

# GREEN TEA TWO MS

# ABOUT CREATIONS

While studying English at Longview School, students participate in writing workshops, creating communities of writers who learn to plan, draft, revise and edit their work with the support of their teachers and peers. Herein are some of the results of that work.

Longview is committed to the belief that the arts should permeate our lives. We proudly exhibit our students' artwork in addition to creating it in class. Longview is regularly featured in art shows at the Mahopac Public Library, the Brewster Public Library, and at ArtBeat in Brewster. *Creations* proudly displays student drawings produced in our art classes.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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# JESS

by Aneta W.

I'll always be beside you  
Until the very end,  
Wiping all your tears away  
Trying to be your friend.

I'll smile when I see your smile  
And feel the pain you do.  
If you cry a single tear  
I promise I'll cry too.

# A DAY AT THE NEWBONSMAN STATION

by Dorothy C.

A young woman walks onto the platform at the Newbonsman station, sits down, takes out her lunch, and begins to eat.

A half hour passes and a lovely touring couple joins the young woman. They walk to the one bench on the platform and loudly chatter in a southern accent about how nice the leaves are and how rude children are.

Two teenage girls are next to arrive, talking and laughing about boys and clothes almost as loudly as Mr. and Mrs. Tourist.

After a few minutes a handsome young man with movie-star good looks who could not be any older than twenty-eight saunters onto the platform. Seeing the beauty, the teenagers walk over to him and begin to flirt.

Next to arrive are the businessmen. They're all the same, wearing the same crisp suit, with the same neat haircut, with the same shiny briefcase.

A barely audible announcement sounds from the dusty old speaker at the end of the platform. "The 2:22 express to Grand Central Station will be running ten to twenty minutes late." A loud groan erupts from the crowd.

"Wait..." the young woman starts, speaking to no one in particular, "that train stops at Yankee Stadium... right?"

"I sure hope so," Mrs. Tourist butts in.

**A NEW DAY AT THE NEWSONSMAN STATION** by Dorothy C.

"Ya, ya, we're, we're go'n to a real-life New York Yankees game," Mr. Tourist thoughtfully steps in.

"No way," the 'movie star' says, flipping his beautiful brown locks with an air of confidence, "it's not even on the same line."

"He's got to be right!" the teenage girls say staring at him as if they've been hypnotized.

"No, no," one of the business men interjects. His words are perfectly pronounced and said with perfect confidence. "Yankee Stadium is on this line, but the express doesn't stop there."

"That's absurd!" the 'movie-star' voice is now slightly less nonchalant. "Yankee Stadium is not even close to Grand Central."

"Our tickets say Grand Central so it's gotta be that train," Mrs. Tourist says like she knows what she's talking about.

"I'm sorry," the business woman starts, not sounding very sorry at all. "You have the wrong ticket altogether. You should have one that says Yankee Stadium on it."

"And no matter what, you have the wrong train" the 'movie-star' says now unarguably mad.

"So... is it this train or not?" the young woman sheepishly asks.

The crowd immediately erupts into a chorus of yeses, no's, kind- of's, and I-have-no-idea's. Nobody listens to anybody else and everyone is red in the face, screaming at the top of their lungs.

A loud rumbling quiets the crowd, as the train pulls into the station and a conductor pops his head out of the open door, "This is the express to Grand Central stopping at..."

# BASIC CHAOS

by Ben P.

It was a stormy night, one of the worst we had ever had. There were strange shadows that I could see outside the window. When I went outside to make sure everything was okay, I saw one in the alley across the street. I went to check it out and then all I remember is a huge pain on the back of my head and then blackness...

I woke up and could tell it was light out through my eyelids. I couldn't remember what had happened or how long it had been since I had been hit, but boy did it hurt. Then I realized I was moving, slowly but I was definitely moving. I risked looking around, to see that I was in a fairly small-sized room with a cloth ceiling and walls and an opening across from me from which a sliver of light fell on my now open eyes.

I saw no other light source. I looked under me to see a hard wooden floor. There were barrels and other supplies littering the space. I tried to get up, only to realize that I was bound hand and foot.

I looked around at the gear on the floor and saw a sharp metal object. I picked it up with some difficulty and saw that it was a beautifully crafted dagger. Once done admiring the blade, I slowly sawed through the ropes binding me. Then I noticed it had some red liquid on the handle. When I looked closer, it looked like blood and on further inspection smelled of it also. I absently touched the throbbing spot on the back of my head to feel caked blood against my fingers. It began to dawn on me that I had been kidnapped, and there were probably people outside that wanted me dead or had kept me for ransom.

I began searching the room for anything that would help me escape. I found some strange things that I had never seen before. When I looked in one of the sacks, I found that it was completely dark, and when put in direct contact with the light, nothing happened. I risked putting my hand inside to find vials and small bottles of a black liquid that resembled ink. I figured that since I didn't know what it was, I wouldn't mess with it.

When looking in the barrels, I found some daggers and a few swords of different lengths and weights. I tested some of them to find them completely balanced and when I slid my finger along the blade to see how sharp one was, I nicked myself on it. I hid the daggers about my body. I grabbed a sack that had some form of fungus and a strange looking purplish meat that I took for food.

As I was about to leave, the cart stopped. I lay where I had been left and hid my hands and feet in sacks so as not to alert my captors that I had freed myself. Fortunately, they never came and checked on me. When I listened, I heard voices talking cheerily about how nice the weather was and how there had been no mishaps in the city lately.

They seemed to have finished talking when it sank in...city? I had never been to a city and had only heard from travelers what it was like, so when I heard that word, a new kind of terror hit me. I lived nowhere near a city. It was at least ten days travel on horseback to get to any city near my town. My thoughts were disrupted when the cart started moving again, but this time I heard the horses' hooves hitting cobblestones instead of dirt and knew that we had entered the city.

That's when I heard the groaning beside me. No light fell there and I had thought that there were only empty sacks and such when I heard a muffled voice ask, "Where am I? What are you doing here?" Then as an after thought, "Where is here?"

"Who are you?" I asked, mildly curious because I remembered that voice from somewhere.

The stranger seemed to get up somewhat weirdly until I realized that he was bound. He was the town drunk, Mubart Hosly, who went simply by Mub.

I explained what I knew of the situation: we were in some sort of cart, in some city, and that the people who had taken us had nice weapons so they were probably rich. I quickly unbound him using a dagger and then got him some weapons for when we attempted escape.

We decided that it was time to take our leave, and I got ready to jump out of the back of the cart. As soon I tried to go through the cloth, what looked like a net of blue threads pushed me back. This singed my hair and clothes but didn't have much effect on me. In frustration, I threw a dagger at it. The dagger hit the blue and a second later came whizzing back at me but hit the back of the cart, narrowly missing me and staying there quivering.

I looked to Mub with despair in my eyes, but he seemed to be enjoying himself. "What?" I asked him angrily, seeing my only route of escape was now gone.

"I don't think the sides of the cart are netted," he said, obviously quite happy with himself for realizing this before me.

I decided not to refute that fact until I had checked the sides. I went over and tentatively inched my way until my hand was brushing the cloth, which seemed to be a nice form of white silk. I quickly made long tears in the silk to make a suitable doorway for us. I peeked out and saw many people looking at the cart strangely. I looked at the outside of the cart wondering if there were some sort of strange patterns on the silk when I realized that they were staring at me...but I guess seeing long tears appear in the back of a silken cart and then a man look out was a bit odd, even for a city.

I hopped out and landed easily on my feet. Mub quickly followed me and fell quite hard on his face. After some prodding, he got up.

**BASIC CHAOS** by Ben P.

I looked around to see towering buildings and strange-looking people staring at me. Then I saw the weirdest thing of all: there were little people with stubby arms and legs but quite round bellies wandering around who I took to be dwarves. In my village there had been tales of such people, but the only person who claimed to have seen them was a very old man who'd traveled far and wide and was quite well known in the, as he put it, "civilized world."

We quickly ran away from the cart. I began looking for a place to spend the night. Even though I lived in a small village, I knew what an inn looked like...or so I thought. I eventually found a building that had a hanging sign above the doorway depicting what must have been a boar and a woman doing something inappropriate before the wind and rain washed the image away.

**End of Chapter 1**

# DECK REMAKE

by Mitko W.

I helped my dad at work every day of the summer except Sundays. First we started a deck. The homeowner had a retaining wall that kept the supports from moving. Dead men, which are railroad ties, were holding the deck from going down the cliff. Unfortunately, the wall was moving away from the house. The people who did the deck before us did it all wrong. We had to take down the entire deck and we had to see if their footing was at forty-two inches down. If they had messed that up, we would have to dig down eight feet. My dad worried how we would get down. We would not be able to get a drill to dig the hole for us. The drill would just fall off the cliff. We dug down to see how deep the footings were. They didn't meet code. My dad asked if we could just pour concrete behind the old footings but they said no. We dug out all the holes but we could not do anything more until we got a building permit. This took a month and a half to get.

We left that job and started on a bathroom. The first thing we had to do was jackhammer a concrete floor out. We had to tear down the upstairs bathroom. The person who hired us got the slowest plumbers ever. They took a very long time to get done. We framed out the bathroom in one day. The super slow plumbers took nine days to get the plumbing done. Then, we closed up the floor with concrete. We sheet rocked the bathroom. We tiled the walls. We got the tiling done in less than a day. We got the shower floor tiled in the same day.

The next day we put in a warm-up system which was a pain. We laid it down and taped it. It started to work but it started coming up and we had to redo it about five times. My dad got pissed off at this. He threw the box across the room while cursing. There was too much line that

**DECK REMAKE** by Mitko W.

came with it. We called the company to ask if we could cut the line and the company said we couldn't. My dad said to just run it out of the room. We did this, but it didn't stick. We had to put down this green lick weed. That made it stick after a few hours. We poured self-leveling cement on it, which we could walk on after it dried. We put the floor tiles on and the bathroom was done.

Next we went on vacation to Williamsburg, Virginia. We had a good time. One stupid thing I did was a dive to try a hand stand. I hit my knuckles at the bottom of the pool about nine feet down. They were bleeding a little bit and they hurt. After our vacation, I had two scars on my knuckles.

After that we came back to the deck project. This very long piece of wood was light and we wanted to use it, but it broke in half when we picked it up. Instead we had to use a piece of wood which was soaked and weighed a lot. We had this ladder which was on the dead men. We climbed up and my dad dropped the soaked wood. I almost fell with the board off the cliff. We had to get it back up again. We got the boards up to support the floor of the deck. That took a day. The steps and the floor and the rail of the deck were left but I had school. My dad finished the deck, but I never saw it finished.

# A GOAL TO FAME

By David S.

My name is Tiago. I'm forty-five years old. This is a story about my life and how a poor boy became a three-time soccer player of the year.

I was raised in a little town up north in Porto, Portugal. I loved it up there but when it came to the fall or winter, it was cold. I was very poor and my dad died of hypothermia when I was two years old.

At the age of five I worked with my mom on the farm. It was hard when it came to the summers. It was so hot I had to drink four gallons of water each day.

When I was seven, I started playing soccer. I loved it. I played every single day whenever my mom gave me a break. I had no friends to talk to or to play with.

When I was eleven I joined a soccer team. I was the best on my team and I used to score every game. Sadly, my mom couldn't see me play. I helped my team go to the finals by passing and dribbling. My dad would have been so proud of me.

When I started middle school, I had to stop playing soccer, because I was thinking more of soccer than my schoolwork. At the beginning of senior year, I started to play soccer again. In my last game I scored four goals. At the end of that game, a guy came up to me and I was offered a scholarship for college.

After I finished college, I waited for a call from a guy to see if I got accepted to be a pro soccer player. To tell you the truth, I always thought I'd be accepted, but I was really nervous.

**A GOAL TO FAME** by David S.

About three months later, I got the call. I got accepted but I would have to play on the younger kids' professional team until I turned twenty. Then I'd be able to play in the pros. When I was going to be twenty in a month, I got a really bad injury. I broke my leg so badly that they had to get rid of a little bit of my bone. From then on I ran with a limp. It was the same thing when I walked. After the operation, I thought I'd never be accepted to pro soccer.

I got a call eight months later from the soccer league president who told me I'd be able to play in the pros, but he was giving me a while to heal. I decided to go to the gym to get my leg better. After three months, I was on my feet able to play.

A couple of days later I got a package with my jersey, cleats, and a signed soccer ball from all the players on my new team. Benfica was the most popular team in Portugal. I was going to play for my favorite team. I went home and I told my mom. She started to cry, because I had been a hard worker and I was playing for a professional team.

My first game was amazing. I scored two goals. We won four to one. In my second game I sprained my ankle. I still never gave up. I played even though I was hurt really badly. I was sucking up the pain, just to help my team. We were losing zero to one. I scored one and my teammate scored another. It was a bad idea to keep playing because my sprained ankle got even worse. I didn't play for seven weeks after that.

When I turned twenty-two, I was diagnosed with cancer. It was sad. My mom cried for months. I went to chemo, and I had to get my head shaved. I cried for days. I was bald for a year or two. I became a cancer survivor. After my hair grew back, I got back on my feet and started to play soccer again.

When I turned twenty-three, I became soccer player of the year. We had a big party and I was the happiest person ever. A couple of weeks later, my mom died from a heart attack. I was so devastated that I couldn't play soccer. It was too hard for me because of my mom's passing.

During the fourth season I scored thirty-four goals. In all the years I played, I scored seventy-eight goals. That's a lot and that's really good. When the season ended, I was player of the year for the second time.

When I turned twenty-seven, I was diagnosed with kidney cancer. I thought that was it. When I turned twenty-eight, they removed my kidney and I didn't have cancer anymore. I had to be careful what I drank. I couldn't drink a lot of wine or beer. My grandma had the same problem. Her kidney level was two percent.

When I turned twenty eight, I played my one hundredth game. I had eighty-seven goals all together.

This guy name Marvin Kowloski who was a rival teammate got suspend for the whole season for paying people to get me injured. He was jealous because my Spanish girlfriend, Amanda Lopez, was his ex-girlfriend.

When I turned twenty-nine, Amanda surprised me when she told me she was pregnant with a girl. About nine months later our new baby girl, Bella, was born. I gave her my mom's name, because she looked like my mother and I missed my mother.

When I turned thirty, I tore my Achilles tendon. It could have been a career-ending injury. It took two years to heal.

When I turned thirty three, I decided that year would be my last. When the season was over, I retired. I was happy because I needed a lot of rest. Besides, I had a child, and I had a lovely wife.

# CHUNKY MONKEY

by Jayme A.

I was going to Ocean City with my sister Sam, her husband Eric, and their son, Nate. We left her house at about 1:00 AM. We were driving for a while and needed to stop for gas. Sam said, "Get me some Chunky Monkey ice cream."

I said, "If they have it." I got out of the car and the whole area was brightly lit. It was a big station with lots of stuff. There was a dumpster, about six or seven cars, two garbage cans and six gas pumps, and it was right next to the highway.

There were a lot of people in the store which was surprising because it was about 4:00 AM, which is pretty early. This one man who was a janitor was just acting weird. He was a really big guy, not big like fat, just really strong. He was just kind of standing around.

There were four store clerks, three boys and one girl. The guys were all about the same height, about six foot, and two of them had short black hair. The other one had longer brownish hair and had his lip pierced. The girl was about five seven or five eight. She had long black hair and her nose, lip, eyebrow and both ears were pierced.

Another person was by the drinks. He looked about 35 I thought, and he had purple pants, a black fedora, tattoo sleeves, and a leather jacket. He reminded me of Willy Wonka.

While I was looking for chips, drinks and Sam's Chunky Monkey ice cream, a guy came in who had short brown hair, green eyes, a couple of tattoos, a red baseball cap and blue jeans. He was just walking

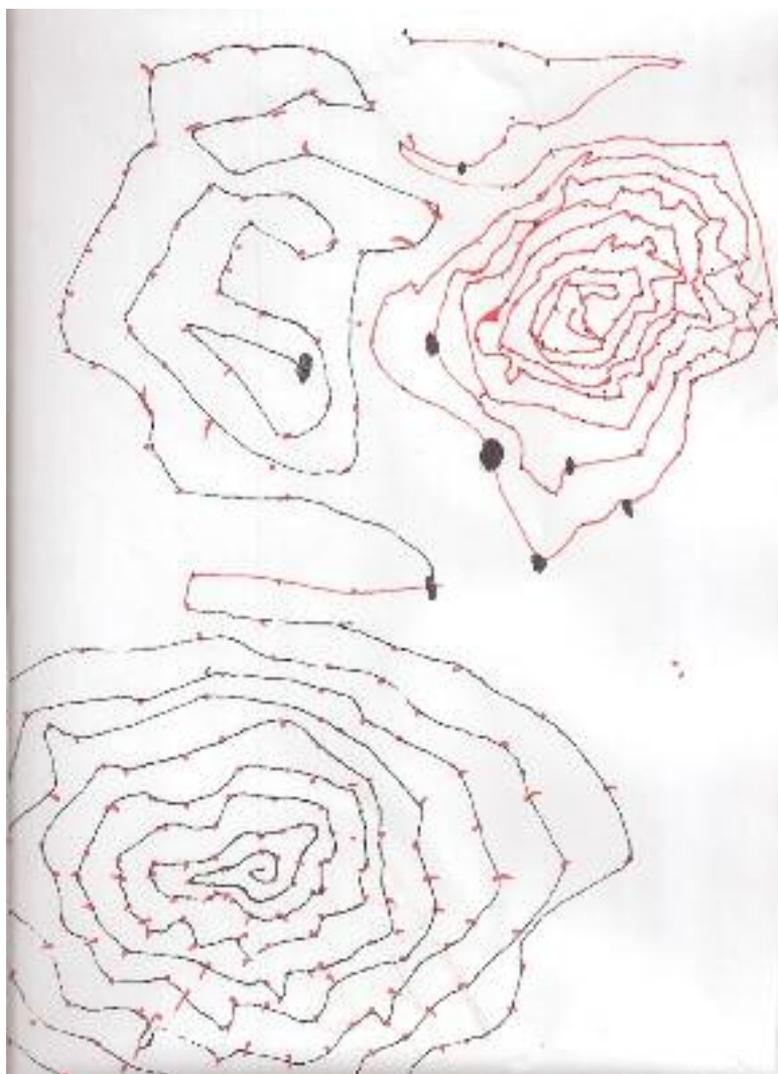
around. He kept covering his face whenever he walked by a camera. He would walk by, look towards the register, go behind the shelf, turn around and walk by again. He did this for about ten minutes. Then he slowly made his way up to the register.

I could tell it was him because of the red cap. He took some kind of revolver out of his jacket pocket. He pointed it at the cashier. He said, "Give me the money or I will shoot you."

The cashier said, "I will but please don't shoot." All the other people and I were pretty frightened and everyone got on the ground.

The lady pushed the alarm. The guy tried to run out the door but the janitor tackled him to the ground, took the gun away, and put him in an arm bar. He waited for the police to come. It turned out that the janitor was an ex-Marine.

I was right next to the police officers as they asked the ex-Marine what had happened in the station, but before he could answer, the owner of the store came out with the robber. The robber turned out to be the owner's brother seeing if his sister knew how to react, just make sure she knew what she was doing. His sister was the girl with all the piercings. She was surprised her brother would do something like this to her. Her brother still got in trouble and got a fine for making the officers come for a false robbery.



by Mitko W.



by Becky A.



by Dorothy C.



by Eva M.



by David S.



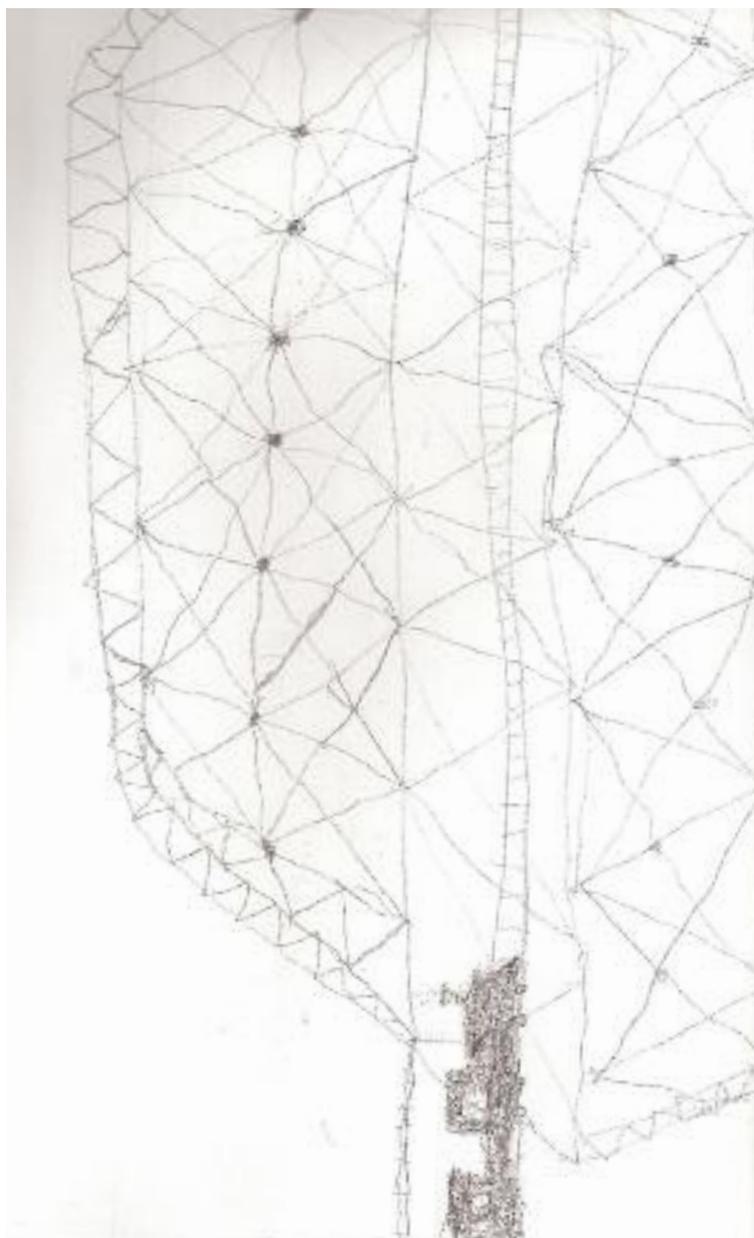
by Kalim V.



by Jayme A.



by Aneta W.



by Mitko W.



by Becky A.

# CHRISTMAS

by Alex G.

Megan: Christmas. I love Christmas!!

Sarah: ME TOO!!!

Katherine: I love it because my family is coming over for Christmas.

Tammy: Me too. My mom's friend is coming over with her family.

Megan: We have four more days of school until winter vacation.

Katherine: Also Christmas.

Sarah: Why can't it come faster?

Tammy: Soon it will be the last day of school until winter vacation.

(Jesse, River, and Sadie walk in.)

Jesse: Hey, guys. What's up?

Katherine: Nothing, you?

Jesse: Me? No. What about you, Megan?

Megan: Nothing. You, Kalim??

Kalim: No. You, Sadie?

Sadie: No. You, Katharine?

Katherine: No. You, Sarah?

Sarah: No. Why am I so bored?

Jesse: I do not know. It's your life.

Sarah: That's true.

Megan: There is no snow. We will have a green Christmas.

Kalim: Yeah. What are we going to do?

(The next day.)

Megan : Hey, three days to Christmas!

Sarah, Jesse, and Kalim: That's true.

Katherine: Guys, I will not be going Christmas shopping with you.

Sadie: WHAT? WHY?

Katherine: Because I am going to--

Sadie: Where?

Katherine: Chicago.

Everyone: WHAT?

Katherine: Yep!

Kalim: You cannot be serious.

Katherine: I am serious. I just found out from my parents this morning.

Sadie and Sarah: You're kidding.

Katherine: Nope.

(The next day.)

Jesse: Katherine, there's a secret everyone has been keeping from you.

Katherine: What?

Jesse: Kalim has a crush on you.

Katherine: I will talk to him.

(In the lunch room.)

Katherine: Kalim!

Kalim: What?

Katherine: Come with me.

Kalim: WHY!?

(In the janitor's closet.)

Katherine: Jesse told me about something that has to do with you.

Kalim: What?

Katherine: Jesse told me you liked me.

Kalim: I do!

Katherine: You do!?

Kalim: Yeah. Why don't you and I be boyfriend and girlfriend?

Katherine: Okay.

(In the hallway.)

Kalim: Jesse, Katherine told me that you said I liked her.

Jesse: And?

Kalim: We are boyfriend and girlfriend!

Jesse: How could you? You knew I liked her.

**CHRISTMAS** by Alex G.

Kalim: Well, too bad.

(Jesse and Kalim start fighting in the hallway.)

Jesse: You are going to pay!

Kalim: What are you going to do?

Jesse: This!

(Jesse starts punching Kalim.)

(The next day.)

Katherine: Hi, boyfriend.

Kalim: Hi, girlfriend.

Megan: I cannot believe CHRISTMAS IS TOMORROW!

Sarah and Sadie: Me too. Jinx!

Narrator: And that's the end. Everyone had a merry Christmas. Kalim and Katherine did not work out so Jesse and Katherine are going out. Kalim is now going out with Megan.

# THE BAD JOKE

by Kalim V.

One day a kid was in a class. It was math. He had to go with the teacher.

When he came back one of the kids said a joke. "Hey, kid. How was grade school?"

He got very mad. All the kids laughed. He was very mad. One of the kids, his brother, wanted to punch him so he made a note of complaint.

His brother said, "Sorry," but he didn't listen. Then the teacher wrote a note too.

The brother said, "Sorry" one more time and he forgave him.

# SUPER POWERS

by Raphael M.

Who can fly and shoot ice rays out of his hands?

I can.

Who can break walls with his mind?

I can.

Who can eat dirt and send it out the other end?

I can.

Who should rule the entire universe?

I should.

Who has about a million fans?

I might!

# MONKEYS

by Raphael M.

Monkeys are very fun.  
They like to play out in the sun.  
They like bananas very much.  
They swing and sleep and live in trees.

Oh, I would love a monkey, please.  
With a monkey I would play all day,  
Go to sleep and wake up  
The same way every day.

But, alas, I have none.  
Man, I wish I had one.  
Maybe next birthday, if I get one,  
I'll say: YAY!

# IF THE WORLD WERE OPPOSITE

By Teshome G.

If the world were opposite,  
I'd live in a bottle and drink out of a house.  
I'd pray to cod while eating God.

If the world were opposite,  
I'd play with a mall and go to the doll.

If the world were opposite,  
I'd write a boy about a story.  
I'd sit on a story while reading a bean bag.

## THE START

"You mean, end?"

"No, I don't."

# CRAZY

By Sadie A.

If the world were crazy, I would wear  
A peppermint tie, a fruit leather hat,  
A potato jacket, chicken pants,  
Banana shoes and spaghetti wigs.

If the world were crazy, I would eat  
Chicken with bananas, a scoop of bread, rocks,  
Cabbage with peaches, a slice of soup  
And a sliver of bowtie pasta.

# FAT SANTA

By Josh A.

One day I woke up. I went downstairs and saw Santa Claus coming down the chimney. He got stuck, but then he kept coming back down. He put a present in all of our stockings. He saw me, but he ignored me and drank his milk and cookies. He got so fat he looked like a potato! I rolled him outside. He farted and went to the sky.

Then I took his reindeer and went back to sleep.

***To be continued...***

# I LIKE PRESENTS

by David M.

I went to the candles.  
I looked at them.  
I lit them.  
I sang the song,  
And then I got a bunch of presents.

# EATING

By Riley K.

There are fish in the water. The fish are playing hide and seek.

There is a snake. The snake is eating the fish that are playing hide and seek.

Kids come in the water to save the fish and eat the snake and the worm.

# BIG DINOSAUR

By Mason K.

This story is about a tyrannosaurus who lives in the water but he doesn't live in the water--he lives on an island with the other dinosaurs. He ate everybody including Riley, the big teddy bear and even her pretzels.

# RAPUNZEL

By Celia A.

Rapunzel had long, curly, yellow hair. She lived in a tower with her mom. Rapunzel's mom had kind of long hair like mine. There is a sun over the big castle. Rapunzel's long hair is hanging out of the castle. Her hair is 13 inches long.



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