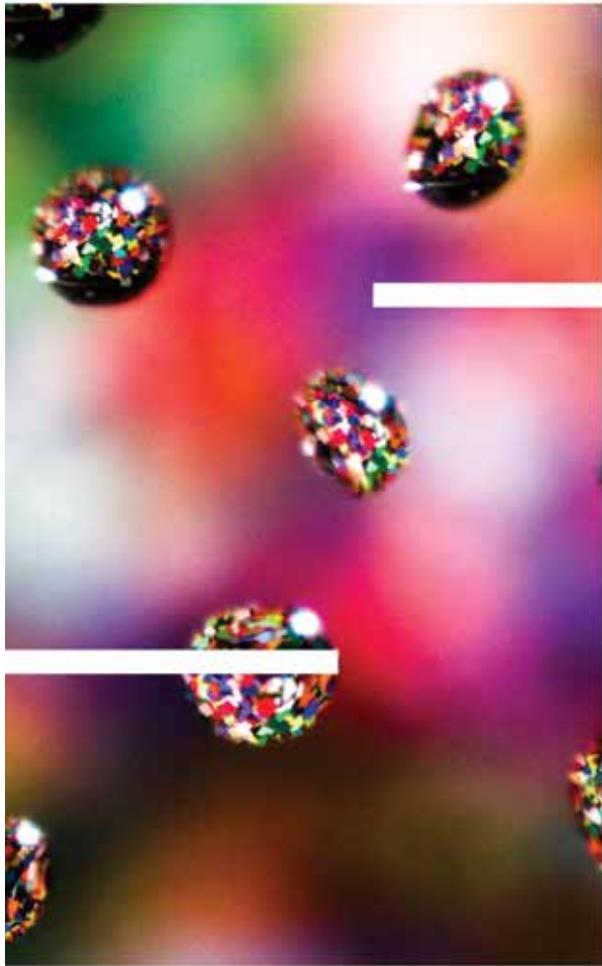
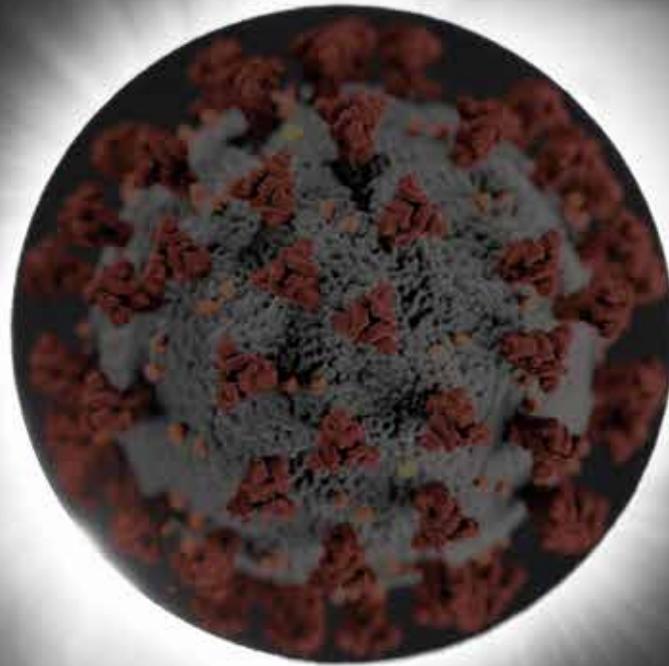


dodeca

PACIFIC



SUN 46 2020



Cover Art adapted from work by

Alexandra Shimasaki

Guam HS, Grade 12

Photography

Waterdrops

Welcome to this year's edition of the SUN!

“Art is the most intense mode of individualism that the world has known.” – Oscar Wilde

SUN 46 is a collection of imaginative interpretations of the world we live in, from the perspective of our students, expressed through visual art, creative literary work, and musical composition. This year's edition of the SUN journal showcases the uniquely individual talent that resides within our schools.

Like the shadow that is cast over the earth during an eclipse of the sun, production of this year's SUN has been largely overshadowed by COVID-19 and the ongoing effects left in its wake.

It is our hope that the student work featured in this SUN will be a light to you and that you will enjoy the collaboration of intellect, ability, and creativity featured within as they are unveiled throughout the pages of this edition, both in the immediate release and for years to come.

Please enjoy SUN 46!

Warmest regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Lois J. Rapp". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Lois J. Rapp
Director of Student Excellence
DoDEA Pacific



Ashley Hampton

Kadena ES, Grade 5

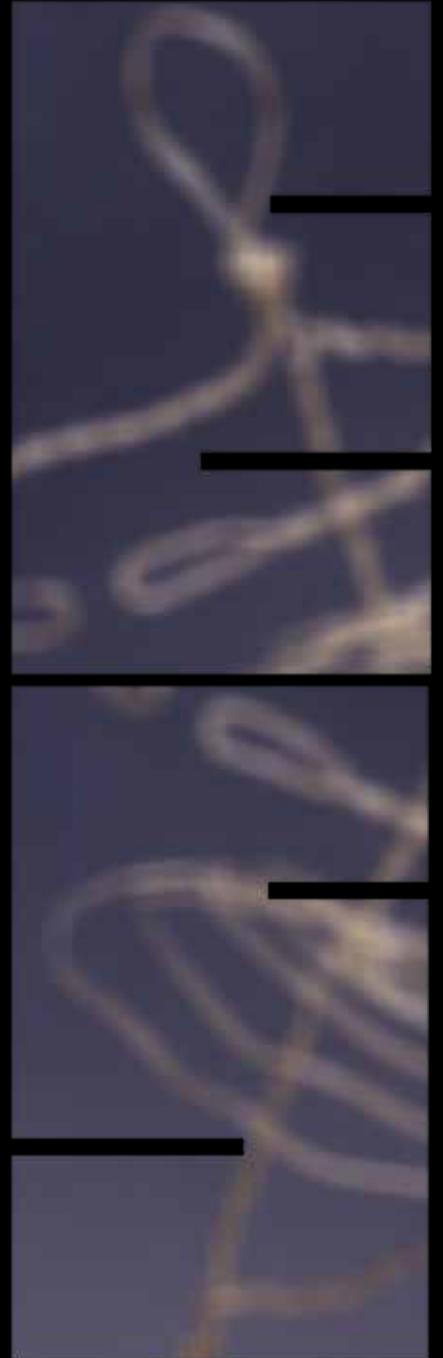
Wire

Pirouette

Breathe deep
Render peace
Emphasize your feelings
Answer your questions.
Tell how you feel
Have faith in yourself
Energize your spirit.

Amalia Selph

The Sullivans School, Grade 4



Alizayah Basto

McCool E/MS, Grade 2

Collage

Untitled



The Princesses and The Dog

Once upon a time there were two princesses named Cristle and Sophie. They really wanted a dog but their mother and father said no. So they decided that they were going to get money for a dog by working at a lemonade stand. They were working hard and they were hot. Sophie said let's go inside and count our money. Ok said Cristle. So they counted their money and they had 50 dollars but they needed 100 dollars. So they went outside and hopefully they would get 50 more dollars.

After a minute they had more and more customers. They were having a lot of fun. Then they had to make two lines because there was a lot of people. One person said I would like 20 cups of lemonade. Sophie and Cristle said okay, but it is going to be 40 dollars. She said okay. Then a kind lady said may I have 5 cups of lemonade? We said, yes but that will be 10 dollars. She said okay. That was the last customer. But they had 100 dollars. They were so happy. Then they went to go and get their new dog. Cristle said I can't go in there. They are too cute. So Sophie had to and get the dog from the store. The dog was named Lilly. Lilly was a people dog. She always begs Cristle! They loved Lilly so much. They lived happily ever after.

Sophia Norwood

Zukeran ES, Grade 2

Military Child

Being a military child is often hard. You will experience lots of changes. Being a military child is also fun. My name is Tabias White.

The good thing about being a military child is that you can try out a new culture, explore new places, and try out different kinds of food that may not be everywhere. You can also make new friends and play with different kinds of toys you've never seen before. The final reason why being a military child is good is being in a different weather. Those are the reasons why being a military child is good.

There is also a sad side of being a military child.

You have to move away a lot so that means moving away from your friends. Parents go on long trips on ships so your mom or dad will miss holidays or your birthday. You might have to move away from your family members.

After going over what it's like being a military child, at the end of the day is it still worth it? My opinion is yes, because you can do a lot and make new friends. This is my life as a military child.

Tabias White

The Sullivans School, Grade 4

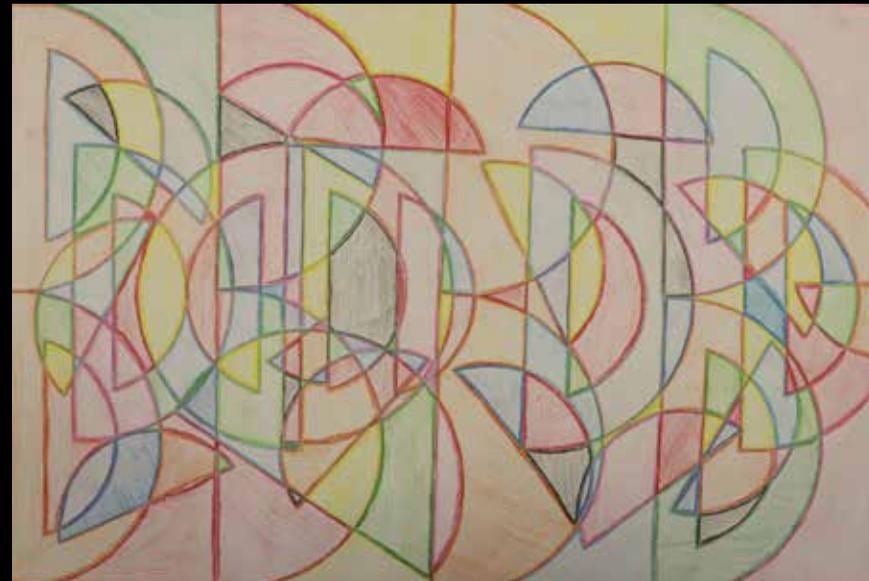


Zachary Austin

Iwakuni ES, Grade 5

Crayon

Untitled



Jaxon Thornton

Osan ES, Grade 5

Colored Pencil

Untitled

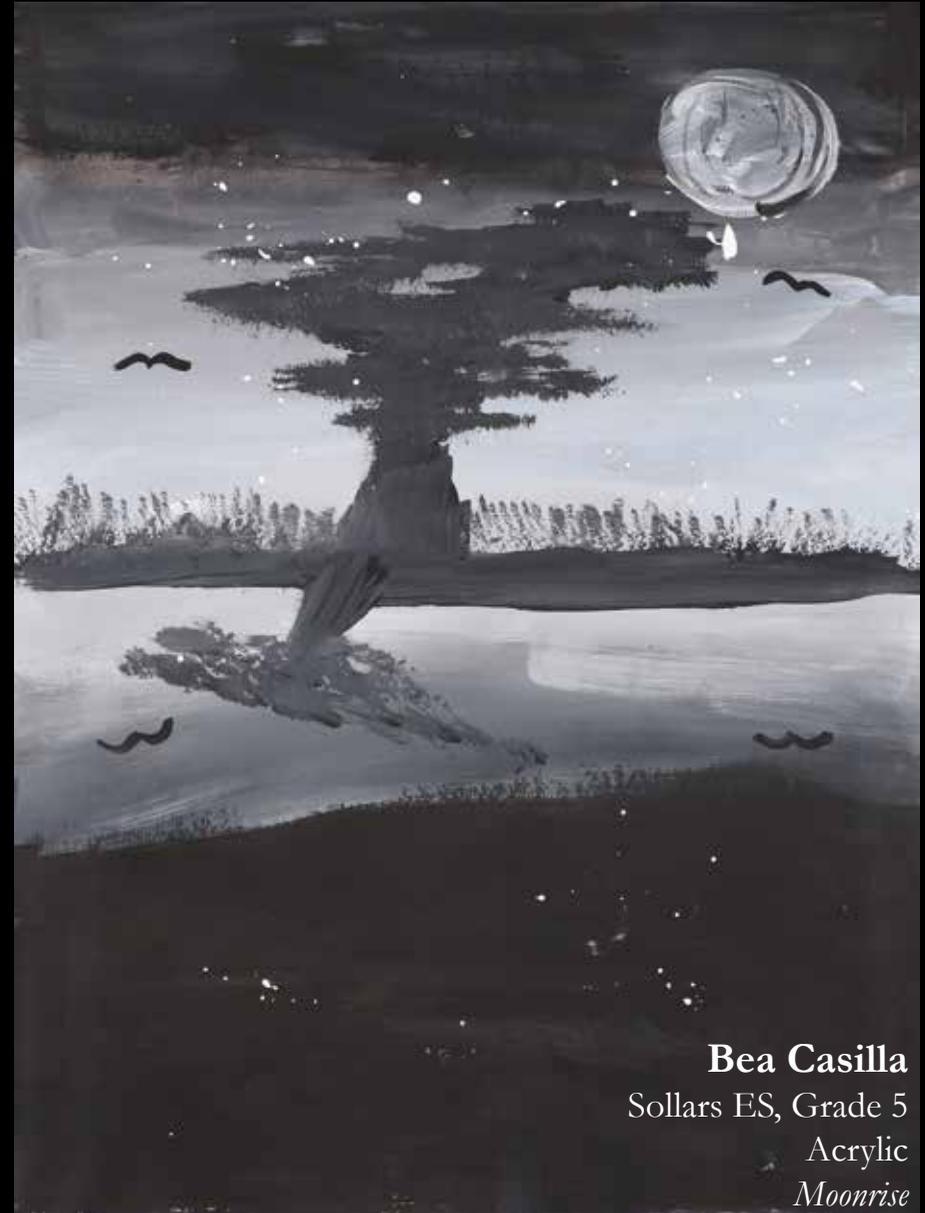
Jada Alexander
Lanham ES, Grade 5
Photography
Untitled



Keir Tucker
Bob Hope PS, Grade 2
Photography
Blues



Bella Dietz
Kadena ES, Grade 5
Oil Pastel
Dandelion Wave



Bea Casilla
Sollars ES, Grade 5
Acrylic
Moonrise



Reid Vanwagner
M.C. Perry ES, Grade 2
Marker
Untitled



Cole Roberts
Iwakuni ES, Grade 4
Yarn
Untitled

The Fox and the Singer

Once upon a time there was a fox that always goes outside and finds food in the morning. One day, he heard a wonderful singing voice. He followed the voice. The singer saw him and said, “Oh! Am I singing too loud?”

“No!” said the fox.

“I can teach you how to sing,” said the singer.

“Thanks!” said the fox.

“All you do is start talking and hum,” said the singer.

“Screech!” said the fox.

“Oh, I have an idea! You can be my pet so you can always hear my voice,” said the singer.

“Yes, yes!” said the fox.

Nora Colmenar

The Sullivans School, Grade 1

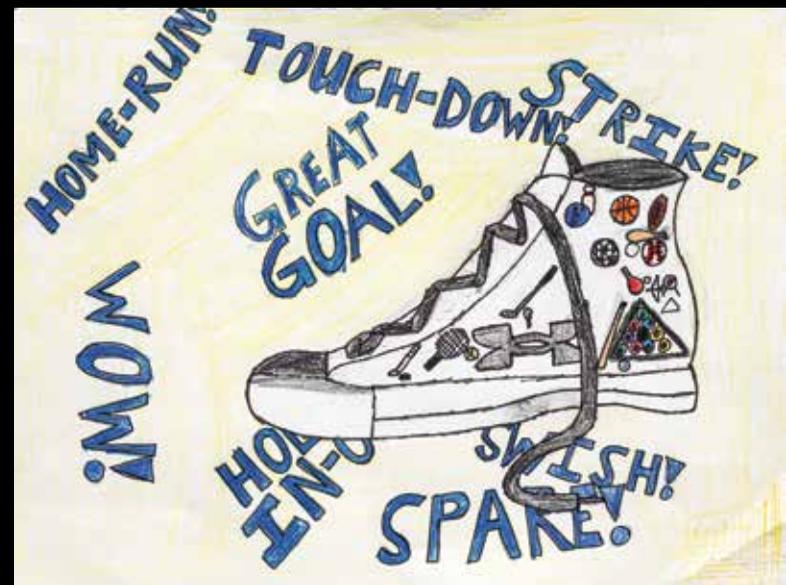


Xander Piette

Kinser ES, Grade K

Mixed Media

Cool Cat



Xander Reyes

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 5

Colored Pencil

Shoe Of Sports



Jiro Sanchez
McCool E/MS, Grade K
Collage
Untitled



Losena Tatafu
Kadena ES, Grade 2
Mixed Media
Calm Waters

The Cat and the Mouse

Once upon a time, there was a cat and a dog. The cat had just made a Christmas cake and put it in the window to cool. Then the dog smelled the cat's cake, and it made him hungry. He grabbed the cake and ran off to eat it. When the cat came back, she discovered the missing cake. So she sprang into action and made a new cake and put in in a new place to cool. From then on, she never tempted a thief again.

Ayanna Hunter

Kinser ES, Grade 1



Spiders

Spiders are cool because they are like Spider-Man. Here are some ideas, they can shoot webs. They are like Spider-Man. They live in the forest or in the winter. Spiders are poisonous. Can I be Spider-Man? Is it really true? Do you want to be Spider-Man? If you exercise you will be strong like Spider-man and fight crime.

Kai Barnett

Zukeran ES, Grade 2

Aria Fieger

Kinser ES, Grade K

Mixed Media

Sparkle Cat

The Memoirs of Alex's Eraser

“BEEP” said the cashier as I was lowered into the vast space of a shopping bag. I wish that I could stop erasing all along. My name is Earl the eraser. We were now outside. RAIN! For erasers, rain was like cinder blocks falling down. I hastily built a tent, I heard a BOOM in the sky. To me, it sounded as if there was an enormous blast coming out from the rear of a gastly/gassy human. A drop. And another. Then it started pouring. After this I fell from my container, tried to stand up, and slipped again. Sadly, this happened about 15 times until I did this successfully.

-Month 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7-

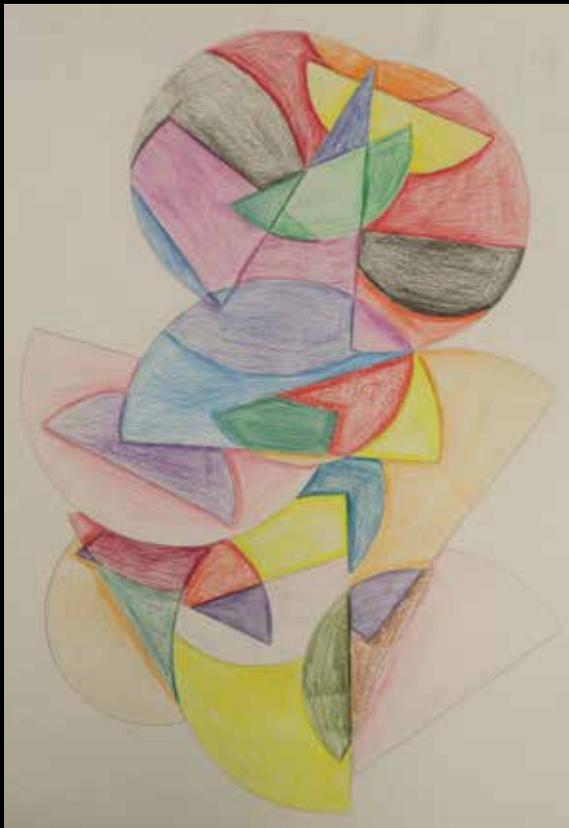
After all that cleared up, like the erasers that were with me on that day, I was put into the job of being a kid's eraser. Now, I fought a never ending battle 12 hours a day; 5 days a week. As enemy pencil lead was found, my job was to exterminate them. This happened over and over and I've got the marks to prove it!

One day, I was stabbed 3 times on my back!

Oh, the humanity! I feel like I'm being erased from my life! (sorry, bad pun). Nowadays, things are peaceful. I still have war paint from crushed color pencils. I just heard a pencil say “Alex is coming.” That's all for now.

Alexander Vu

Stearley Heights ES, Grade 4

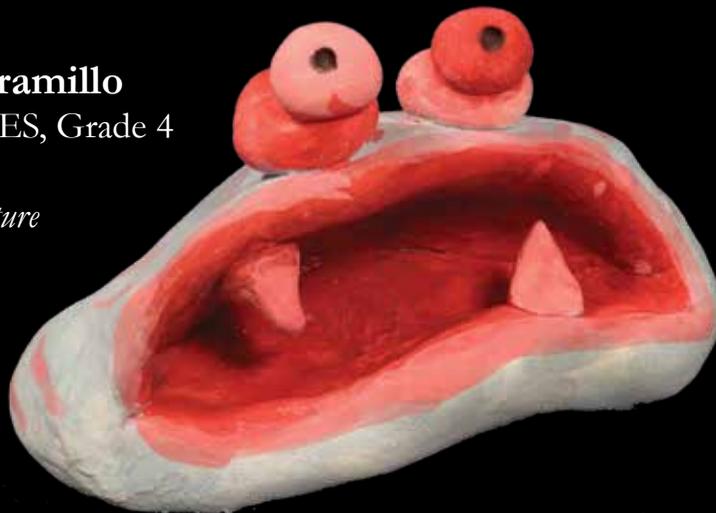


Elisea Fowler

Osan ES, Grade 5

Colored Pencil

Untitled



Aiju Jaramillo

Kadena ES, Grade 4

Ceramic

My Creature



The Rain Disaster

It was raining for 2 weeks straight and the street started to flood! All the cars started to float! I tried to look out of my window, but the water was blocking my view. I got my swimwear and swam to the sewer to open it, but more water came out! I closed the sewer so no more water could flow out. Then I went back to my house and realized I forgot to close the door, so the water came into my house! I swam to my little brother's room and got him outside. I swam to the front door. When I went outside, it started to rain again! I swam to the top of the water. More water started to flood up. Some water and more came out of nowhere! I tried to swim where there was no water, but it was everywhere. It gets even worse! Everyone started to drown! No one else was found.



Maya Toilolo

Sasebo ES, Grade 5

Oil Pastel

Abstract Face In Warm Colors

Jasmine Panganiban

The Sullivans School, Grade 3



Riley Yoder

Ikego ES, Grade 4

Marker

Riley's Rainbow Radial Design



Maurice Brown

Kinser ES, Grade 5

Mixed Media

Cubist Rainbow Guy



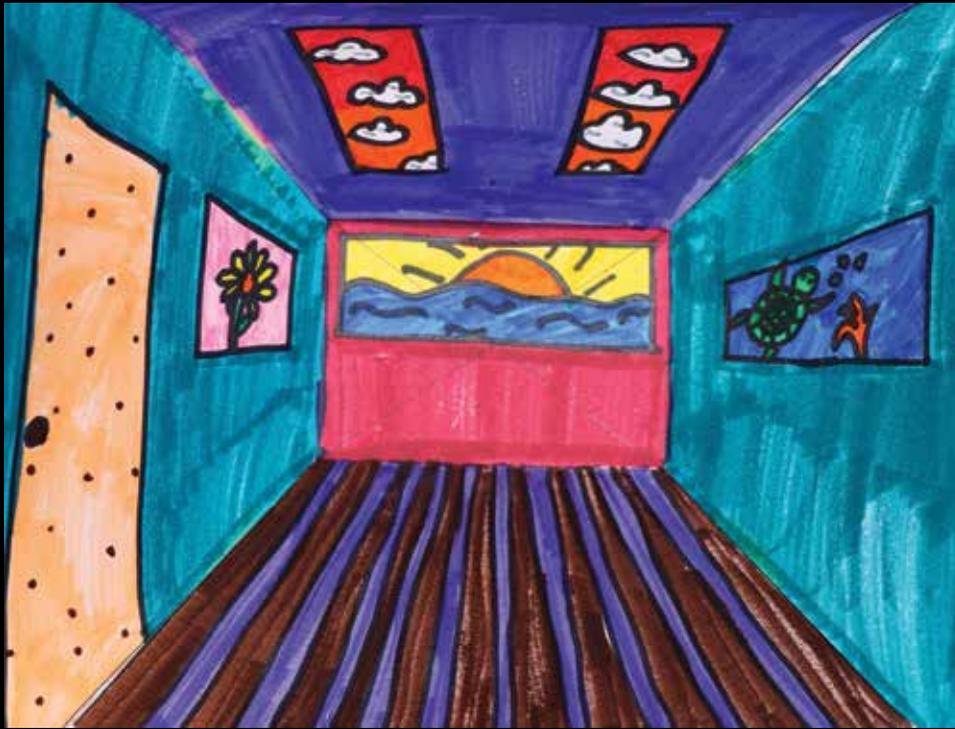
Ciara Golden
Kadena ES, Grade 5
Wire
Gestural Balance

Life
Hope, Physical
Interesting, Questioning, Exciting
Peaceful, Painful, Positive, Negative
Dying, Exterminating, Hurting
Dark, Spiritual
Death
Keisha Latag
The Sullivans School, Grade 4

City Nights

When the moon is high
Up in the sky,
Millions of stars,
Streets filled with cars,
Windows full of light,
On a dark city night.

Rylee White
Zukeran ES, Grade 4



Aizzy Guiao
McCool E/MS, Grade 5
Marker
Untitled



Rheena Cartaciano
Kadena ES, Grade 4
Ceramic
Monster Frida

Alyssa Arce
Iwakuni ES, Grade 5
Marker
Untitled

There is a song called “Für Elise”,
Which has a sort of peace.
The song starts with high,
And starts to zoom like a fly.
Then comes down to low,
And is calm as if a boat started to row.
The notes keep going up and down,
Which comes together and makes a
magnificent sound.

The song finds a way to mix it,
Which makes me want to calm down and sit.
I do not know how they do the speed,
All I know is that I feel that I was just freed.
I could listen to it all day and night,
And feel myself going high.
So high that it is the highest height.
Then go down,
Where nobody could ever be found.

Sawyer Davis

Stearley Heights ES, Grade 3



Savannah Hurda

Ikego ES, Grade 5

Watercolor

Ducks In A Row

Creepy House for Sale!

If you are looking for an old, creepy house, then you've come to the right seller. This house is not just any house, but the oldest, creepiest, scariest house you will ever see. It has a cost of \$100,000 with no refunds, and zero satisfaction.

Along with everything else, it has nothing good. I call this house The Haunted Mansion.

On your way there, remember, it's on the tallest hill in California with a fog so you won't see it on the way there. When you get there, you will notice it is covered in spray paint. It's about 1,000 years old and people spray painted it a lot.

On the way to the door, make sure to look where you go, because one door leads to the basement that will lock you in. Then it will release horrors so scary, that you can't imagine what they're like. Inside is the living room with couches made of rock and bone. The cup holders are made of dead spiders (there is no TV). The stove and oven only goes to 500 degrees or more. The freezer is full of zombies. Then there's the bathroom. The toilets don't flush, but the water goes up putting astonishingly freezing cold water on you.

Now I will talk about the second floor. Going up the stairs, be sure to always skip one, because the terrifying Frankenstein lives under the stairs and doesn't like noise. The stairs are extremely weak against fire, so don't bring any.

When you get to the top, do not, under any reason, open the closet. It happens to be Dracula's coffin disguised as a closet. Trust me, I've learned the hard way. To the left is the first bedroom, (that bed is made of stone, and apparently has an explosion every minute) and another bathroom. To the right, is the second bedroom and master bedroom.

The second bedroom is full of steel, sharp weapons and windows covered by bars. Also, the bed is made of steel. The master bedroom is full of spiders, and a two person bed made of charred wood. There is also a bathroom with a shower, that has nothing to cover you right on the side of the house.

Finally, the attic. The attic is straight above the coffin. You'll have to climb up the stairs that are made of ice, because the other stairs were broken by Bigfoot. After you get up, you will be locked in until you can find the key in the pitch black room. If you can see in the attic, you will see skulls, blood, bones, and other scary stuff. They're all probably just Halloween decorations, or are they? There is one window that gives off a tiny bit of light, but other than that, it's a dark abyss. So remember people, it's just 100,000 dollars for The Haunted Mansion.

James Supple

The Sullivans School, Grade 4

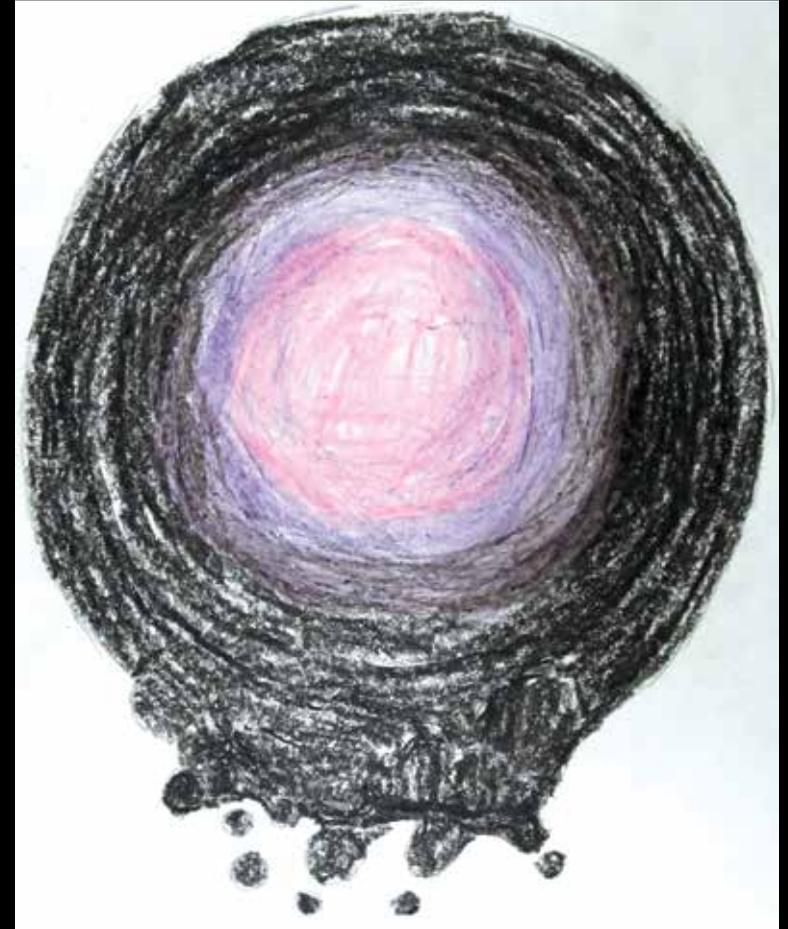


Kseniia Filonova

Iwakuni ES, Grade 4

Marker

Untitled



Eli Coctolero

Lanham ES, Grade 5

Crayon

The Dot



Serenity Johnson

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 5

Colored Pencil

Shoe Of Celebration



Lilian Lafferty
Lanham ES, Grade 1
Mixed Media
Winter Snowglobe



Mae Petersen
Sollars ES, Grade 4
Mixed Media
Tiger's Feather

A Christmas Poem

The warm glow of
the Christmas tree.
The smell of gingerbread.
All the kids are tucked away
sleeping in their beds.
As sugar plum fairies
dance in their minds,
Santa puts presents behind
the Christmas pine.
In the morning you go downstairs,
And hug your brand
new teddy bear.
You open your stocking and oh
what a whopping trinkets
and gadgets galore.
Merry Christmas wishes to
all and many, many more!

Margaret Webb
Zukeran ES, Grade 4

Too Much Paint!

Once upon a time there was a boy who loved to paint at school and at home. He liked to paint on the walls.

One day in art class he used too much paint so his teacher put him outside. After art class the art teacher came to Gabe and said...I loved your picture but you used too much paint. You are dismissed. When Gabe got home he only used 1 drop of paint. It was not fun. He was sad. All because of what his teacher said changed his ability.

Claire Newell

Zukeran ES, Grade 2

Wind blows off the shore
In the night, stars reflect
Night is coming and the moon glows
Time is going by, faster than slow
Entering the water with
the reflection of the stars
Roaming around in bright waters

Maretza Carillo

The Sullivans School, Grade 4



Taylor Hucks

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 4

Watercolor Pencils

Key Hole View Of My Room



Naomi Villarreal

Osan ES, Grade 4

Mixed Media

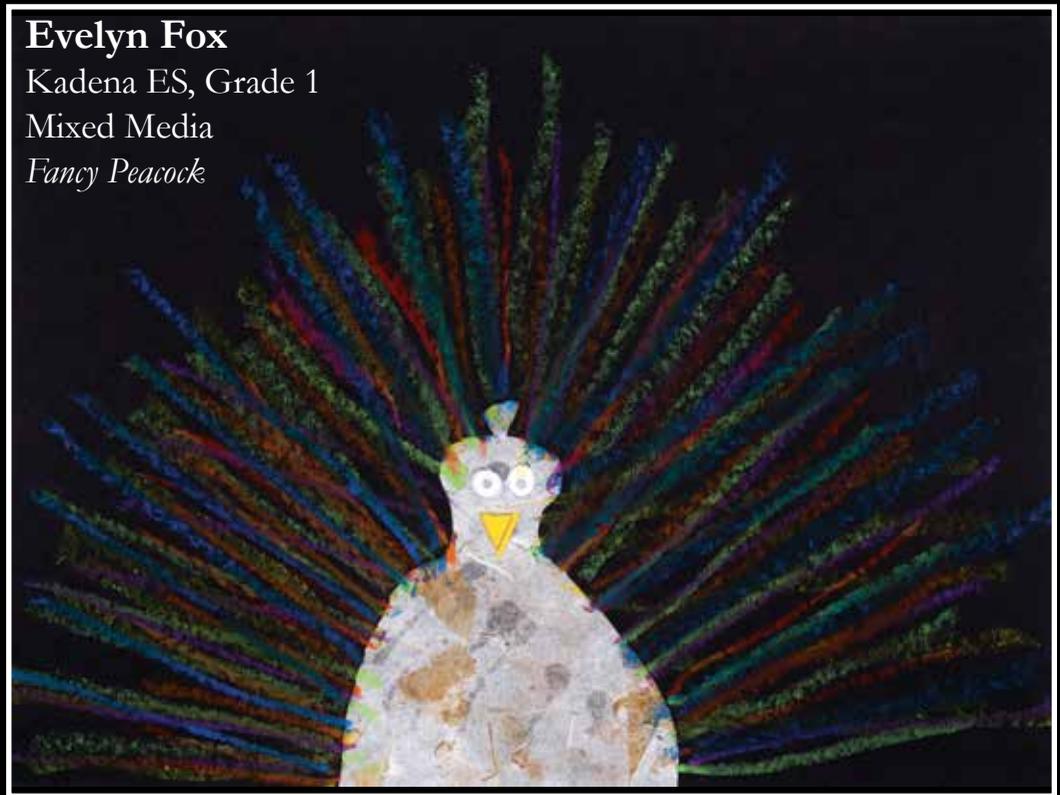
Leaf

Evelyn Fox

Kadena ES, Grade 1

Mixed Media

Fancy Peacock



Listening to the men's day of labor;

Singing their song to earn a favor;

The workers that make the land livable,

Mother and child have it comfortable,

As the tune of their song drifts into the night.

Ariana Dickerson with Amos Dickerson

Zukeran ES, Grade 5

Races

Races happen all around the world. Some races have jets and some have cars. Some races even have boats. Races can show how fast we can go! A race is a kind of exercise! When I race, it feels tiring. Some races I win and some I lose.

Sheikh Diop

The Sullivans School, Grade 1

The Four Seasons

There is a lake and it has icy water.

The tree has no leaves.

It is very cold.

Snow is falling.

Mountains have lots of snow on them.

The animals are hibernating.

The tree has lots of snow on it.

It is winter.

The sky is blue.

A lily pad is floating on the icy water.

Logan Oakley

Stearley Heights ES, Grade 2



Sarai Mahmood

McCool E/MS, Grade 5

Oil Pastel

Untitled



Rachelle Agojo

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 4

Watercolor Pencils

Key Hole View Of Sunset, Sunrise

Thinking Outside The Script

“Oh Mother, why do I have to take a shower?”

I said dramatically.

“Because I said so,” replied the actress.

I was listening so closely to the older actress, I forgot my own lines... This happens so much. I just hope the director doesn't yell. I have a headache.

“Um, well, I forgot my lines again,” I hesitantly stated to the director (Mr. Mason), eyes fixed on the floor below me.

“Alice! That's the third time today and our show's in a week!”

Obviously, the director was mad. I just can't seem to remember my lines. Maybe, I have a rare illness for this play that nobody in my whole acting class has.

That would explain a lot!

...

For the next few days, I came to acting class doing the same pattern of not remembering my lines, Mr. Mason yelling, and me quietly crying on the floors of the restroom stalls. Soon enough, it was The Dreaded Performance Day.

My understudy was sick with the flu and I was worrying like crazy.

When I got to the studio to get ready, I was surprised to see Mr. Mason acting smiley. Huh. The things mean directors do to look good... I shifted my attention to the amount of time I had. Twenty minutes.

The time was fading away. Deep Breaths. 15 minutes.

I am freaking out. 10 minutes. Maybe it won't be that bad. 5 minutes. I forgot all my lines. I was on stage - with absolutely nothing to say.

“Um,” I tried to stall. I could feel my body heating up as if it were being cooked in an oven. I couldn't remember a thing.

Mr. Mason pantomimed something along the lines of, “Stop talking and just get off the stage!!” He thinks I am incapable of acting in a simple play. I've done movies (with one line). I will prove him wrong! But how? I can't magically remember my lines.

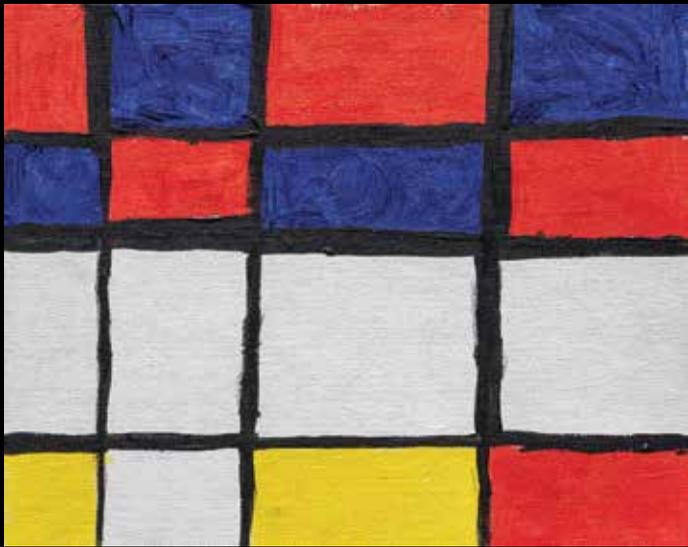
Suddenly, I realized something. I forgot all my lines for speaking! I remember every piece of Disney princess music anybody has ever taught me! I knew this would come in use someday.

“Give me a beat,” I said to the startled pianist with confidence. Sure enough, the pianist gave me a beat and I started to sing Let it Go. She was confused with the beat, so she just switched to playing the actual music.

I glanced at my puzzled and very mad director. I'm going to be in so much trouble! I don't even care! The rest of the cast began to join in as the pianist played Do you want to build a snowman?. It was awesome! I don't care about the flowers for performing well, but I do care about having a good laugh and having fun. And this experience could be nothing but fun!

Piper Davis

Stearley Heights ES, Grade 5



Kolt Burkey

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 2

Acrylic

Red, Blue, and Yellow Mondrian

The Lost Boy

One day there was a little boy. He got lost. He was going to the park. He went the wrong way. What would he do?

It was getting dark. He got scared. He started following the street lights. He wanted to get home. He could see buildings. The street lights were making it bright. He could see the lights in the windows.

Then he saw his building! He couldn't believe it! Then he saw his Mom looking for him. He was home!



Andrew Cronin

M.C. Perry ES, Grade 1

Watercolor

Untitled

Ryu Watanabe

The Sullivans School, Grade 1



Ava Rose

McCool E/MS, Grade 3

Watercolor

Untitled



Bryce Gaylord
Sasebo ES, Grade 2
Mixed Media
Grey Anatar

Adeline Longbotham
Kadena ES, Grade 5
Ceramic
Colorful Coils

Be brilliant on your trip.
Rain is falling on the trees.
At the hike, I am courageous.
Viper snakes are coming towards me.
End of the day, "Whew, I made it!"

Olivia Aleckson
The Sullivans School, Grade 2



Looking at you.
Over the rainbow.
Violin in the attic.
Enchanted by a field of flowers.

Joshua Harmon
The Sullivans School, Grade 2



Helena Gelbaugh
Sollars ES, Grade 3
Watercolor
Fuji



Jaxsen Sproston
Sollars ES, Grade 1
Collage
Rainbow Park



Ayana Marquez
Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 3
Mixed Media
Wayne Thiebaud Cake



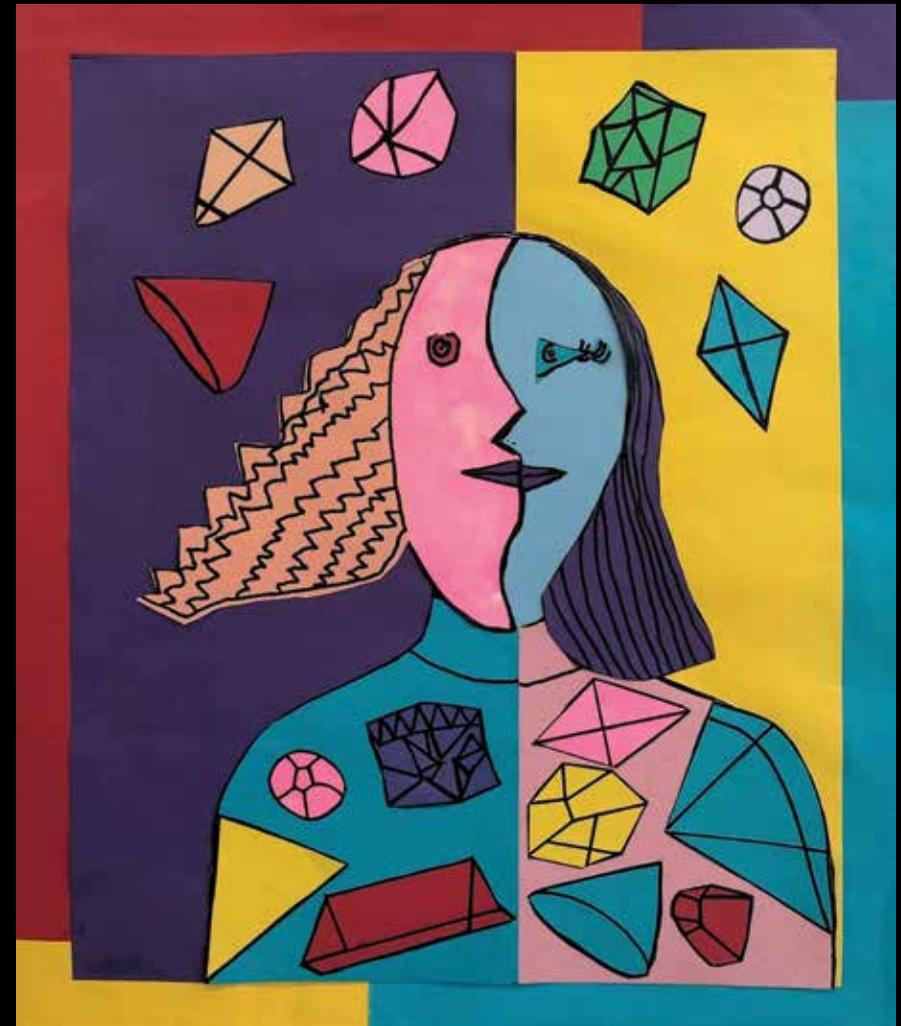
Ivy Trowbridge
Kadena ES, Grade 4
Mixed Media
Miro's Mobile



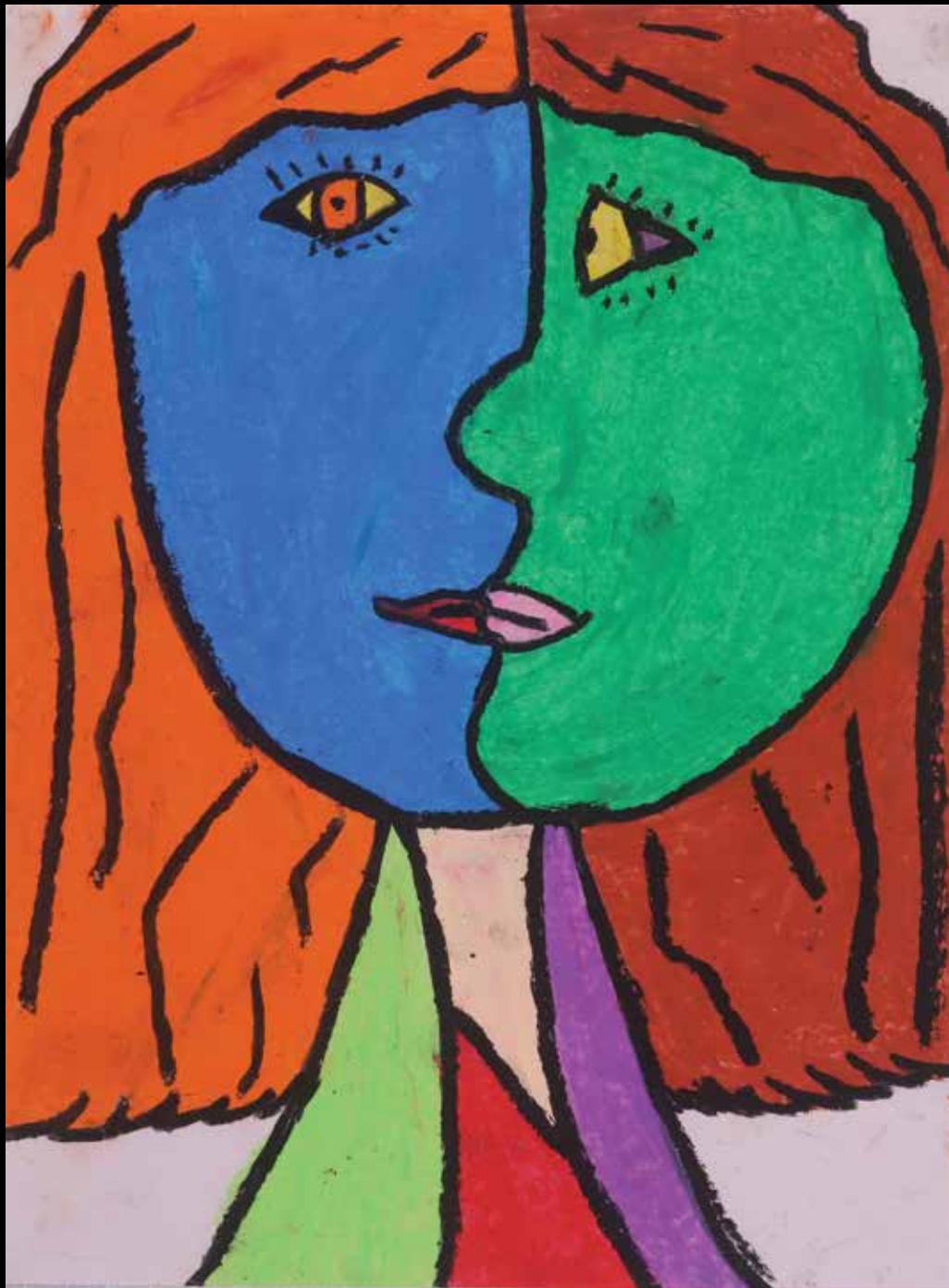
Jacob Anderson
Iwakuni ES, Grade 4
Yarn
Untitled



Isabella Oritz
Sollars ES, Grade K
Mixed Media
Bella In The Forest



Chloe Sanderson
Kinser ES, Grade 4
Mixed Media
Abstract Girl



Layla Martinez

Kadena ES, Grade 5

Oil Pastel

Differences

The Problem with Floating

I have a big problem! I tried to go inside to eat lunch.
The door was locked! I went around to the back door.

It was not locked. So I went in.

Everything looked wrong. Everything was floating! I
could not sit. I could not eat.

I said to my Mom that everything was floating!

Mom said, "You are dreaming!"

I was dreaming!

I woke up and everything was ok, but I looked to see if
everything was ok. It was. Good! I do not know why.

I realized the homes were floating! It was floating to
space. It wasn't really a dream! I was floating! I do not
know why. It was so neat! I could not sleep.

And then I woke up! I really was dreaming after all!

Katelyn Casey

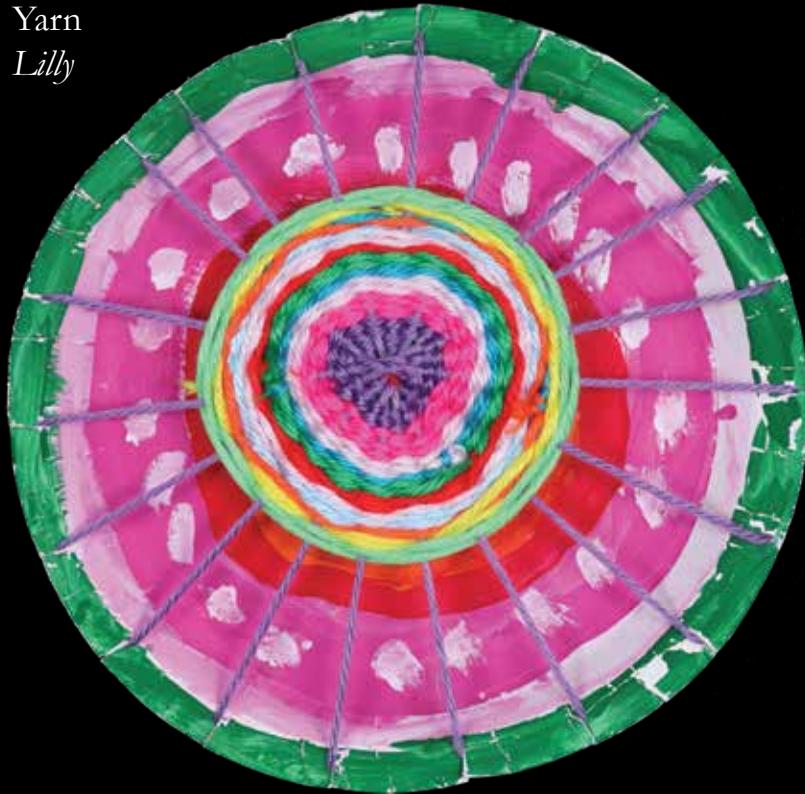
The Sullivans School, Grade 1

Aria Dejarnette

Sollars ES, Grade 2

Yarn

Lilly



McKenna Griffis

Kinser ES, Grade 5

Mixed Media

Cubist Girl





Isabelle Martinez

Osan ES, Grade 3

Oil Pastel

Pumpkin

Autumn

Autumn's when all the leaves fall,
Swirling, twirling, every one of them all.
Cool air and leaves flowing on my head,
All the colors yellow, orange, and red.
Little kids jumping in the leaves
that are in piles,
When I see this sight it just makes me smile.
A perfect drink for autumn is apple cider,
It makes my life seem a little bit brighter.
Visiting the pumpkin patch on
a cool brisk day,
Makes me happy in every way.
I tell my family at dinner,
How I was an autumn day winner.
When it's time for me to go to bed,
I remember the way the cool air and leaves
were blowing on my head.

Sophie Garcia

Zukeran ES, Grade 4

I ask myself this
Why do people hurt people
On the big, blue earth?

Joshua Otsuki

The Sullivans School, Grade 4



Sophee Lloyd

Osan ES, Grade 2

Watercolor

Fall Leaf

Aaralynn Martinez-Mogg

McCool E/MS, Grade 3

Oil Pastel

Untitled



Makiyah Kennedy

Ikego ES, Grade 5

Clay

Forest Flower Gargoyle



The Baby Dragon

Once upon a time there was a baby dragon.
He saw a gingerbread house. He gobbled
up the house and he breathed fire
and he flew away.

He went to his Mom. His Mom said,
“Where were you? You smell
like gingerbread!”

“I was eating a gingerbread house,”
said the baby dragon.

Mom said, “Next time bring some for me!”

Justin Garlick

The Sullivans School, Grade 1



Helayna Morris

Osan ES, Grade K

Tempera

Turkey



Sam Hollister

McCool E/MS, Grade 3

Watercolor

Untitled

Yummy!
Mom is baking
Oh the scent of her treat
I follow it into the kitchen
Cupcakes!

Lily MacDougall

Bechtel ES, Grade 2

Hannah Kim

Ikego ES, Grade 1

Ceramic

Sugar Fantasy



Angelica Onejeme
McCool E/MS, Grade 4
Chalk Pastel
Untitled

If you're not from the military,
You don't know our feelings,
You can't know our feelings.

A new me, unseen only because of the change,
Happiness and fun washed away by waves of pain.
Though from a new journey comes a new start,
But you'll never forget those in your heart.
If you're not from the military,
You don't know our feelings.

Sierra Peterson
Bechtel ES, Grade 5

The World/Le Monde

Nous devons proteger le monde
de tout ce qu' il subit.

We must protect the world from
all that it has suffered.

Nora Msaff
Kadena ES, Grade 4

William Kinney
McCool E/MS, Grade 4
Marker
Untitled



Audrey Saves the Day

Once upon a time, there lived a princess, named Audrey, who lived in a palace.

Audrey the princess is 18. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall. Audrey weighs 77 pounds. She has long, wavy brown hair. Her eyes are brown. She wears purple flower earrings. Audrey LOVES pink lipstick. She like to wear gold, so she wears a gold necklace.

Audrey also wears a long pink dress. She loves pink too. Finally, Audrey wears pink slippers.

Audrey lives in a brick palace in England. There is a garden outside the palace. The palace is white and the flowers in the garden are pink, yellow and purple. The flowers smell sweet. The palace is HUGE inside.

Audrey's room is pink themed. There are golden stairs.

Audrey has a problem. The villain, Klora, breaks into Audrey's palace and steals golden family picture frames,

Audrey's favorite golden lipstick, and Audrey's golden cooking supplies.

Klora, the villain, is 26 years old. He weighs 143.8 pounds. He's 5 feet tall. Klora has short, blond hair and green eyes. He has a golden tooth and wears a stolen gold watch. He has bags to pack the golden stuff. Klora has a brown jacket to look like a spy with a white shirt. He wears black pants and brown shoes.

First, Klora breaks in the palace and looks around to see what is in the palace. He is trying to find a map of the palace. Second, he steals a family photo in a golden frame. Audrey hears a noise and runs out to see what it was all about. Klora runs so fast away!

Third, Klora comes back an hour later. He investigates the palace. "Phew! Hope the princess won't see me," said Klora. Next, Klora sneaks in the palace again and steals Audrey's favorite golden lipstick while Audrey is getting a snack. "Oh, no!" Then, when

Audrey gets back to her room, Klora creeps to the kitchen and steals golden cooking supplies.

After that, Klora leaves the house and tiptoes away back to his home. Audrey notices that her stuff is gone.

Audrey cries all day long. Audrey stays in her room day and night for 2 whole days. Audrey feels pain and is anxious.

She also feels frustrated. "Waa! Waa! Waa!" cries Audrey. "Why is this happening?!"

First, Audrey looks at the fingerprints on the walls. Second, she jogs outside and guess what she sees? A jacket! But just for a second. Third, Audrey takes off her high heels and runs as fast as she could after the jacket and sees a little more of the villain.

"Yay!" shouts Audrey. Next, Audrey grabs the jacket of the villain. Then, she pulls and pulls. She sees Klora and takes the bag from Klora. After that, Audrey drags Klora to a well and throws him in. Audrey puts Klora in the well because Klora cannot come back out. Klora is stuck in the well now. Last, she runs to the place while shouting, "Yay! Yay! Yay!" Audrey then puts everything back up in the palace and then again shouts, "I live happily ever after!" And so she did live happily ever after!

Lana Chernenko

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2

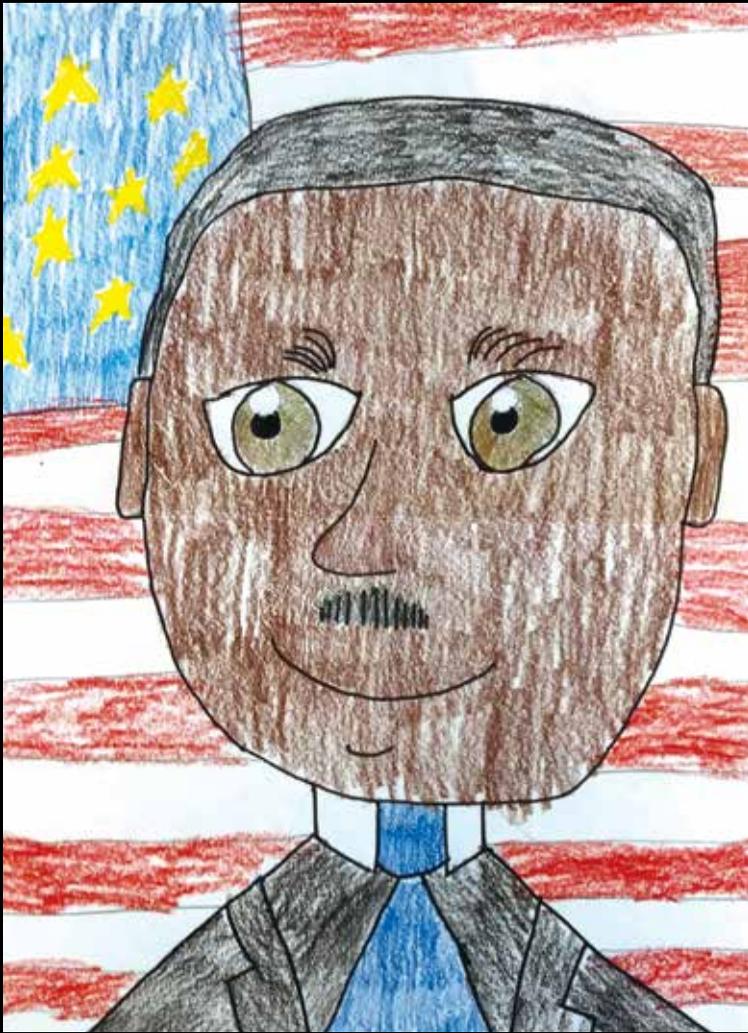


Madeline Bannister

Zukeran ES, Grade 3

Marker

Untitled



Sophia Owens

Humphreys West ES, Grade 1

Crayon

Dr. Martin L. King Jr. Portrait

If I was president I would make everybody happy and make good speeches. I would not waste food. I would give the food to the poor. I would be rich and share money to the poor. I would be the best president. If kids were crying I would give them candy. I would make a sign saying don't litter. It would be a good if Marlow was president.

Marlow Jones

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2



Serena Bagio

Humphreys Central ES, Grade 1

Crayon

My House

The Leaves

Leaves are colorful
Wide and green
They blow around
And change the scene
Watch them grow
From season to season
Into beautiful colors.

Demi Graves

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 2

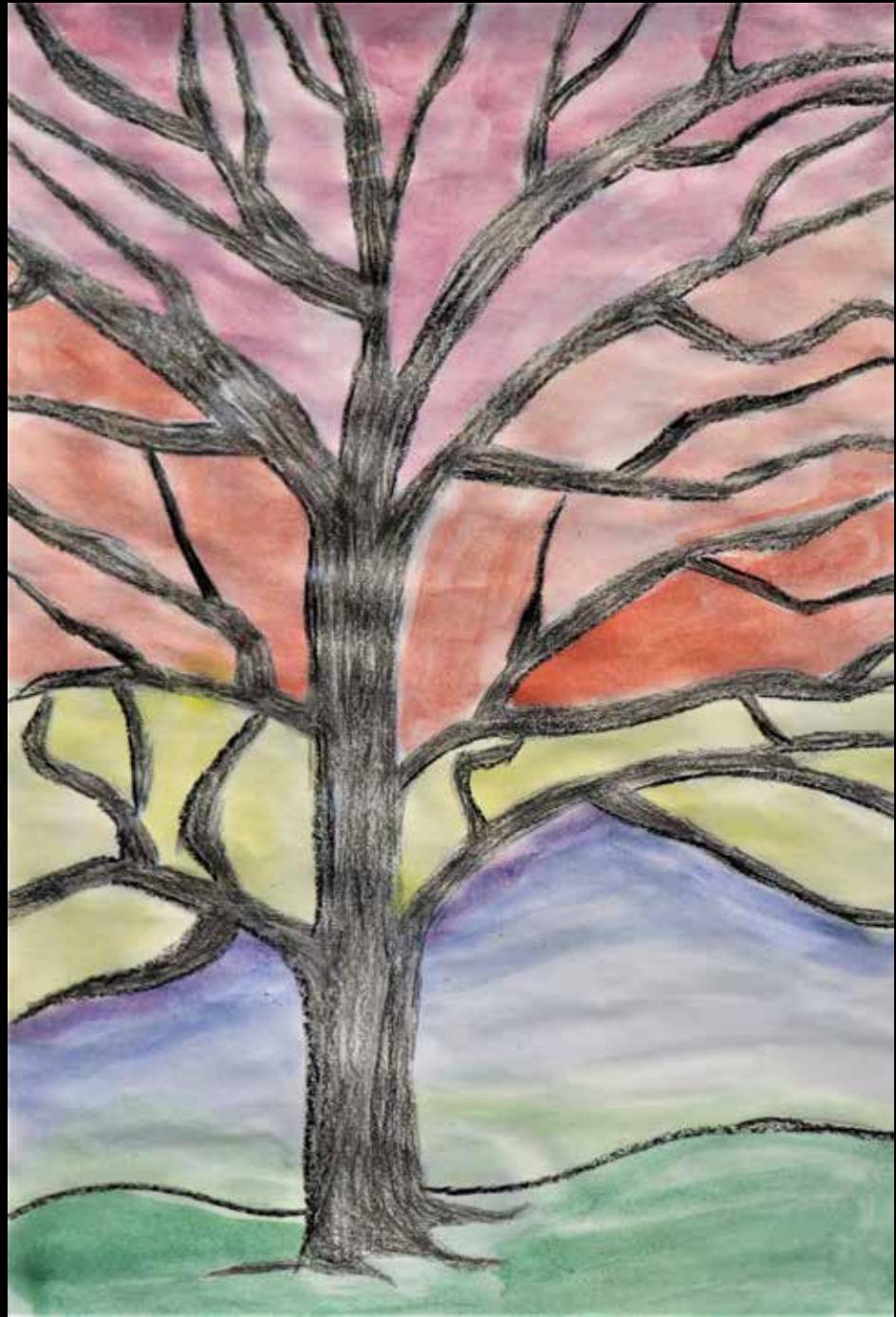


Isabelle McFerrin

Stearley Heights ES, Grade 3

Ceramic

Water Dragon



Elianna Nelson

Humphreys Central ES, Grade 4

Mixed Media

Watercolor Sky



Cheyenne Arredondo

Yokota West ES, Grade 3

Mixed Media

Falling Leaves



Samara Smith

Humphreys Central ES, Grade 2

Crayon

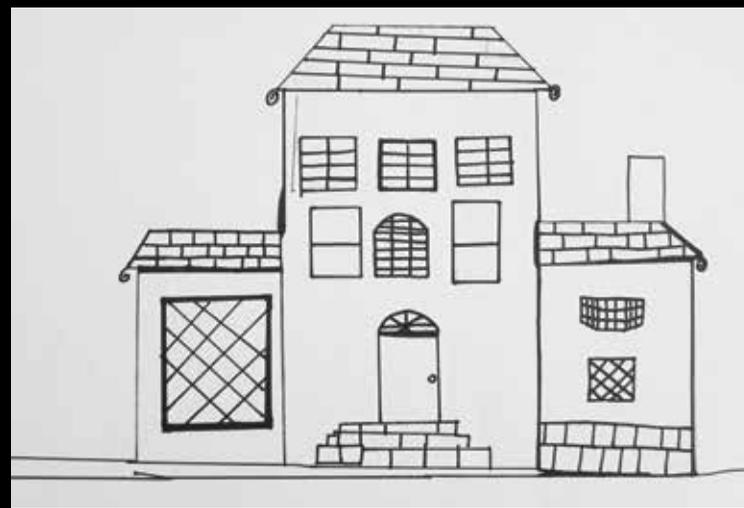
My House

Kayden Lee

Humphreys West ES, Grade 4

Marker

Untitled



Sunset Leaf

I love my leaf, my leaf, my sunset leaf.

My colorful leaf, my sunset leaf.

My leaf has yellow, orange, and red, “a beautiful sunset!”

I think in my head. The most colorful leaf I’ve ever seen,

Like part of a rainbow broken from the sky.

Fall is here, winter is near, and it’s raining sunset leaves on high!

Kylie Faggard

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 4



Alaiya Payne

The Sullivans School, Grade 2

Clay

Ms. Beaver



Daniel Guemarez Fontanez

Yokota West ES, Grade 3

Oil Pastel

Untitled

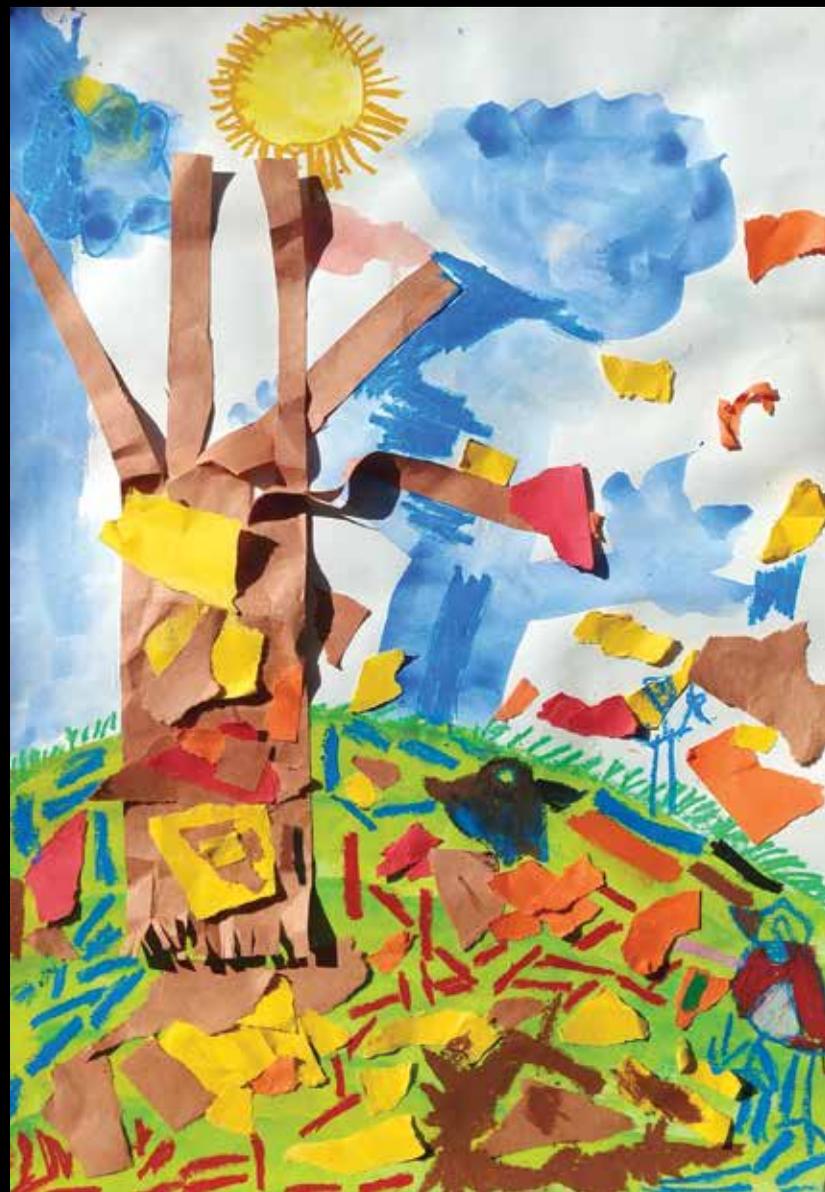


Natalie Cook

Humphreys Central ES, Grade 4

Colored Pencil

Korean Jahng Seung Country Side



Dawson Stroup

Humphreys West ES, Grade 1

Collage

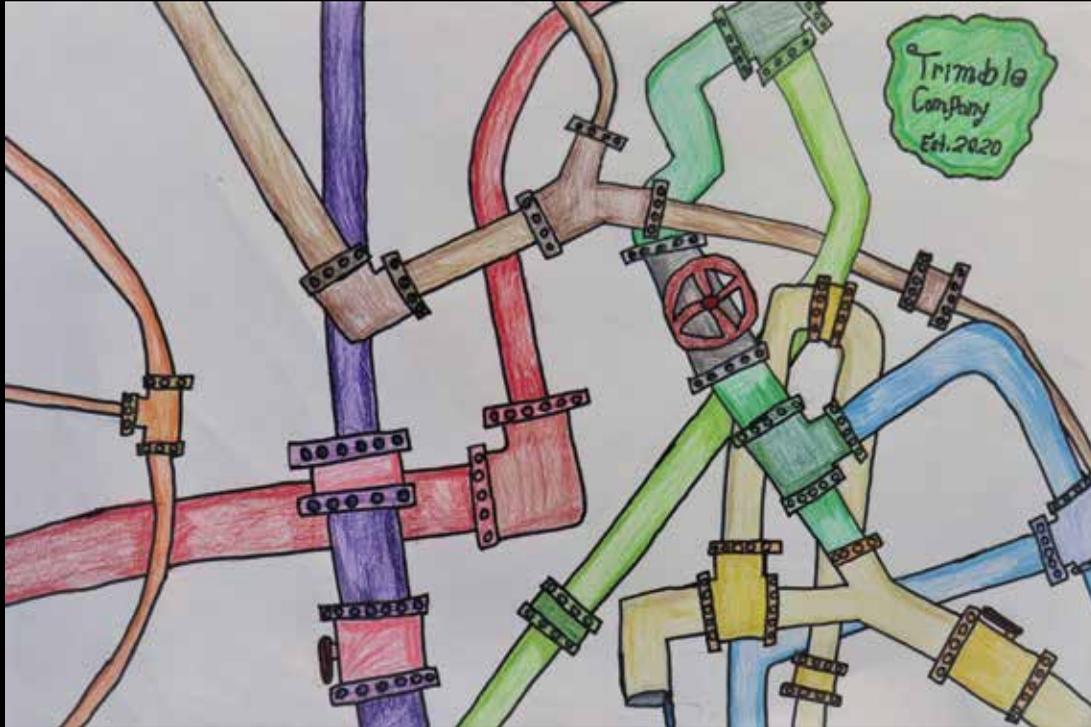
Autumn Landscape

Jaelynn Trimble

Humphreys Central ES, Grade 4

Colored Pencil

Trimble Company



Brown is Me

Once upon a time, a girl who loved the color brown was always picking everything that was brown. She picked a brown house, table, T-shirt, paper, markers, chocolate, and mostly everything. But her friends, Sasha and Kat loved every color except brown. But the brown girl did not care what they thought. She knows her heart is her real friend and she kept on loving her color.

Kassandra DeGuzman

Stearley Heights ES, Grade 1



Sofia Meneley

Humphreys Central ES, Grade 4

Colored Pencil

Jabng Seung



Scarlett McCauley
Stearley Heights ES, Grade 2
Mixed Media
Leaning Tower Of Pisa

Seeing the World

Dedicated to Anne Frank

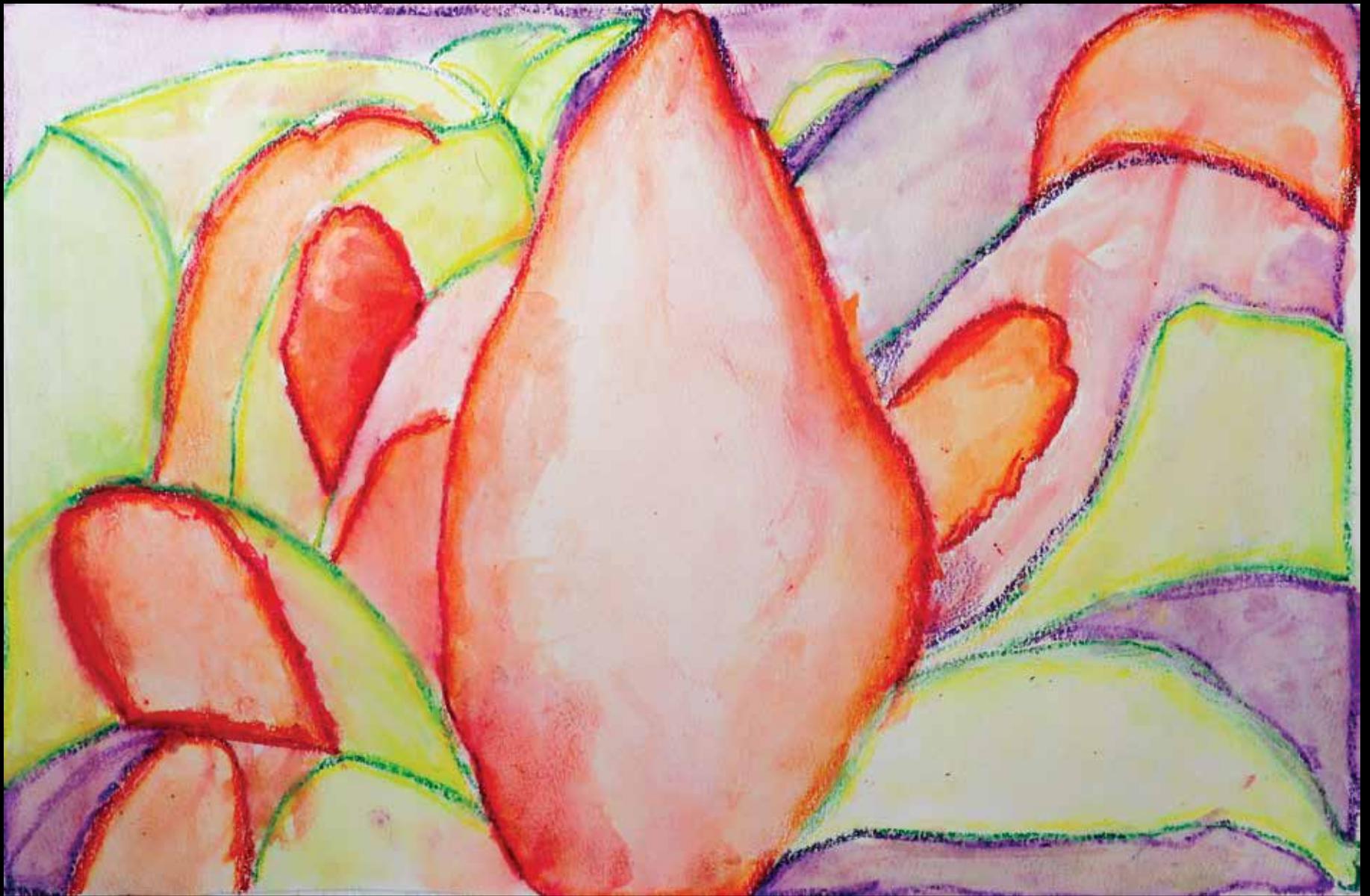
I am seeing the world through a looking glass
My world is spinning, turning, evolving
Like humans destroying our world
The one we live on, the one we breathe on,
And we are killing it.

Killing animals, killing plants
Who will never walk this world again
Again and again it happens
Murder, blood...death.

Humans killing humans, our own race,
Causing war and destruction
No one realizes the damage being done
Until it has happened
Like a leaf in the breeze we'll be gone.

Someday a new sun will rise
And the universe and Mother Nature,
Will walk hand in hand
Once more.

Adeline Longbotham
Kadena ES, Grade 5



Richard Olaes
Zukeran ES, Grade 2
Watercolor
Untitled



July Innes
Zukeran ES, Grade 5
Printmaking
Untitled



Audrey Hokama
Humphreys West ES, Grade 3
Oil Pastel
Dr. Martin L. King Jr.

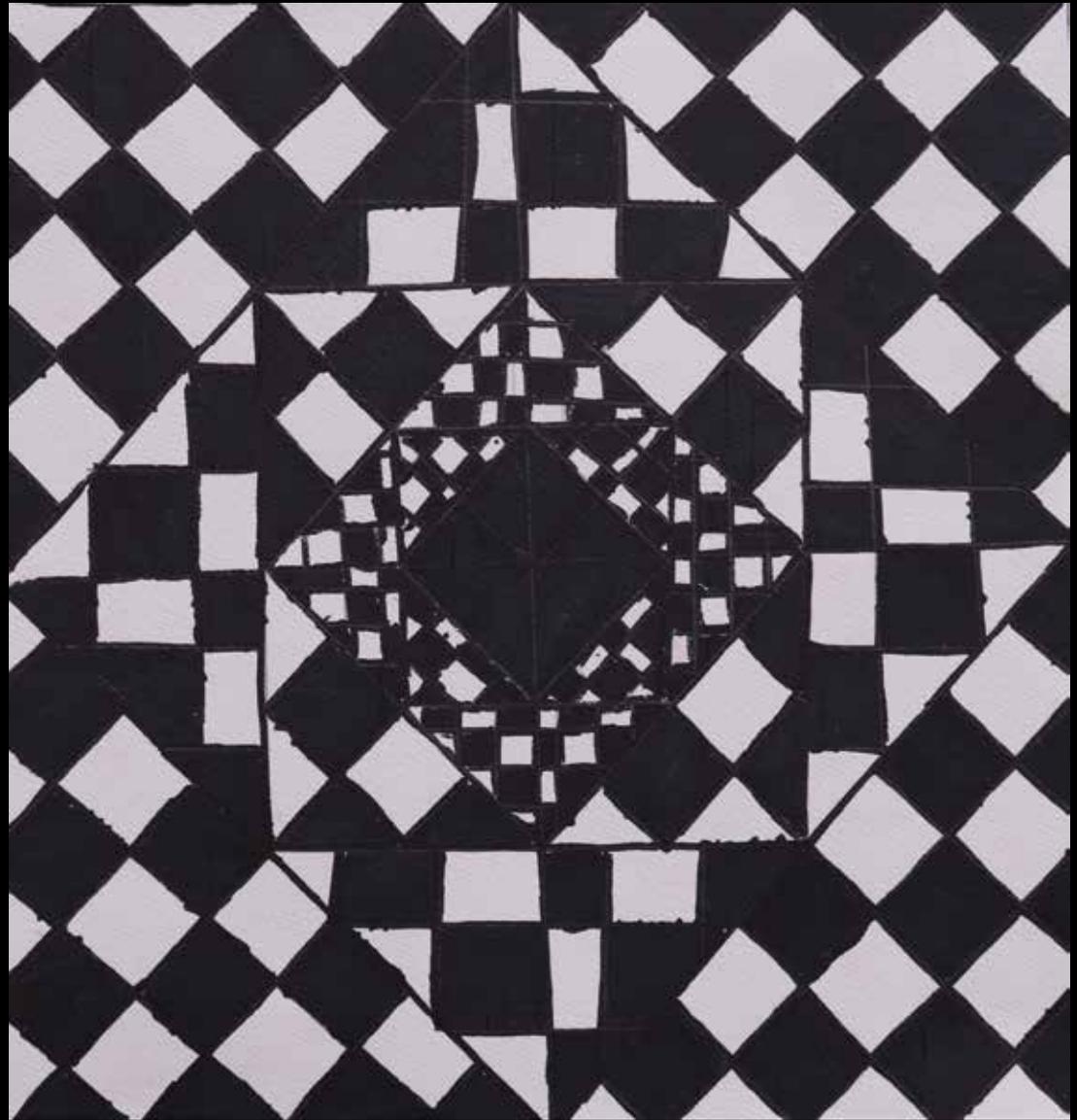


Alex Guzman

Humphreys Central ES, Grade 3

Crayon

Happy Winter Hat



Owen McGee

Stearley Heights ES, Grade 4

Marker

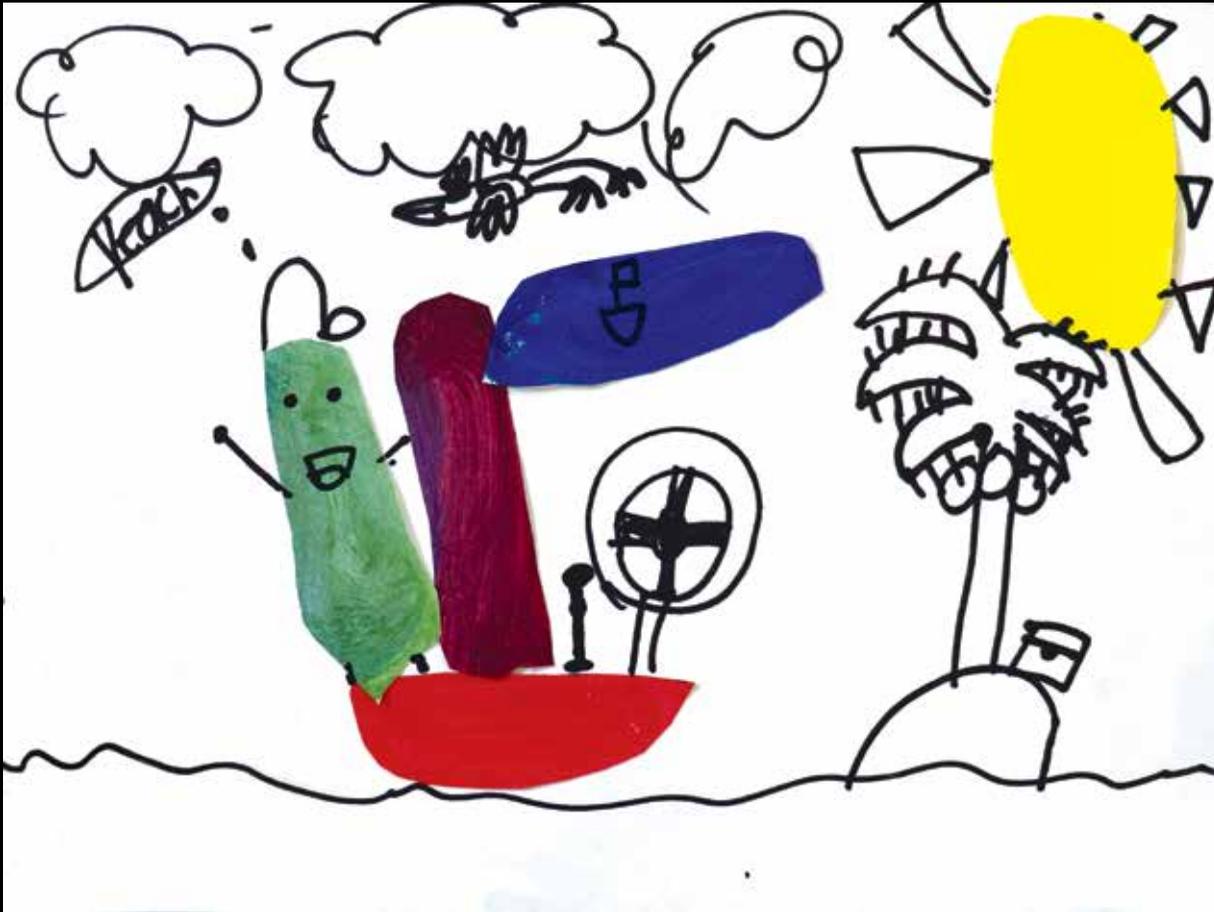
Op Art

The Duck Wakes Up the Man

The duck is cool because
he can jump!
He needed something to help him
wake up.

David Kouevigou

Kadena ES, Grade 1



There once was a driftwood, drifting on
the sea. It loved to look at the fish and
other animals under the sea. But it never
went on the land, even though that was
where he came from.

One day he landed on the sand. On the
beach he saw all the crabs and shells, and
wondered what they were. He asked one
of the crabs where he was.

He said, "Can any of you tell me
where I am?"

They replied, "You're at a California
beach. We don't know what
this one is called."

He asked the crabs to help him move
because he wasn't on water any more.

He was starting to like the beach.
Just then, someone found him and took
him home. He liked his home, and he
lived there happily ever after!

Paige Osborn

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2

Athan Antonio

Zukeran ES, Grade 1

Mixed Media

Untitled



Dharma Ferrari

The Sullivans School, Grade 5

Oil Pastel

The Rainbow Bird

Elliott Tate

Zukeran ES, Grade 4

Tempera

Untitled



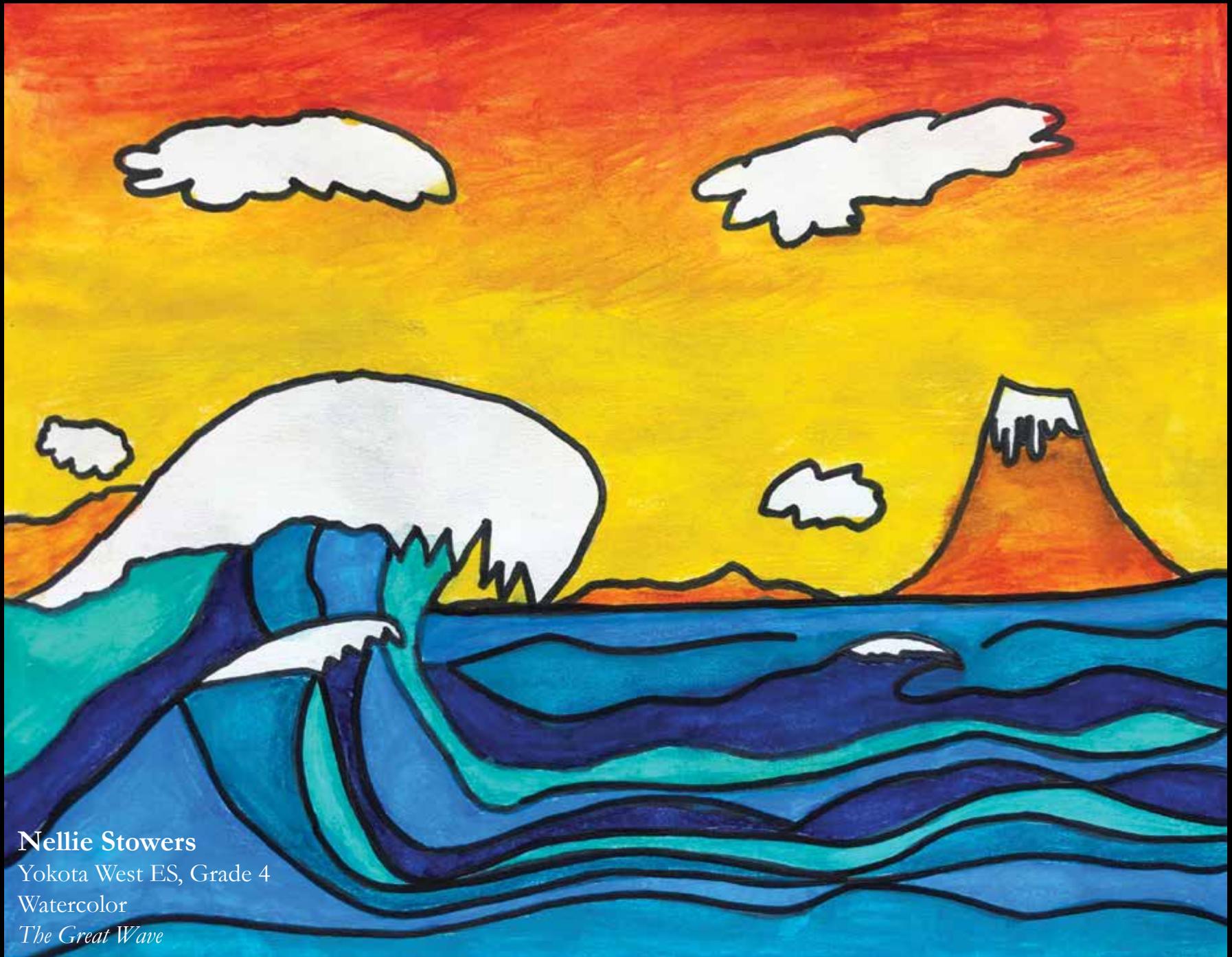
Hana Hwang
Humphreys West ES, Grade 3
Mixed Media
Untitled



Nora Poorman
Zukeran ES, Grade K
Tempera
Hank



Juliana Callei
The Sullivans School, Grade K
Playcolor Poster Paint
Unicorn Sparkles



Nellie Stowers

Yokota West ES, Grade 4

Watercolor

The Great Wave

Caleb Cox

Yokota West ES, Grade 4

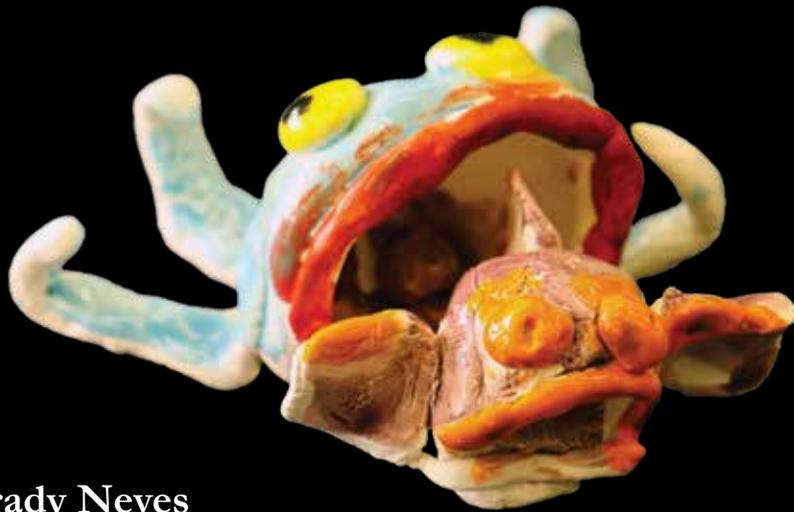
Watercolor

Sunset Lighthouse

My dad is on a ship. My dad is handsome, smart, nice and a chief. When he goes away, I cry but when he is here, I am really happy. I love my dad. I hope I see him again. I thank my dad for saving the country and the whole wide world.

Shia Deleon

Sasebo ES, Grade 2

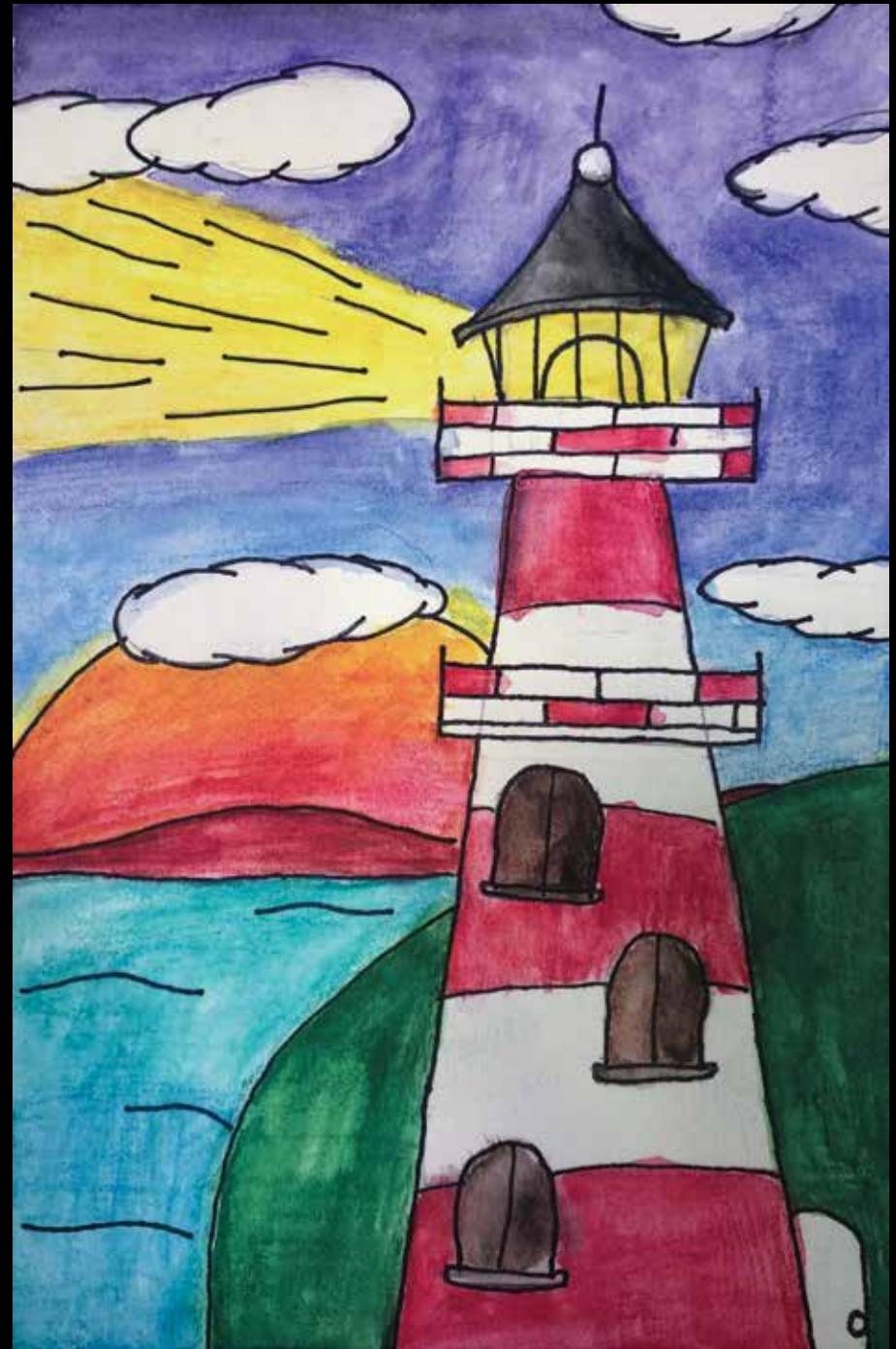


Brady Neves

The Sullivans School, Grade 2

Clay

Circle Of Life- Octopus Eating Fish



The Hawk & the Fox



Sammy Labato

The Sullivans School, Grade 4

Colored Pencil

The Mythical Bird

A distant glimpse of light appeared beyond the mountains. The jays, the finches, even the woodpeckers were summoned from their perches to perform their duties. The voices of birds blended into one extraordinary sound that can be described only as a miracle. The valley began to arise. Finally, a small red fox and its cub hopped out of their cozy cave. Immediately, as the mother pounced up and down a hawk swooped about and stole the prey of the fox. Now, at a younger age I would probably say that was unfair, or how dare he. But at my current age, I'm mature enough to know the circle of life and to know that it was the hawk's natural instincts and that it was completely fair. I knew that nothing could change the hawk. The hawk must feed its young and the same goes for the fox. Though the fox was precise and sly, the hawk held more characteristics to master the task, the hunting of the rabbit. Now and then, I glanced around spotting the possible nesting ground of the hawk. But I know that nature depends on itself and not me, so I sat back to enjoy the view.

Rebecca Frost

Sasebo ES, Grade 4

The Tiger and the Mouse

One day, Turtle and Mouse were out playing in the jungle when they saw a big tiger in a tall tree. “Quick!” said the Turtle. “Come here!” Just when the tiger was about to pounce on the mouse, the mouse ran out of the tiger’s paws and into the turtle’s shell. “Oh, thank you Turtle! You saved my life!” said Mouse. “That’s what friends are for.” replied Turtle. “Perhaps one day I will save your life too!” said Mouse.

Moral: One good deed deserves another.

Laura Machesky
Kinser ES, Grade 1



Daisy Evans
Stearley Heights ES, Grade 1
Ceramic
Pineapple Wall Pocket



Sho Robinson
The Sullivans School, Grade 4
Colored Pencil
A Stroll In The Savannah



Norah Flintoft
The Sullivans School, Grade 3
Tempera
The Friendship Bouquet



Kieryn Peavie
Stearley Heights ES, Grade K
Colored Pencil
Self-Portrait



Chase Moulton
The Sullivans School, Grade 2
Clay
Blue Cat



Arissa Landry
The Sullivans School, Grade 3
Watercolor
Untitled



Emily McNeil
Humphreys West ES, Grade 1
Oil Pastel
Untitled



Christopher Duncan

Humphreys West ES, Grade 1

Oil Pastel

Untitled



Frances Burbank

The Sullivans School, Grade 2

Clay

Lin-Chi, Japanese Lantern

Freedom

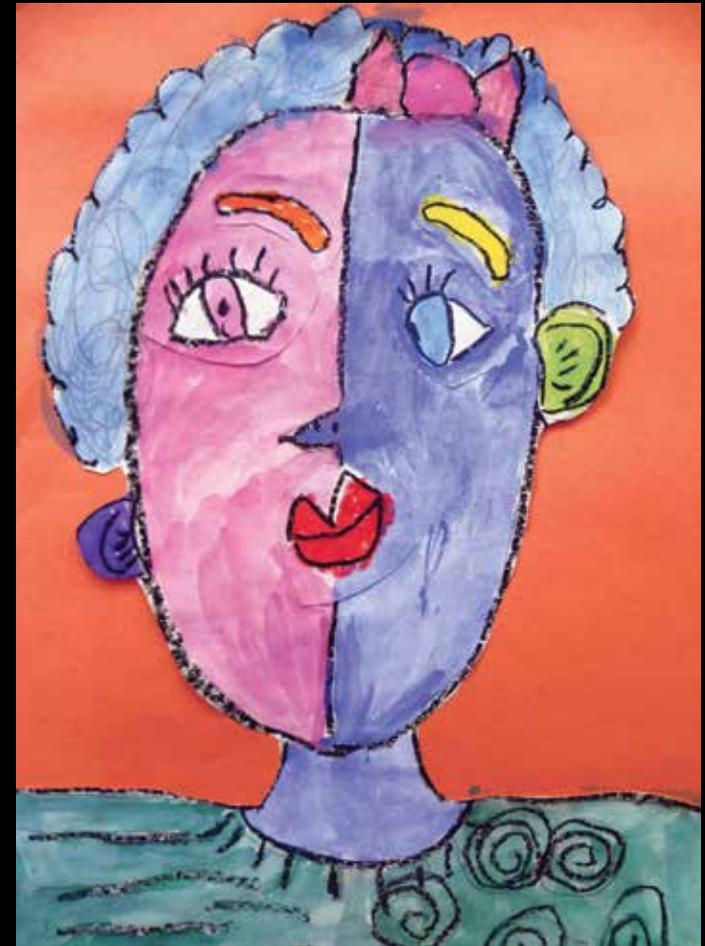
Let's have peace so all of us can
be free.

Like a leaf on a stream.
So we can all be in peace like
the other people before us or
this is our last hope.

Don't worry about the past.
Think about the future so this
can't be our last try.

Leonardo Lapaix

Kadena ES, Grade 4



Paige Francis

The Sullivans School, Grade 2

Tempera

Untitled

Meara Douglas

The Sullivans School, Grade 5

Pencil

Castle

I am an ARTIST

All the colors

Red flowery and roses

The best colors

Is there a rainbow?

Silver Coins

The art is everywhere!

Maddox Groen

Stearley Heights ES, Grade K



If you're not from the military,

You don't know loneliness,

You can't know loneliness.

Moving away from the place you know,

Sometimes loneliness is never shown

and only grows.

But deep inside you're alone,

And only because you are far from home.

If you're not from the military,

You don't know loneliness.

Brylee Strickland

Bechtel ES, Grade 5



Claire Kim

Humphreys Central ES, Grade K

Crayon

Flowers



Sara Tisdall

The Sullivans School, Grade 3

Mixed Media

Golden Flower

The Hunt

Partner Poetry

Whoosh! There's something there!
With its nose held high, sniffing the air.
Its tail dragging on the forest floor.
Hare...that's what it's looking for!

Its bright red fur and pale white tips,
its pinkish tongue licking its lips.
Mmm...he smells his next dinner,
and hopes he doesn't get any thinnner!

Over there, past the great tree!
Wait...What! Where could it be?
At last, he makes his big kill...
And doing it with such great skill!

Molly Obranovich and Reagan Hill

Kadena ES, Grade 5

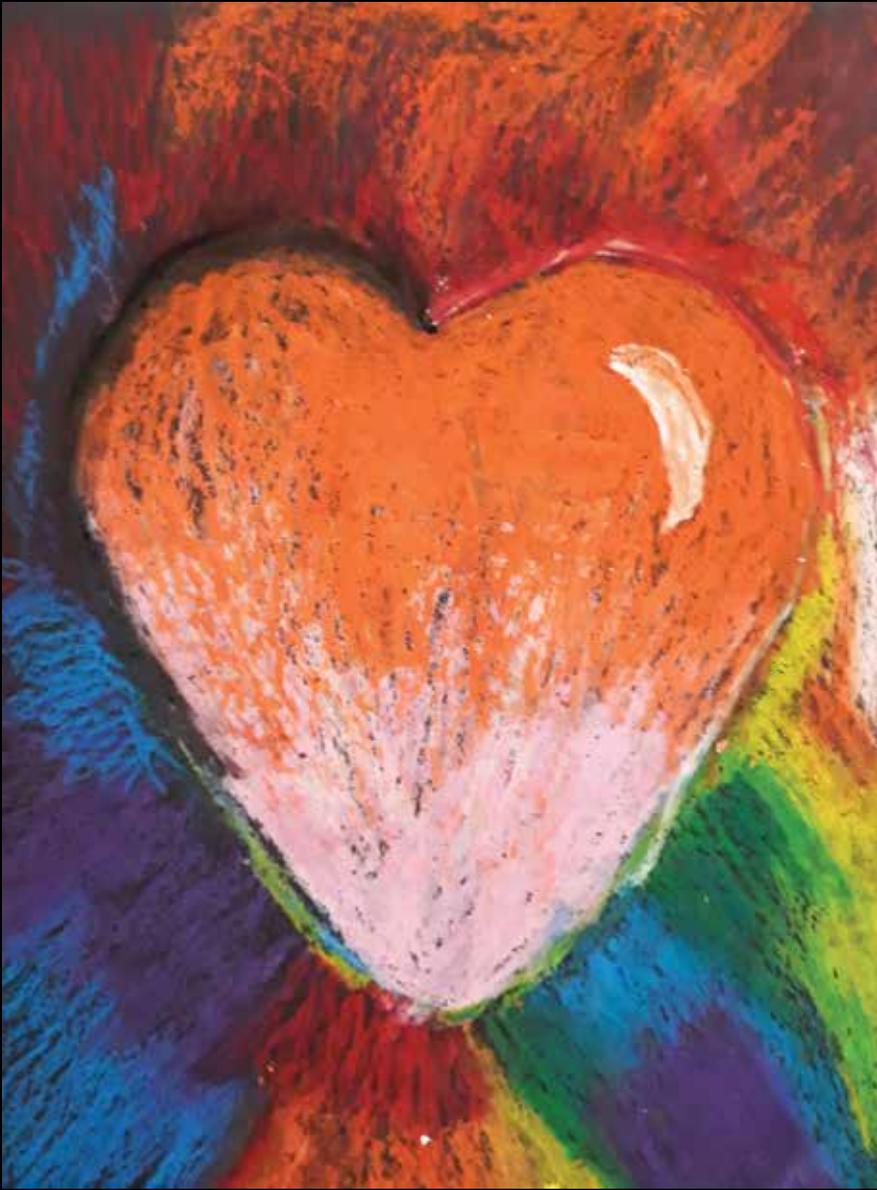


Ailee Sinclair

The Sullivans School, Grade 3

Tempera

The Art Mess



Lorelai Porter

Humphreys West ES, Grade 3

Oil Pastel

Untitled



Alissa Evans

Stearley Heights ES, Grade 5

Ceramic

Salmon Sushi Ocarina

Driftwood

Drifting in the water,
From main land Japan,
The roots of a tree.

Once part of a beautiful tree,
Now brown and white driftwood,
On the sandy beach in Okinawa.

Izaak Hartman

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2

Aurora Madsen
Yokota West ES, Grade 5
Mixed Media
Torii Gate By Moonlight



Electronics - Good or Bad?

I think electronics are good because they can help us with multiple things. For example, a cellphone can be used quickly if there's an emergency. We can learn about the news from a TV. A computer can store photos that you don't remember. An X-Box can help you connect with friends and family that are far away.

What do you think about electronics?
Good or Bad?

Adrian Rodriguez
Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5



Cristella Kim
Humphreys West ES, Grade 4
Mixed Media
Untitled

Yum Yum's Trip to the Bakery

Once upon a time, there lived a cookie named Yum Yum, who lived in a doghouse.

Yum Yum is six inches tall and weighs 50 pounds. She is seven years old. Yum Yum has red and brown hair. Yum

Yum's eye color is turquoise and she has a pointy nose. Yum Yum's mouth is happy.

Her dress is red and she wears pink high heels.

Yum Yum lives in a doghouse near a vet. Yum Yum's doghouse is red and white. Everything inside Yum Yum's doghouse is made with cookies! In Yum Yum's doghouse, she has bitten some of her furniture.

Yum Yum has a problem. The villain, Vanessa, went to the doghouse and saw Yum Yum.

Vanessa takes a bite out of Yum Yum.

Vanessa is 27 years old and is five feet tall. She weighs 100 pounds. Her hair color is brown and her eye color is blue. Her nose is round and her mouth is happy. Vanessa has an evil smile. Her sword is 3 feet long. Vanessa has one scar on her left cheek. The scar is 2 inches long. Her shirt is red and she wears blue jeans.

Her socks are green and she has black sneakers.

First, Yum Yum sleeps on her cookie bed. Then Vanessa walks by Yum Yum's doghouse. Vanessa stops for a second.

She smells a cookie. Next, Vanessa looks in the doghouse and she sees a cookie. Yum Yum is still sleeping, but

Vanessa quietly picks up Yum Yum and takes a bite of her bottom! Vanessa says, "Delicious!"

When Vanessa runs away, Yum Yum wakes up and feels very different.

Yum Yum feels confused and because Vanessa took a bite of Yum Yum's bottom, Yum Yum was ashamed too!

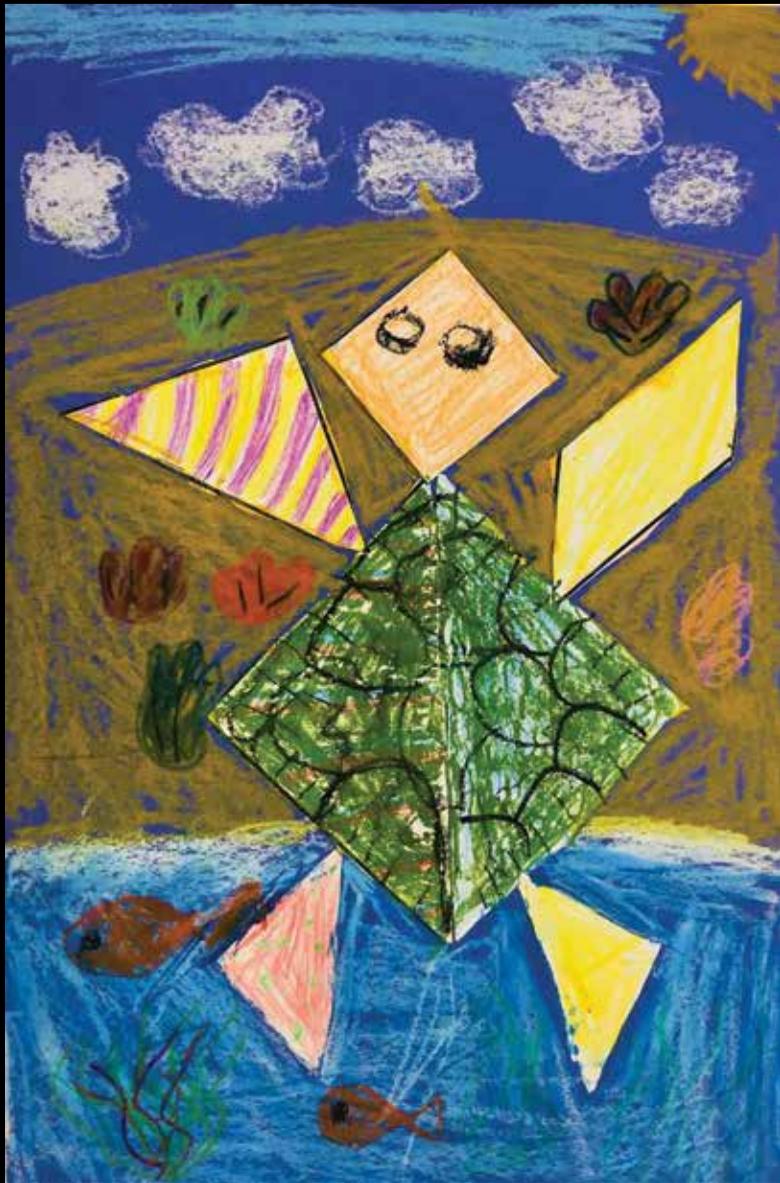
Yum Yum says, "Oh, no! Who took a bite of my bottom?"

First, Yum Yum gets an idea! She gets her cookie phone. Then Yum Yum walks out of the doghouse to go to the bakery to get a new body part. Third, her GPS tells her to go left and right. Next, Yum Yum gets stuck in traffic! Then, the GPS says that the bakery is one minute away. After that, Yum Yum arrives at the bakery door and knocks 5 times. Last, the bakery door opens and there is a lady who was baking a cookie. Yum Yum asks if she can back a bottom. The lady bakes a cookie for her. A few minutes later, the cookie was done. Yum Yum asked if she could make it stinky. She said, "Yes." Yum Yum wants her new bottom to be stinky so

Vanessa will never take a bite out of her again!

Summer Greenman

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2



Abriana Ortiz

Bob Hope PS, Grade 1

Oil Pastel

My Happy Sea Turtle

Technology

Is it good, or is it bad?
You rush your homework
just to play on your tablet,
watch TV or play video
games. It might be a
distraction at dinner
or at school.

It might be something to
do when you are bored, but
it is better to read
or go outside and play.

Benjamin Howard

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5

Good or Bad?

Electronics are everywhere. On a bus, in my house.

Electronics rot your brain.

Electronics help at school, make you think you're cool.

Electronics can help you relax. Electronics can distract.

When you go home you probably use electronics.

Is this good or bad?

Mathaes Hagewood

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5

Summer

Summer is fun
So fun in the sun.
I can splash
I can play
I can make today so great
I can swim through the water
Oh no dogs in lets go out and in
Summer is so fun.
Let's go on the slip and slide
Put some water on the
Slide and some
Dish soap want to
Glide summer is
So fun summer
Is so fun yay!

Aria Burke

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 2



Mila Burkhardt

Bob Hope PS, Grade 1
Oil Pastel
My Lovely Swan

Water and Fire

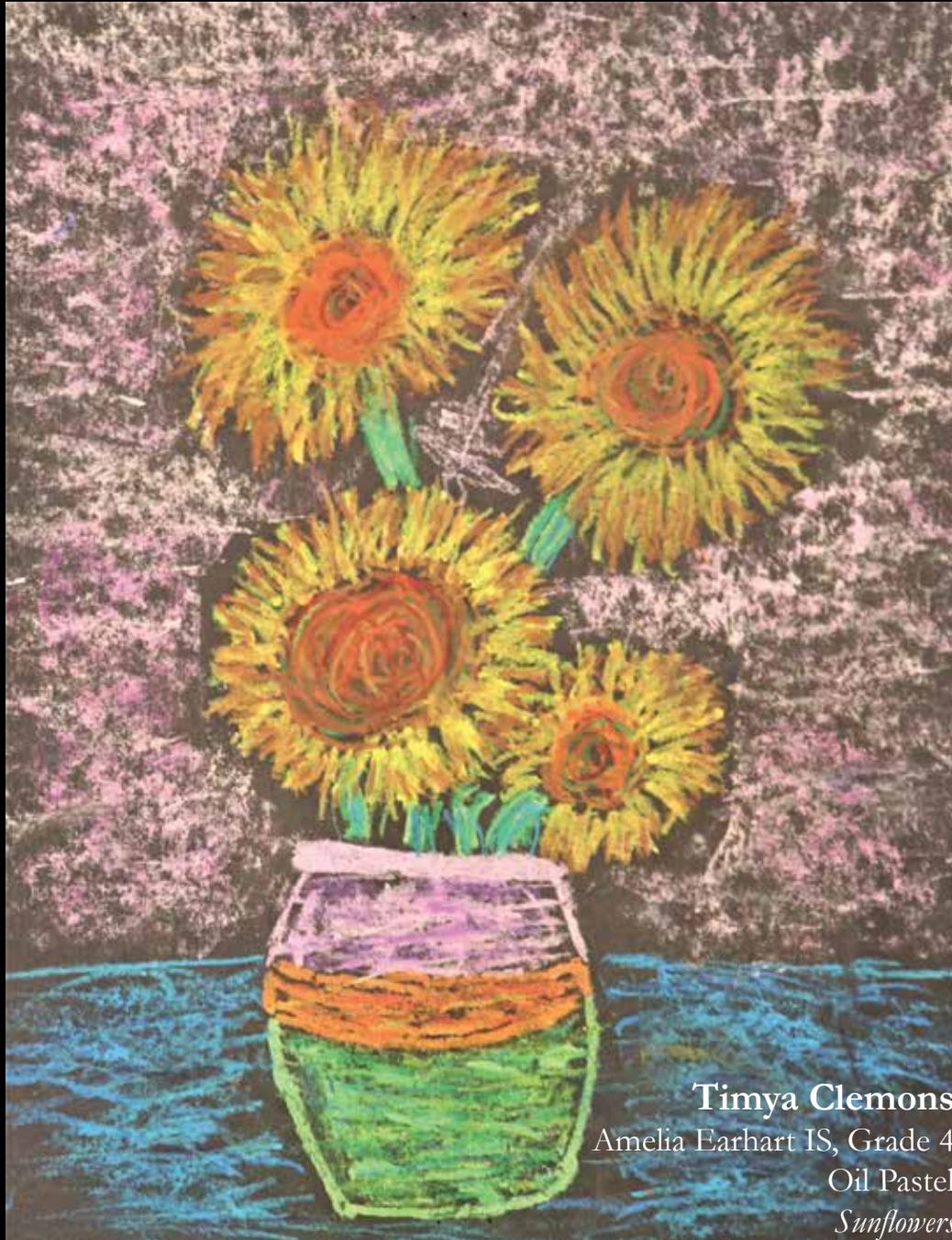
Water
Cold, blur
Flowing, crashing, dissolving
So cold, it's hot
Flaming, rushing, destroying
Burnt, fever
Fire

Jillian Marquardt

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2
Mixed Media
Springtime Butterfly

Dillon Vanbeek

Kadena ES, Grade 5



Timya Clemons
Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 4
Oil Pastel
Sunflowers

Mrs. Higbee's Library

Mrs. Higbee's library is quite fun I say.
It is open from June to May.
It has many kinds of books from A's to Z's.
From books about sewers to books about bees.
There are also books that help you with your
vocabulary.
Soooo...

If you want to have fun, go to Mrs. Higbee's library.

Learn
Incredible
Brilliant
Reassuring
Awesome
Reflective
Yaba-daba-do!

Julia Gray

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 4

Elsa

A fast runner
A bone chewing machine
Friendly, furry, barking
loudly
My dog

Cooper Cox

Bechtel ES, Grade 2



Fall!

I can smell Fall! I can smell
the flowers, the taste of brown
gravy, the yellow sun, and most of
all...the family!

My family likes to set up the green
Christmas tree in Fall
when the leaves
become gold.

When I walk out of my room, I
think of Thanksgiving.
I just love Fall!

Ashling Murphy
Kadena ES, Grade 3

Jubilee Johnson

Bob Hope PS, Grade K
Mixed Media
My Butterfly



Mary Carillo

Bechtel ES, Grade 5
Marker
Untitled



Annalisa Jimenez

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5

Crayon

Roses



Aloha Gillette

E.C. Killin ES, Grade 2

Tempera

Painted Rock

You're Not Alone

We cling to music, to poems, to quotes,
to writing, and to art because we
desperately don't want to be alone.
We want to know we aren't going crazy,
and someone else out there knows
exactly what we're feeling. We want a
friend when we're in need.

Sofia Lenoir

Arnn ES, Grade 5

Playgrounds

Screaming loud
Dangerous falls and tears
Knees scrape and children sliding down
Oh no!

Mykah Maholy
Bechtel ES, Grade 3



Karina Meza
Bob Hope PS, Grade 2
Mixed Media
Heading For The Stars



Ellee Domingo
Arnn ES, Grade 5
Crayon
Untitled

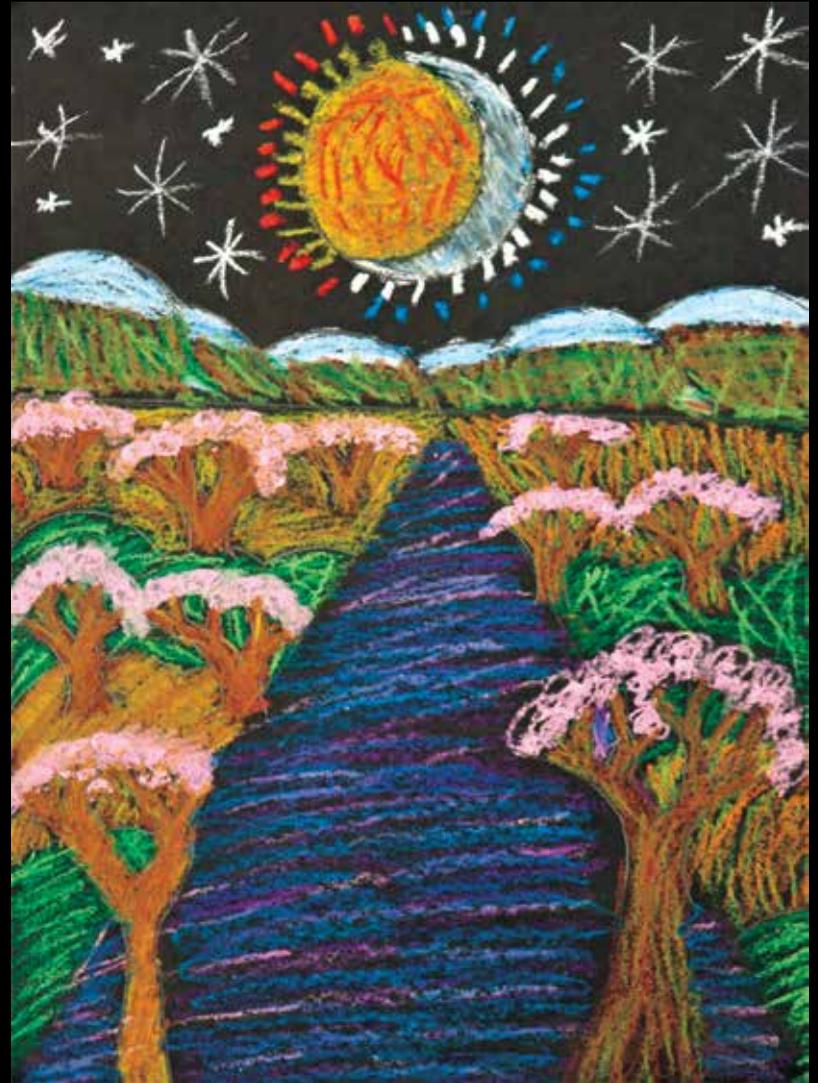


Caden Brickey

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5

Colored Pencil

Bats

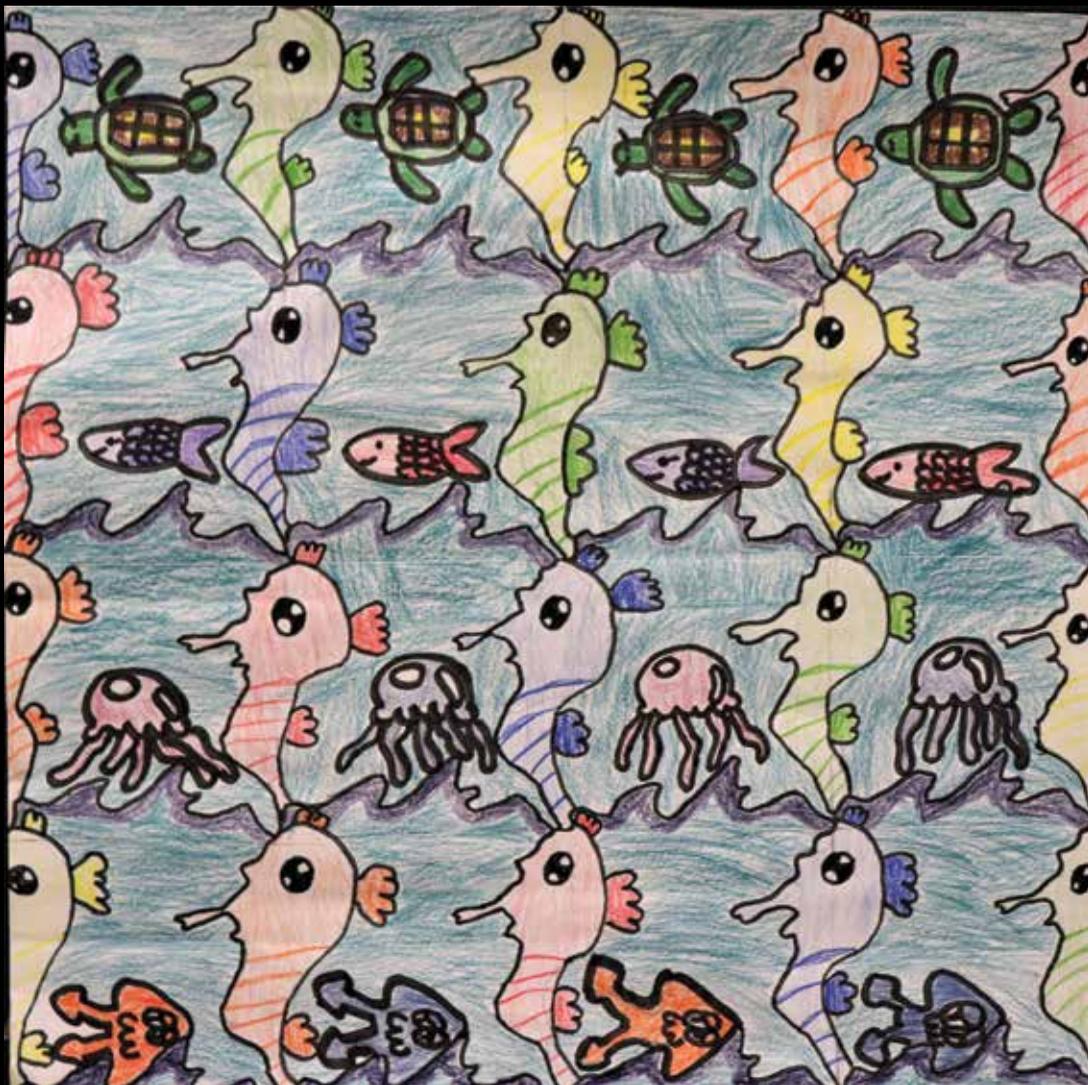


Jadeyn Shackelford

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5

Oil Pastel

Cherry Blossoms Van Gogh Style

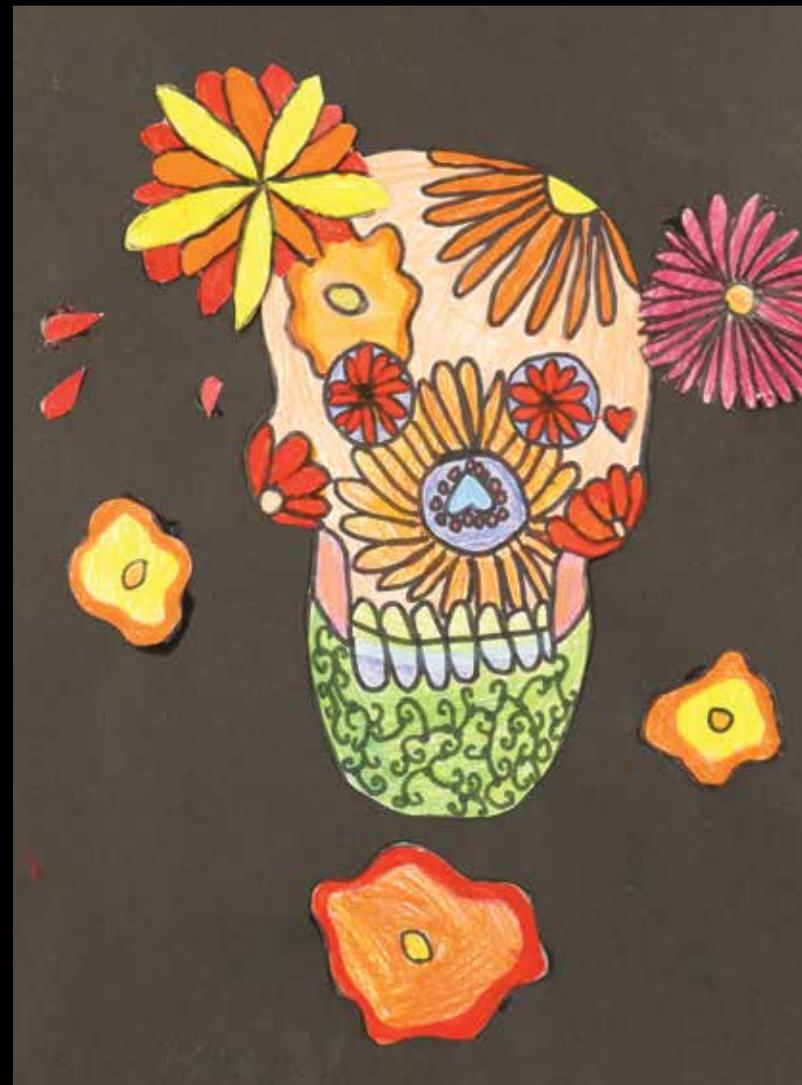


Liola Gutierrez

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5

Colored Pencil

Seahorse And Friends

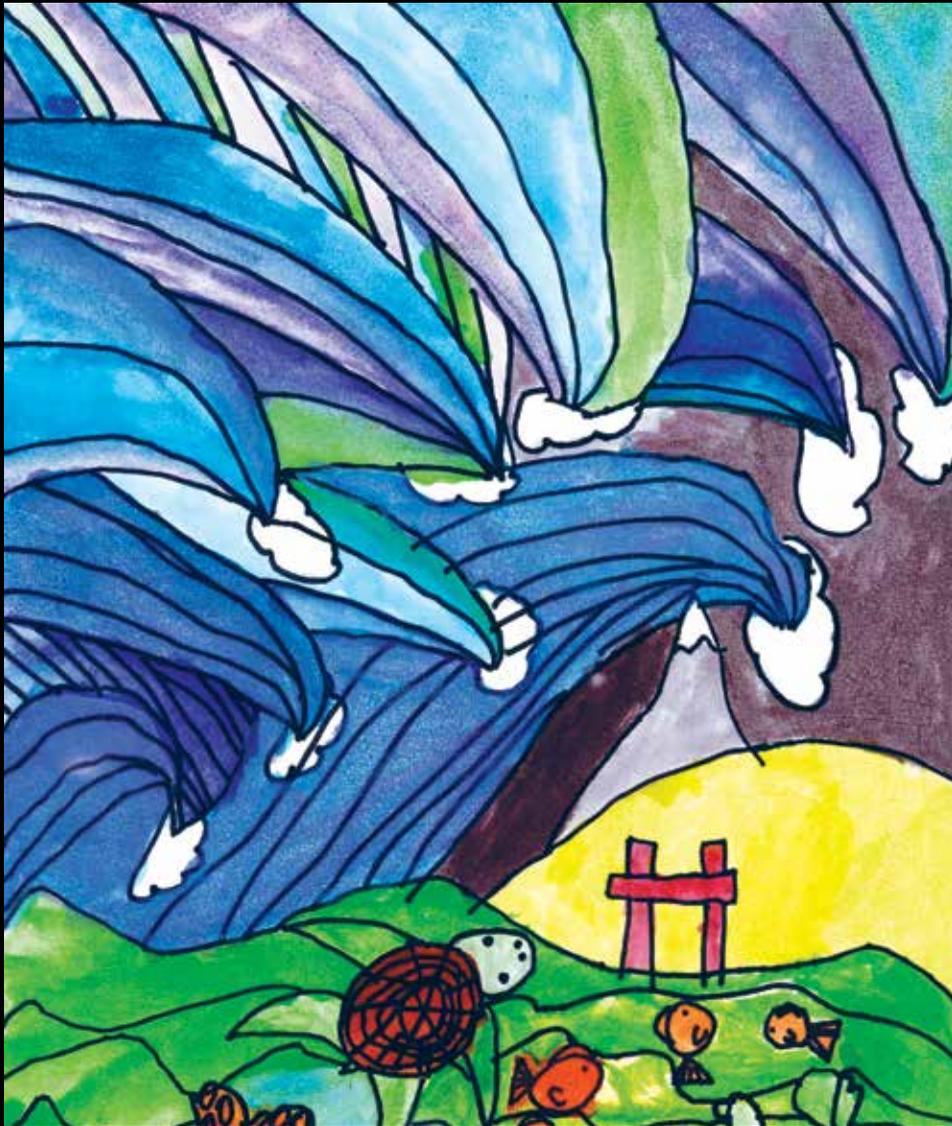


Helen Hatch

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 4

Color Pencil and Tempera paint

Untitled



Chloe Trueblood-Thompson

E.C. Killin ES, Grade 4

Watercolor

Under The Wave On Okinawa

Oceans

Majestic and blue

Beautiful colored coral

High tide and low tide

Kyerra Will

Arnn ES, Grade 5



Lexin Ramirez

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2

Oil Pastel

Pcsing- Heading To Japan!

Nature

You see the water falling
You smell the warm spring air
You hear a soft breeze blowing
As the animals calmly stare

As you taste the fresh fruit
That grows upon the trees
You get a little nervous
From the buzzing of the bees

You have a strange feeling
Is it sadness or despair?
Or maybe it is happiness
From the warm spring air

There are tiny silver fish
That swim calmly in the stream
You have a sudden thought
Is this reality or a dream?

The trees are swaying in the wind
The grass under you is swirled
As you think to yourself
What a wonderful world

Rivers Prokopi

Arnn ES, Grade 5



Noah Bautista

E.C. Killin ES, Grade 5

Watercolor

Bingata Style Crane



Games

I have a computer which has a lot of games, but
sometimes it takes away my brain.
It distracts me from my work.
I do it fast so I can go first.
So my parents said that I can't play games for weeks.
Even I can't play for a sneak peek.
Then after a few weeks I start getting smarter,
even though the subjects get harder.
Then my parents said that I can play
games Friday to Sunday.
I get to play,
I shout HIP-HIP-Hooray!

Dailyn Evans

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5

April Williamson

Daegu ES, Grade 4

Chalk Pastel

Owl



Estella Petrich

The Sullivans School, Grade 2

Clay

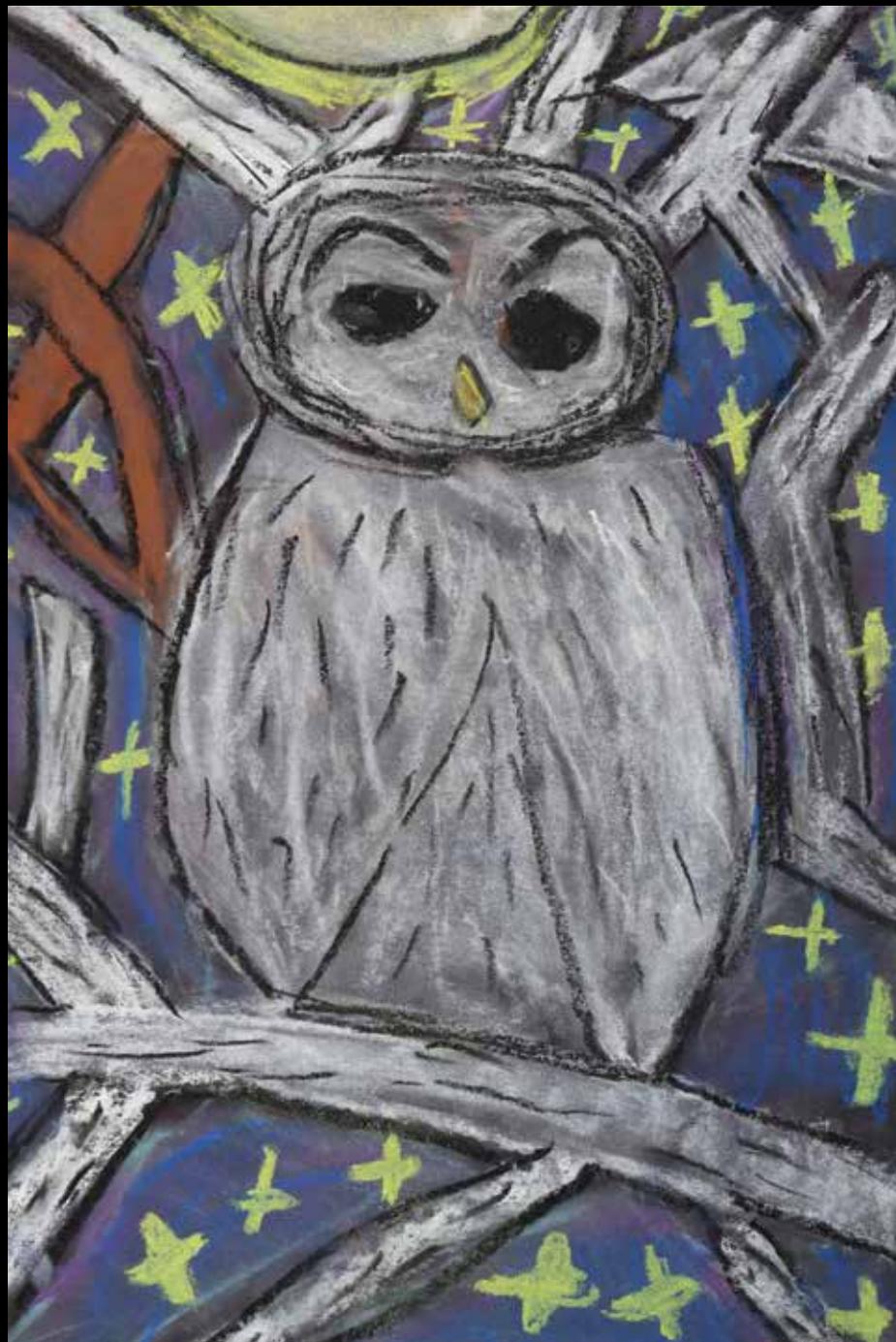
Cherry On Top

Kaetlyn Garcia

Daegu ES, Grade 5

Chalk Pastel

Owl





A Long Walk to Water

-Nya-

Lips, tongue, cracked and dry
Hearing the voice of a baby cry
A long, long walk ahead
Sister, mother both sick in bed
Father, brother heading for hunt
Scorching hot desert dirt
Horrible, horrible, full of sick and hurt
Water full of muck and slush,
Hurry, hurry, in a rush
New men coming, digging a hole
A hole full of hope and life
Not seeing, causing strife
Water gurgling, bubbling, beginning to rise
Shoots right out, surprise!

Kemily Aponte

Arnn ES, Grade 3

Tempera

Untitled

-Salva-

Bombs exploding, guns firing
Legs are tiring, family nowhere to be found
Finally laying on the ground
A long, long walk ahead
Friend dead

Leading boys to a home, wearing it like a king in a throne
In safety, but not from thought
New family, new home, and new clothes they brought
Found my father sick in bed
Mother, sister not dead
Helping those in need
Doing a good, good deed

Hannah Weatherwax

Bechtel ES, Grade 5



Tianna Fowler

Bechtel ES, Grade 3

Mixed Media

Untitled



Okinawa

Tae Hwan Park

E.C. Killin ES, Grade 5

Watercolor

Untitled



Iria Barham

Bechtel ES, Grade 5

Mixed Media

*Hercules And The
13th Labor*

Why Is the Ocean Here?

Why is the ocean here?

We may never know

How it got here and why it grows.

Why is the ocean here

and why does it bend?

How deep does it go?

We may never know. How does

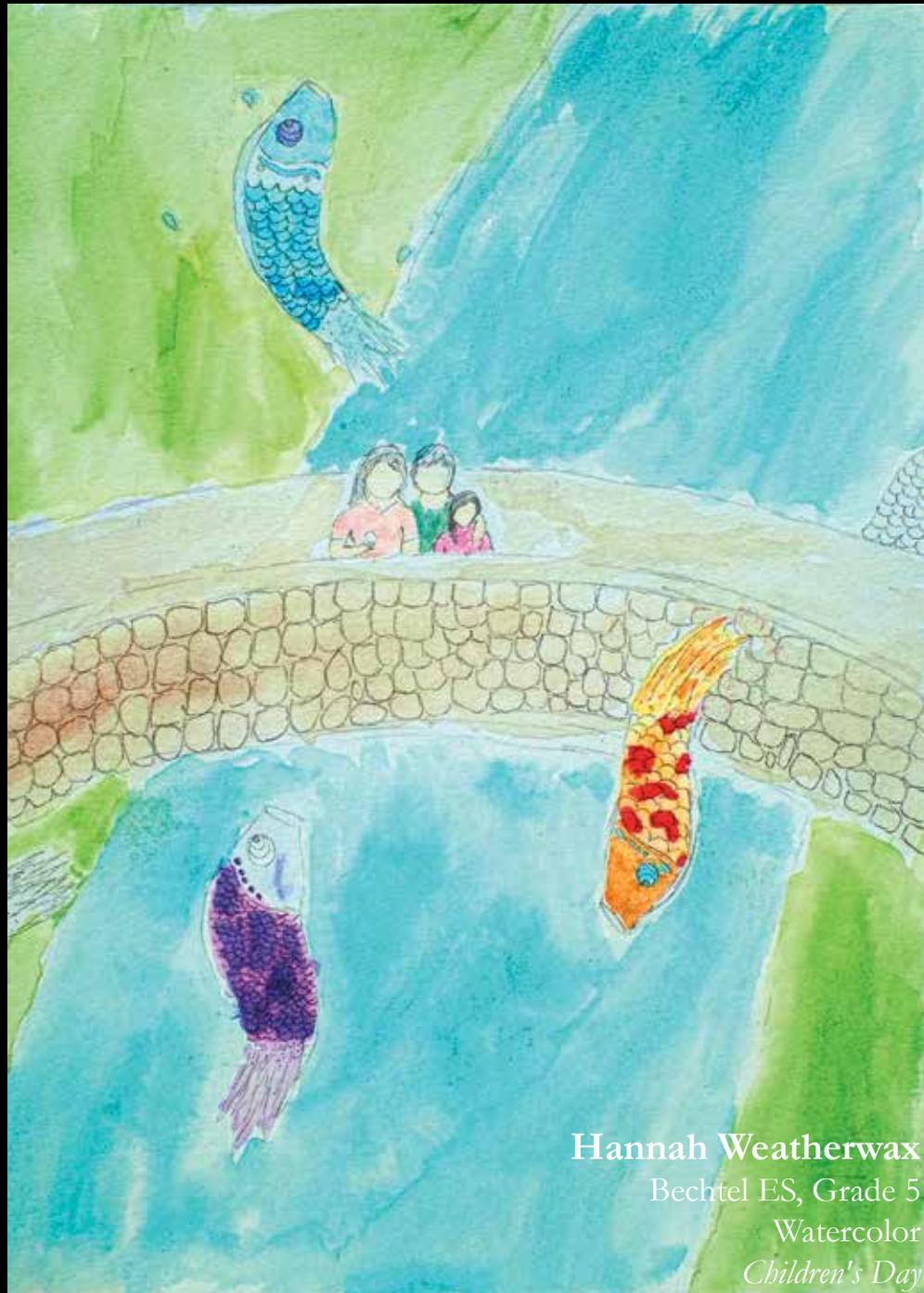
life grow in the ocean?

We may never know. But we do
know that we live because of it,

Just to let you know.

Kristian Hines

Arnn ES, Grade 5



Hannah Weatherwax

Bechtel ES, Grade 5

Watercolor

Children's Day



Justin Knutson

Arnn ES, Grade 5

Colored Pencil

Untitled

Cherry Blossoms

Cherry Blossoms are gorgeous.

They smell of bright cherries.

They sound like life
in the wind.

They smell like the best flowers.

They look like stars.

It makes me relaxed and overjoyed.

Abigail Ashford

Kadena ES, Grade 5



Myla Franklin

Arnn ES, Grade K

Collage

Untitled

Before Cellphones

Before cellphones, how did we find our way?
Before cellphones you had to go somewhere
to make a call.

Before cellphones you had to write letters to
get a message to someone.

Before cellphones you had to bring a big
camera with you to take pictures.

How did people survive before cellphones?

Nathan Knight

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5



Blayke Hernandez

Andersen ES, Grade 3

Marker

Art In The Heart



Screens

Screens are everywhere
You rush through stuff for a screen
Put it down and READ

Jake Grochowski

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5

Cyan Ishihara

Darby ES, Grade 2

Marker

Shapes And Colors



Sierra Peterson
Bechtel ES, Grade 5
Watercolor
Yin And Yang

My Friend Crab

I went to the beach.
It was very far to reach.
There I met a crab.
He looked so drab.
I tried to make him smile.
Then we were friends for a
while.

Erin Sewell
Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 2



Hana Redden
Bob Hope PS, Grade K
Mixed Media
My Little Unicorn Pony



Monroe Medina

Darby ES, Grade K

Crayon

Aleena

The Sunny Side of the Rainbow

Once upon a time, there lived a unicorn named Sunny who lived in a rainbow. Sunny weighs 200 pounds and is 5 feet tall. She is 25 years old. Sunny has orange, red and yellow hair. Sunny has little white ears, nose and a small mouth. She loves the color pink and her eyes are pink. She has a gold horn. Sunny, the unicorn, lives on a rainbow. It is red, orange, yellow, blue, pink and purple. Sunny's house is on the middle of the rainbow. Outside is a field of flowers. The house's furniture is all rainbow. To get outside of the house, there is a rainbow slide.

Sunny has a problem. The villain, Pebbleton, destroys the rainbow. Pebbleton is 100 years old. Pebbleton weighs 1,000,000,000 pounds and he is 6 feet tall. Pebbleton wears a black coat. He has 3 horns on his head that are black. Pebbleton has a blue mouth. He carries a machine gun. Pebbleton has scars that are red and they are everywhere from being in lots of fights.

First, Pebbleton loads his machine gun. Second, he sneaks to the rainbow. Third, he licks the rainbow to make sure it is a real rainbow. Next, Pebbleton presses the start button. Then he shoots Sunny's home on the rainbow with his machine gun. After that, Pebbleton says, "I'll destroy everything!" Last, he puts the machine gun on automatic mode so the machine gun will shoot by itself and he goes to sleep. Sunny feels frightened, depressed and says, "I will be so lonely." She cries really hard.

First, Sunny gets a rope. Second, Sunny ties a hoop. Third, Sunny says, "I'll take you to jail." Next, Sunny takes Pebbleton's gun while he is sleeping. Then Sunny throws it in to the ocean. After that, Sunny ties the rope around Pebbleton while he is sleeping. Last, Sunny drags Pebbleton in jail for 1,000 years. Sunny rebuilds her rainbow home.

Mandy Weybright

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2



Sammi Nelson

Andersen ES, Grade 4

Oil Pastel

Sunshine Flower



Alexis Antolin

Andersen ES, Grade 5

Marker

Draw



Donovan Zinner

Andersen ES, Grade K

Marker

Happy Heart



Madelyn Lane
Andersen ES, Grade 5
Oil Pastel
Radiating Flower



Sara Gordon

Bechtel ES, Grade 5

Mixed Media

Koinobori in Mixed Media

Jillian Musngi
Andersen ES, Grade K
Mixed Media
Lollipops

Hanukkah

Oh Hanukkah, oh Hanukkah. Come light the menorah.
Let's celebrate all the great things we have survived and

how we have kept our great traditions

And how we're not going to betray our kind.

We might not live forever,

But we can be glad we won the fights

Of all the horrible things that have happened.

We have survived.

We may not ever have peace in the world

So let's enjoy while we can and go to synagogue
and enjoy Hanukkah.

Oh Hanukkah, Oh Hanukkah.

Come light the menorah.

Let's have a party while we all dance the hora.

Let's gather around the table.

Let's eat a treat and some latkes so sweet.

Noah Fineman

E.C. Killin ES, Grade 5



Cellphones

Cellphones here, cellphones there
Cellphones are everywhere!
Cellphones before school,
cellphones after school.

Cellphones at lunch, sometimes at brunch.
Cellphones at a.m. cellphones at p.m.
Cellphones at noon, cellphones all afternoon.
Kids have phones all the time.
Are cellphones good or are they bad?
If they are bad, don't get mad.
If they are good, don't get too glad.

Julian Gonzalez

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5



Emma Crom

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2

Collage

Cityscape Dreams

Screen Time and Rules

I love my screen time
I have a limit and rules
I don't like the rules.

Audrey Midyett

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5



Travis Wolf-Carrizo

Daegu ES, Grade K

Collage

Castle



Solomon Morales

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 5

Colored Pencil

Untitled

Mariah Bolorin

Andersen ES, Grade 4

Charcoal/Chalk pastel

Owl Eyes

I'm as wild as a lion eating a zebra.

I'm as brave as a tiger roaring.

I'm as busy as a butterfly
collecting nectar.

I'm as small as a cockroach
collecting food.

I'm as big as a platypus building a dam.

I'm as happy as a duck swimming.
And that's me!

Pikolo Borja

Arnn ES, Grade 2





Kate Leugers
 Bechtel ES, Grade 5
 Colored Pencil
Mrs. Penelope's Classroom



Madison Ricklefs
 Bechtel ES, Grade 4
 Mixed Media
Sushi School



Arize Martin
 Bechtel ES, Grade 4
 Mixed Media
Sushi Cosplay (First Place)



When the Moon Got Chomped Up!

Once upon a time, there lived a dog named Moonlight, who lived on the moon.

Moonlight is five years old. Moonlight is two feet tall and weighs 24 pounds.

She has teal eyes, floppy ears, and a black nose. Moonlight has a small mouth, and wears a purple necklace. And on each foot she wears a purple shoe.

Moonlight lives on the moon. Her house is inside of the moon. In Moonlight's house is a purple bed. Everything is purple because it is Moonlight's favorite color. When Moonlight goes out the door, there are stairs going up to the top of the moon.

Moonlight has a problem. The villain, Victor the cat, destroys the moon.

Victor, the cat, is 18 years old. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. He has orange fur, green eyes and orange cat ears. Victor has laser sharp teeth that are fake dentures.

First, the villain, sees the moon, where Moonlight lives. Second, Victor walks over to the moon.

Third, Victor gets his laser sharp teeth ready and says, "Ready, set, go!"

Next, Victor chomps up the moon.

Moonlight is sad because she loves the moon and her home. Moonlight is worried because she might get hurt. Moonlight is angry because Victor chomps the moon.

Moonlight says, "I better stop Victor!"

First, Moonlight says, "Stop!" to Victor the villain. "This is my home!" Victor did not know that an animal could live on the moon. He just could not stop eating the moon. So Moonlight takes out his laser sharp teeth for him. Those were just FAKE dentures! Second, Victor said, "What will I eat?" Next, Moonlight says, "Here, have some bread." Victor says, "Thank you." Then Moonlight says, "You're welcome." After that, Victor helps fix the moon. And soon they were best friends.

Jillian Marquardt

Bob Hope PS, Grade 2

Kaden Guerrero

Andersen ES, Grade 5

Oil Pastel

Poppy Flower



Neliza Guan

Darby ES, Grade 4

Mixed Media

Still Color

Deployments

If you're not from the military,
You don't know deployments,
You can't know deployments.

Seeing them leave is like a
hole in your heart.

But when they come back, you
seem to find that part.

Being gone for so long might be a fright,

But as they come back,
you get filled with might.

If you're not from the military,
You don't know deployments.

Olivia Montreuil

Bechtel ES, Grade 4

Exploring

If you're not from the military,
You don't know exploring,
You can't know exploring.

Traveling to places that seem like they're new,
All the wonderful things you could do.

Walking through nature and passing through time,
Viewing old photos you had once left behind.

If you're not from the military,
You don't know exploring

Kailee Current

Bechtel ES, Grade 5

Lullaby

Composed by Hinckley Sessions
Daegu Elementary School, Grade 5



To hear this composition, use the link below:

<https://youtu.be/7VrcFmAkwec>





Charlotte Newquist

E.C. Killin ES, Grade 3

Oil Pastel

Pastel Fruits

Fire and Rain

Blazing fire set alight,
Will it ever be set right?
It seems as though rain
will not come,
No matter where you're from.
Rain must come before
it's too late,
For if it's late, there will not
be a good fate.

Rain has made its
first appearance,
Making but a
small interference.
The land is now drenched,
But the fire
has quenched.
Now we have very
few worries,
And brand
new memories.

Tristan Nolan

Bechtel ES, Grade 5

Fairies

Once upon a time there were two fairies. One was named Whisper, the other was Star. They were best friends. They LOVED to play! Especially “Hide and Go Seek” at night. They were super excited because the next day was CHRISTMAS! It was hard to sleep. When they woke up, it was SNOWING! So, they went downstairs to get their coats and they remembered it was Christmas. They had to wait to open presents, so, they went outside to play in the snow! They made snow fairies, snow angels, and snowmen. It took too long for their parents to wake up so they stayed outside and ice skated. It was super fun! Then their parents woke up, so they went to open presents! They both got wands! Star got a star wand. Whisper got a wind wand. They learned how to use them. Whisper could make wind and Star controlled the stars.

Jasmine Colorado

E.C. Killin ES, Grade 1

Amalia Reisdorf

Andersen ES, Grade 5

Mixed Media

Lost





Reading

I love to read.
I read so much.
A book feels like a magic touch.
As I read I get sucked in.
With the scenes and characters all within.
I hear children playing, laughing, and
screaming.
But all I want to do is keep on reading.
I hear the whirl of a plane engine.
As I listen, I remember a book.
About a kid who had what it took.
To survive until winter.
On a stranded island.
I think it's called Hatchet.
Yes, that's the one.
By Gary Paulsen fun, fun, fun.
Now I can think about anything.
And remember a book I've read or seen.
I love to read.
I read so much.
A book feels like a magic touch.

Brooklyn Harris

Joan K. Mendel ES, Grade 5

Lily Fason

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 3

Tempera

Me

I am Beautiful

I am beautiful
I wonder what they say about me
I hear the good and bad comments
I see my black curly hair
I am beautiful

I pretend I don't hear those comments
I feel happy, excited and joyful
I touch my black curly hair
I worry how I look sometimes
I cry when I hear those mean comments
I am beautiful

I understand who I am is who I am
I say I am beautiful
I dream about my black curly hair
I try my best to be myself
I hope I never lose my faith
I am beautiful

Jaya Reece

Kadena ES, Grade 5

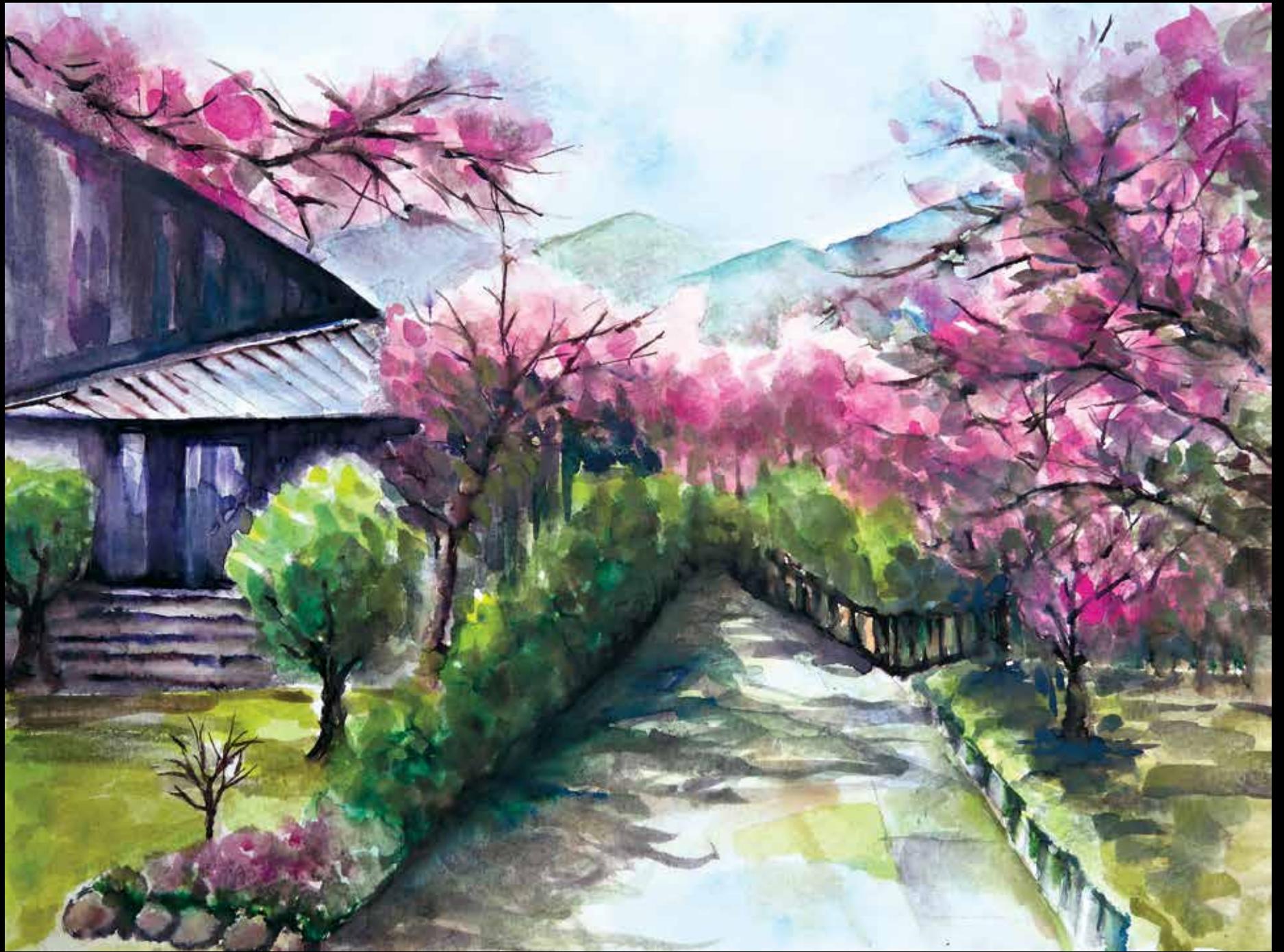
Arianna Miravalles

Amelia Earhart IS, Grade 3

Tempera

Untitled





The sakura's petals danced in the air
As they landed on my cream-colored fur
My eyes blinked slowly in amazement at the exquisite scene
The blurred shades of pink that floated above
the earthy clouds of green and pink that my tail swayed in
And sweet, soft, fragrance of the white flowers that
hung on the walnut colored trees
My ear twitched as the swaying of the branches flowed with life
This was something I would never forget in all the years I have lived

Lalane Selvera

E.J. King HS, Grade 7

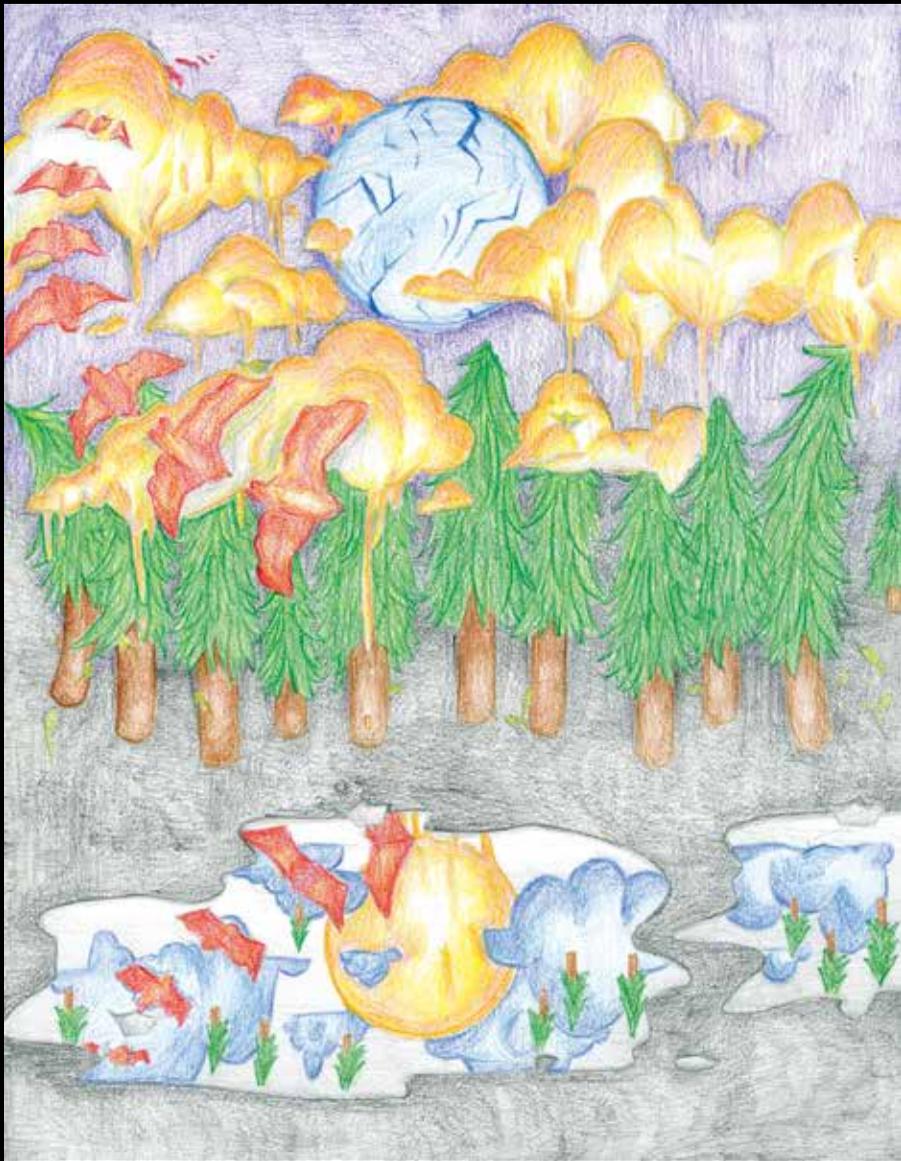
Vanessa Lee

Humphreys MS, Grade 7

Watercolor

Japanese Cherry Blossoms





Aoi Brinker
Yokota MS, Grade 7
Colored Pencil
Forest

Disappearance

All from one round,
I've realized that I've been plummeting down.

Out in the sun

I've known that they've all been done.

First they're your friends,

Next they're all gone.

Once live people all dancing and prancing,
Although now they're all dying and fading.

There shall still be some traces of life,

But there will be no humans in sight,

All they can see is a blinding white light.

Some birds shall be flying,

Many animals will be thriving.

There won't be any animals regretting at the end of the station,
Because they will all be rebuilding their nation.

Ethan Hunt

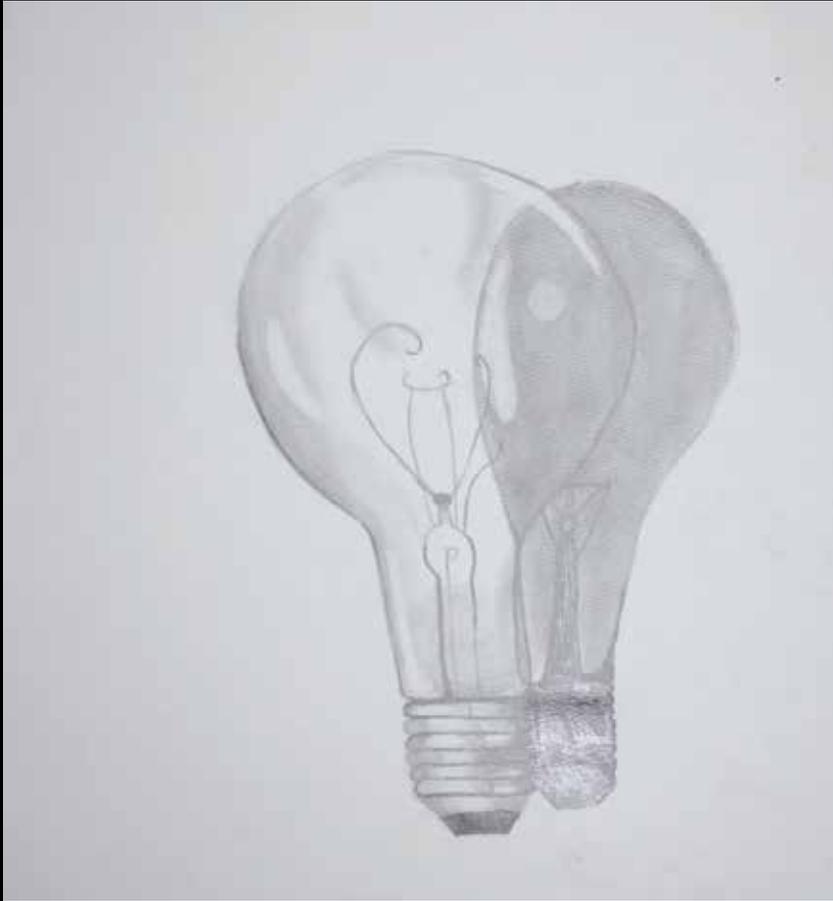
Kadena MS, Grade 6



Oen Hofschneider
McCool E/MS, Grade 8
Construction Papier-mâché
Untitled



Jacob Rasmussen
Lester MS, Grade 7
Oil Pastel
Untitled



Mina Noble

McCool E/MS, Grade 8

Pencil

Untitled



Lexa Clifton

Yokosuka MS, Grade 8

Acrylic

Amethysts Eternal

Skating

Skating means freedom

Leave reality behind

For true happiness

Spencer Saunders

Kadena MS, Grade 6

I am from unfolding couch-beds and elegant cedar chests
From my best friend's garden and spotted dog plush

I am from 'outback in the sticks and trees'
And from "Home, Sweet Home"

I am from African violets,
Whose colors made me happy when I was younger
I am from drawing in my notebook
And good old Rock N' Roll

I am from Gina and Dan
And from Blueberry cobbler and green bean casserole
I am from those moments when the rain pours outside
while you drift off to sleep

Aurora Alexander
Ryukyu MS, Grade 8



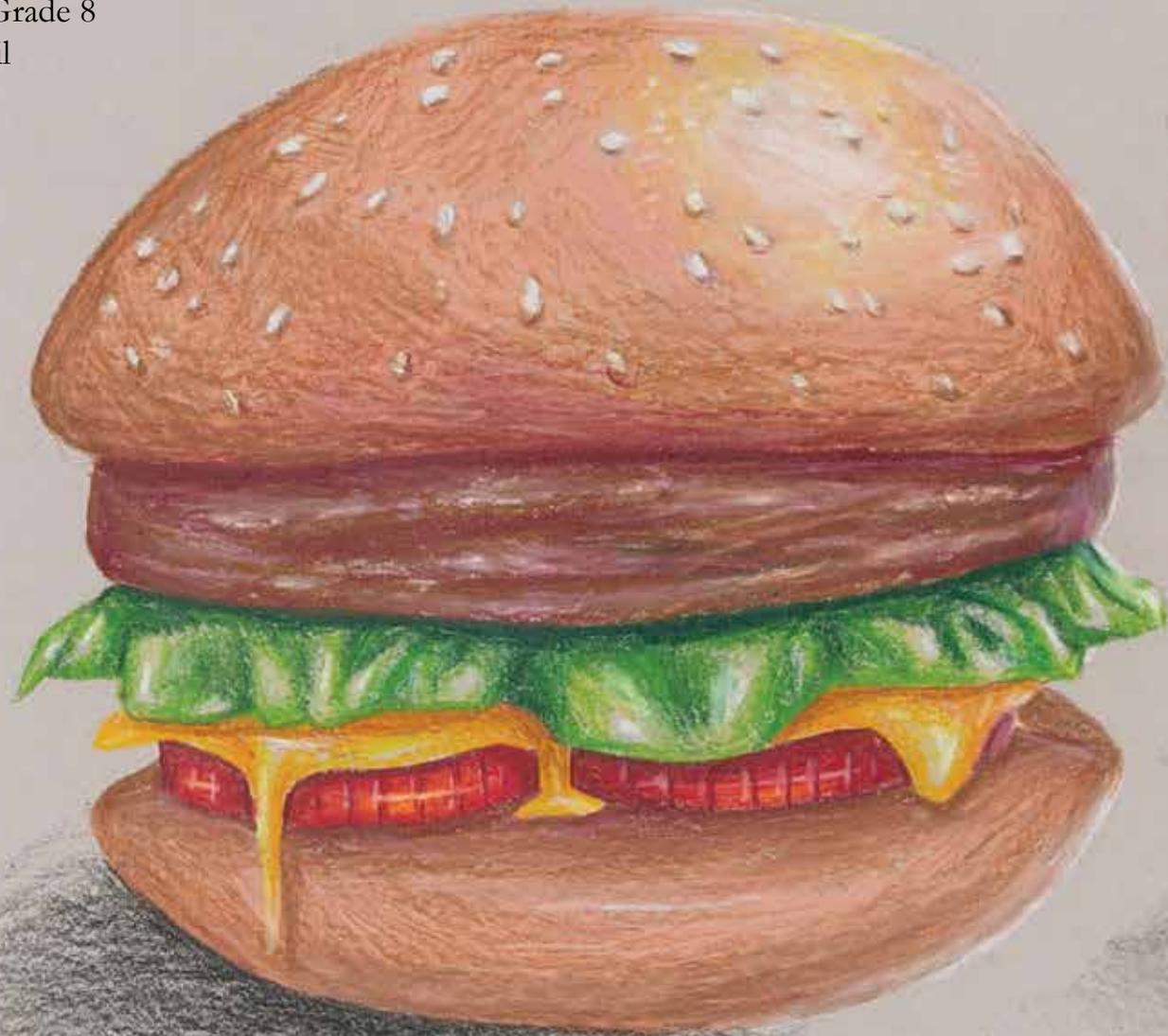
Joshua Suh
Sollars ES, Grade 6
Pencil
Tulip

Savanna Irwin

Kadena MS, Grade 8

Colored Pencil

Burger



Red and Yellow

I am from a small town so big and yet so small
Where everybody knows everybody
And it's impossible to avoid each other at all
I am from the woods behind my house
Where the birds would wake me with their songs
And the trees would shake violently from a gale brought by
a storm the night before
I come from watching the fireworks on the Neuse River on
Independence Day night
Where my family and I would sit in our boat
And float atop the glassy, dark water
I come from cruising down the Trent River
With the wind hitting my face
Just to see Nicholas Sparks' mansion on the far
side of the bank
I am from the downtown area
Where the buildings are so old they shouldn't
even be standing
And there is a bear placed at every street corner
I come from sitting at Cow Cafe
Where the smell of fresh burgers filled the air
And the homemade ice cream was the most delicious des-
sert ever tasted

I come from skinning my knees on our
nature stone driveway
Where to this day there is still a slightly red stone that
should have been white
I come from sliding down the sand pits at the golf
courses in our neighborhood
Frozen over by the cold
And from snowball fights with my neighbors that al-
ways ended with someone crying
I come from riding in the back of a pickup truck with
my friends on Halloween night
Just so that we could hit the houses with the best
candy first
I am from these moments in New Bern,
North Carolina
Where everybody knew everybody
And it was impossible to avoid each other at all

Chloe Smith

Lester MS, Grade 8



William Supple
Yokosuka MS, Grade 7
Acrylic
The Blue Smile



Madeline Banz
Lanham ES, Grade 6
Printmaking
Subtractive Print



Naomi Jackson
Kadena MS, Grade 8
Marker
Untitled

Because we are

Because we are different, we get pushed into groups
Because we are different, we are segregated
Because we are different, we get left out
Because we are different, we go away
Because we are different, we pass away
Because we are different, the world will never change
All because we are different

Susan Morrelli
Kadena MS, Grade 7



Sara Joiner
Yokota MS, Grade 6
Acrylic
Cubist Friend

Erica Yandoc

Lester MS, Grade 7

Digital Photography

Always There For You



When I Realized

I marched out of the dugout, my mom cheering for me from the sidelines.
“Just make contact with the ball,” the coach instructed,
since all the bases were loaded.

I felt as if the weight of the whole game was balanced on my shoulders. It did not help that I still had the taste of sunflower seeds in my mouth. I walked to the plate but stopped at the edge of the chalk line. I tightened my helmet it felt like a pillow was being pushed against my head. I watched the pitcher as she paced around the circle, then stopped and talked to the catcher and first basemen.

Then I turned back to my bat and swung one good time and came back even harder. The umpire told me to step into the box. I held my hand up so the umpire would hold the play. I lined my right back foot up to the point of the plate. I held my hand up for a few more seconds and then stomped my feet into the dirt. I got into my stance as the umpire said, “Play ball.” I leaned back ready for the pitch. Watching the pitcher, I could tell she was focused. She threw her hand back, spun her arm around, and released. Next thing I know the umpire calls, “Strike one.”

I could tell this pitcher was going to be harder than others I have played against. I backed out of the box getting frustrated, and I took a good hard swing. Stepping back in, I got ready for the next pitch. The pitcher stepped back onto the mound. She smiled, looked at me, and fired the next one in. The ball was right at my chest. I swung. “Strike two,” said the umpire.

Feeling annoyed that I missed the ball, I swung hard and fast one last time. When the umpire told me to re-enter the box, I leaned back and thought about smashing the ball over the fence and getting a homerun. It had always been my dream to hit a home run. The umpire said “play” and the pitcher immediately released the ball. I watched the ball but became distracted by the cheering from my team. I tried to turn back and find the ball but could not. Then I looked down.

I saw the ball heading right for my ankles but it was already too late to jump out of the way or move. My feet felt like they were glued to the dirt like nothing could free them.

Then, bang, it hit. At first it was shocking pain, and I turned back to my coaches tears built up in my eyes. My coach came over and asked what was wrong I tried to speak over the sound of my own tears and gurgles. Then my voice broke through. “I tried so hard to hit the ball.”

Hobbling, I made it to first, my ankle still sore.

Addison Powell
Ryukyu MS, Grade 7



Gracie McAfee
Kadena MS, Grade 8
Watercolor Pencil
Girls Just Wanna Have Fun



Dear Cross Country,

The cold wind rushes
Past my face
I am alive
Empowered by your whispers
I am certain
I am in love
Pain hits me
When I'm with you
Sweat pours down my face
It is unthinkable
To lose the path
you've paved for me
Your voice, irresistible
I push faster
Pass opponents
Do the extra
Through rain
Through heat
I love you all the same
You are my every desire
Every dream
To me
Determination pushes me forwards
Competition pulls me in
The desire for more is uncontrollable
I love you, Cross Country

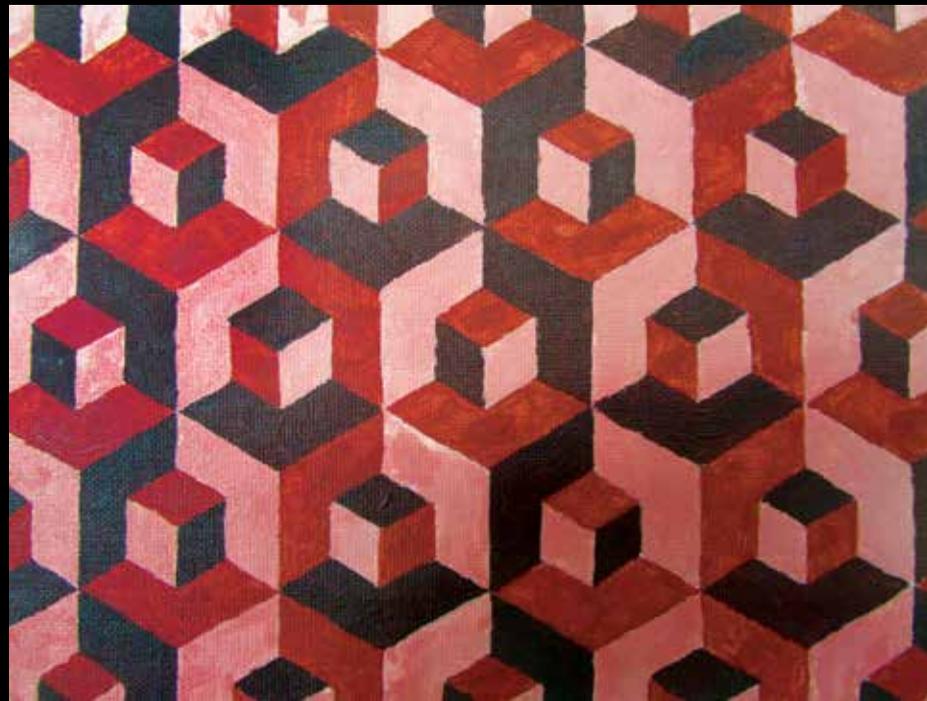
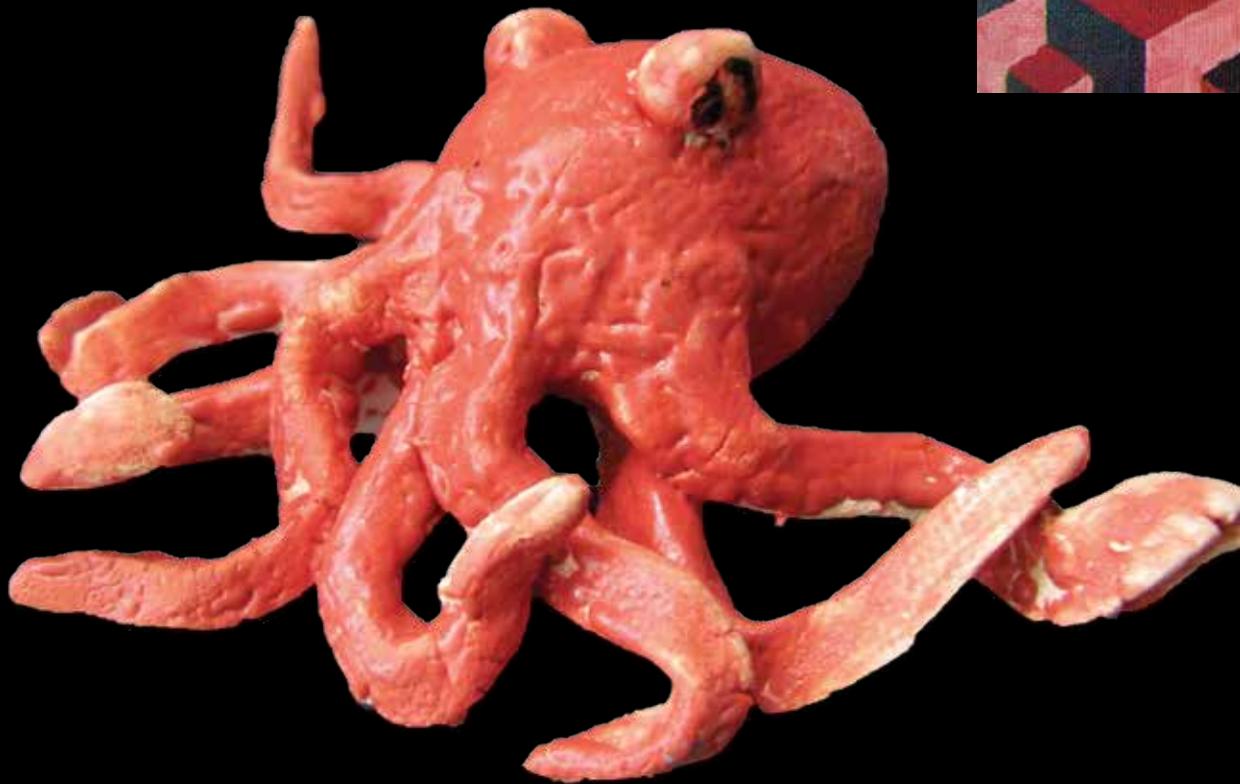
Sincerely, Sierra

Laney Young
Yokosuka MS, Grade 7
Acrylic
It's A Mystery

Sierra Taysom
Ryukyu MS, Grade 8

I go home after school
and glide
into shadows

Gracie Garrison
Sollars ES, Grade 6



Abigail Terry
Yokosuka MS, Grade 8
Acrylic
Watch Your Step

Oliver Scott
Ryukyu MS, Grade 6
Clay
Octopus



Emptiness of night
lit by
the moon's light

Denise Olson
Sollars ES, Grade 6

Walking in the dark
icy night:
the littlest snowflake

Nadiyah Miller
Sollars ES, Grade 6

The snow let out
a cry as soft
as cotton

Grace Grant
Sollars ES, Grade 6

Surrounded by darkness
the scarecrow's
piercing eyes

Carlin Butler
Sollars ES, Grade 6

Mia Rivera
Ryukyu MS, Grade 8
Watercolor
Bad To The Bone

River's Betrayal

The river has been man's ally
Giving life to them and all they need
They gave nothing to her in return
Then river questioned her alliance with man
Soon man was at war with the animals
All the elementals except water, steel, and fire were on
the animals' side
Man took from water, fire, and steel, but only gave back
to fire and steel, not the river
Water envied steel and fire because of this
She unleashed her wrath on the animals she cared about
She switched sides to protect the animals
The animals' side lost
Water only became more of a slave to man and still is to
this very day
Still trapped waiting to kill the next human she can reach
Still waiting for the animals to free her from her chains
of slavery
Beware, mankind, you forgot her but she hasn't forgot-
ten you
Beware, she is everywhere

Xavior Liles

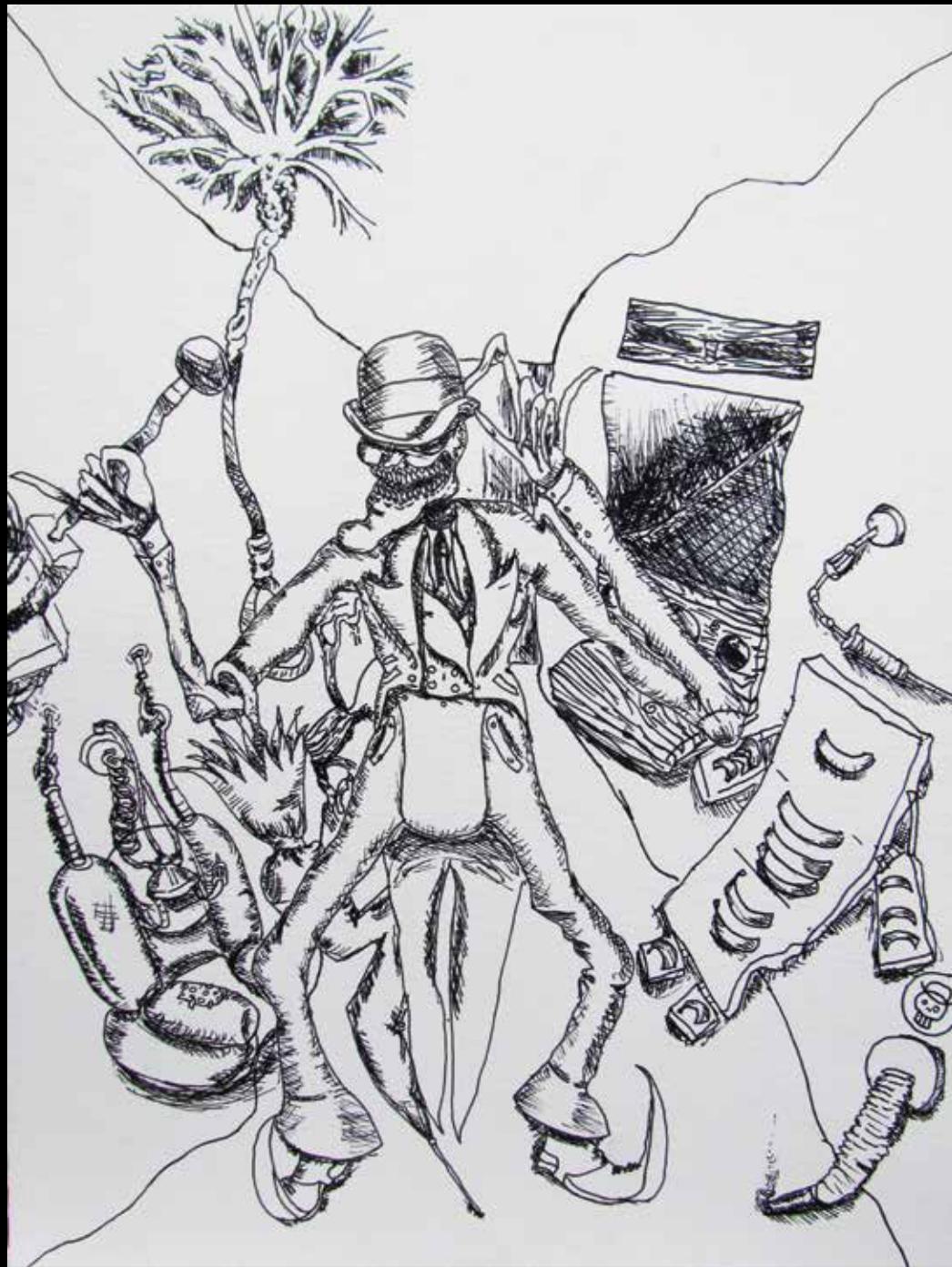
E.J. King HS, Grade 7

Jared Somera

Ryukyu MS, Grade 6

Pen

Suicide Salesman



Queen of the Wild

“Are. You. Human? Yes or no.”

Feyre wasn't sure she understood. “Yes?” She glanced at Levi but he looked just as bewildered.

The woman nodded almost thoughtfully. “I see,” she mumbled. Reaching into her soaked pants pocket, she produced a small leather bound book. Opening it, she began flipping through it, muttering incoherently.

Feyre and Levi glanced at one another. What was this woman's deal?

“Aha!” the woman shouted, startling them. Feyre's knee slammed into the table and she hissed, glaring at the woman who looked triumphantly back at her. “Found it!”

“Found what?” Feyre snapped, patience gone. “What are you doing now?”

The woman had begun chanting, muttering words in a language Feyre had never heard before. Her bony finger twirled in Feyre's direction in time with the chant.

“Meunter enade ijotande. Sher mias etor wei chokabre urato!” She snapped the book shut and gazed at Feyre smugly.

“What the heck was that?” she demanded. “What were you- ahh!”

Pain tore through her body, hot and vicious. She doubled over and, had Levi not caught her, would have fallen out of her chair.

“Feyre? What's wrong with you?” Levi asked, sounding worried.

Feyre groaned, unable to form words. Another wave of pain slammed into her, leaving her breathless. Her shoulder blades burned with unrelenting savageness, pressure building up beneath them. Unable to stay upright any longer, she fell, tumbling to the floor, gasping for breath. Levi lunged forward but the woman appeared by his side, holding an arm out to stop him. “Don't.”

Levi whirled on her and yelled, “What did you do to her?”

The woman gazed at him with calm eyes, voice unconcerned.

“I unleashed her.” Levi glared savagely, about to snap a reply when the woman grabbed his arm and pointed. “Look, fool boy!” She gripped his head, forcing him to look at Feyre. “See her for what she truly is!”

Feyre lay curled on the floor, bowed over her knees. Red hot daggers sliced through her and she bit her tongue to keep back her screams. The pressure building between her shoulder blades was growing worse with every second. Feyre let loose a scream, unable to hold back. The sound of fabric tearing filled the room and Levi watched in horror as two black shadows exploded from Feyre's back. Twisting and writhing over themselves, they grew and grew before finally taking a single, solid form.

Levi stared at the massive pair of pitch black wings protruding from his friend. Lightning flashed outside, thunder rumbling softly in reply. “Feyre,” he whispered. She slowly raised her head. Levi stilled. Her cheeks stained with tears as blood ran down her chin. And her eyes... the usual sparkling green now a bright red staring back at him. When she parted her lips, Levi glimpsed a pair of elongated canines. His mouth went dry.

“Feyre...you're...”

“Yes.” The old woman gazed at Feyre, eyes grim and cold. “You are the last remaining Nightwalker. The one destined to end us all.”

Tegan Steely

Kadena MS, Grade 8

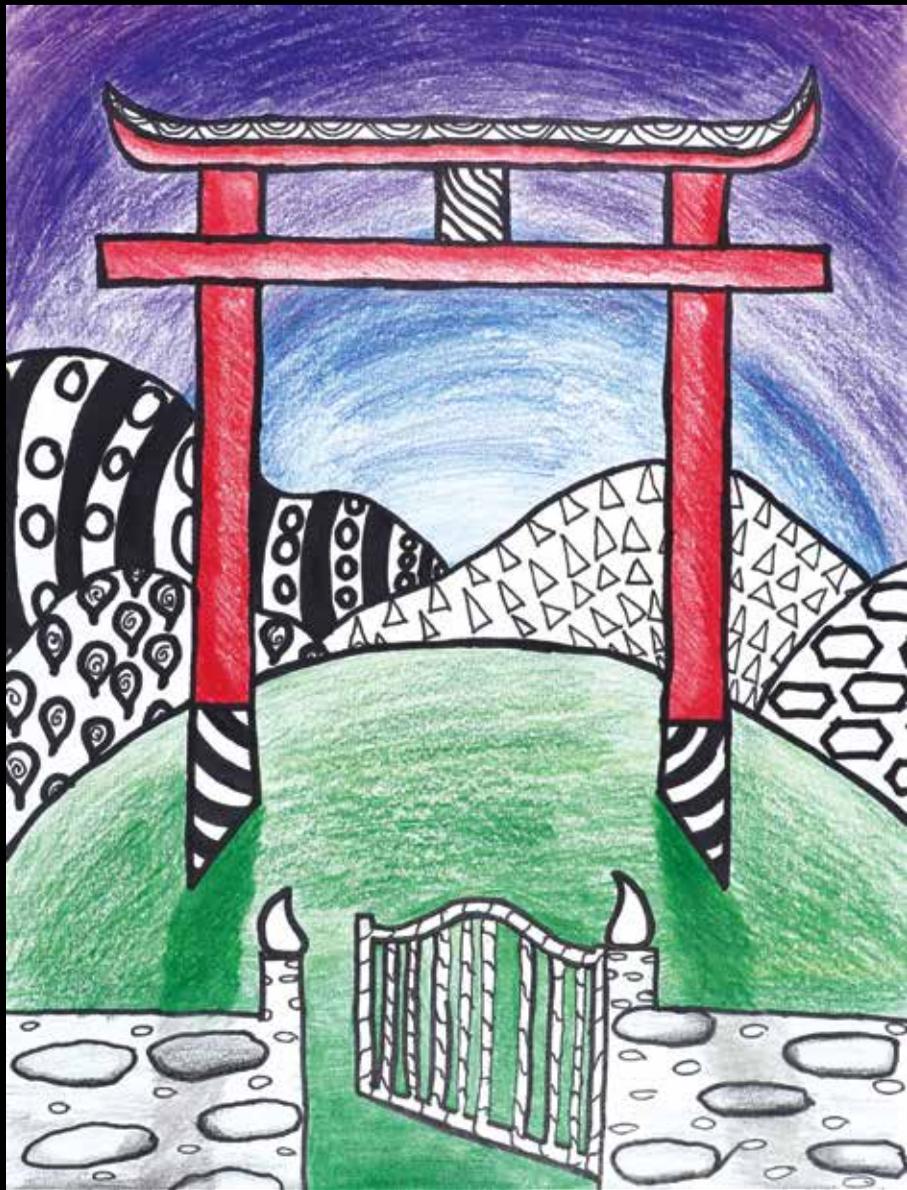
Sierra Taysom

Ryukyu MS, Grade 8

Pen

Walking Into The Light





Audrey White
Zama M/HS, Grade 7
Mixed Media
Torii Gate



Ciera Bolt
Yokosuka MS, Grade 7
Acrylic
Diversity



James Hill

Yokota MS, Grade 7

Digital Photography

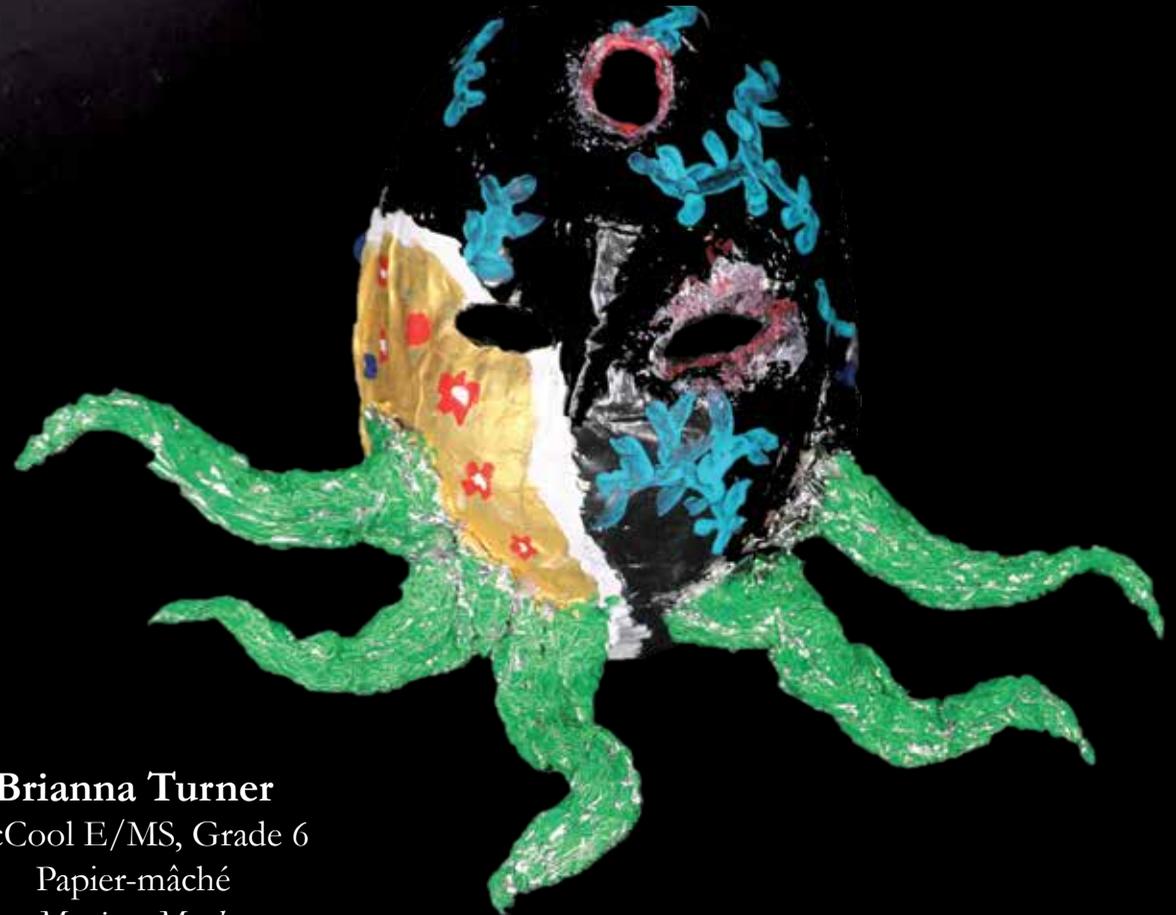
Saturated Waffles

JH

Kairi Gladney
Sollars ES, Grade 6
Mixed Media
Flower Tree



Brianna Turner
McCool E/MS, Grade 6
Papier-mâché
Mexican Mask





Ethan Duncan
Yokota MS, Grade 7
Acrylic
Op Pattern



Lily Talbert
Sasebo ES, Grade 6
Colored Pencil
Fluttering Butterflies



Kristine Onejeme
McCool E/MS, Grade 7
Watercolor
Untitled

My First Landing

I'm from the place I was born
Where settlers first landed
I am from a small community
Where everyone knows everyone
I'm from 90-degree summers and dolphin watching
And freezing cold winters and snow days
I am from salty ocean breezes and sparkling sunsets
And the gentle rocking of a rental boat
I'm from block parties with close
neighbors and playing manhunt
To telling stories and laughing at cheesy jokes
I am from driving to church on Sundays
and listening to Pastor Jim give his
inspirational talks with heartfelt emotion
I'm from camping in the woods with
friends and family in the summer,
Eating Johnny's breakfast rice and
taking long hikes to waterfalls
I am from my mom's healthy homemade meals
With the delicious smells that bring
everyone downstairs to sneak a taste
I am from fishing with my dad on the weekends
To helping my mom with her blog posts and cooking
I'm from my dad saying "you're fine"
To my mom joking "I am my mother"
I'm from getting in touch with old
friends from previous duty stations
To meeting people that I supposedly
knew when I was younger
I'm from those moments that you
know you could never forget
And filled with the feeling of
belonging to a special place
I'm from moving around for my dad's work
But wherever I live friends become family
We are lucky to move--and to keep coming back--
Because Virginia will always be my home.



Cody Rollins

Ryukyū MS, Grade 7

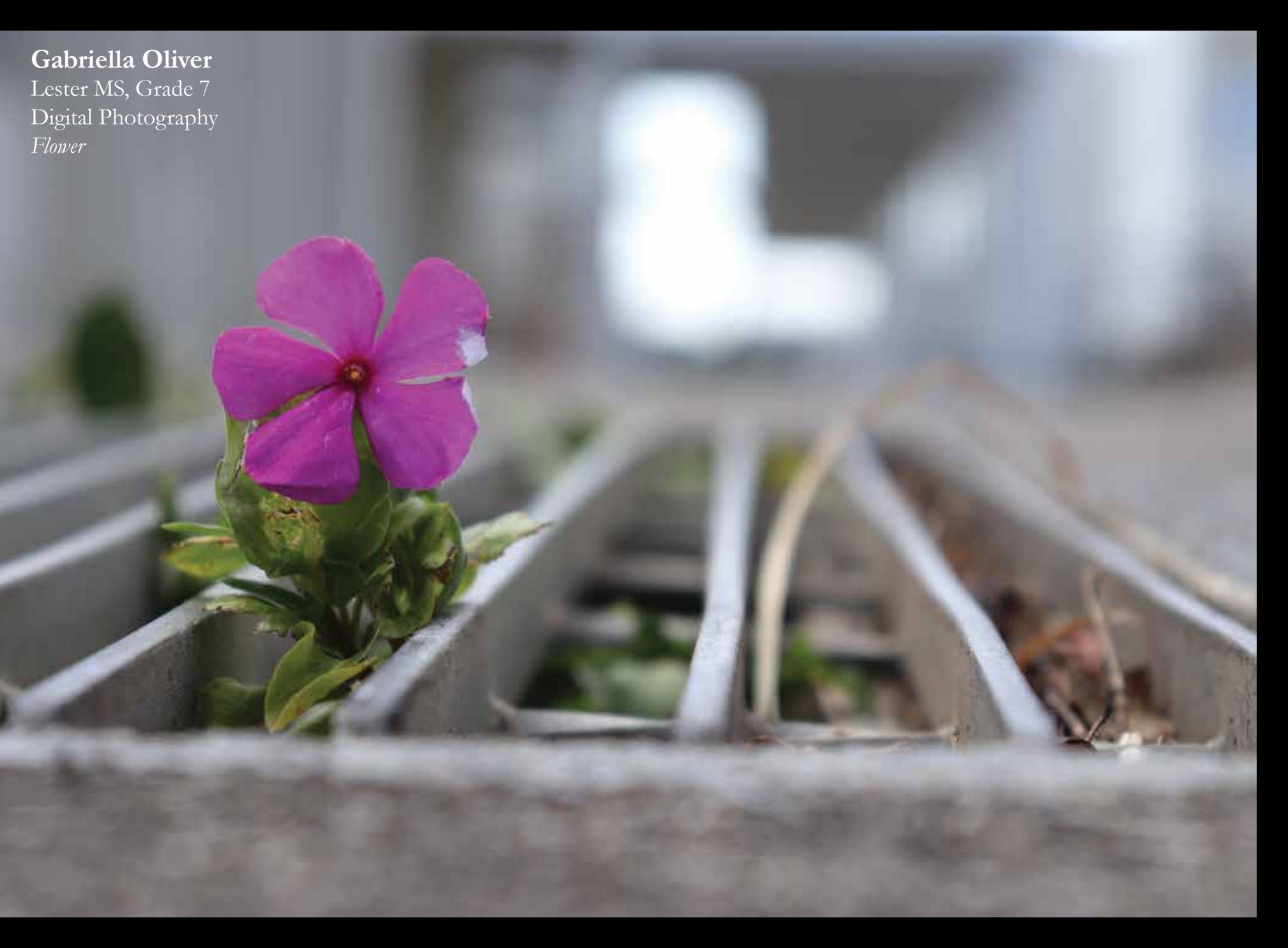
Mixed Media

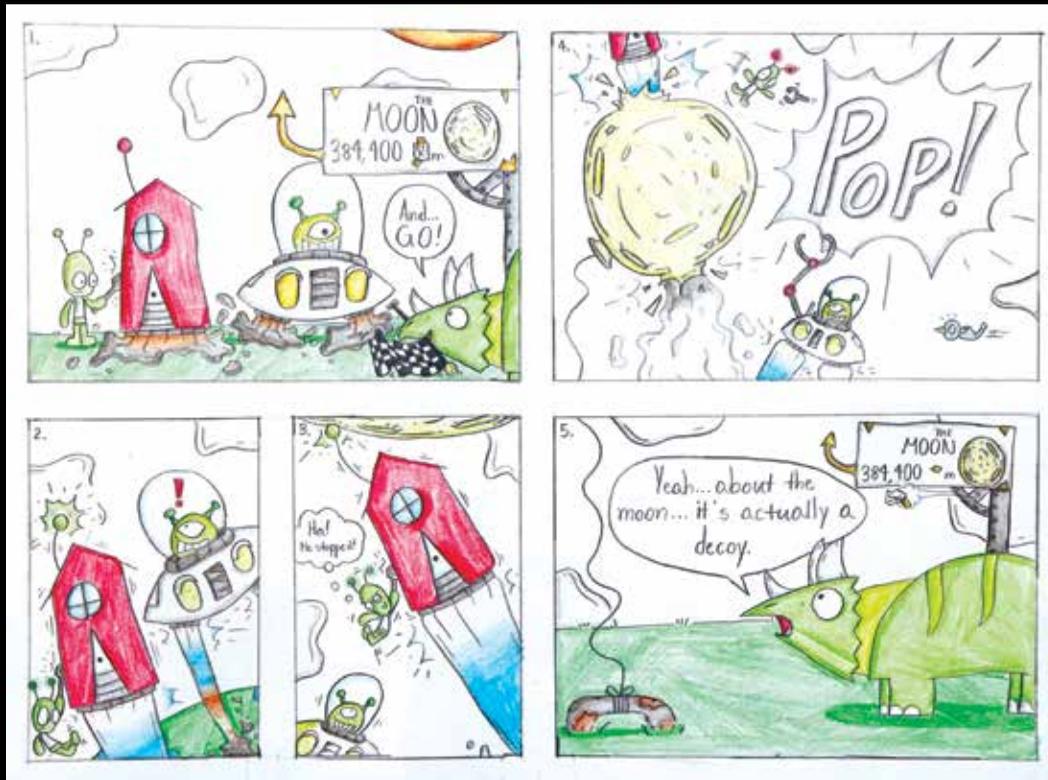
Boat

Sydney Norwood

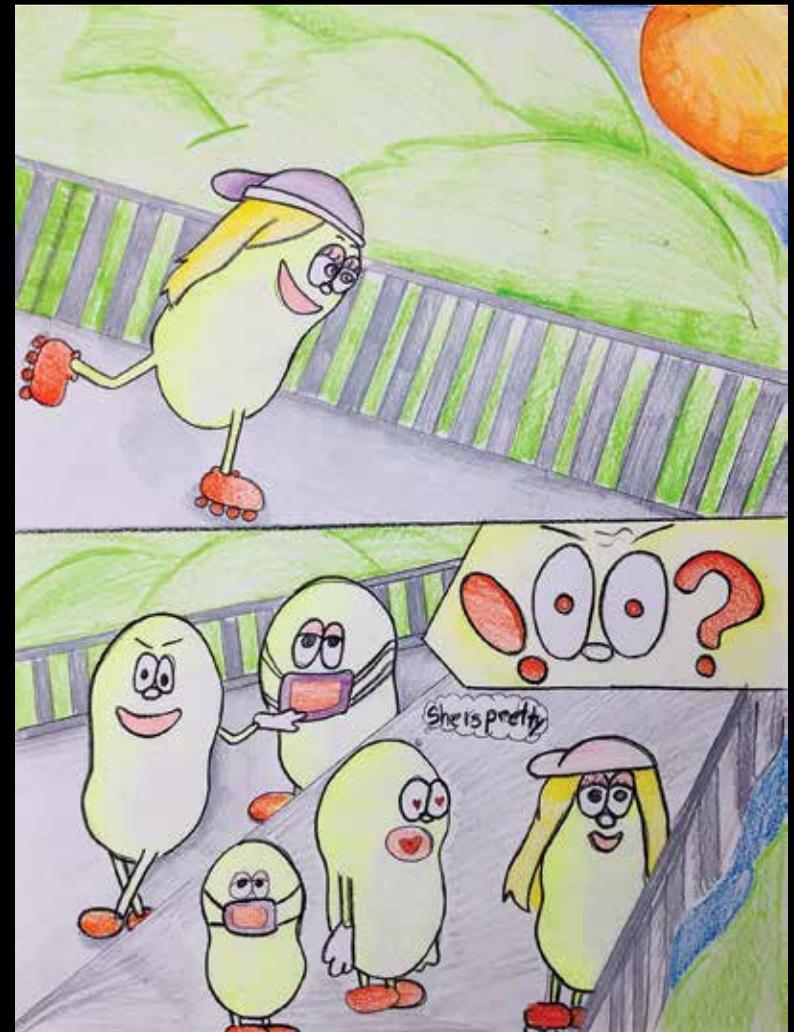
Lester MS, Grade 8

Gabriella Oliver
Lester MS, Grade 7
Digital Photography
Flower

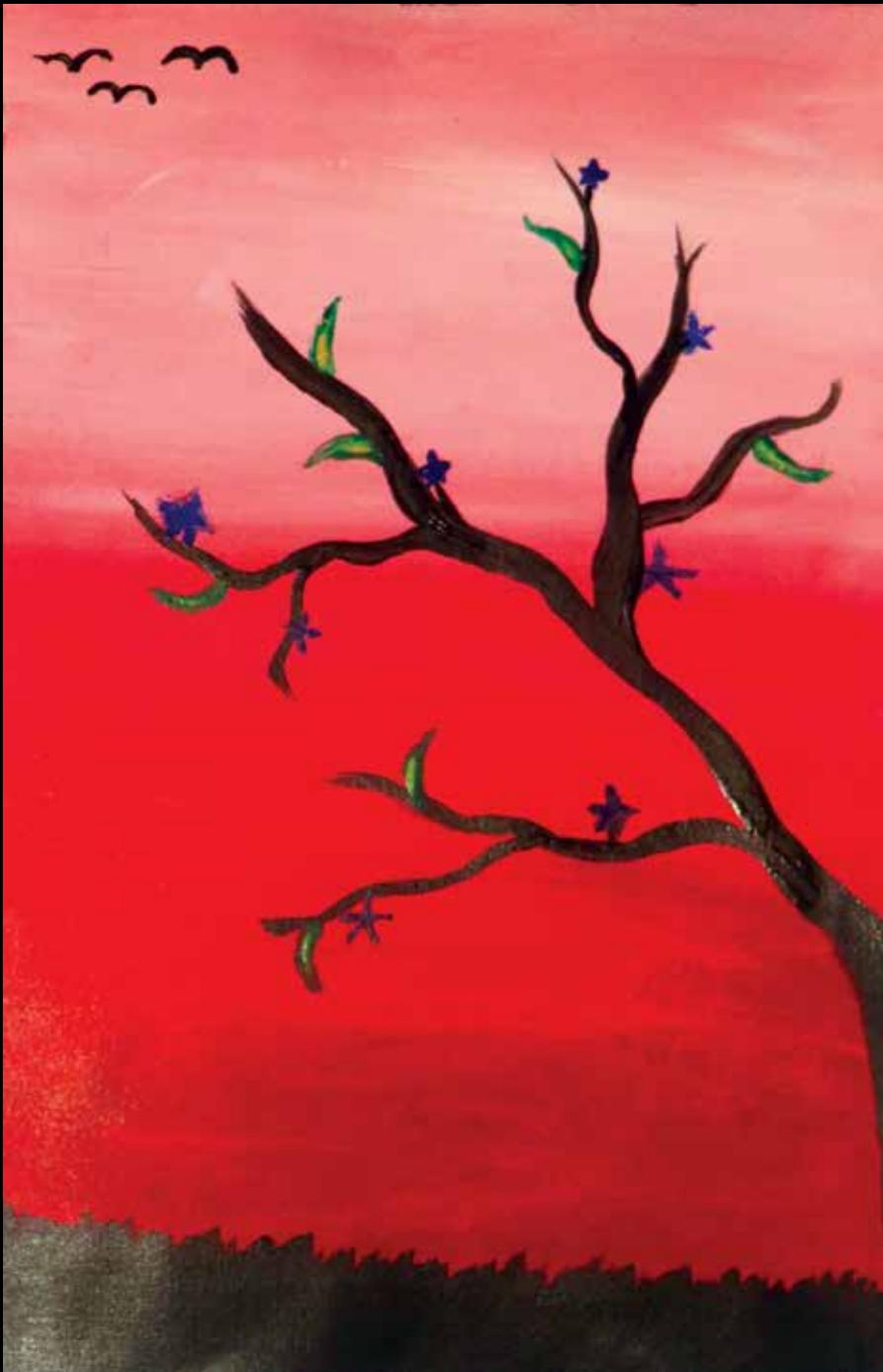




Xavier Townsend
 Yokosuka MS, Grade 7
 Pencil
Race To The "Moon"



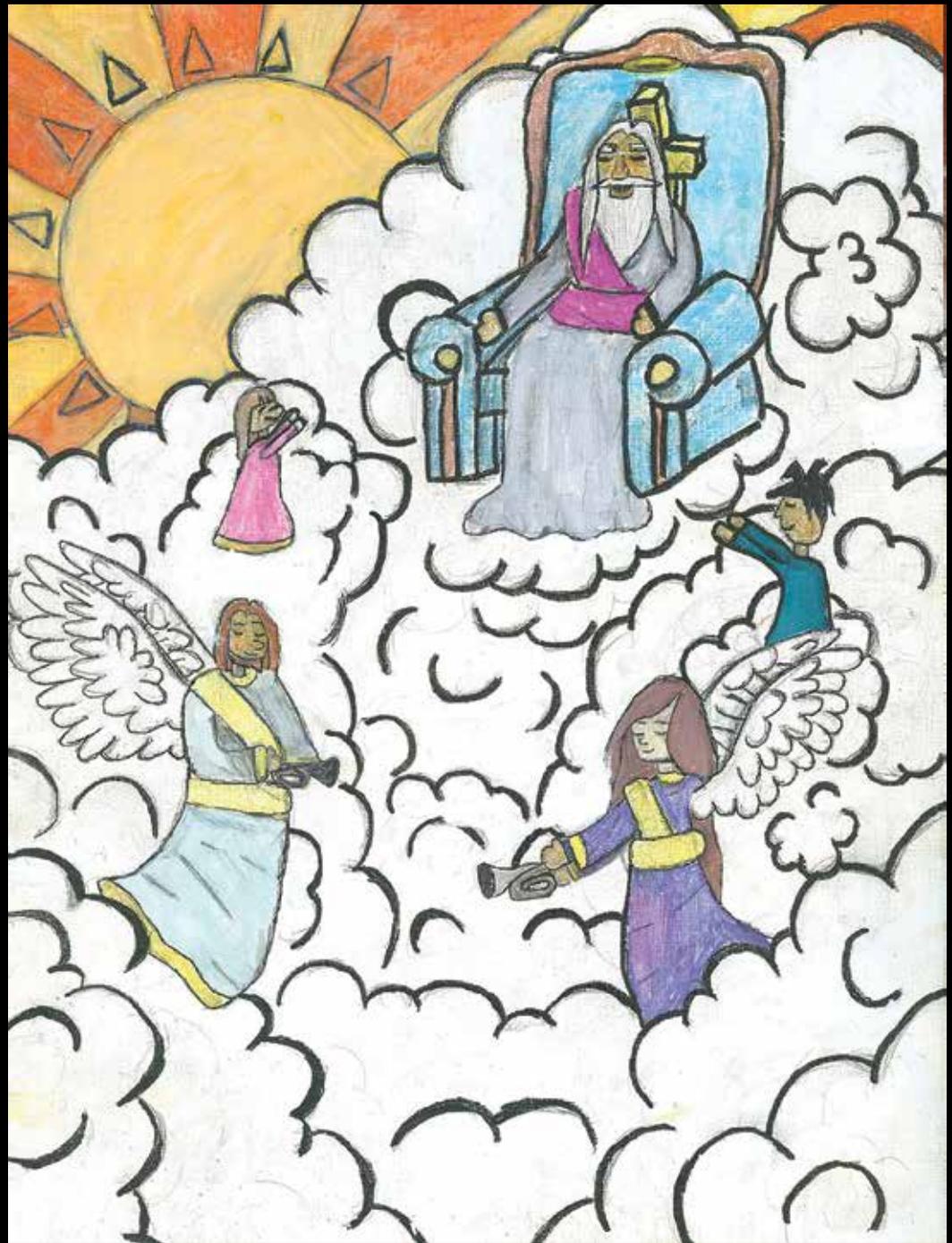
Lucia Nunez
 Lester MS, Grade 6
 Colored Pencil
Mr. Peanut's Adventures



Under the moonlight
cuddling
with my dog

Gabriel Johnston
Sollars ES, Grade 6

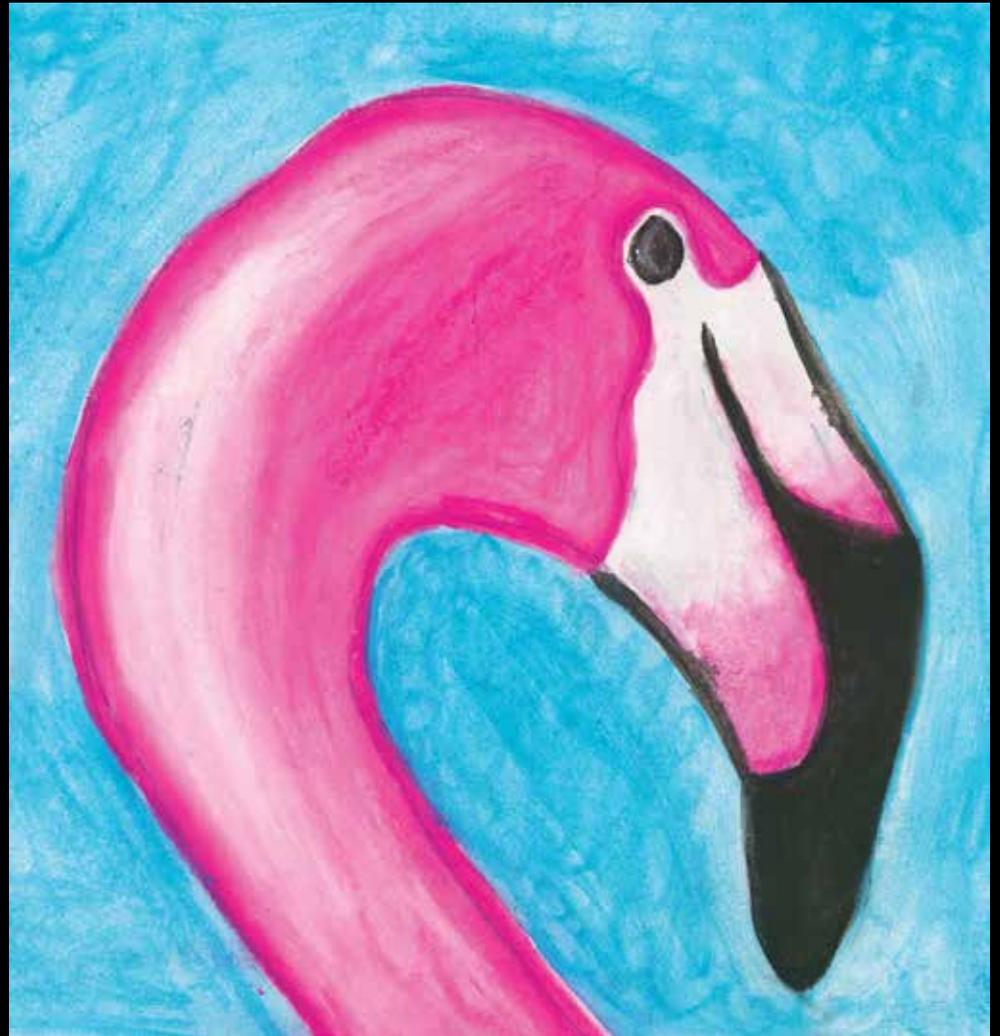
Kendyl Bow
Andersen MS, Grade 8
Mixed Media
Untitled



Alexandria Perry
Kadena MS, Grade 7
Acrylic
The Thought Of Heaven



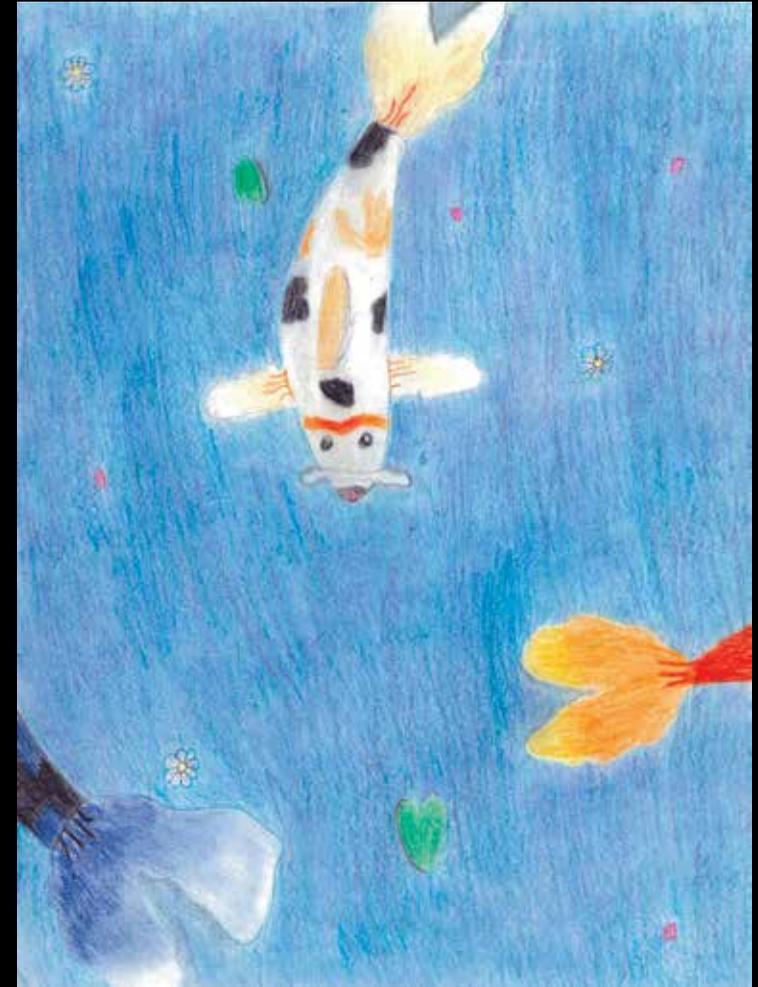
Noelani Alvarez
Ryukyu MS, Grade 6
Watercolor
Beautiful People



Isabelle Bastian
Kadena MS, Grade 8
Pastel
Flamingo Fun



Daniel Jones
Sollars ES, Grade 6
Ceramic
Stone Child



Abigail Lewis
Kadena MS, Grade 8
Pastel
Untitled



Nothing to Worry About

It tastes like a fresh lemon being
Guided into my mouth
The smell by itself, makes my
Mouth-watering jaw drop
Like a wrecking ball.

This lollipop feels like a rock
Glazed for years,
So smooth, so innocent.

Crunch, crunch.
I am now in a world
Only I can live in.
Nothing to worry about,
Nothing to be afraid of.

Dresden Johnson

Kadena MS, Grade 6

Nicole Mauhay

Yokosuka MS, Grade 8

Mixed Media

My Drink Of Procrastination

Maya Pharathikoune

Lester MS, Grade 7

Digital Photography

Boss



Luis Galloway

Yokosuka MS, Grade 8

Mixed Media

Coffee Chair

Savanna Irwin

Kadena MS, Grade 8

Colored Pencil

Untitled



Stare and Survive

My voice is covered.

I have words.

Hundreds. Thousands. Millions.

But that love that once was me was torn out of my heart

And transformed into a beast

With eyes that make every part of you suffer

But you have to stare because behind

those eyes is one thing,

Hope.

So rare that it moves continents

So I stare and

I survive

Persia Rooseboom-Devries

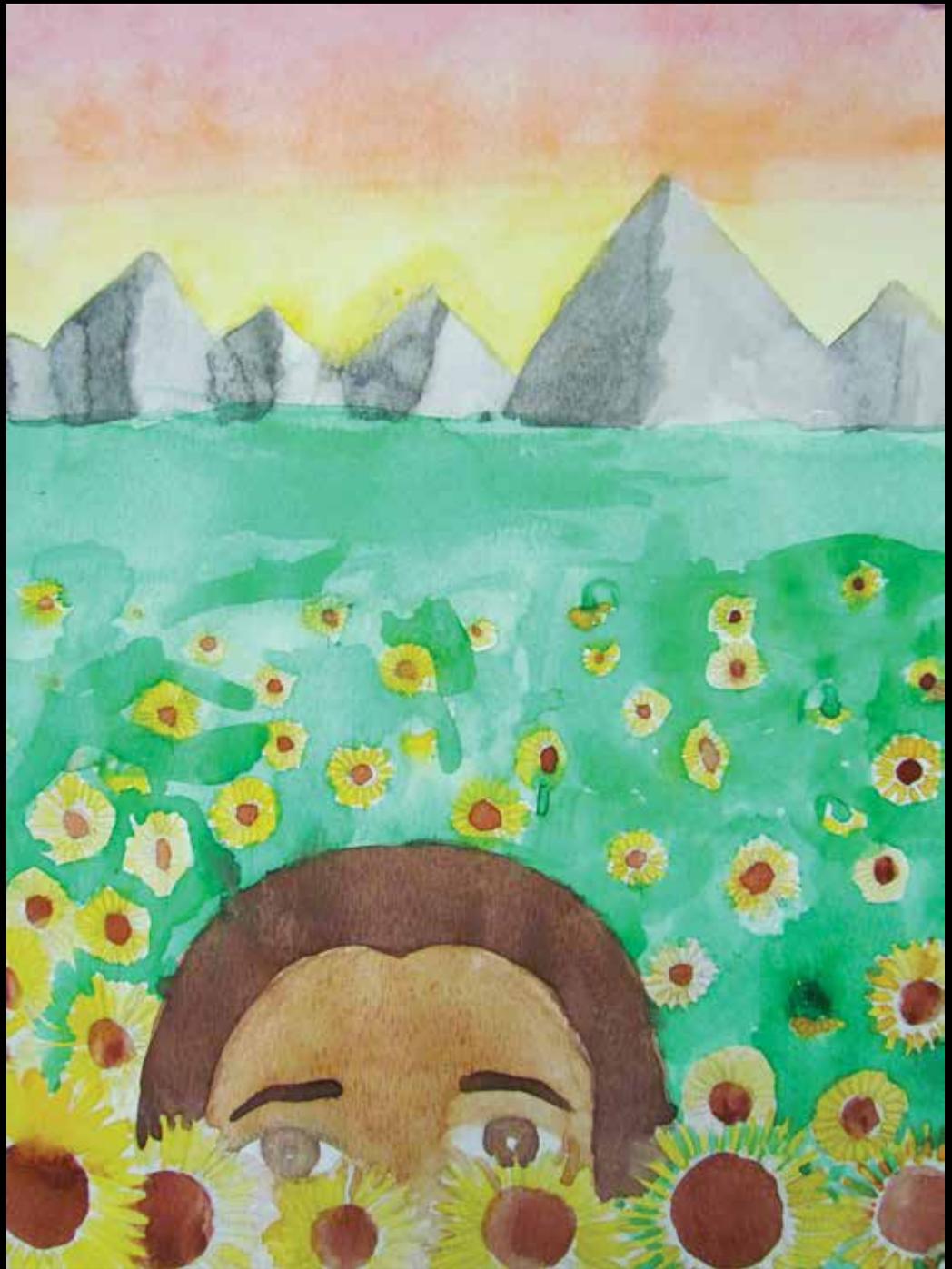
Kadena MS, Grade 6

Caidy Nelson

Ryukyu MS, Grade 6

Watercolor

Lovely Things





Jennifer Spellman
Lester MS, Grade 6
Colored Pencil
Cloud City

Chloe Cunningham
Yokota MS, Grade 7
Digital Art
Rainbow Tiger

Ashley Kim

Osan M/HS, Grade 7

Digital Photography

Untitled



Jack Temko

Zama M/HS, Grade 8

Digital Photography

Bonfire





Olivia Gafa
Osan M/HS, Grade 8
Photography
Untitled



Allison Anderton

Kadena MS, Grade 7

Acrylic

Utah's Best



Amberley Turner

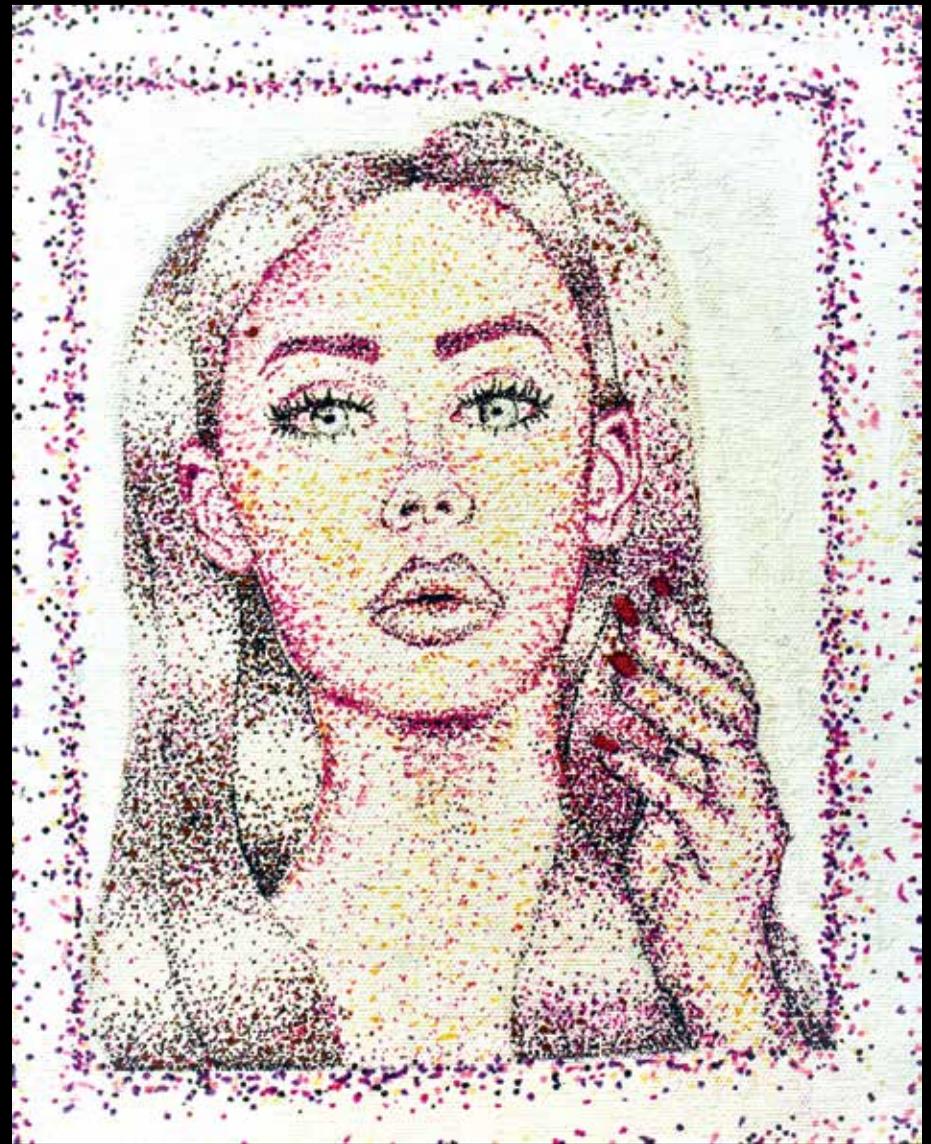
Kadena MS, Grade 7

Pastel

A Colorful Getaway



Amber Carlson
Humphreys MS, Grade 7
Mixed Media
My Cardboard Self



Leeba Curlin
Humphreys MS, Grade 8
Marker
Incapsulated



Claire Dehner

Humphreys MS, Grade 8

Marker

Reptilian Recursion



Under the moonlight
cuddling
with my dog

Gabriel Johnston
Sollars ES, Grade 6

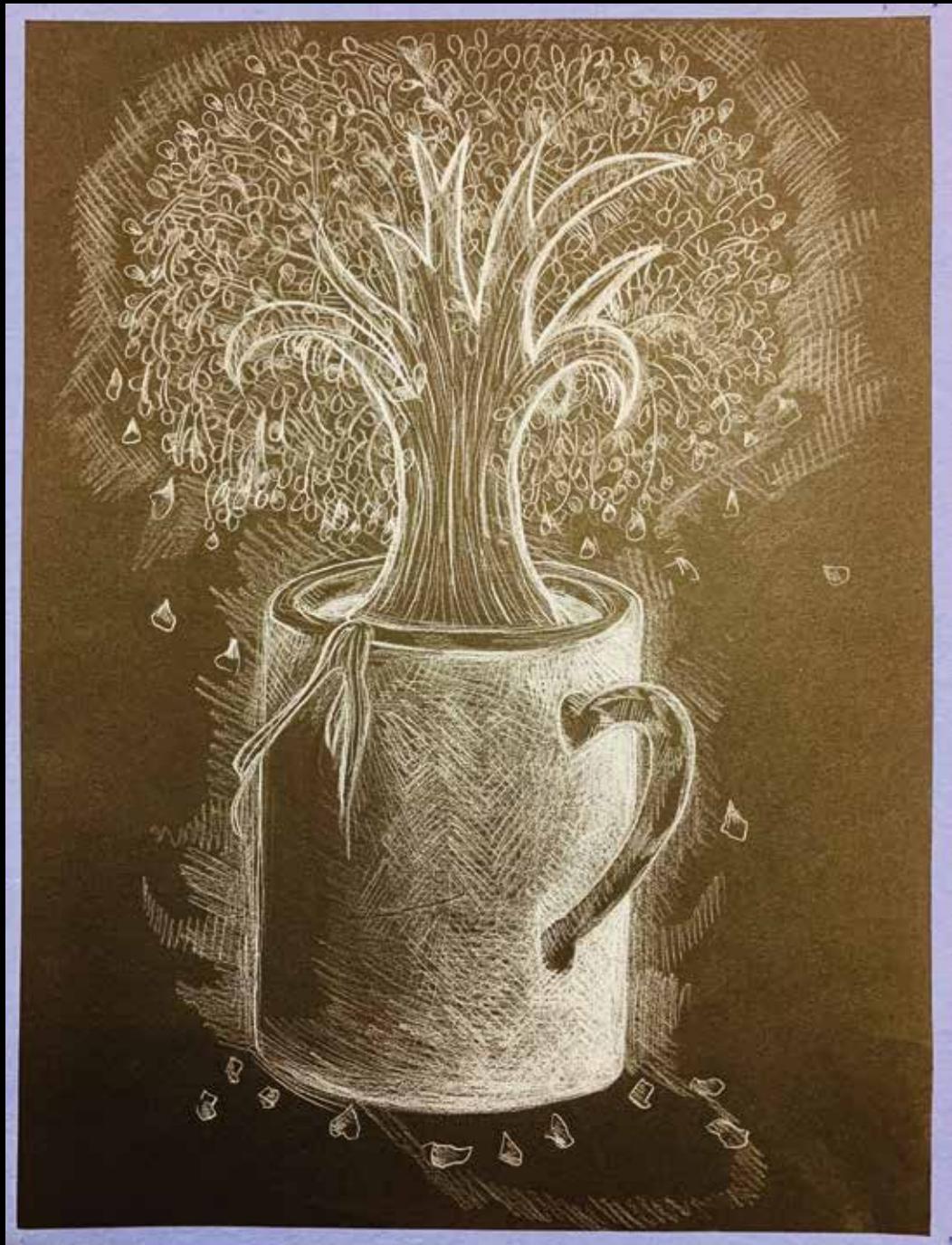
Coryn Cohen
Humphreys MS, Grade 8
Acrylic
Sunflower



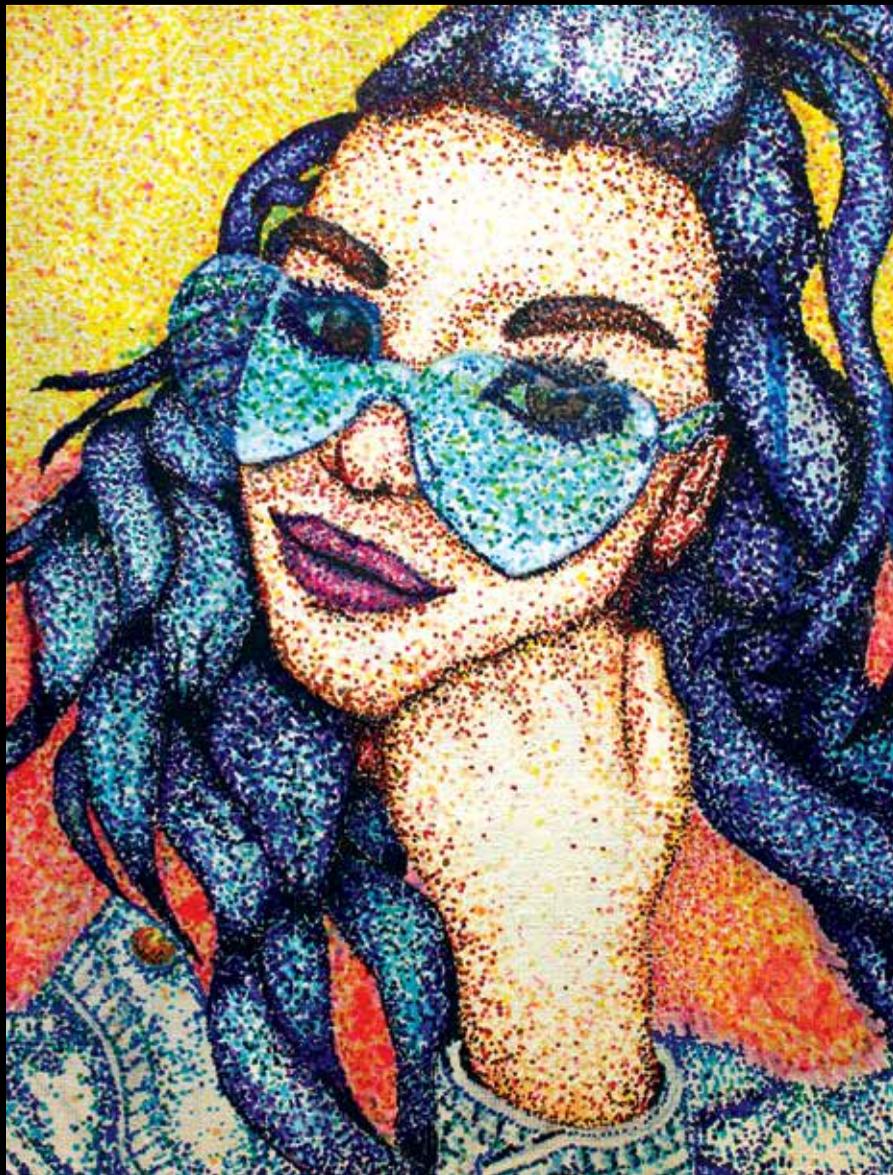
Gabrielle Lanz
E.J. King HS, Grade 7
Digital Photography
Where Is My Reflection?



April Conner
Humphreys MS, Grade 7
Colored Pencil
Untitled



Ricardo Leonguerrero
Andersen MS, Grade 8
Tempera
Untitled



Claire Dehner
Humphreys MS, Grade 8
Mixed Media
Colors Of Dream

Feelings

Hope, it twinkles within me like excitement from seeing a shooting star; it breezes within me like the oceans winds at sunset without a care in the world, staring with these bright twinkling eyes.

Happiness, it flows through me as a squiggly line. It feels as if I'm painting on a white canvas, no not a little one, going all out on a canvas the size of my joy.

Rose Knowles
Sollars ES, Grade 6

Trisha Pualani U Nuque
Andersen MS, Grade 8
Pastel
Untitled





Jacob Swantkowski
Humphreys MS, Grade 8
Soap carving and acrylic paint
A Double-Edged Soap

Part of Me

I am from a place where crime rates are high,
With all the murders and drugs making the place seem scary.
With hearing horror stories about alligators and sharks
Surrounding the place ready to attack anyone who
comes near them.

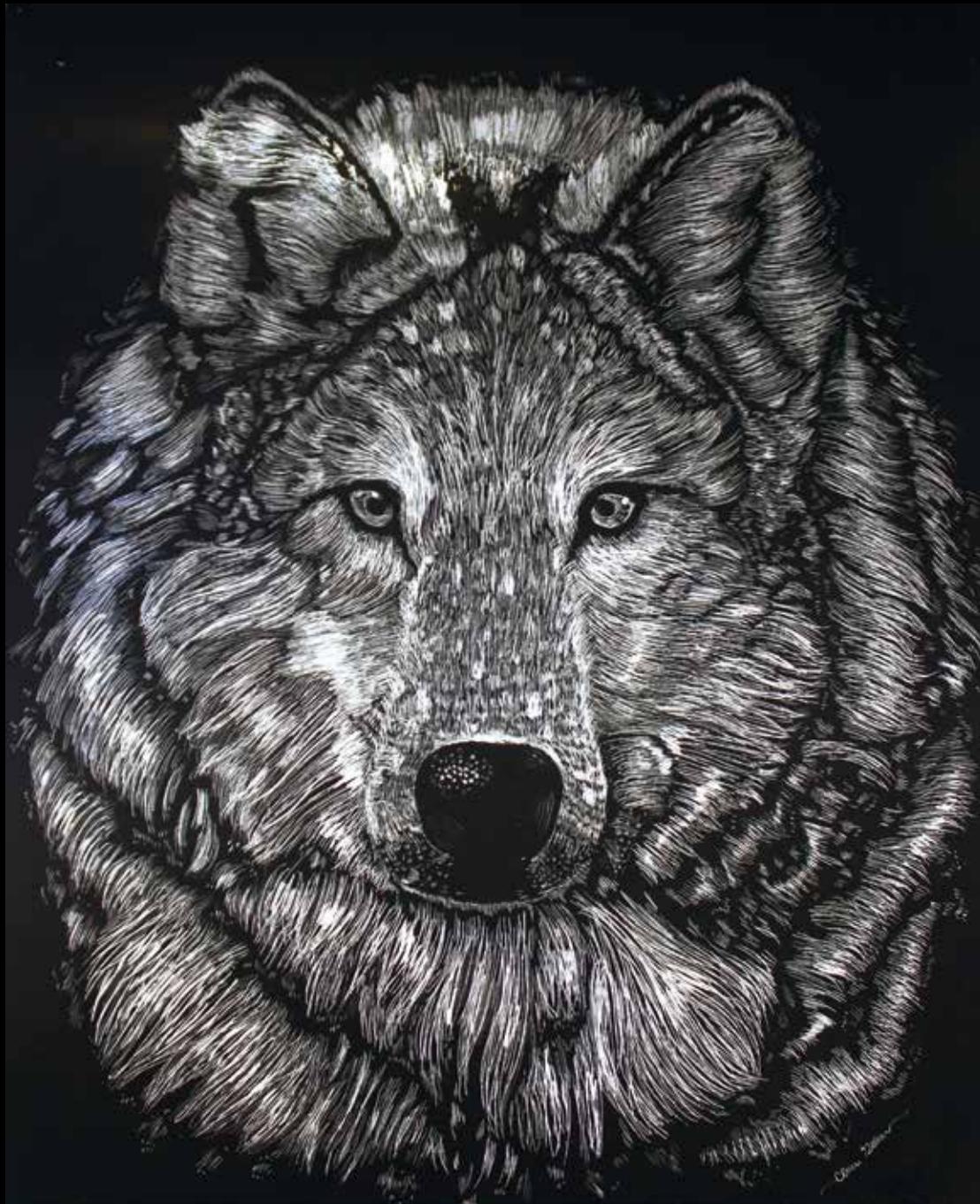
I am from a place where seeing houses destroyed
From hurricanes coming greet us and wiping things out.
I am from a place where seeing the sand on the beach is like
seeing reflections of shining diamonds.
And having one season all year around.
The warm weather making me want to pass out. I come from my family saying
“If someone hits you first, you hit them back,” to a
household with people who aren’t afraid to speak before they think.

I come from walking around the state university’s
campus thinking about what future I have at the school
and seeing people in the crowds roaring every time a football
player making a touchdown.

I am from a neighborhood full of houses with
smiling families in each and every one.
Food down the street you can smell the soul foods
Waiting for me at the cookout.

I am from a family that is grateful for everything rather if
they like it or not and singing gospel all day long
Looking at fireflies in the backyard woods.
I am from these memories in Tallahassee, Florida that make part of who I am today.

Kana Jordan
Lester MS, Grade 8



Claire Dehner
Humphreys MS, Grade 8
Scratch Art
Guardian



Yi Yi Rang

Humphreys MS, Grade 6

Mixed Media

Garden Of Memories

Ciao Bambini

I'm from a place where everyone lives in
tall concrete, colorless towers

With laundry hanging off the porch railings.

Where people speak a different and beautiful language.

Where treats and candies taste better than anywhere else

Where the smell of fish and pizza are everywhere

I'm from a place where random people come up to you

And say "ciao bella bambine"

And pinched your checks till it hurts

Where everyone was joyful and simple but impatient and lazy

Where people would tell us that they did not

know English just because

They did not want to talk to us

I'm from a place where there are a lot of

people pleading for money

Where they would sell whatever they could find

Just to earn money

Where we once had no change to give, so we gave someone

A pair of shoes we found in the car.

I'm from a place where people celebrate Christmas differently

They called it "Babbo Natale" or "la ba fana"

Where people wore decorated masks during every holiday

I'm from a place where everything is ancient

Where coliseums are everywhere and people

still used Roman numerals

Where people didn't cook pizza in ovens

But more like holes in the wall

I'm from a place where I learned the

amazing skill of rollerblading

Were I made a vow with my friends that I would go to the skate

park every day, it did not matter whether it was hot enough that

it could make you sweat and want to pour a bottle of water over

your head or so cold to where you would

need to bring an extra jacket.

I'm from waiting at the end school for my friends and brother so

long that we would be one of the last people at school.

Where me and my sister would come home looking like we just

took a shower from staying out and playing with rain

I am from staying up late, laughing with my friends

All the way to my parents setting up a seven o'clock bedtime

I am from the moments of Naples, Italy which I will cherish

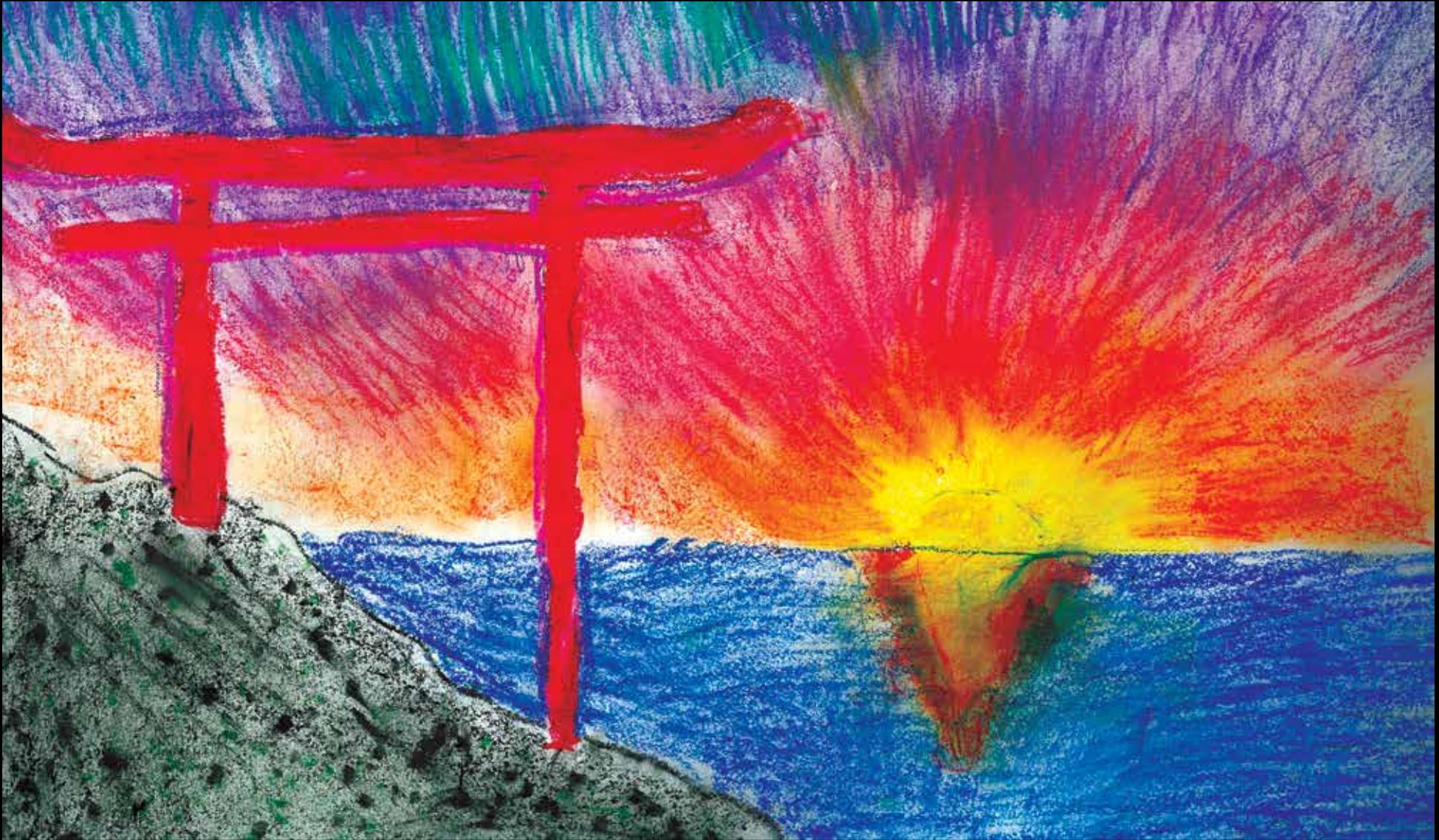
And keep the pictures of the beautiful sites I saw

and the amazing pictures

I share with my friends and family.

Tyler Steele

Lester MS, Grade 8



Wesley Bowers

Kadena MS, Grade 7

Oil Pastel

Sunset In Japan

A leaf no longer green
softly falls
kissing the earth

Jared Hightower
Sollars ES, Grade 6



Alexis Sheppard
Darby ES, Grade 6
Colored Pencil
Sea Turtle

An Island Full Of Memories

I am from meeting diverse people
to seeing legendary shrines and
ruins that represent a lifestyle.

I come from the smell of delicious food
being cooked in the kitchen
to going out to try foods unknown to me before.

I am from practicing how
to ride a bike on the sidewalk
to taking a stroll along the soft sands of Araha Beach.

I come from tiring soccer practices every
Tuesday and Thursday
to playing in championship games to determine the champions.

I am from the amazing smell of curry
being made in the kitchen of restaurants
to empty plates that were once filled and full stomachs.

I come from a caring family always pushing me to do better
to a ton of academic achievements under my name.

I am from the fun video games
I used to play with my older brother
to an interesting career choice I wish to follow in the future.

I come from tall, green trees,
delicious hot cocoa, and tons of presents on Christmas
to large delicious meals at the table waiting to be eaten on Thanksgiving.

I am from my friends who
really care for me
to fun birthday parties celebrated with them.
I come from those amazing memories in the
beautiful land of Okinawa, Japan.

Noah Gonzalez
Lester MS, Grade 8



Kailey Giles
Arnn ES, Grade 6
Colored Pencil
Selfie

I am from my collection of Harry Potter memorabilia
From the hill in the country where the wind blew in my face.

I am from the Catholic family with seven kids.
And from “Never in my life have I seen such behavior”

I am from the tree in the backyard, whose height taught me
the consequences of one misplaced step.

I am from those times during judo practice, when I take
down an opponent with nothing but skill and effort
And from Ed Sheeren’s “Shape of You”

I am from my parents, and from my little
brother who died before his life really began

And from my mom’s Schmalz dumplings
and my dad’s lasagna

I am from those moments when I am all alone with my
thoughts, and everything is quiet.

Elizabeth Foster
Ryukyu MS, Grade 8



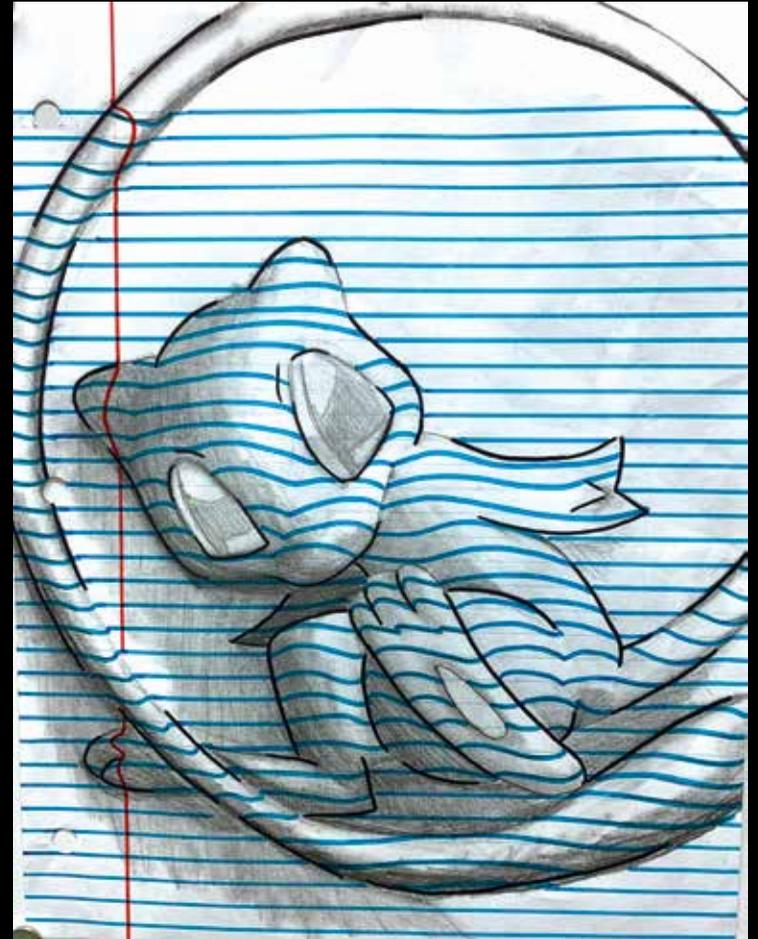
Gabrielle Slover
Humphreys MS, Grade 8
Korean Paper Clay, Foam, Acrylic Paint
Untitled



Kaeden Straun
Andersen MS, Grade 8
Pencil
Untitled



Gavin Nielson
Iwakuni MS, Grade 6
Marker
Untitled



Claire Dehner
Humphreys MS, Grade 8
Pencil
Outcast

I am from the couch watching WWE with my grandpa
From the jungle forts and the land surrounded
by reefs and waves

I am from barbecue in the backyard
And from, “Did you listen to a thing I said”?

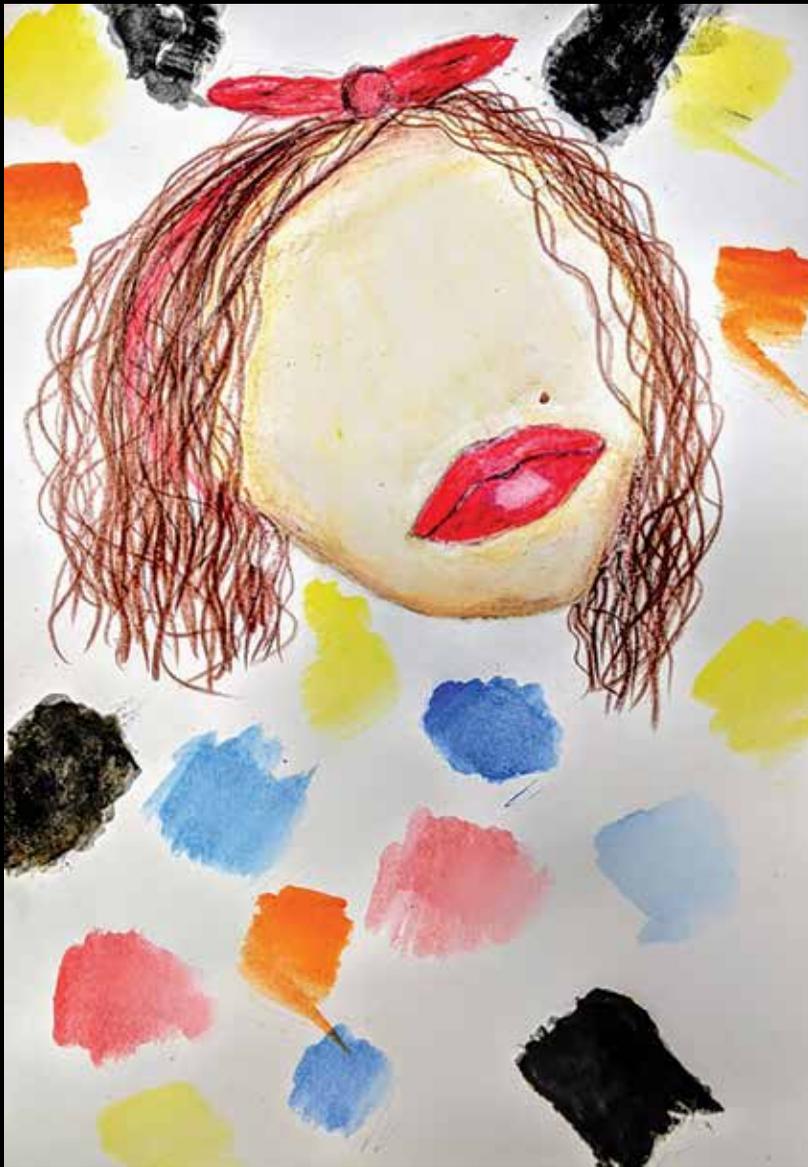
I am from the mango tree in my grandma’s front yard
Climbing just to get the prize in its
canopy until there’s no more
I am from sunflower seeds and the smell
of dirt and sweaty gloves
I am from island reggae during a ride to the water

I am from Jonathan and Josepha
From the Tony Romo ribs and latiya
I am from those moments when I’m laying down face
up in the water feeling the waves of my ancestors wash
over my soul

Jake Mariano
Ryukyu MS, Grade 8



Aurora Frantz
Kadena MS, Grade 7
Acrylic
Untitled



Emerson Kurkierewicz

Iwakuni MS, Grade 6

Watercolor

Colors

The moon
keeps half her face
in the dark

Cayden Macias
Sollars ES, Grade 6



Emily Maury

Iwakuni MS, Grade 7

Colored Pencil

The Face of Water

Dear Music,

From the moment I sang with the karaoke machine
In my aunt's basement
And imagining singing in front of millions of people.
I fell in love.

You can be loud like the thunder
And soft like a cloud.
You give me life
You bring me to another world
You make me feel like I can do anything.

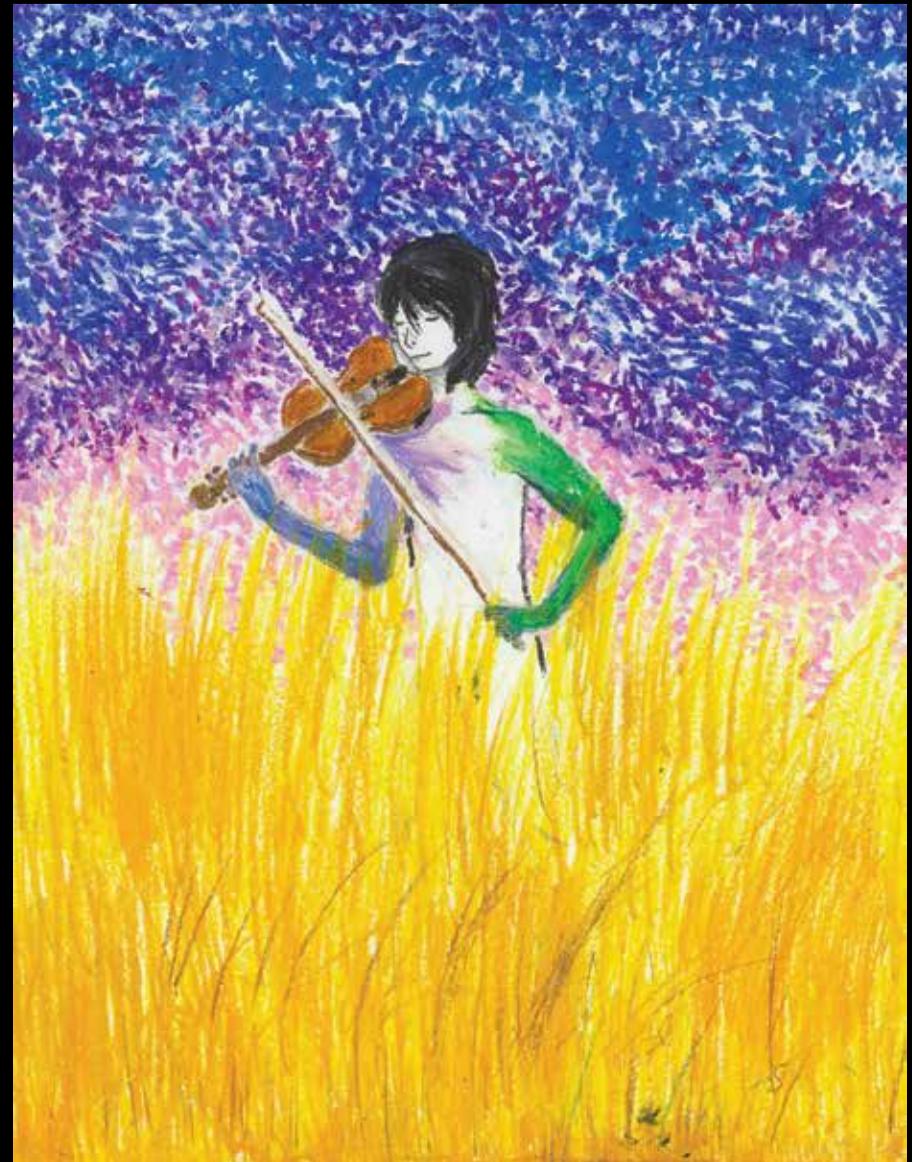
You make people feel full of sorrow
Or you make people feel full of joy
The sound of pianos and guitars
Bring me back to when I was playing with little toys.

You make me feel fearless
You make me want to stand up and dance
Your beautiful and amazing sound
Makes me take a chance.

The sleepless nights I have,
You, like an ocean, carries me away
I'll always be the little girl
singing with a karaoke machine.

Yours truly,
Anri

Anri Ocampo
Ryukyu MS, Grade 8



Aurora Frantz
Kadena MS, Grade 7
Oil Pastel
Untitled



Ava Phanthavong

Darby ES, Grade 6

Watercolor

Sun Flowers



Jenel Ybanez
Humphreys MS, Grade 6
Mixed Media
Still Life



ZyMyrial Lee
Daegu M/HS, Grade 11
Digital Photography
A Day Back in Time

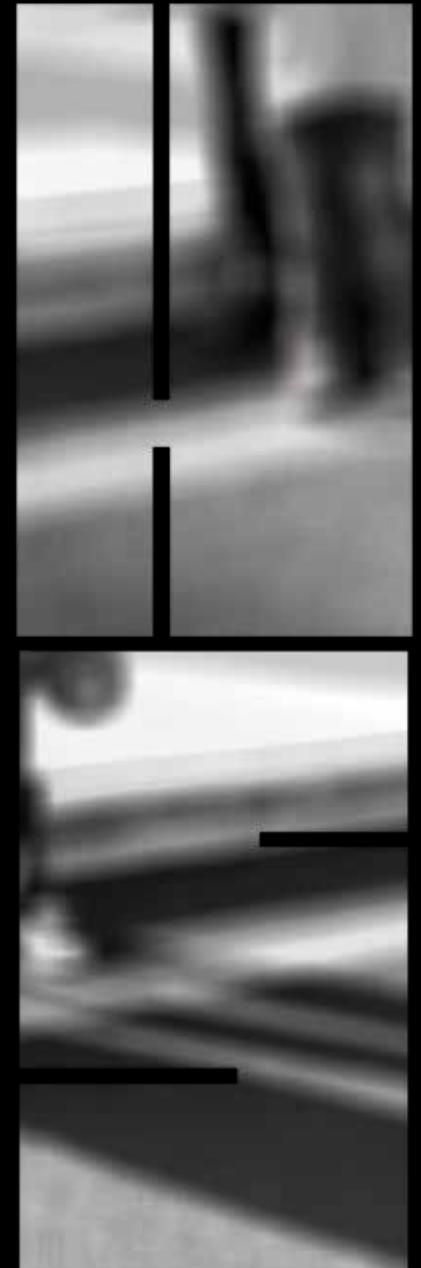
Reality

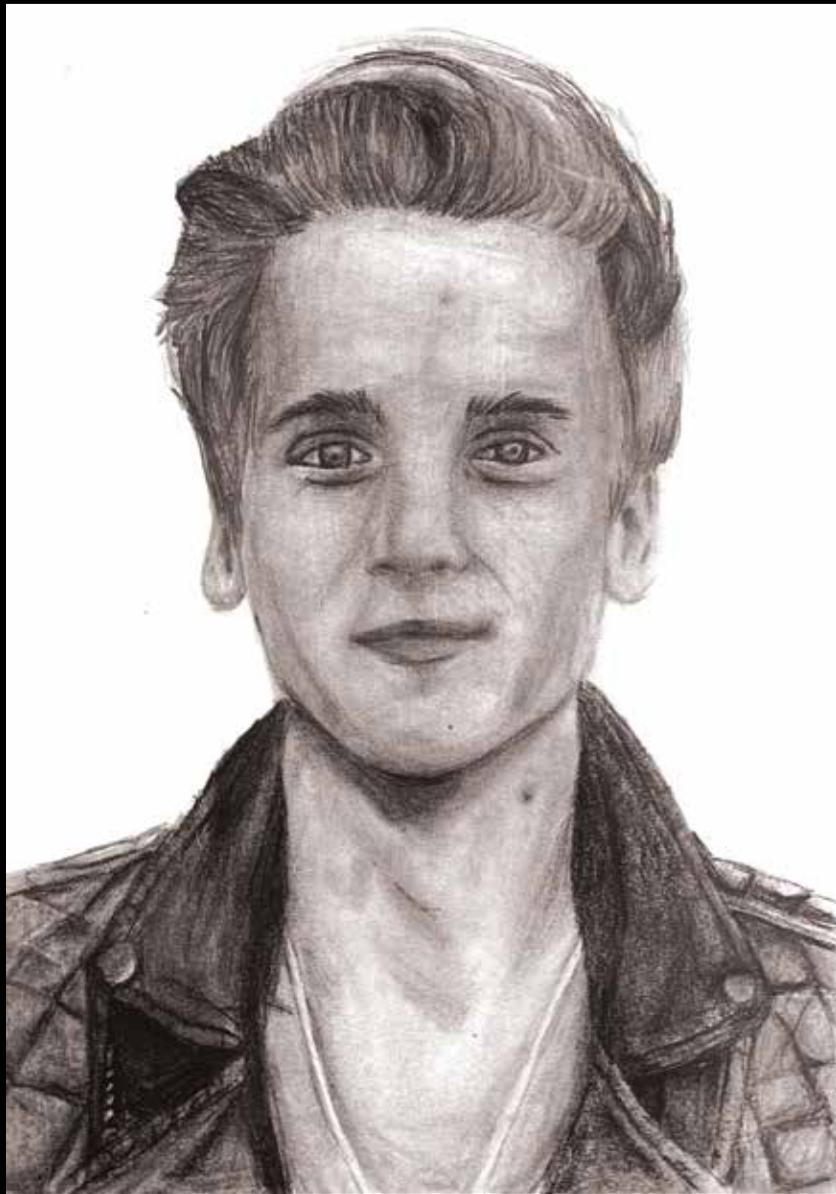
Many of us hide behind a wall. A wall so perfectly built, so smooth, it is impossible to climb. A wall built by our very own hands. The world of dreams is a wonderful place to visit, but not easy to leave. Many travel to the back of their minds to escape the crushing reality that surrounds them. They live in a world of dreams and overbearing lies. We cannot blame them, it is not their fault they travel to the back of their minds, look around them and you can see where their internal doubts stem from. The beliefs, the truths, the unwanted nor needed comments, the judgement of expressing oneself.

You can't blame them, they only hide from the hateful people of this world. The same people who put their beliefs, above someone's life. How could someone be so cruel? What must we do to achieve respect? We constantly ask ourselves this, in the hopes someone will hear. Many give up and pass on, but many stay and hope for a better ending. All we can do is push, push against a sea of people who are blinded by opinion, and need the cure of fact. For now, many hide behind a wall, in a delightful place, in the back of the mind, to avoid the nightmares of reality.

Tatum Bordelon

Guam HS, Grade 9





Iveena Lauzon
Humphreys HS, Grade 11
Pencil
Meet Joe



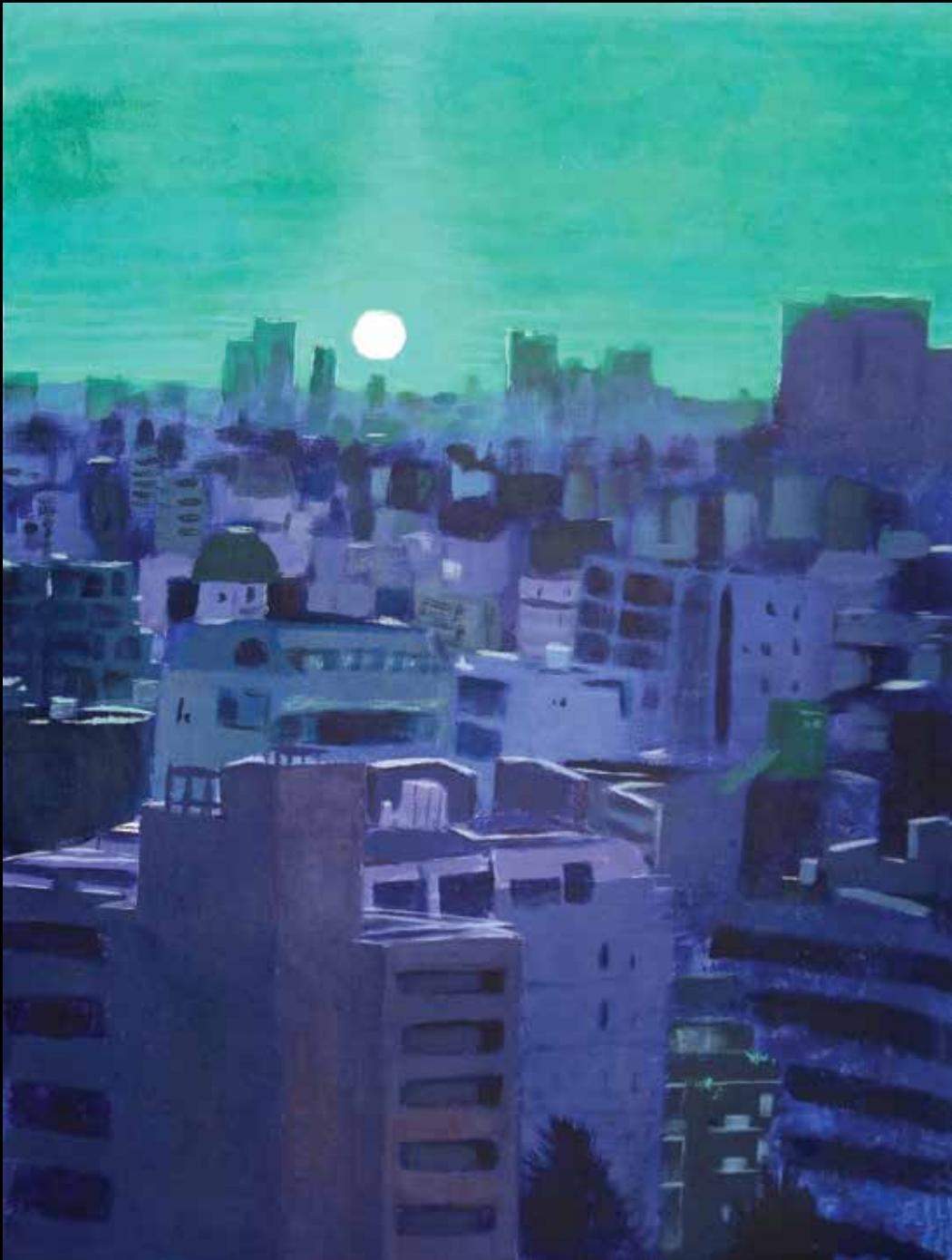
Iveena Lauzon
Humphreys HS, Grade 11
Digital Art
Dylan



Caire Bogen
Kinnick HS, Grade 9
Graphite
Untitled



Mijun Heard
E.J. King HS, Grade 10
Graphite
Gabriella



Christina Park

Kadena HS, Grade 12

Acrylic

Untitled

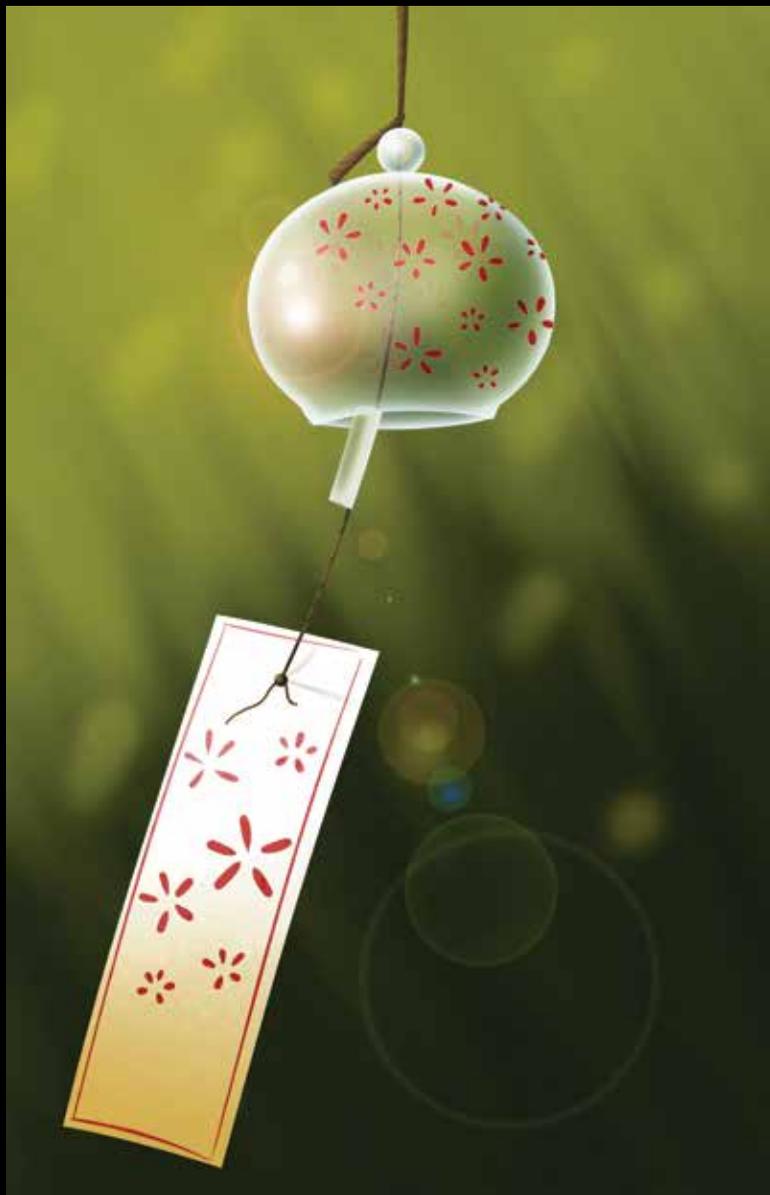
Emily Nicholson

Guam HS, Grade 12

Digital Photography

Cityscape





Grace-Lynn Melton

Kadena HS, Grade 11

Digital Art

Untitled



Marcus McCleese

Yokota HS, Grade 12

Watercolor and Marker

Untitled



Julia Heck
Kadena HS, Grade 12
Acrylic
Untitled

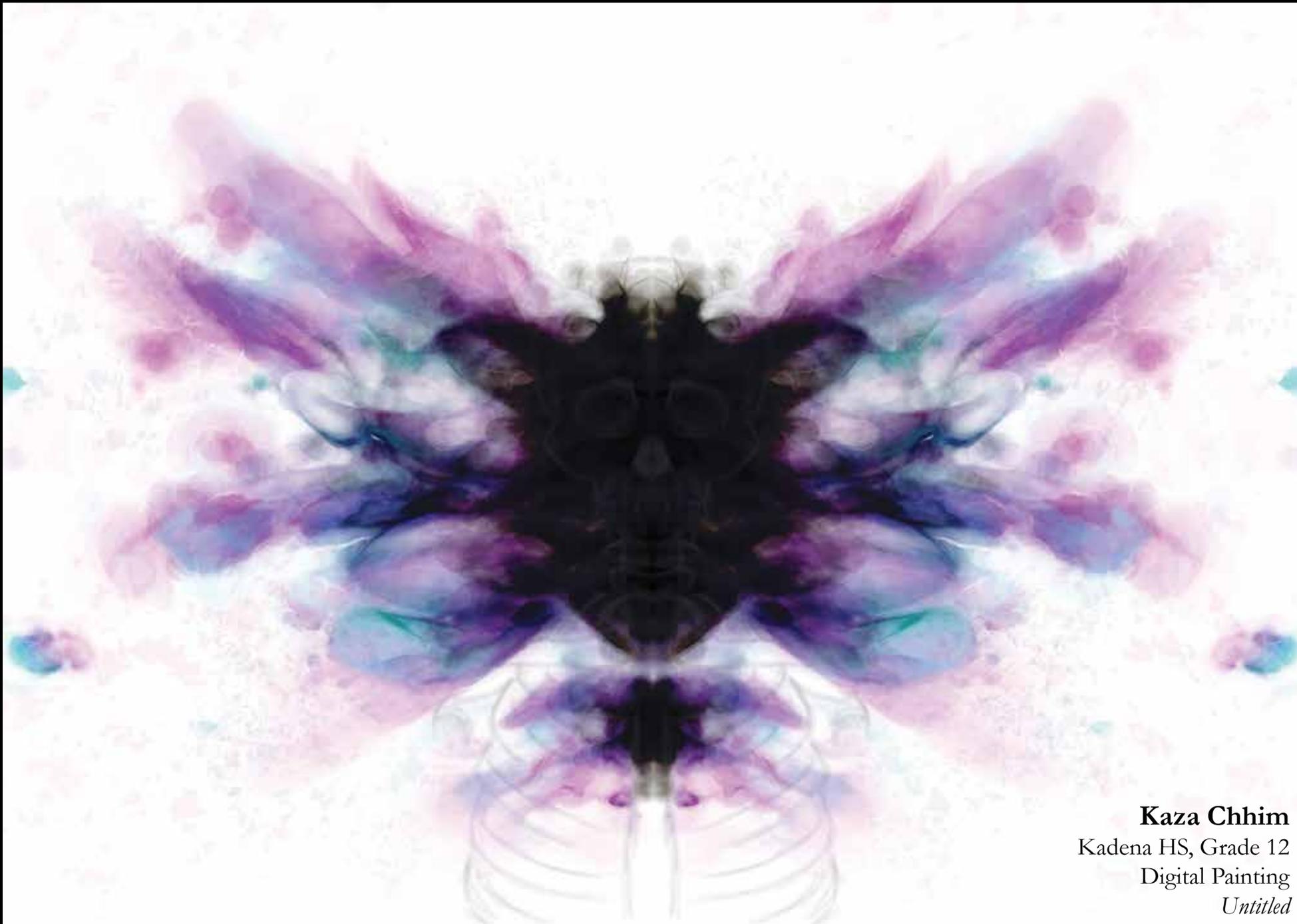


Shevaughn Cannefax

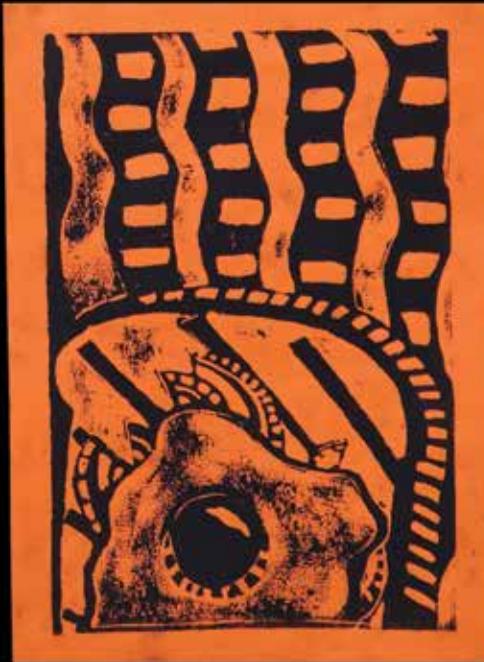
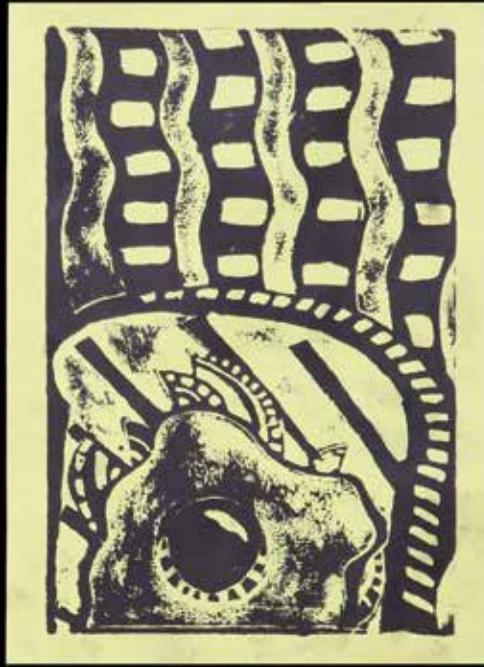
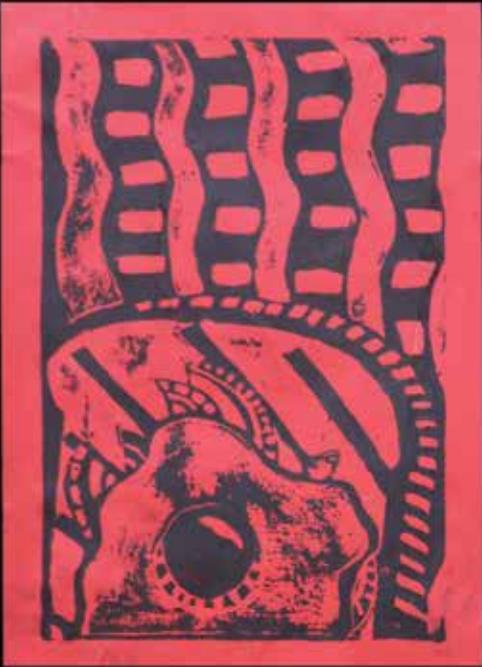
Kadena HS, Grade 11

Acrylic

Untitled



Kaza Chhim
Kadena HS, Grade 12
Digital Painting
Untitled



Hitting the Pavement

Being a runner isn't just about running.
It is not about the sport or the event.
It's about making it a way of life.
Being a runner means you run no matter what.
In wind, rain, or snow,
You're on the track pushing yourself.

Most people complain about running.
They say it's boring.

But they have never been on a run.

They run because they have to.

They run to look better or get fit.

What they don't know is what happens when you forget
that you're running,

When the pain disappears and you are free to think.

They don't know what it feels like
To run with a passion.

Mia Innarelli

M.C. Perry HS, Grade 9

Printmaking

Avocado Toast

When you lose track of where you are,
When you forget that you are running,
When you no longer care about the
sweat running into your eyes,
When you don't care about the rain or
uneven ground.

When you become a runner,
Running is no longer a sport.
It's a way of life.
It's a passion.
It's the reason we keep going back to
the track.
The reason we don't stop.
It's who we are.

Trayton Crandell

Guam HS, Grade 9

Nai'A Current
Kubasaki HS, Grade 11
Mixed Media
Patterned Perspective





Gabrielle Malaca

M.C. Perry HS, Grade 12

Acrylic

The Girl In The Kimono

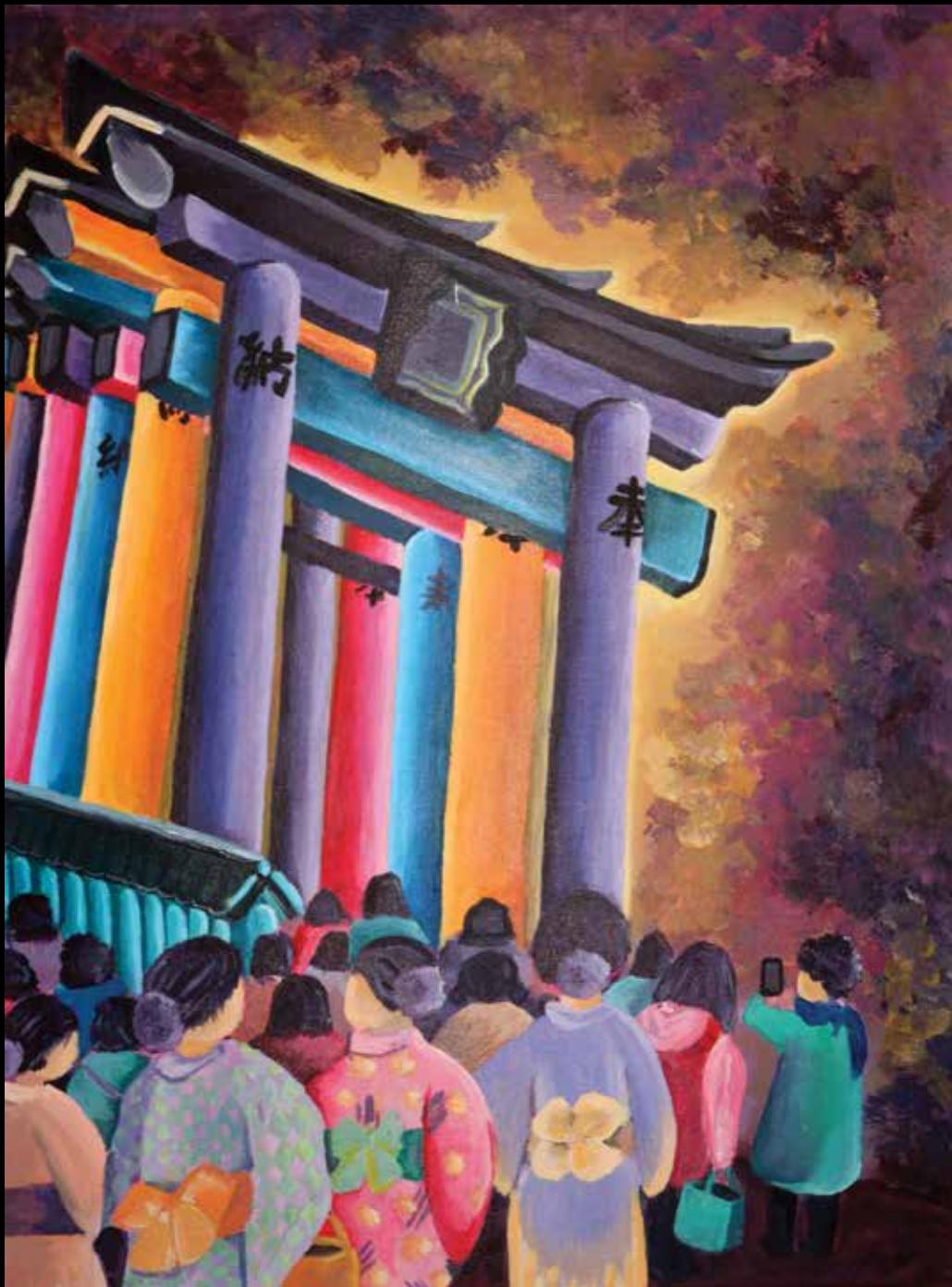


Ryan Harris

Kadena HS, Grade 12

Digital Photography

Untitled



Nadia Samelak
Kadena HS, Grade 11
Acrylic
Untitled

Jeanne Carroll
Kadena HS, Grade 11
Digital Painting
Untitled





Lillian Sanchez

Daegu M/HS, Grade 11

Printmaking

Bloodied Hands



Audriana Waack
Edgren HS, Grade 12
Pencil
Picked



Raven Llarina

Kadena HS, Grade 11

Acrylic

Untitled



Maggie Larson

Edgren HS, Grade 12

Colored Pencil

To Be Held



Khyla Jones

Guam HS, Grade 11

Digital Photography

Refraction



Amelia Long
Kubasaki HS, Grade 12
Digital Photography
Fading Green



Hannah Davis
Guam HS, Grade 11
Digital Photography
Ballerina



Kirari Smith

Zama M/HS, Grade 12

Altered Digital Photography

Untitled



Elizabeth Tucker
E.J. King HS, Grade 10
Digital Photography
Sucked In



Kealani Weier

Kadena HS, Grade 12

Acrylic

Untitled



Aryana Casillas
Humphreys HS, Grade 10
Papier-mâché
Cultural Mask

Disconnect

My friends say I'm beautiful
But I really just don't see it

My peers say I'm very intelligent
But I just like to pay attention

My competitors say I'm vicious
But I just love to win

The elders say I'm lady-like
But I just know the right time to be

My colleagues say I'm very political
But I just like to say my opinion on what's going on in the world

My family says I'm always serious
But I just like to think of my regrets

My heart says I'm strong
But I'm always crying

The politicians say I'm a dark horse
But I just want to be strong and right

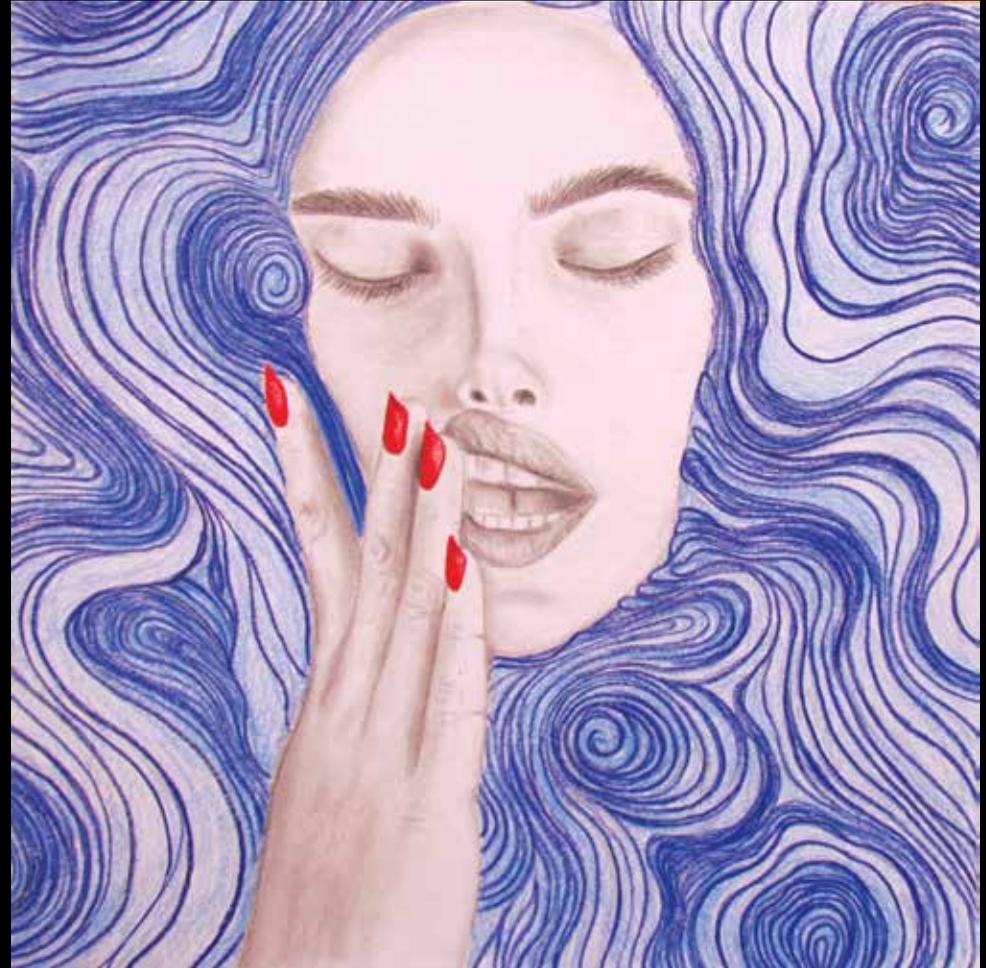
My teachers say I'll be somebody one day
But I sometimes doubt my ability

The world says I'm shy and quiet
But I always listen before I strike

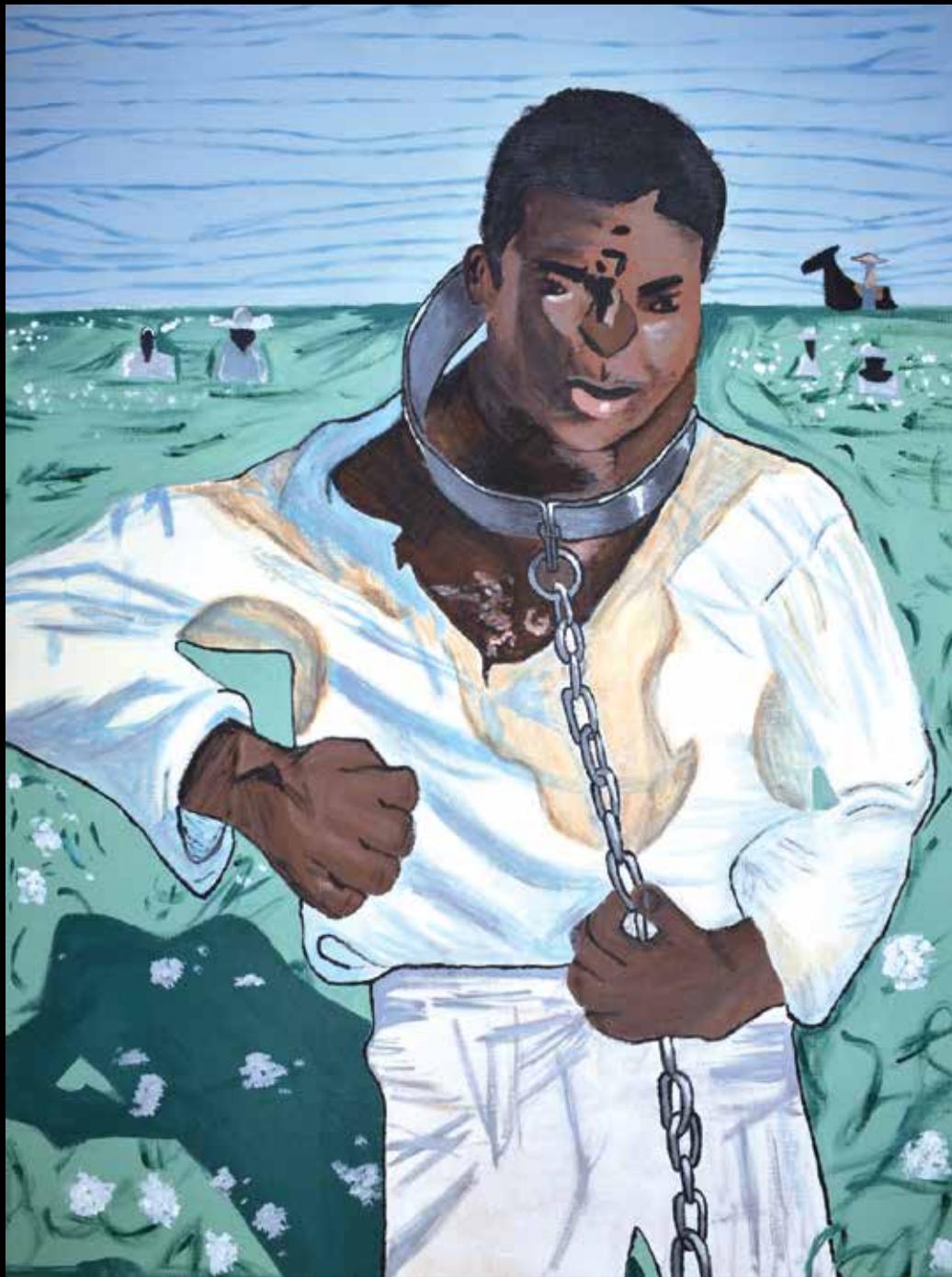
Orrin Jones
Yokota HS, Grade 9



Asia Waldhof
Yokota HS, Grade 10
Digital Art
Self-Portrait



Meia Mitchell
Kubasaki HS, Grade 12
Colored Pencil
Resonance



Kamala Kenny
Daegu M/HS, Grade 12
Tempera
Defiance Slavery

The Raven

My jacket weighs me down and I can see my breath. My face is cold, and I long for the moment I can return to my warm bed and sleep. The sun is at my back, so I follow my shadow forwards. It's terribly cold outside and my fingers become numb as I approach my house. Yet I do not hurry to go inside. I am eager to meet the Raven that awaits me at the door. I love the Raven, and the Raven loves me. I once stayed with the bluebirds that sang and flew happily, but they left after the summer. Now, I stay with the Raven. The Raven does not sing nor does he fly around happily. Instead, he just sits alone at my door waiting for me to accompany him. Sometimes I long for the company of the bluebirds.

Aktin Chapa

E.J. King HS, Grade 12

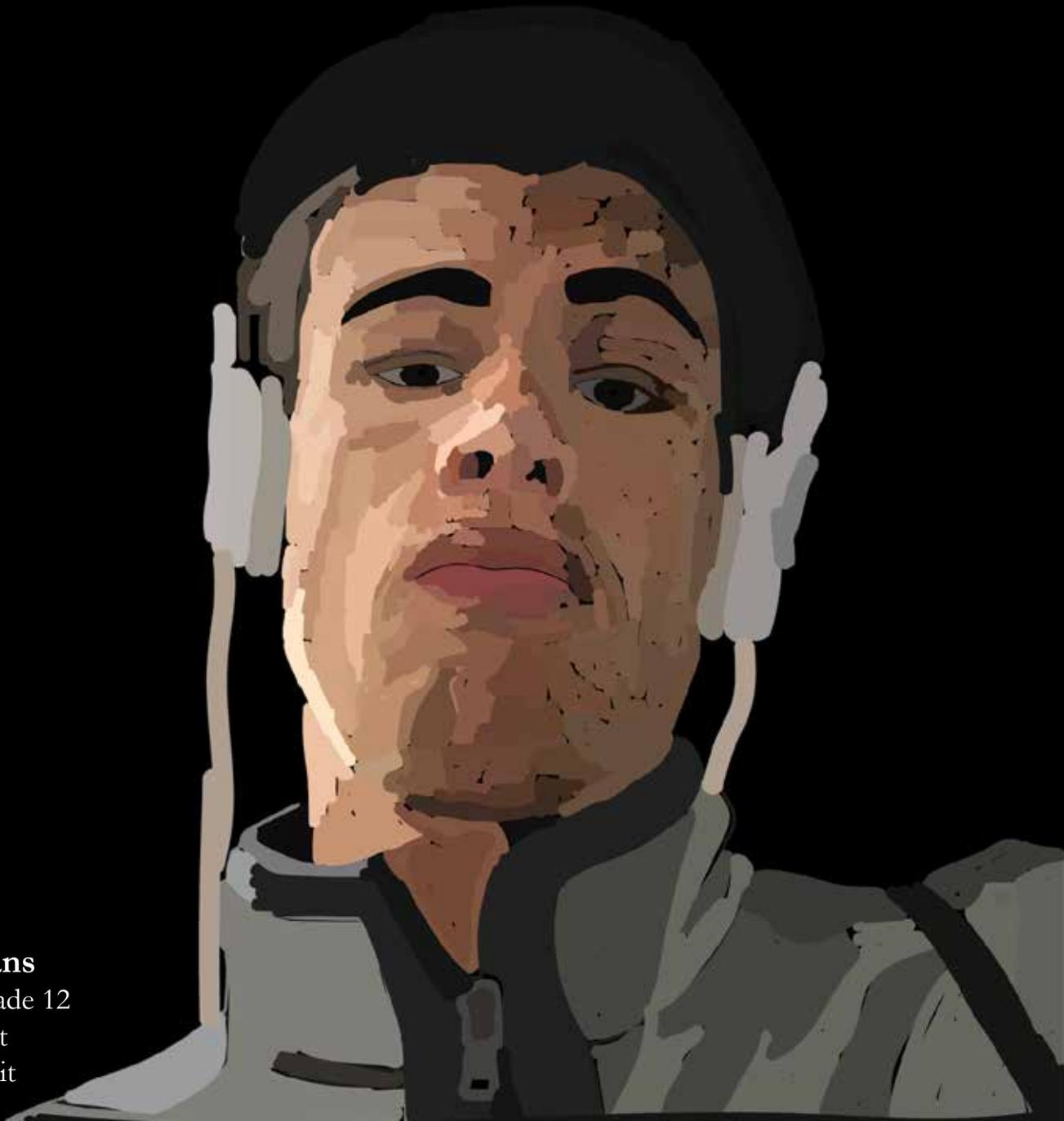
Celeste Padilla

Kubasaki HS, Grade 12

Acrylic

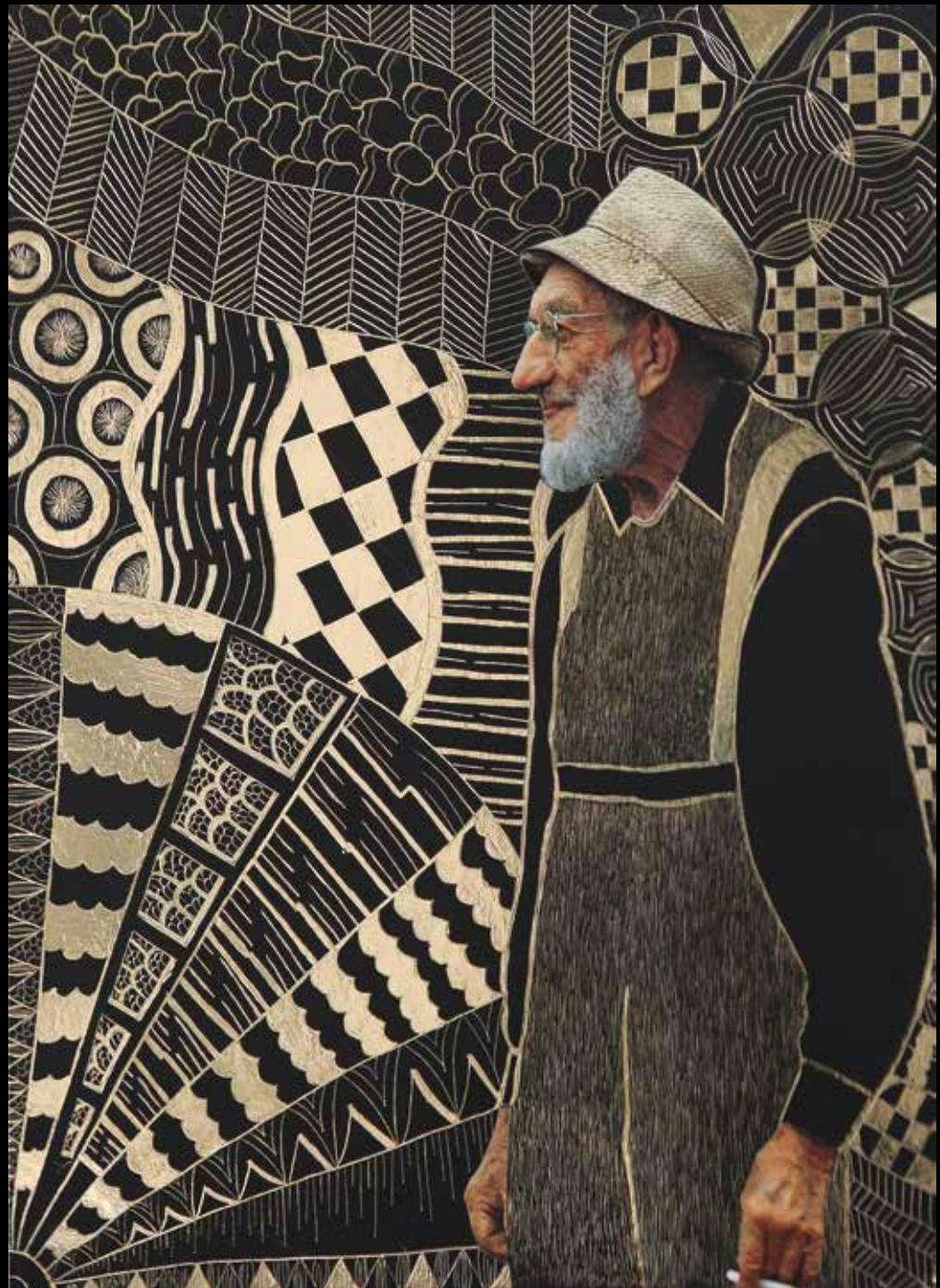
Lost To Myself





Mak Togans
Yokota HS, Grade 12
Digital Art
Self-Portrait

Alyssa Bourget
Zama M/HS, Grade 11
Mixed Media
Untitled





Molly Lang
Guam HS, Grade 9
Digital Photography
Light



Zane Landes
Kadena HS, Grade 12
Digital Photography
White Hole



The Back Room

In the back room
Is where you sleep
In the back room
Was where I wept
 In the back room
 Is where you survive
In the back room
Was where I apologized
 In the back room
 Is where you are fine
In the back room
Was when I hit my time
 In the back room
 Is where you read His book
In the back room
Was where I would look
 In the back room
 Is where you retreat

Halle-Mari Santiago

E.J. King HS, Grade 11

Graphite

Don't

In the back room
Was where I depleted
In the back room
Is where you stay
In the back room
Was what I would say
In the back room
Is where you love
In the back room
Was where I was hugged
In the back room
Is your bed
In the back room
Was where I touched your head
In that back room.

Sarah Anderson

E.J. King HS, Grade 10

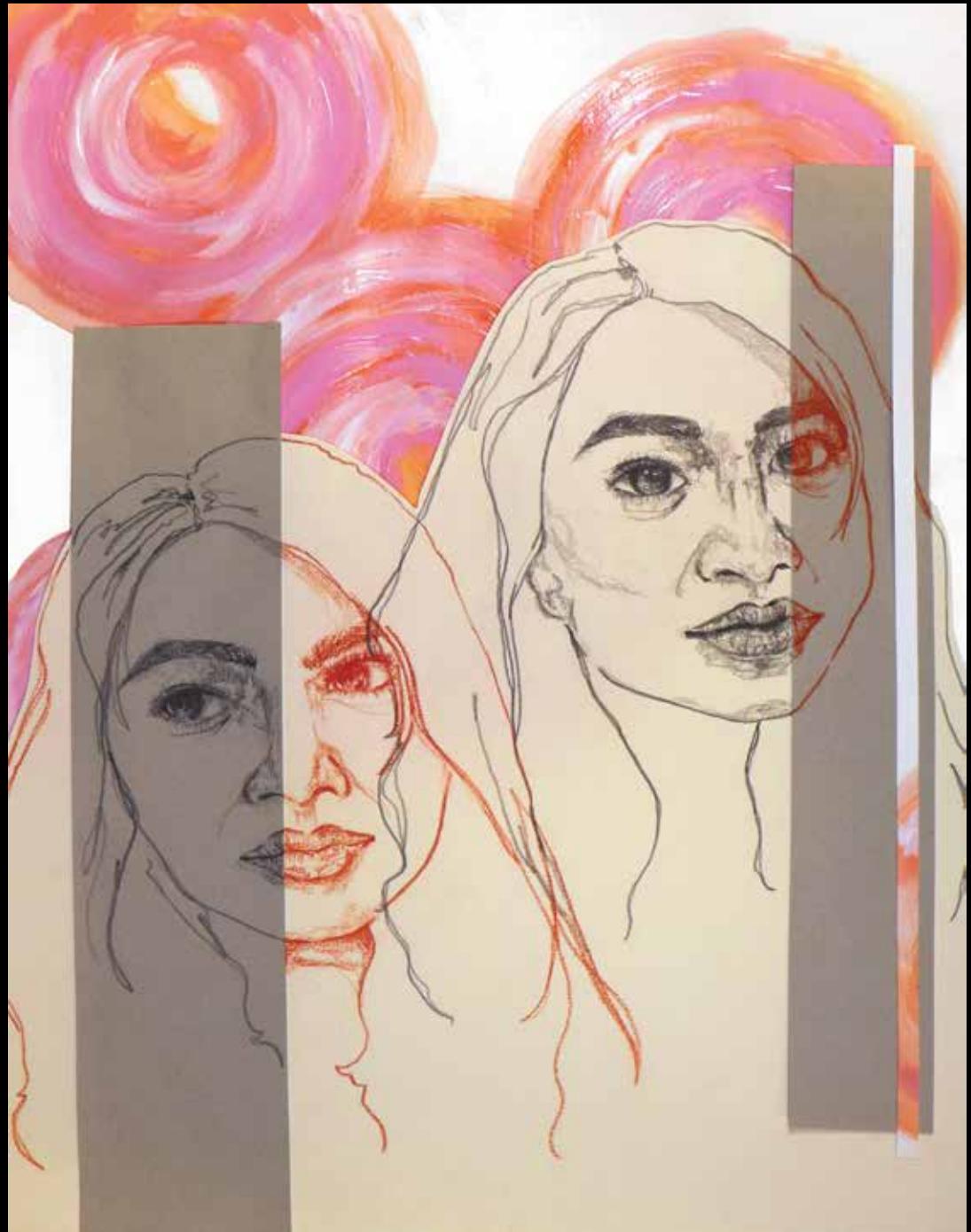
Ryan Arlan

Kadena HS, Grade 12

Acrylic, Pencil, Char-

coal

Jiana





Hana Moore

Kubasaki HS, Grade 12

Mixed Media

Kimono Skirt



Dheaven Reyes

Yokota HS, Grade 12

Acrylic and ink

Outlandish Voyage



Mehalah Esquerra
Kubasaki HS, Grade 12
Digital Art
Untitled



Adriana Serrano Cruz
Edgren HS, Grade 12
Marker
Mindless Attraction

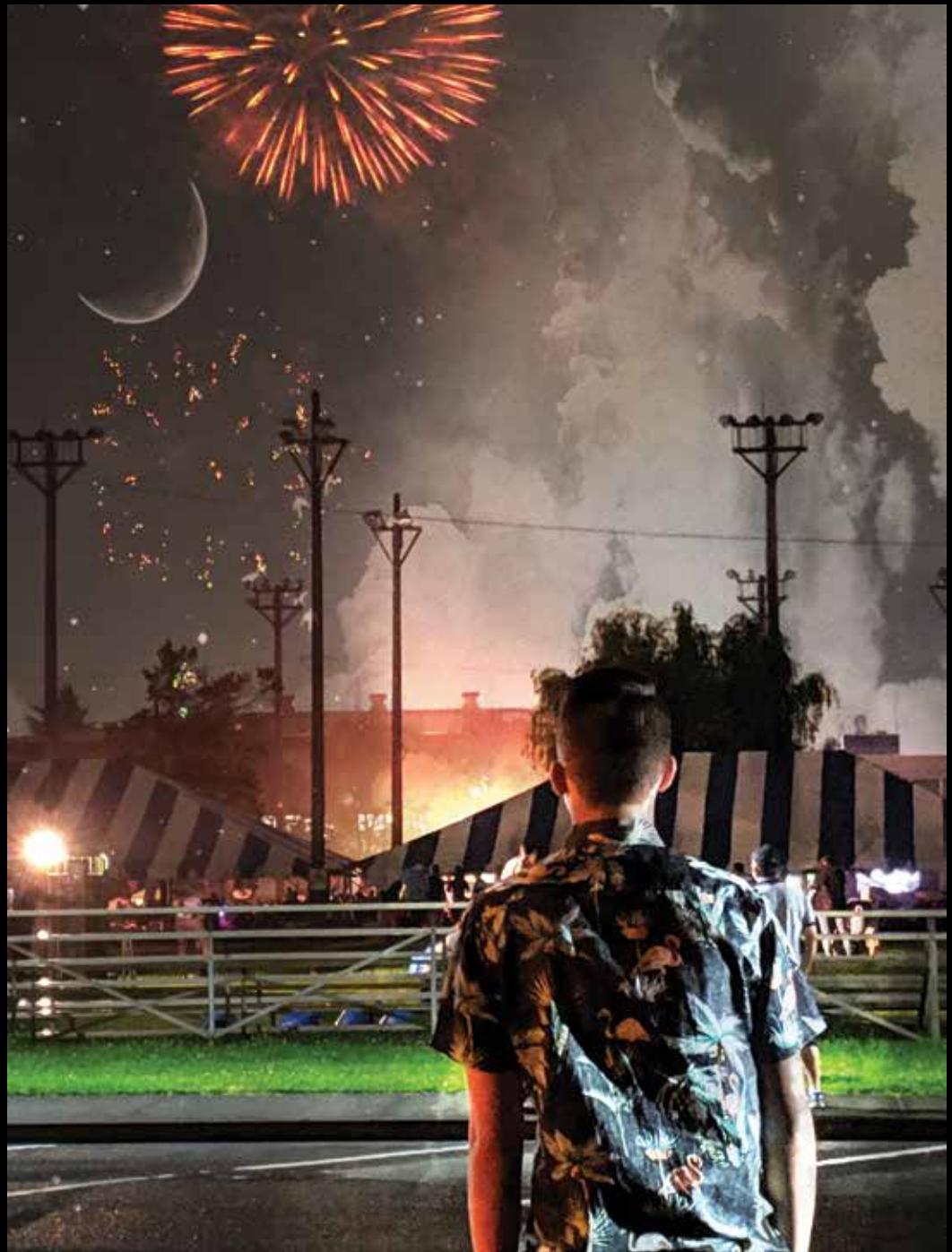


Jae Garland

E.J. King HS, Grade 11

Digital Photography

Where Am I?



Eve Suyama
Zama M/HS, Grade 12
Altered Digital Photography
Untitled



Junito Ferrer

M.C. Perry HS, Grade 11

Charcoal

Untitled



Maya Mendoza
Guam HS, Grade 10
Watercolor
Summers Dawn



Kimaya Morgan

Yokota HS, Grade 12

Mixed Media

Citizens Or Property?

Military Child Poem

When you look at a military child you might
think that we live in a dream.
But our lives aren't as easy as they may seem.
We are all part of the same team.

We are like dandelions, the wind blows us to
different corners of the earth.
Our dads might've not been there for our births.
But at the end of the day, the job gives a great, great worth.

We are raised apart from our relatives and
call different countries our homes.
Sometimes our hearts soak things in like it were foam.
But as I said before, we are in this together, not alone.

It's always hard to say goodbye.
When our parents leave we might wonder why.
When I watch the airplane go by, my soul wishes I could fly,
Now let me finish this poem before I cry.

Jeleil Clemons
Guam HS, Grade 9

Trinity Simms
Kadena HS, Grade 10
Digital Painting
Untitled





Aviation

The exhilaration of flight,
Soaring above the clouds.
A machine roaring,
Yet the feeling of soundlessness.

You see the birds,
And you are one among them,
Weightless and free,
As your soul restores in an instant.

Time seems to slow,
Up there in the blue.
And you're released from the world,
Safe above the Earth.

Entering a new reality,
Knowing you'll be more now.
Be more than you were,
When you first left the ground.

Katie Fox

Yokota HS, Grade 10

Digital Art

Self-Portrait

The shiny smooth surface of the plane,
It is almost as if it's a mirror.
You see yourself and suddenly,
All the pain and stress melts away like butter.

The tingle in your mind,
The cold water feeling down your back.
It is the expulsion of fear,
Fear that was there when you first left.

Work and people,
Those who seem to be after you,
They are now too far away to do any harm.
They can't get you now.

And as you land,
The exhilaration ends,
Yet, you're not sad.
You're comforted that you had that experience.

John Wagstaff
Guam HS, Grade 9

Lucas Steinbrook
Guam HS, Grade 11
Digital Photography
Photoelasticity





Thoughts of The Night

Tick tock, tick tock
The clock keeps ticking
Life keeps going

I try not to fall behind
Sometimes I'm not sure if I'm lost
In this forest of thoughts

Questioning life
There's nowhere to hide in my mind
I'm always followed by negative thoughts
It has my head all turned
It feels hollow

The thoughts of the night
Has me questioning,

Hannah Swygert

Yokota HS, Grade 12

Digital Art

Self-Portrait

What's the true meaning of life
The people i care for are no longer here
No one's perfect but perfection is expected
Life is truly a wreck

It's concerning
But I'll keep judging that person in the mirror
Hoping I'll succeed
In this twisted, crooked world

Tick Tock
The internal clock of thought that never stops
It keeps you up all night no guarantee of sleep
Tick Tock, Tick Tock

Jae Garland
E.J. King HS, Grade 11

Miya O'Mara
E.J. King HS, Grade 12
Digital Photography
When You See It





Alexis Price
Osan M/HS, Grade 11
Charcoal
Untitled



Kate Hartley
Guam HS, Grade 9
Colored Pencil
Untitled



Valerie Hipple
Edgren HS, Grade 12
Colored Pencil
The Four Elements



Nicole Kim
Humphreys HS, Grade 12
Mixed Media
Untitled



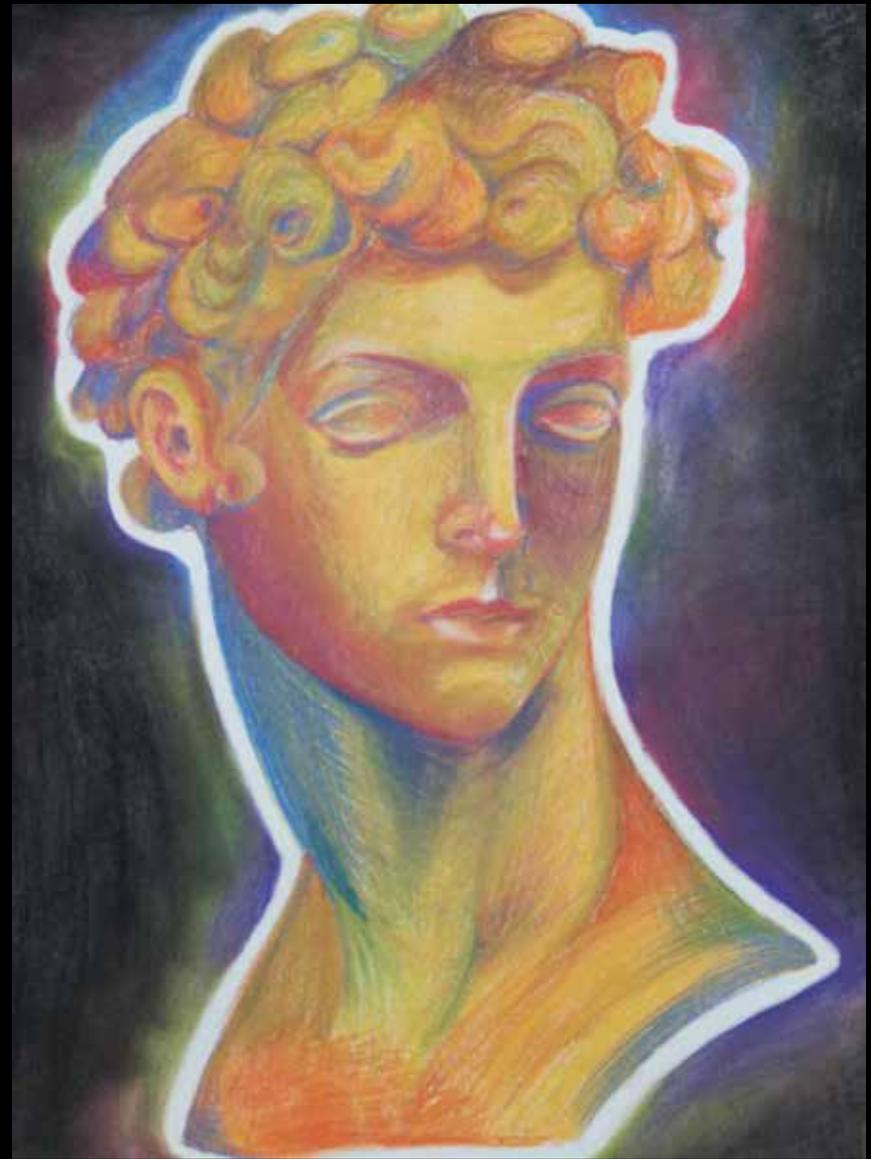
Ashely Stutzman
Osan M/HS, Grade 12
Pencil
Untitled



Kanyahorn Yothachai
Osan M/HS, Grade 10
Ceramic
Untitled



Alexis Price
Osan M/HS, Grade 11
Oil Pastel
Untitled



Haram Choi

Osan M/HS, Grade 11

Watercolor / Pastels

Untitled



Kaiyana Schniers

Osan M/HS, Grade 10

Digital Art

Untitled

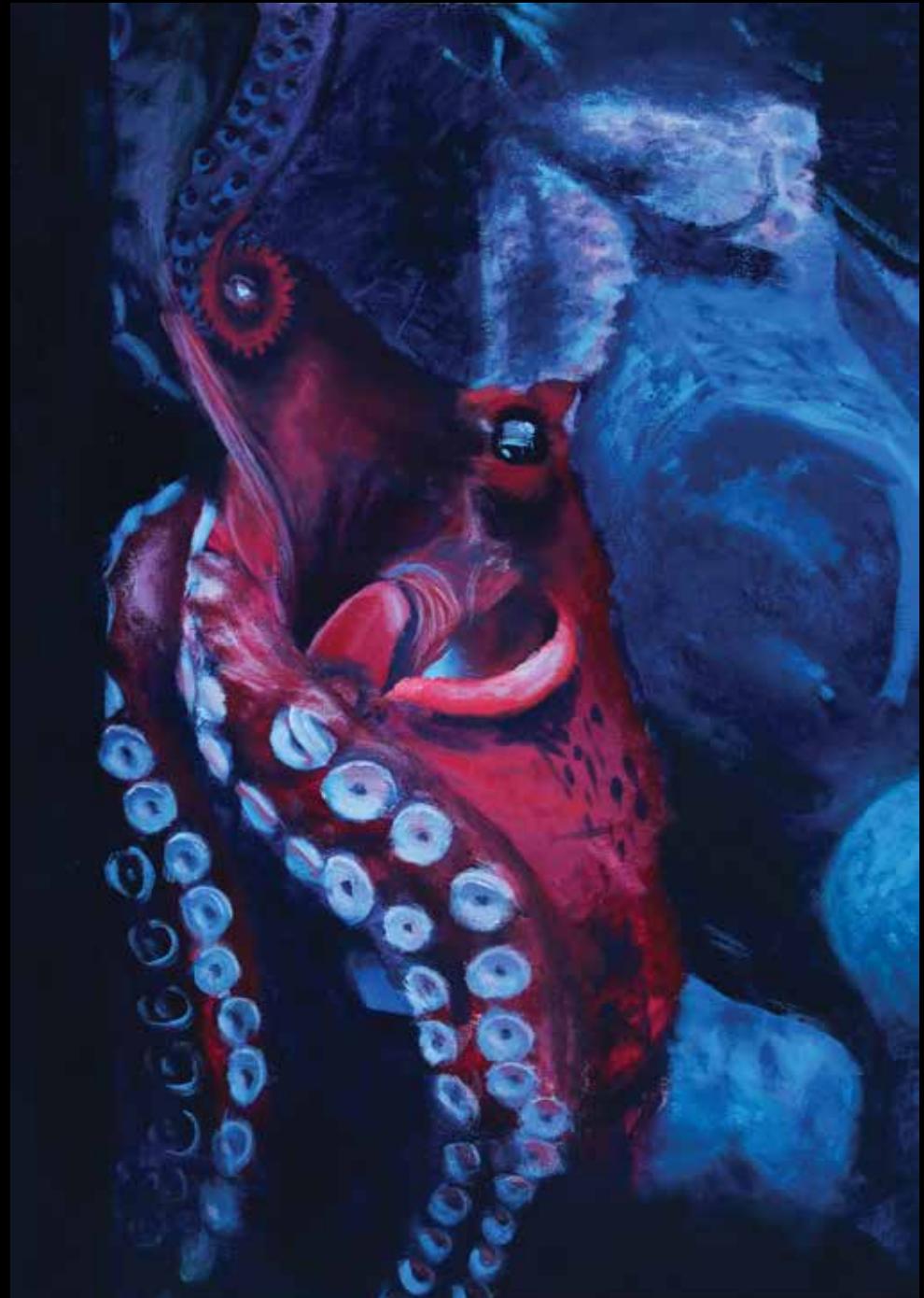


Kristel Sambrano

Guam HS, Grade 9

Digital Photography

Bubbles



Larynne Thueson
Kadena HS, Grade 10
Acrylic
Untitled



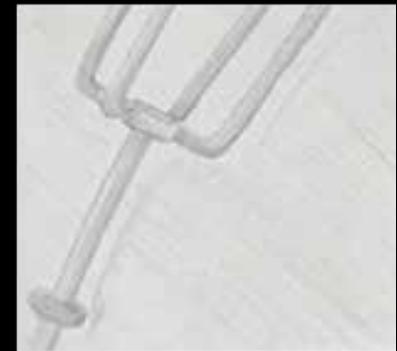
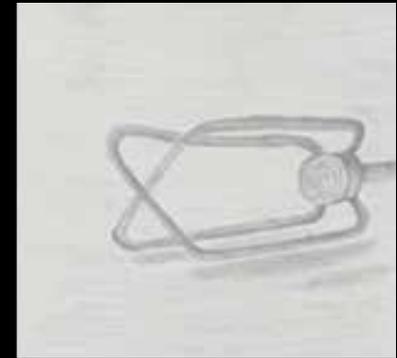
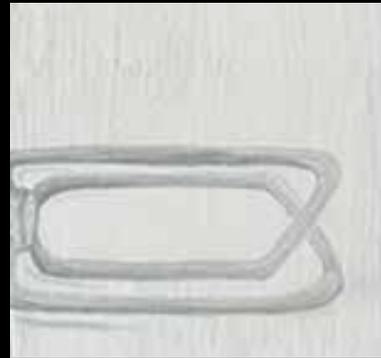
Lisa Lyons
Daegu M/HS, Grade 11
Watercolor
Untitled



Damaurie Harris
Kubasaki HS, Grade 12
Digital Photography
Shadow Buildings



Mekaylah Esguerra
Kubasaki HS, Grade 12
Scratchboard
Untitled



Nadja Ashcraft
Humphreys HS, Grade 12
Pencil
Untitled

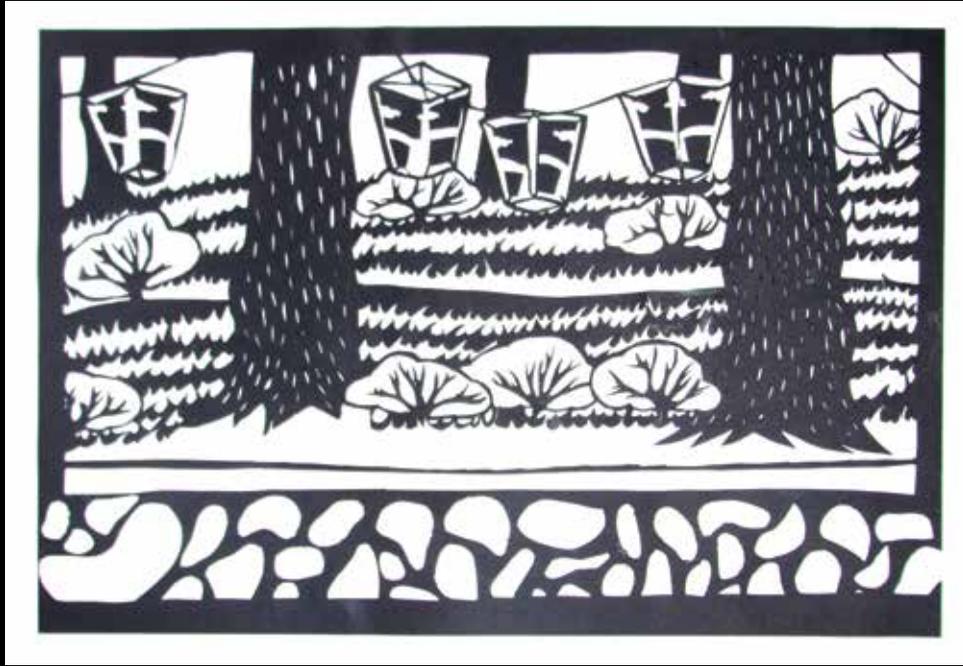




Kealani Weier
Kadena HS, Grade 12
Acrylic
Untitled



Jason Fernando
Kinnick HS, Grade 11
Paper Cut (Kirie)
Kintai Stroll



Olivia Forester
M.C. Perry HS, Grade 10
Paper Cut (Kirie)
Kintai Stroll



Natalie Tunstall
Kubasaki HS, Grade 11
Colored Pencil
Untitled



Celeste Padilla
Kubasaki HS, Grade 12
Watercolor
Untitled



James Reynolds
Kubasaki HS, Grade 12
Mixed Media
Fire Pop



Avi Stevens
Guam HS, Grade 10
Mixed Media
Untitled



Ami Roberts
Kinnick HS, Grade 11
Photography
Untitled



Sabrina Wrachford
Kadena HS, Grade 12
Collage
Untitled



Gabe Smith
Zama M/HS, Grade 11
Ceramic
Untitled



Joanna Fernandex
Zama M/HS, Grade 10
Ceramic
Untitled



Emmanesta Stovall
Kinnick HS, Grade 12
Photography
Untitled



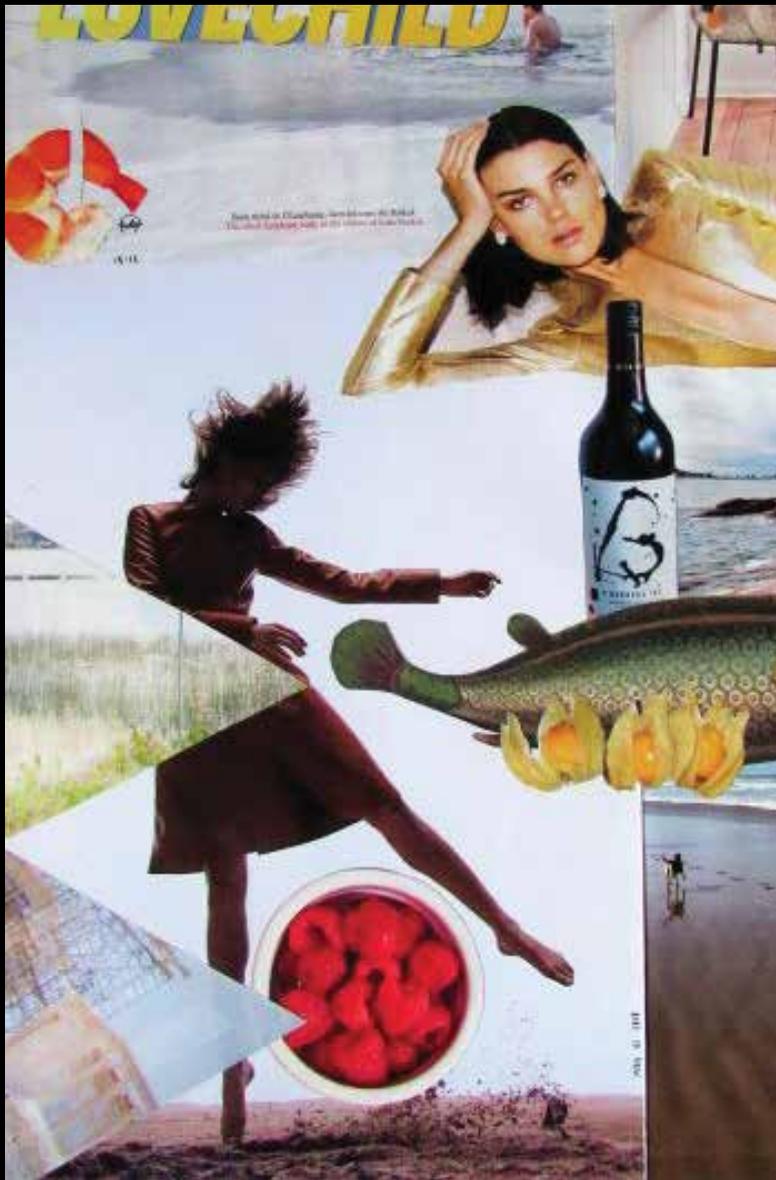
Maria Folk
M.C. Perry HS, Grade 10
Digital Photography
Elijah



Jason Giles
Zama M/HS, Grade 12
Ceramic
Untitled



Christian Roset
Zama M/HS, Grade 12
Ceramic
Untitled



Paulynn Misch-Cruz
Edgren HS, Grade 12
Collage
Untitled



Zoey Carpenter
Kinnick HS, Grade 11
Acrylic
Untitled



McKayla Paine
Kubasaki HS, Grade 11
Photography
Nature

Kaysha McNeill

Zama M/HS, Grade 12

Mixed Media

Pop Art Memoir





Iveena Lauzon

Humphreys HS, Grade 11

Digital Art

Virtual Me



Asia Barnes-Macatangay

Kadena HS, Grade 12

Acrylic

Untitled



Rachel Perry

Zama M/HS, Grade 11

Tempera

Starry Mahal



Adi Miller

Humphreys HS, Grade 11

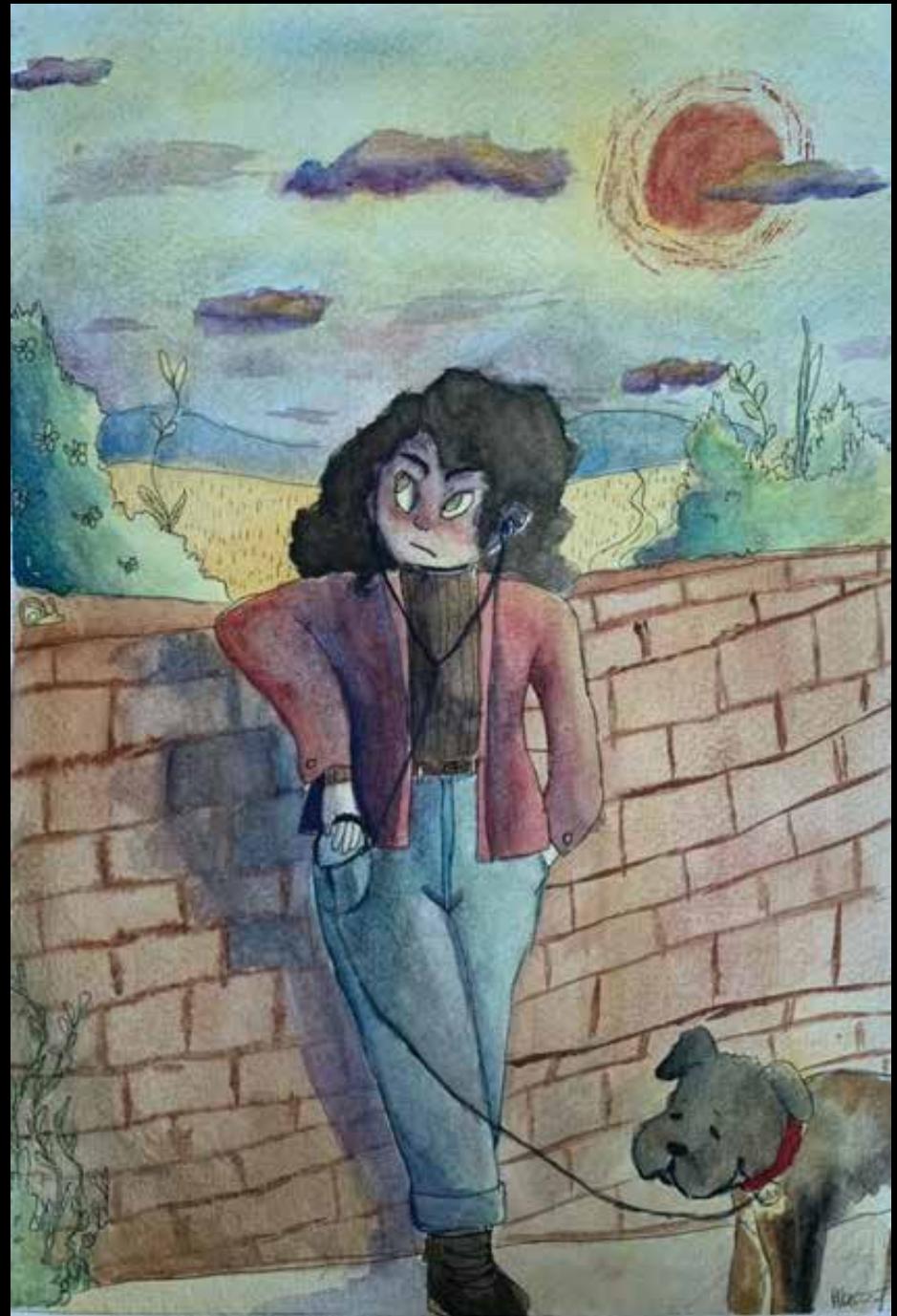
Mixed Media

Untitled



Jeongah McIntyre
Humphreys HS, Grade 11
Mixed Media
Untitled

Rebecca James
Humphreys HS, Grade 12
Mixed Media
Untitled





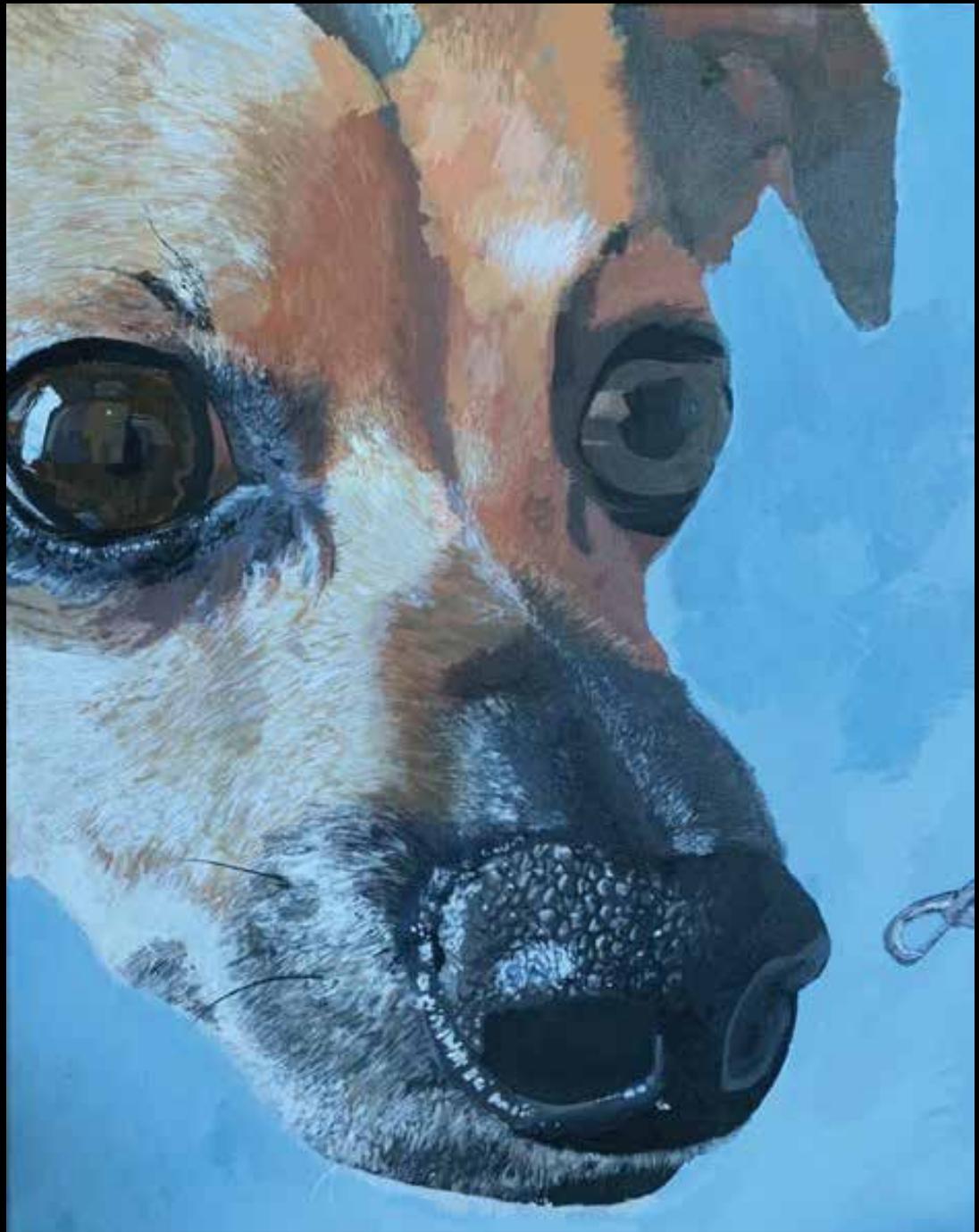
Milicent Weddle

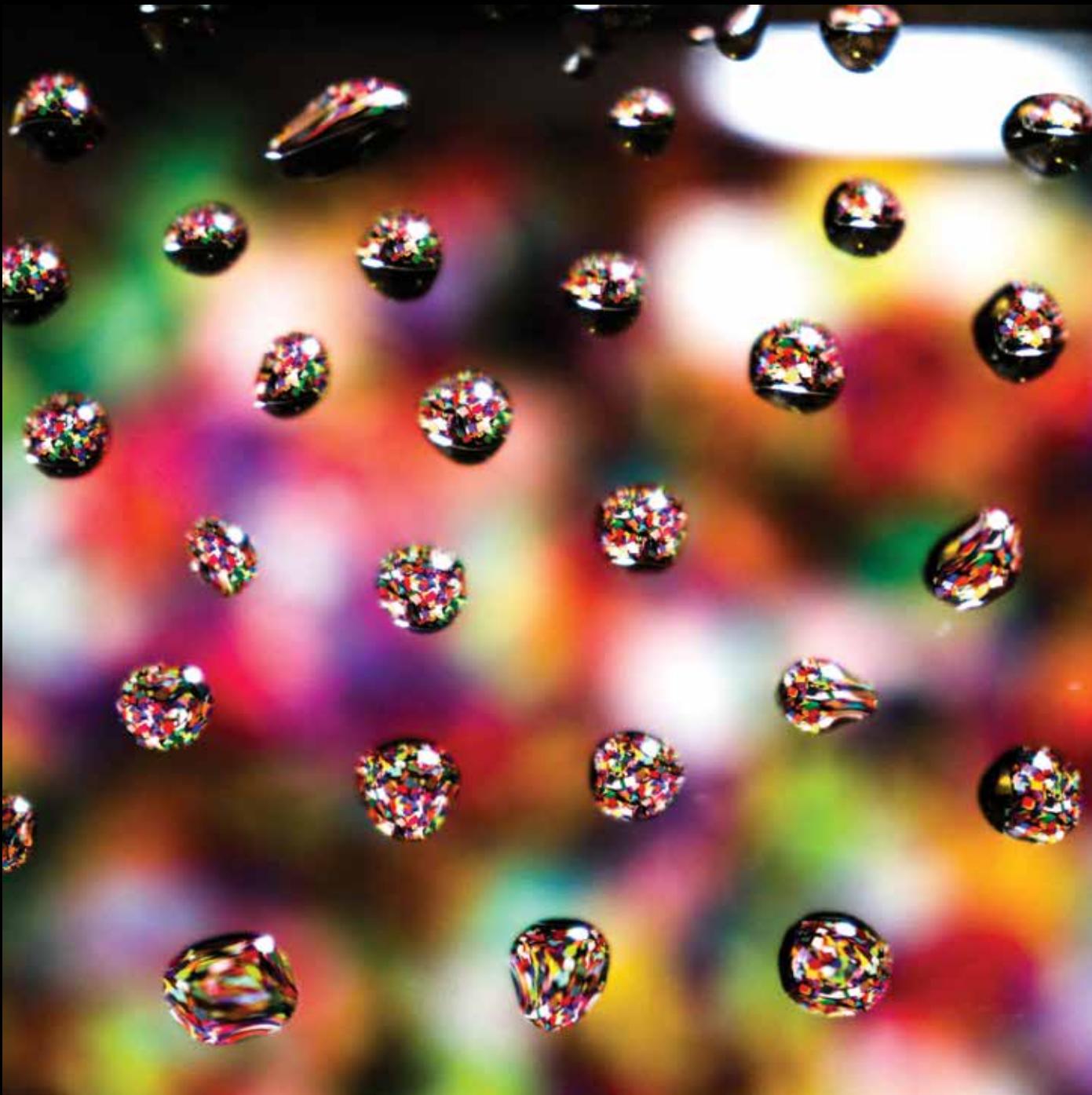
Humphreys HS, Grade 11

Acrylic

Untitled

Blaise Menard
Humphreys HS, Grade 12
Acrylic
Untitled





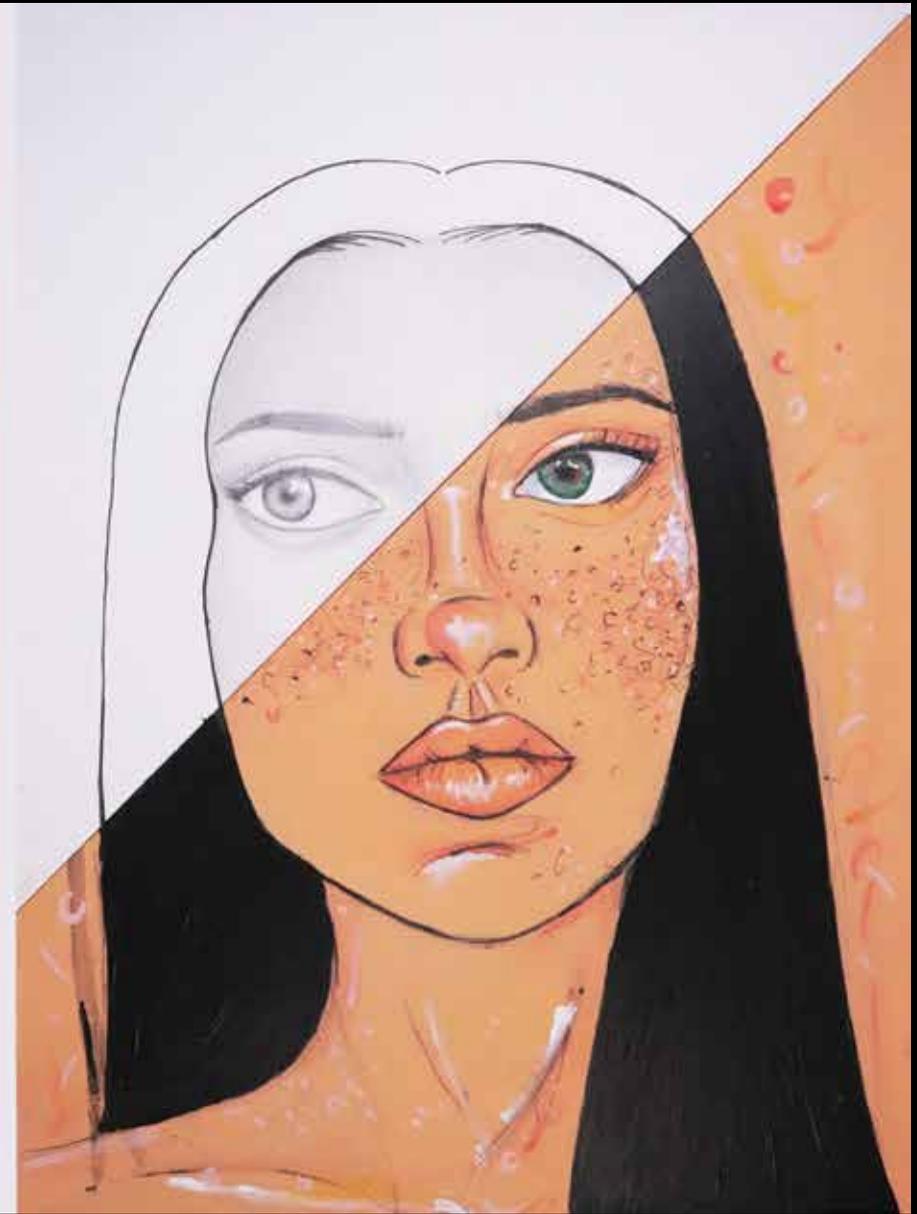
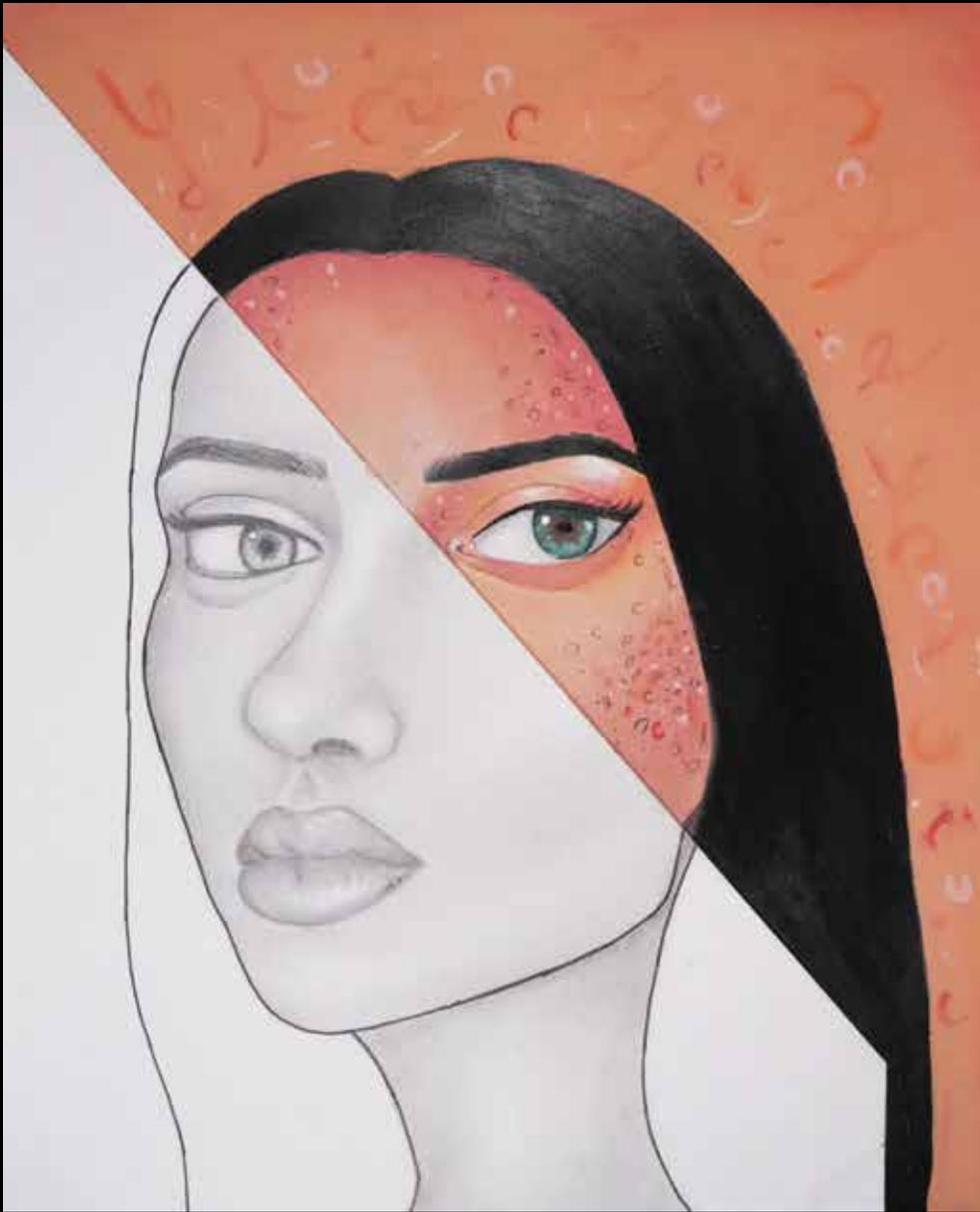
Alexandra Shimasaki

Guam HS, Grade 12

Photography

Waterdrops

Featured on Cover



Alexis Williams
Kadena HS, Grade 11
Acrylic, Ink, Pencil
Untitled



Ella Sims

Daegu M/HS, Grade 9

Photography

Sister

A Walk in the Woods

A gloomy, exciting and gray sky far above,
Trees with leaves like fire looming like friendly giants,
A gentle crisp breeze goes by whispering its secrets,
The ground crunches with a bitter sound of fallen leaves.

Time flows like a river.

White mammoths coat the world in soft cotton,
Skeleton hands of wood are heavy and bare,
The air empty and filled with numbing whirlwinds, angry and tempered,
A stark world, with the only path being the steps you have taken.

It moves forever forward.

Blue the sky, filled with rain clouds and sun,
Trees of emeralds and spotted with opals,
The air dances about filled with sweet blossoms and petals,
Bushes of luscious greens and hopeful efflorescence.

A spiral that never ends.

The warm Sun overhead and smiling brightly,
A canopy of green shade littered with golden beams,
Heavy and hot weakened by gentle gales,
Grassy and moss patch the earth and nurture wildflowers.

But repeats the same cycles.

Iliza Rivera

E.J. King HS, Grade 11



Jaicee Miller
Daegu M/HS, Grade 12
Photography
A Walk In The Sunset



Alex Margareth Dasigan

Kadena HS, Grade 12

Untitled

Digital Art

Bronze and Student Choice Award

Creative Expressions 2019

Far East Creative Expressions is a unique event that allows students to explore and strengthen their artistic voice through a rigorous and immersive studio experience. DoDEA educators work directly with students from all of our Pacific Schools to facilitate in-depth studio time with a culminating gallery showcase open to the public. Students are encouraged to cultivate and communicate their creative thinking through the visual arts. The following disciplines were offered at the school year 2018-2019 Creative Expressions held at Temple University, Tokyo, Japan: Drawing, Acrylic and Watercolor Painting, Digital Art, Photography, Mixed Media, and Film.

DoDEA Pacific Far East events are the equivalent of the U.S. state-level competitions, conferences, and symposia. Academic Far East events like Creative Expressions provide students opportunities to explore their college and career ambitions through rigorous and immersive experiences. Select events are facilitated by educational and industry professionals and include a culminating gallery showcase open to the public.





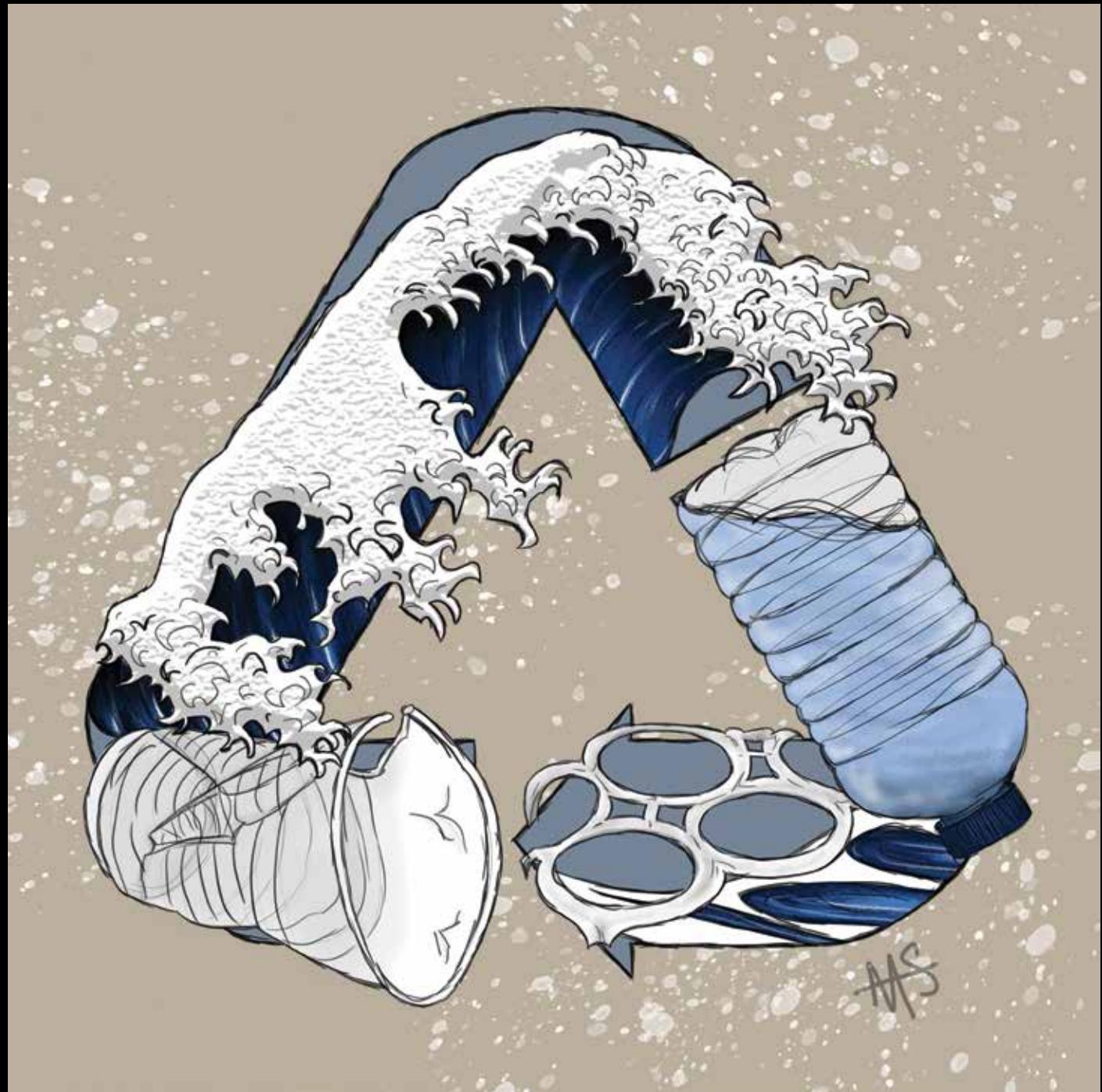
Landon Gross

Osan M/HS, Grade 12

Tradition vs Modernity

Digital Art

Silver Award



Makenzi Schmitz
M.C. Perry HS, Grade 12
The Great Plastic Wave
Digital Art
Gold Award



Emmanesta Stovall

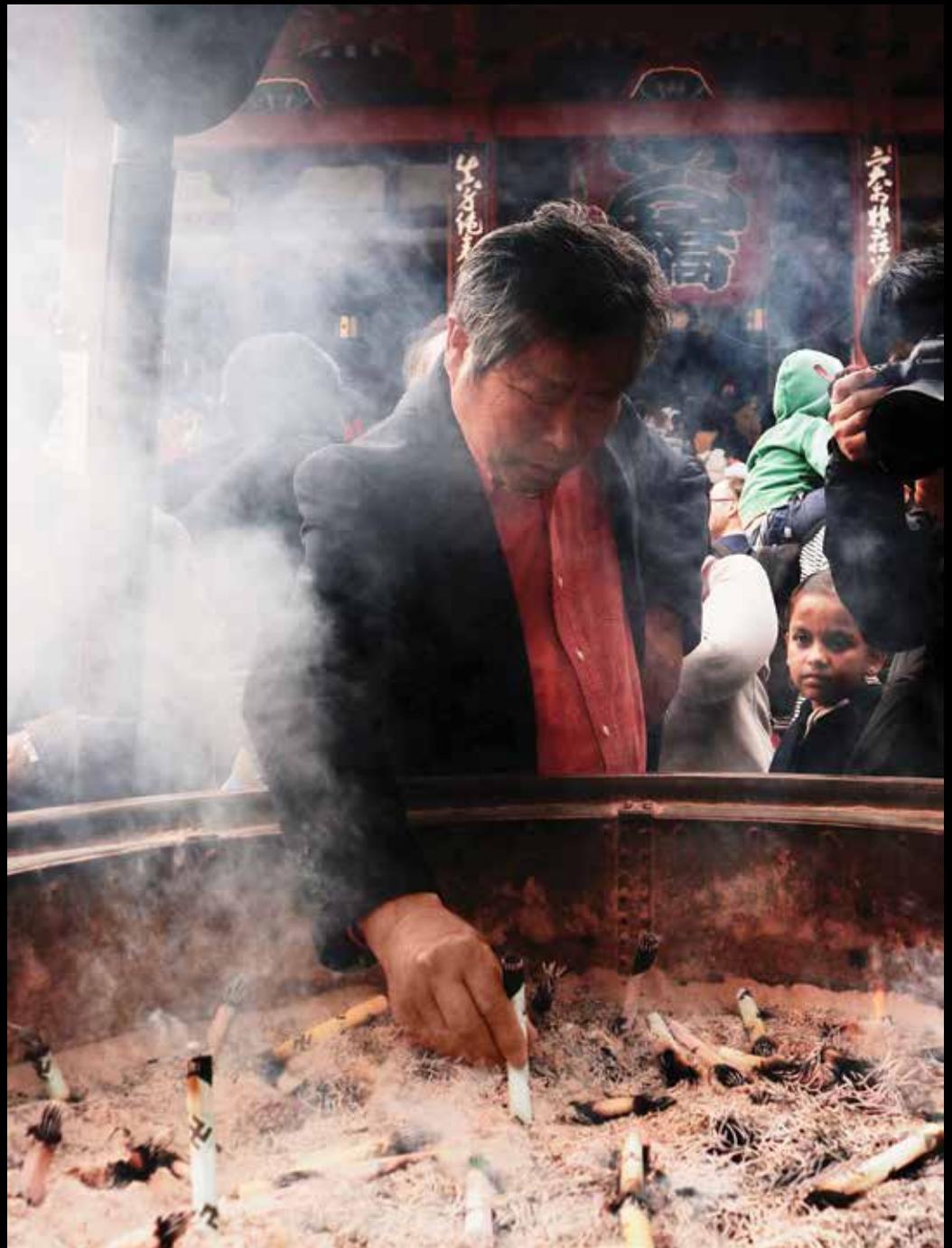
Kinnick HS, Grade 11

Clashing Styles

Photography

Silver Award

Willow Lewis
Kubasaki HS, Grade 10
Healing
Photography
Student Choice Award





Colton Jones

Guam HS, Grade 12

Untitled

Photography

Gold Award



Logan Belew

Kubasaki HS, Grade 11

Reflecting on the Past

Photography

Bronze Award



Audrianna Waack

Edgren HS, Grade 11

The Fool

Drawing

Bronze Award

Madeleine Dela Cruz

Kinnick HS, Grade 11

Disguised Emotion

Drawing

Gold Award





Trinity Simms

Kadena HS, Grade 9

Show Time

Drawing

Student Choice Award



Mili Weddle

Seoul American HS, Grade 10

2 Years

Drawing

Silver Award



Jasmin Moreno

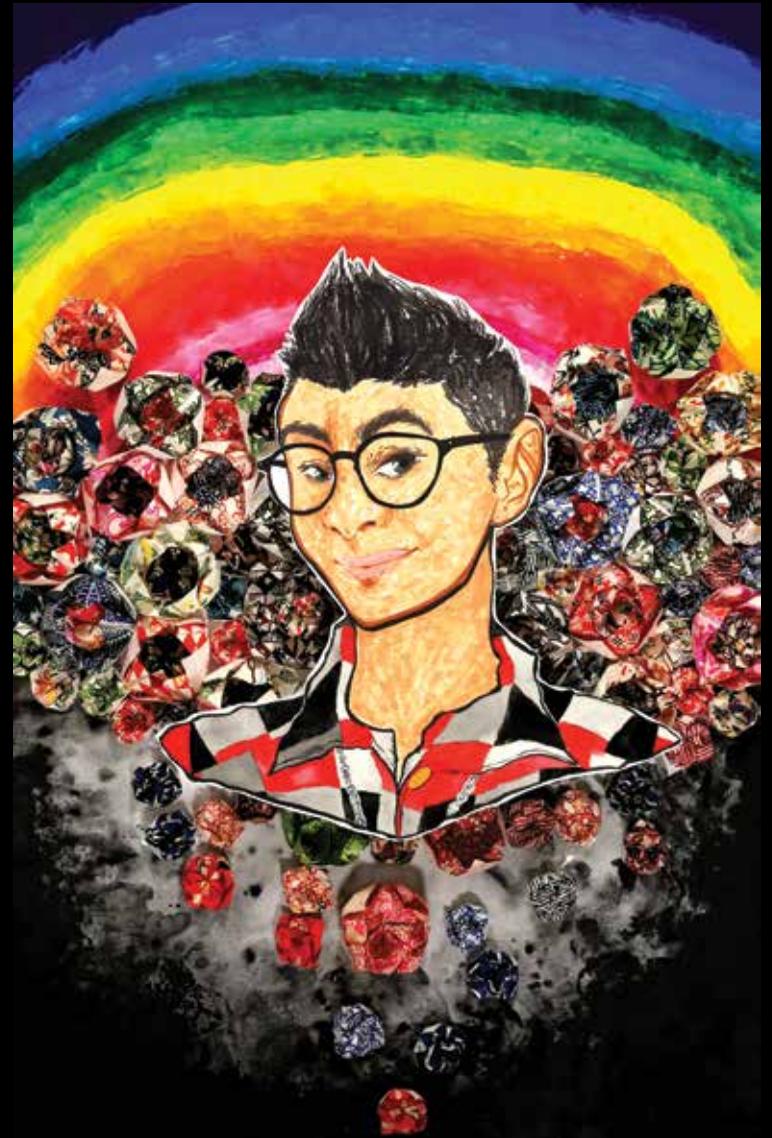
Daegu M/HS

The FatesMixed Media

Student Choice and TUJ Award



Yasmin Guifoyle
Daegu M/HS Grade 12
Catharsis
Mixed Media
Gold Award



Pyriel Ross Jao
Guam HS, Grade 9
Grow As We Go
Mixed Media
Bronze Award

Calah Thompson

Kubasaki HS, Grade 11

Unexpected Growth

Painting

Silver Award



Benjamin Nagy
Seoul American HS, Grade 12
Bori
Painting
Bronze Award



Meaghan Nelson

Yokota HS, Grade 11

What Lurks in the Shadows

Painting

Gold and Student Choice Award





Jamis Winther
Humphreys HS, Grade 11
The Chill of the Night
Mixed Media
Silver Award

; (*Semicolon*)

Film, Silver Award



Davinia Wengert
Osan M/HS

Carlos Mestres
Kadena HS

Sean Swenson
Guam HS

Connor Sekelsky
Kubasaki HS

Chelyn Park
Humphreys HS

Soma Pope
Kubasaki HS



To view this film, use the link below:

<https://youtu.be/9OB11hBZIGk>

Kokeshi

Film, Gold Award



Nya Thompson Ashanti Williams
Yokota HS Guam HS

Julianna Visico
Humphreys HS

Shawna Jang
Daegu M/HS

Sakura Tanaka
Kadena HS

Misa McGhee
Kubasaki HS

To view this film, use the link below:

<https://youtu.be/AqdLjA2ImNs>



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