



The Linden Tree

The Literary and Arts Magazine of St. Stanislaus School

In Poland, the linden tree is known as the tree of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In medieval times, a tribal leader, who had been pardoned by the Teutonic Knights, placed an image of Mary in a linden tree. Pilgrims who prayed before the image experienced miraculous healings of body and soul. Legend tells us that the Blessed Virgin hides amidst the branches of all linden trees, revealing herself to children, showing them the way to God himself.

It is our hope that, as our students share their talents through The Linden Tree, they will, like Mary, point to the Creator who is the origin of those gifts

Table of Contents**Poetry**

Flowers	4
Flowers in Spring	4
So Many Flowers	4
Blossoms	4
Spring	5
Spring is Here	5
The Sunny Day	5

Short Stories

The Ground	5
The Frost Part 2	6
A Soupy Dream	7
Outside the Window	7
The Sneaky Bunny	9
Evil Together	9

Flowers

By: Alexandra Costa

Sassy and sweet.
 Quirky and cute!
 Flowers in the Spring!

Flowers in Spring

By: Leah Medeiros

Fun
 Living
 Outside
 Water
 Extraordinary
 Roses are blooming
 Super, smelling air

So Many Flowers

By: Danielle Aiken

Flowers here
 Flowers there
 There are flowers everywhere
 Flowers in the summer
 Flowers in the spring
 Flowers in the house
 when the snowflakes are
 leaving.

Blossoms

By: Lauren Northrup and Zachary Reis

Bunnies are escaping their tunnels
 Lauren's birthday is on its way!
 Owls are hatching and taking first leaps
 Snakes slither their way into the open
 Snow is taking its final breath
 On its way to summer
 Moose are having their first meals
 Incredibly vibrant flowers
 New flowers are sprouting
 Growing plants and flowers in every direction

Spring

By Sophia Camara

Spring is here!
 Pretty flowers all around!
 Really big trees growing leaves again!
 Inching caterpillar on the trees, munching on the leaves!
 No snow on the ground!
 Gorgeous animals prancing around!

Spring is Here

By: Kayla Pacheco

The flowers are finally coming back.
 I haven't seen one since the fall.
 When orange leaves would flee from the trees.
 Now I see the birds, the snow is almost gone.
 Soon I will be playing tag with friends!

The Sunny Day

By Angeline Costello

A sunny day makes you smile
 and it makes sing all day.
 how bright it shines in the darkness
 even when the clouds block its way.
 Its makes the frowns turn upside down,
 and all the smiles light up the day.
 When its rainy everything's wrong,
 but when its comes out its so bright and right.
 Then when its night you hide in the cave
 to shelter from the Darkness.

The Ground
By: Maria Ferreira

Chapter 1

I've been here for three months, three months exactly, same old room, just me and my coloring materials. I guess I can't complain, at least my cell has a view of space unlike the others. I take a quick glance at the giant window. I stare at the huge moon in front of me. I think about Earth and what it's like. What the ground is like, what the oxygen is like, just everything. I reach for my chalk and draw on the grey hard floor of my cell. I draw what I think Earth is like. I draw trees and grass and the things mother always talks about. The thought of my mother makes my heart ache. Thinking about her smile and her loving gestures make my heart ache even more. I also think about my father. A tear slides down my cheek, but I quickly wipe it away. I look out the huge window once again and stare at the stars.

We live in space; we all have for 92 years. I stand up from the floor and walk over to the window still focusing on one of the stars. If it weren't for that war we would still be there, we would still be on the ground. We all came to space and formed a community named 'The Ark'. It's not perfect here; you're only allowed to have one child because of the oxygen. We need to save as much as we can. That's why they float people when you do something the government despises. My father was one of them. Just because he wanted to tell our people the truth!

I walk around this cell with anger boiling inside of me. He wanted to tell the people we only have 5 years left of oxygen. They needed to know! So that's why I'm here. After my father got floated, I went and tried to tell people, but I got caught.

My thinking comes to an end when I hear the metal door slide open. Guards appear in the room and grab my arms firmly. "Stop! Let go of me!" I struggle with the guards grip. "No! I'm not 18 yet you can't take me! I can't be floated!" I scream as they bring me out of the cell. The light blinds my vision as they drag me out of the door. Once I gained back my vision I look around and watch as other prisoners are being taken out of their cells like I was. They continue trying to drag me out when my mother appears and runs up to me. "Mom?" The guards release me as she hugs me. She grips my shoulders and faces me. "What's going on?"

"Paige, you're being sent to the ground." I watch as her face turns into a frown. "The ground?"

For more from The Ground see Maria!

The Frost Part 2:
Mars
By: Zackary Mlynek

We moved to Mars and we are safer and starting to rebuild, but I always thought that and felt like we were being watched. So one day, I went out on a scouting mission ordered by me and I also took my friends. We went to explore the surface and find water because we were thirsty; at least that's what we told our parents.

I mean it was half true we were going to get water. We thought we saw something a couple times but couldn't get a good look down by the water. It was too fast. We went back later with a few water bottles and a pail of water for the furnace to put it out at night. I told my dad about what we saw and he told the army chief. That night I guess my parents were worried because of what I told them they didn't want to leave my room.

Later that night I didn't feel safe, and didn't get much sleep. When I woke up, people from the camp were missing. The chief sent out a group of men to try and find them. They left the generator that was giving us oxygen, and it was sabotaged, by the aliens no doubt. The people rushed to their houses to get their suits on, but by the time my family did a few of my distant relatives had died. I was lucky I could hold my breath for longer periods of time. But now we had a bigger problem ALIENS.

We had to figure out a way to stop them because we need to live here! It is our home! But that might not have to be the case. This morning a scientist announced that this was only a temporary planet and that they finally discovered a new planet the Goldilox planet. The only problem is that it is 4 million light years away. The scientists quickly began working on a quicker route. **A wormhole.**

A Soupy Dream
By: James Cabral

“The soup, the soup THE SOUP”! Ahhh! What kind of dream was that?” I asked myself, why did I have a dream about soup? “Well, I guess I should get some food,” I thought. I went down stairs for some cereal, and came across a can of soup, but it didn't have a title on it. I looked for my milk, but was unsuccessful in doing so. I decided in my head that soup counts as cereal, so I opened the can, boiled it over my stove in a pan, poured it in a bowl, and began eating. Every time I took a bite, I felt more and more powerful. By the time I was finished eating, I was floating! I couldn't believe this. Soup gives me power. Just think of all the things I could do, I thought. I went across the street to my friend's house, and unlocked the door with my mind and floated in. “Dude!” I yelled. He came around the corner and screamed, after seeing my feet were not touching the ground. I told him about the soup, and gave him another can. He cooked it and ate it, and he began floating as well. I then awoke to find a bowl of soup balanced on my belly!

Outside the Window
By: Carley Medeiros

Chapter 2

“Roux! Indigo! Coin!” Dorian shouted into the woods. He walked towards the sound of running water and Finch wandered around. He came up to a clearing. The trees around him were overflowing with birdhouses. Houses of all different sizes and colors hung from the strong branches of surrounding oak trees. The most beautiful birdhouse hung on the lowest branch of a young laurel tree. It’s walls a deep red wood, the eye-catching point of the home was a stained-glass roof. “Someone did all this for birds?” Finch thought. A healthy sound hung in the air. A constant hum of birdcalls and songs. Finch whistled long and slow. The birds echoed a tune and he smiled. The noise masked the footsteps of an unknown person.

“Do you like them?” a voice said from the trees. Finch whipped around, baring a dagger. “Don’t worry, I won’t hurt you- as long as you don’t hurt the birds,” the voice added. *Don’t hurt the birds?* Why would he hurt the birds? Finch realized that the joyous noise had disappeared. He sheathed his dagger. The birds began to chirp and whistle once again. A girl stepped into the light of the clearing. Her bright red hair was cut just above her shoulders in a choppy, rough fashion. She was only a few inches taller than Finch. “What’s your name?” the girl asked. “Finch.”

“How old are you?”

“Thirteen years and one month.”

“Are you alone?”

“I travel with my two friends, Cyra and Dorian.”

“Where are you going?”

“We’re looking for the city of Divum.”

“You’ll never find it.”

Finch gave her a look of confusion and asked, “Why?” “I’ve known people who looked for Divum all their life and found nothing,” she answered. He sighed. She sighed. They stood for a moment in silence. “Who are you?” Finch inquired slowly. “My name is Wren,” she said with a sly smile. “Really? I’ve never known anyone else with a bird name like mine,” he said excitedly.

Suddenly, a thrashing sound came from behind them. Wren aimed a long, copper-colored, hooked spear at the bushes. Finch whipped out his dagger. “I found you!” Dorian yelled. He hugged Finch as the wolves pounded into the clearing. Wren screamed and wielded her spear at the wolves. They growled at her and pushed Finch and Dorian back. “Ne pas!” Dorian shouted. The wolves whimpered and sat by his side. Completely flustered, Wren swept her hair back with one hand and kept her hooked spear aimed. “Where have you you been? Who is that? Why do that goofy grin plastered to your face?” Dorian interrogated Finch passionately. “I’ve been talking to Wren and she made me smile. There. I answered three questions in one sentence,” he replied.

Dorian narrowed his eyes and whispered to Finch, “What do you make of her? It will be hard to bring her along, but if she can help us, we’ll take her.” “I can prove myself!” Wren said

loudly. The wolves growled when she spoke. Wren turned to them, aiming her spear, and let out a high and wavering shriek. Black silhouettes clouded the sky. A long bird call rose through the mass of midnight figures. They began to dive-bomb the three massive beasts. The wolves whimpered and scampered away, thrashing bushes and slamming into trees. She clucked her tongue twice and they disappeared back to their trees. Finch's jaw dropped as Dorian ran his hand through his hair in shock. "So, where's camp?" Wren asked, innocently. "B-back that, that way," Dorian tripped over his tongue, pointing in the direction of the city.

Much to the boys' surprise, Cyra welcomed Wren into their close circle. They sat around a makeshift campfire, bathed and dressed in their new clothes. Cyra brought Wren to the shop she and Finch had browsed earlier. A dinner of all-too-rare sausage on stale bread filled the stomachs' of the quartet.

The three wolves slept just behind the four adolescents, eyes opening and ears perking at every new sound. With supplies that the wolves had carried, Dorian and Cyra assembled camp, Finch and Wren being too short to drape the *almost* waterproof tarps between the alley walls. Protected from the brutal wind that had picked up, the four planned the next day's travels.

"I say that we travel northeast towards these four big lakes. They're near the border of Arestral, but I think it's worth the risk." Finch charted out their route on an antique map that he had pickpocketed from a traveling salesman. In fact, the map was so old that it still bore the past name of the land- America. "No, the Terfroidials are nearing war with the Arestral people, if we travel too close to their territories, we're dead meat," Cyra expertly disassembled his plan.

The quartet was silent except for the birds that followed Wren. She nestled a group of ducklings in the hood of her coat - which she wore backwards sometimes. A look of pure enlightenment swept over Dorian. He bent over the map and made a small dot on one part of the paper. Shooing away a duck, Dorian drew a long wiggly line on the map. "What are you doing?" Cyra asked. "Look, we're here in this area called Colorado, if we travel down this river here, it pitches into Naveda and we travel by foot to Colinarda," Dorian pointed to his first dot as he spoke and ran his finger over the river line. The map that Finch had stolen was second-hand and had been marked over when areas were renamed or expanded. It had become quite illegible and they could not know what to expect.

The Sneaky Bunny
By: Aidan Morley

Hello my name is Alexander. Have you ever woken up and saw a bright light or a little cotton tale? Well I want to tell you a story - the story of a little boy named Tommy.

Tommy was eleven years old. He was very naughty. He was very scientific. He only believed in what he saw. One day he was working behind his house on the picnic table when he saw something. It was Easter Sunday, and his mother said hello from the house. Tommy kept working on his project and he heard a rustling in the bush.

He wondered what it was. He went to see what it was and saw nothing. When he turned around he saw a small rabbit with a basket of eggs. He said, "Why are you holding a basket?" When he tried to grab it. The rabbit moved back and went, "Wowowo!!!"

Tommy could not believe his eyes the rabbit stood up and a flash of light came and he had a purple suit on. He said, "Why are you coming to me?" Tommy was astonished. He had never seen a talking rabbit or a rabbit with class. The rabbit then said, "Don't you know who I am?" Tommy shook his head. The rabbit said, "I'm the Easter bunny!!!"

Tommy did not believe his ears. That night the Bunny left. When Tommy woke up and told all his friends, but there was a problem. Tommy told them the Easter bunny was not real. Tommy felt ashamed. So later that night, when Tommy went to sleep...

**Now What Happens To Tommy In The Morning? You Decide!!!
And Who Is The Bunny?**

Evil Together

By: Carley Medeiros

BANG! An explosion echoed from the laboratory. Fire Phoenix and Laceration slid around a corner. As the smoke cleared they peered inside. The room was empty, or so they thought. A girl's head rose up from behind a counter. Her long brown hair stood at an angle nearly vertical, with two long stripes of purple coloring rising up the sides. Smoke stained her pale skin and sharp hawk-like nose. She wiped soot off of her steampunk style laboratory goggles.

"What happened?" Fire Phoenix shrieked. "Nothing. Experiments. Acid foam, very slippery," the girl answered. "Who are you to say that an earth shaking explosion is nothing?" Laceration demanded. "Well, I'm Doctor Occipital, chemist, medical doctor, and evil genius," she stated, holding out her hand in greeting. Laceration shook her gloved hand and muttered his name. "No introduction needed," she said to Fire Phoenix, who had been fooling with a couple of specimen vials. "You know her?" Laceration asked Fire Phoenix. "We were friendly acquaintances back in Daptherium, the city near Scittory," she answered, watching Doctor Occipital put the vials back in their proper places.

"So, first day of school and you're already in the laboratory?" Laceration asked Doctor Occipital as they wiped grime off of the lab equipment. "Yes, I've already moved into my dormitory and gotten all of my paperwork," she said proudly. "Whoa, you're really a go-getter. The most I've done all day is dump my luggage in my room and buy a bag of cheese-puffs," he admitted wearily. "You might want to claim a bed before your roommate does or you'll not have a room," Doctor Occipital said.

"But what if somebody comes down to use the lavatory and find this equipment is dirty?" Fire Phoenix fretted. Doctor Occipital smirked and said, a bit exasperated, "This is the *laboratory*- not the lavatory. But no one comes down here. By the sounds of it, not many of our classmates have even heard of the lab." She stood and brushed the soot off of her clothes. "Thanks, this is weird, I thought everyone would be more *evil*," Laceration said, standing up and following her out of the lab. "Oh, we are, but we like to gain some advantages first," Doctor Occipital stated.

"That's the building where our classes are held," Fire Phoenix said as they exited the main building on the campus. The structure, called The Skarr Center, was magnificent, with a high stained-glass ceiling above the main area, the Student Administration. Inside, there were multiple classrooms where students learned how to control and use their powers in more manipulative ways. Above the tall glass doors was the school's name. Engraved in silver, the words 'Evil Mastery Academy' shone proud. The three walked over the cobblestone walkways towards the library/information office. Dr. Occipital strode forward pointedly while Fire Phoenix and Laceration lagged behind a ways, enjoying the scenery. Fire Phoenix came to a sudden stop, her fiery wings settling to her sides. "What's wrong?" Doctor Occipital asked turning around. Splat! Mid-step, Laceration and Doctor Occipital fell flat on their backs, as if the pavement had frozen over. "Ice," Fire answered

Look for more Evil Together in future issues or see Carley if you can't wait to read more!