



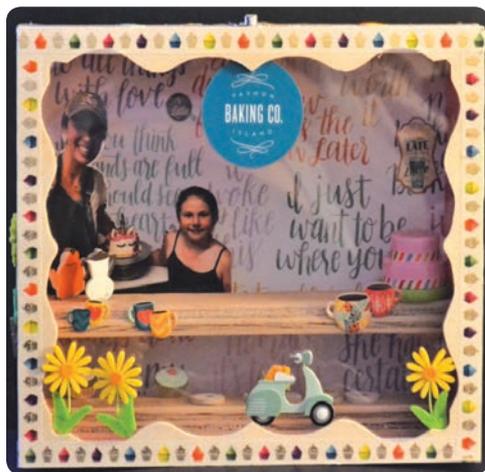
SCHOOL PAGE

ARTWORK, POETRY, AND WRITING FROM TACOMA STUDENTS



PTA Reflections Student Contest Entries and Theme: "Heroes Around Me"

STUDENTS SOAR AT PT. DEFIANCE ELEMENTARY



My Mom is my Hero

My Mom is my hero because she is a positive influence in and out of her classroom plus she loves and cares about everyone.

— **Jacob Rogers**, 4th grade,
Teacher: Mr. Pittrof, Pt. Defiance Elementary

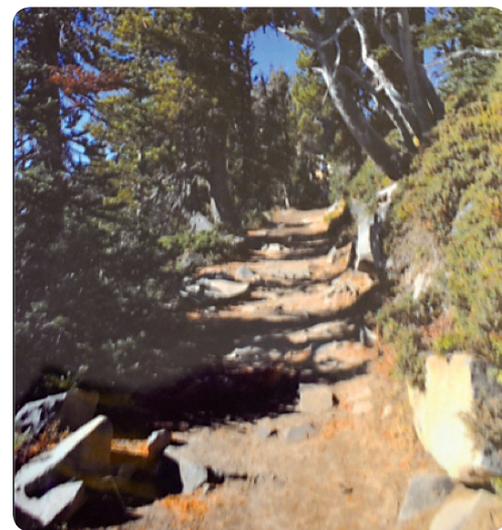
Sam Weigand, my Hero

These reflections are reflecting Sam Weigand from Vashon Island Baking Company as a hero among us. Sam starts every day making her community happy with her sweet treats she whips up. She encourages children to follow their passion on baking while teaching them. That is why Sam is my hero.

— **Phoenix Ayers**, 4th grade, Teacher: Mr. Pittrof, Pt. Defiance Elementary



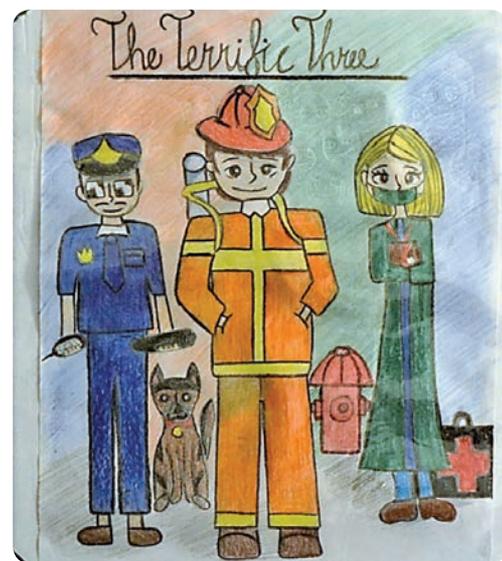
AMAZING MEEKER ART AND WRITING



Wonderland Trail

Taking a deep breath and letting your inner soul relax is something that makes me deeply happy. Nature is my hero because you can be yourself and embrace your inner you!

— **Isabella Vaughn**, 8th grade,
Teacher: Mrs. Wallace, Meeker Middle School



The Terrific Three

My 2D Visual Art "The Terrific Three" shows three real life heroes that save people: A policeman, a firefighter, and a doctor. Behind them are supporters that help the heroes. A watchdog, (a German Shepherd), that is behind the policeman, a red fire hydrant that is behind the firefighter, and a black first aid kit for the doctor. These three real life heroes represent the theme "Heroes around me" because these people in real life help people who are in need, they are courageous, and they dedicate their life on their job to save people.

— **Narielle L. Mendoza**, 8th grade,
Teacher: Mr. Sponberg, Meeker Middle School

GREAT & WISE HEARTS FROM GEIGER MONTESSORI SCHOOL

The Greatest Heart

Everyone has a heart. Our hearts are our heroes because they keep our bodies alive. Our hearts lead us to do new things. Our hearts are full of feelings and then we help others.



— **Mason Kindt**, 1st grade,
Teacher: Ms. Thiel, Geiger Montessori School



Daddy Mommy Heroes

Daddy and Mommy are my heroes. They give me huggies everyday. They let me climb in their bed at night. Daddy let's me hammer nails. Mommy let's me do the polishing. We go on adventures to the park.

— **Timothy Kindt**, Kindergarten,
Teacher: Mrs. Collier, Geiger Montessori School

Tim & Mason are brothers who come from a family whose other children have published in the Tacoma Weekly previously. Thanks to their parents for their encouragement, too!



Dada

My picture is of Dada. My Dada takes me to the zoo and helps me to get ready for school. He plays with me at the park.

— **Ruby Lynn**, Pre-kindergarten (age 3),
Teacher: Ms. Puree, Geiger Montessori School

SOME OF THE BEST FROM BROWNS PT. ELEMENTARY

The Pen is Mightier Than The Sword

My hero gave me the gift of communication. King Sejong gave the Korean language its own alphabet and therefore gave Korea its own sense of identity; a breakthrough after years of only being able to read and write in Chinese. Without him, I wouldn't be able to communicate my thoughts and needs in Korean, losing half of my identity as a Korean-American. Thank you, King Sejong!

— **Rachel Sim**, 4th grade, Teacher: Mrs. Scott,
Browns Pt. Elementary



The Fire

The police men come and the fire men come too. The police and the firemen help us when it is a disaster.

— **Ava Herbertson**, 1st grade, Teacher: Ms. Gallagher, Browns Pt. Elementary

JEFFERSON ELEMENTARY

Chrissy

Chrissy is my hero because she always makes me happy when I am sad. She lives across the street with another cat named Reuben. Sometimes Reuben attacks Chrissy, but Chrissy never gets hurt. She is 15 years old, which is old for a cat. Chrissy means so much to me because I feel calm when she purrs. I always look forward to seeing her.



— **Lila Kelanic**, 3rd grade,
Teacher: Mr. Perkins, Jefferson Elementary

Forgettable Faces

Pushing my way through the excited crowd, I make my way toward the stage that they stand upon, towering over the rest of us. They extend their hands toward us pretending that we can do what they do, with their flashy capes and neon spandex. We call them heroes, but I don't think we know what that word means. Once these so called heroes started popping up, the crime rates did as well. These aren't heroes.

I smile at the old veteran sitting on a worn bench, his prosthetic too old to help much anymore. As I head toward the crosswalk, I wave at Ms. Wendall, the strict 3rd grade teacher that taught me to stand up for myself when kids wouldn't leave me alone on the playground.

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