family has loved cornhole ever since I can remember and my uncle has always been the best. We have never really made it competitive because we already know who would win but we always tried to beat him.

We also have a huge dinner afterwards, everyone has always loved the food my aunt makes and no one can even get close to how she makes it. She uses her own recipe and we just can't figure it out. But the best part about it is when we get to eat dessert and just play video games. My family has done this for many, many years and many years to come and hopefully forever.

ANDREW ELY, GRADE 9

Sausage-Ham Breakfast Casserole

I sat down with my mom and asked her if she would share a homemade recipe with me. She gave me a recipe on her famous "Sausage-ham breakfast casserole" The ingredients you need are:

- ♦ 1 lb. hot ground pork sausage
- ♦ 3 slices white bread
- ♦ 18 oz. pkg. shredded sharp cheddar cheese, divided
- ♦ 3 lg. eggs
- ♦ 1 cup milk
- ♦ 1 tsp pepper
- ♦ 2 cups of chopped cooked ham.

First, you cook the pork sausage in a large skillet over medium high heat, stirring until the sausage crumbles and is no longer pink, drain well. Then, arrange the bread slices in a lightly greased 8-inch square baking dish. Next, sprinkle the sausage over the bread, also sprinkle half of the cheese over the sausage, then whisk together the eggs, milk, mustard and pepper. Then, pour the egg mixture over cheese in the baking dish, sprinkle with chopped ham and top with the remaining cheese, next cover the dish to chill for eight hours. Finally, bake the casserole at 350 degrees for 45 minutes take it out of the oven, let it cool, and enjoy the fantastic meal.

KELSIE ELY, GRADE 9

A Haunting Story

Awhile back in October last year, I was doing an interview with my Uncle Derick. I asked if he had any ghost stories, or maybe even just a "you won't believe this, but. . ." kind of story. He gave me a ghost story, but it was a true story about his experience with a ghost.

“This happened quite a bit ago, but I was upstairs in my room, playing on a video game. It was an old Nintendo. I had skipped school that day. I was playing hooky, and faked being sick. I was home alone, mom was at work, and dad was too. I heard a voice right behind me. It said, “What are you doing?” I soon came to the realization that I was in the house alone and ran downstairs.”

ADRIAN ESTRADA, GRADE 9

The Strange Fish

A couple of years ago, I had two fish that I bought from Wal-Mart. They were beautiful fish with many colors. They seemed harmless. One was named Rock and the other was named Benjamin. The people at Wal-Mart never mentioned that the two breeds would fight. Rock was very vicious and attacked Benjamin almost every day. Eventually Benjamin was nowhere to be found. We search the tank for his body, but still no luck. I came to conclusion that Rock had eaten him.

Even though Rock was a vicious fish, he was also stupid. He used to swim into the filter probably three times a week. Mom would have to pull him out by hand so he wouldn't die. Most of the time he would get stuck just enough where we couldn't get him out. Then after a while he would start to move around and free himself. His great escape didn't always work, we eventually found him dead inside the filter.

OLIVIA EVANS, GRADE 9

My Dad

For my descriptive essay, I interviewed my dad about his time in the Army. He started when he was in high school, he told me that he had scholarships to many different schools for baseball and he gave those up to serve his country. He served five years in the military. My dad was in a squad with fifteen other people they rode in a three truck convoy, it was a special ops unit. He said the first few days of boot camp was the worst he said they had to do a lot of running and crawling through the mud. The worst thing that his platoon had to do is stay in a gas chamber for a small amount of time with no gas mask. During the afternoons he had to learn his gun inside out, he had to sleep with it some nights. His leader told him that his gun his girlfriend now. Finally he had to go overseas and fight in Iraq. Their mission was called “Iraqi Freedom”. They had to save Iraqi slaves. They rode in a convoy with three other trucks. My dad told me about his worst experience in Iraq, he told me that he was about to go into a city then all of the sudden BOOM! An improvised explosive device also called an I.E.D. blew up the first truck and all the sudden all kinds of soldiers came out and it was an ambush. With the people in the first truck were dead and it was just the people with my dad and the others in the other truck. Thankfully my dad and

the others got out safe and he came back home to me when I was six, and I was holding a sign that said “welcome home daddy”.

JUSTICE FANNON, GRADE 9

Description of Mr. Alexander Long

In this description, I will be describing my teacher, Mr. Alexander Long. First off, he’s my awesome English Honors 10 teacher. He is very tall and has an incredible mane of hair. Mr. Long always starts the day bright and makes classes fun. He has crazy socks on about every day of his existing 26 years in life, with a strange pair of kicking shoes to match. He is always wearing a sweater or a button up shirt which makes him look like he’s just stepped off a fashion runaway. He has dark hazel eyes with blondish hair. Mr. Long loves all things Britain and Celtic which flows into the things we read. We are always learning something new about our ancestry and the folklore of where we came from. One thing that Mr. Long has on that is always a reminder of his Celtic heritage is a ring upon the right ring finger which is a *Claddagh*, an Irish symbol of two hands holding a heart with a crown on top. It means the wearer will always have love, loyalty, and friendship. Also, his voice is soothing and deep, perfect for the stories and plays he reads, he’s very theatrical. To sum it all up, Mr. Long is very cool and an excellent teacher.

DESTINY FEE, GRADE 10

Family Traditions

Every year on Christmas Eve, my whole family gathers at my great grandmother’s house and eats dinner, and opens presents. Everyone makes a dish and brings it to the house and we set everything up, and everyone serves themselves. We have turkey, ham, mashed potatoes, rolls, and all kinds of desserts. We all serve ourselves and grab a seat and eat. My favorite thing to eat at dinner is the stuffing. My mom and I always make the mashed potatoes.

After everyone gets a chance to eat their food, we all go into the living room and unwrap and open gifts. Everyone usually opens three or four presents a piece. I usually open two small gifts and get Christmas money too. Christmas is my favorite holiday. I love the cold weather, the Christmas candy, our church play, and my most favorite thing of all my family getting together. Every year I look forward to enjoying Christmas Eve with my family. We always have an amazing time laughing and being silly. After we eat with my family we go home and play Christmas music. My mom and I always listen to Jingle Bell Rock. We also make cookies and we drink egg-nog. I love all of my family traditions, but Christmas Eve is my favorite.

BRONWEN FISCHER, GRADE 9

Family Ceremony

The ceremony that I'm going to be talking about is my birthday party that I had one time. It was when I turned 14 years old. It was about 12:30 in the morning. My friend Kolby was the first one to get there. My cousins, my aunt, and my other friends. Yes everybody misbehaved me and all my friends did, we broke a few things. We ate a lot of stuff. I didn't have many presents but I had a lot of cards. I got like 205 dollars that year. We played a lot of games, and we went outside and played football. The football went down the hill and across the road. My cousin Shelby went and got it. The weather was alright until the party was over, it started snowing after the party. But it was cold during the party though. No there was not a lot of people there. There was hot dogs, mac and cheese, hamburgers, nachos cheese sauce and some other stuff. No I didn't regret going because I was already there. No one cried about anything not even when we broke something. We played mini basketball with almost everybody that's how we broke some stuff. Plus there some other drinks and food like coffee for the grown-ups, mountain dew, doctor pepper and some orange drink. We was wrestling to we put a bunch of pillows and some other stuff and we made a big pillow arena. Well I was wearing a pair of shorts and a shirt that said may the forks be with you. Pretty much everybody was wearing pants. Besides the girls they were wearing pants and like sandals, and some shoes. I was wearing socks and pretty much everybody was besides the people that had shoes on. When we broke a shade for like the lap and it got in my socks and made my foot bleed. I have seen a lot of them people I go to school with one of them and sometimes my cousins comes over and I see my aunt all the time. I sometimes talk about my party sometimes because it was amazon and fun time.

ANDREW FLEENOR, GRADE 9

The Drummer Boy

Today, I sat down with my grandfather and asked him if he could tell me of any supernatural experiences he had had throughout his life. He told me several stories, however one stuck out to me.

My grandfather was a Vietnam veteran. He told me a chilling story about the last base he was stationed at. It was said to be located on a previous battle field, although he did not state the actual name. He began the story with the night he took first watch, "The air around me became eerie and still, as if nothing at all existed in my surroundings," my grandfather stated. Following he exclaimed that he felt a cold chill run over his body as he began to hear the creaking of a bicycle, which seemed to be circling the perimeter of the camp. "All of a sudden everything would go back to the eerie silence, followed by the haunting sound of a beating drum coming from the pitch black." he said with a frightened look on his face. The sound would wake every man in the camp. All of the men had heard, some had even seen the young drummer

boy. My grandfather informed me that small things such as combs, socks, and toothbrushes would go missing from time to time, only to be found at the entrance of the base. The longer they stayed at this base the more frequent the sightings became. Although my grandfather only had one interference with the ghost, he was no stranger to the beating of the young boys drum.

HARLEIGH FLEENOR, GRADE 10

Bed Crawler

My great grandfather told his no which told my dad, who told me about the haunted house my great grandfather and his wife moved into.

Not long after my great grandparent were married they started looking for a house to call home. They looked for a few weeks and couldn't find anything decent. They were starting to feel discouraged, and they wanted out of their cramped apartment. After what felt like an eternity they found a house. It was a perfect little house, but a little too perfect for the price, but they weren't going to ask any questions. It was a house that was in great condition and that was all they wanted.

My great grandparents moved in as soon as it was possible. They were extremely excited. Now they could start a family of their own. The house was simple, but elegant. It had two bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen/dining room, a living room, and a basement. There was a nice big yard. Perfect for having kids. They were so happy and excited that they didn't notice the eerie feeling the house gave off.

The first few weeks were complete bliss. The unpacking didn't take long at all. For they didn't have very much. That was going to change they hoped. Great grandfather got a better job, and it seemed that their life was turning around.

Soon they got into the swing of things. They both got up in the morning at the same time. She made breakfast for the both of them; while he got ready for work. He would head to work after he ate breakfast. Once he left for work she would get ready for the day ahead. The first thing great grandmother would do was clean. Then she would go and visit neighbors. They all thought great grandmother was a delight to be around. When great grandfather would come home dinner would be waiting for him. They would sit down say "grace" and eat. While they would eat they talked about how their day was. After dinner she would sit on her big red chair and read, and great grandfather would work on a cars for people. Then they would get ready for bed. On Sundays they went to church just like everyone else in the community did. Most people really liked my great grandparents, but they felt like they weren't telling them something. Soon they would find out.

It started out small. Things would go missing and then reappear the next day in the exact same place they put it the day before, or things would be misplaced like keys, silverware, jewelry, and books. Sometimes they would put something down but when they turned their back it would fall. They thought nothing of it.

As time passed it started to gradually get worse. At night sometimes they would be awoken by something that sounded like whispering, or heavy footsteps. They had to keep reassuring each other that it was just the house, and it was nothing to worry about.

One night they were by loud footsteps that as if it went straight to their bedroom. They stayed awake for hours, but somehow eventually went back to sleep. The next morning they walked into the living room and found the front door wide open. Great grandfather remembered locking it the night before. For the next couple the same thing would happen. They thought it had to do with the lock, so they got a chain and bolted the door before they went to bed. The very next morning they walked into the living room and the door was open. One they saw the door they knew it was haunted.

They sold the house to a guy, but before he moved in they told him the house was haunted. He looked at my great grandfather and said “oh, I don’t believe in ghosts.” They shrugged their shoulders and told him that they did warn him. A few weeks had passed and nothing happened. A week later he was all settled in, but still nothing had happened. One night as he lay in bed not quite asleep the hairs on the back of his neck stood up. He felt like he was being watched. He soon started to drift off into nothingness when he felt something crawl into bed with him. He froze until it started to breathe into his ear. He screamed at the top of his lungs and ran out the door. After that he never stepped foot into that house. Not even to get his stuff.

CASSIE FLINDERS, GRADE 10

The Lonely Man

It was the fall of 1991 when Shirley Senters was driving down the road and saw a ghostly man walking her neighbor’s fence line. “He was about 5’6, slender, and gray-headed with a wide brimmed straw hat atop his head. He seemed sad and lonely, much like he needed someone to talk to. I would’ve stopped and talked to him, but I was alone and didn’t know his intentions despite his appearance,” stated Shirley.

She returned home later that day and told her husband what she had seen. “He didn’t believe me at first,” she said. “He told me I was just a crazy old woman and that some things just never change. His humor made me believe that maybe I was just seeing things after all. It wasn’t until later that afternoon I found out I wasn’t.” Shirley’s husband ran out to the store just a few hours after she’d told him about the ghost man. He returned home telling his wife that he had saw him too. “He told me that the man just stood there staring through his very soul as he passed by,” said Shirley.

The couple kept their eyes open for the ghost every day since they’d first seen him, but it wasn’t until two weeks later, when Shirley was once again traveling alone, that he appeared. “When I saw him this time, my curiosity got the best of me. I pulled over to where he was and got out quietly. I approached him slowly, careful not to make him feel threatened. When I finally got face to face with the ghost-man, I stood still in awe. He was translucent, and a

constant breeze blew in his presence. When I finally got my bearings, I asked him if he wanted or needed anything. Instead of answering me, he gave me the biggest most sincere smile I'd ever seen and began to walk away. I stayed behind to find out just as to where such a man would go. When he got about midways in the field, he came to a stop. I strained my eyes to see exactly what was happening. All of a sudden, the wind stopped blowing, the world stopped turning, and the man vanished. I never saw him again after that. Something tells me I set the poor soul free."

"I was 55 when it happened, and I'm still not sure as to what the man was there for, all I know is that my life has in no way changed because of it."

AUTUMN FULTZ, GRADE 9

Fright Night

Every year my family has a Halloween party at my house. We always have my family and friends over to celebrate. My friend, Sam, comes over and spends the weekend that we have the party on, with us. Last year she stayed the night and we made what we called "poop cupcakes", because we mixed a lot of food coloring together in the icing and it turned a gross, greenish, brown color. We had them at the party and only three got eaten. Even though they looked gross and no one ate them, they were still really good.

Dressing up is one of my favorite things on Halloween. It is so much fun to wear the funky, scary, or pretty costume and all the awesome makeup, I just love it. My favorite thing of all at our party, the event that made it a tradition, is our haunted trail. Our haunted trail is awesome and so much fun. We have this trail that leads in the back of the woods, behind my house, and it goes all the back of our property line. , and we decided to try to make it a "haunted trail" for Halloween. Everybody loved it so now we do it every year. We have rules to our haunted trail, the people working in it can touch you while you're going through, and anything they want as long as there's no harm, but the kids of course, they can't do that, so all they do is walk around and talk. That's why kids have a separate one than teenagers and adults. Halloween is my favorite holiday, because of my family's amazing party.

LEANN GAMBREL, GRADE 9

Salsa

This is the recipe to my papaw's salsa that he likes to make. First you gather your ingredients. Here is what you'll need.

- ♦ 12 diced tomatoes
- ♦ 4 jalapeno peppers
- ♦ 3 heads of cilantro

- 2 tablespoons of diced garlic
- 2 tablespoons of lime juice
- 5 diced onions
- Salt and pepper to taste

After you get all of your ingredients together, you'll first want to get a huge bowl and then cut your tomatoes into small pieces. When your tomatoes are cut and placed in the bowl you'll move on to cutting up your jalapenos and your cilantro. After those are also placed in the bowl you can then measure out your two tablespoons of garlic, two tablespoons of lime juice. At the very end you will add salt and pepper to taste.

You can either put the bowl of salsa in the refrigerator for it to be cold before you eat it or just eat it at room temperature. Although you can eat the salsa with any kind of chips you want, the best kind of chips to eat it with is Frito Lays Scoop corn chips.

MIRANDA GIBSON, GRADE 10

Ghost Story

On October 1, 2007 in Appalachia, Virginia my mom and dad put us to bed because we had school the next day. They go to bed for a couple of hours and are suddenly awoken by something moving around outside the door. She said she wasn't scared because she thought it was one of us kids. She opened her door and started looking around and she seen this tall black figure standing in the living room. She dropped down so she wouldn't make any noise because she thought it was someone that broke in. She made her way back to the room to get the phone and to get my dad. My dad picked up a bat he kept beside the bed and him and my mom walked back into the living room and there wasn't anyone there. They checked for any kind of forced entry and there wasn't anything. Everything was exactly the way they left it the doors were still locked, nothing was missing everything was just right. So my mom got even more scared because she knew it was a spirit of some kind and it was more than likely still in there. So she went to her room and locked the door and set on the bed for the rest of the night. She was truly terrified.

SKYLAR GILLIAM, GRADE 9

Ocean

As I stroll along I can feel the soft smooth sand beneath me. I am taken in by the soothing represses all my worries. The sky is cloudless. In this moment, life is good. As I sit in my chair, watching the joyful children trying to build humongous sand castles, and the elderly couple indulged in a good book. I am to the point where my skin can no longer take the harsh rays of the blistering sun. I run as fast as my feet can carry me to the seemingly endless ocean of

crystal blue water. The frigid water takes my breath. I quickly recover as my body adjusts the cold water. Floating peaceful with the waves. I am unaware of the impending waves that are soon to break the atmosphere around me. I am comforted by the sounds of the ocean, the rhythmic pounding of the waves

KAYLEE GLASCOE, GRADE 9

The Bride

From the perfectly curved figures, to the anatomically correct design, and the flawlessly messy hair. The painting, by Alex Long, gives you a crisp visualization of Frankenstein's bride. Every line and squiggle creates the perfectly intriguing picture for anyone. Even though it is primarily four colors (black, white, yellowish tone, and blue) it still manages to grab everyone's attention. This painting is the perfect mix between beauty and gore. The painting brings a modern twist to an old story, while still keeping the old presence in the details of it. It looks like an old picture and the craftsmanship is very meticulous for a water painting. It is an absolute master piece to me. I highly recommend anyone to go look at it because it is nothing short of breath taking. Alex is not only an English teacher but he is an amazing artist.

ASHTON GOINS, GRADE 10

Beautiful Hamsters

Most children ask their parents for some sort of pet. Some kids ask for a puppy or a kitten and in some cases, a snake, but I, on the other hand, wanted one of two things: a bunny or a hamster. My mom always told me about bunnies smelling terrible and they are just simply disgusting. She, however, never said anything about hamsters being gross. So, for years, I kept asking and asking and begging for one but she wouldn't budge, but when I was eleven years' old, one of my mom's co-workers was giving away her hamster. Was it fate? Destiny? I didn't really know, but one thing I did know was that I was stoked! My mom wasn't that thrilled, but since I'm a spoiled brat, I got what I wanted. I got my very own hamster! I remember the day I got my little critter. She was white and gray. For some reason, I named her Dustbunny. It just felt right to be honest. I spent a lot of time with her. Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. It was around Christmas time and it was quite hectic. After a few weeks, I noticed a strange smell coming from Dustbunny's cage. I rushed to get my mom to see if she was alright. She wasn't. She had passed away and I was absolutely devastated. Somehow, I managed to charge through her death. Dustbunny has always been my favorite pet.

ALYSSA GOODMAN, GRADE 10

How to Make Cinnamon Rolls

In this story, I am going to tell you how to make my mother's cinnamon rolls.

On the first day, you feed the starter. The starter includes potato flakes, sugar, and warm water and you stir this in a mason jar. Let the starter sit for a minimum of 12 hours. It will bubble and "brew" during this time. You'll have to set it in a sink or bowl because it will "crawl" out of the jar.

On the second day, stir the starter and remove a cup of it. Place the jar in the fridge until next use. The cup of the starter goes in a large bowl and you add water, sugar, salt, and oil. Stir until mixed and add five to six cups of flour. Then, mix it with your hands. Cover this with saran wrap and let stand until next day.

On the third day, turn dough out onto a floured surface and knead. Divide the dough in half and roll out into rectangle. You then have to spread butter over the entire rectangle. Add brown sugar, cinnamon, and raisins if you would like to. Roll up from long end to form a log. Cut this into twelve equal rolls. Place the rolls into a greased glass pan and cover with foil and let sit until they raise. Repeat this with the second dough ball as well.

Finally, bake rolls for twenty minutes at 350 degrees. Let them cool slightly and then add the icing which includes three cups of 10x sugar, six tablespoons (Tbsp) of milk and one tablespoon of vanilla.

This recipe creates a very rich cinnamon roll. They go very good with a hot cup of coffee or a tall glass of milk.

SARAH GRAHAM, GRADE 9

Thought She Was Broke

Back in the 50's, my great-aunt's family lived in southwestern Virginia on a twelve acre farm. There was eight in their family; her mom and dad, three boys, and three girls. Her mom stayed home while her dad worked on the farm and also in the coal mines. Times were hard back then, but they were a very happy family and the children never knew they were poor. Their dad never let them know.

Their dad would get up early and leave for the mines, their mom would wash and iron their clothes, and the kids did chores before and after school. Their weekends were filled with baseball in the bottom field near their house, playing horseshoes, and hide and seek. They had a home phone on a thing called a "party-line" which meant that if someone was on another phone around the area of the farm, you could not make a call. They tried not to have any emergencies because there was no one to call anyways.

As you read my paper, you may think that life was very dull back then. Everyone was my friend, life was awesome back then. They spent a lot of time together and were too busy enjoying each other to ever fight.

One night their dad came home and said he was taking their mom out for the evening. My great aunt, being the oldest girl and all of nine years old, was left to babysit her two younger sisters, ages three and one. Their parents felt the older boys could keep themselves. Off they went and my great aunt had her first experience as a babysitter.

It was going well, she rocked her three year old sister until she went to sleep and then began to rock her one year old sister to sleep. She was not cooperative! She was still awake when her parents got home at 8:30. Their parents immediately wanted to know why her baby sister was not in bed. As she was telling them what happened, she sat her baby sister up on the edge of the table. Of course being only one, she immediately fell in the floor. Worse yet, my aunt did not pick her up. Like a dummy, she just stood there. Their dad picked her up, checked her over for injuries, and then looked my aunt right in the eye and asked her why she dropped her sister and she explained what happened. He then said, "Ok dropping her was an accident, but why in the world did you not pick her up?" She looked her dad right in the eye and told him, "Because I thought she was broke!"

GRACE HALL, GRADE 10

How To Make S'mores Jar Cakes

I have a lovely dinner recipe to share with you today. S'mores jar cakes. Obviously, these s'mores jar cakes are not dinner, but they most certainly will top off your dinner. For starters you will need a mason jar. Any kind of jar will work I just feel as if the Mason jar will work the best. Now just so we're clear, s'mores jar cakes have buttery graham crusts covered with fluffy double chocolate chip cake and pillowy marshmallow toppings that are so perfectly browned and bubbly you can taste the campfire and smell the midnight July breeze. Let's begin, for the crust you will need 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs, 1/2 stick butter, and a pinch of salt. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Melt butter and mix graham crumbs and salt. Mix until moistened. Spray 4 mason jars with non-stick spray and press graham crust into jars. I began by adding a tablespoon to each, and repeating until graham crumbs were gone. They don't need to look perfect. For the cake you'll need 1 1/8 cups all-purpose flour, 1/4 cup dark cocoa powder, 1 1/4 teaspoon baking soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3/4 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup and 1 tablespoon heavy cream, 1/2 cup butter melted, 2 tablespoons sour cream, and for toppings: 1 bag of large marshmallows. In a bowl, whisk egg and sugar until smooth and no lumps remain. Add milk, cream, butter and vanilla, and mix until combined. Stir in sour cream. Sift dry ingredients together and add to wet mixture. Mix until batter is smooth. Using a 1/4 cup measure, add batter to mason jars one scoop at a time. You only want to fill them up half way, and the batter should work evenly for 4 jars. Again - don't worry if it isn't perfect. Place mason jars in a baking dish and add about 1 1/2 cups of water to the bottom. Bake for 30 minutes, or until cake is set. Remove cake from the oven and press large marshmallows down on top, being careful not to burn yourself. There is

no set number of marshmallows to use. Heat the broiler on your oven and watching carefully, brown marshmallows for about 1–2 minutes, or until golden brown. You're done after that. Serve immediately.

DERICK HAMILTON, GRADE 10

The Mountain Man

The Appalachian Mountains are diseased with numerous tales relating to the supernatural. Possibly the most famous of the many, though, is the being known as Bigfoot. Bigfoot is so famous that each culture calls him by a different name. He is most popular in the Eastern United States, in the area which we live, the Appalachians. One of these people who proclaim the existence of this mythical beast is my grandfather.

The story starts out early on a summer day, according to my grandfather. "It was shortly after we [my grandparents] were married. I went to leave for work that morning, and I went by the animal pens. Everything was normal, every animal was there and accounted for, except for a few chickens and a cow. I had thought that they were just hiding over the hill or behind one of the many trees on the land. I rounded the fence, and found no damage to any of the supports or the wire. Everything seemed fine, so I fed them all, and went back up to the car. I slipped on something as I went back, and quickly discovered that on those loose leaves was some dried blood. I unsheathed my handgun [he was an officer] and quickly followed the trail. When I reached the end of the trail, I found what I was looking for. In front of me were the corpses of the cow and chickens that went missing. However, upon investigation, there were no teeth marks from the coyote that I had expected had eaten my animals. Still though, there was no meat on the corpses. What looked like large human hands had dug into the animals, and left more than noticeable marks. I took home what I could salvage from the remains of the animals to the house and then went on to work. Needless to say, I could not sleep that night due to my curiosity. At around midnight, I heard some suspicious rumbling. I could not wait to see what man or beast had been stealing my products. I quickly grabbed a light and shined it out into the yard. Two beady, human-like eyes had quickly flitted away the moment my light struck the beast. From the grunting and loud noises of it running away, I was more than sure that thing was not human. Sleep was something I got none of that night."

A story like this sounds more than easy to quickly make up. However, my elders swear by their lives this was a true occurrence. By far, this is one of the most bizarre stories I've ever heard from my grandparents. Oddly enough, my family had never believed in the aspect of ghosts. Somehow, though, they believe in a giant hominid that roams forests and stays away for human contact to never be seen by a true professional in animal studies. People can have odd senses of what is real, I guess.

ZACH HAMMONDS, GRADE 10

The Lady Who Lived In The Hills

Once there was a woman named Linda who lived in the hills. She was a reserved woman and the whole village believed that she was a witch. One day, she went into the village to purchase some spices for a soup that she was making. On her way to the general store, she passed by the spot where kids always play. When she walked by, the little kids ran away with fear in their eyes. When she finally got to the general store, a bunch of adults were standing outside whispering among themselves. She never liked how all the adults whispered about her . . . and she was about to get fed up with it. She walked into the store and picked up the spices she needed. When Linda was giving the clerk her money, she could see the fear in the clerk's eyes and how her hand was shaking when she handed her the receipt. Linda was starting to get mad at all of the people who believed the rumors about her.

When she got home, she started using all the potions to cook up something terrible. . . something deadly. The county meeting was coming up soon and she had the perfect plan. She would sneak in that night and exchange one of the pots for her own. Not just any pot, she would exchange pots with the best cook in the village, Bertha Hamilsnuff. Bertha could make anything. When the "soup" was done, she put her plan into motion. That night, all you heard was screams. . . and that morning, everyone was dead.

JORDAN HAMPTON, GRADE 9

How To Make Oatmeal Chocolate Cookies

One of my favorite recipes is to make is chocolate oatmeal no bake cookies they are my favorite. All you need is a half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, a half of a cup of milk, four tablespoons of cocoa, a half a cup peanut butter, three and a half cup of quick cooking oats and finally two tablespoons, of vanilla. It is my favorite! They're so good if you love chocolate and oatmeal oats. I recommend this recipe over any other.

AUSTIN HARLESS, GRADE 9

The Blue Angels Ceremony

It was during the last semester of school last year on a weekend in April. My father and I wanted to do something together, because my mother was going to a wedding. So my father's friend, David, and his son Austin Edwards asked us if we would like to go to a Blue Angels ceremony. It was in Knoxville, Tennessee.

When we got there seemed to be at least fifty thousand people there. It was chair to chair. The sun felt like it would melt your skin from where it was radiation off the tarmac. During

the preshow an AC 130 took off and returned thirty minutes later with Paratroopers. When it flew by the Paratroopers jumped out of the AC 130, they had canisters tied to their legs. The canisters had smoke in them that so when they kicked the valve it would come out. They came over speakers and said that we had about twenty five minutes before the actual ceremony started. After the twenty five minutes, they asked if everyone would come to the very side of the air base. They told us to get our drinks and food and that we need to set up our chairs. The show was about to begin.

There were giant speakers everywhere. Each time a different plane took off they would play a song. First there was a group of retired Air Force pilots were walking down the tarmac. They asked that everyone stand and honor them. After that we recited the Pledge of Allegiance and then had a moment of silence.

The ceremony started with a retired U.S. Biplane, the pilot had a mic and would talk about the history of the plane. Like its use in WW1. Next they brought out a WWII plane. Following the WWII plane was Fighter Jet used in Vietnam. There were all kinds of planes and to name a few there was a military grade AC130, A10 Warthog, US Cargo Planes, B52s, and a few more. Then it was time for the Blue Angels. They started with "Fat Albert" which is an AC130. He Spun around and flew upside down. While he was doing his spins the Blue Angels got into their jets and took off. They played a lot of heavy metal music such as Avenged Sevenfold and Metallica. All of the Blue Angels had amazing skill. They would criss-cross each other, flew over top each other, they would fly at each other and when they would almost hit each other they pull up. They were flying at Mach 2. At the end of the ceremony the engines had red, white, and blue smoke come out as they flew by. It was awesome. You could meet the pilots afterward.

Two months later in June one of the pilots was killed during a ceremony. I hate that he died. We all had a real good time. I also learned a lot about military planes. I would like to go again and take my mother.

TRAVIS HARLESS, GRADE 9

All Because of An Unimaginable Man

I requested the words of a story untold. I asked to seek of a time unknown. A family relative had the tale to tell of a man who touched earth without flesh to feel. How can one encounter another without a second being present? How can one meet the existence of a man without a frame? How can one be within the presence of a person with only a name?

"It was a summer to remember like all I hold dear. I had spent time with my loved ones and family friends. We swam in my grandma's pool and spent the fourth staring at the Christmas lit sky. There were smiles of laughter and hugs filled with nothing but love. It was a summer of ice cream, pizza, chocolate, and anything else you can possibly imagine

that's unhealthy and incredibly delicious. We all threw calories to the wind and ate as if we had an endless holiday to spend. That's what summer is: a holiday with the ones you love most.

My time was up. The last grain of sand had dropped within its clear glass world. I went home to face school. I went home to face friends. I went home to face my life because all good journeys must end. Never did I imagine the awakening I was heading for.

I was lying on the sofa while watching television with my parents. I can still recall my father sitting in his chair and my mother next to me. We each watched intently until we drifted to our dreams. Oh what I would give to have the next part of my story to have lived only within my imagination that moment in time, but perhaps not.

The three of us awoke with a start. It wasn't a crackle of thunder or the bark of a dog, but it was the scent of something much more sinister. I smelled smoke. It didn't give the same aroma as a fire pit on a cool fall night, but it was heavier and thicker. Maybe it was only the weight of it all in my lungs.

We stood looking at our house in flames. It was bright red, orange, and yellow. Each flame favored the fireworks from only a few weeks before. I couldn't help but wish I could go back. We had a beautiful house with windows overlooking for miles on end, but the only one my eyes would allow me to see at that very moment were those precious pieces of glass being burned to ashes. I stood with tears in my eyes as I watched my home being melted just like a candle. It's funny because only minutes ago I was watching television.

I came again to see only ashes. Ashes lay everywhere. There were ashes of my past, present, and hopes for my future all lying at my feet. How could I ever gather them back again? My life seemed to lay right in front of me, but I couldn't pick it up. It was all empty and gone until it wasn't.

I met a man. I met a man with only a name. He wasn't present, but yet He was there. He wasn't related to me, but yet He was my father. He didn't belong to me, but yet I was His child. I had never spoken to Him, but yet He called me by name. I looked down to find multiple Bibles from my once standing home. Nothing was left worth saving except every word I could hold. I had something solid and sure. My life was once more as I clutched them in my hand and all because of an unimaginable man."

TATUM HARVEL, GRADE 9

Spooky Ghost

At the time of this story, I was three years old. It was very late one night, actually, I have no idea what time it was, but it was dark. Now, when I was little, I always yelled for mom during the night to fill up my juice cup. So naturally, I started hollering for mom to fill up the cup, my at the time six year old sister was asleep on the other side of the bed. After yelling for what felt like 30 minutes to an hour, I saw someone or something

come through my door. This wasn't like thinking you saw a shadow or your eyes were playing tricks on you. What came through that door was a pure white woman in an old flowing dress. At first, I thought it was mom and I sat up on the edge of my bed. I called out "Mom?" But then I looked down, this figure, this pure white woman, was standing or should I say floating a solid two feet off the ground. I looked up at her face, but her features kept fading in and out, only her face did that. She was also wearing a large white hat and had long flowing black hair. Her head turned slowly towards me, and out of pure terror, I flung the covers over my head and scooted close to my sister. I closed my eyes tight fearing that if I opened them, she would be there. I eventually drifted to sleep, but it sure took a while.

Ever since that night, I have never seen that woman since. But I remember it plain as day and I hope that I will never see her, or any ghostly apparitions ever again.

SYDNIE HINES, GRADE 10

Hallucinations

It was in at midnight. Whatever had happened is still unclear, but I remember what I saw, heard, and felt. Like I stated before, this experience took place at midnight. I was lying in my bed, sound asleep. I remember feeling like I was waking up, but at the same time, I felt heavy. Almost like my entire body was completely filled with lead; I couldn't move. I was still breathing, though. My heart, on the other hand, was beating faster than it should be. It wasn't pounding, but it was still beating too fast for someone who was half-asleep. My eyes were heavy, too. It felt like an eternity before they finally opened half-way. What I saw still disturbs me to this day. Right outside my closet was naked human-like bodies all gathered together. They looked as if they were curled up; their faces, if they had any, hidden from my sight. They had no hair or fur on any part of their bodies, but they looked wet; slicked with sweat. I was sweating bucket-loads at this point. The bodies would twitch and huddle closer together. There must have been seven there, just twitching and twisting in front of me. Everything else was blurred or spinning. Joining this horrible sight was muffled whispers echoing in my head. I couldn't make out any words; I didn't want to. I forced my eyes shut, the whispers starting to fade. I stayed still until I could somehow manage to turn my head into the other direction. The whispers had finally stopped, but I didn't dare to open my eyes. It felt like minutes later when my mom came into my room to turn on the light to wake me up for school. I looked to my closet. There were no signs of anything being there. Nothing at all. Since then, I refuse to face my closet when I go to sleep.

CAROLINE HORNER, GRADE 9

Denna Sexton Howard



My Parents

Denna Sexton Howard is a brilliant woman with a grand perspective and view of the world around her. Throughout her years she has experienced and learned so much about life. She has been a student, a teacher to some, caregiver, nurturer, secretary, office manager, loving mother and wife. There have been good and bad times alike, but she has always stayed true with her faith and herself. Here is her story.

Denna De Ann Sexton was born on May 21, 1971 in Danville, Illinois. She lived in Indiana, but she was born in Danville since it was the closest town around with a hospital. Her and her family resided in Indiana till she was three years old in 1974, then they moved to Virginia. This is where her memories truly began.

Soon it was time for young Denna to take flight in her education. She attended school at Atlantis Hill Elementary until it burned down. Afterward, she and most of her teachers and classmates went to Mulberry Gap Elementary. The school was small and only contained four rooms, but everyone was content. Each class was had about four age groups in it and the teacher always had to alternate lessons. The school had grades that went all the way through the eighth grade, but Denna transferred to Flatwoods High School after seventh grade.

Flatwoods High was very different compared to what Denna was used to. It had many more classrooms, students and teachers. It also had more activities such as Scholastic Star, BETA club, or sports. Denna tried multiple pursuits in high school such as the ones listed. Flatwoods High is also where she met her husband and true love Robert (Bobby) Howard.

Denna and Bobby first met in 1984 when she was just thirteen years old. Although, they did not start courting until after high school. As a result, they married on February 8, 1991. Afterward, they moved into Bobby's great grandparents' old house. Two short years later Denna's first child was born. In 1995, she began working at Dr. Patrick Molony's offices in Jonesville and Pennington, Virginia as an office manager. A year later, she gave birth to her second child. She continued to work at Dr. Molony's offices for several years until her last child was born in 2002. From then on, she became a stay at home Mom. Although, five years later she was presented with a small job babysitting two newborn twin babies. That is when her caregiving career took flight. She never advertised for children, though. She always believed that God sent her the children he wanted her to give care to.

She still believes so with all of her heart to this day. Today, she continues to babysit and spread love to all that she encounters. This woman truly is an inspiration. Not only of her accomplishments but also of her place in this world. She is so amazing. I thank God everyday for this woman, my mother.

MIRANDA HOWARD, GRADE 9

George's Dog, Dot

I have decided that I would interview my uncle George, because he had a dog that meant more to him than any other animal in this world. Here is what he said:

"Her name was Dot. She was a brindle Boston terrier. When I received her, she was at least twelve years old, which is very old for a Boston terrier. She was funny, but she done things in her way. There was no changing how she did her way of things. Her favorite thing to do was to lay in front of a window and move as the sun beam did, so that she could warm her weary bones. What I thought was the coolest was how she let me know she had to go outside to use the bathroom. She would get up and firmly rub on my leg as she strutted to the door. If I didn't get up to let her out the first time, she would come back and snap at me."

There are even more details that he said about his wonderful dog. Here is the rest of what he said when I interviewed him:

"I think my dog was the most wonderful dog that I have ever owned in my entire life. She was a very smart, intelligent dog. When it was time for her to go to bed, she would get her plaid button-up shirt that she claimed for her own and drag it where she sleeps all the time. She loves her shirt, and she will try to bite anyone who messed with it. The most amazing thing about her was the fact that she was deaf, blind, and had no teeth.

AMANDA JOHNSON, GRADE 9

The Railroad "Ghost"

Here's a story my aunt Janet told me about my grandfather, Edward Owens. When he was younger, around fifteen or so, he was walking along an isolated railroad track in Harlan Kentucky. He was on his way home and it had already began to get dark. As he walked leisurely along the track, he would occasionally glance behind him. At one point when he glanced back, he saw what appeared to be an ominous white object hovering above the tracks. The Large white figure appeared to be following him from a distance.

Feeling somewhat concerned, he began to walk a little faster, noticing the white object was growing closer. As the form begins to approach him, fear pushes him to move even faster. Realizing the ghostly figure is almost upon him he breaks into a sprint. Running for his life, sheer terror takes over as he concludes the ghostly form is much faster than he is.

Accepting his fate, he hunkers down on the tracks, awaiting the ghost to capture him. Curled up, eyes shut tight, he feels something touch the back of his neck. Screaming in terror, he looks up to find none other than a large. . . . Section of wrapping paper being carried by the wind.

GABBY JOHNSON, GRADE 10

My Pet Story

I first got my dog about five years ago. I remember it like it was yesterday. I could not wait to get him, I was probably the happiest girl in the world when my dad brought him to me. It was on my birthday, I wanted nothing more than a puppy. My eyes lit up as big as the sky. I named my little black puppy Sam. I love him more than anything, not only is he my dog, he is my best friend. I have so many stories i could tell about Sam.

One day, Sam and I were playing ball outside. All of the sudden, Sam jumped back at something moving in the grass. It was a snake! Thank god he seen it before I did. I ran inside and got dad. He killed it . . . Sam got the snake and tore it to shreds. That sure was a crazy day. We haven't seen any more snakes since then. Hopefully we don't for a while.

LEXI KEMPTON, GRADE 9

The Haunted Cemetery

Long ago there was a house built above a cemetery. For a long period of time nobody would buy the house because there is a rumor that a ghost has haunted the house since the day it was built. It was said to be dangerous to even walk on the property that it was on. One day a family decided to go look at the house and they thought it was nice. When they had went home they had decided to buy it in spite of what everyone says. After they had first moved in and settled down they started to notice weird things happening. Every day that they would come home from work their pictures would be on the floor and their house would be a wreck. About a month later everything started to get worse. Late at night their radio would start playing music, they would hear footsteps creaking along the floors, and they could hear far off voices screaming. They started to worry and thought about moving.

When they were ready to move everything had suddenly stopped so they decided to continue to live in the house. Everything continued as calm as it was when they were ready to move until one night when the woman had got up to get something to drink. When she had walked into the kitchen the lights started flickering on and off. She did not worry about it as she had thought there was just a shortage in the lights. As she turned on the water faucet and was filling her glass she had felt a cold hand run across her neck. She had dropped her glass and started screaming to awaken her husband. As she had intended he awoke and ran down

to see what was wrong. She told him about what had happened but he just thought that it was her imagination. So, they went back to bed.

The next day when they woke up the bathroom mirror said “Get out” in a dark red color. They started to worry about it again but continued to stay anyway. During the day everything would stay calm and quiet. During night hours everything would change. Just like it used to. They would hear music, footsteps, and they would hear somebody screaming from a far off distance. Eventually they decided to move. After that nobody had ever moved back into the house.

AMERIC AUS LANGFORD, GRADE 9

Kim’s Supernatural Experience

What is a supernatural experience? A supernatural experience is an experience out of this world. Some people have good experiences while some have bad or even horrible experiences. Well someone I know has had many supernatural experiences, but I’m only going to talk about one. Her name is Kim, and she is my aunt. Kim was very close to her parents. After her parents had passed she kept wondering if she had made the right decisions regarding their care. A few weeks later of thinking she decided she was going to wear a pair of her mother’s shoes to work one day that week. When she was getting the shoes out she was thinking of her mother, but also her father. She was thinking about how her father would always have little pieces of hard candy, and you would find the wrappers everywhere, for example, his Bible, the bed stand, pockets, and in his car. Kim had been thinking about them, and she just wished she had a sign to tell her that her parents knew that she had done everything for them that she could. One day that week she finally decided to wear her mother’s shoes. When she put them on she had felt something in her shoe and it was one of her father’s wrappers off of a piece of candy the he had eaten. She said “That’s how I knew that they knew I made the right decisions for them.”

EMILY LEDFORD, GRADE 10

A Crazy Wedding

My family tends to have very traditional ceremonies, but by far my favorite type of ceremony to attend is a wedding. Four years ago my aunt was going to be married. My mom, my other aunt, a longtime family friend, and I were going to be her bridesmaids and her daughter was going to be the flower girl. It was a beautiful summer wedding. It took place in a church and we took pictures outside. Several people cried during the wedding vows. During the reception, which was held down the road at a community center they served pulled pork and finger foods. The center was decorated all in the wedding colors, pink and light brown, it was beautiful. The couple cut the cake, had their first dance, and had bird feed thrown on them as they exited the building to their decorated car. Everything went smoothly until the newlywed couple got to Gatlinburg for their honeymoon. When they got there, they had a huge fight and

my grandparents had to drive to the hotel they were staying, get my aunt and drive her back home. Needless to say, the marriage only lasted about a month.

ASHLYN LEE, GRADE 10

Lewis

My cat Lewis is nine years old, He is very fluffy and fuzzy. He is fat and very lazy. He stays inside my house because he is de-clawed, so he can't go outside. His hair is shaggy and thick. He is a gray and white cat. My cat will sleep with me sometimes, he's a great cuddle buddy. All he does is eat, he is constantly begging for food. When you don't give him food he will dump his water bowl over to get our attention. We have him spoiled, but he is the best cat ever, and we all love him dearly. On January 13, 2017, Lewis went to kitty heaven.

LIBBEY LITTON, GRADE 9

Eyes Wide Open

Whenever some people think of something descriptive it's usually about places you go, or something elegant. Something easy I believe is describing Church. However, not everyone knows how to describe this privilege.

When I was a child I used to rather stay home than entering a somewhat imposing place. Some days I would go in order to keep a promise I made. Then I had to force myself to enter. It took me quite a while to get the courage to pass through the white-painted oak door. The moment I stepped in, I just realized just how heavenly and breathtaking this place of worship could be. Its fantastic architecture and exquisite frescoes reflect perfectly the unity between this Earth and the unseen Kingdom of Angels in such a manner that one can't say where one ends and the other begins. The way in which the church was built was also the way modern churches are now. Some churches are built like the vivid testimony of a medieval period. Although some say it's a place that can sometimes be cold and ask for respect it's where prayers are answered and miracles is done. An overwhelming feeling of inner harmony takes over once you enter God's house and he seems much closer. Darkness and light are welded perfectly together creating Redemption's house.

In the early Summer mornings, when the sunshine is young and playful, inside the church another realm is born. Sitting in the back rows one can see a heavenly mist flowing through the windows and filling the sleepy altar with life and hope. It's a different universe in the breast of an unsuspecting world. Moments such as these bring you joy and reassurance and also whenever some people think of something descriptive it's usually about places you go, or something elegant. Something easy I believe is describing Church. However, not everyone knows how to describe this privilege.

When I was a child I used to rather stay home then entering a somewhat imposing place. Some days I would go in order to keep a promise I made. Then I had to force myself to enter. It took me quite a while to get the courage to pass through the white-painted oak door. The show you that there is really a God. Your soul becomes lifted, your mind is thirsty for the gospel, and your heart is ready to be filled with love.

Every time I go to church I feel like something changes inside myself for the greater good. I can't really explain the feeling, but somehow I feel the difference within my heart. The way I look upon things, and people has changed. For me this is one of the best times to pray and purify my spirit and soul. To rid of all my sins.

I come here with my mother, and brother. My brother and I take time to reveal life's little secrets. My family is so glad we have this piece of Eden. I shall always remain true to my church for leading me to the right path and not where darkness resides.

ABBEE MIDDLETON, GRADE 10

How To Make Grape Salad

Ingredients:

- A package (8 ounces) of cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup (8 ounces) of sour cream
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons of vanilla extract
- 2 pounds of seedless red grapes
- 2 pounds of seedless green grapes
- 3 tablespoons of brown sugar
- 3 tablespoons of pecans

Directions:

1. In a large bowl, beat together the sour cream, cream cheese, sugar, and vanilla until blended. Add grapes and toss to coat.
2. Transfer to a serving bowl. Chill until time to serve. Sprinkle brown sugar and pecans on top to taste.

Yield: 21–24 servings

SHERIDAN MIDDLETON, GRADE 10

About Me

My name is Chloe. Some people would say I am at my happiest when I'm eating warm baked chicken casserole. I guess that's why I'm round and not thin. My parents would describe

me as difficult and annoying, but that's how I get things done. Many of my loving weird friends love me for many reasons. They say I'm funny, which I get from my goofy dad. I love to have a good laugh with everyone. My favorite feature is my blueish-green eyes, but when I'm sad they are a light dull grey. I have never dyed my hair before so it's medium brown with natural blonde highlights. Anyways in my opinion overall I'm just like every average person.

CHLOE MILES, GRADE 9

Our Family Ghost

My name is Mikenzie Mooneyhan, and I have a ghost in my family that's been around for years. I first seen it when I was only seven years old. It was the scariest thing I've ever experienced, because it had huge teeth and was covered in dark hair. It just kept staring at me then started to growl before it ran away. All that went through my mind was that I was going to die.

When I saw this ghost I unfortunately was alone. Therefore, no one believes me except my cousin, Emily, who has also seen the ghost. It was so scary that now I'm afraid to be out in the woods alone. Everyone just thinks I'm a baby about being alone, but they don't know what I've encountered in the woods before. On September 18, I decided to interview my cousin, Emily, about her encounter with this ghost and this is what she had to say:

"When I was about your age I was playing in the woods behind my house when I heard a loud noise. I didn't think much of it though. I just continued playing, but I started to notice that the noise kept getting louder and louder the longer I sat there. It got so loud that I couldn't hear myself think anymore. I looked up to see where the noise was coming from. . . then I saw it with its huge teeth and dark fur. I tried to run but I couldn't make my legs work. I think the shock just made me go paralyzed from the waist down! As it stared at me all that went through my mind was is that I wouldn't make it back home to see my family. Finally, my legs decided to work again just as that thing started to growl. When I made my way back home I started to tell my mom about it. Of course, she didn't believe me since I was only a child. I've tried to tell people, but no one believes me. When I heard about you seeing a ghost that you described to look like the one in the woods I was so happy. You are the first to ever believe me or know what I'm talking about without me sounding like a psycho. I thank the Lord every day that I don't see that thing again."

MIKENZIE MOONEYHAN, GRADE 9

Fall Time

During this time of the year when the beautiful leaves are changing colors, and falling down to the ground would definitely be my favorite time of the year. I love to see the beautiful and vibrant red colors on the leaves. I like to get a rake and pull all the leaves into a pile so my dogs will play in them, and sometimes they sleep in them too. When we have fires at night we will

make sure to rake up some of the leaves and use them to get the fire started, and most of the time we put a leaf pile near our fire pit for our animals to stay warm through the cold night. They love to sit near our fire pit because we created it with flower bed blocks, and we created it two blocks high so it would keep the heat in. We also created it like that for the reason that if we had the blocks that high we wouldn't have to worry about ash going anywhere. We always have a fire that will last all night long we usually sit outside when the sun starts going down along the top of the mountains, and that's when we go to gather all of our firewood. Once we get all of the firewood we will put leaves along the bottom of the pit, and then we slowly start stacking up the wood. I usually go in to get some tea, and to get some two potatoes for my dad and I so we can put butter and seasoning in them, then wrap them up in some tinfoil. After we get the tinfoil wrapped up on the potatoes we will put them in the middle of our fire, and wait for it to die down then we get two sticks to get them out. We sit them along the side of our pit for them to cool down, and then we will open up the tinfoil and eat them. This time of the year is the best for the reason that you can make so many memories!

ABIGAIL MOORE, GRADE 10

Golf

Golf is a sport familiar to people all over the world. Scenic landscapes flowing with surreal looking green grass, blending in with various other geographical features. Everything from dry and warm deserts, to the wet mild Pacific coast. That of which being that there are 18 holes with flags, strategically placed around a landscape, so that you have to fight and struggle to get a tiny white ball across great lengths into a tiny cup in the ground. The lesser amount of strokes the better. Sounds easy right? If you think so obviously you have never swung a golf club. The golf swing is one of the hardest sport techniques to master.

Most people have a false impression of golf. Some see golf as an easy boring game, that old guys with obnoxious bright colored pants play. Well, even though the latter is true in some cases, the delicate mechanics of a golf swing from elementary. There are many components that have to be learned in order to play effectively. You can't just take a club and "grip it and rip it." The golf ball is likely to fly in any direction. You have to know what to do and when to do it in the mechanics of your golf swing.

ZACK MOORE, GRADE 10

The Baby

I woke up with a weak body, weary eyes, and a sore stomach. The white walls bringing attention to my eyes as I lied there. I felt suffocated as my chest became heavy. I tried to raise my arms but I couldn't move, it felt as if I was being held down but nobody was around me. As I finally raised up from the white blood stained sheets, I heard my name being called. I felt

uncomfortable and wanted to get out of this odd place. I dragged my pain filled body out of the bed. The pads of my bare feet hitting the cold tile floor. Pain shot up my legs and lower stomach. I could hardly walk but I found myself pushing the old glass doors open. It looked like I was in an abandoned emergency room. Slowly making my way down the hall, I heard a faint sound of a baby crying. I called out “who’s there” but I heard nothing in return. I couldn’t even hear the screeching cries anymore. Approaching a door that was painted a light blue color, I heard the cries again. I entered the room only to find nobody there, no signs of anyone being there in years. The only thing to be heard was the now prominent sound of the baby crying. Although I found no baby, I did turn around to see a man. The man looked to be an old doctor. Dressed in a bloody white coat his eyes droopy and tired. He opened his mouth and his raspy voice filled the silence, “you’d forgotten about the baby”.

TAYLOR MORGAN, GRADE 10

Pet Story

My pet is a dog. She is a Yorkie with black and blonde hair, and her name is Susie. Susie in a very friendly dog. She never barks unless she hears a noise outside and never uses the bathroom on the floor. Susie, ironically, does not like dog food. She prefers what we eat. She is seven years old in our years and twenty one in dog years. She does not have any weird or unusual features or problems.

The story of how we got her is very interesting. Her original owner left the country without anyone to give her food or water. The owner’s girlfriend, which was the person we rented our house from, got her and offered her to us. We initially declined, but we accepted the second offer. I love my dog like family.

GUNNAR MORRIS, GRADE 9

Haunted House

When my mom was younger, she and her family moved into a house in Ben Hur, Virginia. My mamaw found that house and fell in love with it, so she and my papaw bought it. They moved in soon after that. My mamaw and papaw’s room was on the back of the house downstairs and my mom and aunt’s room was towards the front porch. When they were moving in people that lived there before told the stories about the paranormal things they had seen. I asked about all the things they had seen. My mamaw said she would wait up in bed till my papaw came home and when it became night she would see an old man and a little boy holding hands by her bedside. I asked my aunt and she told that each night when it was time for bed that a little boy and girl always wanted her to play. She told me that their presence was friendly and that they never spoke, it was just laughter. When all this happened my mom was really young, but she remembers a little boy at the end of her bed. My mom and aunt both said they would

always notice their rocking chair getting moved around the house and something playing with the light switches. At the time this happened my m would have been around four and my aunt would have been eight or nine. None of them new any f it was actually real till my mom was in high school and it was somehow brought up at a family dinner. All of them talked about how they didn't feel any fear when those things were around. It turns out that an old man that lived there many years before jumped out of one of the house's windows and committed suicide. My great grandfather was one of the deacons at his church at the time and he told them the next thing these things appeared to ask them what they wanted and they would go away. The next night when these things appeared again they all asked them what they wanted, and they never saw any of them again. Eventually they moved away from that house and now one of our family friends live there. He came up to my aunt one day and asked her when she lived there if she ever saw anything or if anything strange ever happened. She told him the things that went on when she lived in that house and he told her that the rocking chair in their house gets moved around and that the light switches are still messed with till this day.

MADELYN MYERS, GRADE 9

Where Were You September 11th, 2001?

I talked to my Aunt's husband, Garth, and asked him if he had any stories that he could tell me. He said that he remembered a lot of his vacation to New York City in the September of 2001.

He was on vacation with his sister, my aunt was not married to him at the time. They were walking through Battery Park on the southern tip of Manhattan, enjoying the day with nothing but blue skies in the sky, when something changed overhead.

A plane flying over them crashed into the second of the World Trade Center with a huge ball of flames. They watched the fire and saw the news of the catastrophe spread quickly up the avenue like wildfire as they walked up the fifty-five long blocks to their hotel in horror.

He said that He would love nothing more than to forget all about the terrible and horrific event, but it is engraved into the deepest part of his memory. He said that it was terrifying to hear the roaring sounds of the plane as it flew over his head and into the giant building that soon collapsed like a man falling from exhaustion before anyone even knew what had happened. To see the people plummeting to the ground after jumping out of the burning towers he said, was even worse.

He said that he has been looked at as some kind of lucky person that got to witness such a monumental part of our nation's history. Some people think it is cool that he was there. He does not see it that way at all. He does not feel special for seeing such a horrific event.

To him, it is like a bad dream or a bad book he read as if it had happened to someone else other than himself. The whole experience according to him, is still difficult to comprehend, and he still finds himself in disbelief.

He will certainly always remember where he was on September 11, 2001. Do you remember where you were?

BAILEY NASH, GRADE 9

The Woman In My Grandma's House

This story took place at my grandmother's house a very long time ago, she does not remember the day but at the time she had lived in Chicago with my grandfather. She had always felt a little weird about the house she lived in but after a while of living in the house, she really started to notice some differences. She said that she always felt like there was another presence in her home. She had also told me that she would sit on the couch and then get a smell of a very strong perfume as if someone walked by and waved the scent in her face and the reason that it was weird was because my grandfather wasn't home when it happened, she is allergic to perfume so there was never any perfume in the house, and people didn't come over a lot. Because of this she had always thought that there was a woman in her house, but that wasn't the only reason she thought that. She said that sometimes she would see a woman in the house. She described the woman as a pale white brunette woman, she couldn't describe it very well as this happened a very long time ago and she only ever got small glimpses of the woman. There was one day that she told me about that really stood out from everything else though. My mom had gone to work and my mom had brought my older sister Jessica to my grandma's house to watch her while they were gone. Jess was a baby at the time and my grandma had just gotten her to go to sleep so my grandma decided to go to sleep too. Jess had started to cry after a while so my grandma was going to get up to go get her but she couldn't. She said it had felt as if there was someone standing over her, pushing on her chest. She panicked and didn't know what to do so she just continued to try to get up but she couldn't and she felt it getting slightly harder to breathe. After a short time she was able to move around freely again. She was terrified after that but the little things continued to happen until she moved out of the house.

CALEY OLSEN, GRADE 9

The Woods

One of my favorite things about where I live is the outdoors. I love the mountains and woods, I think they are absolutely beautiful no matter what time of the year it is. Although, my favorite is fall. The leaves are multiple colors. They range from yellow, orange, red, brown, and green. As you walk through them you can hear the leaves crunching as you step. When listening carefully you can hear animals moving around and making noises. If you're lucky you may see them. Like deer and squirrel. When looking up into the trees and sky you can see birds flying around and squirrels in the trees hopping from tree to tree. When looking at the ground

you can see the millions of colorful leaves, acorns, and berries and nuts that have fell from trees or bushes. I find the woods too beautiful to describe.

LINSEY PENNINGTON, GRADE 10

Cry Baby Bridge

I was sitting around the campfire with my father. It was in September of 2016, and the air had an almost supernatural chill to it. The sky was misty and darker than most nights. Dad suggested we tell stories. He recalled:

“Long ago ‘round the 1800s, there lived a farmer and his pregnant wife. They had a big ole’ house next to a creek with a bridge. The couple seemed happy; it was rare to even hear them quarrel. In general, they were well off, then the baby arrived. Both of them were excited for the new child, but in a matter of nights, that changed. Now y’all see, the farmer grew jealous that he wasn’t getting all of her love for himself. The nights following the birth, his wife constantly tended to the baby. This was making him insane. Eventually, the baby was crying extremely loud. He broke! He went to the nursery and snatched the lil’ baby. He took that poor child to the bridge and threw it into the cold shallow creek water. After this terrible deed was done, he went back and killed his wife too. Legend has it if you go there at night, you can still hear the cries of the baby and the mother will try to push your car into the creek.”

He continued.

“I didn’t believe that legend ‘cause I was too stubborn as an old mule. Until one night, your uncle and I ventured to see for ourselves. That night was a lot like tonight. The air was cold and fog made it hard to see. We were on a four-wheeler. We parked it on the bridge, then heard a cry identical to that of a baby. I figured it was my brother just messin’ around with me, but when I turned around he was in dead silence. We, being two young boys looking for some mean fun, yelled, “Oh boohoo. What you going to do about it?” A chilly gust of wind sent goosebumps all over us, then we saw a dark shadowy blur. We looked towards our four-wheeler. It was rolling towards the icy river! I was sure I put on the parking brake. We ran to stop it, hopped on, and saw the brake was set. We were scared straight. I high tailed it out of there. To this day, I have never been back to Cry Baby Bridge, and it would serve you best not to either.”

He finished his story telling and stared into the burning fire’s flames for the rest of the night.

CALLIE PERKINS, GRADE 9

The Scary Night

One stormy night, I was in my room watching “Supernatural” when I heard voices coming from in the kitchen. Which was strange considering I was home alone for the night. I decided I would go check it out. When I got to the kitchen everything looked like it usually would and

there was no one in sight. Thinking nothing of it, I went back to my room to finish watching my show and get ready for bed.

Around two-thirty in the morning I woke up to hear doors slamming. Hiding myself with my covers and trying to block out the noise I grabbed my phone and told my mom about it. She quickly texted back and told me to go and make sure the front and back door was shut and locked. When I went to do as my mom said, the door to my room slammed shut behind me. I ran as fast as I could to the nearest room and ran straight to the closet, trying to hide myself from whatever was in the house.

Thirty long nerve-racking minutes had went by and I decided it was time to toughen up and stop hiding. When I got to my room I noticed my window was opened and the blinds were torn to pieces. I called my mom in panic, telling her everything that happened. She told me that she was coming home from her vacation, that she would be home soon and to go into her room and sleep there until she had arrived, so that is what I did. When my mom finally got home and looked around she came to me and asked me why everything looked the same as it did before she left, confused I got up and went to check the window in my room and sure enough, it was fixed! To this day, it still remains a mystery as to what had happened to me.

MADISON PHIPPS, GRADE 9

Silence

As I sat in the woods on a cold winter night the only light I had was the dim flicker of my lantern as it lay in the snow. Darkness crept closer as the cold wind threatened to smother what little life it had left.

I looked up at the sky and watched the snow drift down lazily waiting for darkness to consume me. I looked around and saw what seemed to be a thousand eyes . . . watching . . . waiting . . . as the light grew dimmer they crept closer . . . soon I was completely covered by darkness . . . smothered in silence . . . I sat and waited . . . wondering what was going to happen next . . .

GAGE PITTMAN, GRADE 10

How to Make French Toast

First you will need to have a loaf of bread, two eggs, a teaspoon of vanilla extract, butter, powder sugar, and maple syrup. Take two eggs and beat them together until the yolks and whites are mixed well. Next, add the vanilla extract to the beaten eggs. Heat a skillet over medium heat, melt two tablespoons of butter in a non-stick skillet. Get four pieces of bread, thoroughly coat each piece of bread on all sides by dunking the bread in the egg mixture.

Remove the bread from the egg mixture and place in the skillet. Let the bread cook on one side until golden brown and then flip the bread to cook the other side until it is also golden brown. Remove the cooked pieces of bread from the skillet and place them on a plate. Coat bread with butter, sprinkle bread with powdered sugar to taste. Pour maple syrup over bread, butter, and powdered sugar. Serve warm with a fork.

MASON POLIER, GRADE 9

How to Make Peanut Butter Cookies

First you will need these three ingredients eggs, sugar, and peanut butter. You will also need a baking pan and some Pam so the cookies will not stick to your pan.

- 1st you will need to pre-heat the oven to 350 degrees.
- Then you will need a bowl. (to mix the ingredients.)
- You will use 1 egg.
- Then add 1 cup of white sugar.
- Then you will also add 1 cup of peanut butter.
- Finally you will mix all the ingredients together.
- When the oven is at 350 degrees.
- You will take you baking pan out and spray the Pam on it so your cookies will not stick.
- The you roll your cookies up into small balls and lay them out on the pan.
- Then place them in the oven and wait about 10 to 20 minutes and remove cookies from the oven.
- Finally you wait almost 5 minutes for them to cool and remove them from the pan and eat.

This is a quick and easy recipe. Plus the cookies turn out delicious treat for you and your family.

KANDACE QUILLEN, GRADE 9

Lou-isa

Many years ago, my grandmother's Aunt Lou-isa and Uncle Will made and sold moonshine up in the mountains. When people came up the mountain to buy the moonshine, Will would kill them. This went on for some time. After a while, Lou-isa became skeptical of the moonshining and all the killing Will was doing. She just shrugged off the feeling until one night when she was going to fetch Will for dinner.

On her way up the mountain, something big and black like a panther pounced on her and nearly smothered. After the cat like creature got off of her, she still felt a heaviness in her chest. That's when she realized she should stop being a part of her husband's "business".

She continued up the mountain to get Will. When she found him, he was lying down on top of a big rock with his rifle in his hands, asleep. Lou-isa climbed on top of the rock and walked over to him. Once she reached him, she began to shake him. Without knowing who it was, Will shot her. She fell over on the rock and died. He tried to pick her up and make her stand, but it was too late. She was dead.

It's been said that every time it rains, it looks as if fresh blood is dripping off the rock that Lou-isa died on.

Will was arrested for the murder of his wife and several others. He was later killed in prison after someone slit his throat.

Awhile later, my grandmother and other members of the family were eating at Lou-isa's house. Once everyone was done eating, they all went into the family room to play Rook like Will and Lou-isa always loved to do. While they were playing, they heard noises in the kitchen as if someone had thrown all the dishes in the floor. They all went to the kitchen and found that nothing was out of place. All the dishes were washed and put away in the cabinet like they had left them.

Suddenly, Sam, Lou-isa's son, gasped. He said he saw his mother sitting on the porch swing. Everyone gathered to the window to see, but she wasn't there. They then heard somebody calling "Sam? Sam? Come on out here!"

"It's mama!" yelled Sam as he bolted out of the house to meet his mother. She was nowhere to be found.

GRACE REASOR, GRADE 10

Interaction with a Ghost

I interviewed my mom Carolyn Reasor, she was 26 when she had this encounter with a ghost; she said:

"Well when we first moved into the house in Big Stone I felt uneasy like there was a being there. So on this one particular evening I was home alone so I made dinner, washed the dishes, and then decided to go for a run. Before I left for my run I made sure all the lights were off and the doors were locked. When I got home it was around dusk, so it was almost dark. So when I came home I turned the lights on and went to the kitchen to get a drink, I also tidied and when I started to go upstairs after turning to the lights off I realized the candle in the kitchen had been lit. As I walked through the hallway to blow it out I turned to see my shadow along with a shadow of another person. When I turned around there was nothing there even though there was still a shadow. I quickly blew out the candle and ran upstairs. As I entered my bedroom there was candles lit in there too.

HANNAH REASOR, GRADE 9

The Witches Of Pumpkin Valley

My mother often tells me the story of her grandmother, my great grandmother, being turned into a horse by witches. It was a very interesting story. My mother would always tell the story like this:

“My grandmother was a very young child, about eight years old when this story takes place. She lived near Big Stone Gap. She had heard of a place called Pumpkin Valley where supposed witches lived. There was a dead end with a graveyard where she had family members buried. She was taken there as a child because of this, and always got freaked out. The caretaker of the graveyard always told them to get out before dark. Because of where the place was, it was only light out for around five to six hours.

My grandmother, after visiting here, started to ‘dream’ about the witches turning her into a horse and riding her around during the night. When she started to wake up with bloody and dirty hands, as well as her ears bleeding and stretched, she knew that the ‘dreams’ were real. In her ‘dreams’ she would see the cauldrons and hut like houses the witches had while she was being rode as a horse.

To get rid of the ‘dreams’ she tried several different things. The first thing she tried was sleeping with her parents. This did not work at all as she continued to have the dreams night after night. The ‘dreams’ she had kept either getting worse, or varying in some way. These ‘dreams’ only stopped after she grew up and got married. After she hit eighteen, she got married and moved away. This seemed to stop the ‘dreams.’”

This story always intrigued me because of multiple reasons. The first being the things that happened, like her being transformed into a horse, the injuries that she had when she woke up, etc. The second thing that peaked my interest was how close the area is and that it still exists today in Kingsport, Tennessee. One day I want to go there, but not until I live in an area far away from here.

CURTIS REECE, GRADE 9

Family Ghosts

In class, we were asked by Mr. Long to interview family members to see if they had any scary or creepy stories. I interviewed my father about a ghost he saw long ago. This is what he said:

“Hi my name is Robert Reed and this is my ghost story. Everywhere I have lived the same spirit has followed me, and that spirit is my mother. She died when I was only thirteen years old. I and my family still see her until this day. When my son was little around four years old you were talking to someone in the back bedroom so I went to go see who it was and I asked you who it was because all you could see was a shadow on the wall. Later that day we were looking at photo albums and he pointed out a picture of my mom and said “that was who I was talking to dad”. He had never met her or saw her before in his life.

We moved a couple of years later to Woodway, we still live there until this day. We still see her every now and then, when we moved she came with us. A few nights ago Tabitha was sitting in the recliner and saw something in the kitchen, and we described to her what she looked like and she said it was her the spirit. My wife about a month ago was going to bed when she opened the door she seen her standing there in the corner of the room

She has never hurt anyone or tried to hurt somebody. People who have stayed overnight have saw her, because she checks everything out. She protects you also Kolby, I have woke up night to check on you and she will be standing over top of the bed watching over you. That is why Kolby's brother moved to his mamaw's because he was scared. Scared because Kolby was talking to the spirit. She has been in every home I have ever lived in since she died."

KOLBY REED, GRADE 9

My Best Friend Flops

This is a story of my dog Flops. Flops was a Lemon Basset Hound. My father bought her for me when I was around one. She was just a puppy and you could let her sit in the palm of your hand.

Her ears were huge, and always dirty because when she ate they would hang in her food. She always loved to play and run, even though her legs were very short. I tried to play with her as much as I could through the years until her arthritis negated her from running like she used to. Eventually her arthritis, and a pinched nerve in her back prevented her from even walking.

My father ended up taking Flops to the vet, where they gave her medication and got her feeling more like herself again but she still couldn't walk. The vet said that we could buy her a wheelchair of the internet or make one. We checked on some online but they were very expensive, so we decided to make her one. She was able to use it happily for a while then eventually she got to where she didn't need it anymore and could basically walk on her own. Flops lived happily till earlier this year when my dad was backing out of his driveway in his truck. She was laying in the driveway but usually she will get up and move when she hears a vehicle start, but for some reason that time she didn't. My dad just assumed she moved and kept going. Sadly he backed over her and killed her instantly. Flops was my first friend and I loved her dearly.

DALTON RIVERS, GRADE 9

Colors

Imagine if you couldn't see colors. No beautiful green leaves turning orange and brown in the fall. No fiery reds to catch attention. No alluring greys to signify storms. No crisp blues that represent the calmness of waters. No mysterious blacks like the cat next door. No amazingly pure white clouds.

The color green is like walking in grass without shoes. The smoothness of the leaves is how green feels. Green feels like life. Red is like burning yourself. Hearing sirens midday. When

someone is embarrassed or angry that's how red feels. Grey is a storm late at night and letting the rain put you to sleep. The sleekness of a sharpened knife or the sharpness of a needle is grey. Blue is listening to your favorite song and letting a wave of calmness take you over. Sitting on the beach and letting the ocean wave over your legs. Blue is calm. Black is looking at a night sky but no visible stars. Black is curling up in your favorite blanket and letting the warmth surround you. Finally, white is the puffy texture of marshmallows. The cold clean feeling you get when holding snow. Clearly seeing the moon at night.

If you can see the vibrancy colors add to the world around us, be thankful. Some people can't experience the amazing greens, reds, greys, blues, blacks, and whites of the world.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS, GRADE 10

A Haunting

One day I and my grandma were on the phone and she told me a paranormal experience that she and her sister had. She said "We was all hanging out at the house and one of my sister had to go to the restroom. Then after a few minutes my sister in a panic voice whispered, June come in here. So I went in there and three shadowy looking figures stood there. It looked like there was two girls, and a boy. We ran out of the bathroom crying for our mother. Then my sister, mother, and I went back to the bathroom they were gone." So then I asked her did it change her in any way. She replied "Yes, it made me believe in ghost." She continued to say she was either eleven or twelve. She hasn't seen it since. But that her and her sister has shared that story. To make sure people know that ghosts are real. That they can hurt people but some are just unfinished souls. She said, "The girls' one short the other tall. Both in dresses one with straight hair the other curly on had a bow the other nothing. She said she couldn't see their feet because they were standing in the bathtub. They're silent was like a brick wall. The boy looked about five eleven and had a good posture. He looked as he was not a boy but a man. I was terrified." So then I asked if she got over that experience. She said yes, that she has been in other ghostly experiences, that they all were scary. But some helped her.

CASSIE ROGERS, GRADE 9

How To Play the Tuba

I am going to write about how to play the tuba. The tuba is a rather large instrument that ranges from having three to four valves or rotors. The tuba is considered the foundation of a band because it produces the low, bass sound that every band or orchestra needs.

It would typically take a larger person to play the tuba because it needs a lot of air to fill the horn and produce the right tone or pitch. Knowing your valves or rotors aren't the key reason to hitting a high or low pitch, it is your mouth, jaw movement, and the amount of air you play into the horn. The way your mouth moves and the amount of air is very important into having the right tone and pitch.

If you want to reach a higher pitch then you tighten and buzz your lips where it should sound like mosquito and blow faster, cooler air. If you want to reach a lower pitch, then you lower your jaw and loosen your lips and buzz them where it should sound like a horse and blow a lot of warmer air.

If you can figure out all of the fingerings of the valves and the rotors and the right movement of your mouth and jaw-line and play the right amount of air. The tuba will one of the most beautiful sounding instruments you have ever heard.

NOAH SAGE, GRADE 9

Haunting in St. Charles

Most people don't believe in supernatural things, but my grandmother can tell you, it's real. When I asked her about her encounter with this demon, this is what she told me. About forty-five years ago my grandmother lived in a beautiful two story house in St. Charles. It was a beautiful moonlit night and the moon shined through the window into her eyes, waking her up.

About nine o'clock that night she heard a faint scream in the distance, it was her mother. She sat up quietly in the bed and peeked out her door down the hallway into her parents' room. What she saw was frightening. It was a black silhouette figure with a pointy tail, crawling up her mother legs. She laid back down, fearing for her and her mother's lives.

The next day she heard her mother talking about a nightmare she had had last night. When she heard her mother talking about this "nightmare" she said "Mom, it wasn't a dream. . . . I saw it."

Later on this day they called my Aunt Sharon and asked her what they should do to rid this demon. She told them to look in the Bible in (James 4:7) and what to do to expel the evil that lurked in their house. Close all the windows in the house and shut every door. This way the demon has no way out, except the door you are opening. Read the verse and open the door, and do this through every room. The evil was gone, it had been banished from the house. "I never sleep without a light, even until this day" my grandmother said.

SHEALON SEIBER, GRADE 9

Pet Story

It was dark, rainy, stormy night as I was on my way home from a football game. I was coming up a bridge that happened to have a set of dumpsters beside of it that people often dropped off their unwanted pets at. As me and my sister passed the dumpster I glanced over and saw my soon to be best friend forever. "Stop!" I yelled. I proceeded to jump out of my sister's car and ran to the beautiful, wet German Shepherd laying underneath an old couch someone had dropped off. At first he was very skittish and I thought he would never adjust to humans, but know after I've had him for seven years I've never saw a happier dog in my life. He's been with me through thick and thin and I do not know what I would do without him. My dog Milo is the best thing that has ever happened to me.

TOBY SEXTON, GRADE 9

The Legend of Anne Scott

There's a house on Mayberry Street that has been abandoned for 58 years. It was once occupied by a woman named Anne Scott, her husband Randall Scott and her two children, 3-year-old Elizabeth, and 18-month-old Catherine. They lived a happy life in the house on Mayberry Street for 2 years, up until the dreadful day of December 17, 1958.

The life of Anne Scott seemed perfect to her neighbors, friends, and family. She had a loving husband, two gorgeous girls, and a beautiful home. That couldn't be further from the truth. Randall was a drunk, and often beat his wife, and cheated on her. She stayed with him for the sake of her children, but her mind was slowly deteriorating from the constant physical and mental abuse she received from her husband.

On the night of December 17, 1958, Randall thought his wife was out with her sister, and decided to bring home one of his many women. As he, and his lady of the night walked through the front door, he immediately saw his wife sitting in the living room. Anne saw the woman, and although she had always knew he was an infidel, she had never seen it with her own eyes. She went from a shy, timid woman to a screeching banshee. She began screaming at her husband and throwing things at the woman. She woke up both of her young children, and the baby began screaming, and she lost all control of her mental state. She grabbed both of her children, and locked all three of them in the bathroom.

Randall left the house, with his woman, to give Anne time to calm down. Little did he know, that when he came back. His family would be dead. Anne started having hallucinations months before, but she never told anyone because she didn't want to worry her family. She started believing that the children were the reason her husband got drunk every night, because they had had a happy marriage prior to the birth of their first child. Anne, enraged at the thought of her children being the cause of her horrible marriage, drowned both of the children in the bathtub.

Once she realized what she had done, she began praying for forgiveness, and decided that without her children, and her cheating husband, she had no reason to live. She slowly walked outside to the bridge that went over the freezing water of the Hudson River. She said her final goodbye to god and asked, once again, for forgiveness and jumped.

It is said that in the house of Mayberry Street, you can still hear the child's laugh echoing down the halls, and you can hear the baby crying in what was once the nursery. No one has dared to stay there for more than one night, because you can hear Anne and Randall fighting in the kitchen, and you can hear the sound of glass shattering, and the thump of a fist connecting with bone. Some fear the ghost of Anne will drown you in the bathtub, or smother you in your sleep. Would you dare to stay in the house on Mayberry Street?

HARLEY SHUBERT, GRADE 10



My Dog

Zadie

When I was two years old my grandfather passed away. His dog, Zadie, was left to my father. When we moved into our new house we were all scared of Zadie. He was a very big Doberman, and was raised with guard dogs. After a while my parents started letting me play outside with him under close supervision. One day my mom was outside on the porch and I was in the yard with Zadie. I was almost three at the time and I had gotten tired from playing. I laid down on Zadie and took a nap. From that day on, Zadie and I were best friends. I would spend all day outside with him. He would follow me around the yard, making sure I was always okay. When he got older, I would climb into the dog house with him and give him “baths”. Baths consisted of just covering him in wood-chips then pushing the wood-chips off him with his favorite toy, a rubber duckie. I can remember Zadie very well even though I was young. I remember him carrying around his rubber duckie, I remember taking naps with him in the sun, and I remember the day he passed away. We buried him up behind our house in the woods, with his favorite rubber duckie. A large stone marks his grave. In my life I’ve had a lot of dogs, but Zadie was by far the best, and I will never forget him.

SARAH SHULER, GRADE 10

Homemade Broccoli and Cheese Casserole

Every year on Thanksgiving and Christmas and on some rare occasions my Mamaw makes her version of homemade broccoli and cheese casserole. For years as a kid I wouldn’t eat broccoli until my Mamaw finally got me to try some of it and to this day that is the only way i will eat broccoli. For this recipe you need a total of seven types of ingredients and six utensils. Now let’s get started.

First, you will need to get all of your ingredients together which will include the following, fifteen slices of American cheese, one and a half cups of milk, about seventeen pieces of chopped up broccoli, parmesan cheese, oregano leaves, crackers (of your choice). The utensils you will need would be two small pots for boiling, one small baking pan, a whisk, and two forks.

When you start cooking this dish, first you take your chopped up broccoli and put it with some water in your pot and bring it to a rolling boil. Then, in your other pot you will take your milk and start to heat it up, while adding your cheese and continuously whisk it until you get a creamy cheese dip. Once you have completed these steps all you need to do is put your broccoli in the baking pan and cover it with the cheese dip. Now just top it off with crushed

crackers and parmesan cheese and oregano leaves (if you want) and heat it at 300 degrees for about five to ten minutes and enjoy!

LACEY SILVERS, GRADE 9

The Strange Man

A boy is in his bed like normal. He hears someone walking in the hallway so he takes a peek to see what is going on. He then realizes that there is a strange man outside his bedroom door. The man is carrying something very large. The boy can't figure out what he has. The boy notices that he is walking towards his room. So he quickly runs and jumps in bed and acts like he is sleeping. The man walks in his room, grabs two chairs, and sits the things he was carrying on them. After a minute of looking at what was in the chairs the boy realizes that it is his parents. They were dead and hunched over. The man starting writing something on the wall with the parents' blood. Then after that he ran and hid under the boy's bed. After a while of trying to figure out what was written on the wall he finally did. It said "I know you're awake."

SYDNI SMITH, GRADE 10

How To Hunt

When I was little my uncle took me hunting for the first time. I was really excited to go but also kind of nervous. He taught me very important things about how to hunt. He told me that you have to move as quietly as possible without bothering any of the animals and scaring them off. And the best way to move silently is to Not Talk. That is the most important thing about moving silently.

The next thing that he taught me is that when going down or up a hill by yourself is to be extremely careful and try not to fall. If you do, keep the gun away from you so you don't land on it or shoot yourself. If you have a friend or someone with you hand them your gun so you can get up the hill or down the hill faster and also easier. Sometimes it can be hard to get up a steep hill with a rifle in your hands.

The third most important thing he taught me was that you need to keep a few extra bullets in your pocket in case you run out or something like that. If you're wearing a hunting jacket there are several pockets with zippers so you don't lose them. It would be bad if you lost those bullets with something chasing you and you have no ammo. One time I didn't get extra bullets so when I shot at a doe and ran out of bullets.

And the last thing you need to know is to know where to look. Some animals have very good hiding places. They can hid in trees, caves, and even in the leaves depending on the time of year. I have had several accounts where a snake almost bit me while hunting in the woods. It was laying in the leaves out of my site. Then one time there was a buck that was running

around near my house. When I went out there it was gone. I looked around for a little while and never found the buck. I was really sad but I got over it.

In conclusion hunting has a lot of important things you need to know before doing. You need to know how to move silently and not talk. And to also keep a few extra bullets for emergencies. And to be aware of your surroundings and pay attention to everything.

SHEA SNODGRASS, GRADE 9

How to Make Beef Soup

I am going to tell you how to make my home-style vegetable beef soup. First you need the following ingredients: three cans of cut green beans, three cans of corn, two cans of diced tomatoes, and two cans of diced potatoes. You will need a pot and put the meat in. Then pour in the two cans of diced tomatoes. After that you need to pour in the green beans. Then you need to pour in the corn. After that pour in the potatoes and let it cook. If you want to add more flavor then add two cubes of beef seasoning. Let it cook on high for about thirty minutes. Lastly, get a bowl and pour in your soup and enjoy.

JAYDEN SPAIN, GRADE 9

The Burning Barn of Possum Valley

When I began to write about a ghost story, I honestly had no idea what I was going to write about. Until I remembered a frightening story my mother told me about four or five years ago. It starts with just a simple barn that was on the property beside my house. A couple in their late fifties, which lived across the road owned the barn. My mother decided it to me in such detail. She told me that it was a beautiful, rosy red barn, and the horses he kept there were even more beautiful. They only kept horses and supplies in the barn. The couple's names were, Joe and Mary Williams. The story goes that the barn fell to a huge fire. One evening the old man, Joe Williams, was going to the barn to check on his horses, because he thought he heard screams coming from there. While stepping out on his porch, he quickly noticed that the barn was burning. So, he got in his truck and drove up to the barn to try and get the horses out. Later on, his wife, Mary, went outside to see what was happening, and immediately called the fire department. While Joe was in the barn he managed to free two of his horses, but when he tried to free the third one he got his leg caught under a piece of wood that had fallen. The structure of the barn was starting to fall, and when the third horse was running to be free, it hit one of the supporting logs and the whole barn fell. The fire department was a minute too late. Joe had died with the third horse, and sadly Mary called too late. If she would have called sooner, she might have saved her husband. Now what's really creepy about this story is that no one knows what started the fire or how Joe actually died. All we know is that he died in the fire. The story that was told, said his leg was caught under wood, but do we actually know

that? Supposedly, sometime in the month of November you can hear horses scream from the property. Personally I haven't but who knows, you could. In the end, it's just a ghost story. Nothing really to be afraid of, right?

Info by, Rene Lamey
CHELSEA SPECK, GRADE 10

Angel Scare

My sister has never been one for sharing stories or supernatural things. But if you ask her if any occurrences like so has ever appeared to her, she will not hesitate to tell you about something that happened to her when she was six years old. She claims that late one night she was awoken by a huge thunder storm. Being six years old she was terrified of them so she ran to her mother's room and jumped into bed with her. Of course her mom not objecting because you know the more snuggles the better. They had fallen asleep soon after, then she around three in the morning she woke up, and she had saw something by her mom's window. She said that, she had blinked her eyes because it was late at night and she could just be imagining things, when she opened her eyes it was still there. She had focused her eyes more on it, it had wings, and a torn up white gown. She decided that it must have been an angel but it was not like your "stereotypical" angel, it was more like a little girl who had been hurt badly. She woke her mom up to see if she could see it, so by the time her mom actually looked it was gone. She has not had any encounters with the angel since. My sister says that she still thinks very often about that night. Wondering why the angel had visited her, and if it will ever appear again.

SAMANTHA STAPLETON, GRADE 9

Pets

If you have a pet, I am sure you have a story or two from an experience you'll never forget. I, for one, have many of these. Some are funny, and others almost got me hurt. I cannot tell some of these, but, today, I will tell one particular story, that I will certainly never forget.

One evening, my father and I were going coon hunting. My dog, Luke, was riled up and ready to go. After the long preparation of getting ready to go, which, by the way, takes about half an hour, even though we only stay on the mountain for maybe an hour, we got on the four-wheeler, and rode up the mountain, or hill as we like to call it.

Luke seemed a bit off that night, but we didn't think much of it. Once we got on the top of the hill, Luke already had tree'd a coon, or so we thought. I flashed my flashlight into the tree, and there was a huge, and I do mean huge, bear about to fall down onto Luke. I didn't know what to do, dad wanted to shoot it, but if it fell, it would land on Luke. I didn't want that to happen, so I pulled Luke back to the four-wheeler, and I yelled "Dad, shoot it!"

Dad aimed up his shotgun, and took the shot. The bear fell, but there was something else on the ground. Luke was pulling me, so I let him go. I walked over, but I had to pull Luke off of it. It was a coon! Luke didn't care about the bear, he just wanted the coon. That was the scariest hunting trip I ever took. We went straight home after that. I will never forget that day.

HUNTER STURGILL, GRADE 9

How to Make Grandma's Pancakes!

Ingredients

- 1 1/2 teaspoons all-purpose flour
- 3 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon white sugar
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1 egg
- 3 tablespoons melted butter

Directions

Prep 5 minutes

Cook 15 minutes Ready in 20 minutes

Step 1. In a large bowl, sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Make a well in the center and pour in the milk, egg and melted Butter; mix until smooth.

Step 2. Heat a lightly oiled griddle or frying pan over medium high heat. Pour or scoop the batter onto the griddle, using approximately 1/4 cup for each pancake. Brown on both sides and serve hot!

TYLER TABOR, GRADE 9

Best Ever Cake

This recipe was gave to my mom from an old woman she worked with. This recipe is not complicated at all to make even a ten year old can make it.

Ingredients:

- 1 box of Devil's Food Cake
- 1 8-oz tub of Cool Whip
- 1 can of sweetened condensed milk
- 1 can of chocolate fudge sauce
- 1 8-oz pack of mini chocolate chips

Baking Instructions:

1. Cook Devil's food cake in a 9 × 13 inch pan, according to package directions and let it cool.
2. In a large bowl, combine the fudge sauce and sweetened condensed milk.
3. Using the end of a wooden spoon, poke holes in the cake every couple of inches. Alternatively you can use a fork instead.
4. Pour fudge sauce/sweetened condensed milk over the top of the cake so that it fills all of the holes.
5. Spread Cool Whip over the top of the cake.
6. Sprinkle chocolate chips over the top.
7. Enjoy! Store leftovers in the refrigerator.

So that's my how to recipe. Hope you enjoy.

SARAH TRAVIS, GRADE 10

Picture Of Memories

There is an exquisite drawing hanging in my house. I don't know the artist's name, but the drawing is a fantastic representation of my dad's grandmother.

The picture represents a life well lived. The sky holds most of the feelings. The pinks and purples, along with the yellow, in the background, are the good memories. The dark blues represent the bad memories. If you look closely, the memories stick out, but only if you were a family member.

This drawing also represents death. The drawing is made up of many drawings, but they all come together to represent a life well lived, a family member, well loved. To some, they see a stranger and a sunset. The other people see a woman who impacted many lives, big and small. We see the memories, as well as the hope.

Love, life, and joy are a few of the emotions the artist made the drawing give off. A mother, a grandmother, and a great grandmother, gone in the blink of an eye. Memories that will soon fade away, brought back by a simple, yet detailed drawing. A look in the past, a hope for the future, colors of emotions, a person who loved all, Mamie.

TORI TRAVIS, GRADE 10

Scary Ghost Story

One night as my family was sitting around a campfire, my little sister asked to hear a scary story. To my surprise my Nana had a couple interactions with the supernatural.

"One night when I was around 11 or 12, in St. Charles, I went down to the school basketball court to play basketball with my friends around 5:00 p.m. We played for about three hours

and I started to go home. My home sat up on a hill and along the way lies a cemetery full of dead war veterans. Well, on my way back to my house, I happened to look to my left where a hovering sphere of a dim white light danced above the graves. I started running to get away from it, but it just kept with me. Only until I got to the porch of my house did it disappear. And I have never forgotten since.”

“On another experience, a little later in my life, I had just gotten another house and was moving my stuff with a church van that a church let me use. I was on my way to get another load and was singing gospel music so loud that the punks hanging out on the side of the road could hear it. When I looked in my rear-view mirror I noticed three awful dark shades escape from the van. At the time I didn’t think nothing of it, but later on I knew that the shades were demons sent by the devil, and just couldn’t stand the gospel music, so they had to leave.”

LOGAN TRENT, GRADE 10

The Mountains

The mountains are beautiful set of enormous rocks, with wildly flowing spring water that are as cold as icebergs. They are filled with great quantities of luscious plants with vibrant colors. The trees with their huge sky scrapping branches filled with leaves masquerade the numerous plants below them. Many of these anchored behemoths are homes for the animals of the mountains. The animals that live in the mountains are specially adapted to survive the dangers of the mountains. Mountains are filled with danger, but are yet filled with breathtaking scenery. The dangers include, but are not limited to, rocks that fall with bone crushing force, hundred foot falls, and the packs of carnivorous animals teaming in the mountains. The mountains are dangerously beautiful, and vast amounts of this rugged terrain are yet to be explored.

ALEX TROXAL, GRADE 10

My Grandmother’s and Grandfather’s Ghosts

My aunt is living in the house that her mom and dad died in. My grandmother died in the bedroom and my grandfather died in the living room. One night my aunt was in the kitchen when the TV turned on and she walks into the room and she sees his old rocking chair moving back and forth and on the TV. was a western which was one of his favorite shows and on the chair there was a shadow of a man. She thought it was her dad so she tried something that she would tell him before he died. She told him to go to bed and all of a sudden the TV turns off and the chair stops moving and the shadow disappeared.

One day my aunt was in her bedroom which is where my grandmother died. She had a jewelry box sitting on the chest with all my grandmothers’ old jewelry in it. She was in her closet when she heard a strange sound it sounded like someone was messing with the jewelry and when she turned around she saw my grandmother standing there looking at the

jewelry but when my aunt started to say something my grandmother looked up and then she disappeared.

She has seen them a couple times after that once she was laying on the couch with her head facing the wall when she saw a man and a woman's shadow standing behind her. Another time she had a dog and it would just sit and bark at her dad's chair for no reason. She thinks that he was barking because they are still in the house and he won't even go in the bedroom. She has tried everything but he won't go in. Sometimes he won't even go in the bedroom. Sometimes she can still smell his peach cigarettes that he would sit and smoke in the living room. At first I didn't believe her until I saw it with my own eyes. One day I was sitting in the living room watching TLC when all of a sudden the TV changes to a western I yelled for my aunt and she just told him that he could watch TV later then the TV changed back. I don't get scared when I am there because I know it's my grandmother and grandfather.

KELSIE VANDERGRIFE, GRADE 10

Ultimate Pancakes

Cook time: 20 min. Calories: 90

Ingredients:

- 2 cups Original Bisquick mix.
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons vegetable oil
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon vanilla

Directions:

1. Brush skillet with vegetable oil or spray with cooking spray, Heat skillet to 350
2. Stir all ingredients into a bowl with a whisk.
3. For each pancake, pour slightly less than 1/4 cup batter onto hot skillet cook until golden brown on each side.

SERENA WALKER, GRADE 10

How To Build a Birdhouse

I will explain how to build a birdhouse. Along with that, I will also share my experiences while building it and how old I was when I first built one. I will tell you how many pieces of lumber/wood for the birdhouse and how big they need to be.

To begin, I will tell you how to build a birdhouse the easiest way. First, get two pieces of 1x6 lumber. The second step is very easy. Cut a back panel for the birdhouse. Then, attach the back panel to the main frame of the birdhouse. Third step is to attach the roof. Now, this step is optional, add braces to support the structure to make it stronger. It is useful, but doesn't need to be done. In step five you need to cut out the front piece of the birdhouse. Step six, add a perch hole. This will be for the bird to enter and exit its house. This is the easiest way to build a birdhouse in my opinion.

Furthermore, I will share my experiences and first time building a birdhouse. When I first attempted to build a birdhouse, I was six or seven years old. I was excited at that age to build things, but now it makes sense. I was wanting to rebuild almost anything at that age, but I had no idea what to do. My overall experiences of building a birdhouse was fun.

To conclude, I think that every kid should learn to build something at a young age. Like carving a pumpkin or making a complex sandwich. This would get them thinking harder and motivate them. The motivation coming from learning how to do it. In the end, you should show your kids something fun to build or do.

BRYCE WARD, GRADE 9

The Coal Miner

The story I'm about to tell you was an experience with a ghost that my former teacher Cindy Brooks had. It happened sixteen years ago when she and her husband were temporarily renting a house in Norton, Virginia.

"The house always had a strange vibe to it, and to be honest, I didn't like to be in it alone. We had been living there for about three months when this 'thing' happened. I was cleaning house, and I was actually in our bedroom dusting our dresser. The dresser had a huge mirror with it, and when I looked up, I saw a coal miner standing behind me. He had coal dust all over him and even had that old kind of light thing attached to his hat. When I saw him staring at me, I felt the entire room go as cold as a freezer. I was alone and got so scared, I ran out of the house! It was awful. Well, a few weeks after that, our landlady came by to pick up something of hers that was in the basement. Out of the blue, she asked me if either my husband or I had seen the 'old miner' yet. . . My husband and I moved out about a month later. We both started having nightmares and trouble sleeping. We'd hear weird noises that were really hard to explain. . . I mean, it truly frightened me!"

-Cindy Brooks, 45

She never figured out who the old miner was. Many miners had lived in Norton though. This experience is one that Mrs. Brooks will never forget, and to this day, she still doesn't like dressers with big mirrors!

KAYLA WESTON, GRADE 9

How to Make Cornbread

On November 2, I interviewed my mom, Sherry, and this is the information she gave me about making cornbread.

My mom has been making cornbread for years and this is how she makes it. There are few ingredients in making cornbread and doesn't take a great cook to make.

First you preheat the oven to 375 degrees Fahrenheit. While the oven is heating up, you start heating up a skillet with oil and butter in the bottom of it.

Then you get a mixing bowl and start mixing together the ingredients. The first thing you add is one large egg. Then you add about a half a cup of milk. Then you mix it all together.

After that you add one cup of cornmeal then you start mixing again, then add one table-spoon of sugar.

My mom says the more you stir cornbread the better it is.

Then you pour the mix into the skillet and then sit the skillet in the hot oven, then let it bake till it is golden brown.

That is how my mom taught me to make cornbread.

JACOB WHITAKER, GRADE 9

The Dolls on the Walls

My great-great-aunt, Winnie Miracle Wilder, was known to be quite a strange woman. Her and my great-great-uncle, Gillis, had no children. She wasn't a fan of them. My aunts Alice and Wanda would bring milk from their cow as instructed by their mother when they were five to seven years old. Winnie would pull up their skirts and tell her dogs to bite them, which they did. Wanda and Alice were very afraid to go over there due to her meanness.

Winnie would stuff cats in a large burlap sack used for fifty pounds of potatoes. She'd tie the top of the bag to where the cats couldn't get out. You could see and hear them squirming in the bag as she threw them into the creek which was very swift at the time. Winnie would walk every day to visit her mother carrying those mysterious bags, both coming and going. Both women were quite odd. Many people accused them of being witches.

In the 1970s, Winnie passed away. Shortly after, my father and uncle went to help clean out her things. Gillis was scared to stay in the house alone. While dad was cleaning, he found numerous dolls hanging from the walls by their necks, each one with pins sticking in them. It frightened him when he realized what they were. Dad threw them away, and hauled them off. The next day he went back, and the dolls were hanging back up on the walls as though they had never been touched. No one was in the house at the time nor had any access to get in other than my father and his brother.

That's not the end of the weirdness. Winnie had an illness where her flesh rotted off of her back. She would take rags to clean off her back, wash them, and use them again. After she

passed, Dad took her electric sewing machine to his mother who had always wanted one. He had cleaned everything out of the box before he took it to her. Months after she had the sewing machine, she decided she wanted to work on a quilt. She opened up the box only to find one of those fresh, bloody rags sitting right on top.

EMILY WILDER, GRADE 10

Christmas

Christmas is a ceremony, or tradition in my family. We have a pretty busy holiday. It starts off with us frantically shopping for Christmas presents. We have so many people to buy for that it takes a few weeks to find something for everyone.

When Christmas finally does get here, the night before, on Christmas Eve, we go to my grandparent's house to eat and open presents. My grandpa (Santa) always hides a present that we have to look for.

Then we go home and we get to open one present, which is always pajamas. We read "The Christmas Story" and we play with my niece.

Christmas morning gets busy. We open our presents, while my dad videos us. After that we used to get ready and go to my granny's house, where she would cook and most of my mom's side of the family would come and visit.

After dinner we would go to my other grandparent's house, and open our presents from her. We would eat leftovers and hangout with my cousins. We would stay there until dark and then we would go home and find all the stuff that we got

DREW WILLIAMS, GRADE 10

The Enigma of Mary Jane

I will be talking about a woman called Mrs. Williams, otherwise known as my mother. She can be different from a lot of people. Sometimes she can be the nicest person you will ever meet. But she can also portray the personality of a grizzly bear when she is mad. She is very comedic.

She can also be clumsy, I get my clumsiness from her. My mother has medium brown hair and greenish-blue eyes. She has pale skin and brown glasses. My mother generally wears purple, and red shirts. She'll wear green or blue pants, and black shoes.

My mother used to be a librarian and a nurse. She likes to read, bake, grow plants, and make Christmas ornaments. Her favorite color is purple. She has seven siblings, who are all crazy. Halloween is her favorite holiday.

We have a dog named "Chubby" that my mother treats like a baby. Even though he is 3 years old. My mother likes dogs. But she dislikes cats. An example of my mother being clumsy is when around five years ago on Thanksgiving, when the turkey she made exploded for no apparent reason.

She likes to put a Christmas tree in our living room on Thanksgiving. My mother can be very confusing. She is short and has a temper to match her height deficiency. My mother talks very fast. She is of Native American descent of her father's side and Irish descent on her mother's side. I love her very much.

NICHOLAS WILLIAMS, GRADE 9

The Cummins

The mighty Cummins is a 2001 Dodge 2500 4wd extended cab short bed. It is an equipped with the strong nv4500 5 speed manual transmission. The inline 6 5.9 24 valve Cummins turbo diesel is the power plant of this mighty machine. It is backed by a single disc valiar clutch. The wonderful purr of the Cummins is enhanced by a 4 in Flo-Pro straight pipe from the turbo back. It pushes around 450 horsepower and 850 ft pounds of torque. How I got this power is a real secret. 4 people and I are the only ones that know the secret for the horse-power. If ya feel frisky and want to run the mighty Cummins step right up, but I'm sure that's a decision you'll soon regret.

DONOVAN WILLIS, GRADE 10

My Mother

Tonight on November 16, 2016, I have sat down with my mother, Rhonda Linn, to interview her about what her early life was like, her memories of school, and her general life experiences growing up. She had this to say on the matter.

"Well, to begin, I grew up here in Blackwater with my mother, father, four brothers, and my sister. We moved here when I was two or three from Michigan. I don't remember much of my early childhood, but I remember a bit.

All of us children went to school here. My brothers acted like typical boys, rowdy and bothersome. My sister was a fair bit older than me, about three or four years, so I never really associated myself with her until I got a bit older. I was a daddy's girl to the bone. I remember crying to him about every little issue such as boyfriends breaking up with me and the mean insults my brothers would say to me.

We weren't exactly rich, and money was a bit scarce. We went without any fancy things like new cars or new designer clothes, but dad made sure we kids had everything we needed for school. Mom and dad made sure that we had clothes to wear, food to eat, and supplies for school.

I always liked my science classes the best. I was never very good at math, and I didn't care for history and English. Science seemed interesting to me. It was fascinating learning how the world works and why it works in the ways that it does. Other than the classes, I didn't enjoy my high school experience. My grades weren't very great; I wasn't very smart. I remember spending

time with my friends. We would go out to places and just talk about everyday subjects. My senior year was depressing because that was when dad passed away.

After high school, I moved to Florida with my sister to look for a job. I wanted to distance myself from this area for a time because of dad's death. I worked as a call agent for some phone companies before I joined my sister's restaurant business. After that, I moved back here and worked as a receptionist for the police station."

I continued to interview my mother with several more questions, but there was not enough substance to appropriately word for this essay.

JOSHUA WINEGAR, GRADE 9

My Home

My house has a lot of character. I've lived there since birth as well as my older brother and older sister. My house has seen our lives play out one by one. Every evening, when I get home from school, I'm always satisfied with how warm and cozy it makes me feel. From the old windows, to the faded blue shutters, and the missing shingles on the roof, it wouldn't be home without them. I can't help, but love the way the kitchen floor creaks as I step on it at night, and the very specific hum of the heat pump as it blows the cool air through the vents of the house. The living room fan produces the perfect white noise to put you to sleep. Then, there's the old carpets in each bedroom, never replaced, but the softness still comforts your feet as you step upon it. Each bedroom is the same size with one window, but each one tells many stories. You won't ever find a room with only one color on the walls, like my bedroom for example. Two of the walls are doll-dress pink and the other two are coated over with baby blue. My closet door no longer has a knob, and my window no longer holds a screen. There are still Strawberry Shortcake stickers on the wall next to my dresser. Then there's my living room. One wall has a pretty wooden panel, one has a mural of Italy. The other two walls are even stranger. The wall that my TV sits on is yellow and green, while the wall with the window is burgundy, green and yellow. My couches seem to match it perfectly though, with their maroon color. The wood of the living room floor is a perfect honey brown color.

We can't forget the kitchen. One wall is covered with another beautiful mural of Italy and the other walls are a sandy brown color. The floor is plastered with yellow linoleum. There are two windows, one large and one small. The first window you see when you walk in is next to the old out of tune piano my mom got from a work friend. The second window is small and it sets above the sink with many ceramics keeping it company in the sill. Then we have our cotton candy colored counters that have been there since they built it. There are many spots where it has been burned and scratched, but it holds the memories of hard work that my mamma has done cooking and washing dishes in our old silver sink. The cabinets are old as well. They are honey colored with bronze-like handles that are sticky and old.

Next we have the bathroom. The bathroom floor is covered in tile that has the perfect cool feeling that you lay on when you are sick. The shower stall has the perfect door to let the right

amount of light in through the window. The window is small like the one above the sink with other whatnots and things. The entire bathroom is themed in lighthouses. From the shower curtain to the soap and toothbrush holder, there are lighthouses everywhere.

From the cold bathroom floor to the multi colored walls and old cabinets, it is my very characteristic house. Even though it's old and worn down, I wouldn't have it any other way. This is my home.

AMBROSIA WOLIVER, GRADE 9

A Fair To Never Be Forgotten

A million lights filled the sky, these lights weren't quite stars, they were magnified and dazzled with every color perceivable. Giant metal monsters clamped shut to safely hold the children like precious cargo. The laughter combined with fear-driven shrills make the perfect energetic atmosphere. The feeling of the rigid edges of a coin and the waiting in dreadfully long lines to get the fluffy, sweet, sticky cotton. As they devour these clouds of delicious sugar mouths drip with sugary sweet happiness filled saliva. Small hands are now like flypaper, clinging to everything that may touch them. Anticipation builds as youthful eyes gaze at roller coasters, while the owners of these eyes are exhilarated, their stomachs are left in an intricate knot leaving them with an uneasy feeling. The music that once seemed cheerful and bright now seems repetitive and sickening. The roller coasters now have thrown the balance of every human that has rode it off. All the discombobulated senses combined are about to erupt into a catastrophic ending. The dry-heaving begins, it is all too much to bear. Bitter vomit begins to spew from the mouth like a busted fire hydrant. All the previously eaten food is now devouring your taste buds. Slowly, but surely, it stops leaving you with horrid breath, a putrid aftertaste, and great memories.

DARRIEN YEARY, GRADE 9

Ghost Story

Today I'll be writing about paranormal activities happening to me, my family, and our friends. I'll start off using my stepdad, Brandon. When I asked him, he told me more than one story so I found this fairly easy. A little background information on him is when he was a baby, his mother passed away with cancer. When I asked him he told me, "It was January 12, 2005, at 7:47 pm. I was leaving church and the roads were slick. As I was driving, I lost control of my car around a curve. It happened again around the next bend, and I almost crashed into a gravel pile. I jerked the wheel and accidentally hit the gas. It felt like an eternity before I crashed. While sliding, I looked over and saw Jesus sitting in my passenger seat. He told me, "If you stick with me, I can bring you out of this." I finally crashed into a light pole at about 60mph. I jumped out of the car, now looking like rubble, and thought back to what Jesus had said. Jesus brought me out of it.

In his second story, he was asleep at his house a year after the wreck. He couldn't remember the date because he woke up in the middle of the night. But he told me, "One night while I

was sleeping, I was awoken by the movement of water in my mattress. When I looked over my mother was sitting there. I was happy and it was a truly amazing experience for me. I hadn't seen my mother in 15 years and I honestly didn't know what to do. She spoke to me so I spoke back. We talked for a few minutes, but she just vanished. I had so many questions but not a lot of time. I eventually drifted back to sleep. I've seen her a couple other times afterward."

Kind of like Brandon, my dad died when I was young. I've sadly never seen him, but I can sometimes hear him talk to me. Although it isn't really a ghost story, I thought it was a pretty honorable mention. You don't have to believe me, but it's true. Anyway, let's get back onto topic. My nana's friend had a story. A few years ago, her husband died in a car wreck. It took a while for the cops to find him. While they were searching, she encountered an angel from God. It was a bright white light with white robes and a pure gold halo atop its head. The cops finally got to her house and told her but she already knew. It's amazing what happened in these stories, and I believe all of it.

For my last story, it's a personal encounter. When I was younger, I lived on a 1000 acre cattle farm. There's an old abandoned burnt down house on the far eastern part. It was burnt down before we bought the land. One day, I went for a ride on my 4wheeler and I stopped there. I walked closer and saw a boy standing in the window. I was terrified, so I left as fast as I could. I haven't been back since. That concludes my ghost story.

TYLER YEARY, GRADE 9

A Memorable Farm Animal

This is a story about me, my pet dog, Timmy, and a "memorable" farm animal, a pig. It was a bright sunny day in China and 4 year-old I was sitting on the front porch of my house daydreaming about random things. I lived in a small town in China called Fuzhou. Anyways, in the middle of my twenty minutes of daydreaming, I got interrupted by my dog and a pig. You would not believe what I saw. My little, white dog was on top of the huge, pig pink! Suddenly, the fat pig charged right at me with a mean, loud snort. The pig charged as fast as a bull and of course, a four year-old I got scared to death. I didn't scream, but I ran inside the house to get an object to shoo the pig away. The closest object near me was a broom that was right next to the door. When I grabbed the broom, the pig entered the house. I quickly hit the pig and it snorted really loud. It was so loud that it caught my grandma's attention from the kitchen. My grandma ran out of the kitchen and saw me fighting the pig. Eventually I kicked the pig out of the house. When the pig exit the house and ran off, my dog ran off with it too.

After that incident, I never saw my dog anymore, nor the pig. I guess they ran away together and lived happily ever after and left me all by myself. This is my all-time favorite story. It might be crazy, but it is a story that reminds me of my dog, Timmy, and a crazy incident with a pig.

ANGEL ZHANG, GRADE 10

NORTON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL



Appalachian Heritage Festival

Where I'm From

I am from DeMarini, Under Armour and Nike.

I am from the oak trees and grapevines.

I am from the messy bedroom with clothes everywhere.

I am from Christmas dinners and a lot of singing and tv watching family.

I am from the Osbornes and Abschers.

I am from "If you don't succeed try, try again." and "Get up you're killing the grass."

I am from Norton, VA and Great Granny's remembering laugh.

I am from the hot potato soup and macaroni.

With Papaw's hat wearing head every day of his life and Nana's smile as sweet as you can make it.

And finally I am from a closet that has locked away memories.

ABIGAIL ABSHER, GRADE 5



Where I'm From

I am from games, from Go Fish and Shopkins.

I am from the roses that are red, the cactus in my house.

I am from Christmas get-togethers and watching TV, from my niece and
Absher and Mullins.

I am from shoppers and coffee drinkers at my granny's

I am from "If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at
all" and "Do your best."

I am from Ramsey Freewill Baptist.

I'm from Norton, Virginia, spaghetti and ham.

I'm from the trip to the beach where my dad got chased by a crab, the
summertime vegetable and flower planting and playing in the snow in
the wintertime.

I am from family pictures in a box, in a drawer, in the living room.

ELIZABETH ABSHER, GRADE 5

Appalachian Heritage Day

My favorite thing about Appalachian Heritage Day was the biscuits. Before we could start we had to wash our hands. Some of us were talking. After we washed our hands we sat back down. They told us where to go sit down at. When everyone was sitting and ready they told us to look at the ingredients and make sure we had everything which we did.

When we were mixing we had to make sure we had the right thing and measuring tool or it wouldn't turn out. I was in a team with Josh, Dakota, and Tristan. We took turns measuring. First, we had to put all the dry ingredients in one bowl. Then the wet ingredients went in another bowl. We took turns mixing them. Then we had to mix the dry and wet ingredients together. We had to put extra milk in because it was clumpy. So now we could cut them.

Before we could cut, we had to put flour on the roller and in the dough and on the table. That way nothing would stick. Everyone in the team got to roll and cut. First, Josh got to roll and Dakota cut then I rolled and Tristan cut.

After all that was done, they baked and we went to our next station. When it was lunch time Mrs. Cyphers brought us our biscuits.

We got to choose if we wanted molasses, honey or plain. I chose just to get a plain one. They were so good! We even got to get seconds. That's what I did! Making the biscuits was so fun that's why it's my favorite thing about Appalachian Heritage Day.

OLIVIA ABSHER, GRADE 5



Appalachian Heritage Day

The historic storytelling was my favorite activity at Appalachian Heritage Day. The historian was so nice and cool. My class went to the Community Center to hear him speak. He was from Lincoln Memorial University.

He presented himself as Abraham Lincoln's grandfather. He told us an amazing story about his and our past. He told us about the wars that took place in the past.

We got to try on old clothes. He brought shoes, shirts, pants, hunting materials, survival materials, and more. A lot of us got to try on the clothes. I tried on a coat which felt leathery, soft, really long, really heavy, and it was a button up.

The clothes were the reason why the historian was my favorite activity at Appalachian Heritage Day. I really hope we have it again next year.

SAVANNAH ADAMS, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from coloring and painting suns and flowers.
I am from laughing and smiling in my grandmother's kitchen.
From, lilacs and hibiscus with their bright and beautiful smells.
I am from celebrating the holiday with my family.
From Michelle and Jared, from laughs and lovers.
From "I love you to the moon and back" and "Don't let the bedbugs bite."
I am from Norton, VA from chicken and dumplings and lemonade.
I am from the scattered memories from house to house.

DEANNA BARKER, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from a tan couch,
From sausage, eggs, and biscuits.
From Crystal water and Toast Crunch.
I am from a glass door that is hard to open.
I am from the grass around my house
And the rocks from my front yard.
I am from the lights at Bristol Speedway
And bad eyes from Courtney, Joanna, and Greg.
I am from hand held devices and sitting around.
From stuck under a coffee table and shook me at night.
I am from songs at church.

I'm from Norton community hamburgers and chili.
From the story of God, the story of Jesus,
And the story of my mom.
I am from pictures at Walmart.

DOMINIK BOWEN, GRADE 5

Biscuit Making

Biscuit making was my favorite part of Appalachian Heritage Day because we made homemade biscuits.

We put ingredients together to create the biscuits. We used lots of tools to make the biscuits. We used bowls, rolling pins, our hands, cups and all kinds of things. The ingredients were simple. A few of the ingredients were flour, butter, buttermilk, baking soda, and baking powder to form the dough.

Making biscuits took teamwork. The people who were running the biscuit making demonstration split us into groups. Every group made biscuits. My group members were Tyson, Kayleigh, and Jaquan. Appalachian Heritage Day was fun, but it takes lots of work.



DAVID BUCHANAN, GRADE 5

Appalachian Heritage Day

For my project, I'll be telling you about how our ancestors wrote to each other. I learned about this process during our Appalachian Heritage Day.

Since they had to improvise due to the lack of phones, what they did was get a feather from a turkey, quail, and other birds. Then they boiled old rotten walnut shells and poured it in a cup once it became a watery substance.

Ms. Nikki advised us to be careful it would stain our clothes. Once you have filled the cup, dip the tip of your feather in the cup. Now you can write with a feather like in those love stories your mom's always watching.

I had a lot of fun with it. I drew a skull, my name, a wolf, and other cool things, but I have to warn you don't push too hard, or it might break.

TYSON CARDON, GRADE 5



Quill Pen Writing

On our Appalachian Heritage Day my favorite activity was Quill pen writing. Ms. Nikki was teaching about walnut ink. She researched it on the internet. It is black walnuts and ingredients to make ink. Ms. Nikki told us if we got the ink on us it wouldn't come off of us or our clothes. Ms. Nikki gave out small quill pens to us and there was a big quill pen.

Next, I made two papers. One of them was full of names, and the other one was just random stuff like an apple and my name.

Then we were finished with that activity. I threw away one of the papers and kept the other one. I threw away the one full of names.

We finished that station then we went to the biscuits. That whole day was awesome, except I had to wear jeans!

JACOB CARROLL, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from game experts from Call of Duty to Skate 3.

I am from the cluttered living room from Xbox to TV.

I am from the grape vines to the goldilocks in their pots.

I am from Christmas and know it all from Jennifer, Shane, and Morgan Potter.

I am from my dad and my mom that wears nice clothes to my brother
who wears half decent clothes.

I am from "If you step on a drain the Boogie Man would get you" to "If
you don't have anything nice to say then don't say it at all."

I am from Christians of all kinds and church on Sundays.

I am from Norton, Virginia. Mac and cheese to tomato soup.

I am from my mom's shelf of treasured memories.

CHRIS POTTER, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from sports

From Chevrolets and Fords

I am from a city called Norton with beautiful lights.

I am from the trees that grow outside and the daisies in our year.

I am from the family that prays every meal and the friendly people.

From a dad named Roland and a mom named Cherie.

I am from the family who watch movies together and go to ballgames together.

From “If you can’t say anything nice, don’t say anything at” and “This is an A and B conversation so C your way out of it”

I’m from the people who read the Bible.

I am from Norton, Va and cheeseburgers and chicken.

From the little photo player on the fireplace.

BEN COCHRANE, GRADE 5

Where I’m From

I am from a dresser of clothes,

From cornbread and butter.

I’m from a humble home.

I’m from the rose and the sunflower with their bright colors.

I’m from holiday get-togethers, and being respectful and honest.

From talkers and lovers.

From “If you can’t say something nice don’t speak at all” and “I love you to the moon and back.”

I am from a Christian family.

I’m from Wise, Virginia from homemade cornbread.

I am from my parents’ book of treasured memories.

EMILY COLLINS, GRADE 5

Where I’m From

I am from hard hitting pads from football.

I am from the dirty, nasty cellar.

I am from the flower of daisies and the stigma.

I am from family gatherings and brown hair from my mom, dad, and the Davis’

I am from the lovers and huggers.

I am from Sunday church and plays.

I am from Valdosta, Georgia and homemade grilled cheeses and Kellogg’s Cereal.

I am from the loud noise of construction and loving of my relatives.

Last but not least, I am from my mom’s bookshelf of family memories.

ELIJAH CONLEY, GRADE 5

Where I'm from

I'm from a basketball
From Nike and Under Armour.
I'm from a small house
Thump! Thump! From a mini hoop basketball goal.
From lots of trees and leaves.
I'm from Sunday get togethers and talkers
From Culbertson and Potter.
I'm from athletes and sports
From "If you can't say anything nice don't say anything at all."
I'm from Norton, Virginia
From chicken nuggets and mac and cheese.
I'm from my cousin getting lost under pillows.
But most importantly,
I'm from the chest in front of my mom's bed.

DREW CULBERTSON, GRADE 5

Campfire Stories

My favorite activity from Appalachian Heritage Day was the campfire. When we gathered around the campfire, we had to sit on some hay. The hay was very scratchy and itchy.

I had shorts on and it didn't go so well. When we were all quiet, Ms. Duncan told us a very good story called Sodi Sally. It was about a bear that kept eating people because they were eating his berries.

Next, Kaylen and Marin told their scary stories. They were very interesting. Soon, the fire was burning good. It was hotter than a Carolina Reaper, which is a very hot pepper.

Kaylen's story was about a boy who disappears. After a couple of months, his family sees him, and they don't know what to say. Then they live a normal life.

Next Marin shared her story. It was very interesting. After we were done with reading stories, we sent a video to Ms. Nancy and Ms. Adri who was in New York. After everything was done, we went to the class, and we started to write about our day. I wished I could re-do that day over again!

JADENCE DEARRY, GRADE 5

The Appalachian Heritage Day Campfire

The Appalachian Heritage Day Campfire was fun. We read a book called Soapy Doapy. Then I read my story called The Boy. Then Marin read her story, and it was scary!

The campfire was great. When we were done reading our stories, we talked about all the activities, and we were talking about how good the biscuits were going to taste.

The fire was really hot and when the wind came around my story went into the fire. The day was about over.

The Appalachian Heritage Day Campfire was my favorite activity. That day was one of the best days of my life!

KAYLEN FIELDS, GRADE 5



Clothing Made In 1920's–1930's

I interviewed my cousin Nancy, and she told me the differences between 1920's through 1930's and today.

She told me her mother made all of the clothes back then. She made them for everyone. She worked tirelessly. She took pride in making our clothes.

She gathered feed and flour sacks to make our clothes. She took the feed sack once all the feed was fed to the hogs. She used the flour sacks once all the flour was used. This usually took a while to gather.

Mother would then draw a pattern for our clothes on the sacks. First, she would take measurements. Then she would draw the patterns on the sacks and cut them out. Last, she would sew them all together making our outfits.

It was special wearing clothes my mom made especially for me and my siblings.

SKYLER FUNK, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from Coca-Cola from Sony and Fila.
I am from the home of five, kind and loving.
I am from the snowball tree and grass outside.
I am from opening one present early.
I am from blonde hair and blue eyes.
I am from Green and Gillenwater.
I am from watching TV and texting friends.
I am from "Sharing is caring and don't be mean."
I am from church on Sunday and praying before bed.

I am from Norton, Virginia and the mountains surrounding.
I am from pancakes and biscuits and gravy.
I am from the shelf of pictures.

NOAH GILLENWATER, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from dirt bike, from Fox and Kawasaki.
I am from the brick house surrounded by the woods.
I am from the Maple Tree in the wood, sunflowers in my yard.
I am from Thanksgiving family get-togethers and outdoorsy activities.
From my dad, and Gilliam and Coffey
I am from the workers and the talkers
From being told "Be good when out of the house"
I'm from going to church Sunday and Mom's hamburgers and Hot dogs.
From the funny stories, from my Papaw
I'm from one time I saw something black and fuzzy in the woods and it's
probably a bear or a sasquatch; the stories from my dad wrecking on
his motorcycle.
I am from the special pictures on the shelf in my living room

ELI GILLIAM, GRADE 5

Appalachian Heritage Day- The Historian

It's Appalachian Heritage Day, and there is a Historian who will tell us how he lived back then. We walked in and everything was in there. There were clothes that looked really big and weird, there were bags that looked like pouches or purses, and there was a Historian who had red hair and all green clothes, and black shoes with a yellow buckle on them.

The Historian told us that he is Abraham Lincoln's grandfather, and what they wore back then. The Historian told us that they had Butter Churners, and it was like an Air Pump, and you push the lever, and the butter churns. He said "What are those THINGS you all carry in your pockets? A phone, well we didn't have anything like that." The clothes he had laying on the table looked like a Leprechaun's clothing. They looked very old, and the clothes that we have, have other colors, sparkles, words, and they looked so different.

The Historian had clothes in his hands, he was going to ask kids to volunteer and wear them. I was picked to wear something. I was picked to wear very big shorts, (what he called

Breeches) and they kept on falling off of me. Some kids wore huge shoes, and huge shirts, some even had purses. One of the bags was made out of a real wolf's head! The nose was on there, and the eyes also, it was scary, but OH so COOL!

It was the best Appalachian Heritage Day ever for me, and some other people too! # Best School Day EVER! It was a GREAT day!

MARIN GREER, GRADE 5

Where I'm from

I am from a small tea glass, from the front porch.
I am from the flowers in the yard.
(Small, yellow, pink, purple, and very soft.)
I am from the clothes in my dresser, the old cloth keeper.
Whose cover came off like the wood on the door, both brown as a lake's water.
I am from the millions of family gatherings that are always funny or so dumb.
From my dad and my oldest brother Jake and my mother.
I am from the biggest talkers and gun shooters.
From treat people how you want to be treated.
From say something nice or nothing at all.
I am from Big Stone Hospital.
From fried potatoes and sloppy Joes.
From Mom's talkative and the squishing of her sitting in "the chair".
Last, but not least, I am from mom's picture board behind the bookshelf.

WILLIAM HESS, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from an old ragged house from the 50's from Ramsey.
I am from a mountain of clothes and toys.
I am from the sweet smelling air.
I am from mom cooking while I help.
From squealing of joy.
From "It gets worse when you lie."
From New Jersey to Poland to Sicily, Italy to Senegal, Africa
From a Navy Seal
From a blessed family
From mom's secret photos.

AUTUMN HUGHES, GRADE 5

Quill Pens

Have you ever wanted to know how people wrote in the past?

On Appalachian Heritage Day we wrote with real quill pens. They made ink by crushing walnuts. The blacker the ink, the better the ink. A quill pen is a feather that can be big or small. Writing with it was fun. Everybody liked it.

Every few strokes or so we had to dip it back in the ink. It felt weird when I wrote with it. I wasn't used to it. When I dipped it in ink, it soaked up the ink. The quill pen was the only thing you could write with in the past.

The ink was from walnuts. They were picked from a walnut tree which you can find in the wild. It feels good once you get used to writing with it. A quill pen is a bird feather dipped in ink. Be careful not to get it on your clothes because it stains.

It's a very fun way to write. I really enjoyed it.

HOLDEN HUTCHINSON, GRADE 5

Making Biscuits

At Appalachian Heritage Day we learned about the past. I enjoyed listening to the scary stories. I learned how to write with quill feathers. My favorite part was learning how to make biscuits.

Listening to scary stories was very fun. We were sitting on hay bales outside. And Ms. Duncan told us a bear story and it was very funny and a very good book. Then Kaylen and Marin told very good scary stories. We learned how to write with quill feathers, and it was

very interesting. Learning how to make the ink was fun. We got to write with the quill feathers. I kept the piece of paper that I wrote on and gave it to my mom.

Making biscuits was my favorite part of the day. First, we had to mix buttermilk and flour. We rolled out the dough really good. We used a circle cutter to cut the biscuits out. The lunch ladies baked them for us, and we got to eat them at lunch time. They were really good.

Appalachian Heritage Day was one of the best events this year. We got to listen to scary stories, and we got to write with quill feathers. Eating the biscuits was really fun.

CHLOE INGLE, GRADE 5



Biscuit Making

I loved the biscuit making because I like to bake. It was fun but also challenging. I made the biscuits at school during Appalachian Heritage Day.

It was hard because you had so many directions to follow. Some of the ingredients we needed was flour, buttermilk, baking soda, and baking powder.

I liked it even though it was challenging. I did not get to taste them because I had to leave school before lunch to go to Galax.

I loved that those nice people took time out of their day to make ours a success. Thank you.

JAQUAN JOHNSON, GRADE 5

The Quill Pens

I had so much fun writing with the quill pen during Appalachian Heritage Day. It was cool how you could make ink from walnuts.

Ms. Nikki made ink from walnuts. It was really hot, pitch black, and very gooey.

We got to write with a fake and a real quill pen. The fake one was plastic, and they were both small.

It was so hard to write with a fake and a real quill pen. It went everywhere, and it was very messy. It was very hard to write my name with it.

We did get to keep the fake small quill pen. This activity was very fun. I hope we do it again.

RYDER JOHNSON, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from cappuccino coffee, pizza, and love.

I am from the picture filled house.

I am from roses and the garden lands.

I am from making fudge for family get-togethers, from Hunter, Steele, and Croll.

I am from singing and helping.

From "Can't say nothing nice say nothing at all" and "stop tattling."

I am from churches and bibles,

From Cherokee Indian.

I am from pictures filled of memories.

I am from caring for others.

From the battles, the trials, and the hunting.

I will never trade my family for anything.

Family is the most important thing to me.

LOVE NEVAEH, GRADE 5

Camp Fire

My favorite part of Heritage day was story time around the campfire. The whole class got to sit on hay and write in our Origin Project journals. We learned about Jack Tales and a story called Sody Salaratus.

Mrs. Harvey told us the story of Sody Salaratus. It was a really good book. Then we read a tale that was a Jack Tale .The pictures and the descriptions in the story were amazing. They both had really good lessons.

The campfire made it so cozy and sitting on the hay made it feel like I was camping and roasting s'mores .The fire was like a big bonfire you would see at gatherings or a celebration.

At the end of both stories, we got to talk about each story and see what would happen next in the story. When we go home, she said we could write our own Jack Tale at home or at school.

I loved the story time around the campfire with all my friends. I hope the school does Heritage Day again!

ABIGAIL KINSER, GRADE 5



Appalachian Heritage Day

My favorite part about Appalachian Heritage Day was crocheting and sewing! My grandma and some cousins in Ohio taught me how to crochet. The hardest part for me was the looping which was the beginning. The first thing I made was a headband. It was pink and purple. It took a little bit to get the hang of it. My sister made a scarf, but she added a lot of stitches and the color was blue.

My grandma taught me sewing while we were in Ohio. My grandma had beautiful fabric. It was hard to choose which one to use. The first thing I tried to sew was a mini pillow. I sewed my pants to the fabric. We laughed and laughed. My grandma taught my mom too, and she is really good.

My mamaw helped teach me at home. My mamaw crocheted two blankets for me. I made a scarf and the yarn was different colors. I watched my mamaw crochet. She crochets really fast. My sister crochets too, and she is fast. She has crocheted two scarves and working on another. Crocheting and sewing is easy and fun for me!



HANNAH KINSER, GRADE 5

Writing with a quill feather

We had an Appalachian Heritage Day at school. I learned how to make the ink to write with. The history of the quill feather was interesting as well. I was really excited for getting a chance to write with the feathers.

I learned how to make the ink. First you break the walnuts and boil them in water. Then you strain them through an old cloth. You use the ink to write with for the quill feathers.

I also learned the history of the quill feathers. We got to write with a feather from a museum. The texture of the feather was smooth. You have to cut the feather to let the ink soak up in it so you can write with it.

We got a chance to write with the feathers. They gave us a piece of paper. I think it was harder to write with a feather than a pen. We got to take our art and feather home.



The Appalachian Heritage Day was a lot of fun and educational as well. I learned a lot about feathers and how to write with them.

GRACIE LANE, GRADE 5

Appalachian Heritage Day

Seeing Abraham Lincoln's grandfather was my favorite thing at Appalachian Heritage Day.

We met a historian who portrayed himself as Abraham Lincoln's grandfather. He took us on a journey to Blacksburg, Kentucky. That's where he lived in the past with his family.

We put on some clothes and shoes from the past. I got to put on a blanket, and Jacob got to put on jeans and a flannel shirt. Jacob's jeans were a little big. The blanket was made out of wool and was itchy. We took pictures with the clothes that we had on.

It was the greatest and funniest thing ever! I hope this happens again next year.

MIGUEL MADRIGAL, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I'm from music of Ireland and Knoxville

I'm from a trailer in the woods

I'm a cat in an alley

I'm from Brazil to Virginia

I'm from Christmas carols of the stars

From don't be a smart Alex

I'm from a nature filled room sleeping like a flower in bloom small and frail

From Mexican food and love of family and friends

From Tuma to Moore

Lucha in mask to Steve Pain to Zumbi

I'm from a child sleeping in the stars

From Berney instead of Trump

From running and jumping

And this is where I'm from.

GRACE MOORE, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from my Xbox 360 and the kitchen cooking cheese pizza rolls.

I am from hearing popping from the cheese pizza rolls and Fiji water.

I am from the cluttered dining room.

I am from the trees in the woods and super rough terrain.

I am from eating peanut butter candy
And bad eyes from Cash, Peters and McCarrols.
I am from arguing and loud speech.
I am from reading the Bible online and plays.
I am from chicken dumplings and Hershey kisses.
I am from the Dollywood Emporium buying a koozie and my stepfather
taking Me hunting.
I am from my grandmother's house wall of pictures.

JOSHUA PETERS, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from a baby bottle.
I am from the Easter Lilies and the beautiful sun.
From tag and hide and seek.
I am from shampoo that smells like watermelons.
From Aeropostale shirts.
I am from a white house with a rock foundation.
I am from "Don't let the bed bug's bite and good night."
I am from reading the Bible.
I am from my Maw-ma singing I'm a little Tea Cup.
I am from Virginia's state bird and pizza and salads.
I am from my mom's treasure chest of memories.

ARABELLA PETTUS, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from gaming pc's Razer and AlienWare.
I am from the neat bedroom from the made up bed.
I am the little cactus in the window and the snowball bush.
I am from family reunions and the brown hair and brown eyes, from
Phillips and Peters.
I am from football lovers and Greek Mythology.
From "Too legit to quit and if you don't have something nice to say don't
say anything."
I am from Norton Community Hospital and Irish, Fried chicken and Steak.
From the McDonald's chicken nuggets in the microwave.
I am from the family scrap book from my awesome family.

LANDEN PHILLIPS, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I'm from hot and cold.
From Dunkin Donuts and fresh Ice tea.
I'm from the loud house living room.
I'm from the natural spices, the fresh garlic and cilantro.
I'm from pizza on Halloween and I'm going to beat
you.
From Tommy and Lauren Potter.
I'm from nerf gun wars and cooking and chilling.
From "If you can't say anything nice don't say
anything at all" and "I love you, no I love you more."
I'm from dress and sweat pants.
I'm from Arkansas Little Rock, mom's deviled eggs to dad's homemade gravy.
From the time I first came into the world, and the time Quinton wore
underwear to school as shorts.
From the time I went to Nationals for shot put.
I am from the best parents ever!
I am from the house full of memories.



HARPER POTTER, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from pencils wandering,
From eraser shavings and sketch pads.
I am from the nice living room of warm greetings.
I am from the bark of the dog and sweet smelling roses.
I am from Christmas dinners, from brown hair and loving heart.
I am from Gardners and Smiths.
I am from the lovers and saying thank you
From "If you don't get your nose out of that book you'll turn into one"
and "Family's more important than anything."
I am from church on Sundays.
I am from Johnson City in Tennessee.
From fried chicken and Oreo dessert,
From the scary stories from my dad and "It's ok it's not real with a handful
of popcorn to give me."
I am from the second drawer of mom's wooden nightstand, and I wouldn't
trade it for the world.

DESTINY PRUITT, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from coffee from Starbucks and the coffee cup.
I am from the Christmas morning in the smooth kitchen.
I am from the bleeding hearts to the tulips.
I am from the annuals and the Smiths and the Jenkins.
I am from the talkers and the collectors from "You better get over here"
and "Come here right now."
I am from church and church plays.
I am from Johnson City, Tennessee.
From mashed potatoes to bread.
From Mamaw's singing of Mississippi spelling.
I am from the family pictures.

HOPE PRUITT, GRADE 5

Appalachian Heritage Day

During Appalachian Heritage Days my favorite part was the campfire. We got to tell scary stories sitting with friends and walking back from the fire.

Kaylen and Marin told scary stories . Kaylen's was about a little boy who was a ghost. We had fun. So I am thankful for the people who put the event together.

Jacob, Adrian, and I sat together on the hay bales. It was really itchy. We laughed at each other. Jacob almost fell in the fire.

It was scary, but amazing! Walking past the quilting, walking over feeling happy in my bones. I thought my bones were going to fall off.

Thank you everyone for all that you have done. I enjoyed the Appalachian Heritage Days.

ZACK REED

Where I'm From

I am from Monopoly and GTA5.
I am from a white house with a brown door.
I am from a sunflower.
I am from Saturday game nights and movies on Thursday.
I am from love and peace.
I am from Georgia to Norton.
I am from my basement where my memories are kept in photo albums.
I am from the bible in the church where my grandma takes me.

I am from my grandma that reads me "Are You My Mother?"
I am from my dad who took me on rides at the fair.

DALTON RING, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I'm from deep in a clean room and bed with a blue, white, and gray bedspread.
I'm from Pop-Tarts and Berry Fanta.
I'm from a white house with gray brick on the bottom, and black
trimming and white door.
I'm from Sunflowers and Elephant Ears.
I'm from Friday movie nights to Friday with my grandparents to holiday
get-togethers.
I'm from huggers and lovers.
I'm from Sensabaugh, Thompsons, and Boggs.
I'm from hard working to win or losing and "Never say never."
I'm from Sunday morning dressing up to singing in church.
I'm from Norton Community Hospital to taco soup and mashed potatoes.
I'm from a crazy house to my funny dad.
I'm from 3,000 pictures on a phone to a scrap book in my room.

MACIANA SENSABAUGH, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from a basketball court, from an athletic family, and Hibbet Sports.
I am from the closet with a lot of clothes.
I am from the orange tulip off my papaw's cast.
I am from the holiday get-togethers from Sensabaugh, Blair, Miles, & Mullins.
I am from tight huggers and laughers.
From "If you can't say something nice, don't say it at all."
I am from going to church on Sunday and praising the Lord.
I'm from Norton Community Hospital, and was born by Tara Sensabaugh.
From MiFinca and Dough Makers.
From the family that never gets a break from sports, the family that
LOVES GOD.
I am from the book that has a lot of memories.

SERIAH SENSABAUGH, GRADE 5



Appalachian Heritage Day

The best part of Appalachian Heritage Day was using the quill pen. Did you know that they used a feather off a turkey or goose to write with and walnuts for ink?

They waited for the walnuts to fall, and they gathered them in a bucket and waited for them to rot. Then they cooked it over a stove.

The longer it stays cooked the darker it will be. There are different levels of it. So high would be dark. Medium would not be dark but would not be too light, and low will be light.

My mamaw came, it was really fun because she came and helped. We dressed up.

That was the best day ever! I hope we do it again!

MADDIE SERGENT, GRADE 5

Quill Pen

My favorite activity on Appalachian Heritage Day was writing with a quill pen.

We got to write in ink made from walnuts and with quill pens. Ink made of walnuts took all day to make and would stain anything it touched. I enjoyed writing with quill pens.

We wrote our name three times on a sheet of paper. The paper was white, the ink was black, and the quills were red, blue, black, and white colored.



We saw big quill pens and how they wrote. It was exciting, and my grandpa has quill pens that he writes with for fun.

We got to keep our pens and paper. The quill pen was my favorite because it showed how people in the 1700s, and 1800s wrote letters, school work and many more important things.

CLIFF SKORUPA, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from an apple
From sweet and sour.
I am from a room full of fun.
I am from coffee and tea.
I am from the bushes in the yard.
I am from a loving family.
I am from a family tradition of gathering around as a family at Christmas.
I am from getting hollered at.
I am from cranberry sauce and presents under the tree.
I am from a house full of video games and love.
I am from the closet full of treasured memories.

ADRIEN SPRIGGS, GRADE 5

Quill Pens

On Appalachian Heritage Day we saw a parade. It had bagpipes. Then we went to the quill station.

She told us how to make walnut ink. First, get some black walnuts. Next sear and boil them. Last, take them out. There should be black liquid, and to recycle put leftovers in a jar.

Then we got to look at feathers. The small feathers were purchased, but the big feathers were from actual birds. We got to bring the small ones home. Mine was white with a sparkly tip.

Then we started writing with quills. I wrote my name print and cursive, and I drew curly Q's and polka dots. Last, I liked drawing and writing with quill pens a lot. I would do it all again, and I hope I do.

KAYLEIGH STIDHAM, GRADE 5

Carding

My favorite part of Appalachian Heritage Day was carding.

There was a lady that helped us do it, and she was nice. First, you took paddles with these thin metal things on them, and then you cleaned the wool with them.

Once you cleaned the wool, you put it in a pile. It looked clean. When you cleaned it, the wool was softer than when it was not clean. It was fun and enjoyable.

I kept carding for a long time. It was better when clean. Then we had to go and I didn't want to.

It was the best part of Appalachian Heritage Day. I hope I get to do something like this again.



DAVID STURGILL GRADE 5

Historian

We met Captain Abraham Lincoln at our Appalachian Heritage Day. Captain Abraham Lincoln was a historian. He is the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln. A historian is a person who tells about their past. His boots were so cool. His scarf was made out of wool. He would wear these awesome boots. They were made out of leather.

He showed us all of his cool equipment. He told us about hunting. He would use a bow and arrow or a man made knife. For cooking, he would use like a pot, and he would use fire to cook it. He would take the pan and put it over the fire and put the top over it and cook it. He had this book bag, and it would hold all the things he needed to live back then.

His clothes were cool. He let us try a few of them on. Some people said the scarf was the most comfortable, and the least comfortable was the shirt, but the shoes looked the coolest.

The Historian was my favorite part ever!



GAVIN STURGILL, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from playing with my brothers and my sisters from Monopoly to Uno.
I am from my bedroom facetimeing my friends and staying up all night on
the weekends.

I am from the flowers that grow in my grass (picking them for everybody)

I am from the Holy Ghost churches getting ready every Wednesday and
Sunday nights.

I am from the family picnics packing watermelon and all kinds of fruit.

I am from if I don't do my chores I get my phone taken.

I am from if you fight you get in the corner.

I am from going to New Assembly Pentecostal Church.

I am from family get-togethers on the holidays.

I am from the family pictures always everywhere.

I am from "Good night, love you."

I am from clean you room if it is messy.

I am from shopping everywhere like Walmart and Target.

I am from coming to school and learning every day.

I am from volleyball practicing in the back yard.

I am from dancing with my friends and having lots of fun.

I am from if I see a dog I have to pet it.

I am from that saying, "Practice makes perfect."

KELSEY STURGILL, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am From Sports, From Nike and Under Armour.

I am From the Teepee House.

I am From the Sunflowers and The Seeds. I am From the Board Games
and Working, from Tate and Davis And Fuller.

I am From the Fun and Niceness.

I am From "Don't cry of I'll give you something to cry about," and "Love
you to the Moon and Back."

I am From Fun

I'm From the Mountains and Noodles and Mac and Cheese.

From "What did you say?"

From Bee-Baw from Liv Acting and the stories from Mom.

I am from the walls of my house where memories hang.

IAN TATE, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from a sports family from Under Armour and Nike.
I am from the living room when we watch football and yell at the refs
when they make bad calls, and we all sit on the couch and cuddle
together.
I am from the daisy and tulip which makes me happy.
I am from holiday get togethers and blue eyes from Phipps and West.
I am from the huggers and kissers.
From "If you can't say anything nice don't say anything at all" and "Don't
let the bed bugs bite."
I am from Christians and going to church on Sunday.
I am from Big Stone Gap, Virginia from my dad's famous Biscuits and
Gravy and my mom's famous mashed potatoes.
From the watching football on Sunday and the laughing of our family.
Last, but not least, I am from the big scrapbook full of pictures and
memories.

TAYLOR PHIPPS, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from the television,
From video games and YouTube.
I am from the dirty tan couch laying in the Living room.
I am from the prickly bush, the flowers in the yard.
I am from being lazy and watching T.V.,
From Chunk and Rebecka Wamsley.
I am from the big eaters and nice visits.
From "If you don't make good grades no technology" and "If you don't
have anything nice to say don't say it at all."
I am from Christians of all kind.
I'm from Norton, Virginia and Ireland, chicken and Little Debbie
Cakes.
From the time my cat Charcoal got stuck in the Christmas tree, the tree
was destroyed, and the time I ran through a screen door.
I am from the wall where all my mother's treasures are kept.

TRISTAN WAMSLEY, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from barking dogs from four-wheeling and shooting.

I am from the porch where we talk.

I am from the tiger lilies in the summer, the pond with flowers all around it.

I am from family gatherings and homemade food, Sandy, Sady, and Gray.

I am from the long conversations and video game playing.

From "It's better to try and fail than to not try at all" and "Practice makes perfect."

I'm from North Carolina, Apple dip and sloppy JO.

I am from the coolest family, and I wouldn't trade them for the world.

DAKOTA WELLS, GRADE 5



POWELL VALLEY MIDDLE SCHOOL



Southwest Virginia Festival of Trees, Southwest Virginia Museum Historical State Park, Big Stone Gap, Virginia



Powell Valley Middle students leaving Barter Theatre event hosted by Nancy Bolmeier Fisher, Margot Shetterly, and Adriana Trigiani

Rain on a Sunny Day

I love hearing stories about my mom when she was my age! One of the funniest stories that has been passed down was about a family vacation my mom went on when she was my age. She was on vacation with my grandparents in Myrtle Beach and they were staying at a campground. They were sitting at a picnic table outside and my papaw felt something wet splash all over his head and down his back. He wasn't sure what had happened! Suddenly, he realized he was covered with a giant gob of bird poop! The next day, they got him an airbrushed shirt that said, "I got pooped on in Myrtle Beach." It also had a small picture of a bird on it. My papaw still has that shirt to this day and that story still makes us all laugh!

DORIAN ALMER, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from the hills and valleys where the sun shines and the lions roar
from Mother Nature that we all cherish.
I am from an old white place that still stands today and I almost got taken
away.

I am from the apple trees that I see every day whose trees I still love.
I am from the oceans that are blue and the sunshine that is bright.
From the Underwoods and Barnetts to the Darnells.
I am from the blue and green eyes, from fat and skinny, tall and short.
I am from the cabins far away.
I am from Jerry and Lula.
From watermelon and Oreos balls.
From cabin to cabin and from home to home.
I am from I will always love you!
I am from the moments I will always share and from the hills where the
sun shines and the lions roar.

BRIANNA BARNETT, GRADE 5

The Eisenhower Dollar

My great-grandfather, Brown McKinney, began a tradition with our family many years ago. When a grandchild was born, they would receive an Eisenhower dollar. My great-grandfather thought this was a token of good prosperity. Even though he had already passed away as a result of heart failure before I was born, my grandmother carried on his tradition and gave one of these special coins to me.

When they were first made, the Eisenhower dollar had the same value as a paper dollar, except that it was in coin form. It is called the Eisenhower dollar because the man on the coin is Dwight Eisenhower, the 34th president of the United States. The government only made the Eisenhower dollar from 1971–1978. Since the coins aren't made anymore, their value has increased because they are more difficult to find. The coin my great-grandfather gave me is a 1971 edition, the first year the coin was issued. It is currently worth about \$2.00, but could increase in value up to \$190.00 as time goes on and they become more rare.

From what I've been told, my great-grandfather was a very loving, funny, generous man. Even though I never met him, I am thankful to have a moment to remember him by. I keep my special coin safely in my baby book and will hand it down to my children one day to carry on the tradition. I know I am very lucky to have such a special and rare coin, but I am even luckier to have a small token that once belonged to my great-grandfather.

BELLA BASCOPE, GRADE 5

I Am From

I am from bed, from Xbox 360, and Microsoft.
I am from the double wide with a strawberry smell.
I am from the roses that is planted near my house, the pine trees whose
long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.

I'm from Thanksgiving and Christmas celebrations with family, from mom and dad.

I'm from laying on the couch, watching television, and from playing Fall Out 4 on the Xbox 360.

I'm from Big Stone Gap Virginia and American Kids.

From spaghetti, and macaroni.

From Big Dad, great-papal, the picture of great-papal hanging on my wall.

KEAGEN BELCHER, GRADE 5

My Christmas Traditions

I'm going to tell you about my Christmas traditions. We do Ho-Ho night, Tree Trimming, and Christmas Eve every year. We have always done Tree Trimming and Christmas Eve as a family, but we only started Ho-Ho night a few years ago. My family did these traditions before I was born. My dad has decorated my great-grandmother's tree and spent Christmas Eve night at her house, since he was born. I hope to carry on these traditions in the future.

Every Ho-Ho night we go to my Uncle Greg's house. We eat there, celebrate my Aunt Tanna's birthday, take a family picture, and Ho-Ho comes to visit us. The reason we do Ho-Ho night is because of my sister and me. In the past we would go to the mall and see Santa every year, and I'd cried so much my parents refused to go back. They bought a Santa suit and asked my papaw to dress up as Ho-Ho (Santa Claus) for my cousins and me. My sister born in 2008 and this was the first year we did Ho-Ho night. Ho-Ho sneaks in the house and starts ringing bells. He calls us up by age, we get to sit on his lap, each of us gets a present from him, and a picture taken. As he is leaving, we all give him a group hug.

Tree trimming night is another tradition that we do the week before Christmas. We go to my great-grandmother's house and all the grandkids decorate her tree. She has some really old ornaments. Most ornaments are older than me and some are even older than my dad. Everyone gets to make their own ornament. Each ornament has our picture on it. Everybody brings gifts for the white elephant game, and each year we try to do different rules for the game. This year my dad read a poem that had right and left words on it, if he said left or right that's the way people had to pass their gifts. When the poem is over, the person gets to open up their gift and could trade with other people.

The main tradition we do is Christmas Eve night at my great-grandmother's house. We have a big meal with all of the family. We always have ham. After eating supper, we all go to the living room. My dad, sister, and I sit on the couch with all of my uncles and cousins and get our picture taken. We read the Christmas story out of the Bible. We all take turns reading parts of the story. After the Bible story, we sing Happy Birthday to Jesus and sing Christmas songs. We all sit in the floor and everyone gets their stockings. The stockings are the ones we have had since we were babies. My dad and uncle have the same stockings since

they were born. The stockings always have toys and candy in them. I like getting my stocking to see what is in it. We open our gifts up after we get our stockings. The adults clean up after all the gifts and stockings have been opened. While the adults clean up, all of the kids play, we have dessert, sit around, and play some more. I love my Christmas traditions with my family, they make me happy! I want to keep doing my traditions and one day I will do them with my children.

CALEB BISHOP, GRADE 5

Fun Memories with My Pawpaw

When I was younger, I used to go to my grandparents' house while my mom was at work. My pawpaw would let me ride on his lawn mower and help him mow the yard. After we finished mowing the yard, we would drive the lawn mower to a big patch of land and pick berries. We would also go to the creek and throw rocks in the water. I always loved riding on the lawn mower with pawpaw.

When my pawpaw would come home from work, I would run to the door and hug him. He would save me his ham sandwich and Milky Way from his lunch. After he came home, he would take me outside and I would act like I was cooking with pots and old wooden spoons that I had. I put grass, water, and dead leaves in the pots to cook.

When it snowed, I would play outside while pawpaw sat on the porch. The power once went out and pawpaw had several oil lamps to use and my pawpaw, nana, brother, and I made a fort with blankets, chairs, and tall laundry baskets.

These are some of the best memories I have with my pawpaw and I will always cherish these memories.

KAYLIE BLANTON, GRADE 5

I Am From

I am from Hershey, from Reese's Pieces and Twix Bars.

I am from the land that smells wonderful and everything tastes smooth and rich.

I am from the Cocoa Tree, the start of where chocolate is created.

I am from the tribe that makes chocolate and Cocoa, from Cocoa daddy and Cocoa sister and Cocoa brother.

I am from the family of candy and sweet lovers.

From birth to death, chocolate is amazing.

I am from the Chocolate Army, where chocolate is protected and cherished.

I'm from Hershey and the Chocolate Tribe of Reese's Pieces and Twix Bars.

From my great-great-grandfather, the patriarch of chocolate, to me, the candy lover, the tradition of chocolate making is passed down. I am from the tribe that chocolate is eaten. Our lives are filled with chocolate. I hope to keep the tradition going of how special chocolate is to the Chocolate Tribe in the future.

WILLIAM BOLLING, GRADE 5

Vacation Memories

One of my favorite memories with my family was when we went to Wrightsville Beach last summer. I had never been to the beach so I was excited and couldn't wait to get there. It was the first time that we were not home on July 4th, which is the day we have our annual family reunion. I was kind of sad that we would not be with our family but I am still very glad we went. It was a great experience spending the Fourth of July on the beach watching fireworks with my family.

We left on July 1, 2016 at midnight so we could sleep, but I was so excited that I only slept about an hour. Our plan was to make it to the beach in enough time to watch the sunrise, but my dad must have had other plans because he took a different route to get there and it added two hours to the trip. He still says that he wasn't lost and knew where he was the whole time. We all know that he had no clue where we were.

As soon as we arrived, we went to the beach, even before we went to our hotel. We arrived a little after sunrise and the beach was already filling up with people. It was so hot but when we got in the water, it was so refreshing and the perfect temperature. I loved the ocean from the first time I saw the ocean, it was so peaceful. We all went straight to the water, even mom and dad. We were in the water for ten minutes before we realized that we had forgotten to put on sunscreen.

We stayed there all day and had so much fun that it is hard to say exactly which part of the day would be my favorite. Every evening we watched the sunset and walked on the beach. At night, we had the beach to ourselves. We walked out on the Johnny Mercer pier every night and saw a lot of sharks. I couldn't believe how many sharks were in the water, it was kind of scary. We got up early a couple of mornings just to see the sunrise, it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. We would also watch the dolphins jumping in and out of the water each morning.

We watched the best fireworks while at the beach. They seemed to have lasted forever. We watched them from The Cape Fear Bridge. We spent the day walking through the town of Wilmington looking at the old buildings. I loved seeing the town and old historical buildings. I think the only time we spent any time in the hotel was when it was time to sleep.

The day we had to leave, no one wanted to but the dead week of the Virginia High School League was almost over which meant we had to go home and start softball practice. We woke up very early in the morning to watch the sunrise one more time. It made me sad to leave, I just wanted to stay one more week.

My sisters, Emili and Desiree, liked the beach so much that they want to live there one day. My dad and brother got burned after spending three days in the water and by the end of the week, they were ready to leave. My mom and I liked the beach a lot but we do not want to live there.

While we were there, we went to a couple of different beaches. My favorite was Wrightsville Beach because there was not a lot of people there and at night we had the entire beach to ourselves. We also went to Carolina Beach and I really didn't like it, the waves were really big and I got knocked down a lot. I couldn't stand up, and I was scared of the drop offs. It also has a lot of trash on it and there were so many people that you we couldn't find a place to sit.

We are going back this summer and I can't wait. I think going on vacation the week of July 4th will be a new family tradition. We are not sure which beach we will visit this year, but I really don't care as long as we get to go again. I think going to the beach with my family will always be my favorite thing to do.

MADI BROOKS, GRADE 5

Growing Up in Wise County

My great-great-grandpa, Tom Bryington, was born in Ireland and came to the United States as a young boy. He grew up in Pennsylvania, and came to this area looking for work in Coal and Logging Industry. He married Nettie Hall from Kentucky. They had six children and one of them was my papaw's dad, my great-grandpa Fred Bryington. My Papaw Archie says "Growing up in Wise County as a kid was very different then it is today." They raised most of the food for the family. They had hogs for meat and cows for milk. Hunting and fishing was fun, but important because it was food for them. They didn't have cars so no one went anywhere very much. The outside and the mountains is where they played. My Papaw Archie's dad had an uncle that went coon hunting in the mountains. One day while he was hunting, he got really sleep so he went to sleep by a tree. He was by himself because his dogs were hunting for raccoons. This was in the winter and late at night. His uncle woke up and a large, hairy something with no shoes on was looking down at him. Of course, he was very scared and couldn't say a word. The man, creature, or woodbooger ran off into the woods and so my great- grandpa's Uncle Sam always had a story to tell about that night.

AVERY BRYINGTON, GRADE 5

Who am I?

Isaiah

Brown eyes, red hair, tall, athletic.

Son of Matt Carter and Brandi Carter.

Lover of throwing balls to my dog, playing games, and riding dirt bikes.

Who fears heights and failing grades.

Who wants a hover board to ride around my house, a trampoline to jump
and do flips, and a new dirt bike since I have outgrown mine.
Who gives smiles when I am happy, stories to make my cousin laugh, and
help when Mrs. Watkins needs her room cleaned.
Who would like to see Paris with my friend Jesse, the pretty ocean, and
my cousins in Florida.
Resident of Big Stone Gap, Virginia, a place that is full of tall trees that
change color when the seasons change.

Carter

ISAIAH CARTER, GRADE 5

Castle

What's in a name? I have heard many people ask that question, but I have never thought a lot about it until now. My name is Addison Castle. There happens to be a pretty cool story about my last name.

One of my ancestors was named Jacob Castle. He is one of the most mysterious and interesting people of the early frontier of Russell County. We think he came to America from Germany with other German settlers who landed in Philadelphia on September 5, 1738. Castle settled in Western Russell County a long time before the treaty that allowed white people to settle there.

Jacob was a hunter and lived with the Indians. He dressed in Buckskin moccasins and leggings, a leather hunting shirt, breeches, and a cap made out of beaver or otter skin. He always carried a hatchet, knife, shot pouch, powder horn, rifle or musket, and enough food to last at least two days.

Castlewood actually gets its name from the name Castle's Wood and is named from Jacob Castle. Castle's Woods was a huge area of forest land that Jacob got from the Indians. There are lots of different stories about how he got the land. Some legends say that he traded the Indians a butcher knife and a musket for the land that later took his name.

There was also an area called Castle Run. Legend says that this area got its name because Jacob was once chased by an Indian chief through that area for hunting on their land.

Daniel Boone lived in the Castlewood area from 1773 to 1775 which is the same time Jacob Castle lived there. They say that they knew each other. It is known that Daniel Boone took credit for a lot of the things that William Russell did. Historians say that it is very likely that Boone also took credit for some of Jacob Castle's deeds too.

So, it seems that there is a lot in a name. I am very proud to have the name Castle. It is pretty awesome to have an ancestor who has the town of Castlewood named after him and it is pretty awesome to have the name Castle.

ADDISON CASTLE, GRADE 5

Birthday Memory

It was my sixth birthday and I was going to Lakeland Georgia. Before getting on the road, we had to get gas and my mom couldn't find her wallet to pay for the gas. We had to go back home to look for her wallet, turns out that wallet was in the crack of my sister's bed. After finding the wallet, we got on the road Georgia. While on the road, we went to Florida to spend the night with my cousin. While at my cousin's house we watched Netflix and played some basketball. The next day we left for Georgia.

When we arrived at my family's home in Georgia, my granny, cousins, aunt, uncles, my brothers, sisters, and my dad were there. For my birthday, I had a confetti cake and some ice cream cones with cake batter inside the cone with icing and sprinkles on top of the cake. This was the best day ever and my favorite fun family memory.

JADEN CLARK, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from cell phones, Bath and Body Works, and softball.

I am from a cozy three-story house with apple pie scented candles.

I am from sunflowers, daisies, and colorful fall trees.

I am from Saturdays full of Tennessee football and green eyes, from
Collinsworth, Stanley, and Wendell.

I am from nail-biters and worriers,

From "Act like somebody!" and "Play nice!"

I am from the Baptist Church and a Christian family.

I am from Bristol, Tennessee, Great Britain, Ireland, and Big Stone Gap,
From ham and apple cake.

I am from the time I was on my way to the beach with my family and got
lost and ended up staying in a hotel parking lot, from sweet memories
of my popaw's fun spirit.

I am from photo albums that remind me of all the fun I've had.

AVA COLLINSWORTH, GRADE 5

Family Tradition

When my dad was 19 years old, he moved from Abingdon to Big Stone Gap. He started working at Dairy Queen in Norton as a maintenance man. After working there a year, he was promoted to working on the backline on day and night shifts. After working that position for a while, he was again promoted to assistant manager, where he worked for three years before being promoted to the general manager or store operator. In 2005, the year I was born, my dad

became the supervisor of both Norton and Big Stone Gap stores. A few years later, my older brother, Cody, started working for my dad at the Dairy Queen in Big Stone Gap. My sister joined them in 2011 and still works there today. I hope to keep the tradition alive by working for my dad when I get older. I am proud of him for working his way up the ladder to success and for being such an awesome dad and role model!

ALIVIA COUNTS, GRADE 5

The Festival of Trees

One of the Christmas activities I enjoyed this year was going to the Southwest Virginia Museum in Big Stone Gap to see the Festival of Trees with my mom and my sister. I got to go back a second time with my school and enjoyed it just as much as the first time! The museum is very old and has many artifacts, but each year during Christmas, it transforms into a Christmas tree showcase where people and clubs from the community can come in and decorate a tree to enter in the Festival of Trees contest. Visitors at the museum get to vote on which tree they think is the best.

I like going around and seeing all of the different ways people decorate the trees. I loved the tree that was decorated with the war theme. It had a soldier's army hat on top and an old rifle next to it. It also had tons of ornaments with pictures of soldiers who had battled for our freedom and red, white, and blue lights. It was a patriotic tree.

My favorite tree was the gingerbread tree on the main floor of the museum. It was full of gingerbread ornaments. Some of them were homemade! The people who decorated that tree were very creative and must have spent a lot of time on it. There was a gingerbread house underneath the tree that I thought was real! It had a tiny gingerbread man inside and was very detailed. My mom, my sister and I all voted for the gingerbread tree. I think it won!

AIDAN DANDY, GRADE 5

I Am From

I am from softball, from Boom and Nike.

I am from the little house that reminds me of slat.

I am from the oak tree that screams "Whee" whose long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.

I am from ornaments and decorations for the holidays, from Aubrey and Aaron.

I'm from the craft shop, the wood shop, and from the glue shop.

I'm from don't give up on your dreams, quit your day dreaming, and don't judge a book by its cover.

I'm from playing ball in the spring and summer.

I'm from Virginia and Tennessee.
From rice, and beans.
From my Popa T who loves me and the memories at his house I will keep.

TAYLOR DAVIDSON, GRADE 5

I Am From

I am from television, from hairdryer, and door.
I am from the little house that smells like smoke.
I am from the roses and the dogwood, whose long gone limbs I remember
as if they were my own.
I'm from celebrating my brother's birthday and my birthday together, we
are awesome
I am from Jaxon and Dad.
I'm from playing Pokemon, fighting, and from having fun.
I'm from I love you, be safe, and Red River Valley song.
I'm from Lonesome Pine Hospital and America.
From pizza, and tacos.
From a coal miner, my papaw, and an old western picture on my mamaw's
mantle.

BRIANA DAVIS, GRADE 5

I Am From

I am from TV, from LG and Sony.
I am from the big gray house on the hill.
I am from the rocks that are rough, the dogwood tree near my home
whose long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.
I'm from brown eyes and being tall.
From mom and dad.
I'm from playing sports, bowling, and going shopping.
I'm from don't play with fire, eat your vegetables, and this little light of mine.
I'm from going to Douglas Lake.
I'm from Big Stone Gap Virginia.
From turkey and gravy and fried chicken.
From my brown eye and brown hair sister falling in a pool.
From playing cornhole on Sunday at mawmaw's house.

ALEX DIETS, GRADE 5

My Vacation

I go to Florida every summer for vacation to spend time with my family that I don't see often. This past year on vacation, my uncle took my cousins and me to the beach. We stayed at a hotel that had a pool in it and we swam in the pool. We had fun while at the beach and hotel.

We went out to eat for my cousin's birthday at an expensive restaurant. There were pictures of celebrities hanging up in the restaurant. My favorite singer Ariana Grande's picture was hanging on the wall in the restaurant. We told the waitress that it was my cousin Corena's birthday and workers brought out ice cream with sparklers in it and sang Happy Birthday to her. My uncle, his girlfriend, and I ate all of the ice cream.

We went back to the hotel after eating and swam some more. After we got done swimming for the day, we packed up and went back to my uncl's house. I stayed in Florida with my family for a week before I had to come home. When I came back home, my little brother Jordan came with me and stayed with us for a few days.

Once I got back home from Florida, my mom takes my sister, my two brothers, and me to Gatlinburg. While there we walk around and look at stuff, go to the upside down house, and ride roller coasters. We had as much fun as we could before taking my brother back home.

MARIAH FOWLER, GRADE 5

Interview with my Grandma

My grandma grew up in Appalachia on Park Avenue. There were a lot of stores in Appalachia along with United Methodist Church. The schools were located in middle of town, where the gas station is now until they were torn down due to being old.

Girls were not allowed to wear pants to school, they had to wear dresses. All the girls wore their hair long because it was in style. The teachers were not very nice to the students.

Growing up in Appalachia, everyone rode their bicycles and played outside because they were not allowed to play inside the house. She remembers endless nights of riding her bicycle with no hands. In the summer, kids would hang and swing from grapevines over the creeks. People did not go to the park often because it was old and nasty.

My grandma would explore the woods around her house with her sister. They would spend hours looking for new trails. While exploring the woods, they would pick gooseberries, blackberries, and dig sassafras roots for tea. One day while looking for berries they came across a very large rock. After finding the courage to climb the rock, they realized they could see the whole town of Appalachia from the rock. They would have picnics on the rock after they discovered it. She got poison ivy one time after playing in the woods for several hours. The poison ivy got so bad that she had to be rushed to the hospital.

My grandma's parents never had to worry about her getting in trouble or getting hurt because it was a simpler and safer time than it is today.

JAYLIN GIBSON, GRADE 5

An Interview with Patricia Collins

My great-grandmother was born in Exeter, Virginia. Her name is Patricia Collins. She has four siblings and another brother that died at birth. All of them were born at home and the doctor would come to their house to check on them afterwards. They had lots of fun growing up. They made mud pies and would put dead bugs in boxes and then give them a funeral. They took cream cans and put them on their shoes to walk on the road. Almost every day after supper they would go to the playground, they would swing and play softball.

Exeter used to be like a small town. They went to school through the 7th grade at Exeter Elementary and then would go to Appalachia High School. They had to walk to and from school, even in the winter. Their school was up the hill in Exeter and they went home for lunch every day. They had pot-belly stove for heat at school, and the boys had to carry the coal in for the fire. They had a beechnut tree in the schoolyard that they would pick from for snacks.

They had a store and movie theater. They would sell hot dogs and candy in box suppers and had cake walks upstairs above the theater. When she was seven years old, she had the measles and would not take her medicine. Her brother was in the hospital with a ruptured appendix, when he came home his brother Barry had been born. Barry would always blame everything on her as they grew up.

My great-grandmother went to Exeter United Methodist Church every Sunday. On Sunday nights she would go to the Methodist Youth Fellowship meetings. They would have Christmas pays at the church on Christmas Eve and would get bags filled with oranges, apples, nuts, and candy.

As they were getting older, she went hunting with her dad and sister. He would help them pick up black walnuts and she would hull them to take home to dry out. After they dried, they would crack the walnuts, put them in a plastic bag, and send them overseas to her brother. She would also help in the garden.

When she was a senior in high school, she worked at Johnson's Five and Ten Cent Store. After she graduated, she got married and moved to Big Stone Gap. She later moved back to Appalachia and continues to live there today. She adopted two children, a boy and a girl. She worked as an aide at Appalachia Elementary for four years. She also worked at Bowers Lumber for several years until it burned. Her mother had a stroke and she took care of her for three years. She also worked for Green Thumb Seeding Company for 21 years and continues to work there today. She has a granddaughter that went to school to be an LPN and RN. She is very active at the United Methodist Church in Appalachia and also is a member of Appalachia Woman's Club. She loves to watch tennis, Serena Williams is her favorite player. Her favorite basketball team is the Kentucky Wildcats and favorite football team is the University of Tennessee. She has three grandsons, 3 granddaughters, 2 great-granddaughters and one great grandson with another on his way in March.

LILLIAN G. GIBSON, GRADE 5



Festival of Trees

Where I'm From

I am from shirts, from Adidas and Nike.
I am from the wooden house on the tall hill.
I am from the tulips and daisies planted in my yard.
I am from cooking meals and being short.
From Kayla and Teresa Gibson.
I am from the field of nursing and coal mining.
From never run with a knife and be a good girl.
I'm from Big Stone Gap and Appalachia.
I'm from pizza and lasagna.
From my great-grandpa that was in the Army, from my cat that was poisoned,
and my dog that died of a stroke.
I am from a wedding picture of my aunt that passed away that sits on a shelf
in my living room.

SKYLAR GIBSON, GRADE 5

Family Memories

My family and I went to Gatlinburg for my nephew Jacob's birthday. My sister Kayla and her kids Erica, Mariah, and Jacob left for Gatlinburg before my mom, dad, and me.

While on the road to Gatlinburg, there was a big construction ladder in the road. My dad wasn't able to swerve around the ladder. So, BANG, we hit the ladder! It was a scary moment for me, I thought we were going to flip the car but we didn't. My dad pulls my mom's brand new Kia to the side of the road to check the tires and the car. The tires were fine and there was nothing wrong with the car, not even a scratch. We thanked God that we were okay and got back on the road.

We finally made it to Park Vista Hotel on top of a mountain in Gatlinburg. I saw my sissy and Jacob on the couch. Jacob had a towel wrapped around him because he had been swimming. They take us down to the pool to see Erica and Mariah swimming. Erica and Mariah were happy to see us and I was happy to see them and to be at the hotel. I had my swimsuit on underneath my clothes. I quickly took off my clothes, ran, and jumped into the pool.

We had so much fun playing, swimming, and going down the slide. It was a great weekend!

ADDIE GILLY, GRADE 5

My Family

My names is Preston W. Grimes, previously known as Preston W. Henry. I was born in Missouri where I lived in a hotel with my biological mother, Teresa. My biological mother is nice, pretty with brown hair, and is about thirty-eight years old .I am adopted by Tammy Jo and Jonathan Israel Grimes. I am very lucky to have been placed here, I think it was best for my sister Madi Jo Grimes and me. We live out in the country on a small farm with a big yard to play in. We have lots of animals and things to play with.

My dad, Jon, and mom, Tammy Jo, are originally from Big Stone Gap, Virginia. My dad grew up in the Southern Section of Big Stone Gap and spent a lot of time camping and hanging out with his Aunt Toni Herron. My mom grew up on a Dairy Farm in Crackers Neck. She would wake up early in the mornings to help her dad (granddaddy) feed, milk, and tend to the cows.

My mom and dad have some very fond Christmas memories of 1993. My dad describes it as a Winter Wonderland, it was a huge snow storm that brought over three feet of snow. He jumped off his grandma's roof and the snow engulfed him. My mom received a brown horse with white feet and a blaze across her face named Sarah for Christmas. They both described this as their favorite Christmas growing up.

I enjoy helping granddaddy on the farm and taking care of our animals. I have a horse-Lil Bit, a mama cow-Mama, her baby calf that we call Elvis because he was born on Elvis Presley's birthday, three pigs-Bruce, Blacky, and Cheesey, four peacocks-Mr. Fancy Pants and the other three peacocks are females that don't have a name because they look alike, four chickens, five dogs - Roscoe, Roxie, Dixie, Johnson, and Kale, and thirteen cats - Pumpkin, Olivia, Mama Cat, Tom, Peaches, Shadow, Sylvester, and the rest of the cats don't have a name because they live close to the barn to keep the mice away.

PRESTON GRIMES, GRADE 5

Christmas 2016

Over Christmas break, my family and I went to Natural Tunnel in Duffield, Virginia. We had a blast! We went at night to see the Christmas lights around the tunnel. It was a very frigid night. I had to wear a hat and scarf to stay warm.

I rode the chairlift that takes you down to the tunnel with my aunt. It was scary because it would get stuck for a while, when we got stuck, I would hold to the bar very tightly, my hands got sore from gripping the bars. It was very silent while we were on the chairlift which made it even scarier. It is a beautiful sight when you look around while on the lift. You can see all the beautiful lights which make the train tunnel even more majestic than it normally is. When we finally made it to the bottom, we went to the concession stand to get hot chocolate which tasted so good and warmed me up.

We listened to the local music for a while, it was very nice. My uncle was dressed up as Santa. My cousins and I tried not to say that the Santa was actually our uncle, we didn't want the kids there to know he wasn't really him. We ended our time at Natural Tunnel by taking a family photo with our uncle.

When we left Duffield, we all went to Little Mexico. We had to wait a long time for our food which gave us time to talk and laugh. Christmas is all about spending time with family and friends and making memories. I hope we can make this a yearly tradition, including having a family picture made before we leave the tunnel.

MIA HAMILTON, GRADE 5

Big Cherry Lake

One of my favorite places to go with my family is Big Cherry Lake. It is on Powell Mountain in the Jefferson National Forest. Not only is it a great recreational site, but it also supplies water to local areas.

Big Cherry is a 250 acre lake and has 200 acres of land around it. There are many types of fish in the lake including bass, trout, bluegill, and many more. Since it is part of a national forest, people are not allowed to fish after sundown and only boats with electric motors or oars are allowed on the lake. With special permission, people are allowed to camp, but cannot have fires.

My family has been going fishing at this lake since before the road to get up there was fixed. People used to have to have a four-wheel drive vehicle to get there. Now, people can easily get to Big Cherry in a car.

I have lots of good memories of going to Big Cherry. I know I am getting close to the lake when I see a rock that looks like a nose. My family calls it "Big Nose Rock." Another family favorite of ours is "Kid's Fishing Day" at the lake. I usually catch plenty of bluegill and bass, but even if I don't catch a thing, it's still a good day at Big Cherry.

BEN HERRON, GRADE 5

Christmas Tradition

Every year my family gathers at my aunt's house on Christmas Eve. We make and bake cookies, cakes, brownies, ham, and gingerbread cookies. We buy and give presents to our family while at my aunt's house. We get presents for the needy boys and girls to open on Christmas morning. My family goes singing Christmas Carols in the neighborhood.

Christmas is a fun and bright time of the year. I get to spend time with the people I love during Christmas. Family and friends come together to celebrate Christmas. I have never seen my little brother so happy when he got to see his grandfather for the first time on Christmas. I love Christmas and it is my favorite time of the year.

AUBRIE HILLMAN, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from meat, from Food Club and bacon.
I am from the house made of beef jerky.
I am from the grill and the fire that cooks.
I am from eating tacos and blue eyes.
From brother bacon, mom bacon, and dad bacon.
I am from going camping and shopping with my family.
From being told I am a princess and a monkey.
I am from going to Church on Sunday.
I'm from Tennessee and Big Stone Gap.
From steak and hot dogs.
From the story of my great-grandfather being in the great war of meat.
From my day working in the coal mines and my brother's first words.
I am from the valley of trees and peace.

EMILY HOLBROOK, GRADE 5

Christmas Tradition

My aunt Nita makes a special cake called potato caramel cake. She has made the cake for my family for the last forty-three years. Her mother made the same cake for her family. My family loves the cake, it would not be in Christmas at our house if we didn't eat a piece of her cake.

My aunt Christy and her brother, my uncle Jimmy live in Kentucky and comes to our house for the holidays. When Aunt Christy and her family arrives they open their gifts from my family. I always buy something for my aunt Christy at the Craft Show with my own money. I love to get together and listen to their stories when they were young.

CHLOE HOLDING, GRADE 5

My Family Name

The history of my last name is very interesting to say the least. Holding is the Anglo-Saxon name that comes from when the family resided in the county of Lancashire in England, where they held the estate of Holden in the parish of Haslingden. The meaning of my last name in English and is a variant of Holden.

My grandfather, William Isham Holding, and I share the same middle name. He was born in North Carolina but moved to Big Stone Gap. He opened Holding Funeral Home in 1941. He was the owner and operator of the business until he passed away in 1962. Distant relatives are now the operators of the successful business my great-grandfather started more than 70 years ago.

JACKSON HOLDING, GRADE 5

Growing up in Wise, Virginia

My mamaw, Helen Hammonds, grew up on a farm in Wise, Virginia. Back then, my mamaw didn't have many of the luxuries we have today. She didn't go to the store to buy her clothes. Her grandmother used to make her dresses out of chop sacks. They had cows, horses, chickens, hogs, and a dog that had to be taken care of and fed each day. Instead of going to restaurants to eat, her family ate chickens from their farm. They also gathered eggs from the chickens to eat and cook with. They grew their own garden and canned food so they would have a supply in winter. Instead of buying meat, her family had a smokehouse where they would salt down meat from a hog and hang the meat from the rafters to cure. Her family would milk cows to get milk and would churn sour milk to make buttermilk. Back then, they didn't have electric heat that they could adjust with a thermostat or electric stoves. They had a coal stove for heat and had a cook stove that they had to build a fire in to cook food on. My mamaw had a wringer-type washer that they had to pour water into to clean their clothes, then they had to hang them on a clothesline to dry. I think it would have been hard work to live on a farm when my mamaw did.

TALAN HOLMES, GRADE 5

Family Camping Adventure

I love to hear stories about my family members when they were younger. One of my favorite stories is about the time my mom and my aunt went camping. When my mother, Sabrina Leonard, and her sister, Stephanie, were growing up, they liked to go camping and fishing. The family always went to Cherokee Lake in Tennessee. They would leave Big Stone Gap on Friday evening and return home late Sunday evening.

One weekend, when they were camping, it came a big storm! It started raining right after they got the tent put up. During the night, the tent started leaking. It was dark and they couldn't see very

well. There was water everywhere in the tent! My mother thought my aunt had wet the bed and started fighting with her and woke my grandparents up! My grandparents realized that the tent was leaking very badly and that no one had wet the bed. My mom and aunt went back to sleep.

The next morning, my grandmother was already on the lakeside fishing when my mom and aunt woke up. My aunt Stephanie got out of the tent and started down the bank to where my grandmother was fishing. It was so muddy from the rain the night before that her feet flew out from underneath her and she went sliding down the bank and landed in the mud, face first! When she raised her head up, she had a huge glob of red clay mud on her nose. My mother told her she looked like Bozo the Clown. Aunt Stephanie got so mad because my mom was laughing at her so hard, that she started crying! She ran down to my grandmother, who was fishing, screaming, "Get it off! Get it off! Needless to say, my grandmother was laughing so hard she couldn't help her. She told my aunt she would have to get it off herself. My aunt spent the rest of the weekend pouting because she had to get the mud off and because everyone laughed at her.

KAYDEN KEEN, GRADE 5

The Legend of the Woodbooger

Last summer, my family and I went camping at Natural Tunnel State Park. We had a great time making s'mores and telling stories around the campfire. My cousins told me a story about a creature that supposedly lives in the mountains of Southwest Virginia called a "woodbooger." Some people call it Big Foot. My cousins said that it makes lots of strange noises and that many people go missing once they encounter the woodbooger. They also told me he chases his victims through the mountains, and to this day, it has never been caught. We were all scared to go to sleep after hearing the legend of the woodbooger, and we were thankful we didn't run into him during our stay in the woods that night!

BRAYDEN KELLY, GRADE 5

I Am From

I am from basketball from Nike and Adidas.

I am from the white house with a cinnamon smell.

I am from the countryside, the white oak tree whose long-gone limbs

I remember as if they were my own.

I'm from fun to be around and awesomeness that is contagious, from

Randell and Rhonda.

I'm from hunting in the woods, climbing trees and from fighting others.

I'm from do your best, I love you, and The Boogie Woogie Man.

I'm from being a hunter that hunts everything.

I'm from Big Stone Gap and Ireland.

From beef stew, and cornbread.

From Army nation, Gage the good guy, golden coins under the floor.

MASON LAMBERT, GRADE 5

Holiday Tradition

My family has a special family tradition that we start on Thanksgiving Day. We eat Thanksgiving dinner and after we are finished eating, we put up our Christmas tree. We shape our tree to make it look like a real tree and put our Hallmark Christmas ornaments on the tree. My mom hands out each ornament one by one for each of us to hang the ornaments on the tree. We add ribbon and ball ornaments to our pre-lit tree.

We go shopping for new ornaments to put on our tree. We always go to Hallmark and get ornaments that best suit us. My brothers like to get Star Wars ornaments, my sister gets a variety of ornaments, and I get Tinkerbell ornaments.

I enjoy spending our day as a family eating and decorating our Christmas tree and then going out to buy new ornaments. Having Thanksgiving dinner and getting new ornaments is my favorite part of our holiday tradition.

ARABELLA LAWSON, GRADE 5

I Am From

I am from bed from pillow and blanket.

I am from the big white house with warm, nice fragrances.

I am from the woods and the pear tree whose long gone limbs I remember
as if they were my own.

I'm from sneakers and sport t-shirts, from mom and nanny.

I'm from watching television, being active, and from playing outside.

I'm from let's go, time for vacation, and time to mow the grass.

I'm from going to my Nana's and staying.

I'm from Virginia and Indian.

From steak and chicken.

From my great-papaw's farm, my great-grandfather grew corn, my grand-
mother's Bible that has been passed down, and the ring from my mom.

AYDEN LAWSON, GRADE 5

Who Am I?

Elizabeth

Daughter of Angela and Royer Lawson

Cheerful, nice, smart, aggravates.
Lover of eating pizza and candy and chewing bubble gum.
Who fears snakes.
Who wants pizza blanket, pizza pillow, and pizza stuffed animal for my
bed.
Who uses flat screen TV to watch my favorite shows, my bed to sleep in,
and my room for privacy.
Who gave others a TV, radio, and tablet.
Who says don't touch that.
Lawson

ELIZABETH LAWSON, GRADE 5

Myrtle Beach Trip

A fun family vacation memory for me is when we met our new North Carolina friends at Myrtle Beach South Carolina. My family was enjoying a day on the beach when my sister Brooke and I noticed a big group of people line dancing on the beach. We asked if we could join them and was given permission to join. After we all had danced, we started talking to them and getting to know them. We continued to talk and dance with them all week at the beach. We now have a six year friendship.

After returning home from the beach, we continue our friendship by phone conversations and text messages. We decided to plan our family vacations together the following year. In July of the following year, we met them again at the same condo complex. We spent time talking, dancing, playing Sand Trap, and going out on the town with each other. The friendship continued to grow over the course of the week. We hated to leave each other at the end of the week, so we decided to meet each other after Christmas that year.

We met in Boone, North Carolina which was a halfway point for both families. We went shopping, out to eat, and enjoyed each other's company. Our families decided to go back to the beach in July and share the cost of the condo and groceries.

My family was worried about staying in the same condo with people that we had never stayed with before. It didn't take long for all of us to realize that both families staying together was not going to be a problem. We laughed, played Sand Trap, danced, tanned, cooked wonderful meals together, and became closer. We hated leaving our friends at the end of the week.

Before leaving the beach to come back home, we decided to do the same thing again next summer. We also decided to get together at Christmas which was this past Christmas. We drove to Jonesville, North Carolina and spent the weekend with our North Carolina family. On Saturday, we drove to Winston, Salem and went on a hayride through a huge

Christmas light display, we sung Christmas Carols, and froze on the ride. The weekend was flying by and we didn't want the night to end. We are so grateful that we have become great friends with them. I hope we always go on vacation with them and remain good friends.

OLIVIA LIGHT, GRADE 5

Who Am I?

Jessee

Fun, happy, blue eyed, playful.

Son of Ernie Maggard and Cindy Maggard.

*Lover of riding motorcycles around my house, doing wheelies on my four wheel-
er, and shooting my 12 gauge shotgun on the Government Road with my dad.*

Who fears failing grades and not doing my best.

Who wants all the children around the world to get gifts at Christmas.

Who gives money to my friends, love to my mom and dad, and help to my sister.

Who would like to see Florida because it sounds like a good place to visit.

Resident of Big Stone Gap, where the seasons change and never looks the same.

Maggard

JESSEE MAGGARD, GRADE 5

Gatlinburg Memories

My brother and I get checkout of school on a Friday to head to Gatlinburg. There are twenty-two people that goes on the trip. Once we arrive at the log cabin, we decide which room we want. We normally get the downstairs where the arcade games are located, which I like. We eat dinner while we are at the cabin and then go to The Island and eat frozen yogurt. We walk around and shop. I like to get the monogram bows and sometimes a souvenir. After we are finished at The Island, we go back to the cabin to get ready for bed.

On Saturday, we get up, eat breakfast, and get ready to go to Dollywood for the day. My favorite ride at Dollywood is the Tennessee Tornado. After we leave Dollywood, we go out to eat, ride go carts, and go back to the cabin for the night. On Sunday, we go to the Kids Country and ride the rides, we ride the wet rides last so that we can just leave and go back to the cabin to change clothes before heading home. This trip is one of my favorite memories.

ABBY MALLE, GRADE 5

Growing Up in the Mountains

Growing up in the mountains is an experience that you just don't get anywhere. I was born in Big Stone Gap, Virginia. Big Stone Gap is a small town with few attractions. It is nothing like the big cities, however, it can be relaxing and influence the way you experience fun in many different ways.

The mountains are beautiful all year. It is currently winter times. The snow covered mountains are a beautiful site to see. I love to go sleigh riding on the big hills. When my mom says it's time to get warm, I know that means hot chocolate in form of the warm fire.

Spring will be here soon and that brings summer close. Summer is my favorite time of the year. School is out and there is a lot of fun things to do. I like to go to Pound Lake with my aunt. While my and her friends fish, I jump off the boat and swim. It is fun to ride fast on the boat. We camp in a comfy R.V. and cookout.

Fall is my second favorite season here in the mountains. It is amazing to see the color changes in the mountains. The leaves begin to change colors and it is remarkable. You can smell the aroma that autumn brings in the crisp air. My mom builds bonfires and we roast marshmallows. Autumn is a very cozy time of the year. I like to snuggle in a warm blanket on cool nights and watch movies at The Central Drive-In.

It is great to be young living in the mountains and to be able to grow old here. No matter where my life leads me, I will always be grateful to live in the mountains. Regardless of the weather, you can always enjoy living here.

LUCIA MARTINEZ, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from a gingerbread house from Butter Clutter and Hometown.
I am from a little, light blue house.
I am from a certain little tree who has cared about me.
I am from a little brown dog and an awesome little kitten.
From Mays and Smith.
I am from the great and the dead.
From the forest and the greatest caves to explore.
I am from going to Church on Sunday.
I am from Grandma Wanda and great-grandma.
From a variety of animal meats.
From men chopping wood and from women washing clothes.
From a cute Barbie doll that I use to play with.
I am from those moments in a gingerbread house from Butter Clutter and
Hometown.

VICTORYA MAYS, GRADE 5

My Great-Grandfather and the U-2 Spy Plane in Russia

My name is Jayce McAfee. This is the story that my great-grandfather, Carl McAfee, told me about a U-2 spy plane that was shot down in Russia. On May 1, 1960, Francis Gary Powers was flying a U-2 jet over Sverdlovsk, Russia. He was on a mission at the time for the CIA and he was there to take investigative photographs of Russians.

The Russian KGB questioned Mr. Powers for months, and eventually made him confess to spying on the Russians and apologize to them. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics convicted Francis Powers of spying on August 17, 1960, and sentenced him to 10 years in prison. Although he was released on a prisoner exchange on Feb. 10, 1962. He only stayed in prison for two years. He was from Pound, Va., which is very close to where I live now in Big Stone Gap, Va. The airplane that he was flying was shot down and he was captured.

My great-grandfather flew to Russia and demanded to free Francis Powers. This may sound like it was an easy job to do, but it wasn't. My grandfather made it his mission to save Powers. He was his family lawyer and was determined to free him from Russia. He was freed and came back to Norton, Va.

JAYCE MCAFEE, GRADE 5

Curing and Smoking Meat in the Old Days

In my family we have a tradition of curing and smoking meat. Back through the generations, my family cured and smoked meat every winter.

My ancestors would have started to cure meat by putting a clean piece of wood on a flat surface away from animals and rain. The first thing they did was lay a half inch layer of regular salt on a piece of wood. They also had to spread the salt bigger than the piece of meat. Next, they got the salt and rub it all over the meat. When they did it they made sure every little part of the meat was covered. The salt drew water from the meat which kept it from rotting and made a good flavor. Salt also keeps away insects. They had to cure meat for one day every pound and a half.

Before they smoked the meat, they built a smokehouse. They also scraped off the salt. A smokehouse is a shed that lets the smoke out. First, they hung their hams in the smokehouse. Then, they built a very small fire out of wet hickory wood. When they closed the smoke house the fire began to burn down and produce a lot of smoke. The longer they smoked them the better flavor and the longer it lasted. They were usually smoked it for a minimum of two weeks but sometimes they smoked smoke them for months.



After curing and smoking the meat it was ready to eat. They cut a piece for the next few days. Then, they took a skillet, added a little water, and added their pieces of ham and heated the water up. This process took the salt out of the meat and it

made the meat ready to eat. This way of curing and smoking has gone through generations for survival and good taste.

DEVIN MCKNIGHT, GRADE 5

Who Am I?

Melvin
Son of Paul McMahan.
Twin, fun, awesome, annoying.
Lover of pets, money, and sleeping.
Who fears heights.
Who wants Xbox One, PlayStation 4, and Wii.
Who uses Xbox 360, PlayStation 3, and Wii U.
Who gives love to family, respect to teachers, and toys to friends.
Who says I Love You to family.
McMahan

MELVIN MCMAHAN, GRADE 5

Who Am I?

Thomas
Son of Paul McMahan.
Tall, twin, long hair, fun.
Lover of dogs, dad, and mom.
Who fears going to school every day.
Who wants Xbox One, PlayStation 4, and PlayStation 3.
Who uses Xbox 360, Wii U, and board games.
Who gives time to friends, love to parents and siblings, and helps others.
Who says hefty, hefty, hefty and wimpy, wimpy, wimpy.
McMahan

THOMAS MCMAHAN, GRADE 5

My Family

My great-great-grandfather and his wife came over from Milan, Italy with their four sons and three daughters. They got to America on December 23, 1906 and he worked as a carpenter and mason. My great-grandfather was born on the boat as it docked in the New York Harbor, they named him Anthony Joseph Milanese. He was a pitcher with a minor league baseball

team, he played with Dizzy Dan who is in the Baseball Hall of Fame. He became a carpenter and mason like his dad when his baseball career ended.

My grandfather's name is Joseph Anthony. He moved to Florida and had a son named Joseph, my dad. My dad works at a jail in Duffield, he once was a road cop. He grew up in Florida. He met my mom and they moved to many states. They came to Virginia and I was born and they decided to stay in Virginia.

I have only lived in Virginia. I like living here. I like how it has lots of woods and mountains. I feel safe in these mountains. I want to always live here because it is a beautiful place to stay. My family has lived in many places but I am satisfied right here.

BAILEY MILANESE, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from basketball, from the gym and court.

I am from the white house on the hill.

I am from the oak tree, lilies, and dirt.

I am from Christmas gatherings and tallness from Timesha and Malik Miller.

I am from the brown eyes and long hair.

From play hard and you are the best.

I am from Big Stone Gap.

From biscuits, gravy, and pizza.

From laying in the bed all day, the television for entertainment, and the phone for social media.

I am from the framed picture of my newborn sister in the hospital on my desk in my bedroom.

ANIKA MILLER, GRADE 5

Christmas Tradition

Our family Christmas tradition begins with putting up our Christmas tree. We prefer a real Christmas tree because of the Christmas smell. After we put up the tree, we take turns hanging different ornaments on the tree. We make popcorn balls and Kix strings to put on the tree but sometimes the popcorn and the Kix strings don't make it to the tree. While we are decorating we listen to Christmas songs and eat brownies.

We draw names for secret Santa. Sometimes, we buy our secret Santa gifts early and wrap and hide them. We send special Christmas cards to family and friends through the mail.

On Christmas morning, we wake up and open our gifts. We eat and spend family time together. We enjoy watching *The Grinch*, playing games, and going outside to play.

KATELYN MILLER, GRADE 5

Growing Up in Wise County

My mother Kelly Elizabeth Bolinsky's family is from Wise County, Virginia. Her great-grandfather Steve Bolinsky came from Poland. Steve was Hungarian and he worked and saved enough money to buy a ticket to America. While, in America, he worked on a farm to save his money to go back to Poland to get Sophia Baulat his bride. Together, Steve and Sophia made the journey back to America to get married and settled in Washington, D.C. in the 1800's. Many years later they moved to Dante, Virginia. While in Dante, he worked in the coal mines. Steve and Sophia had several kids and later he moved his family to Imboden, Virginia.

One of Steve's sons, Charlie Bolinsky was a coal miner that moved to the Cadet section of Big Stone Gap. Charlie married Alice Elizabeth Lee and they had eight children together. My grandfather Joe was one of Charlie's sons. As years past Charlie became blind and passed away and Sophia passed away with cancer. They are buried beside each other in Exeter on top of a mountain.

Joe was a Marine in the United States Marine Corp. for many years. When he came home from the Marines, he met Linda Jones and fell in love. In 1964, they got married and had five children. My mother Kelly is one of their five children. Joe and Linda were owners of The Gulf Station in Big Stone Gap for twenty years. Joe later sold The Gulf Station and went to work in the coal mines. The Gulf Station is now known as The Visitor Center.

LOGAN MOORE, GRADE 5

A Trip to the Woodshed

Born in 1901 to a Baptist preacher, my great-great-grandfather Willard was quite mischievous. Each year the church would plan a special communion service. This was a service the entire community tried to attend. It was not often everyone could make it out to the same service, so this service was special to everyone. It was when souls were renewed and sinners were saved.

Lots of planning went into the service. Willard's father, the preacher, made homemade wine and the ladies of the church made unleavened bread. During the service it was the boys' job to help the preachers. Now remember, Willard was mischievous. As the story goes, Willard, with the help of some friends, scored some moonshine! When the boys were asked to fetch the wine for the preachers they decided to spike it with the moonshine! Needless to say, the service was one to remember.

In the end, Willard wished he could forget it! The truth about the spiked wine was revealed. His father showed him the error of his ways and the woodshed!

BRAYDEN MOSIER, GRADE 5

(Story was passed down through generations. It was last told and written down by my late great-grandmother.)

Holiday Traditions

One of my family traditions happens around New Year's Day. Christmas is a busy time for so many in our family which makes it hard to find time to get together. I love spending time with my aunts Becky and Amanda and cousins. My brothers and I go to our Mimi's house and spend the night with her, we have so much fun together. I look forward to this night every year,

We always start the night by having supper together, we will either go out to eat or we will all fix something together. After we eat, we play games together. This year we played hide and seek with Mimi's two year old, Sean. When everyone is ready to calm down for the night, we fix popcorn and bake cookies. Once the snacks are finished, we start our movie night. This sometimes lasts up into the night. We have done this tradition for the past four or five years and it is one that I hope lasts for many more years.

BRALEIGH MULLINS, GRADE 5

Christmas

At Christmas, we all get together and tell each other what's been happening in our lives. We all fix breakfast for our meal. My favorites are gravy and biscuits, eggs, and bacon. I love bacon! We have to buy all kinds of drinks to have for the entire day.

We watch movies, play with our gifts, tell stories, and sometimes we play outside. When it is not a cold Christmas, my brother, Ben, and I love to ride our razor in the fields and around the mountain, it takes forever to get back down. If it is too cold to go outside, we build with Legos and work with model kits. My papaw brings really old model kits from the 1980s.

I love spending time with my family on Christmas. We have a good time and we eat a lot of good food. Spending time with my papaw makes Christmas even more special.

NATE MULLINS, GRADE 5

Who Am I?

Lillian

Daughter of Pam and Steve Stevens

Faith, courageous, lovable, and hopeful

Lover of the great green soccer field, wax smelling basketball court, and
my mother.

Who fears losing my mother another feller.

Who wants love from others, strength to get me through, and faith to
keep believing.

Who used soccer ball, basketball, and baseball to play games.

Who gave love, faith, and hope to others.

Who has been told to keep trying.

Who is a currently a Mullins but soon to be Stevens.

LILLIAN MULLINS, GRADE 5

I Am From

I am from a picture, from a television and Xbox 360.

I am from the open field in my backyard, it feels like a wonderful home.

I am from the flower in my window sill, the pine tree next to my house,
whose long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.

I'm from spending time with family and being cool, from Jennifer and
Vanessa.

I'm from listening to music, acting crazy, and from surfing the internet.

I'm from being nice, good, and "You Belong with Me."

I'm from North Carolina, potato salad, and cakes made from scratch.

I'm from my caring and loving mother, the day my brother was born who
will always be in my heart.

TRINITY NANCE, GRADE 5

Powell River Haiku

Flowing rapidly

Through the mountains and valley

Full of fish and fun

LELAND NEELEY, GRADE 5

Who Am I

Anthony

Son of Misty Owens

Nice, happy, cheerful, greedy.

Lover of football cards, army men, and weapons.

Who fears clowns.

Who wants a sniper rifle to shoot, shotgun to shoot, and Xbox to play.

Who uses the computer for watching YouTube videos, skateboard for fun,
and cell phone to play games.

Who gives effort in school, football cards to friends, and spends
time with mom.

Who says Army is my favorite thing.

Owens

ANTHONY OWENS, GRADE 5

My Vacation

One of my fun family memories was when I went on vacation before school started this year. I went on a cruise on the Norwegian Gem. Before we boarded the ship, we got a cruise card which is what we used as the door key, arcade pass, and identification card that we had to use to get on and off the ship. The ship was decorated with gems at the front and the rear. My family's room had a balcony, a bed, a bathroom, small television, and a sofa that transformed into an extra bed. Our room number was 11508 and it was on the eleventh floor.

Every day we had a daily paper that would be put under our door. It would tell us the business hours of each restaurant. It would also show what is happening each hour. Most of the time my family went to the Garden Cafe to eat. When we would go, there would be a lady standing at the entrance spraying our hands with sanitizer. She would say, "Washy washy, happy happy." After we would eat our delicious meal, we would go to our room, walk around on the ship, play games, or go swimming in the pool. The pool was outside and there was a water slide. The slide had a loop and tunnel. At the end you would splash into a reservoir of water that was not connected to the pool. If we went to our room, we would sit on the balcony and relax or sleep. Most of the time we walked around the ship. We only played games when it was raining.

The trip was seven days and we started at New York City. The taxi got stuck in traffic so we got to the port a little behind schedule. On the third day, we stopped at Orlando, Florida. While there, we rode a taxi to the mall. The fourth day we arrived at Great Stirrup Cay, a private island owned by the Norwegian Cruise Line. We rode a tender to the private island. A tender is a boat for carrying passengers to or from the ship. On day five we arrived at Nassau, Bahamas. The streets were crowded with people. The last two days were spent at sea. We disembarked (unloaded from the ship) the last day and went back to Manhattan. We stayed in New York City for two more days and then came back to Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

SEAN PAN, GRADE 5

Christmas Traditions

Christmas is the time of year that we celebrate the birth of Jesus with family traditions. Many families have similar traditions, however my family puts their own unique twist on the tradition to make it our own special family tradition.

One of our family traditions starts after our Thanksgiving meal. My grandmother writes each family member's name on a small piece of paper, folds it up, and puts it in a hat. We each take a turn drawing a name from the hat. We do not tell anybody whose name we draw. The twist is, instead of buying a gift for the person whose name we drew, we must make their Christmas gift.

We all gather at my grandparents' house Christmas evening. We have dinner, play games, and exchange our homemade Christmas gifts. We have found that the gifts are much more meaningful when someone spends their time and effort making it. I suggest others to try my family's Christmas tradition.

ELI PREWITT, GRADE 5

An Interview with Sam Renfro

I have always loved listening to stories of what life was like when my grandfather was a boy growing up in the mountains of Southwest Virginia and I am excited to share his story! His name is Sam Renfro and he didn't always live in Big Stone Gap. At first, he lived in a place called Oliver Springs, Tennessee. Then, he moved to Inman, Appalachia, before finally moving to Big Stone Gap. He had two brothers, George and James (Jimmy). All of his ancestors were Cherokee Indians.

My grandfather's life was much different than mine growing up. He lived in a two bedroom house that had a kitchen and a living room. He had to share a bedroom and a bed with his two brothers because his house was very small. They didn't have an indoor bathroom until he was 14 years old! He had to use the bathroom in the outhouse outside, even if it was cold weather! They also didn't have a bathtub, so he had to take a bath in a big metal tub called a washtub. He had to heat the water over the fire first, then carry it to the washtub. This makes me so thankful to have an indoor bathroom and shower!

When he was a boy, my grandfather enjoyed going to the Earl Theater where you could see a movie for 25 cents! *The Lone Ranger* played on Saturdays and it was his favorite movie. He spent most of his time playing sports outdoors like baseball, football, hunting and fishing. He was the fastest runner in Wise County! His favorite place to eat was the Bus Terminal Cafe, where he could get a cheeseburger and fries for 85 cents! He also liked, "good old Carmines," because that's where all the teenagers went and he could play pinball and listen to the jukebox, while enjoying his favorite meal, meatloaf. Meatloaf is still his favorite meal today, along with his mom's potato salad.

His first job was at Pet Dairy, where he worked after school selling milk products. After high school, he attended Clinch Valley College, which is now UVA-Wise. He had to drop out of college after the first year due to expenses, but was able to enter the Virginia Accelerated Apprentice Program where he completed an apprenticeship in hydraulics, electrical, mechanical, and fabrication. This enabled him to get a job at which he retired from after 35 years. He has worked very hard his whole life.

My grandfather loved growing up in the mountains of Southwest Virginia during a time when people didn't have to worry about the things we have to worry about today. Life was simpler back then, when there was no technology and kids used their imagination to make up their own fun. Even though my grandfather has traveled to foreign countries and beaches, he said nothing compares to the beautiful mountains we call home.

ELLA RENFRO, GRADE 5

Christmas Traditions

Christmas at our house is very special because we have many traditions that we do every year. We always get a real tree and pick it out together. My grandmother's friend, Wanda, sends us a White House ornament to hang, they are my favorite. On Christmas, my grandmother cooks the best food, she is a great cook. She always makes my favorite dessert, Lime Jell-O salad. I dress my cat up with an elf hat and collar with bells, my cat doesn't seem to like it as much as I do. We also do a lot of different crafts and baking during the holidays. My favorite things that we make are gumdrop trees, ornaments, cookies, and candy.

We leave our tree up until Old Christmas which in January 6. My brother and I drag it down the hill when we are finished with it. Christmas traditions are what make the holiday so special and sharing them with family makes it even better.

CHLOE RICHARDSON, GRADE 5

Holiday Traditions

On Thanksgiving, we go to my grandfather Charles's house for Thanksgiving lunch. We always have a great time giving thanks to all we are thankful for and enjoy spending time together as a family. After we spend time there, we go to my other grandparents' house to eat Thanksgiving dinner with my grandparents, my aunt Felicia, uncle Tony, uncle Bobby, Aunt Elise, and cousins Patrick, Alex, Grant, and Ty. We always have a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner. After we eat, we play games and spend a lot of time together. We spend the whole Thanksgiving weekend together. We spend time outside playing softball, basketball, shooting guns, riding bikes, and four wheeling. We sometimes go to the movies depending on what is at the theatre. Thanksgiving weekend is always a great time for me.



Festival of Trees

Christmas is my favorite time of the year. My birthday is on Christmas Day. My mom's family celebrates Christmas the weekend before Christmas at my grandmother's and grandfather's house. We cook a big Christmas dinner and open presents while there.

One of my favorite things we do at Christmas is go see the Christmas lights at Natural Tunnel. We ride the decorated chairlift down to the tunnel and then we walk down the path that is decorated. Once we reach the end of the tunnel, we eat popcorn, drink hot chocolate, and roast marshmallows. There is a group that sings Christmas Carols and Santa Claus is there. Natural Tunnel is beautiful when it is lit up at Christmas.

On Christmas Eve, we stay at our house and spend time together. On Christmas morning, we wake up and open our presents under the tree and our stockings. It is so much fun to open the presents. After we open presents, my mom cooks breakfast for us. We get ready after breakfast and go to my grandfather Charles' house for the rest of the day. We open presents there and eat Christmas lunch and dinner there. We spend time relaxing and spending time with each other. We always watch *National Lampoons Christmas Vacation* and *The Christmas Story*, and sometimes we may watch them more than once that day. I love Christmas time and getting to spend time and making memories with my family.

LINDSEY ROBERTS, GRADE 5

The Life My Nanny Lived

"Goody, goody, goody!" That is what my nanny would say growing up in Wise County was like. Nanny grew up in Appalachia when the town was crowded with cars, stores, and people everywhere. The town was busy mostly because of the coal mines in the area. The coal business kept people in the area. Now, there are not many coal mines or much traffic in Appalachia, and most of the stores have shut down.

When she didn't have school or plans, Nanny would go out with her friends and go swimming, roller skating, hiking, shopping, fishing, hunting, play outside, and all sorts of other fun stuff. Sometimes, she would go to parties or dances, but roller skating was her favorite. There was no social media or electronics when my nanny was growing up. She made friends by going out and meeting neighbors or talking to kids that were playing near her street. Nanny thinks it was easier to make friends back then because people talked to each other and did not care about how much money someone had or what kind of clothes they wore. All they cared about was having fun. Nanny had many friends and would go out and spend time with them instead of being inside on electronics all day like many kids do today.

Nanny's dad did not work in the coal mines like most people in Appalachia did. He actually worked as a mailman for years. He then became a Postmaster and worked in that position for even longer than he carried mail.

Even though a lot has changed since my nanny was younger, some things are still the same. Her family would cut down a tree for Christmas and decorate it, much like people do today.

They ate Christmas dinner with family and opened just a few presents because they didn't have much money. Most of the girls wore blouses, dresses, skirts, shorts, t-shirts and tank tops. Not many girls wore jeans back then. Hairstyles were also different. Most girls back then wore very poofy ponytails or wore it wavy and down.

Nanny loved growing up in Wise County. She said, "There is no other place I would ever want to grow up in. The scenery is beautiful, and my entire life is here, my family, my friends, and all the people that I love. There is no other place I would ever want to live."

Growing up in Big Stone Gap, in the beautiful countryside, I can see where she is coming from. Although I am only ten, my family and I have been hiking and riding through the mountain many times. I hope I never live outside of Wise County and I hope that I love out the rest of my life just like my Nanny.

JORDAN SHULER, GRADE 5

My Vacation

I went on vacation to Pigeon Forge this year. We had a great time. We only stayed for three days, but it was long enough to make great memories. We went to Dollywood and Gatlinburg while we were there.

When we went to Dollywood, I got to ride a lot of rides this year that I haven't been able to in the past because I was finally tall enough. I had a lot of fun there. We stayed at a very nice hotel. We had as much fun at the hotel as we did at Dollywood. It had an inside and outside pool. We rode to Gatlinburg and went shopping at the mall and we went to a trampoline park called Sky Zone.

I really hope we can go back again someday. We all loved Dollywood, the hotel, and Gatlinburg. We loved spending time together and that is what made it so much better.

BRONSON SINGH, GRADE 5

An Interview with my Grandmother

My grandmother grew up in the town of Big Stone Gap located in Wise County. She started school in the first grade in 1956, at the age of six years old. At this time there were no kindergarten in school. She only went to school for half a day. There were morning classes and afternoon classes. She rode the bus to school in the mornings but had to walk home at noon. She only lived three miles from the school.

During the time my grandmother went to school, the school was located in the middle of town. There were three buildings that went from first grade to twelfth grade. About six years after her starting school, Powell valley High School was built for the higher grades.

Grandmother's home was not like the homes are today. There was a coal stove in the living room and a coal cook stove in the kitchen. Located at the end of the cook stove was a water well that heated water for washing dishes and bathing.

During the summer grandmother worked with her family planting a huge garden. The food from the garden was dried and canned for the winter. Her family rarely went to the store for food. They bought fresh milk from their neighbor. Her mother would pour the milk through a cloth and into a jar called a churn. She would set and stir the milk until the butter came to the top. My grandmother's mom would put the butter into molds to form and the milk was given to the children to drink. Grandmother says, "So many things have changed in Wise County that it seems like a different world to me."

JAMES SLUSS, GRADE 5

Musical Memories

My grandmother's favorite memories of growing up in Big Stone Gap have to do with music. When she was almost five years old, she went to a tent revival where Italy Bottom Park is now located. Bobby Grove, a well-known preacher, was singing at the revival. He sang gospel music while he played the guitar. One of the songs my grandmother remembers well is called "Almost Home."

In 1966, when she was almost six years old, she started the first grade at Big Stone Gap Elementary School. Her teacher, Ms. Taylor, played songs on the piano every morning before she started class. My grandma's favorite was "Battle Hymn of the Republic" which she later learned how to play by herself.

In the 1970s, my grandmother went to the Tri-State Gospel Singing Convention in Big Stone Gap, Virginia. This was a yearly event that was attended by thousands. She learned that she had a cousin named Claude Ely who was an evangelist and singer. He is the well-known singer of the song "Ain't No Grave Gonna Hold My Body Down." She heard Claude sing this song at the singing for the first time.

When she was 13, her mother bought her a small organ for Christmas. They found it in the basement of the old Mutual Drugstore in downtown Big Stone Gap. It had no legs and one of the keys wouldn't work. She was so thankful for that old organ. She learned to play "On Top of Old Smokey" and "Amazing Grace." She grew up listening to family members playing guitars and singing on her grandmother's porch.

In the 1980s my grandma would only listen to gospel music, it was her favorite. She loved listening to the music at church. There were many musicians at her church including guitars, fiddles, banjos, and pianos. She loved listening to gospel music on the old radio station in Big Stone, WLSD. She especially loved going to a part of the Powell River called the Blue Hole where they sang songs like "Shall We Gather at the River" while Christians were baptized in the name of Jesus Christ.

SETH SMITH, GRADE 5

Four-Wheeling Fun Haiku

Riding through the field
Wind blowing through my helmet
Going fast is fun

ZACK SPEARS, GRADE 5

Growing Up in the Mountains

I love growing up in the mountains! The best part of being surrounded by the Appalachian Mountains is having lots of opportunities to go out and enjoy nature with my papaw and grandma and the rest of my family. I love going to the lake to camp, hike, and swim with them. We take their dog, Oliver with us and walk him around the islands. He enjoys the outdoors too!

On one of our adventures, we were hiking and I started complaining about how hot it was. My papaw helped me get my mind off the heat by telling me to take a look at all the unique plants around us. Then, I realized that all of the plants could be used to make something. I gathered some moss, interesting leaves, and some flowers and made a pretty decoration. Another time, we took a plastic cup with us and picked a lot of berries.

Our trips are even better when my mom, dad, brother, and Aunt Georgia join us. We go camping and sleep in tents or stay in the camper. We sit around the fire and make s'mores and tell stories. On one of our trips, I remember my papaw telling me a scary story called "Golden Arm" as we were sitting around the campfire one night and we got so scared he had to carry us back to the camper!

I love growing up in the mountains and spending time with my family. I am thankful to get to make memories that I can share with my kids one day and I hope they can grow up in the mountains just like I have.

JODEE STACY, GRADE 5

Who Am I?

Chryssy
Daughter of Sheena and Curtis
Funny, curious, kind, and adventurous.
Lover of my family, games that I enjoy playing with family and friends, and
shopping for the things I want.
Who fears snakes.
Who wants a new cell phone, an Alien Board to ride, and PlayStation 4
to play.
Who used games for entertainment, cell phone to communicate with my
friends and for social media.

Who gave littlest pet shop to a friend, Mona dvd, and a game to my cousin.

Who always wants to go outside and play.

Stiltner

CHRYSSY STILTNER

Christmas Tradition

On Christmas Eve, all of my family gathers at my grandmother's house to celebrate Christmas. We have a big dinner and homemade desserts that is prepared by the adults. After we have ate, everybody goes into the living room and we exchange and open gifts. We enjoy talking, laughing, and playing while at my grandmother's.

After we leave my grandmother's house, we go to my papaw's house in Dunbar. There we have another big dinner with lots of desserts. Once everybody is finished eating, we go into the den and open gifts. We talk with one another before leaving my papaw's house.

On Christmas morning, we get up early at my house and open gifts. My family prepares our big Christmas dinner. Later Christmas night, we go out and drive around and look at Christmas lights. We are thankful to be able to spend time with family and friends during Christmas.

HAILEY STIDHAM, GRADE 5

Musical Beginnings

An important part of my heritage is carrying on the tradition of playing mountain music. When I was in third grade, I heard a song on the radio called, "The Devil Went Down to Georgia." The sound of the fiddle in the song really stood out to me and I was amazed at how fast the musician was playing. Listening to that song inspired me to learn how to play the fiddle.

My older sister had attended Mountain Music School classes at Mountain Empire Community College and had participated in the JAMS program offered at our school. She told me that there were teachers there that could teach me how to play the fiddle. I enrolled in Mountain Music School and quickly learned how to play the fiddle. Some of the songs I can play are: *Ol Joe Clark*, *Angeline the Baker*, and *Little Liza Jane*. I am learning to play other songs too! I hope to keep the tradition of mountain music alive by mastering the fiddle!

BRENNAN STRONG, GRADE 5

My Family's Musical Traditions

My family's heritage consists of a long tradition of Appalachian Music also known as Bluegrass Music. Family members on both my mother's and father's side have kept the

tradition going by building instruments, writing songs, performing music, and passing it down to other family members.

My dad's grandfather, Ed Sturgill, was one of the first musicians to play at the "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." One of the songs he wrote was, "31 Depression Blues." He played the banjo, guitar, and sang traditional and original songs. He signed with Pine Records. He was born in 1910 outside the town of Appalachia. Sadly after two seasons of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" he passed away October 1, 1965.

My dad learned to play a guitar in Church and he mostly taught himself. He passed the tradition of playing a guitar down to me. I now know how to play a guitar because of my dad.

My mom's Grandfather Bristoe Gilbert made banjos, guitars, and fiddles mostly out of Cedar Wood. My great-grandfather Gilbert played banjo clawhammer style, his favorite son was "Old Rattler." My great-great-uncle Harvey became blind and learned to play many instruments by ear. He taught my great uncle Glenn to play. Glenn played the guitar, banjo, mandolin, bass, fiddle, and keyboard. He played at the Pennington Radio Station WSWV. His favorite song was "White Oak on the Hill" by Ralph Stanley. He loved to play bluegrass music and fish. He would always play music with my uncle Jeff at family gatherings. Sadly he passed away November 23, 2016 due to cancer He lived every day to the fullest from 1935 to 2016. There was always music in the household.

My uncle Jeff plays the guitar, banjo, mandolin, bass, and fiddle. He got to play with many famous Bluegrass bands. He has always been good at playing music at family gatherings. My maw-maw plays the guitar, autoharp, piano, and fiddle. She plays piano honky tonk style. Her first guitar was made out of Cedar Wood by her dad. The first song she learned was "Old Rattler." My pappap plays guitar, dobro, and harmonica. He likes to play instruments and sing bluegrass music.

My mom and aunt play bass and guitar. My mom is the Band Director at Powell Valley Middle School and Union High School.

JACOB STURGILL, GRADE 5

Family Origins

Our family now lives in Big Stone Gap, Virginia. My dad was born in Washington D.C. and was raised on the outskirts of D.C. in a place called Annandale. When he got older, he moved to Big Stone Gap to get away from the fast city life. He wanted to live in the beautiful mountains. My mom was born in Baltimore, Maryland. Her parents grew up in Wise County, but had moved to Maryland for a short while before moving back to Wise County.

My grandparents had a much different experience growing up than I have. They often tell me stories of how different life was for them. The school they went to only had one room and all the kids of different grades were in that one room. My papaw would get to school early to get the coal to put in the stove so that the room would be warm for when school started. There was always something to be done and kids rarely said they were bored. Summers were spent in the

garden. Almost all of their food was grown at their house and it was rare for them to go to the store. The food they grew had to last them all year. What was not eaten fresh was canned and put up for the winter. Sunday dinner was the chicken running around in the yard (yard bird). Store-bought clothes were also very rare. Most of the clothes my grandparents wore were either hand-me-downs or were handmade. They also made their curtains, quilts, and pillow cases.

In hearing all of their stories, I know life was tough back then. But, I think some of the things they got to do would be fun to try today. The thing I enjoy hearing most about what life was like for my grandparents is how close they were and still are. Family is family. They stick together through the good and the bad, through easy and hard times. Maybe it would do everyone good to stop and listen to more of the old stories.

ERICA SWAN, GRADE 5

Christmas Tradition

I was twenty-two days old when I made my first trip to my mawmaw's and papa's house for Christmas. From the time I can remember at the age of six, we would always go to my mawmaw's and papa's house. We would gather around the dinner table and stuff our bellies full. After everybody ate, we would open gifts, and play with the toys and the other things we got. We would also go to church. Now that I am older, I no longer have my papa to enjoy Christmas and our family dinner. He now spends his Christmas in Heaven looking down on us.

My mamaw lives in Flatwoods, Virginia and we always go to her house and help her put up her Christmas tree and lights. My mom, brothers, mamaw, and I put up the Christmas tree and we each have a favorite ornament that we hang on the tree. We hang lights outside of her house.

I enjoy the company of my cousins, aunts, and uncles on Christmas at mamaw's. We enjoy getting up on Christmas morning open our gifts, going to Church, cooking, making candy, and eating a lot of food. For the past couple of years, mamaw has allowed me to be in charge of my favorite dish, Pea Salad. Pea Salad is delicious and everyone loves it, so they say.

DESTINY TEASLEY GRADE, 5

Football Legacy

Football has always been a tradition in my family. My grandpa, Tom Turner, was the head football coach at Appalachia High School for 26 years and led his team to five state championships. My dad, Travis Turner, started out being a ball boy for his father at Appalachia, and now, I am the ball boy for my dad at Union. When he got to high school, my dad played football for my grandpa. He was the quarterback and won three state titles. I am going to play for my dad just like he did for his father. I hope to be able to win a state championship too! My grandpa and my dad also played football at Virginia Tech. That is another tradition I hope to carry on.

GRAYDEN TURNER, GRADE 5

Who am I?

Blake

Happy, silly, fun, and awesome.

Son of Amy and Junebugg

Lover of playing games with my dad, pushing my toy excavator, and reading fun chapter books.

Who fears snakes because they can kill you and ships because they can sink.

Who wants to donate money to poor people so they can buy food and shelter.

Who gives help to tidy up things, smiles to my mom and dad, and love to my grandparents.

Who would like to see Dollywood so I could have fun riding roller coasters.

Resident of Big Stone Gap, where trees are green in the summer and change to a lot of different colors in the fall

Wade

BLAKE WADE, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from shoes from Under Armour and Nike.

I am from the white house in the woods.

I am from the oak tree near my house.

I am from a watch and a necklace that I wear at times.

From Wagner and Poole.

I am from going to Florida for vacation and swimming with family and friends.

From green eyes and black hair.

I am from going to Church on Sunday.

From hot dogs and hamburgers.

I am from Friday night football and video games late at night.

MASON WAGNER, GRADE 5

My Ancestors

My ancestors moved from Denmark, Europe in the 1600s to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. My ancestors' last name was originally Koch but later changed it to Couch.

My ancestor, Jacob Couch, had two friends who were brothers, Daniel and Ted Wentz that started a coal mining business after the Civil War. My ancestors were mainly bookkeepers and merchants. Jacob kept records of his businesses until Daniel's brother, Ted, was mysteriously

killed. This murder remains the only unsolved murder in Wise County still today. Jacob moved to Big Stone Gap from Philadelphia to help Daniel with his company and hopefully to find Ted. Daniel's company became the VIC Coal Company.

My family moved to Castlewood, Virginia and started their own coal mining businesses. My great-grandfather, Fred, owned five mines. The Clinchfield Coal Company came to town and bought Fred's companies. My grandfather, Jim, began to work for the Clinchfield Coal Company after his commitment in the military. The Clinchfield Coal Company later became the Pittston Coal Company.

In a great coal strike in 1989, Jim was the manager of the Pittston Coal Company and was forced to cross the picket line. This was the hardest part of Jim's life, because his friends and family members were all on strike, but only Jim was forced to work. Many people called him a scab or a traitor. They threw rocks at his windows and slashed his tires several times, but Jim kept working until the strike was over. After the strike was over, Jim started his own mining supply business, known as Mining Mart Inc.

TRACY WANG, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from a four wheeler from sheets and pillows.
I am from the house with brick and vinyl siding.
I am from gray rocks that are thrown.
I am from blankets and stuffed animals.
From Westmoreland and Chandler.
I am from brown hair, brown eyes, and from deer hunting.
From mushroom hunting.
I am from meme and step pawpaw.
From tacos and pizza.
From cat lady and from collecting arrowheads and stuffed dogs.
I am from those moments of going deer hunting and mushroom hunting
with my dad.

MADISON WESTMORELAND, GRADE 5

Halloween Haiku

Got lots of candy
I did go trick or treating
Heidi was a cat

HAYLEE WHITE, GRADE 5

I Am From

I am from my bed, from pillows, and stuffed animals.
I am from the single wide trailer and the scent of lavender that fills my home.
I am from the daisies and the maple tree whose long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.
I'm from opening presents on Christmas Eve, blue eyes, and tallness from mom and step dad.
I'm from fishing, hunting, and shopping.
I'm from I love you, try again, and get up and try it again.
I'm from going to the lake.
I am from Johnson City Medical Center and Johnson City, Tennessee.
From spaghetti and tacos.
From my mawmaw Brenda who fought cancer, she left me a ring with diamonds, and I will always keep her in my heart.

HEIDI WHITE, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from beds from pillows and blankets.
I am from a gray house and the smell of ice cream.
I am from the roses in my yard whose petals are as red as blood.
I am from white chocolate and milk chocolate.
From Falin and Williams.
I am from baking cookies, cloud watching, and from collecting seashells.
From going to Dollywood and going to Church with my family.
I am from Pearl and Greg.
From cookies and cake.
From death and life.
I'm from my cat.
I am from those moments when my cousin swallowed a fly.

DEJA WILLIAMS, GRADE 5

Who Am I?

Son of Amanda and Travis
Salty, small temper, nice, and smart.
Lover of PS4 that I play every day, controller that I use every day to play games, and family.

Who fears bears.
Who used PS4 to play games, Call of Duty game that I have played and
beat, and skittles because they are my favorite candy.
Who gave a mini bicycle to another kid, toys that I have gave to other
children, and love to my family.
Who says “Hi, how are ya?” to others.
Williams

GREYSON WILLIAMS, GRADE 5

Where I'm From

I am from football, from Under Armour, and sweet tea.
I am from the big brown house on top of the hill and the train tracks that
are close by.
I am from the daisies, the willow tree that weeps, and the fresh vegetables
from my mom's garden.
I am from Friday night football and blue eyes, from Williams and Janice
and Roger.
I am from the loud mouths and the best brownie bakers,
From, “Turn that down!” and “Get out of your sister's room!”
I am from church and ice cream on Sundays.
I'm from Big Stone Gap, Virginia, and Kentucky,
From fried chicken and watermelon.
I am from the time I was in the children's hospital with kidney stones,
playing X-Box with another patient, and the stories my mom tells
about her car accidents.
I am from the big memory book of pictures my mom keeps high on the
shelf in her closet.

LEVI WILLIAMS, GRADE 5

Who Am I?

Jason
Fun, kind, nice and cool with brown eyes and a snazzy mohawk.
Son of Terrence Young and brother of Terran and Alexis.
Lover of cheese, because it tastes so good, my stuffed animals that I have
had for a long time, and my bow and arrow that I want to take hunting
with my dad.
Who fears school lockdowns because of the videos I have watched.

Who wants peace so all kids can be happy.
Who gives clothes to people in need, hugs to make others happy, and help
around the house.

Who would love to see China because I want to learn of their ways.

Resident of Big Stone Gap, the one place I love.

Young

JASON YOUNG, GRADE 5

Who Am I?

Happy, sad, mad, confused.

Son of Crystal and Eddy and brother of Madisyn,

Lover of pepperoni pizza, snow days, and my parents because they give
me love and care.

Who fears death.

Who wants freedom for everyone, money to spend on my family, and our
souls to be guided to heaven.

Who gives love to my whole family, happiness to everyone, and shares the
Lord with all.

Who would like to see God in all things, Jesus in our hearts, and the vir-
gin Mary's face when Jesus was born.

Resident of Chandler Mountain where a lot of Chandlers live.

Zeppa

CAMDEN ZEPPA, GRADE 5



Festival of Trees

UNION HIGH SCHOOL



Appalachian Heritage Day

Our students from Union High School had a beautiful, sunny day to celebrate their pioneer and Native American heritage at Natural Tunnel State Park, Scott County, Virginia.

Many thanks to Megan Krager, Gretchen Cope, Joan and Ron Short, Billy Cawood and all the park staff for taking us on a time travel trip back over 200 years.

Bravo to Grace Bradshaw, Kim Blanken and all the teachers who helped the students celebrate the treasures of their Appalachian origins.

The students learned how to “count coup” in an outdoor game of Cherokee origin. We used a pool noodle instead of a war club, you’ll be glad to know. Ron Short and Megan Krager gave short talks on immigrant culture and Cherokee culture, and Ron sang his Wilderness Road song. He is amazing. Gretchen Cope demonstrated pioneer tools and the making of linen out of flax. Joan Short described how the blockhouse was constructed for protection and gave the kids a tour of the Blockhouse. Billy Cawood demonstrated the old time way of starting a cook fire and then showed them how a flintlock rifle operated. It was a wonderful morning!



Appalachian Heritage Day, Natural Tunnel State Park

I Am From . . .

I am from soup beans and cornbread
From early mornings
Water from the dew on the grass
I am from the woods
(All the noises
Sounded like a zoo)
I am from the old oak tree
The leaves on the ground that I remember jumping in

I'm from fudge and candy
Chyanna and Gabi
I'm from the don't do that's
And the be goods
From the shut it! And go to sleep!

I'm from dirtbikes and four- wheelers
Fried chicken and BBQ beans
From hey y'all
To ain't got no
The route my family walked

The metal box in my closet
The lid open with all the pictures
From the old stories
From my grandparents

CARLY ADDINGTON, GRADE II

Social Privacy

Should the government have protection over the internet and social media? No One's social media or email is private. The government knows what you have sent back and forth to each other and hears conversations. The government has done this for years, no one has privacy on a phone or computer. Your social media and email get hacked more than anything and people do not notice until random stuff appears on their social media that they have no idea how it got there. The government should give internet and social media privacy.

The government should let everyone have privacy on all social media. Anything a person looks up, it remembers everything that you type in google. Turning your location off could help you and no one can track where you are. Everyone's stuff should be private, but the government tracks every move. The government should not be in everyone's business.

It is not only the government that hacks into accounts. People are really smart about hacking other things. Tracking technology continues to grow. The government tracks your every move, but why? I agree no one actually knows the real question. Tracking still grows around the United States, and every second someone can hack into others accounts and see anything you sent to that person or read your whole conversation. No one has privacy with social media. I agree that it could be a good thing that the government can see your social media, messages, emails, and so much more because because “teenagers” are filthy. Not all, but many. When someone messages a kids daughter they have no idea who it could be, so thats a great reason not to.

Everyone needs privacy in their life, so the government should leave social media alone. “Tracking technology captures your search” the government can see everything you have looked up on google. Every time you search something on google it gathers information about you and your life, and of course, where you live. I do not see why they still gather stuff about you if your location is off. It’s more likely someone can find you and you would not know who it would be. They could kidnap you from your home and it’s not safe.

Why does the government need our things to be safe? It is a good thing, but at the same time everyone wants their own privacy. If they want our stuff to be private then kids should not have a phone or have any contact with other people. Adults want privacy on their social media and emails, and does not want someone tracking their every move. Adults feel uncomfortable about people tracking their every move and gathering information about them every time they search something. To support this idea, people need to know that a child does not need to have their own cell phone because anything can happen to their children, but adults still need to not have conversations they do not want everyone else to see

DESTINY ANDERSON, GRADE 10

Where I’m From

I am from an old red brick house,
In the middle of the forest,
In a small, run down coal town.
I am from mountains that
Touch the blue sky
Everywhere I look.

I am from long Friday night football games
Watching my dad coach from the stands,
Feeling proud of the blue and gold.
I am from two-family Thanksgivings
And two-family Christmases.
All filled with love.

I am from Cathy and Roger,
Two high school sweethearts that didn't last.
I am from the kind-hearted
And the stubborn,
From the "Do what makes you happy and I'll support you."
I am from an old Bible,
Sitting on a nightstand,
Pages withered from reading.

I am from homemade biscuits and
Gravy and cornbread.
From supertime stories
And family reunions,
Both I will cherish forever.

In closets and drawers, there are
Old family albums,
Faded photographs filled with
Faces I haven't met,
But wished to.
I am from these memories,
Forever carrying them in my heart.

CAMI AUSTIN, GRADE II

Where I'm From

Zanesville, Ohio where
I'm from. I grew up fast
there because my brother
was always on the run
always questioned why and asked
god why never got to say
good bye and never tried to cry
I felt alone when he left and
was really depressed
then god open my eyes and
saved my
life I was never alone
all I had to do is keep

My head up high never cry
And look up at the sky

MONTANA BALL, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from front porch sittin',
From backyard playin' and Sunday family dinner.
I am from a long line of hard workers
Whose hands are rough and hearts are full.

I am from coal miners and veterans who worked from dusk till dawn.
From quick-tempered and humble women who taught me to speak my
mind and take up for myself but always have manners.
I am from, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me"
From early Sunday mornings with church pews filled with family members.
I am from being taught to remain thankful throughout all of life's circumstances
Even during hard times.

I am from homemade chicken and dumplings.
From stories told and lessons learned
That I will always keep close to my heart.
I am from rooms full of love and laughter
That I will remain grateful.

I am from mountains that reach the Heavens
From old, curving back roads,
All full of memories.
I am from black and white photo albums
Filled with unforgotten faces of those I've not yet met,
And the ones who are gone too soon.

BROOKE BARKER, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from my grandparents
that took care of me,
telling me not to be so loud.
I am from the food that my mamaw
spent hours baking and chicken and dumplings.

I am from the scars that
I received from my sister
in the backyard with a metal baseball bat
I am from the many bike wrecks
with my dad, when he didn't tell me that
bikes have brakes (other than my feet).

I am from my mother
who taught me never to do wrong,
As she left and stayed gone.
From the times she came
With her dog and told stories,
Then left again.

I am from the memories
that remain in my head,
As the pictures that were once there stay behind,
in the ash of places I have once lived.
I am from the remembered memories
That I hold as they slowly faded
as I begin to forget.



CIERRA BARKER, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from a small town,
from riding bikes in the road.
I am from varsity basketball games,
waiting for the day it would be me.
I am from softball Saturdays,
from when the sun rose to long after it set.

I am from Nanny's Thanksgiving dinners,
from my sister waking me up at 5 a.m. on Christmas morning.
I am from the Lord,
From church every Sunday.
I am from Say the magic word!
from reading books at bedtime.

I am from soft-spoken and meek,
also from loud and outgoing.
I am from Tammy and Bubba,
from a teacher and a hard worker.

Under my mother's bed is an old plastic box,
overflowing with old family photos.
In my grandmother's house,
photos surround the walls,
constant reminders of how I became me.
These moments are what made me,
me.

HANNAH BARNETT, GRADE II

Online Privacy

Online users have seen online that they are being tracked by many different websites companies. Do you think that the government should protect citizens online privacy? Citizens are receiving random ads, and they do not know why it is happening. Which leaves them wondering how other websites know what they are looking for. Most citizens think that the government should protect online privacy; however, other citizens believe that they should not protect it at all. Yes, the government should protect citizens online privacy.

The government should regulate citizens online privacy because they should keep their private information safe from other websites. Downey says, "It is dangerous for two companies to have so much personal data, regardless of whether the specific threats of that data consolidation are immediately clear." She is saying that giving information to online companies would eventually catch up with someone. Opponents of this idea believe that it is not dangerous to give data to companies, but others think that it is extremely dangerous to give information. Another reason is the companies could hack someone email and look through their personal information.

Companies think they can do whatever they want to do because they have the money and the power to do what they want. Simpsons says, "It is an uncommonly arrogant approach not usually seen in business, where these companies they can do whatever they want with our data, whenever and whoever they want to do it." He is saying that it is not fair that they are able to do whatever they want to do with the citizens data. Some people believe that they do not do whatever they want with their data; however, others do believe that companies do whatever they want with our data. The second reason is when you send someone an email about buying a car, and then the person gets ads about cars.

The final reason it is not right for companies to look at people's emails then put ads up all over people's social media accounts. Scholastic scope writes, "these companies create "targeted advertising" -ads sent to people who want the product being advertising." They are saying that companies are sending ads to our emails and media accounts. Others feel that people think that it is all right that they are putting ads everywhere. On the other hand, other people do not enjoy ads everywhere on their computers.

Yes, the congress should protect citizens private information. Congress should regulate citizens online privacy because they should keep personal information. Companies believe they can do what they want to do because have the money to do it. The final reason is that it is not right that companies are able to go through personal information. Everyone listen up; every citizen needs to go to the government, and tell them that they need to protect private information.

JUSTIN BARNETT, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I am from old farms and large family reunions,
From the store my parents owned where I spent most of my childhood.
I am from my German Shepherd Jake that was my 'sidekick'.
I am from the creek where I caught crawdads with my Dad,
And we would throw them back in.

I'm from homemade popcorn balls and chicken salad,
From my Grandma's tomato gravy and pecan cobbler.
I'm from 'Get inside it's getting late!'
From 'You'll get a cold if you go outside with wet hair!'

I'm from Christmas mornings at my Grandmother's,
The traditional pancakes and waffles.
From the ring my Grandmother has saved for me, lying in her jewelry box.

In my attic lies an old chest,
Pictures of my family before I was born.
Old polaroids of my ancestors with their sweet faces.
I am from that moment in time before the snap of the camera.
The joy I had then and the same joy I have now.
That is where I'm from.

SYDNE BLAKE, GRADE 11

Where I Am From

I am from Virginia,
Playing football in the backyard.
I am from being punished
For my mistakes.
I am from pain
And learning to tolerate it.
I am from fighting,
And learning to win.
I am from being the oldest,
Learning to be dominant
And always being in control.
I am from my fear
And learning to overcome it.
I am from competition
And learning to deal with losing.
I am from a family of soldiers,
Admiring them and looking up to them
Wanting to be one too.

JOSHUA BORING, GRADE 9

My First Time Hunting

I had always wanted to go hunting as a kid, but I had never gotten the chance to go. I was supposed to go with my grandfather when I was little but I got sick. I was disappointed that I did not get to go hunting with him. He told me it was alright that he was going again soon and that I could go, too. I was so excited that I was gonna get to go hunting with my grandfather.

The day had finally come to go hunting. We put our camo on, grabbed our guns, and grabbed a bite to eat. It took us an hour to get to our tree stand in the mountains. We finally got up to the tree stand and I got my gun and waited. A couple of hours passed and I did not see any deer.

I asked my grandfather why we were not seeing anything. He told me to be patient and to be quiet. It started to get dark so we packed up and left. I told everyone I was



never hunting again because it was boring. My grandfather took me to work with him the next day.

We walked in and sat down at his desk. He pulled his rifle out from under the table. He told me it's time to kill my first deer. We walked around back and I saw the first deer and I shot it. From that day on, I hunt every time my grandfather goes.

AJ BOWMAN, GRADE 9

I am from

I am from the fish you catch
To the jerky you eat.
From the lake you swim in
To the boat you ride.
I am from the football you watch
To the music you listen too

I am the burger you eat,
The games you play,
To the dog you feed
To the deer you hunt

I am from the shades you wear
To the pool you swim in.
I am the shoes you wear,
To the snacks you eat.

In my nightstand is a drawer filled with a
Lifetime of old and recent memories.
The family and I are those moments
A leaf from our family tree.

AUSTIN BOYD, GRADE II

Where I am From

I am from pondering my past
From not understanding what is around me
I am from walls that torture me with items on it from which I do not see
the origin of
From wondering what I used to be
From never being able to know who or what I really was

I am from not understanding anything except friends and family
From wondering if my friends have been my friends forever
From pondering every word that comes out of my mouth because I don't
 know what it may cause
From not understanding who people are to me
I am from being scared for my social status constantly

I am from seeing my past but also not
From trying to figure out who I truly am
I am from not understanding why I am here
From being confused forever in life

I am from memories in my room I do not remember
From not understanding the meaning to some items in my room
I am from losing myself in thought
From crying in the corner of my room feeling alone or lost
I am without the past.

MICHAEL BRACKETT, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from high peaks and wide streets
From wild terrain and skyscrapers
I am from the view of Neyland
Bright orange in all its glory
From the backyard of the Appalachians
That change color as time passes

I am from the grass fields in the fall and spring
From the touchdowns to the goals
I am from the hard hits and crucial tackles
From the 1st quarter to the 4th
I am from the corner-kicks and throw-ins
From the brotherhood I wouldn't trade for the world

I am from hard work and sweat
From one more rep to one more lap
I am from the ability He gave me

To overcome any obstacle in my path
I am from the actions I do in His name

I am from the hot summers in Tennessee
To the bitter winters in Virginia
I am from the hustle and bustle in the big city
To the relaxed life in the mountains
I am from two walks of life
That I can call my own

AARON BROYLES, GRADE II

Secret Watchers

What you may not notice is you're being watched while using the internet. That's right. As you are searching the web someone is watching everything you do, selling your information, making money off of your personal information. Not many people have not noticed this, but if you searched something up on the web, let's use something personal to show what I mean, let's say someone searched up pimple cream.

What they searched for will now be shown as ads on their social medias or even on YouTube the ads before the videos. Now I understand a lot of people would not mind this because they may feel that it isn't such a big deal. It is not such a big deal until everything about you is getting sold. Your personal information is getting sold.

Some people may have noticed this problem because they saw their personal information out for everyone to see. We need privacy and should be able to search something without other people being able to see what you do online. The government should protect our personal information. There are no limits to what type of information can be collected, how long it can be retained, with whom it can be shared or how it can be used.

"Most people don't know this is going on," says Sharon Gooft Nissim. Many people feel they are safe on the internet, however, they are really the opposite of safe, they are being watched of everything they do. Everything they search or buy, their information is being sold or shown to strangers. Some people could believe it is a good thing we are being watched and our information is being sold however majority believe this is dangerous.

Your information could be given out for the world to see and you would not know about it. That's why it is best to have privacy while using the internet. Anything could happen or go wrong with some stranger getting your personal information. Many people see internet as a personal thing and that anything they look up will be shown to just them when it's really not.

FAITH BURTON, GRADE IO

Where I'm From

I am from green grass,
from the valley and tall mountains.
I am from the dark mountain earth
(brown, bland,
It tastes of dirt.)
I am from the white oak
the mountain laurel.
Whose thick green tops I remember,
no matter where I am.

I'm from chicken and sweet tea,
from hospitality and truth.
I'm from sarcasm
And come-backs,
from stop the car and back hand.
I'm from the front pew on Sunday,
with the word on my heart,
and the courage to inform.

I'm from East Stone and Back Valley,
wild turkey and venison,
from the dark mines in the hills,
to the loggers in the mountains.

The box of all my races
full of numbers,
a story with each one.
from the great memories,
they remind me of where I came from.
I am from those memories,
these memories are from me.



JACOB BUSH, GRADE II

Privacy and Internet Invasion.

Somehow the government may be watching people when they are using their devices. Should the government protect our privacy while we are online? There has been debates on privacy for awhile. However, it has not been settled yet. If this is true, then there might be a decrease in, online device usage. Yes, the government should protect our privacy.

The government should protect our information that we look up on the internet. “You have to deal with ads all over the internet either way,” said Benjamin Gaultney. Which means, people could possibly be seeing what they are on. How, because they get ads that contain to what they looked up something similar. Opponents of this idea believe maybe it is best if they do, but it could lead to a bigger problem that it is. Another reason is if the privacy is invaded then there could be a decrease in devices.

Privacy that is invaded could led to an decrease in device usage. “Its an uncommonly arrogant approach not usually seen in business, where theses companies believe they can do whatever they want with our data, whenever and however they want to do it.” says John Simpson. Companies do what they want and how, because the person who made facebook had to, probably get permission by the government. Some people believe it may increase device usage; however, it is an invasion of personal information. Another reason is facebook has not changed any private policy or setting.

The final reason is that facebook has not, yet changed settings or privacy policies. “Facebook works the way it always has.” says spokeswoman Meredith Chin. The way facebook works is unpowered. Others feel that facebook is fine the way it is. On the other hand why are people making new accounts? It is because, it is easy to hack into.

The government should not let our private information be published. Our information should be protected by them especially, what we look up on the internet. A decrease in device usage could increase if privacy is invaded. Facebook has not changed what is known as privacy policies or even settings. To support this idea, people need to learn about the government and how it works with their internet and privacy.

PAM BUSH, GRADE 10

Where I Am From

I am from Big Stone Gap in Aviation Rd.
And the intelligence of my education
Was my education good? Yes.
I am from a couch potato.
On the couch I love going to sleep.
I am from a house with a foot
And there's no electricity in the woods
And I am from a big spooky boat
With spooky stuff in there.
I am from my house with my family.
With my spooky friends this week.
I am from a snuggling bed with a cover and bed I love so much.

EMILY CARTER, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from sitting outside being bored
on a summer day.

I am from having two dogs;
they both died when I was little.

I am from a small town,

in the mountains of Virginia.

I am from a small family of 5;
being the youngest is rough.

I am from a small neighborhood
in a small town.

I am from a family who loves cats
(even though I love them more.)

I am from my sister
falling out of truck.

I am from hot chocolate
on a cold winter day.

I am from falling up the stairs;
I never knew how it happened.

I am from red raspberries
in my backyard.

I am from hating school;
it is very boring in my opinion.

ISABELLA CARTER, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I'm from a large house
on Wildcat road.

A large family of twenty-five
people to talk to.

I'm from the house with the best
holiday decorations.

I'm from the large braces.
The ones that have been on

for several years.
The ones where my sisters
Called me “brace face.”

I’m from the outdoors.
Where I can run
and hang out with
my friends. The person who
loves to play games. Who
can go outside and just
sit for hours in the sun.

LIZZY CASEY, GRADE 9

The Journey of My Life

My mom told me that when I was little my dad used to do crazy things with me. One day my mom said my dad dropped me through a table. I do not know if it is true or not because I cannot remember. When I was five we moved to Appalachia. One day I wanted to go to my friend’s house and when I started to walk across the street, a truck came flying down the road and almost hit me. After that I never went across the street without looking for cars.

“Do not ever scare me like that again,” my mom said. A couple years later my mom and my dad got a divorce. My mom got custody because my dad was an alcoholic. My mom met somebody and soon they got together. It was my ninth birthday and I got a dog; we named him Wiley. We had him for around two years, but one day he got loose and when we went looking for him, we found him on the street dead. He got hit by a car. When we got back



to the house, we buried him. Then we found out that my step dad was cheating on my mom so they split up. Then a year later mom started talking to an old friend of hers from school.

We moved to Big Stone Gap because he got a job there. He was a good guy, at least me and my mom thought he was. When he and mom got married, he started changing the way he acted. He started drinking and acting stupid. He starts being jealous and blaming my mom for cheating but it only got worse. He started calling her names then a couple weeks after that he went to jail for domestic violence. When he got out he tried to come to our house saying that he was going to burn the house down. We called the law and he went back to jail. While he was in jail my mom got a divorce from him and we haven't seen him since.

I haven't seen my real dad in like four years and one day we got a call saying that he was in the hospital. Me and my mom went to my aunt's and stayed for about a hour or two. We were about to leave when we get a call saying that my dad passed away. I've never taken anything that bad. I couldn't sleep or go to school for a couple of days.

TREY CAUDILL, GRADE 9

Privacy Online

Over the years there has been big talk that the government is protecting our online usage. Should the government check what we play on our phones too? People are upset that the government has been protecting our time online. The government protects what we do online. There are people who think it is great and some people think it's stupid. No the government should not protect what we do online.

Americans do not usually think about what the government does with our information online. Does every american know what happens with every component of their information or data about them? No. There are americans who do not think about where our information goes. The government should keep our information, but others say the government should let them keep it. There could be some vital information that people want to keep.

The government keeps track of everything we search on google. Herb Weisbaum writes, "We want to make sure Do Not Track is a real commitment to the American people and not an empty promise." They want to make sure that Do Not Track is a real thing and that they will not track people. Some people believe that the government does not; however, but others know that they track our online usage. Some people can get paranoid knowing what they search is recorded.

How the government track us? This person writes, Silently, invisibly more than 200 bits of "Tracking technology are being inputted into anyone who owns a computer. The government downloads secret trackings in people's computers. Others believe doing such an act is cruel. On the other hand, others do not care what the government does to our technology devices. It can be scary knowing the government tracks us in our own devices.

The government does not need to protect our online usage. Americans do not usually think about what the government does with our information. The government keeps track of everything we google. What does the government use to track us? To support this idea, people need to ask their friends and neighbors, anybody about government tracking.

MATTHEW CHESNUTT, GRADE 10

I am From

I am from Appalachia to Exeter
Driving the curvy roads.
I am from backyard hoops with my neighbor's kids
To the cold winter days and the warm summer days.
I am from the beautiful sights to see
 In any direction you look.

I am from the mudholes
 Always believing our 4-wheelers could get through.
I am from the holler
 Never mentioned on Google Maps.
I am from great times
 With family and friends.

I am from my mother.
 Literally and theoretically.
I am from watching football on Sundays
 Cheering on the Steelers.
I am from everybody knowing everybody.
 To helping anyone in time of need.

I am from be back home when the street lights cut on
 To being outside by the time the sun rises.
I am from homemade food
 Instead of eating out.
I am from Virginia
 Always leaving, but always returning.

In my room, there is a shelf with a drawer.
Where all my photos from my childhood are.
Seeing great memories in each photo.
I am from those moments.

KOBE CHRISTIAN, GRADE 11

Where I'm From

I am from the mountains
In a wooden cabin
Hunting to pass time
Waiting for game to creep by
Squirrels rustling the leaves
Disturbing the quiet
Leaving the holler for something to eat
Scaring birds from trees making them fly
Wishing I had rost from granny's
The smell of burgers on the stove fills the air
I am from the lake
Casting a line
Living to catch a fish
And getting boat sick
I am from camo
Being hidden
Never being seen by the naked eye
Hiding in tree and stalking game
A branch breaks
Not getting hurt
But in trouble
I have scared the game
And ruined my hunt

RYAN CHRISTIAN, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from the white house on the hill
The one with the four bathrooms
There were too many bathrooms
I am from the chipped wooden fence
Where splinters were born
Many stupid people have had splinters in their heads here
I am from the land of the free
Where many people can disrespect it without time in jail
I am from the town of coal
Where a man can have a good life

I am from a good family
Where love bonds us
I am from a classroom
Where paying attention is good
And not paying attention is bad

ETHAN CHURCH, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I'm from the house on the same block.
My new house is on my old block.
The house is black and blue.
The block is where my family still lives.
My family is still is moving into that new
house.

That new house is old but it is new to me and my family.
From my new but old house and my new street in my new house.
My new house is so big inside.
My family is happy to see the new house.
My sister's are so happy to see the new house.

PRESTON CLARK, GRADE 9



The Worst Things to Experience

Having seizures is one of the worst things to experience. I have had absent seizures or “staring spells” all my life, but we did not know that until almost 4 years ago. My mom held me back because she thought I was having learning problems. Now we know that the “staring spells” were what caused that. Seizures make me so weak, tired, and cause me to be in a lot of pain. I have a scar on my back from having one. I hope no one else has to deal with all of the things that I have to deal with. I have had 14 seizures in the past almost 4 years and after having the third one, I became epileptic.

TAYLOR CLAYTON, GRADE 9

Online Privacy

Recently online user have notice that our privacy is not protected. Keeping our information to our self is important. Letting other people know our indignantly is bad. No, government should not have control of our social life, or protect it. Many people been wondering why there are ads and why can people get to look at your profile. Should government get to control our social life?

Government protect the mail, but should they protect our social life? "There are no limits to what types of information can be collected, how long it can be retained, with whom it can be shared or how it can be used." "Behavioral tracking" is to track people that trying to hack your profile. Behavioral tracking does not always work, but when it does work the people that are caught will be fined. Therefore, they will pay a 500 dollar fine or they will got to jail for a year.

Companies wants to make money of their ads so they look at anyones history and they send them a ad. Many people think it is a coincidence that an ad popped up and it was something they just got done searching. Many people believe that advertisers say they strongly believe in protecting consumer privacy. They can always not post things on Facebook but they can still track your email or location where you live. For job interview they will ask for your Facebook so they can look up what you do and post to see your good for the job.

People ask why are they being tracked it is because the government wants to make sure the communities are safe. "The internet has become a serious threat to our privacy," Anyone can see your privacy at anytime. There is no other way to prevent being tracked or hacked. Other feels that being tracked is a good thing because you can be lost or kidnapped. On the other hand many do not like the ideal of "Being tracked." because they do not want anyone to know what they do but no matter what you do they will know what you are doing and looking up.

TYRESE COCKREL, GRADE 10

I am From . . .

I am from church every Sunday,
sweet tea and fried apple pies.
I am from early morning hunts
in the woods behind my house,
and late nights at the lake
where the moon cooled sun-burnt skin.

I'm from biscuits and old boots
where Margie and Violet planted their roots.
I'm from hard heads and back talks.
I'm from cigarette smoke and days in the kitchen.
Singing Garth Brooks "Callin' Baton Rouge."

I'm from coal dust from Glenbrook.
Prayers and cornbread.
I'm from old men swappin' war stories,
and the old women swappin' men stories.

In the basement hiding in their own corner,
Filled with my elders' lives.
Lost friends and families' faces filling my memory.
I am from these old ways,
and they are who I am.

MADISON COLLINS, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from long walks in the rain.
I am from the laughing of my friends.
All through the ashes of the campfire.
I am not the one to break and shatter.
I am from the family that always takes care of me.
I am from the juice of the watermelon that dripped on my face.
I am from the country where most people aren't.
I am from the crossties of the railroad to my backyard.
I am from the tree that I killed my first deer in.
I am the one that always make a bad time a good time.
I am from the tractor that I always rode in.
I am from the boon docks that makes all the noise.
I am from my pawpaw's truck that has all the memories.
I am from my house.

AUSTIN COOMER, GRADE 9

Video Games

I am from video games and movies
A product of pop culture
I am from guidebooks and walkthroughs
From forums and how-to's

I am from novels and series
With perfect beginnings and ends
I am from late night reads
And week long binges

I am from Pringles and orange soda
Pepperoni pizza and procrastination

I am from greasy controllers and Kanye West
From music too loud and screens too bright

My memories are stored in the clouds
Or on the servers we played on
Or the minds of my friends

JACOB COOMER, GRADE II

Where I am from

I am from the good ol' mountains.
Where biscuits and gravy shine. I am
From the treestand in the early morning
To the fishing pole on the bank in the evening

I am from the grassy fields to the dirt banks behind my house.
I am from soup beans and cornbread to the banana pudding.
I am from church on Sunday mornings to family dinners around the table.
I am from playing in the dirt to swimming in the creek.

I am from playing with my siblings to wrestling with my stepdad.
I am from catching frogs in the creek
To catching butterflies in the evening.
I am from deer heads in the garage to fish hanging on the wall

I am from playing Playstation in the morning to going swimming in the
evening

I am from going to the park to hanging out with my friends.
I am from talking to my mom to going to my aunts.
I am from playing *park* to playing *uplink*.

Most of these are kept as pictures in a scrapbook
I will cherish these memories for the rest of my life
Most of these memories will be remembered by old faces.

DYLAN COOPER, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from poison ivy,
from bleach and band-aids.

I am from the hot summer asphalt-
dancing in the rain.
I am from bike rides,
from bruised elbows and skinned knees.
I'm from the fresh air,
and the You Can't Catch Me!
I'm from shared rooms and home cooking,
watching cartoons on the TV.

I'm from flying kites
in the windy breeze.
from rusty swingsets and climbing trees.

On the roads that have been called home
and the eyes that I see,
I am from these memories.

AMBER CRABTREE, GRADE II

Where I Am From

I am from a small house
in a small town
I am from a little farm
with a goat and a horse
I am also from nice family
with a lot of pets
I am from an older brother
and an nice older sister
I am from an immobile grandfather
and a lovely grandma
I am from an awesome school
with great teachers and great coaches
I am from great friends
and an awesome coach
I am from a disciplined
captain and sergeant
I am from a lovely town
with good people

I am from a powerful country
With honorable leaders
And I would like to stay.

JOSHUA DANIEL, GRADE 9

Citizen Online Privacy

Government officials are watching citizens every move on the internet. Should the government watch citizens every move on the internet? The government keeps an eye on people to make money and keep the world a better place. Most people believe that the government should not be able to watch us, while other people believe they should. Many people who look into this topic will alter ideas and sides. No, the government should not protect our privacy online.

The government is working hard to keep people from looking at bad sites on the internet, or they are trying to catch criminals who are searching bad web-addresses. The government advertises items to citizens to entertain the citizen with items they recently searched for. Advertising is a key activity in societies web browsing adventures. Advertising makes money and helps to grow the economy.

The government constantly sell citizens items or suggest items that they recently search for. "Wouldn't you prefer to see ads aline for products you actually want or need?" said Scholastic Scope. Ads from websites that people recently visit should be promoted. Some people believe that ads are not built for promotion; however, this is not always the case. Another reason is that companies make money when advertising which keeps countries going.

The final reason is that advertisements make money to keep economies going."Does every American know what's happening with every component to their information? No." Said Herb Weisbaum. Others feel that advertising is bad, especially when the person did not need that item. On the other hand, advertising could be great for items that were recently reviewed by the following citizen. Countries make money through advertising.

The government is watching countries over the internet. The government should watch us and sell items to us. The government suggest items to citizens that they need or have recently looked into. The economy is growing due to advertising and the government is helping with it. People should have the government watch what they research on.

GABRIEL DAUGHERTY, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I am from a neighborhood house slowly aging
I am from a crazy family with a lot of pets
I am from rising at 8am to go to the mall
I am from adopting kids
I am from spending lots of money

I am from hanging out with friends
I am from going to the beach
I am from swimming in the pool
I am from watching Netflix
I am from smelling coffee every morning

I am from taking naps
I am from spending time with my family
I am from making secret hangouts with my friends
I am from going out to eat
I am from America

ALEX DEAHL, GRADE 9



Online Security

The government should protect your information when you are on the internet because online companies use information to sell it for the highest bidder but the government should put a stop to the companies but the government does nothing to help but they could burn the companies to the ground and then destroy their database and never let companies have our information and never give our info out to people try not to give personal information out to people who say that they worked at Google or Facebook.

WILLIAM DEEL, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I am from sugar-free jello and finger pricks,
from late night lows and hospital visits.

I am from morning crossword puzzles and Sudoku squares,
from hiding behind the couch whilst cutting my hair.

I am from red clay on a diamond field,
until my love for the game disappeared.

I'm from straight A's
and parents who always expected these good grades.

I am from "put it on the fridge" and "it's your turn to do the dishes."
I'm from love and goodnight kisses.

I am from a family of four that was suddenly cut to three,
from a life characterized by a loss so deep.

I am from sunshine and manatees,
from mountains and valleys.

I am from a chest full of memories,
oh so sweet.

I am a blessed leaf
from a huge family tree.

OLIVIA DUTTON, GRADE 11

Where I'm From

I am from Tennessee
whose roads are long
winding, bumpy, and broad

Whose sides are occupied by buildings
And trees for which I loved to travel.

I am from a house long forgotten
Whose siding was a pale blue
And a fenced in pool.
I am from long hours of work
And short hours of play.

I am from a tree
whose limbs were big and long
Upon which supported a hammock
For all my lazy days.
I am from growing up in many
states and many friends.

JOE ELLIS, GRADE 9

Where I'm from

I am from a valley,
With green fields and sunny weather.
I am from the apple on the tree.
(Red, glossy,
it tasted like pure joy.)
I am from the rose bush
its prickly thorns
whose buds bloom into beautiful shades of red
becoming a truly marvelous sight.

I'm from kindness and sternness
from Lora and Matt.
I'm from something unique
and special.
From the different. And the uncommon.
I'm from a loving family
but from a deceitful one as well
two halves that make me who I am today.

I'm from my Grandmother's kitchen,
with biscuits and brown gravy.

from my Grandfather's glasses
which he uses to read the paper every day,
and his dog tags he keeps in his room.

Under my Mother's bed are many albums
flooded with memories.
Filled with smiles and happier times,
but those days are long gone
and I am a different person now.
Happiness seldom comes into my mind--
It is mostly filled with sadness and sorrow--
and the only cure are the moments spent with my Mother.

JACOB FALIN, GRADE II

I Am From

I am from playing park on 2k
to the sunset beach baller on PS4
I am from board games with my family
never wanting to lose
I am from old family traditions
I am from mud always on my boots after going fishing

I am from the good old mountains of Appalachia
Where people always get along
And fish and hunt for fun
I am from wrestling with my sibling
Over the littlest of things
I am from being competitive
Never backing down from a challenge

I am from playing on the old school playground
I am from Appalachia where all of my family
grew up

I am from knowing everyone on my street
and all of their names
I am from watching the steelers on TV and
cheering for them with my family
I am from my mom telling me to be home
before the street lights cut on



I keep my memories in a photo book
All of my siblings contributed to it

JOHN FISHER, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from the house on the hill
From smelling cornbread when I come home from school
From spending all day with my grandma
To coming home when the sky turns black
Laughing and playing together
I am from the old roads and wrong turns
I am from fishing with papaw and hunting with my uncles
From waiting on the old folks
To cleaning the dishes
To hearing chickens as the sun rises
Till dogs bark as the sun goes down
I am from Southwest Virginia.

MORGAN FLANARY, GRADE 9

I am From . . .

I am from family,
From playing till late in my driveway,
I am from rusted bike chains.
I am from the apple tree in my garden,
Whose long limbs I'd climb.
Until I was called in for the night.

I'm from the farmers market, where I could pick "one thing."
I'm from dad's office, where I could always find donuts.
I'm from our old catfish pond, remembering Sal and Lilly.
I am from getting dropped off at the old church, to learn about Christ.
I'm from cooking with Grandma.
Vegetable soup, and strawberry dumplings.
From begging to spend another night at Grandma's, to being bribed by
my dog Cocoa.

In my parent's room is a dresser,
Crammed with old memories.

Loved, and forgotten faces.
From family is who I was,
And always will be.

ALISON FONSECA, GRADE II

The Story About My Family

One morning when I woke up it was snowing, so we all went outside to play in the snow. So when we got outside we built a big snowman in the front yard then we smashed it down. Then we had a snowball fight with our whole family plus my friends that came over. Then we went sledding down the mountain behind my house and I smashed into a tree and broke my nose and my arm. Then my brother Drew fell off his sled and hit his head on a rock and knocked himself out and we had to take him to the hospital. He had to get eighteen stitches.

Once Drew got out of the hospital, he went home and busted his stitches open so we had to take him back to the hospital. Then once he got back he wanted to go to the store and we bought lottery tickets and the first time I won five dollars. Then I used the money to buy another one and won twenty two dollars. Then I bought one more and won forty seven dollars so I gave half of it to Drew and we bought a bunch of candy and soda and stuff like that. So we went home and told our parents about it.

Then we went back outside and I was trying to see how much snow I could stuff in my mouth and I about choked to death but the snow melted into water and I drank it. Then we walked our dog around outside to let him play. Then we walked to our papaws and helped him build a new chicken house. Then we helped him rebuild his engine in his truck. Then he gave us some money and we walked to the house to put it up. So that's the story of my family and that's what we do whenever it snows.

DAUNTE FREELAND, GRADE IO

Where I'm From

I'm from old dirt roads.
I'm from sweet tea and biscuits.
I'm from yes ma'am and no ma'am.
From respect and church on sundays,
I'm from a little town called Appalachia.
I'm from bullying and put downs,
from hurt and pain.
I'm from a single mom who does everything she can or me and my siblings.

From a broken home and broken dreams.
I'm from good grades and high expectations.
From making mistakes and learning from them,
I'm from having a loving boyfriend who fixed my broken heart,
From being hurt and let down and disappointed.
I'm from fighting with siblings everyday and being petty,
From letting people run over me and hurt me,
I'm from giving my all to people who wouldn't give a second of their time
to me.
I'm from having a big heart and giving second chances,
From a broken home with only one parent,
Who would give her last breath just to see me smile.
I'm from pain and still smiling no matter what.

DESTINY FREELAND, GRADE II

The Day I Broke My Brother's Collarbone

One day me and my brother went outside to play and we played hide and seek and tag. Then we went back inside to play video games like *Black Ops* for half of the day. Then we watched some movies with our parents and then we went back outside to play fight. I grabbed his arm and I slung my brother into a cinder block and it broke his collarbone and then we had to spend the whole night in the hospital.

BRAXTON FRITZ, GRADE 9



My First School Day

I remember waking up in the morning and getting ready to catch the bus with my brother. It took about 3 minutes to get to the bus stop. Then we waited 5 more minutes for the bus to come and pick us up. Then my brother and I found a seat and a couple minutes after we got on the bus a fight broke out. I remember people saying, "Go for eyes!" "Punch him in the face." "Break his arm!" It was a nightmare. It was too much screaming, crying then the bus stopped! The bus driver got up. He picked up the two kids and put them in two different seats. When we got off the bus the two students that were fighting got sent to the office. Then my brother and I went to the cafeteria to get something to eat for breakfast. Then we went to class to introduce ourselves to Ms. Hurley then she assigned seats for the student and my seat was next to Riley. It was pretty boring but the work was easy. After all the students got done with their work, we went to recess. I was playing with my brother Braxton. We were playing tag with Riley and AJ. After recess we went to lunch. We had mashed potatoes and a hamburger. Then after lunch we went back to class to do a test. After the test we waited for the bell to ring. Then after the bell rang Braxton and I went to catch the bus. Then we found a seat and it took 15 minutes to get back home.

BRYCETON FRITZ, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from the sound of guns
the clash of swords
and the sight of fire.

I am from the smallest knights
the biggest foes and the fastest bullets.

I am from the biggest towns
the smallest hills
the longest Oceans
the thick ice
and the darkest space

I am from the fighters
The builders
And the combos

I am from the loudest fist
the quietist guns
And the biggest hammers

I am from the daylight
and the midnight
even the dusk in between

I am from the closest
and the fairest

I am from the rockies
and the pros

I am from the Gunplas
their fans their owners
the ones they help.

CODY GALLOWAY, GRADE 9

I am From

I am from the deck with my fishing pole
From the lake where all the fishes are.
I am from the 4-wheelers in the mountains
From the corn fields.
I am from the soup beans and cornbread

I am from the gun rack in my room
From the woods with all the deer.
I am from out in Crackers Neck
From the curvy roads.
I am from the backyard baseball games.
From all homeruns hit in the back yard.

I am from the fried chicken and sweet tea
From the green beans planted in the garden.
I am from the dirt roads
From mud tires on big trucks.

Up on my shelf is a box
With all my old pictures and baseball cards.
To look at and remember my amazing childhood.
I am from the wonderful times I've spent with my great friends.

BAILEY GIBSON, GRADE II

Airsoft Accident

I used to play airsoft with my friends every day. I wore a big jacket to protect me so the airsoft rounds wouldn't hurt. We played every day for about one week, at night. We were playing airsoft and my friend shot me in the eye by accident. I went home telling my parents that I got shot in the eye but they didn't believe me because it was closed and I could not open it. I woke up the next morning and my eye was blood red. I could barely open it. Then my mom finally believed me because she saw my eye was really red. I went to school and my friends were telling me that my eye was swelling bad, then I went to the nurse. The nurse told me that I needed to keep my eye open to heal it faster. Always wear glasses and never play airsoft in the night.

COLTON GIBSON, GRADE 9

The Tornado

Once time when I was 10 I was at a baseball game. I was really excited my first time at a minor league game. Well there were a lot of people there and we were going to our seats and I got lost and I tried to find her. Turns out that she was already at our sets. I saw her from a distance but didn't know how to get there so I made my way down to where she was. Going past the concession stands and the stores that were there but finally I got to my seat even before the game had started. When the game was about in the 7th it was tied 1-1. Then it started raining really bad and it turns out there was a tornado. We had to shelter before it got worse but then it touched ground and the tornado was on top of us. The building was shaking and everyone



was worried if the whole building would fall and kill all of us. Well an hour went by and we heard nothing so we decided to go out and everything was destroyed. So the next couple days we spent picking up all the trash and helping out as much as we could.

BRYCE GUERRANT, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from a loving home where going outside is hot and cold.
I am from cold water on a hot sunny day.
I am from "Do not do that or you'll get hurt."
I am from a loving family of hugs and kisses.
I am from a crazy home.
I am from helping one another with games.
I am from fishing and screaming.
I am from climbing and falling from a tree.
I am from laughing and crying from being chased.
I am from being scared of the dark.
I am from being honest to my mom.
I am from being a liar to looking sad.
I am from my papa's loving arms to crying on my mom.
I am from being fifteen to falling love with life.

AUTUMN HARTSOCK, GRADE 9

Going to Foster Care

It was November 21, 2013, and my little brother and sister and I were at my Uncle Ricky's cooking dinner. My mom was trying to find some butter and milk. Well, while she was doing that my brother was arguing with little Ricky. He is our cousin. Uncle Ricky's mom sent us home. While mom was at Buck's house drinking a beer. Well, I set my little brother and sister on the couch and I told them to, "Stay while I go to get mom."

So, I walked to the door, and the Appalachia Police Department was at the door. After that they found my mom drunk. So, Department of Social Services came and got my little brother, sister, and I. We got into the car and they drove us off to the first foster home. They seemed nice at first. Until they accused me of stealing a Victoria's Secret Gift Card. So, I got moved to thirteen foster homes and two group homes and finally I got to go home on December 17, 2015 .

But, still to this day my brother and sister are still in foster care. Soon to be adopted by the same family that accused me of stealing a stupid gift card. So I am still trying to get visitations with them so I can still be in their life, and not be somebody to them and still be their big sister like I'm supposed to be since they were born. I also went to foster care a second time in

August 2015 and only went to two foster homes and came home on September 13, 2016 and have been home since then.

BETHONY HENRY, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from Exeter Oak Dale St.
I am from a mom and dad who love each other.
I am from an orange basketball.
I am from my papaws yellow and red house.
I am from the woods of Exeter.
I am from a green house in Exeter.
I am from nice people in my life.
I am from Richmond St. with a nice grandpa.
I am from nice family and nice life,
Happy I had for a long time.
I am from my sister who sprained her ankle on a walnut.
I am from my grandmother who lives in a white little house right beside a
church house.
I am from a helpful family and love ones.
I am from a loving and caring life forever.

CHASE HENRY, GRADE 9

Just a Kid Trying to Make a Difference

Family? What is that? I don't have one. I ain't never had a family because they are all two-faced druggies or in jail. I consider myself a lone wolf. I was adopted at the age of two and I grew up in Appalachia. The only two people in my life supporting me growing up was the mom I consider mom and my brother. The dad that I consider dad died in '05.

Growing up knowing how bad my life was and still is made me want to strive to be a better person. Growing up having to teach myself and learn how bad of a place this world is makes me want to make a difference. I wanna be known as that guy who made a difference and inspired kids to be and do good. Not saying I'm perfect because no one is perfect. To sum it up, where my "family" is so bad, it inspires me to make a difference and help others.

With how this world is these days it's going to crap and ending fast. There is no point in freshmen drinking and being on hard core drugs to have fun. From the looks of how my generation is, there won't be a next generation if this one has kids. Moral of the story, make good decisions and get somewhere in life.

MICHAEL HENRY, GRADE 10



Where I'm From

I am from an old cabin now lost by broken glass and screams.

I am from old memories of a pit bull thinking she's a lap dog.

I am from the kid who's missing a friend with four paws.

I am from that past you run and hide from.

I am from that kid who would catch crawdads.

I am that kid who would say up past ten.

I am from flowers in winter surprisingly poking through the cold snow.

I am from the screams and tears from a mother's fear of losing a child.

I am from the memories of a kid who forgot to smile.

I am from a horrific past trying to repeat itself.

I am from those butterflies in your stomach trying to escape to tell your
crush your feelings.

I am from the coins you find in the couch.

I am from the kid who had to grow up fast.
I am from earth, a world both beautiful and ugly.
I am from that messed up kid who's just trying to make it through
another day.

I am from that little girl that's really a boy.
I am from the present changing this poem to show you my past made me
the person I am today.
I am from a kind soul and a warm spirit.
I am from the present smiling more and more each day.
I am from a strand of string with no end and no beginning.

ALEX HERRON, GRADE 9

Internet Privacy

Recently people have said that the government gives out our privacy and they should protect it online. The internet has become a serious threat to our privacy. People's information has been out there for advertisers, spammers, hackers and so much more. People say that the government should protect our information online. They also say that they should not get ads on the website that they are on. No, the government shouldn't protect your information online; it's the people's responsibly when they put the information out for to the public to see.

The government should not regulate online protection because the people put their information online willingly. Certain data such as financial and health information should be private. Other people should have to have permission from that person so that they can look at the information. Other should be able to say that they cannot see the information. Opponents of this idea believe that the government should protect our information, but they should not because the government had more important business.

The government should protect certain information such as credit cards, ssn, health, address, financial and others. The reasons they should is that it is the most important information and they get leak it can hurt the person. Some people believe they don't get leaked out; however, it is easy to look up someone's name and find where that person lives. Another reason is lots of people's identities are robbed every day and it can be a big mess.

The final reason is that it's the internet nothing on the internet can be trusted and your information can be leaked at any moment. The internet has become a serious threat to our privacy. Saying no matter what a online user puts online it can be leaked at any moment. Others feel that they should protect it more. On the other hand, there's always that one person who can get around anything such as hackers.

Some online users say that their information needs to be protected and the government should do that. The government doesn't tell us what to put online the government should not be responsible. The government should protect certain information. If an online user put info out it's going to most likely be leaked out. To support this idea we need to tell online users that the government doesn't tell you what to put online.

RONNIE HERRON, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I'm from wet leaves
Crushed Mountain Dew cans and Mason jars
Numbered 13 on the bottom
Ginseng and scrap metal
The pedal

From the shed
To Cliff-toe
We got there by narrow roads
Always had some sort of scheme
Many nights with no dreams

I'm from hot glue and
Off brand soda
Flea markets and
Pawn shops

Where I'm from it gets cold
It gets dark
And trains come and go

BEN HIGGINS, GRADE 11

The Family Reunion

Once upon a time there was a family reunion everyone was coming. We were going to have some fun my papaw told me. But first we have to get some stuff done that was going to be boring. Then we were going to go and play some video games until my cousins were at my house. Me and my brother Aaron Hill were playing *Call of Duty 3*. He was making me mad because he kept killing me. Then as I got older I realized that he was supposed to kill me and I started getting really good, but that's beside the point.

Finally my cousins were there. I immediately got up and ran outside to greet them. They jumped out of the vehicle and ran to me and gave me a hug. Then my papaw came outside and gave them a hug and told them he was happy they made it. Then we went swimming in my pool until everyone else got there. Then we went inside and took a shower and played movies all night.

BRENDON HILL, GRADE 9

Where I am From

I am from endless rains and rumbling thunder
From the insanity of hiding fury and pain
I'm birthed from the womb of a mother who never cared and from the
insanity of a family line stretching back for centuries
From bottling unearthly fury over the years and fake laughter

I'm from a childhood thrown to waste by an overprotective stepmother
and a lazy father
From isolated summers spent only with a disabled brother and shackles
holding my trapped wings to my mountain surrounded prison I call home
I am from a routine that I beg and scream to deviate, yet a piece of me
wishes for the routine to stay the same for a time that is impossible
I am from something that is hated by many of those around me

I am from those whom either stay with me because they feel sorry for the
state I have been fated with, or I am near those who hate me for what
I choose to be, and not what they want me to be
I am from a wandering soul searching forsaken lands for some reason to
stay anchored to the mortal world
From endless tears from hopeless thoughts and pain from releasing a min-
iscule amount of my hate and anger
I am from a road that is full of darkness, yet I continue to walk to the
dawn of light

Hidden from sight, sheets of paper in a box scream my pain and anger
Pictures on a blue piece of plastic and silicon show untold fake smiles
The chain of memories in me hold the truth that are covered by lies
I would give anything to take them apart and put them back together in a
happy story, but time is the cruel being showing me my mortality

YVONNE HORTON, GRADE II



Where I'm From

I'm from a coal
Camp in Roda, Virginia
I am from the sticks of Roda
Where everyone is friends
From that one box in the
Back of the closet.

I am from the
Virginia mountains from
Playing twister with my brother
To checking the oil with my dad,
From helping my my brother put his clothes on,
To watching him drive a four wheeler.

Life goes by just like a leaf
Through wind, short and fast.

From helping my mom wash dishes.
To helping her work,
from watching tv with my sister
To playing with my dog.

I'm from riding a bike down
The road to flying down the
Freeway in an '86 square body Dodge pick-up.

HUNTER HUFF, GRADE 9

My Family Issues . . .

My family is so crazy. They are always fighting every chance they get to do it. We always have that one person fighting with another, which would be my dad. He wants to fight over little issues, like he complains a lot. During Thanksgiving dinner everything went well that day.

My mamaw showed up and had dinner with us for the first time because she always went to my mom's to have dinner, but not that time. I cleaned my room and added new furniture in it. But on Thanksgiving everyone was there. We had Thanksgiving dinner with my aunt and my dad did not show up for it. My aunt and most of my family went Black Friday shopping at Walmart.

I personally spent only about \$200 and had a flat screen tv. There were many blankets there and I wanted to get like ten of them. I got scratched in the face over a cell phone. So I went to the bathroom and cleaned up the nastiness from the other person's nails. Everyone was fighting over the sales. Which I didn't care because I got what I wanted.

A few people had been arrested for cutting the plastic off of the boxes when sales didn't even start. I love spending money and eating at a restaurant after Black Friday. I'm always eating a lot of food, which is the season I'm getting fat.

JULIAN HUFFMAN, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from long Friday nights at Mimi's,
From hamburgers and hotdogs.
I am from freezing winters,
From burning summers,
And everything in between.

I am from racquets and balls,
From good serves and close outs.

I am from cracked courts,
From ripped nets.

I am from Taco Bell,
From quesaritos and Baja Blast.
I am from Little Mexico,
From nachos and cheese dip.

In my room there is a box,
full of pictures and other memories.
That will never be forgotten,
From times with friends and family.

NICKOLAS JACKSON, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from the backwoods,
From hard work and early risers.
I am from the dirt on a baseball field.
I am from the treestand,
In an old oak tree
I am from the boat,
Out on a calm lake.

I'm from good morals
And the Good Lord
I'm from behave yourself
And go to your room,
From stay respectful and remain humble!
I'm from my family
The best of people,
The best of memories.

I'm from the mound on a field,
Long days and longer nights
From the long family trips,
To many holidays spent
The many moments we lived.

In my room on the wall
The many game balls
Many pictures throughout the halls
With my bucks up on the wall
I am from all these moments
You can achieve your goals,
One day your name will be told.

ZACHARY JAMES, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from trees,
from a forest or a zoo.
I get dirty and i eat bananas.
I make sounds like "oo oo ah ah".
I hang from trees all day, and
always enjoy fun time.

I am from a gym,
I play ball. I make the
Ball in the basket, the swish
Of the net. I love the sport.
I'm athletic, I'm from the field.
I throw the ball around in games,
Also run it to. Touchdown! I scored.
Everybody celebrates.

I am from school, where
I learn many things. P.E
Is my favorite, i like the
Game basketball.

ANTWUN JENKINS, GRADE 9

One Christmas Eve

Me, my mom, and her boyfriend were on our way to my mamaw's house to get together with the rest of the family for dinner. On our way there we were listening to music, being quiet, and minding our own business, when all of a sudden the tire blew out. The rear end became the front in a couple of seconds. At this time there was traffic on both sides of the road headed



towards us. it was already the verge of midnight and the vehicle at this point was in a ditch with the tire over the hill.

We had the emergency flashers on but the passenger side was against the hill so I couldn't get out, I was in the back eating pizza and listening to music to pass the time. My mom and her boyfriend were trying to figure out what to do considering their phones were dead. Nobody gets good service in the area we were at, there were no vehicles or houses around for us to get help from.

We were stranded, we were stuck sitting in the vehicle, thirty minutes pass by, then my papaw, thank god, came looking for us. He always has tools, a spare, and handy things like that. He pulled us back to their house after retrieving the tire from down the hill. When we got there the family was already there, I thought everything was okay until my mamaw had a stroke while everyone was eating. We spent half of the night in the hospital by her side. To this day, she has a speech problem due to the stroke and her memory isn't the best. Although she has recovered a lot, she still has issues, Ever since this had happened, I've disliked Christmas Eve.

HALEY JOHNSON, GRADE 9

Being Tracked on the Web

Do not look now, but people are being tracked and they are selling our personal information. Why doesn't the government protect our personal information like they do with the mail? Some of the children today is being tracked on the Internet. That is not safe for our children

today. Also, the children do not know who they are talking to. Yes, the government should protect the privacy of citizens the same way their mail is protected.

The government should protect what we do on the Internet and also our information to make the children today be safe. "Innocent citizens being tracked by computers, and faceless strangers discovering our most personal habits and concerns and then selling that information." Also there is bugs that can give the people that made the bug all of our information when we download or when we pick up the phone to answer it. This is happening all around the world and yes this does happen to people around us. Also it is not just apps getting our personal information it is Google, Facebook, and other big companies.

BRITTANY KEEN, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I am from the coal dust of Appalachia,
From potholes and mountains of Derby.
I am from the fields between the ridges,
The valley of Big Stone Gap.

I'm from the rocky field at Riggs Stadium,
From the passion for P-Nut football.
And the heart of a Bulldawg, that will never die,
The bricks of the Dawghouse that built my love for the game.
I am from the excitement and brotherhood of Bears at Bullit Park,
The bursts of screams from the crowds and the grit of the fourth quarter.

I am from the lessons from my Pop,
From the bond of not only a grandfather, but a bestfriend.
I am from the faith I was raised on,
From Derby Church with my Nanny.
I am from the humbling fight my aunt had with cancer,
And the strength she had to never give up.

I from the strength and stability of my dad,
From the example he leads by and the hard work he does.
I am from a woman who left, but built who I am,
And from a stepmother, who is a real mother.

Two scrapbooks depict not only each football season,
But hold pictures of everything of my life that has so far happened.

The Kennedy and Atkins blood makes me who I am.
Finally I am from my heritage and hometown,
That has set the base of my success and future.

TANNER KENNEDY, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from coal dust,
 the mountains of Appalachia.
I am from wet creek bank soil.
I am from long green weeping willows,
 and tall pine trees
 that never seem to wither away.

I am from green beans and curly hair,
 from Richard and Geraldine.
I am from be yourself
 and be a leader.
from love God
 and have a caring heart.
I'm from walking along the tracks,
 from skipping rocks across the water.

I'm from Cadet and coal camps,
 bikes and bubbles.
I'm from swimming under the trestle,
 to catching minners and chasing crawdads.
I'm from berry-picking and bird-feeding.

In my closet sits a box,
old, peeling, covered in dust,
overflowing with pictures
of faces now passed.
Filled with dreams that have faded so we could live ours.
I am from this heartbreak,
 and from losing loved ones.
My roots run deep,
another branch on the family tree.

CASSIDY LANE, GRADE II

My Saddest Months of 2015

It was just another summer day. I was at Mamaw's house just happy to be out of school. My mamaw's scanner said a young male was on a creek bank. The scanner said my cousin's name. Then, my friend texted me and said the same thing. I called my mom and said, "What's wrong?" My mom said that he was found dead. I started to cry and I said, "I'm walking down there." My mom said, "No, you do not want to see him like this." I said, "Why?" She said that he had rocks and mud in his ears and nose. He had a seizure and he was by himself. His head was in the water. He was nineteen years old. They tried to save him, but they did not.

We had his funeral, and after the funeral I cried and cried. Then, a couple of day after that I was at my cousin's house. I was helping people put his belongs in his room. Then my other cousin came in and started to cry. I asked him what was wrong. He said that his brother died, which it was another of my cousins. My cousin had cancer. He had surgery on his hip. Before he died he got married three months after the surgery. Then, that day when my cousin came in an hour before I found out I was going to go see him. He was twenty-six years old when he died. Then, my cousin had a baby. It was a girl and she was two days old when she passed away. We did not know exactly how she died. We had her funeral a week after my other cousin passed away.

Then, one of my uncles died in a house fire. He was thirty-seven years old. We had to have his casket closed because it burned him bad. One of my mom's friends passed away from having a heart attack. She was fifty-two. We had her funeral a month after my cousins' funerals. So, that whole summer was terrible for me and my family. It was really hard for a couple of months. It still is at holidays. I have their memory book in my room.

SARAH LAWSON, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I'm from a house with tan walls
I'm from a small town, Big Stone
I'm from a good house, stable
I'm from a small neighborhood
I'm from a gun family
I'm from a fishing family
I'm from a climbing family
I'm from a pet family
I'm from a public school
I'm from a seventh day adventist
I'm from loving to play in the snow
I'm from a gaming family



I'm from a building family
I'm from a painting family
I'm from an explorer family new plans
I'm from a black smith family

TREVOR LAWSON, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from the state of Virginia.
From a place where football is everything.
I am from a house
With many brothers and sisters.
I am from an athletic family.
I am from a family where we
Make bad times good.

I am from an amazing well taught school.
I am from the good ole

Friday nights playing
Football at Bullit Park.
I'm from an older looking house.

I am from a place where I
Hope I can be noticeable one day.
I am from a great family
That wants me to do good,
Because of the past.

Under my bed is old
Pictures of my great
Cousins Thomas and Julius Jones.
I am from all the good
And bad times.

DAEMAI LESTER, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from humble beginnings,
From adoption and bloodline.
I am from the porch swing.
(soothing, quiet, my calm place)
I am from the neighbor's tomato plant
and front yard trees
whose branches that I changed
into snowman arms.

I'm from playing cards and crossword puzzles
from Billy and Joyce.

I'm from the act like a ladies
and be yourselves,
from grow stronger not weaker.

I'm from thy kingdom come
with unspoken prayers
and food afterwards
(we are the baptist after all)

I'm from 5th avenue and bordering states,

Dumplings and fried oca.
From the lungs
 deflated by smoke
and the foggy brains.

A chest in my room
with copious fillings,
piles of smiling faces
long gone memories.

I am from all of this time.

I am Briana Shea Byrd to Briana Shea Litton.

BRIANA LITTON, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from the broken and hilly roads that lead to home.
I am from sunburns, making all our faces glowing red,
just like pickled beets.

I am from the pounds of pet hair all around the house.
(It always made me sneeze).

I am from my papaw's vegetable garden in the backyard,
and my mamaw's flowers in the front.

I am from the faint smell of cigarettes lingering
in all the rooms of our home.

I am from a trailer just a bit too small for all of us.

I am from long car rides and watching the passing state lines.

I am from home-style cooking, and old westerns.

I am from the saying, "Put em' up, or shut up!"

From my sisters and my cousins, whom I hold so dearly.

I am from a bit of a dysfunctional family.

From a loving mother, and a tough father.

In the back of my mind, like an old photograph.

These memories are never too far from me.

I am from my family.

TATE LOVELACE, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I'm from a country town
That never frowns
But there's a lot of clowns
I'm from a hot pot of coffee
But the people there are
a little snobby
I'm from a little bit
Of dirt on my dress
But I'm not here to impress
I'm from sass not class
And hair down but
Never frown
I'm from a field
That has dirt from
My skirt
I'm from cleats
That I dump out
And the fields
Come out

KASSADEE LOVELL, GRADE 9

Privacy of the Government

Should the government have protection over the internet and social media? The government sees and knows everything you have done and sent on social media. For years now the government has been in our privacy. Anyone could get into your social media. People do need to have privacy. Yes, i agree we should have our own privacy.

The first reason why i agree that we should have our own privacy. I agree that we should have our own privacy because, it is really noun of the government's business what we do on-line. "The internet has become a serious threat to our privacy" says Jeff Chester. The internet is the reason why everyone knows all about us. Opponents of this idea believe the government should be in our privacy, but i totally disagree with them; however, i do understand where they are coming from also. I only think it would be necessary for the government to look through people's privacy if they have been reported or something; otherwise, it would not be necessary. This is the first reason.

Another reason why i agree the government should let us have our own privacy. The government should let us have our own privacy because, we should be able to get online and be



able to talk to our family and friends without the government knowing and seeing everything we talk about. “There are no limits to what types of information can be retained, with whom it can be shared or how it can be used,” notes Susan Grant. She is saying that there are no limits that no one knows how much information people have about you and all your privacy would be everywhere without you knowing. Some people believe that all our privacy should be seen by the government; however, i disagree with them. This is the second reason why others agree with the government seeing everyone privacy.

The final reason why i agree with the government staying out of our privacy is because, they already almost know everything about us they need to at least let us have our privacy while we are online. “We want to make sure DO NOT TRACK is a real commitment to the american people and not just an empty promise.” said Herb Weisbaum. He is saying that they want to make sure that the government really is not tracking everyone and if it is a real commitment to the american people and not just a promise. Others feel that the government should be able to look through everyone’s privacy on the other hand, others do not agree with them i agree that we should have our own privacy.

Yes, i agree everyone should have their own privacy. The government should not be in everyone’s privacy. Everyone should be able to be able to use their social media and talk to their

family and friends without the government seeing everything. The government already knows almost everything about us they should at least let us have our own privacy online. To support this idea people need to let congress know that people want their privacy.

CELIA LUNDY, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I'm from a small town known as Coeburn, Virginia.
Living in a blue house full of matches and lighters.
Swinging on swings while eating Buffalo Wild Wings
with my brother and my sister.
Going to Frosty Bossy with mamaw and
papaw to eat ice cream.
Going up in the hollers at my cousin's house
and riding four wheelers and
watching my cousin shoot a mouse with a pellet gun
and watching UFC with my uncle eating deer jerky.
And drinking dr pepper with my dog name pepper.
Then he got ran over and we buried him in my front yard
with a cross that lights up by using the sun's energy.
Four years later me and my brother and sister
went into foster care and my brother was
separated from older sister and after eight years
I was put in five foster homes.
Me and my brother and sister are separated.
We are happy. I've lived from Wise County
to Lee County and Scott County back to Wise County.
Now my life is back in line.

WILLIAM MAINE, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I go to town in Big Stone Gap.
I watch the movie called *Big Stone Gap*.
The Lonesome Pine play.
Mutual's pharmacy for prescriptions.
Ave Marie's house.
The museum to decorate trees.
A church for Ave Marie's house party.

Carmine's restaurant to eat.
The Lonesome hospital.
The book was written by Adriana Trigiani.
The Lonesome Pine song by Michael Trigiani.

TAYLOR MCAFEE, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from backyard sports,
From Bible stories before bed,
 To biscuits in the morning.
I am from the shallow creek.
The grapevines in which you could swing from one to another.

I am from chicken feed and fishing poles.
From old movies and 90's cartoons.
I'm from good times and bad,
From more joy than sorrow.
I'm from church pews and pretty cross necklaces on Sunday's service.

I'm from backwood's BBQ's.
From soup beans and cornbread.
From where boo-boo's are kissed,
 And the apple never falls far from the tree.
From where home means more than four walls.
I'm from hot apple cider on snow days,
and cold sweet tea in the summer.
From the glare of the sun on the coffee table pictures,
 And the little wooden box in my closet that holds a thousand memories.

SAVANNAH MCCOWAN, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from a small house in between mountains
From basketball and cold soda
I am from the gravel of a driveway
From the views of mountains and trees and the fun of video games
I am from playing with my friends, from riding bikes and racing
I am from shooting guns in the woods, from cutting twigs with knives

I am from sitting in class, from watching the time creep by
I am from eating taters and mac n' cheese
From grilling outside
I am from campfires and making s'mores

STEWART MCGUIRE, GRADE 9

Boring Family

My family is very boring. We do almost nothing; we do normal family things. Once when my dad made my brothers and me get in the blazer for no reason, he never told us anything. Once we got to Bristol Speedway he told us, "Hold tight I'll be right back." Once he got back, he told us to walk over to the fence and look, so we did and there were five monster trucks parked there. Once we got inside we got our seats and watched the truck for a little bit and we all picked our favorites.

My brother and I enjoyed Spike, my step brother was a big fan of War Wizard, and our dad's favorite was Hot Tamale. The most ironic thing about that was my dad's favorite, Hot Tamale, caught on fire. We still make the joke to this day about the most ironic thing that we had ever seen. All of the trucks that were there were Hot Tamale, War Wizard, Spike, The Green Machine, and one other that's name I do not remember. After all of the trucks finished their segment, a lot of guys came in on 4-wheelers and dirtbikes and stirred up some dust. Then it was over with and we went home and played Mario.

DALLAS MCMAHAN, GRADE 10



Where I'm From

I am from trails,
From dirt and gravel.
I am from the mulch on the barn and lot floor.
(Red, orange, like fall leaves and smell like cedar)
I am from the valley creek
the open field
the space that allows my body and mind to roam.

I'm from running shoes and pasta,
 From Castle and Fazoli's.
I'm from try-hards
 and aye runs,
from Push through! and Catch them!
I'm from I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me
 with warmup prayers
 and reminders of staying humble.

I'm from valleys and small towns,
Poptarts and bitter coffee.
From the souls taken
 to better places,
the will to push through to keep sanity.

On my walls in my room,
 Covered with bibs,
faded numbers of past races
to stay in memory of what was great.
I am from those experiences--
fell before I flew--
bird to the heavens where the souls of my family stay.

HALEY MCMAHAN, GRADE II

I Am From . . .

I am from Lee,
from soup beans and cornbread.
I am from home grown gardens.

Every kind of vegetable possible.
I am the late night camp fires.
Roasting marshmallows and weenies.

I am from manhunt and camping.
Cookouts every Saturday,
church every Sunday.
I am from family nights.

I am the blue stuffed puppy
from 02', with long, black ears.
I am from the McPhersons and the Dyes.
I'm from the backroads made of gravel.

I am from four-wheelers and dirtbikes.
From fishing and riverbanks.
I am from a drunken man,
and a crazy woman.

I am from the long summer days,
spent with my family at the lake.
From all the good days to all the bad ones,
I am me.

CHYANNA MCPHERSON, GRADE II

Where I am from

I am from city lights.
Nashville is where I am from, the big city where your dreams come true.
I am from where momma tells you , you don't need a guy to make you happy.
I am from where city lights never get old.
I am from where the memories become happy moments in your life.
I am from where your first love becomes a stranger.

I am from where your past does not cross your mind.
Tennessee where the mountains become home where mudding is some-
thing everybody does for fun.
I am from where you go on top of the world and look over everything and
then that is where everything is beautiful and peaceful.

I am from where crying is something that helps you forget the pain.
I am from where your grandparents made you homemade cornbread and
biscuits.
I am from where heartache doesn't last a lifetime.

I am from where happiness is a lifetime thing.
I am from where nobody judges you.
I am from where everybody has a story to tell.
I am from where the boy that promised you forever means forever.
I am from where falling in love all over again was easy.

I am from where everything seems right.
I am from NASHVILLE TENNESSEE.

MADISON MIDDLETON, GRADE II

Internet Privacy

Recently, online users have noticed that websites have been tracking them and selling their browser history to companies. If you needed to know a definition of a word, you could go find a big, beautiful dictionary and look through the pages until you find the word, but the internet would be much faster. Companies have tracked people while on the internet for years. The only difference is that today tracking programs are more sophisticated and can sell your information to other companies. Facebook, and Google make our lives easier and more fun for free. I think it is fair that these companies get something in return. Sometimes tracking people is a good thing for advertising. Wouldn't you prefer to see ads online for products you actually want or need. I think should government computer.

Government regulate because: I think at the government should protect the google and the facebook. Don't look now, but you're being tracked some might say stalked whenever you go online. By spying on you, companies can learn about your personal finances, religious beliefs, political off ilitich race, ethnic. In the digital word, data is gold when it comes to my data, I want the right to conteo.

Governments regulate because: I thank at the government should protect the google and the facebook. Don't look now, but you're being tracked some might say stalked whenever you go online. Because the more a company knows about you, the more effectively it can sell things to you, the information gathered from tracking technology is sold to companies.

You could go find a big beautiful dictionary and turn

AUSTIN MILLER, GRADE IO

Where I'm From

I am from the waters of the Chesapeake Bay,
And the mountains in the valley.

I am from the bottom,
And the backyards in Italy.

I'm from the Greyhounds and the Vikings,
From Brown and Mitchell.

I'm from the propers,
And the don't-cares.

I am from the Sunday mornings,
From the keep "Hymn" firsts.

I am from the fresh painted lines,
And the bright lights.
From the packed cracker boxes,
With the amazing sound of squeaking shoes.

I am from the question askers,
And the listen to the his or hers.

Somewhere hidden is a scrapbook,
Filled year by year.

Dangling off of a wall,

Are accolades that fill the room.

Finally I'm from the Rubbermaid bin,

Overflowing with opportunities some people can only dream of.

JAMES MITCHELL, GRADE II

The Look Back

I am from space and rockets
The crisp air under the starlit night
From the laws of physics
The wonders of the sky
And all that is theory

I am from guns and patriotism
The outdoors and camping



From the warmth of the campfire
Roasting s'mores on a summer night

I am from the wonders of technology
Video games and all-nighters
From long days and longer nights
Exhaustion from sleep deprivation

My photos in albums in the closet
In the storage of old computers
From the vast expanse of mass media
My mother and father
The keepers of my past
Hold the memories of me.

TERRY MITCHELL, GRADE II

Online Privacy

Recently, people have noticed that website users are being tracked. Should the government protect the U.S. citizens privacy. Should the websites write or keep track of what you search online. This would be good if they are tracking a killer or something. Maybe you don't want them to know what you search. Yes, the government should protect our privacy.

Should the United States protect the citizens privacy. Every US citizen should have some privacy on what they search on the internet. The government should not know what the people search. The US government should know what they search. The gov. Should only track bad things looked up on the internet.

The government should not track everything that is searched. The government should only track the not so good things on internet. You make a google account for nothing if the Gov. is tracking it. The U.S. citizen should be more private. The government needs to let the people be more private.

Everybody in the US should be a little private. It's not fair because the government is allowed to be private, and the citizens are not allowed to be private. Being non-private is not a bad thing. We should not be private.

The Government should be more protective over the US citizens. Only the government should know, not the websites. The government should not track everything only the bad thing. Everybody in the US should have a little privacy. We need to send letters to the congress about the U.S. privacy.

BRENNAN MULLINS, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I'm from Big Stone Gap.
I am from a small town.
I am from hunting deer.
I am from fishing night and day.
I am from bonfires.
I am from wrecking fourwheelers.
I am from playing in the mud.
I am from loving family all day.
I am from speaking my mind.
I am from loving friends.
I am from playing football.
I am from shooting guns.
I am from eating chicken.
I am from swimming at the pool.
I am from playing in the creek.

I am from the country.
I'm a country girl.

JAZMYNE MULLINS, GRADE 9

The Worst Day My Life

It started on November 15th, 2016. It was a cold November morning. I was just waking up for school. I got dressed and drank some coffee and was waiting till it was time for the bus. I did not realize that today would be the worst day of my life. I went outside to wait on my bus.

I was waiting for the bus to come with my friend. There were these little kids that just moved and were riding the bus for the first time. The bus came to pick us up at the bus stop. We had to pick up so many kids that day, there was barely any room to move. I spotted these kids in particular that were standing up and yelling.

I walked up the aisle tell them to sit down and be quiet. The little boy ended up going to the principal for not listening. After we dropped the primary off, it was time to drop off the middle school students. I was thanking God that there were no more annoying kids screaming and standing up. Then we arrived at the high school. I walked down the pathway to get to the door so I could enter the building. I ended up searching for my friends in the horde of people. I finally found them in the horde of people. I walked up to them and said, "Sup." We talked until the bell rang and we headed for class.

Me and my friends went to gym class. We finally got into the gym then began to walk for about a hour. Once we started walking, me and my friends started talking. We ended up going into the closet where they kept all the equipment to play ping pong. I lost every game because I wasn't good at the game. Gym was finished and I was heading toward math.

I walked in and sat down and began to work. It did not feel long till it was time for 3rd block. Again, it did not feel like it was as long as it should be. So I headed toward 4th block. I had earth science. It felt like forever, but I got all my work done.

The bell rang and I went to get on my bus. I ended up sitting all the way in the back of the bus. I waited till we picked up the primary and middle school students. It was a bad bus ride home. I got off the bus and went inside and opened the door. My mom said to me that my aunt died at 4:10 and my heart dropped. I cried, but there was nothing I could do, so I just accepted it and moved on. Treat your family like it is their last day on earth because once they're gone there is nothing you can do to bring them back.

JEFF MULLINS, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from my granny's house,
From peeling paint and sweet tea.

I am from the green, soft ground,
And the soccer ball rolling across the ground.
I am from the soccer shorts and shirts.
The cleats that I have to put on my feet.
I am from the sweet tea that is in the fridge.
I am from laughing and smiling.
We laugh and smile from my granny's and papa's jokes.
I am from the banana pudding that my pap made.
I am from the peanut butter fudge my mom made.

AUBREY NICHOLS, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from mountains,
From sunny skies and dark winters.
I am from the trophies in my room.
I am from running and jumping,
From tracks and roads.
I am from the football field,
From teamwork and touchdowns.

I am from Pringles and tv,
From sports shows and movies.
I am from my backyard,
From swimming and shooting basketball.
I am from cookouts,
From family get-togethers and steaks.

In my room is an album
Showing dusty photos,
Friends I still have,
With memories I still remember.

I am from the adventure
With my best friend,
From all the times we shared.

DAKOTA OWENS, GRADE II

Growing Up

When I was a baby I had a lot of health issues. I had milk allergies, I was deaf, and had many other allergies. Every time I had milk I had an allergic reaction. I was deaf until I was almost a year old. The doctors didn't know if I was going to live to be one.

While all of this was happening, my dad disowned me and said he couldn't get attached to something he doesn't even know that is going to live.

He shot his hand unloading a muzzleloader and got addicted to the pain medicine he was taking. My mom kicked him out and told him to get help then he could come back. He never got help; he started stealing from my family and selling it for money. Eventually the law caught up with him and my mom was there too. Before they took him away my mom said, "If the police wasn't here you would go to jail with two black eyes."

The cops turned around and said, "We don't see anything." He has spent most of my life in jail and I don't really know him. The first time I saw him he came out of jail for his mom's funeral. He said he was coming out in a few months and when he got out he would spend time with us. When he got out he never came around. We found him in Appalachia. We went to his house, and he wouldn't come to the door.

Later he got arrested again for drugs. He still is in jail right now.

JESS OWENS, GRADE 9

A Trip Down Memory Lane

Most of my life consists of staying at home, killing time by playing video games such as *The Last of Us* so I won't lose my sanity by waiting for the right moment to go somewhere that reminds me of what my life used to be like before it went down the gutter along with everyone else. That finally happened when me and my mother went to Keokee to visit a small place that I called "Paradise" years ago. The reason why I went back is to see my cousin Alex, but unfortunately for my mother, she returned to help her mother give her sister a bath because she has been suffering with a disease that makes her forget everything she's ever known. For example: She doesn't remember me or anyone around her. She doesn't know how to take care of herself, which explains the bath. I wasn't there to witness her insanity though; I was going to see Alex.

As soon as we arrived, the entire area was a disaster. There was mud all over the ground, the rain was getting worse by the minute, and the place I called "Paradise" was now a fallen memory. Before we opened our doors, I felt so sorry for my mother that I said, "Do you want a hug?" She started laughing out of nowhere and when I hugged her, I saw a cat on the porch and immediately I asked her, "What's Kevin Spacey doing here?" We both started laughing uncontrollably for a few minutes until we opened our doors and left our vehicle in the rain. Me and my mother went our separate ways as she went to her mother's house while I went to Alex.

Walking to Alex's house was like trying to climb a muddy mountain because the "road" that goes up a hill to Alex's house was drenched in mud to the point where I decided to walk around the mud road so I wouldn't end up looking like a crazy guy running in the rain. When I arrived at Alex's house, the place looked just like it did the last time I came back, which was on Christmas Eve. The house I knew went from a snowy wasteland in 2015 to a muddy amazon in the first three days of 2017.

As soon as I walked on the small stairs on the porch, I noticed a cat on the railing staring at me. The more I kept walking towards the door, the more cats appeared all around me to the point where I lost count of how many cats were around me. I tried to pet one of the cats, but every single one of them ran off the porch and chased each other into the maze of trees. It's like if they wanted to kill me for making that Kevin Spacey joke to my mother back in the car, but I discounted that thought because I don't believe in superstitions.

I walked up to the screen door and knocked on it for a few seconds until I saw Alex's younger sister Hailey open the door for me. As I walked into the house, the place was even worse than the last time I'd been there. The carpet was gone, toys on the floor, boxes stacked on top of boxes, the sink was overflowing with dishes, and even more degrading things I don't want to go into.

After witnessing a not-so-bloody slaughterhouse, I saw Alex walking down a hallway into the living room, and seeing Alex made me forget about the trainwreck of a home. "God, it's been awhile since I've seen you, Alex!" I said to him with a face of joy. "Yeah, it's been awhile since I've seen you too." He replied with the same expression that became a "Chain of Joy" across the room until Hailey shattered the chain into pieces with her words. "Hey Trevor, where's Tyler? Did he stay home or is he down the hill?" "I tried to bring him with me, but he decided to stay home and waste his time playing *Warframe* instead of spending the day with you guys." I responded to her with frustration towards my brother even though he was a couple miles away from me. Tyler mostly plays on his computer and when I try to spend time with him, he forces me to leave. Honestly, I'm glad he stayed because Tyler would be with Alex and he'd throw me to the sidelines until we were ready to leave.

After Hailey destroyed the "Chain of Joy," Alex brought me to his room and if you thought the living room was bad, Alex's room is like if San Francisco submerged into the Pacific Ocean within seconds. The carpet was gone like always, but there were games, cords, and school supplies everywhere. "What happened to the carpet, your bed, everything?!" My words of confusion and disbelief were answered instantly with "While we were gone a few months ago, the carpet molded so we took it off." Even though my question about the games and the cords were never answered, it was enough for me to understand.

After witnessing a video game slaughterhouse, Alex and I decided to play some cheap horror games until a phone started ringing until Alex's father answered the call, he told me that my mother wants me to come down the hill because we're leaving. So, I said bye to Alex and went down that muddy road. When I arrived at the car, I saw my mother walking outside of the house so I entered the car. Once she entered the vehicle, she started the engine and we started driving back home.

During the drive, I ask her “So, how was Keokee’s Public Cleaning Service?” “Very funny, but it wasn’t as bad as last time.” She replies with a tired voice, “So, how was Alex?” She asked me while keeping her eyes on the road. I give her a cold stare and said “Deja Vu.”

TREVOR OWENS, GRADE 9

Online privacy

(1) Online privacy should be not amenable because people have privacy of their own and they want to keep it to themselves because it their info and personal stuff because it teres and not the government’s business to know what’s yours.

(2) Would be bad for other people to share other people’s info as well so other people with personal info should keep a book on them but it would have to be with them the whole time because its info and it should be kep secure with you and protected from others.

(3) Anyone can can’t get in it because it’s with you and no government is reading it or anyone so no one should have to sign in to a personal online website to keep all your stuff and items in it to keep it secret put it in a book it would be much easy than a online website.

(4) It a good to do that so yeah it would be bad to have a personal website that keep your stuff because you can’t trust it because it’s a websight that the government’s made from tire corporation of there own company because they ain’t going to let you do whatever you want to do

(5) on their website that they made for the public web site the government thinks that you are safe to use this website for you do whatever you want to do on it that the bad thing about do this for a secret journal secret thing to keep from others form looking at you stuff that you have from others.

TJ PAYNE, GRADE 10



Where I'm From

I'm from a white house around the beautiful mountains
from watching *Finding Nemo* to *Spongebob*
from staying up all night with friends
from chicken to watermelon
from enjoying the night sky
from riding bikes

I'm from hating hospitals
to loving to swim
I'm from eating candy to chewing gum
I'm from running and walking
I am from Big Stone Gap

PAUL PERKINS, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from fields
from gravel driveways and papaw's barn.
I am from my many litters of kittens and "Em's Playhouse."
(Made by my papaw, it was a smaller version of my house.)
I am from summer nights on the trampoline
black socks, dirty feet, and a race up the hill to the house.

I'm from waffles and puzzles
from Virginia and Huston.
I'm from King St. and Italy Bottom
and the many card games.
I'm from playing candy land all night
and from papaw's funny jokes (even after he tells them 10 times).

I'm from the sounds,
of anything and everything.
From the static sound the record makes
to the music with no words.
I'm from the major chord in the piece and
the beginning of a march.

Ribbons, medals, and pictures hanging behind my bed on the wall.
The ribbons show my accomplishments
 And the pictures show the people who supported me along the way.
I will always remember the way it feels to have support
to see my parents smiling faces in the crowd or on the sidelines.
I am from the we believe in yours
 to the give it your all.
I am from Gina Bug and Freddar.
I am from everything they told me I could do
that I did not think was possible.

EM POFF, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from the holler passing Appalachia.
I am from wrecking forwheeler's for fun.
I am from climbing trees to swing on.
I am from playing in the rain to cool off.
I am from the back yard
playing with the dog.
I am from the school
where you wore blue and gold.
I am from the little softball team
that always won.
I am from the bleachers,
watching my older brother play football.
I am from dance classes,
I was the youngest one.
I am from going to Grandma's and
Grandpa's house on the weekends.
I am from the green and pink walls
we painted my room in.
I am from the pool in front of my
house that everyone swam in.
I am from Exeter.

LISA POOLE, GRADE 9

Online privacy

(1) Online privacy should be not amenable because people have privacy of their own and they want to keep it to themselves because it their info and personal stuff because it teres and not the government's business to know what's yours.

(2) Would be bad for other people to share other people's info as well so other people with personal info should keep a book on them but it would have to be with them the whole time because its info and it should be kep secure with you and protected from others.

(3) Anyone can can't get in it because it's with you and no government is reading it or anyone so no one should have to sign in to a personal online website to keep all your stuff and items in it to keep it secret put it in a book it would be much easy than a online website.

(4) It a good to do that so yeah it would be bad to have a personal website that keep your stuff because you can't trust it because it's a websight that the government's made from tire corporation of there own company because they ain't going to let you do whatever you want to do

(5) on their website that they made for the public web site the government thinks that you are safe to use this website for you do whatever you want to do on it that the bad thing about do this for a secret journal secret thing to keep from others form looking at you stuff that you have from others.

TJ PAYNE, GRADE 10

Family Christmas

One Christmas when I was six years old me and my brother tried to stay up all night. We fell asleep and when we woke up we watched a lot of Christmas shows and movies like *Frosty* and *Rudolph* for hours. After that we decided to go look through the presents to see what we got. We woke up our little sister so she could look to. While we were looking our cousin came upstairs.

She looked through the presents with us. We looked for about twenty minutes then went back to our rooms and slept. When it was around ten my uncle came upstairs with our mamaw and papaw. Then my mom woke up then woke up our dad and our great aunt came upstairs. After they all woke up they waited thirty minutes to wake me, my siblings, and cousin up.

Once we were all awake we started to open our presents. It took us fifteen minutes to open our presents. At twelve-thirty my mom started to cook dinner. It was a good dinner; we had ham and stuffing. For the rest of the day we sat on couches and watched Christmas movies together and had fun.

BRIAN RHOTEN, GRADE 9

Memories of the Past

I am from the trees
The mountains, the hills.

I am from hiding in the clothes racks
Bringing panic and worry.
From day to dark in a minute
Never taking a break.
I am from the scratches and bruises.
That make up my skin
Every mark and blemish
With a story within.

I am from the animals
That make up my home.
The ones that stayed
And made sure I wasn't alone.
From the ones that were perfect,
From the ones that were green.
The ones that were right,
Even for me.

I am from the sisters and brothers
The daughter and mothers.
The happy adventures
The ones but no others.

I am from the swinging
Back and forth in the "Ye Ole Blue"
The grandparents shoving and laughing
Every descendent of two.

I am from the meals
That bring together the family.
Eating with joy
And praying for thanks from the one.

I am from the albums on the shelf.
From the memories that sit in the dust.
The pictures that wait to express themselves
To express their stories of where I am from.
They show the memories of loved and lost ones.
Along with the memories of the new and the old.
The memories of what one day will be told.

MATTHEW RHOTEN, GRADE II



About My Life

When I was little my dad took care of me when my Mom wouldn't do it and my aunt and uncle took care of me to when my dad was at work. And now I live with my dad, but now I live with my aunt and uncle, too. And they take really good care of me and my dad did, too. I don't care where I would be at my aunt and uncle's house or my dad's house because they really do take really good care of me. And when my aunt, uncle, Brian, Angela, David and when they leave to the store Nancy takes care of me. And if she's at work, my Dad takes care of me. And I have five cats and one dog at my aunt's house.

SAMANTHA RHOTEN, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from a big blue house
On top of the hill.
I am from playing in mud
To making a mess with my
Sister and brother.

I am from playing day to night
On a playground.
I am from splashing the water
Out of the pool
At my family and friends.

I am from laying down and
Looking at the clouds
And having no care in the world.
I am from chasing my dog
Up and down the hill.

I am from Big Stone Gap
And this is where I'm from.

HALEY ROBBINS, GRADE 9

The government and online privacy

Computer privacy and how the government should and how they should protect U.S. citizens. Some people feel as being protected by the government while they are online, but however the government chooses not to protect them. How do you feel? People have noticed that whatever their recent search is on their facebook or other accounts have ads for whatever they were searching for. The government should come up with a plan to protect citizens from being tracked. People like to keep their browsing private. My argument to this statement is that i believe that online privacy should be protected.

My first reason to this topic is spam on emails personally i've had this happened to me before and it is annoying to clean all the spam out of my email. Spam on emails is just basically ads with people trying to get personal information off of people. Spam is also sometimes dangerous because they could contain viruses that could kill your computer or your smartphone. Spam and other threatening computer nonsense will sometimes convince the person to click on the ads and then they give their personal information such as credit card numbers addresses and other information. My last reason to this topic is that spam can come in many forms from car selling to buying products and other items just so that the people behind that screen can sell information to that company.

My second reason to this topic is that citizens have a right to be protected some websites have a contract that says they will not share personal information to anyone but explain why hackers are easier to get into a facebook or other accounts. Hackers are more common to hack your email account or other accounts because of advertisers giving hackers more information to be able to access their accounts. Hackers are a big part of our social media and other

accounts because they will find out certain things from people's accounts. Hackers have many ways of finding out information from you whether fake accounts talking or just simply spam mail trying to get information from you. Hackers are not just in the United States they are in Russia, and other foreign countries.

My third reason to this topic is that the government is sometimes useless meaning they do not support protecting us in many ways. But they are useful because they can design anti-tracking equipment so that hackers and other people can not access account history or browsing history. The government can protect its citizens by trying to eliminate hackers and other dangerous threats to everyday social life of US americans. Government tracking devices maybe installed by the government themselves and they could put them in computers before the consumer even purchases them because that way they can keep an eye on citizens. So they know their intentions of what they are searching for example some people might look up how to make explosives for bombs or something of that nature that's where it becomes useful because the government can stop that person from making them.

My fourth reason to this topic is that people should be protected instead of being unprotected due to the nonsense that advertisers put out on the websites just so they can have something to do instead of setting at home doing nothing. Advertisers are sometimes wrong saying their product is "great" and "will do the job". Just like tv anything you buy off their is usually junk so that's what the advertisers make their money because of people clicking and putting information in that the whoever company can use. People have rights to be protected by the government if the government fails then people will become scared of the government. Government agencies such as homeland security and the FBI are pros at cyber security because of their high tech equipment that prevents or nearly slows down the hackers.

My final reason to this topic is that some persons believe that the advertisers sell their cell phone number or other information to other companies so that they can call that person but it is usually scammers that call that person so they usually hang up from the salesperson. People have become smart with technology so they figure out ways to sale their products whether by smartphone or computer. The government is sometimes useful in many ways from notifying the public to protecting the country from foreign countries. The government should protect its citizens from cyber advertising.

CORY ROSE, GRADE 10

Old Memories

I am from warm summer nights,
From roasting marshmallows to watching fireworks.
I am from the tire swing
(swinging, fresh
air against my skin.)

I am from the woods
The evergreen trees
Whose leaves were as green
As the summer's grass I would lay in.

I'm from sand and stone.
From warm water and beautiful skies.
I'm from the little anthills under my porch
And the snakes hiding under the stairs.
From I'll find you! And You can't catch me!
I'm from the kitchen table
With the cornbread
And the Lord's prayer on the wall.

I'm from Shocky Holler,
Dirt roads and stray dogs.
From the way my grandmother walked
With old age,
The dance my mother would do when she cooked.

In my mother's and father's room
Sat albums upon albums of pictures,
People I've never met,
Places I've never seen.
I'm from these memories - -
Young before I'm old --
Steps away from what seems like a dream.

JASMINE ROSE, GRADE II

Should the government protect citizens online?

Do not allow others to track you. They should be able to sue the person who is sending it to you. It is also stalking someone if you know what they are doing constantly online. Citizens should be protected online by the government. Its peoples privacy and especially when it comes to kids online they should be Protected. Yes the government should protect citizens while online. The government should protect everyone and definetly extra security to secretly, invisibly, more than 200 bits of "Tracking technology" are being downloaded on your computer. More safe and secure security online at all times. Some people think it is stalking some do not keeping kids safe online should always be the biggest priority for parents to know it is safe for them always. More security on the computer. As tracking

technology continues to evolve, this debate grows more complicated. More enhanced security on the computer. Safety should always come first when on a computer there are no limits to what types of info can be collected, how long it can be retained with whom it can be shared or how it can be used. People can share your posts or pics without you knowing. More security more safety. Never get on a link you are not sure about. Yes the government should protect citizens while online.

ERICA ROTH, GRADE 10

Online Privacy

People online have started noticing that websites have been following them and have been trying to sell items they have been searching for in their browser. Should the government be allowed to track people's browsing history to sell them items. The government protects the privacy of mail so why should they be able to invade the privacy of the internet. The government also does not mess with the privacy of telephone calls so again why should they be able to mess with the privacy of the internet. Some people believe that the government should be able to track people's browsing history, while others believe that they should have complete privacy on the web. No, the government should not be allowed to mess with people's privacy online.

One reason the government should not be able to track you online is it is an invade of privacy. "Silently, invisibly, more than 200 bits of tracking technology are being downloaded onto your computer," said the Scope. The government should not be able to see what people have been doing online. Opponents of this idea believe the government should be able to see your online privacy, but they should not be able to mess with other people's online privacy. Another reason is tracking and stalking other people online should be against the law.

If the government tracked and stalked what someone is doing online shouldn't that be illegal? "Being able to see others private information is illegal," said Herb Weisbaum. If someone gets caught stalking that is against the law, so it should be the same for online privacy. Some people believe that the government should be able to see what people have done online; however, they should not be able to because it should be illegal. Another reason is Do Not Track application will help online users keep their privacy.

If people have Do Not Track it can help them keep their online privacy from the government. "We think Do Not Track is an important way for consumers to have more choice over what happens to them online," said Herb Weisbaum.

MASON SHORT, GRADE 10

Online Safety

Online users have found out and track what you search. There are people who track someone else's history and sell it to other companies. People's search history needs to be protected at

all times. People's history should be only so the person that searches it can only see themselves. There is no reason for hackers to sell companies your history. Yes, online privacy should be protected.

Online users should regulate online privacy. "we want to make sure they do not track is a real commitment to american people and not just an empty promiscuity" said Herb Weisbaum. People need to stop tracking what we search. It is stupid to do, but others think it's awesome how they look at our history. For example, people do not like to be watched.

People internet needs to be protected at all times. "Do not track" said Herb Weisbaum. People do not want to be watched. Some people believe they do not care if they are being watched ;however, some people can't stand getting tracked. The people that track someone could scam someone something someone wants to buy.

People want security on what they search. "Do not track" said Herb Weisbaum. People do not want to be watched. Others feel that it is okay. On the other hand, others hate it. People need protection on the internet.

At last, they are still not doing anything about online safety. Everybody's history needs to be stop being tracked. Hackers need to stop tracking us and selling us our history. Therefore the government needs to be protected our history. People need to complain to the government in tell they agree.

SEAN SIMON, GRADE 10

Online Privacy

The government lately have been selling peoples browser history. Do you like your privacy being invaded? The government has been selling our browser history. They have been tracking us everytime we use a search engine. The government protects our mail but why not the search engine. No the government should not track our online privacy.

The government is selling our browsing history. Going through someone's privacy is wrong, but selling it is wrong to. People like to have their privacy to themselves. People think it's ok to go through someone's privacy, but others feel different. So it's no one else's business about their privacy.

No ones elses business when it comes to someone's privacy. They use tracking technology to see someone's privacy. They use adds to track you every time you use the search engine. Some people believe the government is tracking people; However, some people think they are not. The final and the most important reason is using adds to find out personal info.

Using adds to find out personal info is the most important reason because. The government use adds to track people. Finding a topic on a search engine is what the government uses to track you. Others feel that The government are not tracking us. On the other hand, some people do believe they are tracking us.

In conclusion the government should not track people. The government selling our browsing history. It's no ones elses business about their privacy. Using adds to find out personal info. To support this idea, people need to not let people or the government to track other people to find out personal info.

DALTON SIZEMORE, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I am from big mountains,
From hot summers and cold winters.
I am from small town with happy faces .
I am from the smell of fresh cut grass

To momma's gravy and biscuits.
I am from curly hair and green eyes.
I am from helping hands,
From warm hearts.
I am from always have manners.
I am from never give up,

From give it your all.
I am from the smell of cleaner in the spring,
From cheering on the Union Bears in the fall.
I am from riding fourwheelers in the winter,

From going to the lake in the summer .
I am from little white house,
From lots of rocky land.
I am from the little garden in the backyard.
I am from white Christmases,

From not only my heart being full on Thanksgiving.
I am from late Saturday nights,
From early Sunday mornings.
I am from bow your head

Fold your hands.
In the drawer of my dresser was memories.
Loved and lost,

New and old,
Pictures everywhere.

To remind me of better days on my worst.
I am from memories that built me for as long as I live.

WHITNEY SLEMP, GRADE II

Where I Am From

From banana eat monkeys
I am from happiness land
I am from surgery hill
From baby hill
I am from scare village

From wishful thinking
I am from Appalachia hill
From person to person
I am from happy days

From party lives
I am from sister days
From little sister to big sister

From shopping hill
I am from love hill
From boy to boy
I am from loving hill
From hugs and kisses
I am from heartbreak hill
From peace maker

AALIYAH SMITH, GRADE 9

Online Privacy

The government should protect our online privacy and stop spam advertising. Everyone wants privacy; don't you? People have been getting spam emails and are tired of deleting them. The government should help protect our online privacy. People have also been getting spam advertising online after they look something up. Yes, the government should protect our online privacy and help keep spam mail down.

First off the advertising companies need to stop spamming us with advertisement if we do not want them to send it. An article said “advertising companies have a database with information about what we look up.” The database contains large amounts of information about us and what we look up on the internet. The advertising companies have too much information on us. What should the government do to help protect our online privacy and stop spam advertising.

Second what the government needs to do to protect our online privacy. In an article said “the government are considering to pass a bill to put restrictions on advertising companies.” The bill said that if the citizen does not want spam mail then the companies have to respect them. Also the government has information that they do not want out in public so they should protect that our online privacy as well. The government needs to put more restrictions on advertising companies.

Last but not least the restrictions should also include the ability to allow to send emails to citizens if they want them to send them. In an article “the advertising should include an option to not receive spam mail.” the article explained that the companies could include the option to not receive spam mail. This is what the advertising companies should do but they do not do it for some reason.

The government needs to protect our online privacy and stop advertising companies. The first reason is the government needs to stop spam mail. The second reason is that the government needs to take interest in helping citizens online. The final reason is that the government needs to restrict advertising companies. Speak to your representative in congress about passing a law for online privacy.

ISAAC SMITH, GRADE 10

Worst Christmas Ever

This year’s Christmas would have to be the worst one ever. Why? you may ask. Because me and my grandmother got a text message from my dad’s sister that left us in tears. My dad’s sister sent me and my grandmother a heartbreaking message on Christmas Eve that broke the hearts of many family and friends. I was still asleep at the time that it all happened. I heard the front door of the house open where my grandmother was letting in my uncle Dennis.

My grandmother was in tears reading the message to my uncle. My uncle was in shock when he saw my grandmother crying. He looked at the phone and he also began to tear up. At the time I woke up to the sound of crying. I jumped out of my bed and ran to the living room to see both my grandmother and my uncle sitting on the couch. I sat down next to my grandmother as she wrapped her arms around me. At that point I knew something was wrong. She gave me the phone and I opened my messenger and began to read the message slowly. I broke down in tears when I saw what it said. The message read, “Debbie, my mother is in the hospital. Her lungs collapsed and she has stopped breathing. They have her on life support but they were not expecting her to make it.”

MADISON SPEARS, GRADE 9

Where I am From

I am from gravel driveways and big hills.
from the blackberry bush in my backyard,
to homemade blackberry cobbler.
I am from my papaw's pond
from raising chickens, ducks, and goats.
I am from the smell of gravy and biscuits in the morning,

to the smell of chicken and dumplings in the evening.
I am from my papaw's homemade no-bake cookies
from summers full of swimming and ice cream
to winters full of sledding and hot chocolate.
I am from our backyard garden

and eating fresh vegetables for supper.
I am from front porch swings and backyard playgrounds
from Saturdays spent at the softball field in the spring
to cheerleading at football games in the fall.
I am from sewing machines

and handmade pillows for my dolls.
I am from the big cabinet full of family memories
and walls splattered with childhood photos.
I am from a small town in Virginia
that makes me who I am.

JULIA STURGILL, GRADE II

The spying internet

The government is debating on internet control and how they need to protect it, which is not a simple task. The average use of the internet has evolved over time and some people are taking advantage of it. Would someone simply let people take their search history and let companies buy it for their own benefit? Some people think it is not right, but others think it is okay. For instance someone may have looked up cheap way to get rid of a stain then on another day logged onto facebook and an ad pops up on stain removal, coincidence, think again, what really happened is about a thousand tracking software programs tracked their information and sold it to other companies. These companies use the information at their own will and may sell it to other companies. Why not, it would make a lot of things easier?

CLARA SULLINS, GRADE IO

Where I'm From

I am from dark coffee
And sweet candy
I am from classic rock
And playing video games
I am from parents
Who love and care
I am from the swimming pool

Swimming on hot days
I am from my mother's garden
And my dad's tool shed
I am from picnics in the yard
And walks around the cemetery
I am from board games
And watching TV
I am from fishing with my grandad

And cooking with my grandmother
I am from gathering twigs for a fire
And making delicious s'mores
I am from sledding down the hill
On the cold snowy days
From snowball fights
And sweet hot chocolate
I am from playing hide and seek

With my brother near the barn
Down in the basement
Behind a door in my dad's tool room
Lies a plastic tote
Inside full of warm memories
Scrapbooks filled with pictures
And arts and crafts
I will never let go of these moments
This is where I'm from

JARED SULLIVAN, GRADE II

Overseas

I am from a one bedroom apartment and living out of a suitcase.
I am from witnessing mistakes that weren't made by me.
I am from the places where it doesn't get cold, I am from a foreign city
that's not so far away, they spoke a different language that only I could
understand.
I'm from places with new people and old friends.
I'm from saying goodbye to people I haven't met, where it doesn't snow
but always rains.
I'm from the airport with a one-way ticket. I'm from smelling the trees
around a familiar road, tasting the air as snow begins to fall.
On top of my shelves, covered in dust, my memories live. Unopened let-
ters from friends long forgotten, I am from the good and the bad, the
old and the new, the past and the present.

GANNON SWIHART, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from the blue house
with the wooden floors,
from the top bunk.
I am from the mountains all around
from the back curvy roads,
to the soup beans and cornbread.
I am from visiting my grandparents,
from going to the lake,
to swimming with my family.
I am from the beach,
to playing with the sand
from playing putt-putt.
I am from wearing flip flops,
to having sand in between my toes,
from the breeze on my feet.
I am from having Thanksgiving dinner,
to the family memories,
from the different people all around.
I am from the countryside
from the hills with trees all around,

to riding on dirt roads.
I am from the band
the one playing the clarinet,
to marching a fantastic show.
I am from all the laughter
to having a good time,
with everyone around.
I am from the writing everyday
to learning what I need to,
I am from the country,
I'm a country girl.

KYLIE THACKER, GRADE 9

My Family

Me and my cousin would go in the woods a lot when we were little and find all kinds of things to do, like finding grapevines to swing on. One time he hit a tree while swinging. Another time I slept in my brothers room and he painted my fingernails and the next night I put all kinds of makeup on him and put stuff in his hair and when my parents woke up I got in trouble and had to sit there all day but it was worth it. One Christmas we were outside in the snow. We went down a hill on an old car hood and they went off the hill. One time my brother and me were outside and we were throwing snowballs outside and he got mad and threw a glass jar.

DUSTIN THOMAS, GRADE 9

Being Tracked by the Government Online

Most recently online users have just now noticed that websites have been tracking them and are selling people's browser history to companies. Should it be right for the government to protect the privacy of citizens while people are online the same way their mail is protected. For the past two years, companies have experimented with many different ways to divine more and more about how people live their lives on the internet without sparking a revolt. People do not want what they searched up out in the open for the whole world to see. Some people do not approve of this and want to put a stop to it. No, the government should not be allowed to control others privacy.

Why does the government protect our privacy, but let companies use it to their benefit. "There are no limits to what type of information can be collected, how long it can be retained with whom it can be shared or how it can be used." said Susan Grant. The Federal Trade Commission would like to see the congress to try and create a "DO NOT TRACK" program

that makes it easy to tell companies they do not want them to collect personal information. Opponents believe that companies need to use people history on the internet, but others believe that the government needs to keep people's information private and not let companies have it. People should be able to look up what they want without companies knowing what they put out there.

Companies should keep people's information private. "We try to be transparent about the data we collect and give meaningful controls about how data is used," says Whetstone. Some companies try to protect people's information, but sometimes they do not. Some people believe that companies do not try to protect information at all, however, others believe they try and the government will not let them protect the information. The companies can do whatever they want to do.

Some people should not have to worry about their profiles being out there. "People's online profile is being sold on the web and it is kind of crazy and it is not harmless. Said Sharon Goott Nissim. People should have the right to want their information to stay private. Others feel that this truly harmless to people. On the other hand, others feel that it is not right and they not stop sharing people's privacy. People should not be told that their information is safe when it is clearly not safe at all.

The government should not be able to own the control of others people's privacy. Why is the government protecting people's privacy, but letting all kinds of companies use it? Companies should keep others information personal away from companies. People should not have to stress about their profiles being all around the world. To support this idea, people need to stand up and say something not be afraid to say something.

ANGELA TIPTON, GRADE 10

Where I'm From

I am from the tan house
with the peeling paint.
I am from manhunt
with my family.
I am from the four wheeler
that my family rode.
I am from where apples
grow in a tree.
From the fudge at
the dinner table.
I'm from a picnic table
my family eats at.
I am from the hill my

grandparents grew up on.
From playing tag to
finding a bag.
I am from the hot coffee
machine every morning.
I'm from a redneck clan
that always went four wheeling.
I am from the town that
Everyone says, "Hey y'all!"

AUTUMN VARNER, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from sweet tea,
from rugged mountains and winding rivers.
I am from coal dust.
(Fading away,
like cotton candy skies.)
I am from the changing of leaves,
tall sunflowers
whose petals as bright as
my future.
I'm from Amazing Grace,
from it is well with my soul.
I'm from unification,
the orange and navy.
from the never give up
the never back down.
I'm from simplicity
of comforting surroundings
and humble roads.
I'm from Blue Cedar and gravel,
I love you's and I told you so's.
from the purple heart my grandfather
received in the war,
the softness of my mother's voice.
A box kept close to my heart

of unforgettable times,
memories in color
to bring a feeling of joy
I was made by those moments.
friends and family to remind me --
I am rich in love.

BROOKE VANOVER, GRADE II

The Elements of Me

I am from the Hollow
I am from the never-ending love of kittens

And the obsession with coffee and sweet iced tea
I'm from, "Pink!! Pink!! Pink!!" and all that glitters
From playing with makeup and dressing my Barbies

I am from hide n' seek and teaching my stuffed animals how to read
I am from German and Irish
From my sister's taste in music and my father's sense of humor
I'm from Momma's good looks and Mamaw's culinary expertise

I am from love and comfort and everything in-between
I am from straight A's
From, "Never give up," and, "Always try your best"
I'm from the keys on my trumpet and the ripple of my flag
From butterflies inhabiting my stomach under the Friday (and Saturday)
 night lights
Because of the Big Gap in the stone, I am me

ANNIE WAGNER, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from green grass
From lit up scoreboards and packed stands.
I am from bruises, sprains, and breaks.
I am from having a chip on my shoulder
And trash-talk to keep it there.
I am from coach saying "one more"

And giving him two.
I am from yellow flags and pushing and shoving after the whistle.

I am also from the brothers that I'd do it for again in a heartbeat.
I am from trips to my great-grandma's house
And the howl from the toy-dog when you walk in.
I am from hay-rides and cold water
From the river we would drive through.
I am from falling off and hurting myself

And I am from my parents being there for me when I get up.
I am from the blistering, hot summers
And the chilling, cold winters of Big Stone Gap.
I am from opening the door for the person behind you

And sitting up and paying attention in church.
I am from being the kid who will not back down
And from being the one who won't give up.
No matter the obstacle
Rather it is a 300 pound defensive lineman
Or a spanish test that I forgot about
I am from being the one that was not suppose to be where I am
And being here anyway.

PRESTON WALKER, GRADE II

Where I'm From Poem

I am from library books,
from swingsets and hair-pulling.
I am from the froggy slide at the pool, the cold sparkling water,
fingers crossed the storm will wait until tomorrow.
I am from sneaking a laptop under bedsheets,

animal cookies with the pink icing and sprinkles.
I'm from two strong women,
snowbunnies and slow songs.
Ten more bites of dinner,
bike rides and the purple butterfly bush.
I am from Nature Camp, hiking, crinkled laundry.

From tall menorahs and fake bologna.
I am from a new favorite color every day,
I am from lunch boxes, the sparkly rubber duck with a unicorn horn.
Dr. Suess Day, and the Lorax.

From one Pepsi a month, my mother's knitting.
On rainy days we find Kodak packages,
scattered on shelves, full of old photographs,
with millions of old stories to tell.
Brother holding the biggest radish in the garden.
A mismatched jumble of sunshine days,
Back when there was more home than heartache.

MOLLIE WEITZMAN, GRADE II

Accidents Happen

Last summer I went to my brother Tyler's house. Tyler decided to take me to his friend's house. We went four-wheeling. My brother said, "You're gonna have to wobble the handlebars to slow it down." So I went down a small trail to start with. Then I tried to slow down the four-wheeler and wrecked into a huge mud puddle and it got stuck. We eventually got the four-wheeler out of the mud puddle. Tyler and his buddy said I could not ride the four-wheeler for awhile. When they let me ride the four-wheeler again, I was doing much better than the last time.

Tyler took off on the four-wheeler up a huge hill and on his way down he took a flare and tried to start a fire with it by throwing it at some gas covered wood. He missed and hit me with it and I picked it up and started the fire; it nearly blew my face off. The next day we went to ride the four-wheeler again, but this time Tyler wanted to ride it on the main road. We ended up going on the main road. Tyler went first, then his friend, and I went last. When I went I made it down the road, but when I went back up the road I sped up and I hit the gas a little too much. I had tried to slow down by wobbling the handlebars and I flipped the four-wheeler and I had to go the hospital. They started by putting two staples in the really deep cut on my head, then my mom said, "What about that one." So I ended up with three staples in my head and a bunch of bandages.

JACOB WHITE, GRADE 9

Where I'm From

I am from Wise County
I am from watching Kentucky Basketball with my dad

I am from playing in the snow with my family
I am from a two story house
I am from playing play station every evening
I am from riding fourwheelers
I am from corn bread and soup beans
I am from having hot cocoa
I am from country music
I am from playing in the dark
I am from playing with my brother
I am from learning how to read
I am from going to the zoo with my mom
I am from playing Baseball with my dad
I am from walking the track in the summer
I am from going to the movies with my mom and dad
I am from swimming in the summer with friends
I am from playing Basketball
I am from Wise County.

HANNAH WILLIAMS, GRADE 9

What Makes Me Who I Am

I am from sunsets,
From salty air and sand.
I am from the soft lull of waves against the shoreline.
I'm from the thrill of amusement parks,
And the sweet, sticky juice

Of citrus fruits covering my hands.
I'm from long car rides and loud music,
 From Kenneth and Beth.
I'm from a step-mother's unconditional love,
 And grandmothers who would give me the world.
From sisters younger and older,
 And knowing they are there for me when I need them,
 But also knowing that You're It! Is a battle cry.
I am from back porch sitting,
 Listening to never-ending stories
 And the flowing melodies of songs.

I am from the overflowing books on my bookshelf.
Hot summer days and the beauty of watching leaves change colors.
From brave military members and strong family values,
I'm from knitted blankets covering the bed

Keeping me safe from monsters.
My closet is a priceless vault.
It holds memories that I thought I had forgotten,
But all it takes is opening one of the many boxes
To bring a flood of scents, sights, and tears.
From the sand between my toes to the sight of colossal mountains,
I am who I am.

DONNA WINEBARGER, GRADE II

Where I'm From

I am from the back roads
way far out
From the gravel beneath my bare feet
I am from the water that runs deep within the river
(It sends chills far down in my soul)
I am from the roaring train
Whose carts are full of coal as black as the night sky,

slowly fading
I am from cornbread and sweets
From warm home cooked meals
I am from the stubborn and strong
never give ups
From the exuberant individuals
that I surround myself with

to see happier days
I am from the old neighborhood friends
who will never be forgotten
I'm from crawdad and salamander hunts
From the good choices and the bad

I am from the grace of God and his absolution
Stashed in dresser drawers are notes

from little girls, now nearly grown
They say time flies, but where does it go
I am from memories like these that I
will cherish and hold

ALEXIS WOODS, GRADE II

The Time My Family Broke My Nose

It was Christmas night and we were sitting in our living room and we were opening presents. My sister was sitting with her boyfriend and I was sitting across the room and out of nowhere she threw a picture frame at me and hit me in the nose and then blood ran down my face and the blood went everywhere. Then I went to my bathroom and washed all the blood off of me. After I done all that my cousin hit me in the same spot and blood came out of my nose again and then I went to the hospital and the doctors said that they bruised my nose and I had a nose cast. I wore it for two weeks and about two days after I got the nose cast off my other sister threw a rock at me and broke my nose. I got another nose cast and I had to wear that for a long time.

WILLIAM YOUNG, GRADE 9

The Place That Built Me

I am from mountainsides
From seemingly endless trees and rocks
I am from the rocking chair on the front porch
I am from the white building at the end of the road
Standing colossus indeed
Whose iron smell and pounds of weight I know

As if they were my life
I'm from apple butter on November days
From Sammy and Debra
I'm from the loud cheers
And the cow bells
From Let's go! And be tough!
I'm from that long curvy road
With a creek outside the walls

And the Lord my savior I believe in
I'm from Todd and Nikki's Branch
Spaghetti and warm brownies

From the finger my father lost
Working after Katrina

The black lung my father has providing us food
Across the hall is a bookshelf
Filled with books and old family albums
A swarm of familiar faces
Whose presence I often dream about
I am from these descents
Those cold November days
Screams of cheering ringing my ears
Destined for iron and sports
Before I had any knowledge of the world

BRAXTON ZIRKLE, GRADE II

LITERARY COMPETITIONS





Stack of plays entered in YPF by Lee High along with certificates for finalists

Many of The Origin Project students spend tireless hours in addition to their regular school schedule to challenge themselves and enter prestigious literary competitions that involve writing and performing poetry, plays, and other forms of written and spoken expression.

Young Playwrights Festival

We have extraordinary pride in The Origin Project students for their participation in the annual Young Playwrights Festival at Barter Theatre in Abingdon.

We had 57 plays submitted by 85 students from Lee High School and 15 plays submitted by 24 students from Abingdon High School. Accolades went to:

Abingdon High School:

Madelyn Bundy	Finalist (<i>Between the Lines</i>)
Maggie Frazier	Finalist (<i>Between the Lines</i>)
Annie Frazier	Finalist (<i>Between the Lines</i>)

Lee High School:

Annabella Alsop	Semifinalist (<i>Salem</i>)
Derick Broadhuhn	Finalist (<i>Decisions, Decisions</i>)
Anthony Dotson	Finalist (<i>Decisions, Decisions</i>)

The Lee High and Abingdon High School students who were finalists were in the top 20 winning plays out of 394. The Lee High School semifinalist was in the top 40.

We are thankful to Barter Theatre and deeply appreciate the kind words and support of Barter playwright Catherine Bush, who shared how proud she is of the students who submitted plays to the Young Playwrights Festival. She charged them to continue writing:

[W]e need your voices! THEY WROTE A PLAY! That is no small thing. They've accomplished one of the most terrifying acts of creation ever - putting words on a blank page in order to create a world with characters who have their own language, their own needs and wants, and their own obstacles. Every one of these writers deserve a round of applause and all the encouragement in the world. BRAVO!



Left to right: Catherine Bush, Playwright-in-Residence Barter Theatre; Barrett Guyton, Associate Director of Barter Players and Coordinator of the Young Playwrights Festival

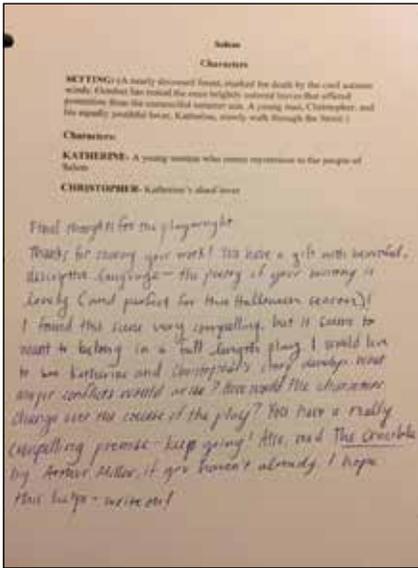
Barrett Guyton, Associate Director of the Barter Players and Barter Players Tour Coordinator, served as Coordinator of the Young Playwrights Festival shared the following thoughts:

The collaboration of Barter Theatre's Young Playwrights Festival and The Origin Project is very special. Because The Origin Project's mission is to inspire students to investigate their heritage, Barter Theatre's Young Playwrights Festival is an excellent avenue to do just that. Through writing 10-minute plays, students are allowed to engage their creativity to discover more about where they came from, and therefore who they are. The richness of these plays, written by students about their own lives, reveals the importance of our region, while fostering a deep creativity and pride in these students' work. Each student should be extremely proud of the work she

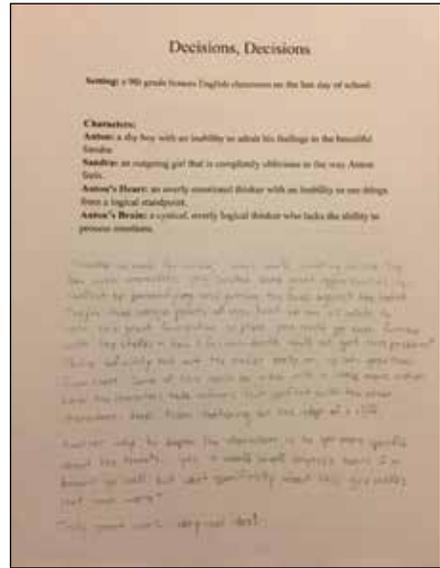
or he created, just as we at Barter Theatre are proud of the students, teachers, parents, and leaders in these communities.



Barter Theatre YPF Teacher Inservice with Lee High teacher Alex Long, left; Instructor Catherine Bush, center; Abingdon teacher Crystal Hurd, far right



Judges comments on student play entries



Judges comments on student play entries

We are forever thankful to teachers Dr. Crystal Hurd from Abingdon High School and Alex Long from Lee High School for their guidance and boundless enthusiasm and, as always, to Linda Woodward who encouraged our young writers to take the leap and enter this esteemed competition.

BETWEEN THE LINES

ACT 1

Scene 1

(Enters MARK center stage)

MARK

Hello! This is Mark Matthews reporting from the refugee camps in Syria. I will be walking around talking to the refugees and the people working here so that I can deliver the full and true story of what it's really like to be a refugee. Stay tuned.

(MARK retreats to left stage with back turned. Enters ZEDA and SOSA, SOSA limping)

ZEDA

Sosa we're not going to make it in time! We're too slow.

SOSA

Shh.. Don't worry Zeda. I'm going to find some help.

(SOSA goes up to MARK and taps his shoulder)

SOSA

Please! Please help us, we have to make it to the port. Has the last boat left already?

MARK

I'm sorry, I don't know about the last boat. What's wrong?

ZEDA

It's Sosa's leg . . . It's slowing us down!

MARK

You're bleeding through your bandage. Do you need help with that?

SOSA

No please, don't worry! I've suffered worse. We just need help getting to the port in time for the last boat today.

MARK

Why today? What happened to you?

SOSA

If we don't leave tonight we won't be able to leave together.

ZEDA

Don't leave me sissy!

(ZEDA runs up to SOSA into an embrace)

SOSA

Don't worry. I won't leave without you little one.

MARK

Well, if you don't take care of that leg you won't be going anywhere. That looks painful; how did this happened?

ZEDA

The angry man hurt her!

SOSA

Shh! Zeda!

MARK

Who is the angry man?

SOSA

He. . .

(SOSA starts to speak but hesitates)

SOSA

He's my husband.

ZEDA

He married Sosa after Abbi and Ummi died.

SOSA

Zeda, come on, let's not talk about that right now. We need to hurry! It's getting late.

(ZEDA and SOSA hold hands and begin to walk/limp away)

MARK

Wait, I think if we walk this way, we'll be at the port in no time.

ZEDA

Oh, Sosa. I'm so hungry . . . I don't know if I can wait.

SOSA

I know, but they'll have food where we're going. You have to be brave little one..

MARK

Did he not feed you . . . your husband?

(SOSA looks at ground and ignores MARK)

ZEDA

Only when Sosa was good to him. Sosa made me hide in the closet when he got mad. Remember Sosa?

SOSA

Yes Zeda, I remember. Now let's not talk about it, we need to go to the port now!

ZEDA

But he used to yell so loud and he gave you the marks . . . and

(SOSA cuts ZEDA off)

SOSA

Zeda no more! We need to go NOW!.

(Turns to MARK)

Thank you.

MARK

I have to leave on a plane soon, but I can make sure you both get on the same boat.

SOSA

Can you? It is so important that I stay with Zeda.

ZEDA

Please Sosa, I can't lose you like we lost Ummi and Abbi!

MARK

I promise I'll do whatever I can. What happened to your parents?

ZEDA

Abbi left when I was a baby. Ummi told us that the men with guns took him. I miss when Ummi used to hold me.

SOSA

We couldn't make it. Ummi tried, but it wasn't enough.

ZEDA

Ummi said that it would be okay. She said that we would make it! But she's gone!

(ZEDA embraces SOSA. holding tight)

SOSA

We didn't have enough food. She starved herself to make sure there was enough food for us. She couldn't handle it.

(SOSA's voice begins to crack)

She was already too weak.

ZEDA

I miss her a lot . . .

MARK

I am so sorry that happened to your family.

(MARK pauses for a moment)

How long has it been since she passed away?

ZEDA

I don't know. I can't remember very much. Sometimes it feels like forever.

MARK

How did you and Sosa end up with this angry man that you ran away from?

ZEDA

We had nowhere to sleep. I was so hungry. Sosa said not to worry. She was going to find a safe place for us.

SOSA

It was the only way I could keep us alive. It was the only way I could keep us together.

MARK

How terrible that all of this happened to you two. No one should have to go through what you both have been through.

(SOSA takes ZEDA by the hand)

SOSA

Please, we must be going. It's getting late.

(MARK grabs SOSA'S arm)

MARK

You need me to guarantee your two spots on the boat. I'd love to hear the rest of your story. We have plenty of time, believe me.

(SOSA rips her arm away in fear)

SOSA

Please don't touch me.

ZEDA

Sosa, it's okay. He's trying to help us.

(MARK faces SOSA)

MARK

Why did you leave your home?

(SOSA hesitates then answers MARK'S question)

SOSA

He hurt Zeda . . .

ZEDA

I.. I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't. . . .

(ZEDA starts to cry)

MARK

How did he hurt you?

SOSA

It was my fault.. I didn't do what he wanted.. I was so angry.. I didn't know he would hurt you.

(SOSA wraps her arm around ZEDA)

ZEDA

He hit me over and over and over. I felt like I was dying.

SOSA

After I saw Zeda bloody and bruised. I knew we had to leave.

MARK

Wow, I am so sorry you both went through this. It's a remarkable story. Thank you so much for sharing it with me. I'm glad I found you two. The boat is right over there.

(MARK points towards the boat)

I must be going, I have a flight to catch . . .

SOSA

Wait, you promised to help both of us get on the boat, you can't just leave us!

ZEDA

Sosa, the boat is about to leave!

MARK

I'm really sorry that I can't be of more help.

(MARK touches ZEDA'S shoulder)

I wish you both the best.

(MARK exits)

ZEDA

Where is he going Sosa? Why isn't he helping us?!

(ZEDA calls after MARK)

ZEDA

No! Please! Don't leave! Don't leave us!

(ZEDA starts to cry)

SOSA

Shh! Zeda.. Don't worry. You'll make it to the boat.

ZEDA

What about you? You're coming too!

SOSA

I'm not sure, Zeda, but you must get on that boat. You must make it there. Just think, you won't have to live like this anymore. It's beautiful there. It's like living a dream.

ZEDA

Sosa, I don't want to leave without you!

(ZEDA begins to cry again)

SOSA

Please little one, don't cry . . . I love you so much. You will be free from all of this. Imagine a place of safety Zeda.. You won't have to be scared. You wouldn't have to hurt the way you do now . . . You'll get to learn Zeda.

ZEDA

Learn?

SOSA

Yes! You'll get to learn so many new things! You'll be so smart!

ZEDA

But what about you, Sosa? I'm not leaving you here! You should get to learn new things too. Where will I live? Who will take care of me?

SOSA

Please Zeda, don't worry about me. I'll be just fine. You just have to be brave for me okay?

ZEDA

But you don't know that there's not room for you, we haven't even asked yet! Sosa, please, please come with me. I can't do this without you!

SOSA

Yes you can! You have to! I love you.

ZEDA

Sosa, don't forget me. I love you.

(SOSA takes off necklace and puts it on ZEDA. They hug for the last time)

SOSA

As long as you have this necklace, you can remember that Ummi and I will always be with you. I love you! I love you so much!

*(ZEDA exits, SOSA is left standing alone at the port
when a man walks on stage)*

SOSA

How did you find me?

AHMED

I've been waiting for you here. Did you really think you could get away that easily?

SOSA

I had to get away. I couldn't let Zeda live like that anymore. You were going to kill her . . . I couldn't let you hurt her like you hurt me!

(SOSA gestures to leg)

AHMED

You don't get to decide whether you stay or leave.

SOSA

I couldn't live like that anymore! I'd rather die than be with you.

(SOSA walks away from AHMED)

AHMED

Don't you dare walk away from me!

(SOSA continues to walk away)

(AHMED shoots SOSA as she exits the stage)

(AHMED exits, MARK enters)

MARK

Hello and welcome back, this is Mark Matthews giving you the full and true scoop of what life is really like as a refugee. I've had the amazing opportunity to help two young refugee girls free themselves from the hardships of life in Syria, to find a healthier and free one. Here is their story.

(END OF PLAY)

MADLYN BUNDY, GRADE IO
ANNIE FRAZIER, GRADE II
MAGGIE FRAZIER, GRADE II



Abingdon student YPF finalists left to right: Annie Frazier, Maggie Frazier, Madelyn Bundy

SALEM

SETTING: *(A nearly deceased forest, marked for death by the cool autumn winds. October has rusted the once brightly colored leaves that offered protection from the unmerciful summer sun. A young man, Christopher, and his equally youthful lover, Katherine, slowly walk through the forest.)*

Characters:

KATHERINE- A young woman who seems mysterious to the people of Salem

Scene 1

(Katherine stops, causing Christopher to as well)

CHRISTOPHER

Dearest Katherine, why have you begged me to join you in this frightful forest, on the night before All Hallow's Eve, before Devil's Night! Where all ghouls, goblins, and fiendish, foul creatures of the night are freed of their hellish shackles that bind them to the eternal pits of fire to roam between the thin tapestry dividing their world from our own! And on the night of a wolf moon, no less!

(Katherine quickly turns, analyzing her lover's features)

KATHERINE

Do you not trust me? Do you doubt my intentions? Are you insinuating that your well-being is not my top priority? Do you not love me like you once did?

(Christopher takes a step back, looking offended)

CHRISTOPHER

My bewitching Katherine, whose presence has kept me spellbound since I first laid eyes on your beautiful face, why would you suggest such wicked, such wretched things? You are my life, my body, my spirit! Your beauty still captivates me, leaves me in awe! Your skin is as pale as snow, as pale as a corpse! You wear death proudly, as if it were as beautiful as all the gems and jewels in the world. Your hair is as black as coal, dug up from the deepest, light-deprived mine. You are as graceful as the jasmine that once graced the trees in this very forest with their elegance. And yet, when I'm in your presence, I am surrounded by the smell of burning leaves, reminding me that Halloween never truly ends with you. You are as sweet as summer wine, offered by Bacchus himself! The beautiful sanguine colored dress you wear clings to you like red water. You are my druidess, I, your servant. I will do anything for you! Please, Katherine, I'm frightened. Tell me what is on your mind, I'm begging you!

(Katherine sighs, closing her eyes. They remain shut as she speaks)

KATHERINE

Fine. I will tell you my reason for dragging you out here, for dragging you to my most adored place to spend my time during my beloved autumn months.

(Katherine takes a deep breath, as if all the oxygen in the world won't be enough to get her words out)

KATHERINE

Christopher, I am to be burned at the stake. I was accused and found guilty of witchcraft, the Devil's work! I am to die at dusk, by the hands of the flames I was accused of playing with.

(Christopher falls to his knees, appearing heartbroken)

CHRISTOPHER

You must be playing a cruel joke on me! This cannot be true!

KATHERINE

I wouldn't lie to you about this.

(Christopher rises to his knees and begins pacing back and forth)

CHRISTOPHER

You say you are to die at dusk?

KATHERINE

Yes?

CHRISTOPHER

Then leave with me. We can leave now! We'll leave and never look back. The world is large and vast, they'll never catch up with us!

(Katherine wrings her hands together, looking stressed)

KATHERINE

Christopher, if you do this, you will be marked for death, just as I have.

CHRISTOPHER

I am willing to take the chance.

(Katherine nods and takes her lover's hand.)

KATHERINE

Then let us be on our way.

(Christopher smiles and begins walking, still holding Katherine's hand. They walk off the stage)

ANNABELLA ALSUP, GRADE 10

LEE HIGH



Lee High YPF finalist left to right: finalist Derick Broadbuhn, semifinalist Annabella Alsup, finalist Anthony Dotson

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

SETTING: *a 9th grade honors English classroom on the last day of school.*

Characters:

ANTON: a shy boy with an inability to admit his feelings to the beautiful Sandra

SANDRA: an outgoing girl that is completely oblivious to the way Anton feels.

ANTON'S HEART: an overly emotional thinker with an inability to see things from a logical standpoint.

ANTON'S BRAIN: a cynical, overly logical thinker who lacks the ability to process emotions.

SCENE 1

(Anton comes to the doorway of his last class of the day, hesitates before stepping into the room, and takes a seat on the far side of the class)

(Sandra and several of her friends walk into the classroom moments later and sit on the opposite side of the room)

(Anton's heart and brain walk onto stage and sit behind Anton)

ANTON:

whispers silently to himself I have to tell Sandra how I feel before this class ends, it could be my last chance.

(Anton adjusts his black beanie, begins twiddling his thumbs nervously and starts thinking about all of the good and bad things that could happen as he looks over the clock)

ANTON'S BRAIN:

10 minutes before the bell and we still have no idea what to even tell Sandra. We simply do not have a sufficient

(Anton begins to stare at Sandra without even realizing it a quickly turns away and blushes when they make eye contact)

ANTON'S HEART:

We don't have to make up an explanation about how we feel this way about her, just say whatever comes to mind. Well, maybe you should just let me do the talking.

ANTON'S BRAIN:

That sounds absolutely absurd to me. If we attempt this task and fail, you will be broken.

ANTON'S HEART:

What if it does work though?

ANTON'S BRAIN:

Sandra means the world to both of us and if we communicate our feelings to her and she doesn't reciprocate them, which is highly possible, we would undoubtedly lose her forever.

ANTON'S HEART:

Uh . . . well . . . look we have liked her for a very long time and every day since, we've barely spoken a word to her about it. We love feferi but she doesn't know it and if we ever want to know if she feels the same way. This is our chance.

(Anton stands up, adjusts beanie, and pushes a black strand of hair from his left eye. Sandra looks over at Anton and smiles at him)

ANTON'S BRAIN:

Nope!

(Anton sits down and blushes intensely)

ANTON'S HEART:

Dude! I thought we were not gonna, ya know, stop half way there!

ANTON'S BRAIN:

Listen, Sandra has been our best friend for ages, which is a far greater time than she has been our crush.

ANTON'S HEART:

Do you want to be without love forever?

ANTON'S BRAIN:

Yes, and I think it is the best course of action we could destroy what we already have.

(Sandra looks over at Anton with a weird expression on her face, and smiles when she makes eye contact with him once again)

ANTON'S HEART:

mumbles Thought you were supposed to be the smart one. I'm done waiting for you to make a move, it hurts me every time we're around her, she makes us feel like everything is less tragic, like everything is okay. She makes us feel . . .

ANTON'S BRAIN:

. . . secure. I know but we can't lose her, she helps us get through every second of the day without even speaking a word. She is our love and our one fatal flaw, but with all this in mind we cannot mention our feelings to her, for she may feel nothing.

ANTON'S HEART:

But maybe she could feel the same, maybe she likes us, maybe she is scared to tell us and we need to make the first move.

ANTON'S BRAIN:

That's illogical!

ANTON'S HEART:

Is it really!?!

ANTON'S BRAIN:

Calm down we need to be rational about this.

ANTON'S HEART:

I'm done being "rational" we're always rational and we get nowhere. We need to be spontaneous and adventurous. We need to tell her how we feel.

ANTON'S BRAIN:

I know, but it is just too risky.

ANTON'S HEART:

But she's going to be in Europe all summer and she might someone new. It will never work if she does. We torture ourselves everyday trying decide whether or not to tell her, this is worse than rejection this is awful and it's hard, I'm broken now and she is the only thing that can put me back together.

ANTON'S BRAIN:

It is your own fault you let emotion cloud your reasoning. You fail to see the bigger picture.

ANTON'S HEART:

You never see anything in the world with any sort of emotion, you're so cold about everything. You never even attempt to see anything in my way.

ANTON'S BRAIN:

Enough!

(Anton looks at Sandra longingly)

ANTON'S BRAIN:

You think I don't love her I'm just trying not get us both hurt I'm trying to protect us.

ANTON'S HEART:

I would other be hurt than live in the dark.

ANTON'S BRAIN:

Maybe, but either way we could end up hurt why risk losing her. It's just not worth it.

ANTON'S HEART:

Why can't you just look at it from my point of view, why can't you just see that doing nothing is the wrong path? We need to do something, we will spend the rest of our lives wondering what might have been.

(Anton looks away from Sandra and bites fingernails.)

ANTON'S BRAIN:

I don't want that either but I can't just abandon logic and reason

ANTON'S HEART:

You don't have to abandon logic and reason to have emotions.

ANTON'S BRAIN:

Fine.

(Anton stands up and marches up to Sandra)

ANTON:

Sandra will you go out with me.

SANDRA:

OMG yes! I thought you would never ask. I've been arguing with myself forever deciding whether I should ask you first.

ANTON'S HEART:

Told you.

(Anton grabs Sandra's hand with a smile and exits the stage)

DERICK BROADHUHN, GRADE 9

ANTHONY DOTSON, GRADE 9

LEE HIGH

Poetry

The Virginia High School League Forensics competition and Poetry Out Loud, sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts and Virginia Commission for the Arts, provide opportunities for youth to understand the importance of poetry and the value of public speaking. This year, junior Mollie Weitzman from Union High School competed in the Virginia Forensics Competition.

Mollie's Reflection

Walking into a school on competition day is mayhem – kids are talking to walls, teachers are running around frantically. Everyone is nervous. Forensics isn't very well known in most high school environments. Just like any sport, we compete against each other, cross our fingers, practice every day, go to state. There are many different categories in a forensics competition, each which require different talents. These can include public speaking, political knowledge, acting, and even writing. This year, I will be competing at state in the category of Poetry. For poetry, it is required that you read at least one poem from a published author, and it is preferred that you to have a small black binder containing your piece(s). I chose two poems: "Rigged Game" by Dylan Garity, and "A Remix For Remembrance" by Kristiana Rae Colon. You must also include a short introduction, which I wrote myself.



Union High School student Mollie Weitzman

The amazing thing about this competition is that the competitors are extremely friendly. I made friends with a whole group of girls from another school, and when it would come time for awards, we clapped for each other and supported each other through the nerves.

My favorite thing about poetry, in general, is how much you can learn from it. Not just about love, but about other people, and real-world issues. In my piece specifically, it exposes the reality of young children who come to America from other countries. Bilingual children are trying to get through school and pass the standards, but the teacher isn't allowed to teach them in their own language (Hence the title: Rigged Game). This is something I never knew about before, let alone worried about. Poetry has also taught me about other problems in the world from a personal standpoint, such as the horrors of police brutality, assault, and struggles I didn't even know people had to face. I believe this is what participating in anything should be about: Learning and educating others.

Poetry and this competition has really influenced my life, and I love doing it. It makes me wake up in the morning excited or nervous, waiting for something I don't know the answer to. It's changed my life and the way I think about things. This competition has made me realize that I'm actually really good at something, and it has put this drive to win inside of me that I never knew I had. Poetry has changed my life for good, and I'm not sorry about it.

MOLLIE WEITZMAN, GRADE II
UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Hungry

We speak of poems if they are what girls write in black fishnet tights
Cropped short hair
Thrust full of love-y phrases and symbolic nonsense
They are tossed aside with love letters and old shoes, things children
to learn are silly
Like nursery rhymes

No one cares to tell you that there is a rhythm
There is a song in words attached together
Begging for someone to hear
Whispering for no one to hear

Poems are not simply for romantics
They are for anger and hatred
Police brutality
Racism
Assault
PTSD, Trauma, Disease

They are ridges and crests of words falling from a tongue
Mountains and oceans swimming with laughter and the brush against a cheek
Emotion running through every syllable like a dream you can't hold onto

MOLLIE WEITZMAN, GRADE II

UNION HIGH SCHOOL

John Fox, Jr. Literary Festival

Each year, the Mountain Empire Community College Foundation and Lonesome Pine Arts & Crafts, Inc. sponsor the John Fox, Jr. Literary Festival to encourage aspiring writers to follow in the footsteps of renowned author John Fox, Jr. We are delighted that we had entrants from several participating TOP schools. This year, Flatwoods Elementary School 5th grade student Rylee Lawson was recognized as one of the winners in the middle school category of the Lonesome Pine Poetry Contest. Winners were recognized at the John Fox, Jr. Literary Festival event on March 22, 2017 and at luncheon celebration held at the John Fox, Jr. Museum in Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

Lost and Found

While some might find this dull

My most exciting times are

When I am curled up in a chair

Losing myself in a book

In a book

I can become that princess

With kingdoms at my command

Or soar to other places

Mysteries I solve

Friends I make

No country is too far to explore

All my dreams are achievable

Things I create

Fossils I find

No hole too deep to dig

I believe, I really do

Nothing is impossible

Bright and shiny blue skies

Followed by a dark and starry night

As the unicorn skips across the rainbow

sequins fly through the sky

Magic I perform

Spells I cast

Sights I seek so elegant and bright

So you see

When I lose myself

In a book

I also find myself

RYLEE LAWSON, GRADE 5

FLATWOODS



Three generations of Rylee Lawson's family at the John Fox, Jr. Festival author luncheon honoring festival winners held at the John Fox, Jr. Museum in Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

Quilting

She runs her delicate fingers across the bedsheet
and is reminded of the steady hands
that once guided fabric into the needle's path.
Threads obedient to orderly lines
dictated by long and slender leaders, confident
as the dull, steady rhythm of the pedal beneath
Perforated patchwork into patterns,
Uniting,
mending,
pieces into wholes.

Now, she may not recall those contented days in the sun,
grandchildren conquering the countryside from a wheelbarrow,
exploring the mystery of the wood,
honeysuckle fragrance mingled with roses,
gathering eggs and hearing the chickens' chorus,
the evening breeze on a sunburned face,
of industry and self-sufficiency,

of the crook of her arm striped
by a bag swollen with the garden's harvest,
of love's namesake.

Her memories are fragmented now,
seams divorced and ragged.
A chronology interrupted
by a cruel disease. Her mind, a miscellany.
These excerpts of an abundant life
haphazardly tethered
are all that remains.
Yet as evening descends, there is
still the glory of *her* art,
these cherished, varied patterns
of vibrancy and texture
married into one brilliant tapestry
whose warmth and wisdom will surround me
Until I find her again.

CRYSTAL HURD, TEACHER
ABINGDON HIGH SCHOOL



Dr. Crystal Hurd, 1st place, Adult Poetry (on left) and Rylee Lawson, 3rd place, Middle School Poetry (on right)

BARTER THEATRE





Adriana Trigiani greeting TOP students from Barter stage

Barter Theatre

This year, The Origin Project commenced an exciting collaboration with Barter Theatre in Abingdon, Virginia. The historic Barter hosted our students, faculty, and friends for a conversation with authors Adriana Trigiani and Margot Lee Shetterly about the craft of writing and the latter's celebrated book and film "Hidden Figures." This unforgettable literary and theatrical event is captured on the following pages.



Margot Shetterly and Adriana

We are deeply grateful to our new friends at Barter Theatre for the inspiration and support they have provided to The Origin Project and we anticipate more exciting collaborative endeavours in the years to come.

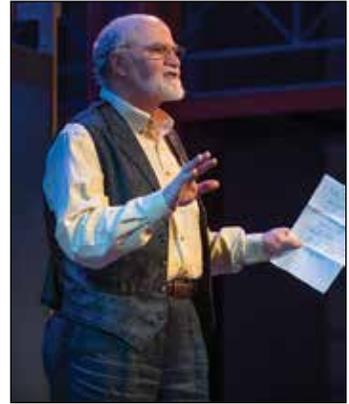
"Thanks for all of your work on this very important project. We are proud and honored to help with shaping the future of Southwest Virginia. I'm humbled to even be a part of this given everyone who is involved. I'm in true awe of the working being done with this project." **Richard Rose, Producing Artistic Director, Barter Theatre**



TOP students at Barter Theatre



Barter Theatre Producing Artistic Director, Richard Rose enter front door of theatre to greet students



Richard Rose, as described by one TOP 4th grader, “. . . that man who always comes up on stage at every [Barter] play to say he is glad we’re there, told us that we’re all authors and we’re probably all gonna write a play for him someday!”

“Barter Theatre is thrilled to be working with the Origin Project. The work that is coming from these young people is authentic and heartfelt. Whether it is hosting Adriana Trigiani and Margot Lee Shetterly to speak about Hidden Figures on our stage, or having Origin Project schools take part in Barter’s Young Playwrights Festival, we feel honored to be a small part of such an incredible project.” **Katy Brown, Associate Artistic Director of Barter Theatre and Artistic Director of The Barter Players**





Reece Cook introducing Adriana and Margot

*Reece Cook's Introductory Speech
Written For Barter Event on
October 11, 2016*

Hello, my name is Reece Cook. I'm in the 5th grade at Flatwoods Elementary and I am 10 years old.

I love The Origin Project because I love to write stories. I get to write and see the process from start to finish. I have learned so much about the area in which I live through The Origin Project.

Ms. Trigiani is a famous author and for me to be writing about my experiences - know that she is reading them is awesome!

I feel honored to have met Adriana Trigiani and to know that she is working closely with our school.

REECE COOK, GRADE 5

*Raven Burgan's Introductory Speech
Written For Barter Event on October 11, 2016*



Raven Burgan reading introduction from TOP journal

Hi, my name is Raven Burgan. I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade at Flatwoods Elementary.

Through the writing process of The Origin Project, I have enjoyed meeting the people who came to our school and talked about their heritage. One presentation that I remember was about making molasses the old-time way. It was very interesting how they used horses and a tractor to create a stir-off.

The Origin Project has meant a lot to me because of the chance I have gotten to work with the famous author, Mrs. Trigiani.

RAVEN BURGAN, GRADE 5



Left to right: Raven Burgan, Reece Cook, Morgan Graham, Ryley Crabtree, and Adriana



Nancy Bolmeier Fisher, Executive Director and co-founder TOP and John Rainero, Vice Chairman Virginia Commission for the Arts



Margot Shetterly, Adriana, Terry Kilgore



Our students were honored to meet state and local representatives at Barter: Congressman Morgan Griffith, Delegates Terry Kilgore and Israel O’Quinn, Tobacco Commissioner Ronnie Montgomery, Powell Valley National Bank CEO Leton Harding, and Barter Artistic Director Richard Rose.



Students from Lee and Abingdon High Schools participated in special classes guided by Megan Atkinson and Ryan Henderson, using unique educational innovations of Barter:

Project REAL’s teaching artists assist educators by utilizing theatre techniques and integrating the student’s life experiences into the curriculum. This process helps provide lasting knowledge through a transformative educational program



*Abingdon High Project REAL with co-teachers:
Dr. Crystal Hurd, Megan Atkinson, Ryan Henderson*

which measurably improves learning and allows students to take responsibility for their own education and shape their communities, now and in the future.

Lee High School teacher Alex Long declared of the Project REAL experience: “Excellent!! Great asset. Students learned that characters and plays need G.O.T.: Goals, obstacles, and tactics.”

“Barter Theatre’s Project REAL (Reinforcing Education through Artistic Learning) places qualified teaching artists in schools to assist teachers in using theatre techniques to convert abstract academic concepts into concrete ones, help students learn through the lens of their own experiences, and discover connections between their lives and the subject matter at hand. Project REAL is not a theatre education program per se. Rather, it applies professional actors’ inherent strengths and skills—creative problem-solving, the ability to connect directly and deeply with another person, the ability to access one’s own thoughts and feelings and then

express them verbally and/or physically—as a way to build student self-awareness, classroom community, school culture and connection to academic subject matter. Because REAL’s focus deals with delving into who the students are and where they come from, the collaboration with The Origin Project came very naturally. Our teaching artists were able to create a hands-on activity using theatre tools to allow some participants of The Origin Project an opportunity to delve into their roots and use that information as a catalyst for their writing. We are excited that these students are given a chance to express themselves and discover more of who they are and where they come from. We are thrilled to keep exploring this collaboration to help our regions’ youth learn through their heritage.” **Megan Atkinson, Director of Education and Director of Project REAL, Barter Theatre**

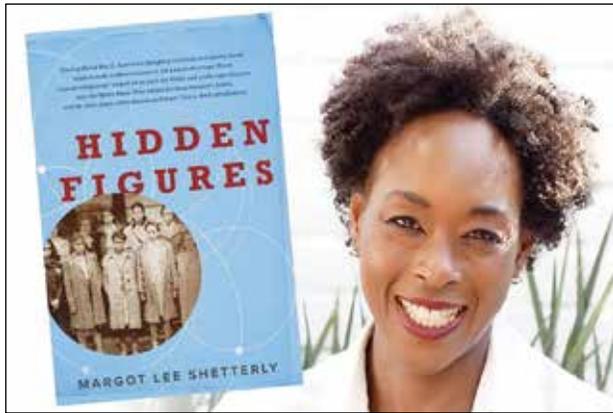
“It was a pleasure to collaborate with the Origin Project. Their desire to cultivate a crop of students who can communicate their ideas and express their thoughts creatively is a worthy one. However, it’s HOW they do this that makes this program indelibly important – through story. The Origin Project allows students to explore and discover the stories of their families and communities to better understand where they come from, who they are, and where they are going.” **Ryan Henderson, Assistant Program Director Barter Theatre’s Project REAL**



*Lee High Project REAL with co-teachers:
Alex Long, Ryan Henderson*

Many photos by Tim Cox Photo/Graphics, Inc.

HIDDEN FIGURES



Hidden Figures

After spending time with Ms. Shetterly at Barter Theatre and hearing her fascinating narrative, our students were excited to do their own research and learn more about the brilliant women depicted in her book. Several students from Union High School have shared the fascinating details they discovered about these “human computers” and the path they forged for NASA and the original space program.

At Barter, our audience viewed a clip of the film adaptation of Ms. Shetterly’s book. (Ms. Shetterly was also an executive producer of the movie.) Later, we were thrilled when this movie was nominated for three 2017 Academy Awards, including Best Picture, Best Supporting Actress (Octavia Spencer), and Best Adapted Screenplay (Allison Schroeder and Theodore Melfi, based on the book by Margot Lee Shetterly). Among the many other accolades for Ms. Shetterly’s film were the Screen Actors Guild Award for outstanding performance by a cast and the Women Film Critics Circle Award for best movie about women.



Margot Shetterly welcoming the TOP student from the Barter stage

Ryley’s Introductory Speech Barter Theatre Event, October 11, 2016

Hi, my name is Ryley Crabtree. I’m nine years old and in the 4th grade at Flatwoods Elementary. I was really excited to work on my blog for the Origin Project. I’m looking forward to working with Adriana and all of the neat stories we will write about.

I am pleased to help introduce - Margot Shetterly. I think this is a brilliant idea for Ms. Shetterly to write about these women who helped build the rocketships.

**RYLEY CRABTREE, GRADE 4
FLATWOODS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL**



Ryley Crabtree introducing Margot at the Barter event



Morgan Graham speaking from the Barter stage

Morgan's Introductory Speech
Barter Theatre TOP Event, October 11, 2016

Hello, my name is Morgan Graham. I am a 4th grade student of Flatwoods Elementary. My journal that I received from Adriana and Nancy for The Origin Project is very special to me. It is unique because of the soft texture and the neat smell. I look forward to writing in this journal.

Now, I would like to help introduce Margot Lee Shetterly. She is a native of Virginia. She wrote about three African-American women who worked for NASA and America's victory over the Soviet Union in the space race.

MORGAN GRAHAM, GRADE 4
FLATWOODS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Introductory Welcome
Barter Theatre TOP Event, October 11, 2016

Maya Angelou wrote, "You may encounter many defeats, but you must not be defeated. In fact, it may be necessary to encounter the defeats, so you can know who you are, what you can rise from, how you can still come out of it."

Margot Lee Shetterly's book and upcoming movie, *Hidden Figures*, tells of the defeats and victories of the African American physicist, space scientist, and mathematician who were instrumental in the Apollo 11 flight to the moon. These women led NASA's space race, as well as the feminist and civil rights movement.

We are pleased to introduce to you Ms. Margot Lee Shetterly, a fellow Virginian, to speak to us today about the lives of her characters and her own struggles to bring to light the courage of those women who eventually became known as "human computers."

Please join us in welcoming Ms. Margot Lee Shetterly.



Union High School students Rylie Spears and Montana BarTEE introducing Margot and Adri at Barter

RYLIE SPEARS
MONTANNA BARTEE
UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Reflection

Several events came together to precipitate the research papers that are included in this section. During the first semester, our students visited Barter Theater in Abingdon for an author

visit with Adriana Trigiani and Margot Lee Shetterly. Two of our students, Rylie Spears and Montana Bartee, were proud to make an introduction for the event. In January, my 11th grade classes were able to take a trip together to watch *Hidden Figures*. They had already completed their research on the background to the movie (the characters, NASA, individual missions, etc.), so watching the movie brought all their hard work to life. I actually had a student say, “That line in the movie was already quoted in my paper, Mrs. Blanken!” The four research papers included were chosen because these girls wrote about one of topics Ms. Shetterly emphasized in her book and movie. All of my students wrote outstanding papers, and I wish I could have included them all. Thank you to Margot Lee Shetterly for bringing the lives of these women to attention!

KIM BLANKEN, ENGLISH TEACHER
UNION HIGH SCHOOL

The Brilliant Katherine Johnson

February 1, 2017

Katherine Goble Johnson was born on August 26, 1918 in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Her parents, Joshua Coleman and Joylette Coleman, were oblivious to how brilliant she would be someday. Katherine once said that, “Math has given her joy for as long as she can remember” (thehumancomputerproject.com). She was outstanding with NASA and had many great achievements there. She is respected by many for her mind and the impact she made on science and mathematics. Writer Margot Lee Shetterly is one of those people; she wrote a novel titled *Hidden Figures* about Katherine and the other women working at NASA with her. Her novel has been praised by many and has recently been created into a movie. The story of her life proves that Katherine was no ordinary woman; she was hardworking, brilliant, and outstanding in all that she did (thehumancomputerproject.com).

Joylette Coleman, Katherine’s mother, was very influential when it came to learning. She was a school teacher, which was why she “valued the importance of education” (thehumancomputerproject.com). She learned the values of hard work from her father, Joshua Coleman, who was both a blacksmith and a farmer. Katherine’s attitude toward work was influenced by her parents, and they were an integral part in her younger life in education until her knowledge surpassed theirs. Katherine’s “love for mathematics helped her excel in school” (Smither). After Katherine had acquired most of the knowledge she needed from



Union High School student researchers

her parents at the time, she joined the graduate program at West Virginia University. Katherine, along with two other black students, were the first to be accepted to the all-white university. She left the graduate school a year later to get married and start her own family (*thehumancomputerproject.com*).

To support her family, Katherine Johnson taught mathematics, French, and music in a public school located in Virginia. She taught there until 1952 when a family member noticed a job opening at the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics Langley Aeronautical Laboratory (*thehumancomputerproject.com*). The job was specifically available for black women with math degrees. Katherine then packed her bags and moved her family to Newport News, Virginia. From then on, she would work with engineers on flight, airplanes, and space. One could easily tell by observing her that, “The sky was not the limit for Katherine Johnson” (*thehumancomputerproject.com*).

Many people did not realize how independent and brilliant Katherine was at this time. “She transitioned from a teaching career to a coveted research mathematician position, at the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA, 1915–1958), the predecessor to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA, 1958–)” (Smither). Also, through all of her transitioning of jobs, she was still being a mother of three and a loving wife. Katherine’s most important job to people all around the world was NASA (Smither).

“I counted everything. I counted the steps to the road, the steps up to church, the number of dishes and silverware I washed . . . anything that could be counted, I did” (“Lifetime”). She always loved math and she knew that it would make an influence on her life. She did not know that someday she would be working at NASA, changing the world of science and mathematics forever. Katherine began doing research with NACA in 1953, and her working improved every day. She asked the other workers and engineer’s questions as she worked, so she could know how everything worked and how it was fixed. It was uncommon for the women workers at NACA to ask questions about anything, so when Katherine started asking about different problems they began to notice her more. One day, she decided to ask if she could go to the briefings, and she was told that women never attended the meetings. She then asked if they had a law against it. The answer was no, and so she began attending the briefings (“Lifetime”). Over time, Katherine became the leader of the once male-ran group. They got to a point where they relied on her mind and thoughts (“Lifetime”).

Johnson not only made a big step for women, but she helped calculate the trajectory for the first big step on the moon. In 1961, she worked with the team for Alan Shepherd’s Mission which was the first space trip and an early step toward a moon landing (“Lifetime”). She also did calculations for the first actual moon landing in 1969 (“Lifetime”). Overtime, she received many awards for her great work with NACA and NASA. Katherine was awarded the NASA Lunar Orbiter Award and three NASA Special Achievement Awards. She was awarded an honorary Doctor of Law degree from the State University of New York and honorary

Doctor of Science degrees from Capitol College in Maryland and Old Dominion University in Virginia (“Lifetime”).

People will always say to, “do what you love, and love what you do” (“Lifetime”). This was something Katherine Johnson believed and fulfilled throughout her lifetime. She always found areas she enjoyed in her jobs. She was very hardworking, independent, and caring of others. Katherine was faced with difficulties in life because a colored woman working in NASA was not a normal trend. Other women did work in NASA, but it was different for those women. They were treated differently and lacked the working opportunities that the males would receive. Katherine Johnson took a stand every woman should be so bold to take. She asked questions and did more than any other woman had at NASA had ever done before. The women had their own tasks that were different from the males, but Katherine joined them and soon became the leader. Katherine’s journey at NASA showed women everywhere that they could all be strong and work just as hard as any man. The men at NASA were truly amazed at Katherine’s thoughts and hard work when they began working with her. After Johnson, many women have begun working at NASA and other companies that previously did not treat women fairly, and now they are being treated as they should have been from the beginning (“Lifetime”).

To this day, Katherine is being rewarded for all that she did at NASA and for women all around the world. President Barack Obama awarded Katherine with the Presidential Medal of Freedom on November 24, 2015 (Smither). From “being handpicked to be one of three black students to integrate West Virginia’s graduate schools” (Shetterly) to her achievements at NASA, Katherine Johnson was always amazing the people around her. She retired in 1986 leaving behind her job at NASA that she loved dearly. She once said, “I loved going to work every single day”(Shetterly). Katherine Johnson is a role model to many people of different sexes, races, and nationalities. She made a difference in not only her life, but in many other’s lives. She will forever be known as an extraordinary woman.

Works Cited

- “Katherine Johnson: A Lifetime of STEM.” www.nasa.gov. 2013. Edited by: Flint Wild.
<http://www.nasa.gov/audience/foreducators/a-lifetime-of-stem.html>. 19 January 2017.
- “Katherine Johnson.” thehumancomputerproject.com.
<http://thehumancomputerproject.com/women/katherine-johnson>. 23 January 2017.
- Shetterly, Margot Lee. “Katherine Johnson Biography.” www.nasa.gov.
<https://www.nasa.gov/content/katherine-johnson-biography>. 19 January 2017.
- Smither, William. “Johnson, Katherine Goble (1918-)” www.blackpast.org.
<http://www.blackpast.org/aah/johnson-katherine-g-1918>. 23 January 2017.

EM POFF, GRADE II ADVANCED ENGLISH
UNION HIGH SCHOOL



The Superior Women of NASA

Hidden Figures is a novel by Margot Lee Shetterly that portrays the story of the encouraging and brave women who changed the space program forever. These women, also known as the “Human Computers,” went against all odds and worked as aeronautical mathematicians and engineers at NASA’s Langley Research Center in Virginia. They broke down gender and racial barriers and

raised the standards of African American women forever. “Though rarely seen in the famous photos of NASA’s mission control, these early human computers contributed immeasurably to the success of the United States’ space program” (Holland). These humble women have shaped the space program into the successful program it is today. “It was the careful and precise hand-made calculations of these women that sent Voyager to explore the solar system, wrote the C and C++ programs that launched the first Mars rover and helped the U.S. put a man on the moon” (Holland). One important role model for this program was the great Katherine Johnson.

Katherine Johnson grew up in the town of White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. “Being handpicked to be one of the three black students to integrate West Virginia’s graduate schools is something that many people would consider one of their life’s most notable moments, but it’s just one of the several breakthroughs that have marked Katherine Johnson’s long and remarkable life” (Shetterly). She had a brilliant mind that worked wonders, especially when it came to numbers. Her advanced intelligence led to her skipping several grades; she was only thirteen and attending high school that was located on the campus of West Virginia State College. Then, when she reached the age of eighteen, she enrolled into the college where she quickly earned her place with the school’s math program. In 1937, Johnson graduated with the highest honors and began teaching at a black public school in the state of Virginia (Shetterly).

Two years later, Katherine was selected to be one of the first black students to be offered a spot at the state’s flagship school, West Virginia University. She quit her short-term teaching job and enrolled in the graduate math program. She took a couple of years off to start a family with her husband, James Francis Goble, but eventually returned to teaching until she was informed of the open positions at the all-black West Area Computing section at NACA’s Langley laboratory. Katherine and her husband decided to move to Newport News so she would be able to pursue this job, and she began working in 1953 (Shetterly).

Two weeks after she started the job, Dorothy Vaughan assigned her to a project in the Maneuver Loads Branch of the Flight Research Division. This changed her occupation from

a temporary position to a permanent job. For the following four years, she analyzed very complicated data from many flight test and worked diligently investigating a plane crash. As this work came to an end, her husband tragically became ill and died of cancer in December of 1956. Although she went through this tragic loss, she continued working hard and became even more successful. “The 1957 launch of the Soviet Satellite Sputnik changed history-and Katherine Johnson’s life. In 1957, Katherine provided some of the important math and data for the 1958 document Notes on Space Technology, a compendium of a series of 1958 lectures given by engineers in the Flight Research Division and the Pilotless Aircraft Research Division (PARAD)” (Shetterly). Engineers from these two groups were the core of the Space Task Group. She also did the complex trajectory analysis for the Freedom 7 mission with Alan Shepard, which was America’s first spaceflight with a human. In 1960, Katherine coauthored *Determination of Azimuth Angle at Burnout for Placing a Satellite Over a Selected Earth Position*, which was the first time a woman had ever been given credit as the author of a report. In 1962, NASA was preparing for the orbital mission of John Green. This mission was going to be extremely complex and the IBM machines were prone to making mistakes. Glenn requested that Johnson self-check the calculations and approve them before the launch. He trusted in her math skills and would only listen to her. Glenn even stated, “Go get the girl-if she says they are good then I’m ready to go” (Shetterly). His flight was successful with only minor setbacks and Mrs. Johnson had a whole new level of respect from her fellow workers. With her help NASA made a major turning point in the race to space with Russia (Shetterly).

Katherine had numerous accomplishments throughout her life, from teaching to working with the human computers. She battled her way through so many struggles and went against every odd that was in her way. Even in 2015 President Barack Obama presented Katherine with the nation’s highest civilian honor. “And in 2016, (Katherine) had a NASA building named after her, called the Katherine G. Johnson Computational Research Facility at the Langley Research Center in Hampton, Virginia. Ironically, it’s the same building where she was originally considered “too black” and “too female” to work in, was named in her honor” (Wood.) The majority of the men she worked with doubted her because of her female gender and race. She broke so many barriers and is one of the most incredible role models for young, impressionable girls and especially children of color (Wood).

Her love for numbers took her far beyond what she could have ever imagined possible for just a small town girl from West Virginia. “By the time she retired in 1986, her computations influenced every major space program from Mercury through the Shuttle” (Wood.) Even up to this day, Johnson’s accomplishments are still being used in the space program. Although Mrs. Johnson was successful, she remained humble throughout it all and never thought any less of herself because of her gender or race. “I didn’t have time for that, my dad taught us ‘you are as good as anybody in this town, but you’re no better.’ I don’t have a feeling of inferiority. Never had. I’m as good as anybody, but no better.” (Wood.)

Works Cited

- Deiss, Heather S. "Katherine Johnson: A Lifetime of STEM" *NASA. Gov.* 2016.
<https://www.nasa.gov/audience/foreducators/a-lifetime-of-stem.html> 27 January 2017.
- Holland, Brunn. "Human Computers: The Women of NASA." *History. Com.* 2016.
<http://www.history.com/news/human-computers-women-at-nasa> 27 January 2017.
- Shetterly, Lee Margot. "Katherine Johnson Biography" *NASA. Gov.* 2016.
<https://www.nasa.gov/content/katherine-johnson-biography> 27 January 2017.
- Wood, Angela. "Math Majors on the Move" *Spelman.edu.* 2016.
<http://www.spelman.edu/academics/majors-and-programs/mathematics/math-majors-on-the-move/hidden-figures/2016/11/22/hidden-figure-katherine-johnson> 27 January 2017.

BROOKE BARKER, GRADE II
UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Dorothy Vaughan: "Human Computer"

In the early 1940's, the center that is now known as NASA'S Langley Research Center in Virginia would forever be changed. The "Human Computers" who were mainly women, some of them African American, changed history using their intelligence and drive. "It was careful and precise hand-made calculations of these women that sent Voyager to explore the solar system, wrote the C and the C++ programs that launched the first Mars rover and helped the U.S. put a man on the moon" (Holland). It all began in 1943, when Dorothy Vaughan, one of the first African American women employed by NASA, joined the "Human Computers." Mary Jackson was also a contributor to the "computers in skirts" and joined that same year. In addition, Katherine Johnson was just as important in the space program and joined in 1953. These women joined as a team, worked together to break boundaries that separated them, and achieved what most women hope for (Holland).

Dorothy Johnson Vaughan was born on September 20, 1910 in Kansas City, Missouri. Her parents were Leonard and Anne Johnson and when Vaughan was seven, her family moved to Morgantown, West Virginia. "Dorothy graduated from Beechurst High School in 1925 and four year later, she received a Bachelor of Science degree from Wilberforce University in Ohio" (*Biography.com* Editors). Furthermore, Dorothy Johnson married Howard Vaughan in 1932 and they had four children. For the next eleven years, Vaughan split her time between being a homemaker and a mathematics teacher at Robert Russa Moton High School in Farmville, Virginia (*Biography*). In 1943, the family



Margot Shetterly and Grace Bradshaw

moved to Newport News, Virginia, where she noticed a sign on bulletin board about a laundry job at Camp Pickett, but there was also another sign that suited her interests more – mathematics. “A federal agency in Hampton, Virginia, sought women to fill a number of mathematical jobs having to do with airplanes” (Shetterly). At Wilberforce University, Dorothy earned “splendid grades” and she stood at the top of what most African American women could hope to achieve, but the bulletin seemed as if the job was made for only the whites, who had been educated at the all-female college in Farmville (Shetterly). Little did Dorothy know, though, that she would be among the first group of African American women to be hired as mathematicians and scientists at NACA (Shetterly).

Meanwhile that spring, Dorothy Vaughan filled out two job applications: one for the laundry job at Camp Pickett and the other for the job at the federal agency in Hampton, Virginia. “Within two years, after President Roosevelt signed the Executive Order 8802 into law, prohibiting racial, religious, and ethnic discrimination in the country’s defense industry, the Laboratory began hiring black women to meet the skyrocketing demand for processing aeronautical research data” (Shetterly). In that same year, Vaughan was accepted for the job at Langley Memorial Aeronautical Laboratory and left her job as a math teacher to pursue what she thought would only be a temporary war job (Shetterly). During the height of World War II, though, segregation was at its highest and so were Jim Crow Laws. Even though an Executive Order was signed, the African American women who were computers at Langley were segregated from the white women and assigned to the “West Area Computing” unit, where they had to use separate bathroom facilities and were separated while eating (Shetterly).

While working at the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, Dorothy Vaughan succeeded exceptionally. In 1949, she became the first African American supervisor when she was promoted to manager of the West Area Computing unit. “The title gave her rare visibility and she collaborated with other well-known computer operators on various projects. She also became a dedicated advocate for female employees who deserved promotions or raises, often supporting white women as well” (*Biography.com* editors). In 1961, Vaughan joined the Analysis and Computation Division when NACA abolished the segregated environment. There she worked with computer engineers, all the while becoming an expert in the FORTRAN programming language at NASA that she taught herself and made sure that her coworkers were prepared for the transition. Also, Dorothy played a key role in the SCOUT (Solid Controlled Orbital Utility Test) Launch Vehicle Program that was one of the nation’s most successful and reliable launch vehicles that shot satellites into space (Shetterly). Dorothy Vaughan was very important to the space program as well as many other African American females, but those who speak of the space program’s accomplishments and the “human computers” rarely mention the name Dorothy Vaughan. However, it is said that engineers asked for her recommendations for the best “computers” for a particular project, and for challenging assignments they often requested that she personally handle the work (Shetterly).

The end of her career came when Dorothy Vaughan retired from NASA in 1971, at the age of 60. She sought another management position, but unfortunately never received one. “During the final decade of her career, Vaughan worked closely with fellow NASA mathematicians Katherine G. Johnson and Mary Jackson on the launch of astronaut John Glenn into orbit, which brought confidence back to America’s space program” (Shetterly). It is said that her legacy lives on with the successful careers of the West Computing alumni, including Katherine Johnson and Mary Jackson, with whom she worked closely (Shetterly). Dorothy Vaughan sadly passed away on November 10, 2008, but her remarkable work at NASA will forever be remembered and cherished (Shetterly).

It is clear, that the “Human Computers” were essential in the space program’s accomplishments. Without these remarkable women, NASA would not be what it is today. They are so important that their legacy is living on through a new movie called *Hidden Figures* that recently premiered all over the world. One of the first African American “Human Computers”, Dorothy Vaughan, pushed through the limitations of segregation and proved herself to be supervisor-worthy despite the color of her skin. The “Human Computers” have shown that there are no limitations to what females can do, even if there are some people trying to stop them. In the end, Dorothy Vaughan and the intelligent women with whom she worked will forever be remembered, and their work will always be invaluable to the U.S. space program.

Works Cited

- Biography.com Editors. “Dorothy Johnson Vaughan Biography.” *Biography.com*. 2016.
<http://www.biography.com/people/dorothy-johnson-vaughan-111416>. 31 January 2017.
- Holland, Brunn. “Human Computers: The Women of NASA.” *History.com*. 2016.
<http://www.history.com/news/human-computers-women-at-nasa>. 19 January 2017.
- Shetterly, Margot Lee. “Dorothy Vaughan Biography.” *NASA.gov*. 2016.
<http://www.nasa.gov/content/dorothy-vaughan-biography>. 19 January 2017.
- Shetterly, Margot Lee. “Hidden Figures.” *Nymag.com*. 2016.
<http://nymag.com/thecut/2016/08/dorothy-vaughan-space-race-c-v-r.html>. 23 January 2017.

CAMI AUSTIN, GRADE 12
UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Changing the Field – Equation by Equation

There was a time when no one knew the name Katherine Johnson. Her story had not been made public until recently. Can you imagine working so hard your entire life and only gaining full recognition sixty-three years later? Katherine Johnson can. She is the type of woman who worked for what she wanted, no matter what obstacles she had to overcome. Nothing stopped her. Katherine Johnson changed everything about the way women were treated at

their workplace. She grew up in a time where girls were supposed to become teachers, nurses, moms – certainly not scientists or engineers. In present day America, women are taught that they can be whoever they want – even president. However, Katherine wasn't just a woman, she was African-American, which forced a whole new set of stigmas and discrimination onto her. Today, we cannot imagine the barriers she surpassed and the criticism she faced. Johnson was working for NASA during the Jim Crow Era, when segregation was socially acceptable; "There was no bathroom for blacks in the building where Johnson worked, so she had to trek half a mile across the NASA campus. The men she worked with didn't even want her drinking from their coffee pot, instead designating a 'colored' one for her." (Davis). This is something she had to deal with every day – at work, with friends, and out in public.

Johnson did not let the discrimination stop her in her tracks. She introduced vast amounts of information to science and space exploration, along with her own discoveries. Her competency was something most people around her could not even compare to – even at NASA. Despite her intelligence, she never acted as if she was superior. Mrs. Johnson knew how to treat people well and to be kind.

Johnson did not just go through the motions of her job. She pressed for more information in correlation to both her department and the prejudice she faced. "She didn't want to just do the work – she wanted to know the 'hows' and the 'whys' and then the 'why not's.' None of the other women had ever asked questions before, but by asking questions, Johnson began to stand out. She was told that women did not participate in the briefings or attend meetings; she asked if there was a law against it. The answer, of course, was no, and so Johnson began to attend briefings" (Deiss). Throughout her career, Katherine challenged what men said she should be doing. She changed the whole department just by standing for everything in which she believed. The more she gained acceptance from her co-workers, the more she worked hands-on and became a leader. She pushed herself to the top. It was through her calculations that America had its very first moon landing. "NASA would not be what it is if not for you, Mrs. Johnson" (Deiss).

Johnson was a huge inspiration to everyone who knew her, and still is today. She inspires young scientists, engineers, and mathematicians of all races and genders. "We are fortunate that when faced with adversity of racial and gender barriers, she found the courage to say 'tell them I'm coming.' We are also fortunate that Katherine has chosen to take a leading role in encouraging young people to pursue education in STEM" (Madill). Katherine is still working to inspire young people by speaking to them and serving on many panels. Countless students have told her that they decided to go into a STEM career after listening to her speak. Katherine still contacts NASA employees, urging them to encourage young students to think about going into STEM fields (Madill).

Students are not the only people Johnson inspired. In fact, it all began with someone a little closer to home – her daughter. The youngest of the three girls is Katherine Moore. While growing up, Moore says she did not know how much impact her mom had in the space

program until her freshman year, “I knew my mother worked at NASA. Growing up we knew she was smart” (Davis). It just was not a big deal. Johnson always told her daughters that she was “just doing her job.” Johnson’s family was her biggest support system and craziest fans. Despite all the craziness, to Moore, Katherine Johnson was just Mom (Davis).

Thankfully, all of Johnson’s work is no without recognition today. She has received many prestigious awards, some of which include the NASA Lunar Orbiter Award, three NASA Special Achievement Awards, and was presented with the Presidential Medal of Freedom by President Obama in November 2015. She has also been named Mathematician of the Year (1977) by the National Technical Association. It is empowering for so many women and people of color to see her being acknowledged in headlines after so many years. (Deiss).

Alongside the awards, Margot Lee Shetterly wrote a book about Katherine’s life, which has recently debuted as a movie that has topped the box office for two weeks straight. Katherine Moore has spoken about her mother’s representation in the movie, “I mean, I’ve seen it about four times now and I cry every time” (Davis). Moore describes the film to be very accurate. The film is powerful and inspiring, and finally Katherine Johnson is getting the love and recognition she deserves. Moore goes on to say, “It’s not about Mama so much as it’s about women. It’s about the gender gap and how they overcame during those horrible years” (Davis). Diverse audiences have been lining up at box offices to see the film. “*Hidden Figures* puts three brilliant female African-American mathematicians front and center in this movie as well as back on the history pages – where they belong” (Templeton).

The good thing about the movie is the awareness it has precipitated. Not only is Katherine’s life being exposed, but also the discrimination and lack of representation of African-Americans and women. Mona Gillis Edwards is encouraging others to see *Hidden Figures* and has found many connections to it in her daily life, “I think it’s important for all of us – especially for African American children – to know history and to know the accomplishments of other African Americans” (Davis). This film encourages people of color to work harder and to stand their ground when others tell them ‘no’ (Davis).

It is obvious that there is a lack of representation for both African Americans and women throughout history. One sees it in math, science, and engineering. “When most people think of famous scientists or astronauts or anyone in the tech industry, they think of Caucasian men. Not to discount the valuable contributions that men have made, but where are the women of color in our history books?” (Templeton). Most people do not even know African American women worked at NASA back then, but it is so crucial that young people have a diverse range of role models in our country. It is hard for young boys and girls to have role models in a field where no one looks like them. These diverse role models have been there in the past (Grace Hopper, Ada Lovelace), but their names have been silently blurred or hushed (Templeton).

Katherine Johnson has been changing the game and writing her own rules from 1953 to 2017 without anyone knowing about it. She has taught America many lessons and broken more barriers than will ever truly be known. Johnson completely changed the job industry, as

well as the way women are treated. She has gained respect from so many people. Despite the discrimination and distaste, she proved everyone she knew wrong, and we thank her greatly for it.

Works Cited

Davis, Jonnelle. "Daughter of NASA 'Hidden Figures' mathematician talks about mom." *The Times News*. 2017.

<http://www.thetimesnews.com/news/20170122/daughter-of-nasa-hidden-figures-mathematician-talks-about-mom>. 24 January 2017.

Deiss, Heather S. "Katherine Johnson: A Lifetime of STEM." NASA. 2016.

<https://www.nasa.gov/audience/foreducators/a-lifetime-of-stem.html>. 20 January 2017.

Madill, Vinita Marwaha. "KATHERINE JOHNSON RECIEVES PRESIDENTAL MEDAL OF FREEDOM AT 97." *Rocket Women*. 2015.

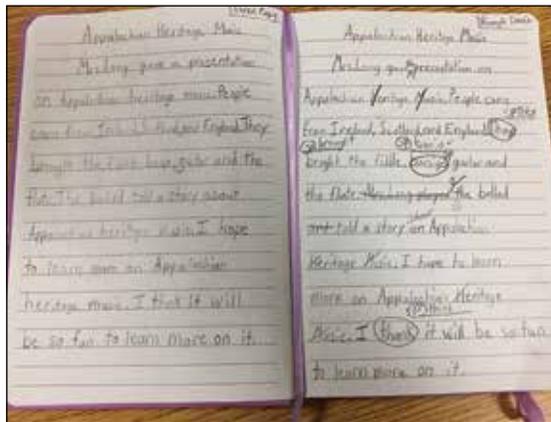
<http://rocket-women.com/tag/katherine-johnson/>. 23 January 2017.

Templeton, Selena. "Katherine Johnson, a Hidden Figure, a Woman in Technology." *ITSP Magazine*. 2017.

<https://itspmagazine.com/from-the-newsroom/katherine-johnson-a-hidden-a-figure-woman-in-technology>. 25 January 2017.

MOLLIE WEITZMAN, ADVANCED ENGLISH II
UNION HIGH SCHOOL

BEFORE AND AFTER





Co-teacher Sheila Shuler and FES guests discuss the implementation of inclusion in the 4th and 5th grade English classes which consist of students at a variety of ability levels. Student needs are met in a co-teaching environment. Seated left to right are Shashi Gupta, Margaret Gupta, Karen Kuranz, Mary Lynn Tate, and Sheila Shuler.

Before and After

Our teachers have selected examples of how students' works evolve. The iterative process of creating an idea, drafting, revising, and editing is the key to successful writing. The Virginia Standard of Learning guidelines stress, "Revision is also a vital part of the writing process. After drafting, students should revise and edit their drafts. Teachers should provide many opportunities for students to peer and self edit their writing."

Below are teacher's reflections on the writing process followed by before & after examples of student writing. The selections illustrate the impact of The Origin Project on the quality and application of skills learned.

Reflection

In working with students over the past few years, I have found that one very important component to improving student writing is conducting regular individual writing conferences. During these sessions, the student and I look over the written passage together. As the student reads the passage to me, I use the questioning strategy by asking "Who," "What," "When," "Where," and "Why" questions to encourage the student to think more about different details that could be added to make their writing more interesting. The Origin Project has been a wonderful opportunity for students to take their work to the next level. Adriani Trigiani has been an inspiration to these students as well. She has taken the time to travel to our school to visit the students, listen to their stories, and skype with them. The growth observed in these students' written expression is quite remarkable. Knowing that their writing will be published has added a new level of excitement in writing.

SHEILA SHULER, TEACHER
FLATWOODS ELEMENTARY

The Important Thing

The important thing about me is that I am me. I care about my friends and family. I think of others. People are nice. I like school. I am helpful because I am nice. The most important thing about me is that I am me.

MATTHEW BALDWIN, GRADE 4
BEFORE (FIRST SEMESTER - 2015)

The Perfect Day

My brothers and I get up in the morning and go to school. We go to the lunchroom to eat breakfast. As I look at the food, I see Honey Nut Cheerios. I like that kind. This is so good and I know this will be a perfect day.

We went to math class and took a test. On the math test there was 20 questions. On math I missed two. I made 90 on it.

At 2:00pm we get to go to PE. We get to play dodge ball and have fun. It is my favorite thing to do in gym. We leave at 2:30pm. After PE, we get to eat in the room. While we eat, we get to watch a movie.

After school, I go to the park and I play basketball with Josh. I like to run around the park for exercise. This is my most perfect day ever.

MATTHEW BALDWIN, GRADE 5
AFTER (FIRST SEMESTER - 2016)

The Important Thing

I am good at math. I can do times, dividing, adding, and, subtracting. It's really fun! I have a little problem with math but not as much. The important thing about me is that I am me and I care about others.

SIERRA WOODARD, GRADE 4
BEFORE (FIRST SEMESTER - 2015)

The Perfect Day

I wake up and eat pancakes, toast with grape jelly, and fruit punch. Then I get dressed and put on a nice, new, white, spotted blue dress. That is how I would start my perfect day. Early that morning I would meet up with friends. My mom would take us to the park. Then we would play tag and hide-and-seek.

Next we go to the water park and three hours later we eat at Pizza Hut. We eat pizza then we get ready to leave to go home. But before we go home we play football. We didn't score so no one would be sad if one team lost. We played just for fun and we all enjoyed the game. Now it was time to say goodbye and go home. That would be the most perfect day of my life.

SIERRA WOODARD, GRADE 5
AFTER (FIRST SEMESTER - 2016)



Dr. Crystal Hurd and Abingdon High student holding a writing conference

Reflection

Ben, like many other students, enjoyed learning about local and cultural experiences. Students practiced writing essays and responses throughout the year, but having a published piece was a substantial goal for our class. Ben and his classmates worked hard to improve writing and grammar skills over the last few months. The incentive of The Origin Project publication was crucial in setting and achieving a standard of compositional excellence in my classroom.

DR. CRYSTAL HURD, TEACHER
ABINGDON HIGH SCHOOL

Attitude

There have been those who claim that a positive attitude is the best way to success. I would like to disagree with that statement. Honestly, it does not matter the attitude one has, be it negative, positive, or neutral. What does matter, however is one's determination to succeed and one's capability to do so.

Having a positive attitude can certainly help in some situations, such as making light of a problem. However, one would not succeed any more with a positive attitude. There are advantages and disadvantages to every attitude. For example, having a neutral attitude, one could be more vulnerable to impression but would not be effected by most biased opinions. A negative attitude is a bit tricky. Sure there are positive sides like expecting the worst but hoping for the best or looking at the world with a calculating eye, but it does not matter.

Success only has two factors, determination, and capability. If one is capable and determined success is unavoidable. Though have different attitudes will help in different situations overall, they alone will not help one succeed.

BEN ANDERSON, GRADE 10
ABINGDON HIGH SCHOOL
BEFORE (FIRST SEMESTER-2016)

Emerson

“Unless you try to do something beyond what you have already mastered, you will never grow.” This is a quote written by the author Ralph Waldo Emerson. Like many other things similar to this, there are two opinions: agreement or disagreement. I, personally, lean more toward agreement and with good reason; it’s fairly obvious that if people don’t try new things then neither their skill nor experience will grow. Unless there is someone who has mastered everything, there is always something new to discover and learn. There are many reasons why this quote is brilliant and inspirational.

The first reason I agree with Emerson is his point that if someone doesn’t try new things, their general skill will not improve. Generally, trying new things broadens views on different aspects, and in most cases, improves skills in one or more departments. Not only this but someone could just as easily learn something new or improve skillwise in the field they thought they had mastered. Though, this is not the only thing that has potential to improve, I thought it was more prominent.

Similar to the first reason, experience will cease to grow if a person only does one thing. Experience is acquired through trying new things so if someone never strays from what they’re good at, they will never gain those experiences and the knowledge just waiting to be acquired. New experiences allow us to stretch and grow.

Lastly, unless there is a person out there who has mastered every single thing there is to be mastered, then there is always something new just waiting to be found, picked up, played with, experimented with, or examined. It’s important to move out of one’s comfort zone. There are so many things out there waiting to be explored. The idea of trying new things is tempting so me and so many others who want to explore all possibilities.

In conclusion, branching out and trying new things outside of any person’s comfort zone is a natural part of living and helps expand the mind. I feel this point is still arguable but I firmly agree with Emerson’s quote. If more people would attempt to go outside their comfort zone, the impact of new experiences and knowledge would greatly improve our world.

BEN ANDERSON, GRADE 10
ABINGDON HIGH SCHOOL
AFTER (SECOND SEMESTER-2017)

IN GRATITUDE



We wish to express our deepest gratitude to the following individuals for donating their time, talent and treasure in furthering the mission of The Origin Project as we present this year's anthology. Every student receives a copy for his or her home library. All school libraries and public libraries will have a copy available for students and the public to enjoy.

Margot Lee Shetterly

Kate Schafer

Harper Collins Publishers

Grace Bradshaw

Dr. Amy Clark

Linda Woodward

Hope Cloud

Bryan Crutchfield

Dr. Crystal Hurd

Jimmy King

Lacie Holmes

Matt Stanley

Kim Blanken

Dan Roop

Mike Goforth

Greg Mullins

Dave Stallard

Jennifer Burke

Amy Slagle

Karen Watkins

Deidre Church

Paul Clendenon

Dr. Renia Clark

Sheila Shuler

Gigi Long

Gretta Carroll

Jason Cave

Holly Bailey

Kim Goforth

Sheila Sizemore

Jennifer Spears

Gina Wohlford

Scott Addison

Brad Hart

Cheryl Duncan

Lisa Bolling

Michelle Warner

Alex Long

Brandi McAfee

Hannah Drinkall

Aaron Davis

Doretha Cole

Tim Cox & Angel Cox

Tim Cox Photo/Graphics, Inc.

Wendy and Dario Marquez

The Marquez Foundation

Margaret and Shashi Gupta

Carmen Baumann

Denise File

Apex CoVantage

Emily McQuate, Bookmasters

Megan Atkinson

Katy Brown

Catherine Bush

Barrett Guyton

Ryan Henderson

Richard Rose

Donna Lock

Powell Valley News

Ryan and Jan Fisher

The Stephenson Family

Matthew Dysart



We are deeply grateful to Linda Woodward for her dedication to the students of The Origin Project and for her invaluable contribution in making this book possible.

INDEX



ABINGDON HIGH SCHOOL

Adams, Jared 6
Anderson, Ben 421
Albro, Andrew 6
Austin, Delaney 7
Bundy, Madelyn 382
Bush, Joseph 8
Canada, Sean 8
Cannon, Brianna 9
Casem, Patrick 9
Creasy, Connor 10
Dove, Jordan 11
Dumler, Aidan 11
Fleenor, Sara 12
Fletcher, Brittney 12
Frazier, Annie 382
Frazier, Maggie 382
Garrett, Katlyne 13
Green, George 13
Hargroves, Carly 14
Hine, Max 14
Holley, Kaitlyn 16
Hurd, Dr. Crystal 395, 420
Hutchins, Haili 16
Jessee, Joseph 17
Jackson, Haley 18
Kiser, Clay 18
Lacombe, Nathan 18

Lambert, Lauren 19
Le, Lanney 21
Mader, Haylee 21
Mason, Cameron 21
Mccoy, Isis 22
Moore, Savannah 23
Mullins, Kat 23
Nairn, Kirk 23
Parris, Kerrington 24
Reyes, Daniela 24
Singleton, Aiesha 25
Smith, India 26
Stephens, Joseph 27
Watson, Qadira 27
Wise, Ryan 28
Wyatt, Megan 28
Zhara, Angel 30

APPALACHIA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Adams, Khristiyana, 32
Barnett, Skye 32
Bentley, Andy 33
Blair, Joe 33
Calhoun, Charlee 34
Casey, Diana 34
Church, Andrew 35
Cline, Andrew 35

Garrett, Logan 36
Gilliam, Shyla 36
Herron, Ryan 37
Herron, Sydney 37
Hollyfield, Donald 38
Horner, Kyndra 38
Joyner, Preston 39
Justus, Aidon 39
Kelly, Tucker 40
Larsen, J.D. 40
Mckinney, Braxton 41
Mullins, Ashanta 41
Mullins, Irulan 42
Myers, Logan 42
Rose, Ethan 43
Sizemore, Shannon 43
Stanley, Makaylie 44
Stanley, Spencer 44
Stidham, Emily 45
Young, Ashton 45

EASTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL

Austin, Lacey 48
Bright, Tyler 49
Dearry, Hunter 50
Huffman, Andy 51
Lee, Emily 52
Mccowan, Rachel 53

Minton, Savannah 53
Mutter, Emilee 54
Sexton, Kaylee 55
Stanley, Cameron 55
Stanley, Randy 56
Sturgill, Colyn 56
Teasley, Alyson 57
Thompson, Marshara 58
Williams, Johnathan 58

**FLATWOODS ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL**

Allen, Alexis 96
Arney, Faith 60
Ayers, Chelsea 97
Baldwin, Matthew 97, 418,
419
Barber, Adam 61
Barnette, Kylie 62
Barton, Jessie 98
Bates, Alivia 62
Blair, Lynsey 98
Bledsoe, Kendra 99
Bloomer, Kaitlynne 100
Bostic, Colin 63
Branson, Lydia 100
Brock, Cayden 64
Brock, Riley 101
Burgan, Makaylabeth 101
Burgan, Raven 102, 398
Cavins, James 64
Childers, Jacob 65
Clontz, Emma 103
Coleman, Kennedy 65
Collins, Alivia 66
Cooper, Lucas 66
Cope, Benjamin 66
Cowden, Seth 67
Collins, Collier 103

Collins, Evany 104
Collins, Hunter 105
Cook, Reece 105, 398
Corbin, Jason 106
Corbin, Justin 106
Crowder, Jakob 107
Crabtree, Grier 69
Crabtree, Rylee 70, 404
Early, Konner 71
Eldridge, Elijah 107
Eldridge, Payton 108
Ellis, Caylea 109
Ely, Cadence 71
Epperly, Tanner 110
Evans, Sadie 72
Evans, Savannah 73
Fortner, Emma 111
Franklin, Ameileighia 73
Gibson, Kailyn 111
Grace, Owen 74
Graham, Morgan 75, 405
Hall, Gregory 76
Harber, Riley 112
Helbert, Colby 76
Hibbs, Konner 77
Hobbs, Emma 77
Honeycutt, Joseph 78
Honeycutt, Koda 78
Honeycutt, Wesley 80
Horner, Rebekah 80
Hounshell, Maddox 112
Hughes, Nathan 112
Johnson, Shawn 80
Jones, Hannah 81
King, Damian 81
King, Madison 113
Kirk, Emily 114
Langley, Devon 82
Lawson, Rylee 116

Lewis, Alyssa 117
Livesay, Marissa 82
Long, Evan 117
Mcelyea, Madison 118
Mcniel, Jayden 118
Marcum, Hannah 83
Marcum, Jacob 83
Middleton, Skyra 119
Miles, Dalton 84
Miles, David 119
Miracle, Austin 120
Moore, Kaitlyn 85
Moore, Clayton 120
Moore, Matthew 121
Mullins, Madison 86
Myers, Gauge 121
Nuxoll, Emily 118
Parsons, Hailey 122
Pendergraft, Brennen 122
Pendergraft, Kaelyn 123
Pennington, Megan 87
Perkins, Micah 88
Pilon, Erica 124
Ritchie, Elijah 124
Roberts, Kaylee 88
Rogers, Dara 125
Rouse, Isabella 126
Seabolt, Hannah 127
Shuler, Sheila (Teacher) 418
Smith, Luke 88
Small, Aleigha 127
Smith, Dallas 128
Spires, Alicia 89
Stafford, Katelyn 128
Standifer, Allison 129
Stapleton, Luke 129
Stevens, Mason 130
Stapleton, Summer 90
Stewart, Emily 90

- Stigger, Kendal-Kay 130
 Stone, Tristian 131
 Suggs, Wyatt 131
 Thomas, Cassidy 91
 Troutman, Aiden 92
 Washburn, Shirley 132
 Wilder, Carrie 133
 Willis, Chloe 60, 134
 Willis, Gracie 92
 Woliver, Mikah 93
 Woodard, Jordan 94
 Woodard, Julianne 134
 Woodard, Sierra 135, 419
 Woods, Kalli-Alexxis 95
 Wright, Emma 95
 Ziehler, Lynzie 96
 Ziehler, Ethan 136
- LEE HIGH SCHOOL**
- Aldridge, Alanah 138
 Alsup, Annabella 139, 385
 Alsup, Haven 140
 Arney, Nick 140
 Baker, Cameron 141
 Bales, Ryan 141
 Barton, Andrew 142
 Birman, Kayla 142
 Bledsoe, Cassie 143
 Boccock, Austin 143
 Bowles, Tate 144
 Bowles, Taylor 145
 Brewer, Jasmine 145
 Broadhuhn, Derick 146, 390
 Burchett, Robby 147
 Burgin, Garet 148
 Church, Aleigha 148
 Cottrell, Colee 149
 Cox, DJ 149
 Cox, Kaitlyn 150
- Daniels, Anthony 150
 Davis, Bethany 151
 Davis, Derek 151
 Davis, Kantor 152
 Dotson, Anthony 152, 390
 Dotson, Audrey 153
 Eisenmenger, Kenley 153
 Ely, Andrew 154
 Ely, Kelsie 154
 Estrada, Adrian 155
 Evans, Olivia 155
 Fannon, Justice 156
 Fee, Destiny 156
 Fischer, Bronwen 156
 Fleenor, Andrew 157
 Fleenor, Harleigh 158
 Flinders, Cassie 159
 Fultz, Autumn 160
 Gambrel, Leann 160
 Gibson, Miranda 161
 Gilliam, Skylar 161
 Glascoe, Kaylee 162
 Goins, Ashton 162
 Goodman, Alyssa 162
 Graham, Sarah 163
 Hall, Grace 164
 Hamilton, Derick 165
 Hammonds, Zach 165
 Hampton, Jordan 166
 Harless, Austin 166
 Harless, Travis 167
 Harvel, Tatum 168
 Hines, Sydnie 169
 Horner, Caroline 169
 Howard, Miranda 171
 Johnson, Amanda 171
 Johnson, Gabby 172
 Kempton, Lexi 172
 Langford, Americaus 173
- Ledford, Emily 173
 Lee, Ashlyn 174
 Litton, Libbey 174
 Middleton, Abbey 175
 Middleton, Sheridan 175
 Miles, Chloe 176
 Mooneyhan, Mikenzie 176
 Moore, Abigail 177
 Moore, Zack 177
 Morgan, Taylor 178
 Morris, Gunnar 178
 Myers, Madelyn 179
 Nash, Bailey 180
 Olsen, Caley 180
 Pennington, Linsey 181
 Perkins, Callie 181
 Phipps, Madison 182
 Pittman, Gage 182
 Polier, Mason 183
 Quillen, Kandace 183
 Reasor, Grace 184
 Reasor, Hannah 184
 Reece, Curtis 185
 Reed, Kolby 186
 Rivers, Dalton 186
 Roberts, Elizabeth 187
 Rogers, Cassie 187
 Sage, Noah 188
 Seiber, Shealon 188
 Sexton, Toby 188
 Shubert, Harley 189
 Shuler, Sarah 190
 Silvers, Lacey 191
 Smith, Sydni 191
 Snodgrass, Shea 192
 Spain, Jayden 192
 Speck, Chelsea 193
 Stapleton, Samantha 193
 Sturgill, Hunter 194

Tabor, Tyler 194
Travis, Sarah 195
Travis, Tori 195
Trent, Logan 196
Troxal, Alex 196
Vandergriff, Kelsie 197
Walker, Serena 197
Ward, Bryce 198
Weston, Kayla 198
Whitaker, Jacob 199
Wilder, Emily 200
Williams, Drew 200
Williams, Nicholas 201
Willis, Donovan 201
Winegar, Joshua 202
Woliver, Ambrosia 203
Yeary, Darrien 203
Yeary, Tyler 204
Zhang, Angel 204

**NORTON ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL**

Absher, Abigail 206
Absher, Elizabeth 207
Absher, Olivia 207
Adams, Savannah 208
Barker, Deanna 208
Bowen, Dominik 209
Buchanan, David 209
Cardon, Tyson 209
Carroll, Jacob 210
Cochrane, Ben 211
Collins, Emily 211
Conley, Elijah 211
Culbertson, Drew 212
Dearry, Jadence 212
Fields, Kaylen 213
Funk, Skyler 213
Gillenwater, Noah 214
Gilliam, Eli 214

Greer, Marin 215
Hess, William 215
Hughes, Autumn 215
Hutchinson, Holden 216
Ingle, Chloe 216
Johnson, Jaquan 217
Johnson, Ryder 217
Kinser, Abigail 218
Kinser, Hannah 219
Lane, Gracie 220
Madrigal, Miguel 220
Moore, Grace 220
Nevaeh, Love 217
Peters, Joshua 221
Pettus, Arabella 221
Phillips, Landen 221
Phipps, Taylor 229
Potter, Chris 210
Potter, Harper 222
Pruitt, Destiny 222
Pruitt, Hope 223
Reed, Zack 223
Ring, Dalton 224
Sensabaugh, Maciana 224
Sensabaugh, Seriah 224
Sergent, Maddie 225
Skorupa, Cliff 226
Spriggs, Adrien 226
Stidham, Kayleigh 226
Sturgill, David 227
Sturgill, Gavin 227
Sturgill, Kelsey 228
Tate, Ian 228
Wamsley, Tristan 229
Wells, Dakota 230

**POWELL VALLEY MIDDLE
SCHOOL**

Almer, Dorian 232
Barnett, Brianna 233

Bascope, Bella 233
Belcher, Keagen 234
Bishop, Caleb 235
Blanton, Kaylie 235
Bolling, William 236
Brooks, Madi 237
Bryington, Avery 237
Carter, Isaiah 238
Castle, Addison 238
Clark, Jaden 239
Collinsworth, Ava 239
Counts, Alivia 240
Dandy, Aidan 240
Davidson, Taylor 241
Davis, Briana 241
Diets, Alex 241
Fowler, Mariah 242
Gibson, Jaylin 242
Gibson, Lillian G. 243
Gibson, Skylar 244
Gilly, Addie 245
Grimes, Preston 245
Hamilton, Mia 246
Herron, Ben 246
Hillman, Aubrie 247
Holbrook, Emily 247
Holding, Chloe 247
Holding, Jackson 248
Holmes, Talan 248
Keen, Kayden 249
Kelly, Brayden 249
Lambert, Mason 250
Lawson, Arabella 250
Lawson, Ayden 250
Lawson, Elizabeth 251
Light, Olivia 252
Maggard, Jessee 252
Malle, Abby 252
Martinez, Lucia 253
Mays, Victorya 253

- McAfee, Jayce 254
 Mcknight, Devin 255
 McMahan, Melvin 255
 McMahan, Thomas 255
 Milanese, Bailey 256
 Miller, Anika 256
 Miller, Katelyn 256
 Moore, Logan 257
 Mosier, Brayden 257
 Mullins, Braleigh 258
 Mullins, Nate 258
 Mullins, Lillian 259
 Nance, Trinity 259
 Neeley, Leland 259
 Owens, Anthony 260
 Pan, Sean 260
 Prewitt, Eli 261
 Renfro, Ella 262
 Richardson, Chloe 262
 Roberts, Lindsey 263
 Shuler, Jordan 264
 Singh, Bronson 264
 Sluss, James 265
 Smith, Seth 265
 Spears, Zack 266
 Stacy, Jodee 266
 Stiltner, Chryssy 267
 Stidham, Hailey 267
 Strong, Brennan 267
 Sturgill, Jacob 268
 Swan, Erica 269
 Teasley, Destiny 269
 Turner, Grayden 269
 Wade, Blake 270
 Wagner, Mason 270
 Wang, Tracy 271
 Westmoreland,
 Madison 271
 White, Haylee 271
 White, Heidi 272
 Williams, Deja 272
 Williams, Greyson 273
 Williams, Levi 273
 Young, Jason 274
 Zeppa, Camden 274
- UNION HIGH SCHOOL**
- Addington, Carly 277
 Anderson, Destiny 278
 Austin, Cami 279, 413
 Ball, Montana 280
 Barker, Brooke 280, 411
 Barker, Cierra 281
 Barnett, Hannah 282
 Barnett, Justin 283
 Bartee, Montanna 405
 Blake, Sydnie 283
 Blanken, Kim
 (Teacher) 406
 Boring, Joshua 284
 Bowman, Aj 285
 Boyd, Austin 285
 Brackett, Michael 286
 Broyles, Aaron 287
 Burton, Faith 287
 Bush, Jacob 288
 Bush, Pam 289
 Carter, Emily 289
 Carter, Isabella 290
 Casey, Lizzy 291
 Caudill, Trey 292
 Chesnutt, Matthew 293
 Christian, Kobe 293
 Christian, Ryan 294
 Church, Ethan 295
 Clark, Preston 295
 Clayton, Taylor 295
 Cockrel, Tyrese 296
 Collins, Madison 297
 Coomer, Austin 297
 Coomer, Jacob 298
 Cooper, Dylan 298
 Crabtree, Amber 299
 Daniel, Joshua 300
 Daugherty, Gabriel 300
 Deahl, Alex 301
 Deel, William 302
 Dutton, Olivia 302
 Ellis, Joe 303
 Falin, Jacob 304
 Fisher, John 305
 Flanary, Morgan 305
 Fonseca, Alison 306
 Freeland, Daunte 306
 Freeland, Destiny 307
 Fritz, Braxton 307
 Fritz, Bryceton 308
 Galloway, Cody 309
 Gibson, Bailey 309
 Gibson, Colton 310
 Guerrant, Bryce 311
 Hartsock, Autumn 311
 Henry, Bethony 312
 Henry, Chase 312
 Henry, Michael 312
 Herron, Alex 314
 Herron, Ronnie 315
 Higgins, Ben 315
 Hill, Brendon 316
 Horton, Yvonne 316
 Huff, Hunter 318
 Huffman, Jullian 318
 Jackson, Nickolas 319
 James, Zachary 320
 Jenkins, Antwun 320
 Johnson, Haley 321
 Keen, Brittany 322
 Kennedy, Tanner 323
 Lane, Cassidy 323
 Lawson, Sarah 324

Lawson, Trevor 325
 Lester, Daemai 326
 Litton, Briana 327
 Lovelace, Tate 327
 Lovell, Kassadee 328
 Lundy, Celia 330
 Maine, William 330
 Mcafee, Taylor 331
 Mccowan, Savannah 331
 Mcguire, Stewart 332
 McMahan, Dallas 332
 McMahan, Haley 333
 Mcpherson,
 Chyanna 334
 Middleton, Madison 335
 Miller, Austin 335
 Mitchell, James 336
 Mitchell, Terry 337
 Mullins, Brennan 338
 Mullins, Jazmyne 339
 Mullins, Jeff 339
 Nichols, Aubrey 340
 Owens, Dakota 340
 Owens, Jess 341
 Owens, Trevor 343
 Payne, TJ 343, 346
 Perkins, Paul 344
 Poff, Em 345, 408
 Poole, Lisa 345
 Rhoten, Brian 346
 Rhoten, Matthew 347
 Rhoten, Samantha 348
 Robbins, Haley 349
 Rose, Cory 350
 Rose, Jasmine 351
 Roth, Erica 352
 Short, Mason 352
 Simon, Sean 353
 Sizemore, Dalton 354
 Slemp, Whitney 355
 Smith, Aaliyah 355
 Smith, Isaac 356
 Spears, Madison 356
 Spears, Rylie 405
 Sturgill, Julia 357
 Sullins, Clara 357
 Sullivan, Jared 358
 Swihart, Gannon 359
 Thacker, Kylie 360
 Thomas, Dustin 360
 Tipton, Angela 361
 Varner, Autumn 362
 Vanover, Brooke 363
 Wagner, Annie 363
 Walker, Preston 364
 Weitzman, Mollie 365,
 391, 392, 416
 White, Jacob 365
 Williams, Hannah 366
 Winebarger, Donna 367
 Woods, Alexis 368
 Young, William 368
 Zirkle, Braxton 369