



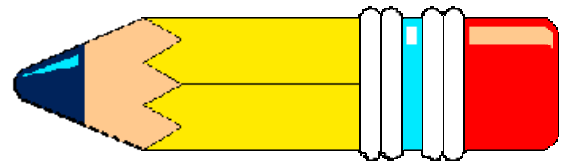
FIRST THURSDAY

JUNE, 2007

Our Future, Our Commitment, Our Students



Student Writing Issue



Top FCS Writing on Display

Another traditional school year has come to and end, so why not display some of the top writing from the year?

This issue of *First Thursday* is dedicated to the hard-working students of Franklin County Schools. Top writing from the system's schools is highlighted throughout this special issue. You will find a variety of writing styles from a variety of students.

A Place Called Bunn

By Stormie Eaton, Bunn High School

I'm from...
I'm from a small town called Bunn
From a house with no closets
And a family that loves
I'm from Thanksgiving Day celebrations
And Christmas Eve parties
I'm from a mix of Southern and Yankee customs
(AKA stubborn, chaotic roots)
I'm from knitting lessons
And hearty meals of steak, taters, snaps, and a biscuit (my favorite)
I'm from sleeping in late and reading a book all day
I'm from homecoming games and unforgettable spirit weeks
From family vacations all over the east coast
And lazy days on the couch
I'm from camping trips and diving lessons



SEE BUNN PAGE 2

MMM... Strawberry Shortcake

By Emily Freeman,
Moises Campos-Mundo,
Noah Skinner,
Amber Hey (Royal Elementary)



1. First we get the excellent yellow cake to put the delicious strawberries on.
2. Next we scoop the delicious red, ripe strawberries because it is so sweet.
3. Then, we put the excellent cool whip on because it is so sweet.
4. Last, we eat the yummy strawberry shortcake.



BUNN

Continued from page 1

I'm from Fourth of July get-togethers
With mistaken upside-down fireworks
I'm from a redneck family where my uncle is 18
I'm from hanging out with your friends all day
And secretly texting them until 12:00 at night
(But only on weekends)
I'm from several inside jokes
Which have been published in the Book of Smart
I'm from getting into trouble and making bad excuses
I'm from making good grades
And several stupid mistakes
I'm from pinball tournaments on an old Playstation 1

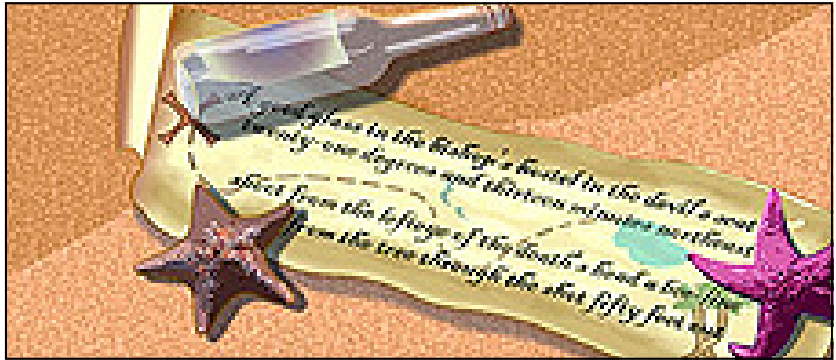
And getting my butt kicked at Dance Dance Revolution
I'm from a place where toe socks are plentiful
And odd colored nail polish is always a must
I'm from dying your hair with cherry flavored Kool-Aid
(And where mothers secretly add green food coloring streaks)
I'm from watching football games with my Dad
While eating tortilla chips with homemade salsa
I'm from the age of technology
(Even though I haven't participated much)
I'm from a place where friends are wonderful
And always there
I'm from not always getting my own way
And the knowledge that you should appreciate what you have
I'm from hardships and good times
I'm from living life to the fullest (like my mother taught me)
I'm from striving ahead and never looking back.

Message in a Bottle

By Kaiti May, Youngsville Elementary

"Wow, the waves sure are beautiful," I thought to myself as I sauntered across the soft sand of a North Carolina beach. Just then, a shimmering object caught my eye. "What's that," I wondered to myself as I walked closer to the glass object. I carefully bent down and picked it up. The object was bright red and had a tan cork on the top. In the blink of an eye, I was surprised to see a note bound up in it.

So I quickly pulled at the cork and "Pop"! – The cork flew off. I carefully tipped the bottle over and the note gently landed at my feet. Just then, I bent over and picked it up and unrolled it. When I did, I noticed it was a treasure map. First the map told me to go 50 steps to Seashell Street. "I can't believe I found a treasure map," I kept saying to myself over and over as I was walking to Seashell Street.



When I reached there, I noticed why they called it Seashell Street. There were a million seashells. A moment later, I noticed a white object on top of one of the seashells. So I rushed over to it and couldn't believe it. The object was a note saying to go 100 steps to Palm Tree Island. Also when I reached there, there would be a big red X. Look for it! Finally I reached there. As I peered around for a big red X, I noticed there was a shovel leaning against a palm tree.

So I sauntered over to the shovel and carefully picked it up because it'll probably help me dig up the treasure. Just then, my eyes widened because right there in front of me was a big red X!

"It is the size of a palm tree," I pondered to myself in the blink of an eye. I immediately grabbed the shovel I dropped after finding the

red X. Just then, I stuck the shovel in the sand where the X was and started digging.

"Thump! That must be the treasure," I thought to myself. A moment later, I jumped down in the little hole I made by digging. Suddenly, I noticed it wasn't that heavy as I picked it up. Before I knew it, I had the treasure on the sand and was opening it. When I finally did open it, my eyes widened. I couldn't help but notice beautiful gems and gold coins. "Oh my gosh," I exclaimed. A moment later I was surprised to see a note saying – "THANKS FROM BLACKBEARD."

As I was walking back to the beach house, I remembered how much fun I had searching for Blackbeard's treasure. I also hoped Blackbeard was happy for me finding his treasure.



It's Like Riding a Bike



**Jennifer Howell, 4th Grade,
Louisburg Elementary**

I am trying to learn how to ride a bike. It was a sunny day, and I was six years old. I had had many troubles. My troubles were things like, having a brother who constantly tries to distract me, keeping my balance, and trying not to fall over.

Every time I got on the bike I forgot how to use the brake. I just couldn't get the hang of it, and I was worried I was never going to. So I just kept trying over and over again. Guess what happened about thirty minutes later?

I got better at riding my bike! I couldn't believe it! I wasn't perfect, but I was getting there. I was so excited — I was practically jumping up and down for an hour or so.

I kept up with the good work. I didn't even fall anymore, I just wobbled a little. I felt like I could do almost anything. Even though I

had a little ways to go, I was very happy.

I kept trying harder and harder. I had almost made it all the way down the hill. If my brother wasn't there, I probably would have. What happened was that he had called me on my way down, I turned back to look at him, and I ran into a tree. As you could probably imagine, that didn't feel too well. After that happened, my

brother got sent home by my Dad.

After my brother was sent home, guess what happened. I got it perfectly! I was so happy! I couldn't believe I had gotten it.

Ever since that day, I've loved riding bikes. As a matter of fact, I go bike riding almost every Sunday. I am great at riding now. I love riding my bike! I'm glad I learned how to ride, and that's one thing I'm sure about!



A Taste of TLMS Poetry



Family

By Trey Valin of TLMS

Familiar sounds of laughter fill my head,
 And the comforting smell of mother baking bread,
 My siblings running wild at play,
 I grow to love them more with each passing day,
 Love what you have is my mother's only creed,
 You'll want for nothing else, for family is all you need.

Blacks and Slavery

By Shequeta Freeman of TLMS

Big and Bad

Looking what they had

Assurance is mine,

Come with me to this state of mind,

Kind of love and excitement,

Still is filled with love and joy.

&

Side by side

Love and lie

Anything as the day goes by,

Value your life,

Enlist your incomings

Rough and hard

You are here to stay



Terrell Lane Middle School

YIKES! *It's a MONSTER...*

By Tomeia Strickland,
Edward Best Elementary

A loud and terrible roar came from the picnic basket as I reached to open it. When I opened it, I could not believe my eyes. There was this creature that was ugly and so smelly. His head was shaped like an umbrella and he had pink, yellow, and blue dots all over his body. The monster's feet were like big poles, and his toenails were like big knives. As soon as my friend and I got a glance at this terrible beast, we ran so fast we almost hit a tree. We climbed the tree to catch



our breath. My friend said to me, "What in the world is that thing?"

"I don't know," I said, "But it looked like it was trying to eat us! We have to make up a plan to catch the mighty monster and kill him." "How will we do that?" my friend asked. "I don't know," I said. "But we'll have to set up a trap to catch him." "I will go try to find some wood and string," my friend said. "And I will go plan what we have to do."

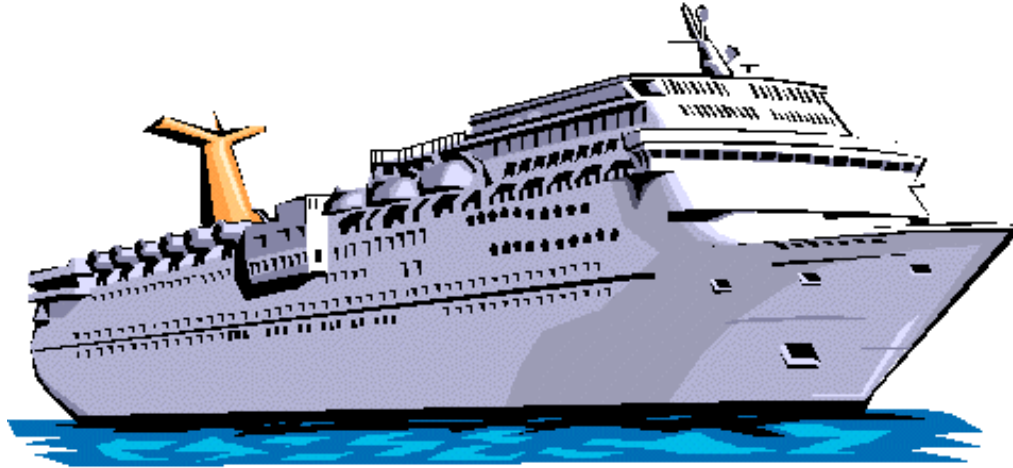
So we got out of tree. My friend went to go find wood and string, and I went to plan it. We met back at the

same tree. My friend had the wood and string and I planned the trap.

First, we will put the trap between these two trees and one of us will have to get the monster to chase them. The other one will have to drop the trap over the creature's head and then kill the creature. So the plan was set. My friend got the monster to chase her, and he got right into the trap. As soon as he did, I jumped out of the tree and killed the monster. Some say the monster still hides in people's picnic baskets. I don't think he does, or does he?



A Memorable Cruise



By Ashley Joyner, Laurel Mill Elementary

One hot, sunny day, Christina, Amy, Dad, Jill, Warren, Suzzane, Amanda, Anna and I were waiting on the dock for the boat to come. We had rented our own private boat for a night, but I was both nervous and excited. Everyone brought a bag of things to use. Christina, Amy, Anna and I had to bring our sleeping bags because we had to sleep on the deck.

Splash! The boat was here. “Come on Christina,” I shouted. We all stepped on the boat and sat our things down. “Whoa,” I shouted as I slid on the floor. “Are you OK,” Christina asked. “Yeah, what happened?”

“Oh sorry, I jerked the boat. My name is Charlotte, and I’ll be driving your boat.” “Come on Ashley, let’s go up top,” Christina shouted.

We climbed up the steep stairs and finally got on top. “Wow, it’s cool up here,” I said. “Hey look, we can go tubing above the deep water,” Christina said. “Let’s go!”

We dashed down the stairs, ran over to the flying thing and said in unison “We want to ride!” Then we got in our harnesses and took our shoes off, but suddenly, a thunderstorm starts – BOOM! We got out of our harnesses and ran inside the boat’s living room. The waves were crashing down, and the lightning flashed before our eyes. We were scared!

Splash! An enormous wave crashed on the deck of our boat. Everyone gathered around the small television to watch the weather. “The rain should clear in about five minutes,” the weatherman said. The sun started to shine; Christina and I ran outside, and the sky was clear again!

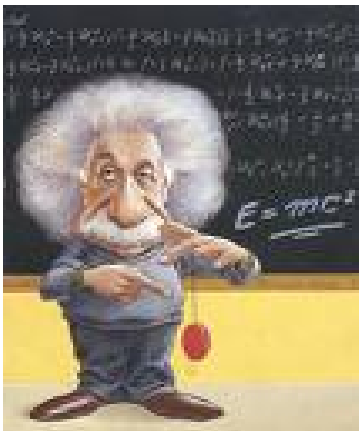
We put our snorkeling shirts on and jumped in the clear water of the Bahamas. As I swam through the water, I wondered if this would ever happen again.

Philosophically Speaking

By Alicia Camilli, Cedar Creek Middle

Philosophy can be defined as the study of reality, causes, and principles of being and thinking. But, in my opinion, it is much, much more. Philosophy is a part of everyone's life whether they know it or not. At one point in a person's life, he/she may ask, "Where does the world come from?" This is a philosophical question.

Philosophy can be broken down in several main branches as follows: 1) **Metaphysics** questions nature and significance of the universe. 2) **Logic** which outlines the laws of reasoning. 3) **Epistemology**, which is the nature of knowl-



edge and the process of knowing. 4) **Ethics** which deals with problems of right conduct. 5) **Aesthetics**—the nature of beauty and criteria or artistic judgment.

Philosophy falls into three large time periods: the classical period, the medieval period and the modern period — all of which are specialized or centered around a certain branch of philosophy.

Why should you care? Why should you bother to learn philosophy? Why should ask questions that don't have a proven answer? Why? Be-

cause this is your world just as it is mine. One thing I learned about philosophy is that, while I sought to find answers, I only found more questions. For some, philosophy can be a pebble in your shoe, and for others it can be the warmth of the sun. The question is — do you seek the unknown?

Do you want to know who you are? The first step to find who you are, is to find where your stance in the world is. Is God real? What is the truth? What is knowledge? This is philosophy—this is how you find who you are. There are way too many people who walk through their lives in the shadows. Find the light, find your stance. I challenge you to find who you are and find your answers.





Why is my bus late?

by Michella Brown and KeKe Crudup of Bunn Middle



Editor's note: This opinion piece originally printed in the November 2006 issue of UpDawg Magazine, which is a production from Bunn Middle School.

All Franklin County middle schools have to deal with the late bus issue because of a bus shortage.

Can't we get some lottery dollars so kids won't have to be at school for ten hours a day?

Do you know what time I wake up every school day morning?

Well, I wake up at 5:30 a.m. The bus gets to my house between 6:30 and 6:40 a.m. I only have time every morning to put on my clothes, brush my teeth, and do my hair. How many other students in middle school do you know that have to get up that early just to catch their bus? The only ones that get up that early do it only because they have to. They ride either Bus 202 or Bus 170. In the afternoon, I'm here at school until after 4:00. Most days I get home at about 4:45. That's ten hours a day at school!!! No, I don't play sports. It's because I ride a bus with two middle-school loads.



Some people ride the normal buses here at Bunn Middle School. Other students have said, from personal experience, that people who ride normal buses can wake up at 7:00 and still catch the bus because it gets to their house at around 7:40. I somehow get the feeling this is not fair!

At the beginning of the school year, many students and their parents believed that, in a few weeks, there would be more buses and there would no longer have to be four late buses. That was an incorrect assumption. We are now over two months into the school year, and there are still 4 late buses. We have been given many reasons for why that is.

Mr. Hawks tells us the main reason is the size of the school. The number of students in this school has been increasing over the years. In the previous school years, there were only two late buses. Mr. Hawks is hoping for more buses so there will be no more late buses, but he's not sure when or if we'll get them. Some parents aren't aware that the elementary, middle, and high schools have no choice because those are all the buses they get from the Franklin County. Even if the county granted Bunn Middle School more buses, there may not be more people willing to drive the buses. For obvious reasons, driving buses is much more difficult to do than driving cars. Due to the size of the bus, it's much harder to handle than a normal vehicle. The bus driver must also be responsible of the students riding the bus. Some students do not behave on the bus and the bus driver needs to

concentrate on driving. I think the "no bus drivers" problem would be easier to deal with than the "no bus" problem. Surely someone would drive the bus!

There have been complaints from many people about this dilemma. Students and parents have complained to Mr. Hawks. Mr. Hawks has complained to higher levels such as the Board of Education and the Superintendent. Franklin County has a set number of buses it gives each school. In other places such as Wake County, one bus may drive for three different schools, which are all on different schedules.

Franklin County has been looking for solutions to the problem. They have adjusted the starting and stopping times of all the schools. At one point in time, all middle schools started at 8:15, all elementary schools started at 8:00, and all high schools started at 7:45. Mr. Hawks and other school officials have predicted that the starting times for schools may be spread out even more to suit the number of buses. There's no other choice because that's all the money the state grants Franklin County for buses.

Before you go to bed tonight, make sure you pray that somebody in the school system will win the lottery and give part of the money to Bunn Middle School to help the late bus situation.

"...make sure you pray that somebody in the school system will win the lottery and give part of the money to Bunn Middle School to help the late bus situation."



The Magical Sled



By Wesley Collins, Bunn Elementary School

Bam! "What just happened?" I said. I went over what had happened in my head. I had gone to the ski lift, but somehow I had brought my sled instead of my skies. At the top of the ski lift, everything went black, and when it was light again, I found myself here - wherever here was.

My thoughts were broken by a mighty roar. I turned around and saw snow flying by something large. It was a hungry, ravenous polar bear. "That means I'm in Alaska!" I thought to myself, as I turned on my heat. SMACK! I had run straight into a tree so hard all of the snow fell on me. I lost consciousness for a few seconds. When I regained conscience, I found myself in what looked like a polar bear den. Good thing it was just a cave of snow made by seals. I never thought I would see the day when I would be saved by a seal. In fact, it was a litter of baby seals. I saw three grey balls of fur bounce into the cave. "Polar bears!" I screamed. "Thank goodness," I thought to myself. It was only baby seals.

I decided never to go back. My head was throbbing by the time the magic sled arrived at my house. I wished I could go back to sleep, but I knew I had to get rid of the magic sled and never use it again.



Why Do Some Students Fail?

By Cameron Gupton, Louisburg High



Failing seems to be a common thread in schools around the country. In the last few years, students have been doing poorly in school and failing their classes. The causes of this failure include too much homework, after-school sports and relationships.

Many teachers say they do not issue much homework, but to a student with three other classes, it is too much. School is nearly seven hours long, and it makes many students very tired. Spending only a few hours a day at home, many find no time for homework. I know that when I get home, I really don't want to spend three more hours on schoolwork.

Teachers expect far too much from pupils; they expect perfection in all we do. After loading hours of homework on a student, they expect the assignments completed 100 percent by the following day. For example, once in science I had a five-page report due the next morning. Between math, English and history, I had no time and failed the project. Too much homework can cause many students to fail classes.

Another cause of student failure is trying to play sports and balance grades. In previous studies, it has been shown that many students playing sports will fail at least one class. Athletes spend more time perfecting their skills than doing schoolwork. Aaron, one of my friends, played soccer in the fall. The team practiced Monday, Wednesday and Thursday with a game on Friday. Aaron often said, "I have no time for school and

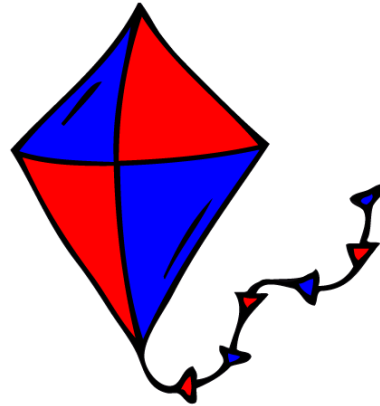
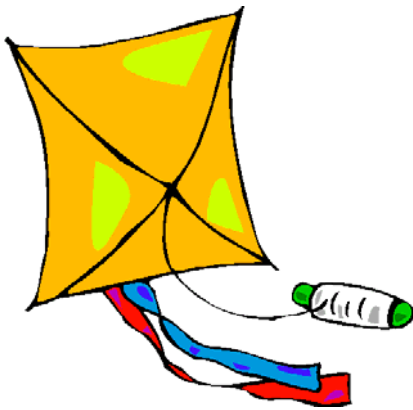
the coach really needs me." Pressure from coaches can cause athletes to worry about the big game more than the big test. Some kid's lives revolve around sports, and they couldn't care less. One of my friends failed three of his classes during baseball season, and because of that, he failed the semester. Sports can be a major cause of failure.

The last cause of failure is social situations. Students can get entangled in their own emotions and just give up on school. Everyday I see many couples hugging and kissing as I walk to class. I guarantee each of them has a 2.5 GPA. These students don't care, and they believe they are in "love". If they listened in class, they could make 90s.

Fitting in is another major issue. Students constantly changing to be cool eventually crack under pressure and fail a class or two. Bullying is yet another factor. Students would rather ditch school than face the school bully. Playing cat and mouse can lead to downfall. The student being bullied suffers not only emotional stress but also failure.

These are just a few causes of student failure. Trying to pass is different from not caring. Students should do their homework, limit sports and save relationships for after school.





Let's Go Fly a Kite

My Kite Broke

By Caroline Beard, Franklinton Elementary

Today, it was a cool, blustery day. I went outside to fly my kite - but there was a problem. My kite had a hole in it, so I had to make a new kite. I made one that was enormous. I decorated it with green, white and yellow polka-a-dots. It was pretty. Then I was flying my kite. Oh no! My kite broke again! That gigantic tree was in my way. I do not want to make another one! Oh well, I have to do it all over again.

So I made it with yellow, green and black stripes.

I flew my kite again - "YIPEE! It flies!

Wait, I smell something - it is my mom's fresh apple pie! Mmm..., that smells good." Then I went inside.



Wind, Kites and Brownies

By Ashley Cardona, Franklinton Elementary

On Saturday morning it was windy. I told my mom I don't have anything to do, and she told me I should fly my new kite. My kite is colorful and big. It's in the garage. When I went outside, I was excited because it was really windy. I got the kite from the garage.

I went out running as fast as I could, but the kite fell down to the ground. I called my sister. She came out, and I said, "Can you help me?" "OK," she replied. I told her to grab the handle; and I would grab the kite. "When I say three, we will run - 1 -2 -3 - RUN!" Then we smelled brownies and then went and asked mom to make some for us.

