

CROSSLER COMMUNICATION

Principal's letter

Dear Crossler Families, Happy New Year! I hope you had a wonderful time with family and friends this holiday season. I'm sure you are ready to send your children back to school, and we are ready to teach them! Our big focus as administrators this year is on analyzing data in order to support students both academically and behaviorally. With the goal of preparing all students for graduation and beyond, we are placing more students in reading or math support. Students with behavior needs may have an adult they check in and out with each day. And of course, sound instruction and behavior expectations start in the classroom. We want to send our students off to high school prepared! Speaking of being prepared, all of our 8th graders will be attending a Career & Technical Education (CTE) showcase at Sprague High School on January 8th for an hour. Then, on Thursday, February 1st, all district 8th graders

and their parents are invited to attend a Career Night Expo at the Salem Convention Center from 6-8 PM. You will be receiving an invitation in the mail.

Wrestling season is now upon us with Coaches Naikia Benjamin and Matt Mahr. We are fielding a large team and hope to end the season undefeated once again. If wrestling does not appeal to your child, the Enrichment Academy will be starting up on January 8th. Please see the website for the classes offered. If your child is just going to the Zone for homework time and games, it's free! We will also start up a bus that takes students to Schirle, Salem Heights, and Liberty Elementary schools at 4:30.

The next grading day, January 26th is the end of the semester. Make sure that your child is turning work in, studying for tests, and reading! I hope that you all have your ParentVue passwords and are checking it on a regular basis. If not, stop by our office so we can help you. Sincerely,
Kristine Walton

Dates to Remember

January 2nd

Wrestling Starts

January 8th

Enrichment Academy Begins

PTC Forum

January 15

MLK day-No school

January 26th

Grading day

February 19

Holiday- No School

Student Writing

Blackberries
by Trinity Kerns

Blackberry juice dripped off our rosey cheeks. Rebellious six year olds, we were. A not so ordinary day at beautiful Pringle Park.

I was already not happy--those plastic ties that are in the fruit and vegetable section of the grocery store were in my hair. It was very uncomfortable; the bright white dress that mom was making me wear was itchy. I wasn't too fond of my soon-to-be stepdad. Not to mention how the blistering sun exhausted me while the hot air felt suffocating.

To be more clear, my mom was getting married that day. We were

taking pictures and I wasn't happy.

"Smile," the photographer said in a bubbly obnoxious tone, but I didn't want to. When we started to take family pictures, I was fed up. Every picture I was in, I gave the camera a death stare and a frown. Finally, my cousin arrived. I was immediately happy. She was (and still is) my best friend forever.

We both grabbed some disposable cameras from the table.

"Give me sassy,"

I said to my cousin as I twisted the camera every which way and rapidly clicked the button. We soon decided that fashion wasn't that fun and we converted to spies. We went inside the reception ballroom and hid behind big items, ducking behind chairs and somersaulting to a different table. Soon after we decided to play detective outside. We created an unrealistic murder scene snapping pictures of the body (more like a bunch of leaves in the shape of a lopsided body). Then we spotted something--out of the corner of my eye I saw a bush. A rather large bush sat quite a ways away with blackberrys the size of gumballs.

We were drawn to it, but just before I picked the first blackber-

ry, my name was called, then my cousin's was called. So we left, leaving the bush all alone.

As I threw the flowers out for my mom to walk on, my cousin and I shared a glance. Yes we were only six so it wasn't as dramatic as you are thinking but we could read each other's minds. We knew that we were going to incorporate that bush into our games somehow. When I got to the end of the path I still had plenty of petals left in my basket, so I just dumped them on my mom's feet.

"What a beautiful ceremony," I overheard someone say after. I thought it was pretty boring, but now we got to eat and play. After eating some cake my cousin and I got back to the bush. Nothing could stop us now. I extended my arm and picked a blackberry the size of the moon. My radiant white dress was no match for the staining army of the blackberry juice. My mom saw me out of the corner of her eye. "TRINITY!" she yelled, but she was too late. Little drops of purple soaked into my dress. I slowly turned my head to my mom. I started to giggle.

Blackberry juice dripped off our cheeks. Running and laughing and smiling...together.