



**SOUTH CAROLINA COUNCIL
TEACHERS OF ENGLISH**

Carolina Writes

2004 EDITION

**DR. ARLENE BAKUTES
EDITOR**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR3

POETRY PARADISE

GLOWING, GLOWING, BIG WHITE MOON 4
PLATO, PLATO4
SUPERMAN! DR. SEUSS! MRS. COKER! 5
PIZZA 6
DOGS 7
UNTITLED8
THAT BOY..... 9
SMILE10
WEATHER EROSION 11
The Palace of Poseidon 12
HYMN OF DISSONANCE13

A TRIBUTE TO LANGSTON HUGHES' "MOTHER TO SON"

DAUGHTER TO DADDY 14
UNCLE TO NEPHEW 15

A LITANY OF LITERARY PASSAGES

THE BIRTH OF AN AMERICAN LITERARY VOICE: THE AMERICAN HERO16
NATURE'S FURY19
A CHANGE OF HEART: AN ALTERNATIVE ENDING 22
PERIODIC TABLE VISIT 25



Letter from the Editor

Nov. 25, 2005

Greetings,

I feel a certain obligation to introduce myself since I have received many favorable comments about the 2003 edition of *Carolina Writes*. Yes, I assumed responsibility for that edition as a relative newcomer to the South Carolina Council Teachers of English. Prior to moving to South Carolina, I taught in Terre Haute, Indiana and was the editor for *Indiana English*. Since I enjoy editing and publishing, I volunteered to help with *Carolina Writes*.

I thank you for your feedback concerning the 2003 edition. Although I had relatively few submissions to include within the initial edition, those writings were of high quality. Thanks to Webmaster Steve Lewis' technological expertise, *Carolina Writes* was accessed via a link on the SCCTE website. According to feedback received, teachers were pleased with its contents. More importantly, they recognized *Carolina Writes* as a valuable tool which could be used daily in their own classrooms. Teachers also began to submit more writings from their students. As a result, the response to a call for submissions for the 2004 edition was astounding! I thank you. Note to reader: I still have many excellent submissions. If your submission was not included in this one, more than likely it has been saved for future editions.

This 2004 edition is not quite as "teacher-focused" as last year's. I have, rather, shifted the focus to the students' work. I hope you enjoy the whimsical poetry of the beloved class of first graders. I am very thankful for those teachers who introduce students to the beauty of poetry; I hope that outlook will remain with the students throughout their high school years as they read Dickinson and Chaucer. I also hope that you read the tribute to Langston Hughes, a revered poet whose literary talents should be enjoyed by all students.

At the SCCTE 2005 Conference on Jan. 28-29th at Embassy Suites in Columbia, I look forward to discussing future articles that you wish to read in *Carolina Writes*. The conference will be an inspiring experience for all Language Arts/English teachers.

Arlene Bakutes

“Glowing, Glowing, Big White Moon”

Glowing, Glowing, Big White Moon

You make me want to sing a tune.

Moving around the earth so high

Like a circle in the sky.

Glowing, glowing, Big White Moon

YOU MAKE ME WANT TO SING A TUNE.

Ms. Suber’s Class

Mrs. Hanley

1^s Grade at Homeland Park Elementary

“Plato Plato”

Plato Plato leaned on a shelf.

Plato Plato bumped a great elf.

All the queen’s daughters and all the queen’s sons

Couldn’t hide Plato Plato from the happy queen.

Mrs. Watson’s class

Mrs. Hanley

1st Grade at Homeland Park Elementary

“Superman! Dr. Seuss! Mrs. Coker!”

Superman! Dr. Seuss! Mrs. Coker!
Superman! Superman!
Fighting bad guys is your plan.
You fly and fly all day long,
And you never stay at home.

Dr. Seuss! Dr. Seuss!
First, I thought you were a moose.
You make us laugh all day long.
Why don't you sing a funny song?

Mrs. Coker! Mrs. Coker!
She is a little joker.
She plays jokes on us all day.
Then, she has to rest from play.

Yolidia Osbey

Mrs. Coker and Mrs. Hanley

5th Grade at Homeland Park Elementary School

"Pizza"

Pizza is my favorite food
I cannot do without.
It puts me in a happy mood
That is true no doubt.

Yes, Pizza is my favorite
With lots of sauce and cheese.
I'll eat it every single bite
Especially with pepperonis.

I like it thick; I like it thin
It really does not matter.
You will see me grin and grin
If you fill up my platter.

Tyler Carson

Ms. Willis, Mrs. Hanley

5th grade at Homeland Park Elementary School

"Dogs"

I have a Siberian Husky;
I don't mean to brag,
But when he sees me,
His tail always wags.

He has baby blue eyes
That never tell lies.
He's black and grey.
I could pet him all day.

I have a Chihuahua, all brown.
When he barks, he wakes up the whole town.
He looks like a rat,
And he sleeps on a mat.

Anybody can see
How much they mean to me.

Tina Harper

Ms. Willis and Mrs. Hanley

5th grade at Homeland Park Elementary School

"Untitled"

Frustration killing me; my hands clenched tight,
I have to tell her, but when the time's right.
Would it matter if she knew how I felt?
Would she break my heart or make it melt?
I want to tell her so bad that I can scream
That she's the one in a Forbidden Dream.
Lord I have to tell her before she says good-bye.
I know it may be hard but I have to try.
If I tell her the poems have been for her.
We may not return to the way we were.
I don't want to risk the friendship that we share.
So on my shoulders this weight I shall bear.

Joseph Wiley

Dr. Edwin Epps

12th Grade at Spartanburg High School

“That Boy”

There is that boy
that haunts my past,
that boy that stole my heart away.
His smile is like the sun,
beaming constantly.
His presence sends my whole being
into a chaotic whirlwind.
The comforting sound of his voice
makes my heart beat ten-thousand times faster.
Without him, I am nothing,
yet I push him away.
Confusion encompasses my mind
as I block out all thoughts of him.
I hate to love him, but it's uncontrollable.
His power pulls me back each time
into the never-ending storm.

Cara Coleman

Ms. Kay Sellers

12th Grade at Lake City High School

“Smile”

I know its wrong
But I get in his baby any way
That cherry red taste bud tantalizer
They'd kill me if they knew
But I won't pass up this moment
It's like being in a movie
Sitting by him
In all his radiant glory
The punishment will be worth the crime
If they don't believe my story
He's just so cute
How can I resist
To bad for me
He's already promised
He knows how I feel
And I know his heart
We are so close together
But so its seems we were doomed from the start
My friends are out there waiting
I've gotta go
But before I do
Please let me know
If the smile I'm wearing should be for you

Megan Lowder

Ms. Kay Sellers

12th Grade at Lake City High School

“Weather Erosion”

The weatherman says,
A cold front s moving in,
So just pull on your
Hood and your coat.
But my eyes are falling,
I’m quietly drifting;
I can not stay afloat.
My lips have turned blue
But yours are still pink
Like the sky before
Dark has set in.
Tear my heart from my sleeve
While I fall to the ground
A bare, bleeding lump of skin.
Remind me never to ask
You to save me again.
And the cold is coming in.
Oh the cold is moving in.

Rachel McAllister

Ms. Kay Sellers

12th Grade at Lake City High School

“The Palace of Poseidon”

I walked into the greenish-blue sea,
Which was foaming from its mouth
And my toes dug into the masses of sand
That was filled with creatures crawling beneath the ocean floor.

As I walked further into the deep ocean
My head became enclosed by the screaming blue waters.
My mind was racing with thoughts of insanity
Where am I? Why am I here? Why? Why?

Little creatures began to swarm my body
While trees grew from the sandy ocean floor.
Everything moved in slow motion,
It seemed as if life was standing still amidst the motion.

I began to move in the vast new world,
A world that contradicts that of humanity's.
I became lost in the palace of Poseidon's.
Where is this place that I now inhabit?

I looked around I saw the comforts of my room
But where I had been, what had I done?

Justin Stone

Ms. Kay Sellers

12th grade at Lake City High School

“Hymn of Dissonance”

The deranged world’s quest,
A tragedy in vain;
A time of freedom,
A time of pain.

Death’s harp—
And strings of blood,
Tips the raconteur’s word.

A city street,
No escape from hell,
Society’s fleeting
Darkness prevail.

A stream of light cast upon thee—
“Hark, eternity.”

Shay Ellison

Ms. Sellers

11th Grade at Lake City High School

A TRIBUTE TO LANGSTON HUGHES' "MOTHER TO SON"

"Daughter to Daddy"

Well, Daddy, I'll tell you
Life for me ain't been no roller coaster
It's had sharp turns,
And big drops,
And long lines,
And times when it has broken down—
Useless
But all the time
I've been a ridin' on
And reaching the bottom,
And ridin' those sharp turns,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So, Daddy, I'm not gonna turn back.
Won't step out of that line
'Cause I'll find some regret not ridin'
I'm not scared now
For I've still goin', Daddy,
I've still ridin'
And life for me ain't been no roller coaster

Courtney Ray

Dr. Bakutes

10th Grade at Ridge View High School

“Uncle to Nephew”

Well, boy, I'll tell you
Life for me ain't been no fresh suit
It's had holes in it,
And burns
And uneven sleeves,
And places with no buttons—
Bare
But still
I've been sewing up
And shortening sleeves
And adding buttons
And sometimes dressing in the dark
Where there wasn't no light
So, boy, don't buy a cheap suit
Don't you go back to the store
'Cause you could find it kind of hard.
Don't you go now
For I'm still sewing, boy
I'm still dressing sharp
And life for me ain't been no fresh suit.

Julian Hartsell

Dr. Bakutes

10th Grade at Ridge View High School

A LITANY OF LITERARY PASSAGES

The Birth of an American Literary Voice: The American Hero

Washington Irving gave the world a wonderful gift, the American hero. An American hero is someone who possesses qualities such as innocence, youthfulness, and a keen sense of honor. This is contrasted with the qualities of a rationalist hero who is worldly educated and sophisticated. While the traditional hero is a person pursuing practical goals in our civilization, an American hero is more intuitive and motivated by his own sense of values. The creation of the American hero is one of the mechanisms that created a unique style among American writers. It is interesting to examine Irving's character, Rip Van Winkle, and see how the American Romantic hero was born.

To illustrate how Rip Van Winkle possesses the characteristics of innocence, Irving gives vivid descriptions of him as: "... a simple good-natured fellow of the name Rip Van Winkle..." (155). In the same manner, Irving states: "Indeed to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home." (155). To further his point, Irving lists some of Rip's vital virtues through descriptions such as "I have observed that he is a simple good natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband" (155). This is a departure from the traditional hero who is typically smart, in control and educated. The American hero, as developed by Irving, has a vulnerable and tender quality about him that inspires the reader to identify with the character.

More often than not, the prototype of an American hero is youthful. Rip Van Winkle possesses this quality not so much in his actual age, but in his youthful spirit. Strength, accomplishing goals, and overcoming obstacles distinguish the traditional hero. However, the American hero is distinguished by his intuitiveness and sensitivity. Rip Van Winkle is loved by the children of the village because of his affection toward them. Rip Van Winkle plays sports with the children, makes toys for them, and teaches them how to fly kites, and shoot marbles. In fact, Irving writes: “Whenever he [Rip] went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of children hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity...” (156). This quote depicts a different type of strength. This quality has never been depicted in a traditional hero who possesses qualities of power and discipline. The American hero depicts strength of character that evolves around tenderness, love, and compassion. Irving solidifies the character of Rip Van Winkle when he writes: “...not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood” (156). This sentence reveals to the reader that Rip was a humble, innocent, kind, and youthful man. This quote speaks to us since we all know from our life experience that animals are often good judges of character.

In the same manner, Rip Van Winkle portrays yet another characteristic of an American hero: a sense of honor. A typical hero would be distinguished by overcoming overwhelming odds to achieve financial success. Rip Van Winkle like most American heroes, is not concerned with his position in society of financial success. Irving writes, “Rip was ready to attend to anyone’s business but his own but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order he found it impossible”. Rip was ready to attend anyone’s business but his own. As far as completing his family duty and keeping his farm, Rip

found those tasks virtually impossible. His motives are selfless and he loves helping others.

Irving's description of Rip Van Winkle is quite different from the traditional hero. Rip possesses the qualities of an American Romantic hero through his intuition, his child-like innocence, and his lack of interest when it comes to financial matters. Irving's creation of the American Romantic hero is unique, and it is the catalyst that gave American literature its own voice.

Megan Nettles

Ms. Sellers

11th Grade at Lake City High School

Nature's Fury

Will the hands of man ever tame nature and its wrath when it comes to natural disasters? In Herman Melville's novel, Moby Dick, the title character symbolizes the fury of nature like a raging hurricane. In many aspects Moby's attacks can be compared to nature's unrelenting anger through whirlwinds of hurricanes. Moby Dick is a massive white whale that has never been defeated, he is unpredictable, and he leaves his victims traumatized, thus signifying his volatile nature.

Moby is never defeated and ultimately superior to his feeble human opponents. For years people plot to defeat Moby, but he prevails. Ahab, a captain who lost a leg in an attack with Moby Dick, searches for Moby to avenge his handicaps, but he never succeeds in getting even with nature's fury. With each attack, the great whale escapes without receiving mortal wounds. Melville's quote, "... Which whale, after doing great mischief to his assailants, had completely escaped them", proves the whale escapes his attackers unharmed, and only the walking, talking creatures are harmed. (324) Also, the author writes, "The Northwest Passage, so long a problem to man, [is] never a problem to the whale", which illustrates the fact that nature is superior to mankind's knowledge and strength. (324) Obstacles that were insurmountable for humans were already conquered by nature. Unsuccessful men had difficulties crossing from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, but Moby Dick has already availed in crossing over. When nature and man are opponents, nature almost always ends up victorious. As an antagonist, Moby is never conquered and ultimately superior to man. The malicious whale also possesses the ability to be unpredictable.

The huge mammal is unpredictable in his activities, which makes him a symbol of nature's fury. As most of the contents under the sea are unknown to man, so are the ways of the "ubiquitous" whale. The antagonist's mysterious ways are illustrated when Melville writes, "For as the secrets of the currents in the sea never yet been indulged, even to the most erudite research, so the hidden ways of the sperm whale when he is beneath the surface remain, in great part, unaccountable to his pursuers." (323) Just like a hurricane, Moby does his damage and then moves to calmer waters. In the midst of all the winds and rains in a hurricane, there is a period of calmness when the winds stop blowing and the rain stops falling. The novel speaks of "...the sinking limbs of torn comrades, they swam out of the white curds of the whale's direful wrath into the serene, exasperating sunlight, that smiled on, as if at a birth or a bridal." (325) This exemplifies how everything is in turmoil as the huge whale tears flesh to pieces, and then swims to calmer water, which is like the calmness of the eye in a hurricane. In addition to never being defeated and being unpredictable, the sea-dwelling animal traumatizes his victims.

As nature in the form of a hurricane traumatizes people, Moby also does the same to his victims. All who come in contact with Moby remembers their encounters. When Ahab introduces his subject of malicious obsession, Moby Dick, a few men know whom Ahab is speaking of. The whale's name strikes fear in the few who have been in the presence of malevolent whale. Melville writes, "So that in many cases such a panic did he finally strike, that few who by those rumors, as least, had heard of the White Whale, few of those hunters were willing to encounter the perils of his jaws." (322) This demonstrates that while few have actually had an encounter with Ahab's hated foe, many have heard about the spotted whale. Ahab's futile attempts to conquer Moby

drive him insane. Furthermore, as in the case of a hurricane, people never forget the traumatic experience.

In Herman Melville's novel, Moby Dick, the antagonist is symbolic of nature as a furious element. Moby represents an angered nature, which is never defeated. Although several attempts are made to defeat Moby, he is undefeated. No man is ever capable of figuring out Moby Dick's mysterious ways, which makes him unpredictable.

All of those who have come in contact with the great whale remember the traumatizing experience, and are left with both physical and emotional scars. Moby's severe attacks symbolize the dark side of nature

Sharon Rush

Ms. Sellers

11th grade at Lake City High School

A Change of Heart:

An Alternate Ending for Chopin's "A Pair of Silk Stockings"

It had been such a great day, but despite Mrs. Sommers' powerful wishing she realized that all good things must come to an end. She arrived at home to find that the children had already put themselves to bed. She checked on the boys in their room, gave them each a kiss on the forehead, then went to the girl's room and did the same. Seeing her innocent children sleeping like angels somehow triggered a slight twinge of guilt—she had not brought home any of the things she planned on buying them--but when she went to her own room to undress, she became more excited than ever. The next day the family would be going to church, and Mrs. Sommers would have the chance to dress nicely and blend in with the more wealthy women of the church.

Mrs. Sommers woke the children extra early, scrubbed them even more than usual, and dressed them in their nicest outfits. When they were all clean and dressed, her children looked seemingly attractive despite the fact their clothes were old and made from scraps of fabric their mother picked up from the thrift shop a couple of blocks away. As nice as Mrs. Sommers thought her precious children looked, she couldn't help how poor they seemed to look once she put on her new gloves, shoes, stockings, and her nicest dress.

On the way to church, Mrs. Sommers could not help but drift back to previous day. She had full intentions of buying her children new clothes, caps, and sailor hats. What had happened? Before she knew it, all of her money was gone, and there was nothing in her bags to bring home to Janie, Mag, and the boys.

During the service, Mrs. Sommers mind was somewhere else. She was not paying attention to the sermon, or anything else that was going on around her. She thought to herself, “What could be so important about these things I bought for myself that I would neglect the children in such a way?” She looked down at her gloves, then her shoes, and then her eyes fixed upon a spot on her leg. She took a closer glance, and realized that there was a run in her stockings. They had torn! The stockings that she had fallen in love with just the day before had torn and were no good. A wave of guilt swept over Mrs. Sommers as she sat there staring down at the silk stockings. Tears came to her eyes, but she choked them back.

On the way home, Mrs. Sommers was very quiet. Mag asked, “Mother, what is wrong? Have we done something to upset you?” Mrs. Sommers shook her head and answered, “No dear, none of you have done anything to cause me grief.” Again, her mind drifted away to the night when she decided to spend an extra dollar or two to the price of Janie’s shoes so they would hold up better, cloth for new shirtwaists, and a new gown for Mag. Instead, she hastily spent all the money on herself. When she saw the silk stockings and felt their divine texture, she lost all sense of responsibility, and went on a selfish shopping spree with no more money to spare for her children. She wondered how she could ever consider herself a good mother.

They arrived at home, and Mrs. Sommers went to her room to take off those awful clothes. As she took them off, she began thinking again. She realized that her actions were selfish and unfair. However, it would be unfair if she never did anything for herself. The more she thought about it, the more she realized that everyone needs a break every once in a while, but there should be limitations. She vowed then and there never to

make the same mistake again. The next time she had the chance, she would buy the children what they needed, but she would buy one item for herself. Mrs. Sommers dried her tears and retrieved a hat box from the corner of her room. Inside she placed the gloves, shoes, magazines, and the silk stockings she bought the day before. She would keep these items as a reminder never to spend her money hastily and selfishly again.

Ashley Thompson

Ms. Sellers

11th grade at Lake City High School

Periodic Table Visit

Yesterday my mom told me to **gold** to the store to buy some milk and **cerium** and some Tylenol to **curium** my headache. When I got in the car I cut on my **radium**, but it didn't work. The ride to the store was nothing short of **bohrium**. Halfway there this man didn't **seaborigum** me when he ran a red light and almost hit my **carbon**. I was mad; however, **ironically**, a **copper** was sitting around the corner and saw the guy.

Next, my car ran out of **gadolinium**. I had to push it all the way to a gas station, which was 20 miles away from my house; what a **hassium**. It was time to get a new car. My 1962 **Mercury** just wasn't cutting it. Once I finally got to the grocery store, I saw the **boron** that almost hit me. I stuck my **tungsten** out at him and told him that I would **praseodymium to** God for him. He said that he was sorry and he **promethium** that he would never run another red light.

When I got to the front counter, something **teribium** happened. The cashier wouldn't accept my **Platinum** or my **Gold** card. "This is **Americium**" I screamed at her and she said "No this is **Californium** and I won't take your card." My bill came up to \$10.05. Luckily I had a **tin**; I was still a **nickel** short. I told her she was **dubnium** and walked out of the store.

R'Keisha Nichols

Dr. Edwin Epps

12th grade at Spartanburg High School

