

## What it's like Here

By Jenna Dragges  
 Holy Spirit School

I saw them Here playing,  
 I saw their happy faces,  
 I heard their laughter  
 But I couldn't hear what  
 they were saying,  
 And I couldn't join them,  
 to my dismay.

Thing is,  
 In my loneliness  
 I used to sit There  
 in that wheelchair.  
 While I watched the  
 world free  
 To be.

But now I'm Here  
 And not There,  
 So no one looks at me  
 Like I'm a freak  
 They see them and me,  
 Equally.  
 There's no pretending, no  
 condescending  
 Just accepting  
 Plus, no stares  
 No glares  
 Whispers or murmurs  
 in the air  
 like it was back There.

As time progressed Here,  
 I thought of my chal-  
 lenges and hurdles less and  
 less.

I passed the test,  
 Got through the mess.

And now the view is so  
 clear,

I belonged Here.  
 My people who I call fam-  
 ily belonged Here.

Forever, I will call this  
 place my home  
 Because Here I am not  
 alone.

*The author was a eighth-grader when this poem was submitted to the Solano County Reading Association competition in February 2007.*

## Monster of a story

By Alicia Kenyon  
 Silverville Elementary School

I went home and sudden-  
 ly a monster grabbed me  
 and I used my karate les-  
 sons.

The karate lessons  
 worked and the monster let  
 go.

*The author was a kindergart-  
 ner when she submitted this  
 to the Solano County  
 Reading Association competi-  
 tion in February 2007.*

# The Little Flower



## Rising in spring to start life anew

Morgan Hansen  
 Bethany Lutheran School

A little flower waking from a long win-  
 ter's nap, spreads her colorful arms  
 toward the sun. Her body begins to  
 sway in a ceremonial dance.

Soon her sisters awaken and join her in  
 praise and soon the field where our little  
 flower lives is bursting with their colors,  
 rustling and beautiful.

Almost on cue, they lift their dainty little  
 heads and sing their praise for another  
 year.

When nightfall comes, her sisters fall  
 asleep quickly, but she remains.

Eyes now lifted to the stars instead of the  
 sun, she thanks the Lord for a successful  
 winter.

After many months of spring, summer  
 comes and some of the flowers retire to

their underground homes, but she has  
 decided to brave the sun, perhaps unwise-  
 ly.

Standing strong under the blazing sun,  
 she stays strong until when the sun is  
 strongest, she must burrow beneath the  
 dirt to wait for Autumn to rise.

Autumn's short time comes and the flow-  
 ers prepare for winter like people.

The beginning of winter comes and she  
 stays.

For bad weather is the only way to make  
 her go to a tired, calm, sleep.

When that weather finally comes, she  
 goes to bed to wait for the cycle of her life  
 to once more begin.

*The author was a fourth-grader when this story  
 was submitted in the Solano County Reading  
 Association competition for 2007.*

## Special night

By Elisha Machado  
 K.I. Jones Elementary School

Lights are turning on big  
 and bright,  
 The director shouts,  
 "Tonight's the night!"

Tonight's the night to  
 reach for the stars,

Tonight's the night peo-  
 ple will race to the theater  
 to park their cars.

We get our costumes on  
 and get on stage,

I hope I will remember  
 my lines as if they were still  
 on the page.

The people bolt in to find  
 their seats,

The show's almost start-  
 ing, wow, what a treat!

I peak through the cur-  
 tains and see the crowd,

I even hear my parents  
 shout very loud.

I get in my place on stage  
 with my friends,

I hope this day never ever  
 ends.

The curtains open and  
 the stage manager lets us  
 know,

The audience applauds;  
 we must start the show.

I sing, I dance, I act and  
 have fun,

We know that our show  
 was definitely number one.

We bow our bows with joy  
 and pride,

But there's a secret sad-  
 ness we have inside.

We'll miss our friends  
 who have a great bond,

And now it's time to sing  
 our ending song.

We say goodbye, I hear  
 some cry;

I tell all my friends not to  
 cry,

We'll always be together,  
 just inside.

Each day I remember  
 those big and bright lights,

And remember the fun I  
 had that night.

*The author was a sixth-grader when this entry was submitted to the 2007 Solano County Reading Association competition.*

## Rain's promise

By Sadie Jensen  
 Fairmont Elementary School

I like the rain because my  
 plants droop and the  
 rain makes my plants  
 like spring.

*The author was a kindergart-  
 ner when she submitted this  
 entry to the Solano County  
 Reading Association competi-  
 tion in February 2007.*



BY MARILYN ANDERSON

**Kids like to talk, so today's column is a "Talk About It" column. I invited students to tell what was on their minds, or what they were going to do during the summer. Everybody was very busy when I asked if they wanted to be interviewed, and in each case I received a big smile and a "YES!" Kids dropped what they were doing and joined in the fun of appearing in our Link.**

I was jumped by a girl when I was in Andrews Park and she beat me up. See? (Obvious facial injury.) I know her name and where she lives and I had three witnesses! Yes, I filed a police report and I hope that the police are doing something about it because I still see this girl and she is giving me more verbal threats.

**Darci West, Vallejo**

I am a fan of Anime art. I just checked this Anime comic book out of the library and it's really good. Yes, I like to draw Anime and I also go to Anime films. I will absolutely love doing all this during the summer.

**Lianza Yap, Grade 8, Jepson**

Everyone should prepare well for summer vacation. I'm going to church camp in Yosemite for one week. It's a Bible study camp where you learn about the Bible and how to apply the teachings there to important things in your life.

**T.J. Clarke, Grade 10, Fairfield High**

This summer I would like to make a clay model of a lion, which is my favorite land animal. Also, see what I am buying? It's "Water Bomb Splat Shot." It's a kit for making water balloons. You hook this little thing onto the hose and then you fill all these MANY balloons. I'm going to toss the balloons at my uncle's fence. He will laugh.

**Ivy Lonergan, Grade 4, K.I. Jones**

I just came back from England where we visited my Nanny and Papa. They have a big house and garden and it's very pretty in England. It's 8 hours later there than here, so bedtime came differently from our words. A big truck is a lorry. The sidewalk is pavement. Garbage is rubbish. Pants are trousers. Candy is sweets. Yes, I like sweets!

**Kailey Cope, Grade 2, Foxboro**

I lost a tooth today, the second one in two weeks! I have a little tooth guy that I open up and put the tooth inside and then in the morning I get money accord-

ing to how big and shiny the tooth was. My dentist is Dr. Heinz, and my orthodontist is Dr. Scott. Next, I will be losing my molars.

**Brad Smith, Grade 5, Alamo**

I like to draw and be creative using markers to make pictures. Most people would not think about drawing bananas, but I draw really good bananas, and sunsets, too. My sunsets are purple, pink, yellow, and orange, behind blue mountains.

**Cantalise Ferreira, Grade 3, Markham**

I had a triple today, playing baseball! This is my first triple in two years. I play in the Farm League, on the Cardinals Team. See my number? It's number 8. My coaches are Coaches Rich, Tony, Kelly, Matt, and Gary. Today's game was great!

**Giovanna Smith, Grade 3, Alamo**

I like my job here at Baskin-Robbins because I like working with my co-workers and people are really nice. Today

I'm working with Kathy Betzler and we're pretty busy. Yes, we do have 31 flavors but I haven't memorized all the names because all the ice cream tubs are labeled. People are crazy about the flavor called "Makin' Cookies." It's like cookie dough, with a brown sugar taste. We sell soft-serve ice cream now, too, and it's becoming popular. Working here is making me hungry for ice cream and my favorite flavor is Strawberry Cheesecake.

**Jessica Tipton, Graduate, Buckingham High, attending Solano Community College in fall.**

Writing poetry is a passion, a hope and a dream that seems to seize my thoughts. I scabble words together into phrases, creating stories. I don't have a favorite poet because write it, rather than read it. When a person has a passion, it becomes natural and seems too good to be true.

**Julie Scully, Grade 11, Buckingham High**