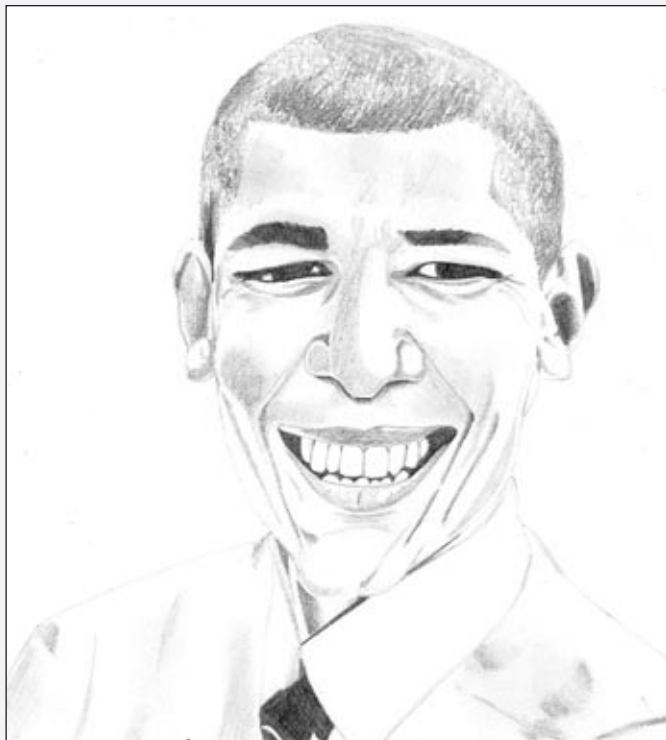


Art Winner



Antonio Early, 17, South Central High School is this week's art winner.

Writing Winner

Reflections

By K.N. Wallace

There I looked. I saw her again. This girl I was watching. She wasn't my friend. Her mocking ways and tormenting stares made me look away from her startling glares. I didn't know her, only what she used to be. A happy girl, so alive, so free. But now here she was, her look so blank. I didn't know what to think. What had happened? Had time taken its toll? Why had it emptied her beautiful soul? And now I just gawk and I become angry. Why had God let this happen, was He just going crazy? No, I convince myself to believe the girl I was watching still held the key. She was still happy, still in control. But I couldn't help but wonder why she was so cold. Her eyes full of nothing. They had long lost their light. Her face less-than-friendly

like a dark, starless night. Those same eyes held marvel so many years back. Beauty and poise, why weren't those intact? This girl had been taken away by her peers. The old her was forgotten. The old her she feared. But there she stands, the girl she is now, and she wants the old her but doesn't know how. Her tears drench her face as she cries out for aid to a God whom she had known all along would never fade. So off comes the makeup and down comes the hair, and now she looks back at the mirror still there. Only this time the girl that only used to be, was the same bright-eyed girl staring back at me.

K.N. Wallace, 15, A Ray of Hope Home school, is this week's writing winner.

If Only

By Rebecca Stephenson

If only life had a pause button and a rewind and a fast-forward. Like a remote control for a TV. So choices could be replayed and stopped and redone. So the hard parts could be skipped. But then, maybe these bad choices help us grow and although we can't rewind and redo, like a remote control, we can rethink and learn from our mistakes. We constantly ask, "What if?" And linger on what has already happened, but why? Though our pasts aren't re-writable, our futures are because we have those "Special Features" that contain alternate endings and all we have to do is decide to watch and live however we want. Today and tomorrow and forever.

Rebecca Stephenson, 15, J.H. Rose High School, receives special mention.

Reflection

By Torre McCuaig

I wandered along the road one day and came upon a meandering stream. I noticed a leaf floating on its way, it reminded me of a recent dream.

The clouds overhead were like blankets of snow. Some as thick as thread, others resembling Cupid's bow.

A song that I heard up high in the trees was that of a bird who was so eager to please. As my walk came to an end, I was filled with thought. Nature was my friend or so I had thought.

A rain began to fall; drip drop on my head. The beauty of it all which my eyes had been and forever.

Torre McCuaig, 15, J.H. Rose High School, receives special mention.

Timeless Love

By Shadaja Hagins

A sweet young girl once fell in love with the boy next door, gentle as a dove. They were too young. Two years passed and they both grew. Two smart young adults that everyone knew. Still in love, but too young. The years went on and so did they. Got married and both moved away. Still in love, but not so young. And so she passed leaving him alone. His eyes wept across her stone, saying "Timeless love."

Shadaja Hagins, 15, South Central High School, receives special mention.

War

By Arun Ajmera

Who invented the worst word? War is the cause for the troubles, all. When I learned causes and effects, consequences, war made me sad. All the problems, all the troubles, all the destruction, all due to war. War changes everything. Is the war necessary in Iraq? Iraq is filled with war, with sorrow. Vengeance and hatred prevail. Pray, grant us peace in this world so that humans may live.

Arun Ajmera, 14, J.H. Rose High School, receives special mention.



Deandre Vines, 15, J.H. Rose High School, receives special mention.

A Day in Darfur

By Amy Kalinowski

Babies crying, children dying, mothers lying to protect their young. Families fearing for their lives, waking up worried it's their last. The family contemplates on who will retrieve water. The eldest son is chosen. As he steps up to the plate, he worries of what might happen. On his journey home with lakes on his shoulders, he hears footsteps. Slow, quiet, distant footsteps in the sand. Scratching the back of its neck like a lion about to attack its prey. He quickens his step and the footsteps become faster. He quickens his step and the footsteps become even faster. He drops everything with no hesitation. Now running for his life with a feeling all too familiar. He hears gunshots and runs faster, and faster, and faster. He hears more gunshots. Bang, bang. Worried they might hit him but never looking back. He keeps running. Bang, bang, bang. He's dead.

Amy Kalinowski, 14, J.H. Rose High School, receives special mention.

Josh

By Sarah Tracy

The kid that drives me insane, who makes me laugh non-stop. Who blames me when he gets in trouble and picks on me day in and day out. He keeps calm and level-headed. I go to him for everything. He helps me when I need it. No one can come close to him and pretty soon he'll be gone to live out on his own. I'm not sure what will happen when that day comes and he walks across the stage for his graduation, and leaves the home we share. But one thing is for sure.

He'll always be that person who will be there in my heart. He is my brother, my best friend, the only one I trust.

Sarah Tracy, 15, South Central High School, receives special mention.

Twisted Path

By Thomas Passwater

Walking each day, following the road, continuing the path, wherever it leads, wherever it goes. Through the rocky patches, over all the hills, climbing every mountain, through the unmarked fields, we walk, we walk. Through the merciless, pitiless night, we cling together, we clutch for each other, we hold on tight. Our love keeps us close, through the rough, through the night, we hold each other, and pray for the light.

Thomas Passwater, 14, South Central High School, receives special mention.

Love Is Many Different Things

By Eva Cooper

Love gets you where you're weakest. It tears the force field of hate away that surrounds everybody's heart. It's a clock breaking when you're with the ones closest to you. And it stays broken until you completely forget about time. But then again, time doesn't matter to you anymore.

Love makes you ignorant to the world. It distracts and blinds. It's like a Trojan horse. You think it's very sweet, then when you least suspect it, it comes out and slits your heart.

Love is like a beautiful white dove. No one knows where it

will land. It's a mystery and full of drama.

Some hearts are shattered, some are put together, some are healed, some are killed.

Love it while you can, for tomorrow it may be gone. Love is like our body, it is never lasting.

There are pros and cons. It's hard to explain. Like getting hit with a baseball bat, you can't plan it out in your little brown planner for that would not be love.

Eva Cooper, 14, D.H. Conley High School, receives special mention.

Entry Form

The Daily Reflector is looking for artists and authors from grades K-12. Each week, we will publish the best art and writing. Entries will be held and considered for 90 days and will be returned if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included. Parents or teachers who sign this form should monitor for good taste and originality. Submission to The Daily Reflector implies consent for publication on the Expressions page.

Fill out this form, attach it to your entry, and mail to:
Expressions, The Daily Reflector, P.O. Box 1967,
Greenville, N.C., 27835-1967

(Please print)

Student's name _____ Age _____ Birthdate _____

School _____ Parent's name _____

Entrant's complete address-street or box number _____

City _____ State _____ Zip code _____

I verify this to be original work

Parent or teacher signature _____



Eva Zeron, 16, South Central High School, receives special mention.

Contributing teachers: Charetta Walls and Gabrielle Storey of South Central High School, Sarah Brafford and Bill Fowler of J.H. Rose High School and Gloria Watson of D.H. Conley High School.

Look for the Expressions page online at www.reflector.com/expressions

A New Season Could've Been

By Forrest Cherry

A new season is brewing. The leaves begin to change. Yellow, orange, red and green cover all the autumn trees. A new season is brewing. The air becomes heavy and cold. The crisp, thin leaves begin to fold. It is winter now, I'm told. A new season is brewing. The flowers are a bloom. No more slow trudging through the winter gloom. A new season is brewing. The sun is high in the sky. The heat is blazing, starving the ground dry. A new season is coming. From summer to spring to winter to fall. A new season is always coming for it is nature's law.

Forrest Cherry, 14, J.H. Rose High School, receives special mention.

By Cora Taft

Gazing out the window, dazing about what it could've been. Thinking about now and then. Thinking about what it could've been. Singing, shouting, laughing about what it could've been. Tears pouring out of my eyes; crying about what could've been. Going to sleep at night dreaming about what it could've been. Creating false memories of what it could've been. Now I'm waving, waving good-bye to the sea of memories, to the dazing, thinking, crying, creating, dreaming, and to all the things that could've been.

Cora Taft, 15, J.H. Rose High School, receives special mention.

Real Friendships

By Olivia Bell

The closest of people. The sharing of secrets. The late nights. The silly days. All the times. A special bond. The random laughing. The never ending love. All the inside jokes. The connection everyone wants. Fights are common. Tears are always there. Boys take the sidelines. An immune familiarity that is always there. The stupid shenanigans. The "had to be there's." The impractical plans. The promises to be best friends forever.

Olivia Bell, 14, South Central High School, receives special mention.



The Daily Reflector's

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Expressions

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