

# Message In A Bottle

Deep Creek Middle School's Literary Magazine

The Ocean  
By Roshandra Thompson

The ocean  
The ocean  
Oh what a joy  
Come enjoy the beach  
And wet your feet.

You will enjoy the clear crystal water  
Beneath the golden sea  
You will not be indiscriminate about what you see.

The ocean is for you and me  
So come and enjoy and you will see  
There are lobsters, there are fishes  
There are conchs, a native dish.

If you come, you will see what  
The ocean is about

To Friendship We Owe It  
By Curchara Taylor

We choose this path  
To stay together,  
To honor and respect forever.  
All of the bad things that we've done,  
We've put aside to have fun.  
During our days we choose what is right,  
And that is choosing not to fight.  
We love when we're joking, but,  
Our words we have spoken  
As our friendship's token.  
When we see each other smile,  
We think of being a child for awhile.  
And through these words  
We have spoken  
That our friendship and love  
Will never be broken.

Climbing a Mountain  
By Nicoya Taylor

Climbing a mountain was a great experience, but very hard being my first time ever doing it. When we started climbing, I got exhausted very quickly. I'd stop every five minutes and give up and wish I was home. It took us three hours to get up the mountain. While climbing the mountain, I saw mini water streams and they looked amazing. Halfway through climbing the mountain, I drank all my water. When we finally reached the top, I felt a feeling of accomplishment. We then ate our lunches and headed back to set up our tents.

Remember  
By Tyiesha Leary

Remember when we first promised that we were going to be friends forever.  
Remember when we walked down the aisle as people celebrated the time we were there.  
Remember that time when we went on that trip, laughing, crying, joking, causing trouble or teasing.  
Remember that time we got beaten for swinging on the bell.  
Remember that time when we sat in the class with eleven people thundering and lightning. Teacher writing on board.  
Remember us telling jokes and laughing at each other.  
Remember when we promised that we were going to be there for each other.  
Now you want to walk with your head held high up like you don't know me. You don't even raise a hand to hail. I still like you like a friend. Remember when we first promised each other that we were going to be there.  
Remember when we promised.  
Remember!

It's Better to be Young  
By Alexander Cates

Every morning as I board the bus for school, I am very aware of the level of activity of adults in our community. It is almost as though the adults live in a world apart from the world that I know. Parents arrive at the bus stop eating breakfast, applying makeup and even getting dressed. I am glad that I am a child rather than an adult.

As I observe adults going about their daily routine, I am extremely aware of the level of responsibility that adults have in their daily lives. It's almost as though from the moments awake in the morning until they fall asleep at night, their lives are absorbed by responsibilities. As a child I have come to appreciate how little responsibility I really have. With the exception of attending school, completing homework, completing my chores at home and keeping my room organized, I really have little responsibility. All of my needs are met by my parents and I can enjoy my days quite carefree.

Another wonderful thing about being a child is the freedom that I have on a daily basis. I can pick up my fishing tackle and join my friends at the public dock for hours of bottom fishing. I can climb on my ATV and explore the back roads of Rock Sound without a care in my mind. On Saturday mornings, I can step about our small Boston Whaler for a day on the sea. My only real concern when taking part in these activities is what the time of day is, so I am home for dinner. The freedoms of childhood are really wonderful.

Finally, of all the things that make me want to be a child rather than an adult, the long summer breaks are my favourite. I often sit in class and daydream about how I will spend my summer vacation. The thought of climbing out of bed at ten a.m. rather than six a.m. puts a great big smile on my face. I look forward to catching up with friends at Camp Kieve and returning home for crawfishing. Nothing compares to spending a day fishing in the Rock Sound harbour and enjoying some of the day's catch for dinner.



The Most Delicious Lollipop of All Ages  
By Garinique Ingraham

I have eaten your lollipop that was  
In your lunch bag day before  
Yesterday and you were probably  
Saving for after dinner today.  
Forgive me, it was sweet as sugar  
And red as blood with a burst of watermelon flavor.



The Haunted House  
By Amronette Rolle

On Halloween night, my friends and I went trick-o-treating. I was an angel, Cordesha and Cassidy were dressed as dancers, Jay was dressed as a lawyer, and Chrislynn was dressed as Rihanna. First, we went to my aunt's house. There we got candies, popcorn, juice, and chips.

Then we went to a different house. We knocked on the door and a woman said in a squeaky voice, "Come in, I have popcorn popping!" We did not mind because the house looked good on the outside, so we walked right in.

Then the lights shut off. Windows and doors slammed closed. Only one window was open; it was upstairs. So we went upstairs and there was someone hanging from the window. She screamed as she perished. Jay, Cordesha, Chrislynn, and Cassidy got scared and ran off. They left me solitary by the window and ran in a room. I ran in a room and concealed myself quickly. When I turned around, a bloody woman started to chase me and I screamed the loudest I could.

Suddenly, she disappeared and I ran out of the room to find the others. When I called out their names, they did not answer and I got very scared. Then I heard Cassidy say in a soft voice, "Come under the bed, we are here."

So I went and we planned to make a run to the front door. When we ran down all the stairs, she was there. I got a bat and knocked the woman out. When we looked again, she was gone. We tried to turn the doorknob to get out, but it was locked.

So we went back upstairs and concealed ourselves under the same bed. Then all the lights came on and we ran out.

When we came out of the room, there were Cassidy's family, Jay and my family, Cordesha's family, and Chrislynn's family. They planned to trick us because we always trick them. So after that, we all had a big Halloween party. Anyone was invited to the party and we had a lot of fun.

## Oh! What an Island Life!

By Anyce Butler

When my grandfather said I was going to spend the summer on the island of Eleuthera, I couldn't wait for school to officially close. It was going to be a summer unlike any other. The island of Eleuthera is well known for its pink-sandy beaches, mouth-watering juicy pineapples, blue holes, acres of tomato fields and historical sites. Eleuthera means freedom. I would be free to roam and free to explore the island's vast beauty. I could hardly wait.

As I arrived in Rock Sound, I was filled with anxiety and anticipation of what this summer would bring forth. The airport was small, with a steeple-shaped roof, adequate lighting, palm trees and souvenir gift shops. On the outside, there were taxis and private cars waiting for tourists and family members. I then saw a tall, dark, middle-aged gentleman standing in the distance, beckoning me to come. It was Uncle Irwin.

The ride from the airport to the settlement of Wymss' Bight seemed endless. The roads were long and winding but the views were spectacular. We were on the way to Uncle Harold's house, where I knew there would be fun and excitement. The houses in Eleuthera ranged from small wooden structures to huge concrete mansions. The island had quite a bit of dirt roads and undeveloped properties.

When we arrived at Uncle Harold's house, I greeted him with a hug. After that I went to my room, rested down my bags, and went outside to explore. While exploring, I met two cousins, Kadesha and Kyle. They lived across the streets and I knew right away that we would be very good friends.

We decided to go to the field to pick and eat tomatoes. After overstuffing ourselves with juicy, red, vine-picked tomatoes for about an hour it was getting dark, so we decided to head home. While leaving the field, Kadesha fell into a huge crab hole. She was just as much afraid of the crabs as they were of her, so in their defense, they started snapping their claws at her. Kadesha was very scared and started to cry. I tried to pull her up out of the hole but couldn't reach her. I then sent her brother Kyle in search of a long branch so that together we could pull her out. The wait for him to return seemed like forever. Meanwhile, Kadesha grew more and more frightened and her cry grew louder. Kyle then came with a rope that he found alongside the road. We tied one end to a nearby dilly tree and threw the other down to Kadesha, who then tied it around her waist and quickly pulled herself out of the hole. For some reason, she was still kicking and screaming, only for us to discover that a crab had bitten her and was still attached to her ankle. I grabbed a rock and smashed the crab with it. Even though the crab was now dead, its giant claws was still attached to Kadesha's ankle. Kyle and I had to pry it free. We all breathed a sigh of relief.

When we got home, I explained what happened and Aunt Dee rushed her to the local clinic so that Kadesha's ankle could be checked for any infection. After leaving the clinic, we went home, took a bath, ate dinner, and went to bed. It was a full day of adventure and excitement. I couldn't wait for tomorrow.

## Song Poetry

By Tramesha Carey

Tsss! Tellin' me say, "He Can't Help But Wait to be With You!" Please, I'm Single Again, buddy. And don't worry, you won't be Pulling Me Back because I'm Just Fine. 'Cuz I'm Me, check out my Tattoo showing pictures of Fallen Soldiers. I don't care about other girls not being Fly Like Me, the way my Chain Hang Low and my Lip Gloss is poppin', well guess what? Yeah! I'm a Soulja Girl—better than those Freaky Girls and Beautiful Girls. I Stay Fly, homie! You should see me when this Shawty Get Loose. So Drop and Give me 50, 'cause I'm a Boss. Like a Boy, or like a toy, Lemme Get 'Em so I could Pass it to Arab. Don't worry, I Won't Tell, you know I'm So Hood baby! Mad 'cuz you ain't Fresh Azimiz? One solution: Hate it or Love it. This artistic flow is Givin' Me a Rush. Try having this much Money In The Bank, I Luv It! I'm such a Superstar, but I Party Like a Rockstar. Sorry Me Love, but you will never reach my level, I can't Take You There. Hey Baby, I'm not your Girlfriend so Walk Away. I don't want no Scrubs! I'm Royal, so stop distracting my driver. I've told him a million times to Shut Up and Drive. Hmmm, hatin' on me since I Got Me Some Bathing Apes. For that collection of shoes, my Love is Wicked. Without them, I Feel Like Dying. Now we're done, but It's Not Over. Finally, I've collected all of the Pieces of Me, and I look at myself saying, "I like you Just The Way You Are."

My First Dive  
By Tyler Maxey

My tank is set up  
My mask is on, fins at the ready  
The sun is shining bright  
Because it knows the adventure  
I am about to embark on

We go out in the boat  
I jump in  
As I immerse myself in the water  
I shiver  
But I am refreshed  
I swim  
My tank on my back  
Waiting for my descent

My eyes wide with delight  
For the colors are bright  
The coral so alive  
The fish swarming around me  
I am home

I have to go up  
Running out of air  
But don't fear  
It won't be long before I return  
Looking for more

My tank is set up  
My mask is on, fins at the ready  
The sun is shining bright  
Because it knows the adventure  
I am about to embark on.

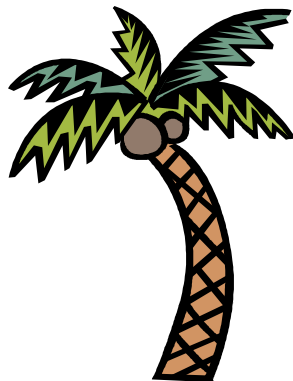
The Sea, Breeze, and Sky  
By Chrislynn Rolle

The sea I see, so fresh, so calm  
I wish I could share the moment with  
my mom.  
The sand so pink and soft and cream  
I am surprised this isn't a dream.  
The trees dance to the wind's music  
Seeing them move side to side  
I wish I could've seen them at night.  
The sea's waves are a jewel  
I feel like taking pictures but,  
My teachers have made some rules.  
Oh the sky, the sky, I wonder why,  
I wish I could touch you, but I can't fly

You take my breath away,  
Even though I see you everyday.  
I've written my name in the sky...

A World With No Happiness  
By Curchara Taylor

Deaths are many and a stormy day  
Funerals are too with thunderous clouds  
Let's look for Red  
He's not here  
Many think he is dead  
Oh, oh, where is Red?  
I'm crying, I'm crying  
I hate when he leaves  
He leaves me nothing to think about  
I cry, I cry, I cry a lot  
And now I have pain  
Pain in my eyes.  
People are dead but some survived  
There was a family  
Who died  
But a child  
Who survived  
And still stands with pride  
Now I don't know how I feel  
I feel sad  
I feel dizzy  
I can feel the tears in my eyes  
My feelings are always there  
They act as if they are not there  
But that is not fair  
I know that they are still there  
Deaths are many and a stormy day  
Funerals are too with thunderous clouds.



The Water, The Water  
By Trevon Pinder

The water the water dark and blue  
The water the water dream come true  
The water the water it has might  
The water the water I want to stay there at night  
The water the water it is a sight  
The water the water can't ignore  
The water the water can adore  
The water the water nice and clean