BROWN BEAR COLLECTION
LITERATURE. ART. PHOTOGRAPHY.
BY BROWN MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENTS
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I'm Tired of Running Away

_Caitlin A._

The streets were dull and cold, and the sky was a dark, troubled grey. All the buildings in the neighborhood were cracked, torn, and worn out. The street was covered with waste and debris from the surrounding old buildings. It was so silent you could hear a pin drop in the middle of the street and its echoes as they ricocheted off the ruins. Everything seemed barren and forgotten except for one girl hidden in the basement of an old building, glowing with happiness.

_A Tear of Memory_

_Anonymous_

My only friends were beside me, cheering me up, but it wasn’t working. It was like I was sucked into a black hole, trying to grasp my way out of it, but I just couldn’t. Sometimes, the overwhelming feelings and emotions made me feel that I wanted to leave this world, quit the cruel game. But every time I thought it, it made me sad that I wanted to cut my life short without anyone remembering I existed. It hurt my heart thinking about it but I was trapped in a huge void, crying.

I stumbled over to the bathroom sink and washed my face with cold water. It felt refreshing, as if I had come back to life. When I exited the bathroom, I noticed that I had bumped into something but I was stuck in my own world and it didn’t register. I immediately picked up my phone from off the ground and plugged my earbuds back in.

“Oww,” the mysterious person groaned from the hallway floor. I looked down and saw beautiful black hair and instantly recognized him. It was Arrey Wu, my crush.
The Abyss

Anonymous

The world was ruined by books, Christina thought.

They invaded people’s minds and persuaded them to do the wrong things. Books limited mankind’s freedom of thought. The revolution started from small things. For example, children did not have English classes anymore. As the revolution expanded, the vocation of writing disappeared. Eventually, the population of illiterate people increased. Those were all achievements of the Books Administration General, Angelo Bruno. He was a hero who could be compared to General George Washington, for they both fought for freedom.

However, there was a problem which had disturbed Christina for years. She thought that her father, Nero, was a peculiar person who never understood those tremendous achievements.

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The Musical

Anonymous

“Are you excited?” Veronica asks Miranda. My entire table watches them intently.

“Of course,” Miranda says, flipping her long blonde hair. “I’m totally gonna be cast as Mary Poppins.”

I stab my pasta like it’s her face.

Veronica was probably only saying that to suck up to Miranda, who is the type of person that enjoys that. Then again, Miranda will probably get the part.

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POETRY

The Wartsnerker Fleece

Bella P.

As the peaceful town of Bongs went on,
Along with all its foe and fawn,
One little boy of the name of Plerk,
Managed a shout, “Oh clerk, oh clerk!”

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The clerk dashed to the boy shouting “What’s wrong?! what’s wrong?!”
And that’s when he saw it, its wings big and strong.

**My Sister**
*Anonymous*

You are a blue sky
A flower that grows in the spring
A person who does not like sports

You are an ocean
A turtle who is too lazy to swim
A whale who is really nice

You are a noodle
A too skinny noodle
A noodle that is really tall

You are a bone
A bone that is really easy to break
A bone that is really long

You are a monkey
A monkey who talks a lot
A monkey who rolls over all the time

**The Game Changer**
*Anonymous*

As I enter school, I don't even want to look at the hockey roster. Being a freshman, the chances that I make the team are pretty slim. As I approach the gym, my hands start to sweat, my feet feel numb, and my head feels like I am in the middle of a roller coaster ride. I don't see the team roster anywhere. I walk to the coach’s office where Coach Brooks is sitting quietly. He says, “Take a seat, Ty. I don't usually take freshmen on my team because they don't have as much experience on the ice as upperclassmen.”
“Yes, sir,” I reply with the very little confidence I have right now.

“That is why you are the only freshman… TO MAKE THE TEAM!” Coach grins at me and slaps my back.

“Thank you so much, Coach,” I say in disbelief as I jump up out of my seat with excitement. I shake his hand and say, “You will not regret this decision.”

Haunted
Anonymous

“Let’s go! You can do it!” encourages Sam, as he drags me to the doors of the haunted house. “Don’t be a baby, Jake.”

“But, you know what house this is! It’s the McFlair house! I can’t do this. Especially on Halloween.” I cry for his mercy and my missing courage.

“Well, you’re coming. The less you struggle, the easier it’s going to be for us to survive the night and get the treasure.”

“But nobody who has come here has e...e...ever c...c...come o...o...out!”

A Drop of Drama
Anonymous

Crap, am I really doing this? My boots crunch through the fallen foliage, disturbing the hardened ground beneath. The dirt cracks beneath my every step. Brightly colored maple trees stand like towers, creating mangled shadows on the ground and blocking the shine of the mid-afternoon sun. Dark green vines, like snakes, tangle themselves at the stump of trees, rooting the trees in place. The pungent smell of fallen leaves and pine trees fill my nostrils. A light wind brushes my face, tossing my dark, unkempt hair into the air. I shiver, despite the warmth of my jacket.

“Come on!” Alex cries. “We’re almost there!”

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“Alright everyone, pack up your stuff and get out of here,” Coach hollered across the diamond. “Remember, we have a game against Thomas Proctor High School tomorrow.”

Ah, yes, our hated rivals. Last year their big shot left fielder hit a walk-off bomb in the state playoffs to beat us, which was absolutely heartbreaking. This year we have a big shot of our own: me. Kyle Kennedy, the best baseball player in all of New York.

“Mom, I got an email from Coach Adams. I'm scared to see what it says,” I say.

“Don't worry about it, just open it!” my mom says without looking at me.

I open up my phone and go to the email. The first words I see are “Dear Jon”. I'm worried to scroll down to the next words. Time feels like forever until I scroll down…

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Money is for Morons

*Anonymous*

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