

Our 21st century Poem

Why are we obsessed with this game?

Why do we bother following trends?

Why do we want the newest phone?

Why is this all we care about?

Where is the love?

What happened to cards?

What happened to communicating?

We can't talk without looking away

Sending snaps, DM's, and lip-syncing our time away.

Hanging out with friends is no longer the same.

We the people are wasting our one life away!

Are we insane?

Our bodies have become a waste of space

Tell me is this what society wants remembered of the Twenty-First Century?

Guillermo Estrada

6th Grade

Wayne School of Engineering

Rainy Day

Pitter Pat Pitter Pat the rain makes

The day is gray and dreary

The wind does not grow weary

It is a Rainy Day

The windowsill lights up with a flash

And I jump up with a smash

It is a Rainy Day

The sighs of sadness from the day

Causes the rain to stay in its way

The blasts of thunder strikes

The house shakes with ache

It is a Rainy Day

Even though the weather is unbearable

After all it is not that terrible

Isaac Carreno

7th Grade

Wayne School of Engineering

A Flood of Memories: A Memoir of Hurricane Matthew

It was October 7, 2016. Non-stop coverage of Hurricane Matthew had been plaguing our television the entire week. There was one thing that the predictions all had in common; they all said that Matthew was veering away from North Carolina and we breathed a sigh of relief. My community was hit hard by Hurricane Floyd in 1999. Everyone in my neighborhood said Floyd was the “100 year flood.” I even recall my Mother and Father telling my brother and me not to worry, that ‘nothing will ever be as bad as Floyd.’

So everyone thought it was going to be okay. Business owners, like my grandfather, locked up their shops; others, like my family, went to sleep thinking that we would wake up the next morning with a slight drizzle. All of us living in Goldsboro were blissfully unaware of what was to come the next day and in the days to follow.

I woke up the next day to the sound of someone rapping on our back door. Then I heard my grandfather’s hushed voice speaking urgently to my father. I immediately got out of my bed and went and woke up my brother, together we went to them. My mother was standing next to the door that leads into the garage; she had a solemn look. I stepped next to her and looked through the window; there was about three and a half feet of water. In the middle of the stagnant water there was a whirlpool, swirling; then my mind began to do the same thing. Where were my neighbors? Were they okay? How was my grandfather’s store?

My grandfather owned an auto parts store. It was appropriately named “Holland Auto Parts.” Grandpa had started the business in 1977, and had re-opened after Floyd. He loved that store like it was his own child. My earliest memory took place in the auto parts store, so it was only natural that my first notion was to think about the store. For now, I had to think about the matter at hand, which was getting all of our keepsakes on the first floor to the second floor.

After we had shoved our irreplaceable items anywhere we could upstairs, my family packed our bags. Our only destination was my grandpa's house; he lived on a hill across from our house. Usually the walk only takes seconds, but on this day it took an eternity. The five of us waded through the chilly, pungent smelling water with nothing except the clothes on our backs, and sets of clothes for school in garbage bags. Finally we reached Grandpa's house that I had walked to so many times to visit my grandparents, but this time it was under very different circumstances.

We sat down in the living room; we watched the television hoping it would tell the peak of the rising water. Everything was quiet, except grandpa, he was talking about how he hoped his store was okay. The news was not playing footage of the devastation in Goldsboro, instead they were playing "live footage of a dog rescue." I scoffed, people were losing their homes and this was the news decided to report on?

On the second day of being flooded in, the water went down a few feet, so we were able to get together with some of my neighbors. Most of them were staying with my other neighbors, and we were all helping each other. People really do come together in desperate times. One of my neighbors, who owned a boat, took our orders and sailed over to the nearest dry road to Mount Olive, but because of hysteria much of the food had already been bought. Once the water would go down we could get some groceries.

That day we also stood and just stared out our home, which could also double as a swamp. Suddenly, there was a rustle in the trees to our left, when I looked over there were about five or six deer; they were just trying to find dry land. The family dog took off after them, and my brother and father tried to stop her. However, it was too late. All of the deer jumped into the head deep water: it was a representation of how I felt, helpless and trapped.

On the third day, there were sightseers. Many boats passed through our neighborhood, but none of these people lived on our street. There was another particular thing about these boats, they were all going very slowly; these people were taking in the view. It was sick people were going through tragedy and others looked on, not bothering to get out of the safety of their boats to help. Later that week a big

armored truck passed through our neighborhood. On it was the governor, and our Wayne County representatives.

During this time people were inconsiderate to others who were going through a rough time. People were talking about losing their power or wondering if a pizza delivery man could make it to their home, oblivious to the fact there were people losing so much more. We lost our playroom in the flood, and a piece of our childhood. I grew up a lot over those few days. The majority of our neighbors lost their homes, some for the second time in less than 20 years.

On the fourth day the water was going down significantly and we were able to drive (this was great because we were all getting cabin fever). My mother and I asked everyone in our neighborhood what they wanted from the grocery store, and most of them said 'large heavy duty garbage bags.' Of course this is what we brought to them. That night there were very loud trucks that seemed to be circling my block. I asked my parents who they were, worried they were more sightseers. Instead my father told me that they were the National Guard, and they were trying to ensure no one looted a flooded home. The National Guard patrolled my neighborhood where once miniature ponies played. I stifled tears as I fell asleep on my makeshift mattress. In so much sorrow and sadness, it seemed like there was no getting back to normal.

The next day, we drove to Grandpa's store to see the damages. Many of our friends and family showed up and were willing to help us clean up and take inventory. As we stood in the front of the store I tried to mentally prepare myself for what I was about to see. My grandfather hung his head as my dad unlocked and opened the door. Amber brown mud covered the black and white floor tiles that I had walked on all my life. The store smelt musty, and parts of the walls were damp. We all went to the storage room where the inventory was. The boxes were soaking wet and some of the boxes were even growing mold! There were at least two thousand numbers to tally and record. The front of the store was clean in just two days. By the end of the shop cleanup, our lives got back to normal. All that remained was a pile of yard debris that washed into our yard during the flood from all the houses in our neighborhood.

Three months later my grandpa decided to close up his shop, after 40 years of operation. Every day for those three months I looked out of my front window and saw that ugly smudge of debris; I also saw houses that were gutted like Halloween pumpkins. Everything seemed like a sad reminder that nothing would ever be the same after of the week of October eighth. Finally we were got a trailer and removed the mulch and debris from our yard. We went to the dump as we had many times since the flood. After many hours we got all of the yard waste deposited into the dump. Pine straw swirled around us, seeming to chase each other. As we unloaded the pine straw at the landfill, it flew in all different directions. That memory will always remain, just as the others of the hurricane Matthew will.

Skylar Holland

8th Grade

Wayne School of Engineering

The man on the megaphone pointed straight at me all the way up in the back of the bleachers. It was scary for a kindergartner to be that high up on the back row of the bleachers with nothing behind me except a plummeting fall. Being the second student called made me feel so excited. From inside the blue fenced race track, it seemed as if the pink bandana piggy looked at me and smiled. My ecstatic response was "The pink piggy!" The tension in the bleachers was suddenly built up as the piglets lined up on the starting line. Suddenly, the shrill sound of the whistle made us jump in the bleachers and the race was off. My tummy felt sick when my piggy was still last after two out of four laps. The blue ribbon that rested on the table with the other ribbons seemed so far away.

Everyone was cheering and clapping for their friend's pig. The green and purple piggy lost momentum to fall behind the pink piggy. Now my piggy was in second and I got very quiet wondering if that blue ribbon might just be mine after all. Then the man with the megaphone waved the white flag to signal the last lap of the race. The pink and red piggies were snout to snout making a run for the finish line. Then the man with the megaphone waved the checkered flag and announced the winner to be the "Pink Piglet!" He called the winning students to the blue fence to get their ribbons. As he did, the Pink Piglet paraded in victory to the front of the fence where my feet would stand. After the ribbon was awarded to me I petted the piggy. The piggy's hair was coarse and sweaty as my hand stroked her head. A bigger day at the fair than I had expected. My eyes were glued to the ribbon as I clutched it in my hands the whole way back to school on the bus.

Paul Randolph

9th Grade

Wayne School of Engineering

Damsel in Distress

In all the versions of Rapunzel,
The storyline stays the same.

Young girl trapped inside
Towering castle.

Young girl desperately desires to
Escape.

Young girl cannot escape.

Prince appears,
Prince climbs up Young Girl's
Fairytale-like long hair.

Prince helps Princess escape.

I wonder if the Prince
Ever thought of himself
As a hero

Wonder if he ever
Thought himself capable
Of making someone's
Dreams

Come true.

Wonder if deep down
He knew he was made
For that purpose.

Or if he was only cocky.

Sometimes Princes are just that way.

Today,

Within the confinements of a classroom,

A girl had a seizure.

Her Rapunzel-like hair covered in knots

Porcelain skin doused in red.
Gown ripped from falling.
Her Prince was nowhere in sight.

That is
Until rode in the majestic,
Middle-aged,
Pot-bellied,
Teachers.

Whose ability to help
Was just the same as the Prince's

Their instinct to protect
Was just as great as their instinct
To aid

I wonder if they were prepared to take on such a task.

Monique Ward
10th Grade
Wayne School of Engineering

Tidal

They come to me in waves

Getting closer to high tide with every second that passes

I watch curiously as the water reaches out to me

Every attempt comes closer to success than the last

I try to meet the ocean halfway, but I'm scared to walk on

broken shells

My feet unprotected as my heart feels secure

It's just a matter of time before it has to shift back to low tide

And just a matter of time before I end up as shattered as the seashells that

stand between me and the salty water

Rayce Gibson

11th Grade

Wayne School of Engineering

“Two Lost People”

We could be two lost people
Holding to each other, staring at the world
with eyes to betray our ignorance
We could be two lost people
Knowing only the touch of acquaintance

We could be hopelessly tumbling
But tirelessly fumbling for each other's hands
We could be two lost people
Fighting alone for the strength to accept
But fighting together for the will to understand

If we stay like this forever,
darkened paths and dimming bulbs of motivation
fading from my peripheral vision
If we stay like this forever,
looking on each others' ragged face
as if we both secretly know the answers

We'll always be two lost people,
Wondering if tomorrow is valuable enough
to show up for it
Wondering if the other has another
but never wanting to know
For fear we'll lose each other
we just found each other again.

Lyndsey Parnell

12th Grade

Wayne School of Engineering