



## History Fair



March 19, 2016

*Pick any topic, country or historical culture—the sky's the limit!*

*Is there a historic figure you admire? Dress up as that person & tell us about his or her life. Do you love trains or cars or sports? Do you have a passion for art, photography, music or fashion? Research the history of your favorite subject & discover its impact on the world.*

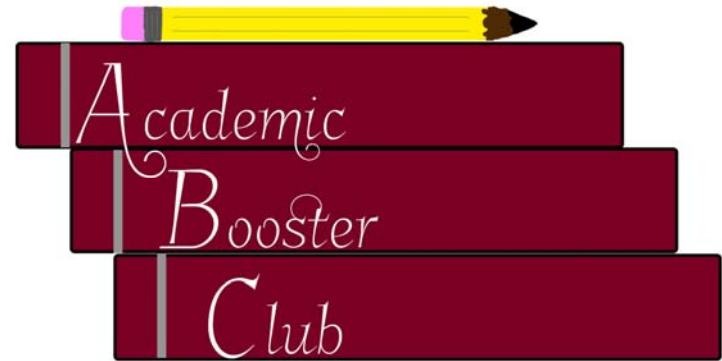
*A day of fun for participants and visitors alike!*

The ABC's History Fair offers students in grades K-6 an exciting opportunity to create and display projects and to compete for recognition by grade. Students develop a deeper appreciation of these subjects by working in groups or individually to share their knowledge and creativity with parents, teachers, and classmates.

The fair also features a wide variety of entertainment, as history comes to life in the form of great interactive performances, from the time of the Vikings to the American Revolution, the Wild West and beyond. In addition, there will be experiments and crafts tables, book sales, refreshments, and much more.

Adults and children of all ages are welcome to attend our upcoming History Fair.

Visit us online at [NutleyABC.org](http://NutleyABC.org) for an application.



The Academic Booster Club presents  
**Poetry Festival 2016**

Saturday, January 23, 2016



### **Fun in Nutley**

Nutley is the best, better than the rest.  
My mom makes playdates, we are never late.  
I have fun in the sun but rainy days are still fun.  
I go to a wonderful school, the principal is fun  
but my teacher is so cool.  
That's my Nutley fun.

By Gia Pasquale  
2nd grade, Radcliffe school



### **All Things Bright and Beautiful**

By Cecil Frances Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset, and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.

Recited by:

Angela Casey, 2nd grade, Yantacaw school &  
Hamsini Radhakrishnan, 5<sup>th</sup> grade, Lincoln school



### **My little sister SMIRA!**

Once upon a time, Mommy had a big round tummy  
I thought it was just because she ate food so yummy....  
Before I knew, an angel flew out of the nest I lived in, years ago  
Now a Barbie in pink, winks at my Superman made of Lego.....  
My day goes by making funny faces and molding toys out of clay  
And the chubby cheeked cutie pie innocently watches me play.....  
My heart skips a beat every time she smiles her way  
A little finger grabs mine and flies me to a wonderland far away....  
I rush to hug whenever I hear her cry  
She is the twinkle of this big brother's eye....  
Her babbles are my lullabies  
Her shrills are my awakenings.....  
Her farts are my giggles  
Her laughs are my jingles.....  
Thankful for the sweetest baby sister ever, Mom and Dad  
Our small happy family just got fuller, merrier and glad!

By Ritvik Ankam  
Kindergarten, Yantacaw school



### **At the Zoo**

By William Makepeace Thackeray

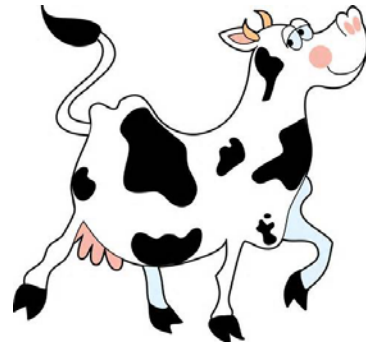
First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black;  
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back;  
Then I saw the grey wolf, with mutton in his maw;  
Then I saw the wombat waddle in the straw;  
Then I saw the elephant a-waving of his trunk;  
Then I saw the monkeys-mercy, how unpleasantly  
they-smelt!

Recited by Soham Shah  
Kindergarten, Yantacaw school

### I Was Once a Cow

I was once a cow before long long ago  
I was raised in a barn  
and ate spaghetti  
but that was really only the half  
of my life when I was a calf  
when I grew to be fierce and strong  
I realized I was also growing very long  
then I sat sore and weak  
I turned into a human in almost a week  
I told the townspeople I was a cow  
all they did was give me a great big POW!  
I wonder if they were ever a cow

By Mischa Vaughn  
5th grade, Radcliffe school



### Gratitude from A to Z

Acorns that miss my head when they fall  
Bringing a couple of friends for a stroll  
Cats that can purr  
Dogs with soft fur  
Eating ice cream and s'mores  
Feeding ducks outdoors  
Going to the parks  
Hungry sharks (just kidding)  
Iphone, Ipad and PS4  
Jelly beans, Junior mints and some more  
Kites that fly high  
Like butterflies in the sky  
Movies and plays  
No school days  
Original ideas that come to mind  
Pretty girls that are also kind  
Quiet streets  
Rare treats  
Secrets and mysteries around  
Treasures that I find on the ground  
Unexpected tips  
Vacations and trips  
Wearing a t-shirt in a breeze  
Xenolith, but I don't know what it is  
Yo-yos because I have no more ideas  
Zebras... I am glad I can stop here!

By Nicholas Stovbun  
3rd grade, Washington school

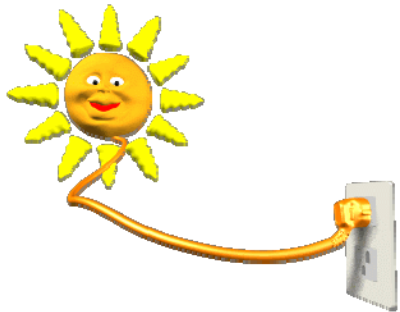


### INVENTION

By Shel Silverstein

I've done it, I've done it!  
Guess what I've done!  
Invented a light that plugs into the sun.  
The sun is bright enough,  
The bulb is strong enough,  
But, oh, there's only one thing wrong.....  
The cord ain't long enough.

Recited by Kenisha Aouk  
2nd grade, Washington school



### My Sister Mia

My little sister would like to meet you  
On her next birthday, she'll be two  
Chica Chica Boom Boom is her favorite book  
In her play kitchen she likes to cook  
To the bookstore and library we sometimes go  
When she puts toys in her mouth, I say NO NO NO  
I am sad to see her cry  
When I go to school she says Bye-Bye!

By Shivaan Sawent  
Kindergarten, Yantacaw school



### CAT THINGS

You, listen you,  
Cats do what cats do.  
Swatting and pawing at little toy mice,  
Cats are very nice.  
Trying to reach your old feather, in bad weather.  
Leaping and jumping for joy, but mostly for your toy.  
Playing with their little toy ball, but that is not all.

By Amanda Scaperotta  
3rd grade, Radcliffe school



## Lost Head

By Douglas Florian

I'm sorry I got angry.  
I guess I lost my head.  
It really doesn't matter-  
I'll borrow yours instead.  
I'll have it back by Friday.  
You won't miss it at all.  
Until then you can borrow  
My brother's basketball.



## The Adventures of Isabel

By Ogden Nash

Isabel met an enormous bear,  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;  
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,  
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.  
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,  
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up.  
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.  
Once in a night as black as pitch  
Isabel met a wicked old witch.  
The witch's face was cross and wrinkled,  
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.  
Ho, Ho, Isabel! The old witch crowed,  
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,  
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,  
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.  
Isabel met a hideous giant,  
Isabel continued self reliant.  
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,  
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.  
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,  
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,  
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed off,  
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head off.  
Isabel met a troublesome doctor,  
He punched and he poked till he really shocked her.  
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills  
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.  
The doctor said unto Isabel,  
Swallow this, it will make you well.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry, Isabel didn't scream or scurry.



Recited by Sheena Cameron Ash

3rd grade, Radcliffe school

Recited by Dominik Turek  
5th grade, Spring Garden school



## Now We Are Six

By A.A. Milne



When I was one, I had just begun.  
When I was two, I was nearly new.  
When I was three, I was hardly me.  
When I was four, I was not much more.  
When I was five, I was just alive.  
But now I am six, I'm as clever as clever.  
So I think I'll be six now and forever.

By Lara Zeren

Kindergarten, Radcliffe school

## Lazy Jane

By Shel Silverstein

Lazy lazy lazy lazy lazy Jane, she  
wants a drink of water so she waits and  
waits and waits and waits and waits for it to  
rain.

Recited by Gabriella Mosca

Kindergarten, Yantacaw school

## Stuffed

My friend is stuffed.  
Although she is rough, she is fluffy and has holes,  
she is there for me by my side, now and when I was born.  
I forgot to mention she is purple.  
Now when times come and I grow up,  
I will remember as she is stuffed.

By Gabriella Chipelo

4th grade, Spring Garden school



We meet every month and invite you to  
join us. For information on meeting  
dates, times, and places, as well as ways  
to get involved, contact us at nutley-  
abc.org or email Leslie Garisto Pfaff at  
[lgaristo@verizon.net](mailto:lgaristo@verizon.net).



### SOCCER

By Angela De Melo

There is a lot of different sports  
 But soccer is the best  
 It's more fun than baseball  
 And better than all the rest  
 Soccer is my favorite sport  
 What else can I say  
 It can be a lotta fun  
 If you know how to play  
 I really want our team to score  
 And I love it when we win  
 But when the game is over  
 I still want to play again  
 We have a really good coach  
 To teach us how to play  
 So we can all grow up to be  
 Great soccer players someday  
 Even though we can't win every game  
 The coach wants us to have fun  
 It doesn't matter if we win or lose  
 Our team is still Number One



### Snowflakes

Snowflakes are big  
 Snowflakes are small  
 Snowflakes are pretty  
 Sometimes they fall  
 Sometimes they twinkle  
 Sometimes their bright  
 Sometimes their light

I love snowflakes

by Natalia Lambert  
2nd grade, Lincoln school

*Recited by Sarthak Bindal  
1st grade, Yantacaw school*

### Snow School Today

By Alice Knisley Matthias

We bundle ourselves for it's time to leave  
 The wind whips as we wait for Mr. Steve  
 He rounds the corner in the yellow bus  
 Opening the door, he calls out for us  
 "It's cold this morning! Get in! The heat's on!"  
 We wave our good-byes and then we are gone,  
 The trip this morning is a slippery ride,  
 Look out the window, the snow falls outside.  
 The street lights blurry and glowing like jewels,  
 Beneath all our boots, snow melts into pools.  
 Now safe at school we hear Mr. Steve say,  
 "Hurry inside now and keep warm today!"

*Recited by Ata Dogan  
2nd grade, Yantacaw school*



### Snowman

By Shel Silverstein

"Twas the first day of the springtime  
 And the snowman stood alone  
 As the winter snows were melting,  
 And the pine trees seemed to groan  
 "Ah, you poor sad smiling snowman,  
 You'll be melting by and by."  
 Said the snowman,  
 "What a pity, For I'd like to see July.  
 Yes I'd like to see July, and please don't ask me why.  
 But I'd like to, yes, I'd like to, oh I'd like to see July."  
 Chirped a robin, just arriving  
 "Seasons come and seasons go,  
 And the greatest ice must crumble  
 When it's flowers' time to grow.  
 And as one thing is beginning  
 So another thing must die  
 And there's never been a snowman  
 Who has ever seen July  
 No, they never see July, no matter how hard they try  
 No, they never ever, never ever, never see July.  
 But the snowman sniffed his carrot nose  
 And said, "At least I'll try,"  
 And he bravely smiled his frosty smile  
 And blinked his coal-black eye And there he  
 stood and faced the sun  
 A blazin' from the sky-  
 And I really cannot tell you  
 If he ever saw July.  
 Did he ever see July? You can guess as well as I  
 If he ever, if he never, if he ever saw July.

*Recited by Elyse Gola  
4th grade, Yantacaw school*



### Helen Keller

By Langston Hughes

She,  
 In the dark,  
 Found light  
 Brighter than many ever see.  
 She,  
 Within herself,  
 Found loveliness,  
 Through the soul's own mastery.  
 And now the world receives  
 From her dower:  
 The message of the strength  
 Of inner power.

*Recited by Jelsyn Paulino  
2nd grade, Radcliffe school*



**Creative**  
By Shel Silverstein

Everyone says, "be creative"  
Invent something new and they will buy it  
But I just invented this mustard ice cream  
and nobody here wants to try it

*Recited by Ava Algieri*  
5<sup>th</sup> grade, Yantacaw school



**The Sloth**  
By Theodore Roethke

In moving slow he has no Peer  
You ask him something in his Ear,  
He thinks about It for a year.  
And, then, before he says a Word  
There, upside down (unlike a Bird),  
He will assume that you have heard  
A most Ex-as-per-at-ing Lug.  
But should you call his manner Smug,  
He'll sigh and give his branch a Hug.  
Then off again to Sleep he goes,  
Still swaying gently by his Toes,  
And you just Know he knows he knows.

Recited by Breanna Hetzer  
5<sup>th</sup> grade, Yantacaw school



**My Dog Likes to Disco**  
By Kenn Nesbitt

My doggy likes to disco dance.  
He boogies every night.  
He dances in his dog house  
till the early morning light.  
The other dogs come running  
when they hear my doggy swing.  
A few will play there instruments.  
The others dance and sing.  
They pair off with there partners  
as their tails begin to wag.  
They love to do the bunny hop,  
the fox trot and the shag.  
You'll see the doghouse rockin  
as a hundred dogs or more  
all trip the light fantastic  
on the doghouse disco floor.  
At last, at dawn, they exit  
in the early morning breeze,  
and stop to sniff the fire hydrants,  
bushes, lawns and trees.  
I just don't understand it  
For although it looks like fun.  
I can't see how they fit inside  
That doghouse built for one.

*Recited by Samantha Schley*  
5<sup>th</sup> grade, Yantacaw school



**Trains**

Trains come in many colors and shapes,  
Some come in the color of grapes.  
Trains can be fast or slow,  
Many people ride them to and fro.  
Trains can transport passengers or goods,  
Oh, I wish there was a train in my neighborhood.  
Not all trains ride on tracks,  
Some trains ride on magnets.  
Electric, magnets or steams,  
Trains are very great machines.

*By Caden Ng*  
4<sup>th</sup> grade, Yantacaw school

**My little "Firecracker"**

I would love to babysit my brother, but I just cannot -  
it would be smart of you not to ask why?  
But if you really want to know - I'll give it a shot  
here's a quick story that might want to make you fly!  
When I'm sleeping and its thirty degrees below,  
My brother puts on the fan - and I go blow, blow, blow!  
He loves to bring water for everyone to drink,  
Only later, do we find out, it was all from the toilet sink!  
I called my friend over to play and paint our pretty toes,  
My naughty brother, but of course, had to stick a pretzel up his nose!  
He sprayed perfume on his pet frog - PEEEW - it was rotten egg!  
Froggy jumped into my bag and there he quietly lay.  
Poor "Mrs. P" almost fainted before she shook her leg  
Thanks to my little "Firecracker" -we got to skip school that day!!!

*By Tvisha Reikhy*  
2<sup>nd</sup> grade, Yantacaw school





### Daffodils

By William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 A host, of golden daffodils;  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
 Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of the bay:  
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  
 The waves beside them danced, but they  
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
 A poet could not but be gay,  
 In such a jocund company:  
 I gazed - and gazed - but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had brought:  
 For oft, when on my couch I lie  
 In vacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude;  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.

Recited by Keziah Thankachan  
3rd grade, Yantacaw school



### A Bird's Lesson

Unknown

A little bird, with feathers brown,  
 Sat singing on a tree;  
 The song was very soft and low,  
 But sweet as it could be.  
 And all the people passing by  
 Looked up to see the bird  
 Whose singing was the sweetest  
 That ever they had heard.  
 But all the bright eyes looked in vain;  
 For birdie was so small,  
 And, with a modest dark brown coat,  
 He made no show at all.  
 "Dear Papa," little Gracie said,  
 "Where can this birdie be?  
 If I could only sing like that  
 I'd sit where folks could see."  
 "I hope my little girl will learn  
 A lesson from that bird;  
 And try to do what good she can —  
 Not to be seen nor heard."  
 "This birdie is content to sit  
 Unnoticed by the way,  
 And sweetly sing his Maker's praise,  
 From dawn to close of day."  
 "So live, my child, to do some good,  
 Let life be short or long;  
 Though people may forget your looks,  
 They'll not forget your song."

Recited by Dilan Desai  
3rd grade, Yantacaw school

### Jimmy-Jack-John

By Shel Silverstein

"Oh, where are you goin', my Jimmy-Jack-John,  
 With only the moon for your light?"  
 "I'm goin' round in search of the dawn,  
 And I'll prob'ly be gone most the night."  
 "Oh, why are you cryin', my Jimmy-Jack-John,  
 And why do you stare out to sea?"  
 "I'm thinkin' that over the waves of the pond  
 The dawn lies a-waitin' for me."  
 "But why do you wander, my Jimmy-Jack-John,  
 A-roamin' in search of the blue?  
 Just wrap yourself tight in this blanket of night  
 And the Dawn will come to you."

Recited by Gabriella Gustoso  
4th grade, Radcliffe school



### Rain Dance

Thunder booms its drums as it plays its song.  
 Lightning dances to the beat of the tune.  
 Rain cries tears of joy as it watches thunder  
 and lightning prance.  
 Because the sky is doing the rain dance.

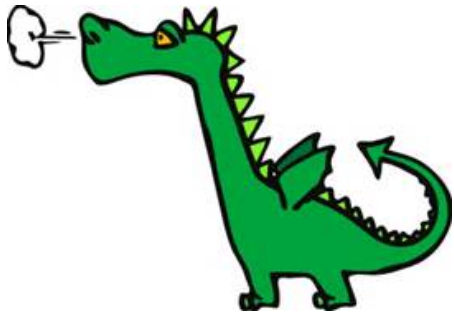
By Delila Cruz  
4th grade, Washington school



### Henry the Pug

I had a pug named Henry.  
 He was such nice and friendly.  
 He ran away so far.  
 I ran away to find him.  
 And I found him on a star.

By James Colarusso  
2nd grade, Lincoln school



### What to Feed a Dragon

By Kimber Krochmal

I have a new pet dragon.  
 He followed me from a dream.  
 But I can't tell my mom,  
 It would only make her scream.  
 I tried to feed him fried rice,  
 But he didn't like the spice.  
 So I tried to feed him applesauce,  
 But he said it made his eyes cross.  
 I tried to feed him gingerbread,  
 But he said it only hurt his head.  
 So I tried to feed him peanut butter,  
 But it got stuck and made him stutter.  
 I tried to feed him watermelon pie,  
 But that, he said, he wouldn't try.  
 So I tried to feed him sprinkle cake,  
 But he said that would keep him awake.  
 I tried to feed him last night's dessert,  
 But he said it made his stomach hurt.  
 So I tried to feed him some fish,  
 But he really didn't like that dish.  
 Then I tried to feed him cheese,  
 That's when he said "more please."  
 Now my mom is wondering why,  
 We can't keep cheese in the house.  
 I heard her last night telling Dad,  
 She thinks we have a mouse

*Recited by Arwan Makhija  
 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, Yantacaw school*



### Songs for the People

By Frances E. W. Harper

Let me make the songs for the people  
 Songs for the old and young;  
 Songs to stir like a battle-cry  
 Wherever they are sung.  
 Not for the clashing of sabres,  
 For carnage nor for strife;  
 But songs to thrill the hearts of men  
 With more abundant life  
 Let me make the songs for the weary,  
 Amid life's fever and fret,  
 Till hearts shall relax their tension,  
 And careworn brows forget.  
 Let me sing for little children,  
 Before their footsteps stray,  
 Sweet anthems of love and duty,  
 To float o'er life's highway.  
 I would sing for the poor and aged,  
 When shadows dim their sight;  
 Of the bright and restful mansions,  
 Where there shall be no night.  
 Our world, so worn and weary,  
 Needs music, pure and strong,  
 To hush the jangle and discords  
 Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.  
 Music to soothe all its sorrow,  
 Till war and crime shall cease;  
 And the hearts of men grown tender  
 Girdle the world with peace.

*Recited by Swetha Sivakumar  
 4<sup>th</sup> grade, Washington school*



### Cello

Sounds as soft as a rose petal.  
 As soothing as tea in a kettle.  
 The sound is as relaxing as the ocean.  
 For when I play there is no commotion.  
 The strings are like the wind and they never stop.  
 The cello is a meaningful part of my life - instrument or not.

*By Beth Christman  
 5<sup>th</sup> grade, Washington school*



### Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,  
 Eating her curds and whey;  
 Along came a spider,  
 Who sat down beside her,  
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.

*Recited by Kaylee Paulino  
 Kindergarten, Radcliffe school*



### Dreams

By Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams  
 For if dreams die  
 Life is a broken-winged bird  
 That cannot fly.  
 Hold fast to dreams  
 For when dreams go  
 Life is a barren field  
 Frozen with snow.

*Recited by Amaya Negrón  
 3<sup>RD</sup> grade, Yantacaw school*



### A Wintery Night

By Linsey Muster

The sky is dark and the ground is white.  
 The world is peaceful on this wintry night.  
 No one around, not a sound to be heard.  
 Not a laugh, not a car, not even a bird.  
 For a moment, it's just the snow and me.  
 I smile inside. I feel so free.

*Recited by Ishaan Reddy  
 1<sup>st</sup> grade, Radcliffe school*





## No

By Judith Viorst

No. I refuse to.  
 No. I don't choose to.  
 No. I most certainly don't.  
 You've made a mistake  
 If you thought you could make Me.  
 No no no --- I won't.  
 No. You could beat me.  
 No. You could eat me  
 Up from my head to my toes.  
 And inside your belly,  
 Loudly and yelly,  
 I'd keep saying no's.  
 No you could sock me,  
 Feed me some broccoli,  
 Tickle me till I turned blue,  
 But in between giggles  
 And sniggles and wriggles  
 I'd say no to you.  
 No. You could tease me,  
 Please, pretty please me,  
 Cry till your eyes washed away.  
 You could beg till you're old,  
 But I'd look at you cold.  
 En-oh is what I'd say.  
 No. You could shove me.  
 No. You could love me.  
 With kisses all squishy and wet.  
 You could scratch me with claws  
 But I'd say no, because .....because.....because.....  
 I forget!

*Recited by Lincoln Boyes  
 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, Yantacaw school*



## Everything on It

By Shel Silverstein

I asked for a hot dog  
 with everything on it  
 and that was my big mistake  
 cuz it came with a pirate  
 a bee in a bonnet  
 a wristwatch a wrench and a rake  
 it came with a gold fish  
 a flag and a fiddle  
 a frog and the front porch swing  
 and a mouse in a mask  
 that's the last time I asked  
 for a hot dog with everything

*Recited by Elyana Negrón  
 Kindergarten, Yantacaw school*



## World Traveller

I want to travel the whole world,  
 To eat and play and learn and explore!  
 I'll go to Germany and ride in fast cars,  
 Then on to Belgium to gobble the chocolates!  
 I'll play soccer in Brazil and Chile,  
 And maybe click a selfie with Neymar and Bravo!  
 Riding in a bullet train will be fun in Japan,  
 And then to Russia, the biggest country in the  
 world!  
 Ghana and Kenya are colorful like their flags,  
 Maybe I'll say Hello to elephants and giraffes  
 After bungy jumping in beautiful New Zealand,  
 I'll relax on a white sandy beach in Fiji!  
 I want to travel the whole world,  
 To eat and play and learn and explore!

*By Neil Mehta  
 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, Yantacaw school*

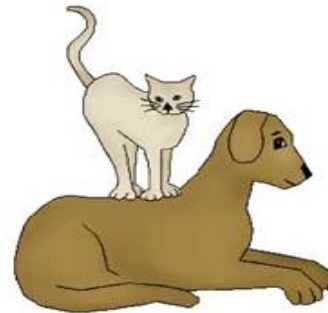


## I'm Bouncing, Bouncing, Bouncing

By Jack Prelutsky

I'm bouncing, bouncing, bouncing,  
 I'm bouncing in the air.  
 I bounce with little effort,  
 I bounce with little care.  
 My bouncing keeps improving,  
 I'm bouncing very high,  
 Attracting the attention  
 Of eagles soaring by.  
 I'm bouncing through the stratosphere,  
 I'm bouncing to the moon.  
 My mother may be worried  
 If I don't stop bouncing soon.  
 I'm bouncing, bouncing, bouncing  
 Exactly as I choose.  
 The secret of my bouncing  
 Is my brand-new shoes.

*Recited by Ipek Hastekin  
 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, Yantacaw school*



## Cat and Dog

Once there was a cat sleeping on a mat,  
 Out came a dog sitting on a log,  
 The cat said Meaooow, you can't catch me!  
 The dog said, I will get you like a bee!  
 And then the cat says, Let's not argue  
 And have a cup of tea  
 The dog said, Yummmm!

*By Nandini Thatavarthy  
 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, Yantacaw school*



### Silver Winter Wonderland

The cold air seeped through my bones.  
 Icicles hung on houses like cones.  
 A frosty white blanket lays on a hill.  
 The world around me is very still.  
 Soon the lake is frozen and skaters glide along.  
 Choraliers come to door steps, singing Christmas songs.  
 Warm hot cocoa is heating my hand.  
 The trees are covered in eternal glass on the land.  
 All the animals are snug in their beds.  
 Having dreams of beautiful spring dance in their heads.  
 The fireplace is all lit up and flames twirl in the quiet dark.  
 While children have snowball fights in the park.  
 The breathless car spits benumbing air in a hurry.  
 Jack frost nips at your cherry red nose.  
 And the bitter wet sinks into your toes.  
 Wearing fuzzy pajamas and having a book in my palm.  
 The wintry earth is like a psalm.  
 My heart is calm, my mind is peaceful, and the snowfall and I are one.  
 Let's go outside and have some fun.  
 It was night and the pale blue moon just took flight.  
 This ground of snow is a cool and bright sight.  
 Forever and ever I will treasure this moment.  
 To keep now and to hold it.

*By Silia K. Dimasi  
 5th grade, Washington school*



### My Mother's Got Me Bundled Up By Jack Prelutsky

My mother's got me bundled up  
 In tons of winter clothes,  
 You could not recognize me  
 If I did not have a nose.  
 I'd wear much less, but she'd get mad  
 If I dared disobey her,  
 So I stay wrapped from head to toe  
 In layer after layer.  
 I am wearing extra sweaters,  
 I am wearing extra socks,  
 My galoshes are so heavy  
 That my ankles seem like rocks  
 I am wearing scarves and earmuffs,  
 I am wearing itchy pants,  
 My legs feel like they're swarming,  
 With a million tiny ants.  
 My mittens are enormous  
 And my coat weighs more than me,  
 My woolen hat and ski mask  
 Make it difficult to see.  
 It's hard to move, and when I try  
 I waddle, then I flop,  
 I'm the living, breathing, model  
 Of a walking clothing shop.

*Recited by Darshini Radhakrishnan  
 1<sup>st</sup> Grade, Lincoln school*



### Stain Glass Windows

Polished to perfection  
 A variety of colors  
 In waves of patterns  
 Off the sun's glance  
 Not much to say  
 But there, exquisite  
 Pictures of the past  
 Now in present

*By Isabella Dimasi  
 3<sup>rd</sup> grade, Washington school*

## Going In The Forest

In the jungle a lion hangs out. He finds a mouse friend that he likes very much. They play all the time. Then a moment later they found another friend, a baby giraffe.

"Now we are really getting up there," said the lion.

The baby giraffe was lost. He was very sad because he lost his family.

The lion had so many tears in his eyes.

"Maybe we can help you?" said the lion.

The lion roared the mom giraffe's name.

*ROOOOOAAAAR GIRAFFE MAMAAAA!!!!!!*

The mouse gets a leaf to clear the giraffe's eyes.

The lion made a saying for the giraffe: "Oh mama if I don't come back today I will be safe because I have good new friends!" yelled the giraffe.

They went in the forest and saw a couple big nests the giraffe's size

but a moment later they saw the biggest nest so far.

Finally it was the giraffe's mom!

But the giraffe did not want to go from his friends.

"We will visit you."

"Oh okay."

And they did.

*By Thalia Kline*

*1st grade, Spring Garden school*



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