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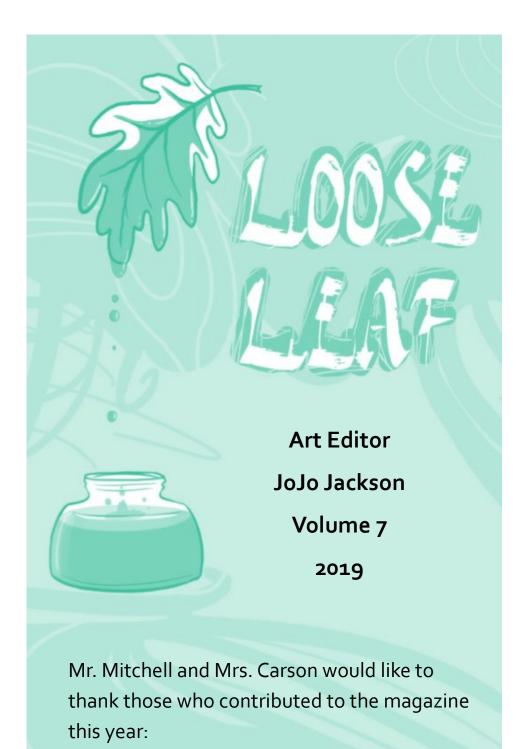


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Norman Rockwell

In the 1920s, Norman Rockwell began making a name for himself as an artist. He wasn't like the others when it came to deciding what to paint next, that's part of the reason he's still so popular today. A lot of the time his paintings were created to represent a positive view of American life. People could connect to his work and they loved it. He didn't just paint pictures, he painted messages and shared them with the people that would listen.

Although, not everyone thought he was as great as he was made out to be. Critics saw him as a sell out and thought he only illustrated to make money. They argued that real artists should not conform to other peoples visions. That's what they assumed he was doing when he dedicated most of his works to the Saturday Evening post, only creating what they wanted to publish.

But he took controversial issues and deep topics into consideration when thinking about what to paint next. He took interest in things like the Civil Rights Movement and the wars that went on in his lifetime. He found a purpose, which was to paint powerful art and express his take on events going on in the world.

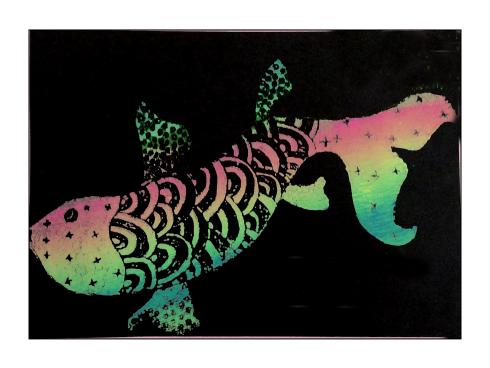
It's weird to think that someone who wasn't even that popular in his time can continue to have an impact decades later. People enjoy looking at his work, maybe now more than ever, his name is one that continues to live on. Two well known directors look to Norman Rockwell's paintings for motivation and continue to find meaning in them. Just like much of the population, they appreciate his ability to tell a story in one painting and connect to the viewer's emotions.

"Norman Rockwell"

Aja Coulstring— Grade 11



"Non -Representational Self Portrait" Aja Coulstring— *Grade* 11



"Zentangle Blockprint" Alita McIlveen— *Grade 7*



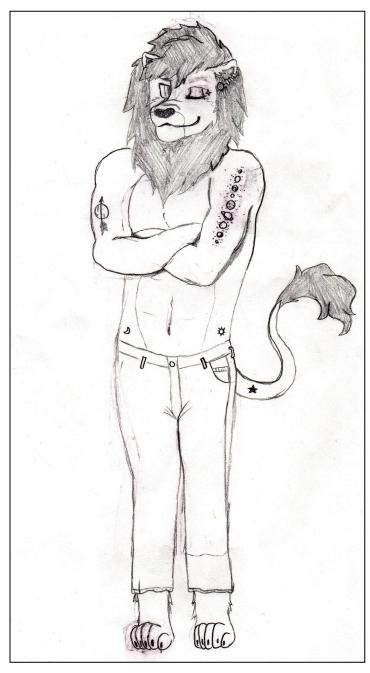
"Untitled"

Annabelle Christiansen-Moody — Grade 7



"Untitled"

Annabelle Christiansen-Moody — Grade 7



"Untitled"

Annabelle Christiansen-Moody — $Grade\ 7$



"Tribute"

Ari Cyr — Grade 12



"Roses"

Carrolley Garvin— *Grade* 11



"Sunset"
Chelsea Jarvis — *Grade* 12



"Christina's Forest Gena Harriman — *Grade 9*



"Color Wheel Carrolley Garvin— *Grade* 11



"Color Wheel"

Hannah Filley — *Grade 9*



"Color Wheel"
Will Lang— *Grade* 12



"Space"

Colten Gaudette— *Grade* 12



"Non Representational Self Portrait"

Darren Dube— Grade 12



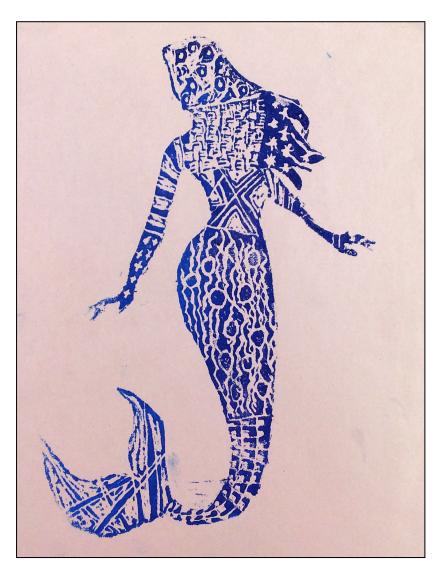
"Untitled"

Gabe Bourouphael — *Grade* 12



"Zentangle Blockprint"

Jadin Weygand — Grade 7



"Zentangle Blockprint Jessica Nagle — *Grade 7*



"Digital Drawing"

Joe-Ann Aldridge— *Grade* 11



"Digital Art-Zodiac" Katelyn Aldridge— *Grade 10*



"Untitled Watercolor"

Natasha Marrero — Grade 10



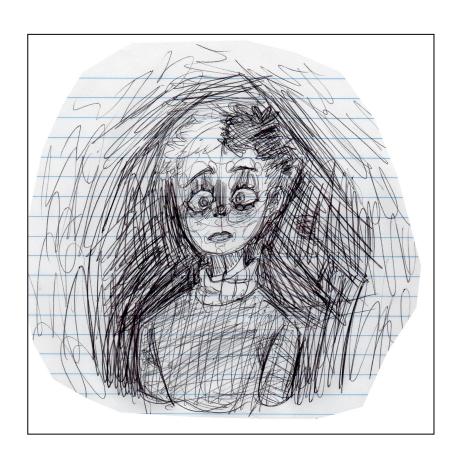
"Untitled Watercolor"

Natasha Marrero — *Grade 10*



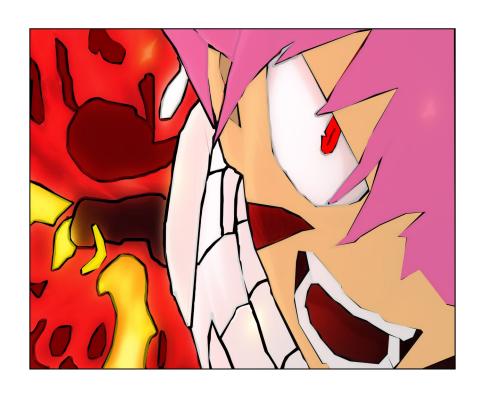
"Untitled"

Quen Pereira, — *Grade 7*



"Untitled"

Quen Pereira — *Grade 7*



"Dragon King"

Adrien Lessard— Grade 7



"Zentangle Print"

Skyler Smith — *Grade 7*

To my beloved sister,

I miss home. So many people die over here, and it's not always such a proud death. You'd think everyone here would be more impacted by the grenades or shots fired. But no, there's so many more things to survive over here. But I don't want you to worry about me, I don't plan on being buried in the walls here. I might come home with one less foot or a couple pounds skinnier, but i'll make it.

I can't wait to come home and have something real to eat. Everything that's made tastes the same. Probably because we use the same two metal vats to prepare each meal. That's not the worst thing though. I had to choose the worst thing about the food, it would be the repulsive bread that's made. They use some sort of dried, ground-up turnip to replace the flour that we don't have much of. Yes, it is unappetizing but it also gives you the worst case of diarrhea, you can't possibly imagine.

It's not just the taste that makes it hard to eat though. It also has something to do with everything we see going on around us. Once the foundation of the trench starts to diminish, so does the barrier that keeps the corpses inside. Bones will start sticking out of the walls, but I guess you get used to it, the more you see it.

One thing that isn't as easy to forget about, is the stupid rats. There's millions of them and no one can get rid of them. We've all tried; with our guns, bayonets, and even clubbing them to death. They just keep on showing up, trying to eat the bodies of dead soldiers. I've made a couple friends here, not always in the best of circumstances. My closest one, Justin, had been transmitted to triage around the same time I had. We were both waiting in the minimal care unit to be treated. I had some minor smoke inhalation but I was going to be fine. I was more worried about poor Justin's foot. It was all black and gross looking. When the nurse woman came back, she explained it was only a small case of trench foot, which they see all the time. Said something about how the foot was exposed to moisture for too long. If I were him, I would have still been worried because by the end of it, he came out with one less foot than he had before. He got an amputation and he's still doing alright. It's a little harder to get around but he's making it work.

So yeah, it's not exactly paradise here in the trenches. I'm Going to get through it and be back home in no time. I'm going to need a

good home cooked meal and about 100 showers. I'll write more if I get time, stay safe and don't think about to much of the scary stuff.

Sincerely, Aja Coulstring

"Letter as a Soldier"

Aja Coulstring — Grade 11

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"Untitled"

Aja Coulstring — *Grade 11*

Her hair Her eyes Her smile They draw me closer Her laugh Her voice Her jokes All have faded from my mind Trampoline Barn All the places we've been Running Faster, yet faster My lungs are on fire Breathe Cry Collapse I can barely remember her voice I give up my search For she is no longer mine Acceptance

-Emily Perkins

"Her"

Emily Perkins — Grade 11



"Amy Winehouse"

Shekinnah Stockman— Grade 11



"Chinchillas"

Amino Hussein— Grade 7

Chicken Little/Big Chicken

In a little town called Oakey Oaks lived a kid named Chicken Little. He is bullied at Oakey Oaks middle school by a girl named Foxy Loxy. She is a strong girl that also does stuff to embarrass Chicken Little and his friends. So one day when they were playing dodgeball in gym class, she hit Chicken Little right in the face, which caused a severe concussion. The concussion had sparked something within him, but he doesn't know what it sparked. When Chicken Little had finally healed and when he had got into the gym the next day, everyone started calling him pumpkin head because he had a huge lump on the side of his head.

"I don't want to go to school anymore. Everyone is making fun of me because of this lump on my head Dad." Chicken Little blurted, "Dad, I hate being a nerd!"

"Why son you cant let people get in your head like that, bud. You have to be able to fight through it and live on." Buck Cluck responded while Chicken Little stomped up to his room.

When he got into his room he threw his school bag at the wall and Chicken Little started to cry because he was so sick of getting picked on. He had a sharp pain in his body, and the next thing he knew he was huge. He had freaked out when he knew that he was huge!

He had fell asleep and his dad had called him down for dinner and when he had looked at his body he was little again he had ate and then went right back to bed. The next morning when he had got on the bus he was talking to himself about not getting bullied today. When he had got in school he had went to his first class, which was gym, and he had got the ball thrown at him by Foxy Loxy. Everyone started laughing and calling him a loser, so he had ran off into the locker room. He had got huge again so when he had went back out after 10 minutes, everyone was scared of him because of how big he was - fat tall and strong. They were all scared because he was rude and disrespectful to them, also his voice deep.

Big Chicken broke the locker room door by slamming it open yelling, "If you make fun of me one more time I am going to beat you up, you dog!"

Foxy Loxy replied, "I'm not a dog. It was just a joke. We don't hate you. We just want to play since it is gym, and we want you to understand that this whole thing is just a joke."

Big Chicken said, "It really hurts my feelings when you guys call

me a loser and you guys put me down."

Foxy Loxy said, "I didn't mean it and I am very sorry. I hope you take my apology so we can end up being friends and do things together. Do you want to play dodgeball?"

"Sure," said Big Chicken, "lets play!" Big Chicken was happy to hear he could play and have friends. he finally calmed down and went back to his normal self, smart, funny Chicken Little.

Written by Jordan Roode - Grade 9



"CREATE"

Colton Gaudette— Grade 11

SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!