

# Message in a Bottle

## The Chandler School Creative Expressions Issue



Photography by Rowan Young



Photography by Tanner Mason

### *Inside*

- Phillis Wheatley -- The Poet
- *The Buried Bottle*, Chapter 5
- Poetry by A-D Groups
- Peace Through Unity, an editorial
- Shout-Outs!!
- Student artwork



By Valeshka Diamond

### *Dates to Remember ...*

Springtime is busy at Chandler!

- Spring Break -- March 18-27
- Picture Day -- April 13
- Easter Break -- April 15-18
- Grounds Clean-Up for Back Yard Bash (See Dana for more information.) -- April 15
- Hockey League Tournament -- April 23, 5:00 p.m.
- Back Yard Bash -- April 23, 5:00-9:00 p.m. (Tickets are on sale now!)



# Phillis Wheatley -- The Poet

By Anna Bolton

Phillis Wheatley was born in West Africa in 1753. She was the first African woman to be a poet in America. She published her first poetry book on September 1, 1773, at the age of 20. Her work was read by kings and revolutionaries. She was sent here, to America, at the age of 10 or 11 to be a slave.

She arrived in Boston, Massachusetts, on July 11, 1761, on a slave ship called "The Phillis." She was bought by a very wealthy family named the Wheatlys. She was named Phillis shortly after her arrival, after the ship. She had a talent for writing, and it was noticed when she was 12. At the age of 13, she published her first poem called "On Messrs. Hussey and Coffin." The poem was about two men who narrowly escaped becoming castaways in a storm off of Cape Cod. She had heard about it from two men at the Wheatly estate.

That poem was the first of around 100 poems she wrote. She used her poetry to comment on current events going on in Boston. Boston intellectuals did not believe she was capable of writing, and it wasn't clear that it was actually her until founding father, John Hancock, confirmed it. She still was

more censored than most people by the press throughout her time. Thomas Jefferson never believed that she and other black slave poets were capable of love. She was a strong advocate for freedom and wrote a letter to Mary Woster about it.

In 1773 she visited London and met with the literary crowds there, and that helped her become famous. At that time she was still a slave to the Wheatley family. In 1775, she wrote a poem addressed to one man, General George Washington. The poem praised his "virtues" and told him to "let the goodness guide." She was later welcomed personally to his home.

She married a man named John Peters, a free black man who was a grocer. They did not have the best life together though. Two of their children died, Peters was arrested for debt, and Wheatley had to work at a boarding school as a maid. There she raised one of her surviving sons, and then died in poverty in 1784, soon followed by her infant son.

There is now a Phillis Wheatley Center on John McCarroll Way, Greenville, South Carolina. Her legacy has been honored for more than 100 years now. Phillis Wheatley had never been to S.C., but the center was named for her because of the huge impact she made. She has 17 books that I recommend you read.

## SPRINGTIME

by Wyatt McGee

In Springtime, I can go in the pool.  
That's what makes it really cool.  
The birds chirp and the flowers bloom.  
It's no longer fun to be in your room.

## NEVER GIVE UP!

by Zeke Viscomi

Even when times are hard, you can pull through. Never give up!



by Lily Bolton

# *The Buried Bottle: Chapter Five*

By Reece Foster

“Sully. Sully? Sully!”

“Yes! Sorry about that. I spaced out for a second,” Sully said. It had been over a week since she saw the man with the dog. She knew she should have chased after him, but she worried about what would happen if he confronted her. He obviously would be able to get away on foot, but what if he attacked her? She pondered this further and began to daydream again. All of a sudden, Dana came in.

“Sully and Jay, I need you in the office. It’s urgent!” Without waiting for a response, he turned and ran back out the door. Sully and Jay looked to their teacher who looked confused but still motioned for them to go. Sully, embarrassed, ran towards the office with Jay following behind. When they arrived they noticed Dana talking to someone in a different room and as they drew closer, Sully couldn’t believe her eyes. There stood the man who had taken the capsule, dog by his side.

“What are you doing here?” she exclaimed, shocked.

“I’m sorry?” he responded, confused as to why this young girl recognized him. Dana quickly informed him that this was the boy who found the capsule and his friend Sully. When he mentioned her full name, she noticed a flash of fear go across his face. He turned back to her moments later.

“Apologies, I didn’t know who you were. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Mr. Davis. You may want to sit down for this.” She and Jay were still confused but sat down anyway. The man sat and the dog jumped into Jay’s lap and layed down for pets.

“I would first like to apologize for taking the capsule without saying anything,” he said. “I assure you I had no ill-intention to take it. I merely needed to protect it.”

“What do you mean to protect it?” asked Sully. “Who is going to steal a time capsule from a school?”

“It’s not the capsule that’s in danger, it’s what’s in it.” He took the capsule and twisted off the top and pulled out a key. “What is that?” asked Jay.

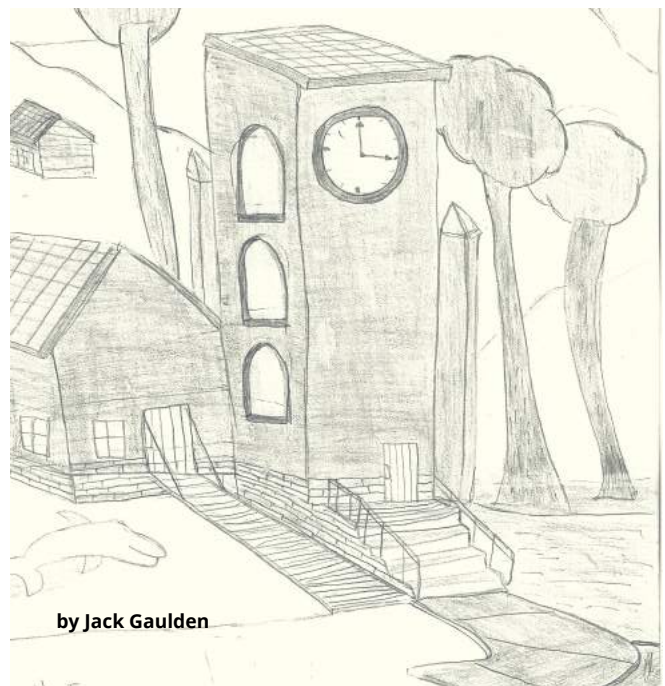
“You know Jay, this is just a wild guess, but I think it’s a key,” Sully responded. Jay gave her a dirty look before turning back towards the man who looked irritated after being interrupted.

“As I was saying, this key is what I was attempting to protect. It opens a very, very important deposit box. The box contains up to 1.4 million dollars.”

Dana laughed, “1.4 million dollars? You must be joking.”

“I am more serious than you could imagine,” Mr. Davis said. “Allow me to inform you of why this is such a valuable key. In 1922, during Prohibition, a man named Bill Rogers decided to become a bootlegger. After being in the business for about three years, he had built a major crime family in Charleston. He was even called the King of Rum Row, an infamous line of bootlegging ships that would sell alcohol. As his gang grew, so did the attention he got from the police. At first, he used bribes but was eventually caught and sentenced to life in prison. He never escaped but shortly before

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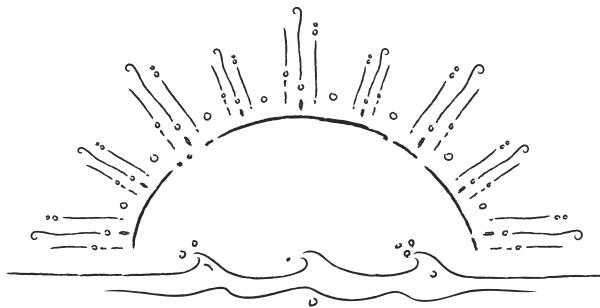
by Jack Gauden

# A Group Poetry

## NOT TIRED

*Liliana Greenbaum*

I was tossing and turning  
To get to sleep;  
but I swear that my house spoke to me.  
I first heard the floors as they creaked,  
saying, "Come,  
and run on me."  
Then the water in the pipes saying,  
"There are better ways to spend your nights."  
My pillow said,  
"Pick up your head!  
The weight is causing me, please!"  
And just when I thought I might agree,  
My alarm said, "Beep, Beep, Beep."  
That's when I fell asleep.



## PEACEFUL MORNING

*Valeshka Diamond*

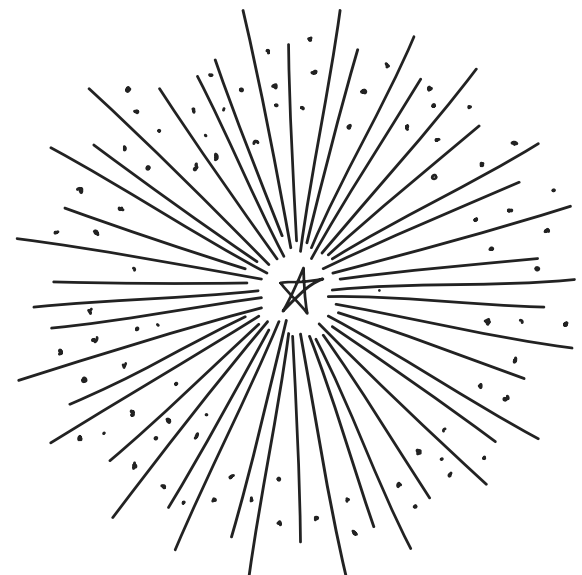
The sun beamed through the closed blinds,  
birds sang songs to remind.  
The house was quiet as a lonely lake in winter.  
In that moment,  
she wished she could stay forever,  
wrapped in the peace of morning,  
held by the peace of sleep.



## CAN YOU HEAR IT?

*Liliana Greenbaum*

Through the black of the night  
there's a spark,  
gleaming bright and blue;  
light pierces through the dark,  
but I can hear it too.  
And although it's barely a whisper,  
if you're a good listener,  
you'll hear the star cry out  
a song so solemn but true.



# A Group Poetry continued

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## THE SEA

*Maks Diamond*

From my lighthouse, I listen to the sea and hear its crashing.  
 The waves hitting the rocks beating and thrashing.  
 I hear songs of forgotten sailors lost to the waves of the sea.  
 Treasures locked away and buried without a key.  
 The moon shines brightly upon the narrow coastline,  
 Still I had -- although bad -- the will to resign.  
 It's timeless presence is familiar but not always kind,  
 for it hides secrets that weigh on my mind.  
 I was once among the waves that swallowed vessels whole;  
 these memories still leave in my heart a hole.  
 It's the sea's beauty that I will miss,  
 but I prefer to keep the saying, "Ignorance is bliss."



## LOST IN THOUGHT

*Valeshka Diamond*

She would always overthink,  
 never felt worthy enough ...  
 lost in thought.  
 When there was someone right there  
 waiting for her, but she couldn't see;  
 she was lost in thought.



# B Group Response Poems

## "A NIGHT DIVIDED"

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### **A NIGHT DIVIDED**

by Jennifer A. Nielsen

With the rise of the Berlin Wall at the end of WWII, Gerta, her mother and Fritz are separated from Gerta's father and middle brother. They have left East Germany to go to West Germany in search of work. The secret police force known as stasi guard the wall continually making a union seemingly impossible. Yet one day, Gerta receives a drawing that suggests there could be a way for Gerta and Fritz to escape to freedom.

The poems that follow are B-Group's response to this novel.

#### by Brooks Boone

Stasi guarding the wall -  
Try to escape and you might fall.

Grenzers bend down  
they always look if someone's around.

Try to escape if you dare,  
but there are always stasi everywhere.

Bam! Pop!  
That's the sound of an open shot.

#### by John Whitney

On Sunday, the wall went up.  
The wall was tall.  
If you got there you would run.  
You could never have any fun.  
The GDR would capture you and you  
can't do anything.  
Your life would turn upside down.  
You might even get out of town.

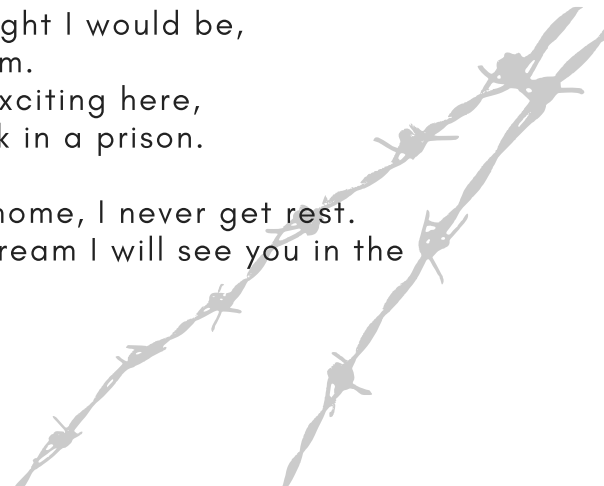
#### by Karson Wilkins

I never want to be in Berlin.  
You would not want to live there.  
It's hard to stay alive.  
If you do survive, you might want to  
hide.  
If you do try to escape, you might try  
to get out.  
If you do escape, you should not tell.

#### by Jack Gaudlen

I am in East Berlin.  
I never thought I would be,  
but here I am.  
It is never exciting here,  
but I'm stuck in a prison.

Around my home, I never get rest.  
I can only dream I will see you in the  
nest.



# Ginquain Poems

MS. YVONNE'S KEYBOARDING CLASSES

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## THE PEN

*Zeke Viscomi*

Pen  
Holy, sacred  
Writing, powerful, grading  
The pen is a grading master.  
Ink

## WAFFLE HOUSE

*Lily West*

Waffle  
Red, yellow  
Talking, eating, ordering  
Waffle House is good.  
Yummy

## THE VOID

*Bryson Tolbert*

Void  
Dark, dreary  
Consuming, nothing, closing  
The void consumes forever.  
Nothingness

## TABS

*Will Bouvier*

Tabs  
Fun, cursed  
Playing, laughing, fighting  
Is cursed game, scary?  
Scary

## NIGHTWINGS

*Lillie Burke Schipper*

Animus  
Scaly, black  
Creeping, coming, flying,  
Known for reading minds  
Dark

## KITTEN

*Harrison Mauger*

Kitten  
Cute, gray  
Meowing, running, hissing  
The kitten meowed cutely.  
Cat

## FIRE

*John Whitney*

Fire  
Hot, fiery  
Moving, burning, spreading  
It's destroying the forest.  
Charcoal

## CARS

*Harrison Fawcett*

Cars  
Loud, fast  
Racing, driving, speeding  
Cars are useful.  
Vehicles

## BROOKS

*Brooks Boone*

Brooks  
Big, strong  
Blocking, gaming, riding  
Blocks the hockey goal  
Boone

# *Peace Through Unity -- an editorial*

By Reece Foster

On August 6, 1945, the world changed. After years of hard work and endless research, the team in charge of the Manhattan Project released the most powerful weapon in the world, the nuclear bomb. It could decimate 80 square miles of land and kill everything around it with radiation that stays for decades. This weapon was supposed to bring peace throughout the world, to bring an end to war. It succeeded in ending the war, but not in bringing peace.

In the following years after its creation, the nuclear bomb has been further perfected. Now capable of even more destruction and being easier to make, the nuclear bomb is built by superpowers around the world. The weapons can destroy a country with the click of a button. They bring fear everywhere.

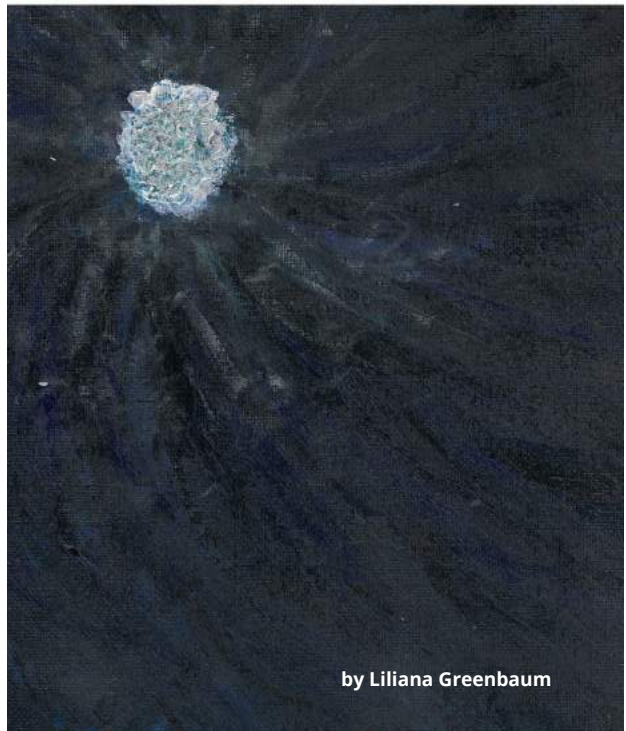
Over the past eight decades, superpowers such as Russia and the U.S have had close calls with nuclear war. Everybody knows all it takes to start one is for a single country to become the aggressor. In the present day, the world has gone through changes to prevent the nuclear threat. Countries have unified to keep the world safe. However, it is still imperfect. The peace is kept, but only through intimidation. I believe that the only way to have true peace is through absolute unification. However, this idea cannot be implemented if our current political structure stays in place.

Currently, the United Nations is the closest body that works toward peace and unification. In the world, the U.S is on bad terms with both Russia and China. Both of these nations are superpowers like the U.S; this is dangerous and could lead to nuclear war. This threat is ongoing and eventually, something is going to happen. I believe that peace is attainable by unifying. World trade would be perfected and immigration would be easier. We could establish a body to direct wealthy countries to assist poorer countries in improving their economy. Problems such as climate change would have more funding and be focused on by all the world's resources.

Unity is defined by the *Oxford Languages Dictionary* as, "The state of being united or

joined as a whole." This means that a unified world would be a singular government. The leaders of governments around the world that unified would be equal in representation in a sort of council system. The resources would be shared and world trade would still go on, however, borders would be passable. I believe that the U.S system of government, where states are independent but still subject to Federalism, is what should be implemented. Each country as it is now would be its own state and continue to function as it does; however, there would still be a head government.

To conclude, the world is imperfect. It has a constant threat of extinction through war, pollution, and disease. Countries are continually at odds giving the entire world a scare. If we all worked toward a common goal of unity, I believe that for the first time since August 6, 1945, we would have true peace.



by Liliana Greenbaum



## *The Buried Bottle continued ...*

his trial, he managed to put away some money for his family if he were ever caught. He put the key on a necklace that he gave to his son so the police wouldn't seize it as evidence. The son grew up and sold the necklace, not knowing what it was. He later found out but it was too late. The Wyches had bought the necklace in a pawn shop and realized what it was. They used the money to found The Chandler School, however, they didn't use all of it. The Rogers heirs were angry, and tried numerous times to steal the key back, but were unsuccessful. I was a new teacher at the school when we realized it would be dangerous to keep the key on the property. The Wyches decided to put the key in a capsule and hide it on the property. The Rogers found out about this and presumably gave up, but they still may be looking for the key. I assumed it would take much more time for the capsule to be found since the road was built over where it was buried. Now that it's been found, I knew the Rogers would come for it. I took the key to make sure nobody would get to it. However, since it's been a while since the key was found and the Rogers still haven't tried anything, I can confidently give you the key."

Sully was in shock. 1.4 million dollars, bootlegging, crime families? All of it was too crazy to be true. She looked at Jay who was scratching his head.

"So, what, we get the money just like that?' Jay asked. "I mean, don't get me wrong but, this is a little suspicious."

"I understand your concern but I assure you, the money is all yours." Mr. Davis responded.

"Thank you!" Dana exclaimed. "This is going to solve all our problems! We can get new equipment and more classrooms! This is ama-"

As he spoke, the lights went out. Sully heard a huge, SMACK and the man's dog began to growl. Sully then felt someone brush by her and run out the door. The lights shortly after came back on. Sully was shocked to see Mr. Davis on the ground groaning and clutching his chest.

"Key... stolen..." He pointed towards the door with the last of his strength and went limp. Dana pulled out his phone and dialed 911. Sully turned to run after whoever had stolen the key.

To be continued next month ...

## Shout-Outs!!

- Shout Out to William! for conquering his first 100 question test and coming out second in the class!! -- Mom
- Shout Out to Reece! Happy 14th Birthday, congrats and way to go on studying for and winning the state spelling bee, and thank you for being such a responsible, helpful, and hard-working son as well as a fun, respectful older brother ... your younger siblings look up to you so much! We love you and are so proud of you. -- Mom and Dad
- Shout Out to Allison Warren! for doing such a good job. -- Dana Blackhurst
- Shout Out to Sheralyn! for helping create a beautiful brochure. -- Dana Blackhurst
- Shout Out to Christy Mason and Kristen Rutkowski! for all of their hard work on BYB. -- Dana Blackhurst
- Shout Out to Terry Birch! for all his help on the physical plant. -- Dana Blackhurst
- Shout Out to Riley! for being such a great help to me in math when I was subbing. You were so great with kids and showed such responsibility. -- Eliza Gray
- Shout Out to Tyler! We're proud of you for joining the chess club and trying new things! -- Mom and Dad
- Shout Out to Cheerio! for taking the time to check in with students, listening, and giving the most genuine pep talks! -- The Gaudens
- Shout Out to Ms. Sue! for making science so much fun. -- The Gaudens
- Shout Out to Mr. Jess and the Taco Cats! for that awesome upset against the Redwings. -- The Gaudens

# Shout-Outs!! continued ...

- Shout Out to all the new and returning CHL players! for bringing positive Pirate energy to the rink. -- The Gauldens
- Shout Out to Harrison! for being a good friend and working hard on science experiments. -- The Gauldens
- Shout out to Garrett for greeting us with a smile every morning! Maryanne Viscomi
- Shout out to Zeke for trying new things and working hard and accepting Dana's challenges! Maryanne Viscomi
- Shout Out to Lauren! for finishing Mr. Putter and Tabby Pour the Tea. -- Miss Kendall
- Shout Out to Clark! for learning two new sight words. -- Miss Kendall
- Mr. Jess, thanks for being the real MVP and grading all the quizzes! Mrs. Christine
- A group, way to go with measuring accurately! Mrs. Christine
- B group, way to go with the statistics work! Mrs. Christine
- Grace: Keep up the great work! We are so proud of you and love you dearly! Daddy, Mama, Brennan, Drew, and Jack
- Jackson: Congratulations on all your wrestling success! I am proud of your hard work and dedication! Keep it up! -- Ms. Nikki
- Graeson: I am proud of your extra effort in tutorial. Also, great job helping out in the garden. -- Ms. Nikki
- William: Thank you for always working hard and doing your best in tutorial! You are doing great! -- Ms. Nikki
- Walker: Keep up the great work in speech! You are making great progress! Remember, SMILE! -- Ms. Nikki
- Sienna: I am so proud of your hard work and progress in tutorial! Keep up the great work! -- Ms. Nikki
- Shout Out to F group for being great students!! -- Mrs. Hartlee
- Shout Out to Mr. Dana for helping take on The Riverbanks Zoo and for the stuffed animals!! -- F Group
- Shout Out to Hartlee for the video of F group at the zoo! -- Mr. Dana
- Shout Out to Larry Brown for his help during the Barber race! -- Mr. Dana
- Shout Out to Christy Mason for all her hard work, media pictures of race at Barber! -- Mr. Dana
- Shout Out to Bryson Tolbert for scoring 100 on Mr. Dana's really tough test and on his first hockey season as a Street Shark!! We're so proud!! Love, Mom and Dad
- Shout Out to Tanner, for always asking great questions and working so hard. -- Jess
- Shout Out to Michael, for being an excellent example for his peers. -- Jess
- Shout Out to Ryder, for having made great strides in math this year. -- Jess
- Shout Out to the Taco Cats, for bringing it every time! -- Jess
- Shout Out to Ms. Christy, for working so hard and organizing all the stuff and things. -- Jess
- Shout Out to Dana, Sandy, Cheerio, and Hunter, for being worthy competition on the hockey court. -- Jess
- Shout Out to Mr. Jess's homeroom, for working together and learning to clean thoroughly as a team. -- Jess
- Shout Out To all the teachers, students, and parents, for making me feel so at home. -- Jess
- Shout Out to Tanner! You are doing great dude, keep it up! -- Topher
- Shout Out to Betty Anne! Love you, good job reading with Ms. Hartlee! -- Topher
- Shout Out to my Creative Writing Group -- John W, Brooks, Rowan, Harrison F! I'm proud of your effort, courage to always be willing to share, and learning to have each other's back! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Zeke! Keep on persevering, you've got this! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Z! Keep up the good work on your sight words! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Will! Keep up the good work and learning the ways of Chandler! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Evin! Your mind amazes me and thank you for always sharing the gift of laughter! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Brooke! Thank you for keeping our ship sailing straight! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Dana! You're a rockstar captain! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Cherrio! 10-4, Good Buddy! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Rowan and Tanner! Great job as second shooters at Barber!!! I am glad to have you on the team! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Eliza, Yvonne, Sandy! Thanks for always having my back! I appreciate you! -- Ms. Christy
- Shout Out to Ms. Sue! for having the patience of a saint and always so fun to chat with in afternoon carline! -- Antoinette
- Shout Out to Harrison F.! Keep striving to be your best! We believe in you! -- Dad, Mom, & Fay
- Shout Out to Garrett! You always have a friendly smile when we arrive at school. -- Antoinette
- Shout Out to Cadell! for working so hard in reading! Your work is paying off! -- Ms. Gail
- Shout Out to Tanner! for working so hard during tutorial! -- Ms. Gail
- Shout Out to Manny for always being prepared for tutorial! -- Ms. Gail