

# THE STAR



MARIA HASTINGS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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PAINTING BY HENRY MA (GRADE 5)

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## Welcome Back, Mrs. Tripi!

### An Interview with Mrs. Tripi

By Noah (Grade 1) and Emma (Grade 4) Lachowitz

What is your favorite time of the day?

Mrs. Tripi: The afternoon.

What is your favorite plan for this Summer Break?

Mrs. Tripi: Spending time with my family.

What's your favorite food?

Mrs. Tripi: Lobster/seafood.

How do you like being back at Hastings?

Mrs. Tripi: I love it.

What do you like most about your job?

Mrs. Tripi: All the new people and seeing all the kids.

What Super Power would you like to have?

Mrs. Tripi: Flying.



"MAGIC Book" PHOTOGRAPHY AND COLLAGE BY JOONSUNG CHYUNG (GRADE 3)

## The Book

Original Story by Pranav Chivukula (Grade 5)

The book. He had warned her.

"And I should've listened," the girl thought as her mind was sucked into the book as if it was a vacuum cleaner.

The girl's mind was trying to get out, but it was too late. She knew this, but she kept trying and pushing so she could be free. But the book was too powerful for her mind to escape. As the girl accepted that she had lost the battle for freedom, she felt a hard "THUMP!" as the girl landed on hard brown soil.

When she saw her surroundings, she just felt shocked. How did she not see herself falling? Where was she? How was she here? Those were two of the questions she thought, but she also had two other questions that she felt were the most important: What time period is this ("Because this certainly isn't the 21<sup>st</sup> century," she thought) and where is everyone?

Then, she heard a voice cackle. The girl got up and swung her head all around her but saw no one and nothing.

The voice cackled, "Oh, girl, the man warned you not to read the book, but you didn't listen. Soon, you will become one of my stories, and after you are, I'll be back in the library for new readers to enjoy."

The voice gave the girl a moment to process this before continuing. And, good for her that it did, for the girl's mind was so full of fear that the fear could've started leaking.

"In case you're wondering, I am the book you just read. A person read books so much he wanted to write one so he chose me, a blank book to fill in with stories. But, he could never fill it. So, he put himself into the book so the book would have a story, but his goal lived on in me. I now continue to get new stories so my pages will be full!" The book cackled. "So, it will take about...7 minutes to get your story!"

The girl sat down and sobbed. This was it. She was going to be one of the book's stories. She could never do what she wanted to do with her life.

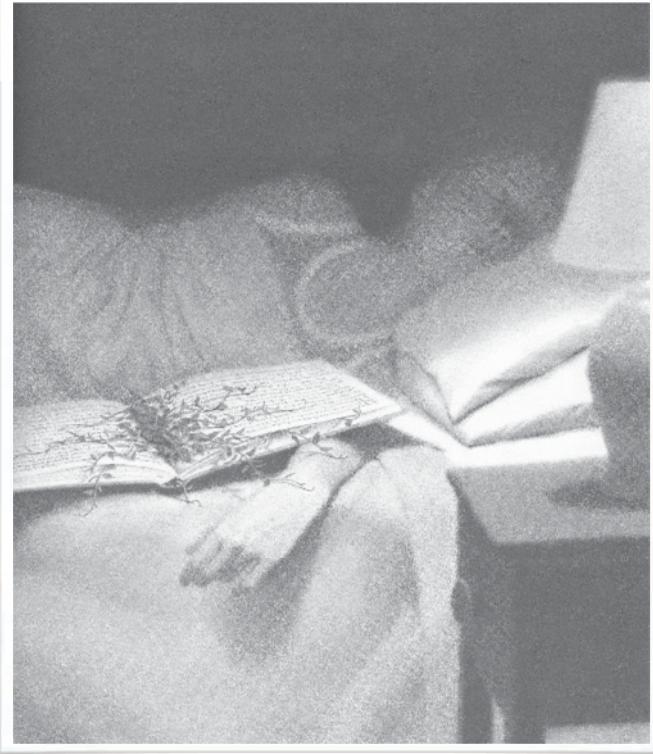
"Wait...what is that?" The girl thought as her eyes, full of tears, settled on a book. The girl dashed over and looked at it.

"This is the book!" she thought as she dug through her pockets for a pen. She knew what she had to do. She knew she wasn't the bravest, the strongest, or the smartest but she also knew this was something she had to do. As she tried to find the next page, the voice cackled, "4 more minutes!" She heard thousands of voices asking her to free them. They spoke in one united voice and said one thing, "Free us!" And when she found the next clean page, she drew something with 1.5 minutes remaining. She needed to draw herself and the others free of the book.

With 30 seconds remaining, she added everything about the book.

With 15 seconds left, she added little wisps to be the minds of the people escaping the book.

With 7 second left, she drew a circle around the wisps. With her final 3 seconds, she wrote one word: free.



**Editor's Note:** Pranav's inspiration was this illustration by Harris Burdick, titled "MR. LINDEN'S LIBRARY" with the caption: *HE HAD WARNED HER ABOUT THE BOOK. NOW IT WAS TOO LATE.*

What do YOU think happened in Burdick's lost story?

And there was a flash of light, and the girl suddenly found herself in her bedroom, lying in her bed with the clock reading 9:30, the time she entered the book.

But, there was one thing that surprised her the most: The book was gone.

### HOW TO BE A STAR CONTRIBUTOR:

**Teachers:** Feel free to submit class work.

**Students:** Submit work any time (rolling submissions), or join us for monthly Star Club meetings for comradery and inspiration.

#### WE ACCEPT:

**Writing:** includes opinion pieces, essays, newspaper articles about school events, poetry, fiction or non-fiction, jokes

**Visual Art:** includes photographs, drawings, comics

#### How To SUBMIT WORK:

\*Digitally is the preferred method: send to [star@hastingspta.org](mailto:star@hastingspta.org) Or, you can place your paper submission in the Star Box at the PTA table in the lobby

Check out [hastings.pta.org/star/](http://hastings.pta.org/star/) for more details, future Club meeting times, and writing prompts.

## Donating Hair

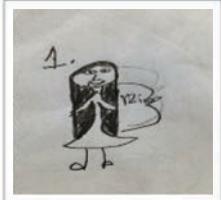
By Sophia Kao (Grade 2)

Happiness with my love let everyone feel warm. Thinking about donating your hair, it will help other kids who have cancer or other disease and lost their hair feel normal and comfortable. This year I decided to donate my hair, and I felt very happy. Why? Because I donated 1 of the 20 to 30 ponytails used to make a wig! So, if you want to donate your hair, you will make sick kids happy!

## HOW TO DONATE YOUR HAIR.

Simple and easy 4 steps:

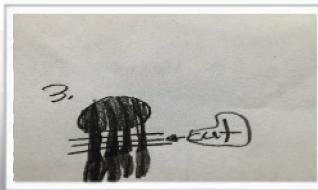
1. Make sure your hair is a minimum of 12 inches.



2. Tie all hair to at least 4 ponytails.  
[ You can do 6.]



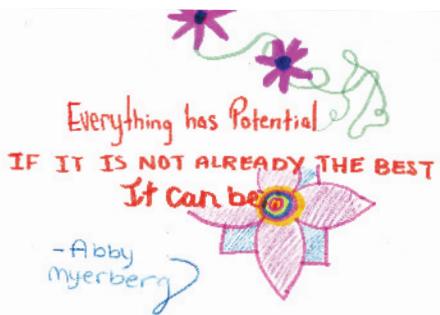
3. Cut hair BETWEEN 2 rubber bands.



4. Put hair into a Ziploc bag and donate to WIGS FOR KIDS !



For more detail, you can surf on the Website.



INSPIRATIONAL QUOTE AND ART BY ABBY MYERBERG  
(GRADE 5)



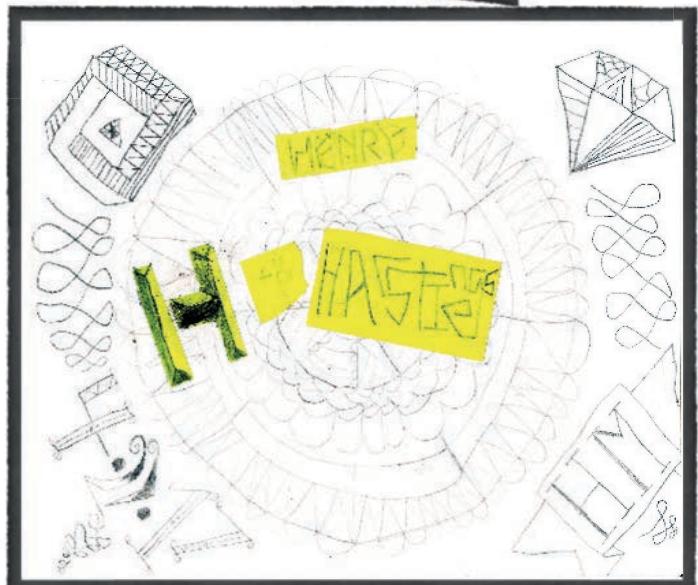
DRAWINGS BY  
HENRY MA  
(GRADE 5)

## The Countryside House Poem by Emma McQuade (Grade 4)

In the countryside of Maine  
There is a house  
Inside lives a family  
And their pet mouse.

The family is made up of two children  
Who go by the names of Leila and Ollie  
And there are two parents, Mom and Dad  
And the mouse is called Polly

The family will never leave  
No matter what their neighbors say  
They will always be here  
Day after day.



## **Stella**

*Original Story by Sarah Wipke (Grade 5)*

Stella fingered the star charm pendent on her necklace that she wore everyday. She ran her fingers around each point, feeling the smooth parts and the part where she scratched when she was nervous. When the bus halted, Stella reluctantly took her brother, Jonah's small hand as the gingerly stepped out into the pouring rain.

The cold rain trickled down her neck in large droplets and soaked her old, grimy sneakers. Her dark brown hair was matted down and soaked like a wet mop. Jonah looked up at Stella with frightened eyes tucked deep beneath his hood. Jonah's small, clammy hand clasped her own.

"Is Mommy still at work?" Jonah asked softly.

"I'm not sure, she might come home earlier today." Stella said doubtfully, but covered up her doubt with a bit of hope. She stared down at the wet pavement.

Mrs. Faulkner had been coming home later and later each night that past week. She worked hard to earn the same salary. Stella had even thought about taking on a paper route, or a weekend waitress job.

But when Stella brought up the idea with her mom, she just said, "No my Starlight, you don't have to do that for me." Stella protested, but as she did, her mother started to get more and more weary, so Stella knew when it was time to put Jonah to bed and end the conversation.

After another night of homemade cheese-chicken quesadillas, Stella went upstairs to tuck Jonah into his small bed in the attic.

"I hope Mommy comes home soon," He whispered to Stella as she kissed him goodnight. Stella nodded.

"She will, I know it. Good night, Jo-man."

"Good night, Starlight."

Stella lay wide awake in bed. Her mother was usually home before Stella went to bed. Stella kept a candle burning in the front window to let her mother know she was still okay. They made up the code when Mrs. Faulkner took up a second job and after Stella's father died in the accident.

Stella forced the thought away. Her father was too bright of a soul to think about, way too painful. Stella sat up in bed, careful to not squeak the rusty springs of her bed, and tiptoed over to the window. She carefully opened the ripped blinds and peered out into the still, chilly night.

The stars filled the sky, the moon was a big round snowball, waiting to be thrown. The stars sparkled like dancing snowflakes, frozen in time. Even after watching the stars on every clear night for as long as she could remember, each night was a new experience for Stella. Each night was different and just as beautiful.

Looking at the sky, night or day, always brought comfort to Stella. She saw the same sky everywhere she went, and somehow, that was reassuring. Looking at the night sky was the best, though. How the stars sparkled, giving the moon a large, happy family,

something Stella never had. The moon and stars were her family. Stella never had a special stuffed animal either, too little money for that. Stella never had a bedtime story either, for everything that her father had taught her about the constellations and stars and space was in a little hand made notebook. After years of saving the fullest scraps of paper, Stella had written down everything that she knew about the stars and space. She only looked at the journal when she felt sad about her father.

Gazing up at the night sky was all she needed. When her father was still alive, he would name the constellations and stars. They would sit on the rickety roof, or the scraggly scrap of land in the back of the house, snuggled up to each other staring up at their long-lost family in the sky. The sky always had the same stars and constellations, only every 100 years do stars die. And when Stella looked up at the night sky, she always felt protected and loved. Night skies always brought Stella closer to him, especially when she needed him the most.

After a long while longingly gazing up at the sky, Stella finally brought herself to close the blinds and climb into bed. The stars still fresh in her mind brought a warm feeling to her body that no one in the world but her father and the stars could bring. And that feeling lulled her silently to sleep.



DRAWING BY VYUSHTI KHETAN (GRADE 2)

## Oo, a List Poem

By Finn O'Donnell

My room is filled  
With toys,  
Here are some of them...  
60 toy cars,  
80 toy soldiers,  
8 ripped up valentines,  
13 nerf guns,  
3 dolls (I don't know how they  
got in here.)  
A 3DS,  
30 games for the 3DS,  
6 notebooks,  
150 markers,  
13 erasers,  
3 sharpeners,  
8 pencils,  
2 pencil cases,  
13 toy busses,  
6 toy boats,  
200 books,  
600 lego people,  
10 toy spiders,  
3 real spiders,  
Wait...AHHH!  
Oh, and that's only a quarter  
of my room!

## What am I?

By Joseph Zhang

I'm black and white  
Also orange  
I can  
Fly  
My life  
Starts as a larva  
Then my middle stage  
Is a pupa  
Bang !!!!!!!!  
Oops I crashed  
Into a tree  
And I  
Sip nectar from flowers  
What am I?

## What am I?

By Vihaan Vivekraj

I am green  
And have sharp teeth  
And swim in water  
And have a tale  
But I eat fish  
And I can snap you into pieces!  
  
I am a crocodile!

## Poetry from Mrs. Greenstein's Second Grade Class

### The Kasparian Family

By Elsiebeth Kasparian

when I need help my family is there  
when I need help picking out clothes  
my aunt is there (Joy)  
when I need help singing a song  
my other aunt is there (Faith)  
when I need help having fun  
my uncle is there (Erik)  
when I need help making a good meal  
my uncle is there (Richard)  
when I want to skate  
my cousin is there (Richard)  
when I want to be silly  
my cousin is there (Ethan)  
when I need help with math  
my cousin is there (Frank)  
when I want a hug  
my cousin is there (Chris)  
when I need help my family is there.

### Louie's Haiku (Louie is My Bunny)

By Gabe Ostrower

Furry, fluffy, cute,  
Fun, colors: cookie dough, fat.  
Amazingly fast.

### Math

By Eli Selsky

Multiplication.  
Awesome.  
Terrifically fun.  
How could I not do math?

### Pencil Box

By Lyla So

Pencil box  
inside a fox  
with a rock  
and a sock  
with a clock that goes tick tock  
with a hock that just did a bock  
with a lock that locked the clock!

## Loud Noises

By Keshav Krishna

Loud noises make me  
Livid.  
PE is too noisy  
People cheer loudly  
People scream crazily  
Music  
Makes me want to turn it  
Off  
Music class is overwhelming  
People sing so loud I can't  
think  
People shout like they are  
outside at  
Recess  
Makes me want to  
Bang bang bang  
On the drum  
But instead I use a strategy  
Loud noises make me mad!

## Food

By Adwait Patki

Food something to eat but I am  
sick ice cream no  
Cheese it's no  
Butter and bread no  
Goldfish don't even think about it  
Popsicle no  
Gummies no  
Juice no  
Apple no  
Banana no  
Peach maybe  
Strawberry no  
Blueberry no  
Raspberry no  
Water what of course that's just  
plain old water.

## Ms. Greenstein

By Rachel K. Berry

Ms. Greenstein is loving and caring.  
Ms. Greenstein is sweet as a pear.  
I love Ms. Greenstein.  
She is a teacher that cares.

## Wind

By Lucas Kanashiro

Woof! Strong wind  
Is coming so better watch out  
With storms.  
The wind can blow you to the sun.  
If you roll into the sun,  
You will be dead, just like bread!

### **What Am I?**

By Lucy Applegate

I have whiskers some  
soft fur too I am a pet  
But I do not purr  
I like to play fetch  
What am I?

### **Poems**

By Tyler Talkowski

Poems

Poems

Poems

I write

Too

Many

I have been  
Writing them  
for about a  
month!

funny poems  
bad poems

Poems

Poems

Poems!

I have one  
hundred words

In my

Folder

Poems

Poems

Poems

I have one about  
baseball  
a ship sinking  
even one about  
homework  
yet I have  
too many poems.

### **Lawnmower**

By Timmy Rinaldi

Hi dad  
Can you mow the lawn?  
Yeah!  
VROOM! VROOM! VROOM!  
Stop watch out!  
Out of control lawnmower!  
ahhhhhh!  
Out of control lawnmower hits a  
rock!  
SCRAPE!!!  
It's still mowing  
Awww!  
It chopped down my favorite tree!

### **Tire Swing**

By Alexandra Hilley

Whistle whistle  
goes the wind  
you feel a mighty spin  
you feel like it's never going  
to end  
until someone stops it  
and it starts all over again.

### **Ice Cream**

By Emma DeVellis

Ice cream  
tickles my nose  
It makes me wanna  
eat a gallon of ice cream  
instead of being in a  
hot winter bath.

### **The Flower Poem**

By Violeta Mendoza

Flowers, flowers all around.  
Give you joy  
All the time.  
Red, Orange, Yellow,  
Purple, Pink, Blue.  
All of the colors  
From the petals  
From the flowers.

### **Eraser**

By Eva Franklin

Eraser

Erase

Eras

Era

Er

E

### **What am I?**

By Tess O'Brien

I like to lie  
Under the sun  
I like to spread  
My pink arms  
My face is dotted  
With yellow  
The first leg I stand  
On is green  
What am I?

### **Two Suns**

By Cameron Mantha

I think that there  
are really two suns  
and the other one  
is cut up  
for the light  
in our classroom.  
When you flip the switch,  
the sun glows bright  
and when you turn it off  
the sun  
runs out  
of energy.

### **Ice Cream**

By Olivia Faria

Ice cream on a hot summer day  
I scream  
You scream  
We all scream  
For  
Ice  
Cream

### **Broken Cannon**

By Maddox Ramdehal

The cannon is broken  
I look to see if it's working again  
BOOM  
I shouldn't have looked  
Inside the cannon  
Let me check again BOOM  
Agh I will look one more time  
okay it's working BOOM  
nevermind  
ow that hurt a lot AAA  
I'm not checking ever again  
10 hours later  
I will check one more time BOOM  
dead  
Hey where's the cannon checker?

### **Mommy**

By Mackenzie Tassone

Mommy  
I love her  
So she's my  
mommy and  
she knows!  
She gives  
me hugs  
good night  
and I wouldn't  
trade her even  
if I traded, I love  
you mommy!

### **Chipmunk**

By Sebastian Fournier

A chipmunk bit  
just an itty bit.  
Another bit  
into a nut  
then he felt.  
A bit nutty.  
A bit dizzy.  
A bit sick.  
Then another  
bit, he felt  
a bit better  
then one bit  
the bit of the nutty  
went away.  
The bit of dizziness  
went away.  
The bit of sick went  
away.  
Then another bit,  
he felt a bit ok.

### **Sports**

By Leeyana Zemma Syed

Sports sports sports  
All around you  
It's very hard  
But helps your heart  
Makes you have lots of energy  
Now, I'll tell you some sports!  
Soccer  
Basketball  
Baseball  
Cricket  
Hockey  
Gymnastics

## The Lost Princess

By Siena Foo

Once there was a little girl named Ella. She was lost in the city, and she spied a castle. Ella became a princess! She grew up in the castle. Soon she was queen! Queen of Loveabouf. The kingdom soon had a party! But Ella felt like it was a race to the party. Ethan the guy who worked there thought it was a race too. Ella was the winner! Ethan was mad. Both said, "Being friends is better than winning." The party was great! Very soon they everyone had the best time.

The End

## A Sharpie

Poem by Daniel Saptari  
(Grade 4)

A Sharpie  
It bleeds through paper  
like blood through a cut

You can draw anything  
even a nut!  
You can draw a book  
and also a cook!  
You can draw a friend  
and write The End

SHORT STORY BY SIENA FOO (GRADE K)

## The Next Earth

Essay by Steve Qi (Grade 5)

Earth is going to eventually be filled with people, an overloaded population cause resources to decrease quicker than before. This is the greatest problem humans have ever faced since earth was formed.

Exploring the space becomes very popular these days, Mathematicians, Space Scientists and even ordinary people are trying to imagine and explore the universe. Thinking that people will eventually start their new life on other planets, so we would have more shelter to get rid of overpopulation, can you imagine that?!

Recently, Astronomers just got evidence that the closest planet like earth was being confirmed, which is the most likely planet that humans are going to move into because it might have just right conditions for life.

According to Exploring Satellite and other space technologies, the new planet is close to our solar system, having the size about 30% larger than the Earth. This planet is orbiting a star similar to earth orbiting the sun, Space Scientists named the star that the planet is orbiting "Proxima Centauri" (PC), and "Proxima Centauri B" (PCB) for the planet. PCB was so close to the star that the full trip to go around takes just 11.2 earth days, but your birthday is still going to be once in 365 days!

If the Earth is so close to the sun that orbiting takes just 11

days, we'll all be melted into gas, but the star the PCB is orbiting, which is PC, is smaller and dimmer, thanks to that, we'll be alright on the planet and still be able to see the natural light. The planet is also known to have small chance of creating electricity.

There're a lot of stones on PCB, some Space Scientists are guessing that there are even dirt and soil on that planet, the right dirt for growing crops! Maybe there's a brand new food chain on the planet Proxima Centauri B.

The only problem is PCB is outside the solar system, which is 4 light years away, even the fastest space shuttle right now would take about 100 or more years to reach Proxima Centauri B, so unless we create new and more advanced space shuttle, it's hard to say if we get to move to other planets or stay on the Earth forever.



# Hulk Babys jokes

Once in New York...



CARTOONS BY FOSTER HARRINGTON  
(GRADE 2)

CARTOONS BY LIAM GIBBONS (GRADE 2)

The safari

Once in Africa

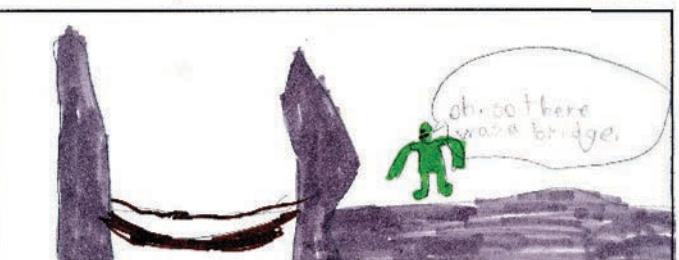
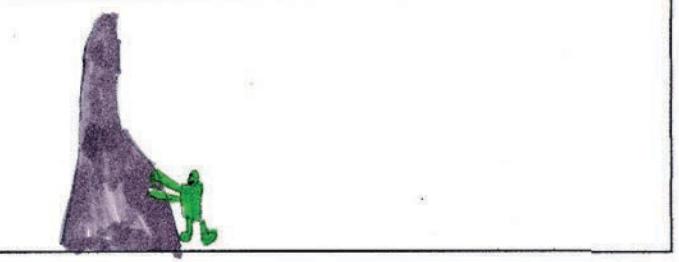
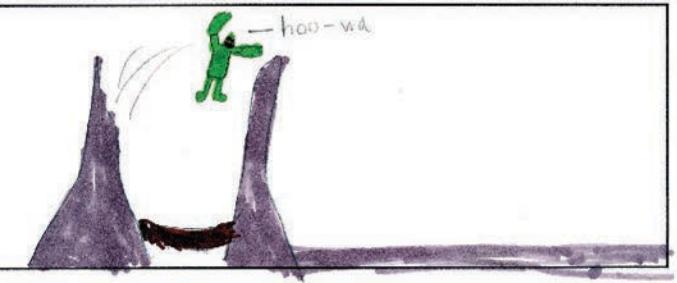


Liam gibbons



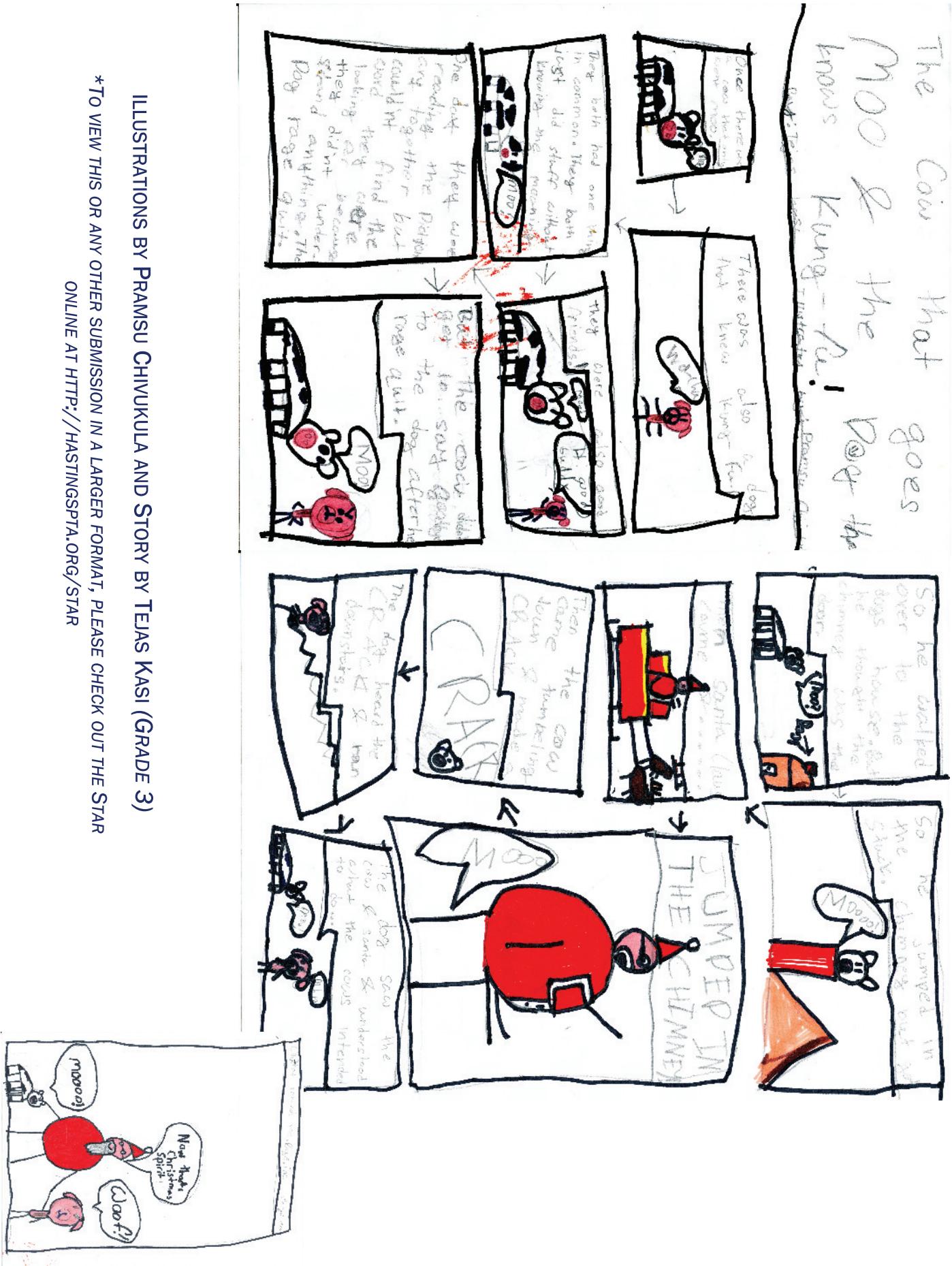
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# The Cow that goes Moo & The Dog that says Kung-fu!

Illustrated by Pramsu Chivukula

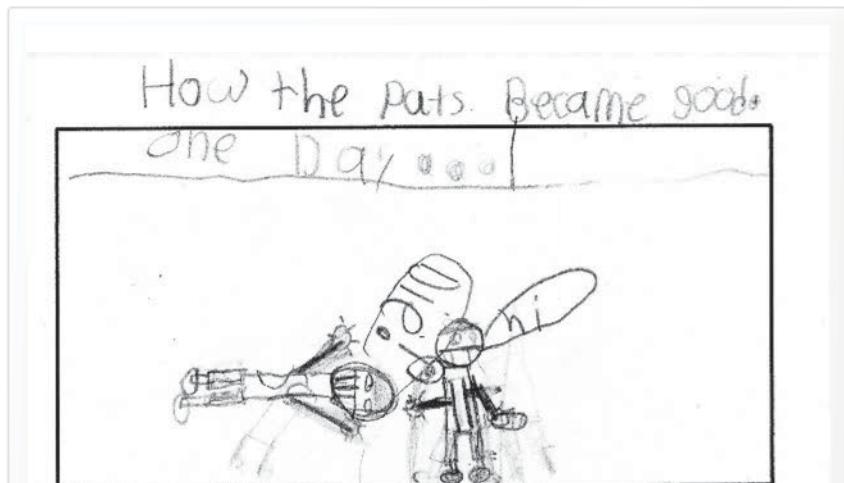


ILLUSTRATIONS BY PRAMSU CHIVUKULA AND STORY BY TEJAS KASI (GRADE 3)

\*TO VIEW THIS OR ANY OTHER SUBMISSION IN A LARGER FORMAT, PLEASE CHECK OUT THE STAR

ONLINE AT [HTTP://HASTINGSPTA.ORG/STAR](http://HASTINGSPTA.ORG/STAR)

WOLF BY DELLA COWEN-THERIEAU (GRADE 4)



Q: What do you call a pikachu who cries?

A: Crycu.



CARTOON BY JACOB WALL (GRADE 3)

JOKES AND DRAWINGS BY KHUSHI KRISHNA (GRADE 1)

## Artwork by the Star Club "Regulars"



PIG AND HAWKS BY GABE OSTROWER (GRADE 2)



DRAWING BY WILL O'DONNELL (GRADE 4)



DRAWING BY JACK SULLIVAN (GRADE 2)



DRAWING BY FINN O'DONNELL (GRADE 2)



### A Bee Tragedy

By Jack Sullivan

Once, when I was parachuting, I saw a yellow Catanarsal who was being chased by a green horned Chrazalouze who was being chased by an orange swirled Lightacoozails and a turquoise Chrizaniz was trying to eat them all when a tiny tiny yellow bee stung the Chrizaniz and it all stopped but the heroic bee died.