Lost in a big box

By Molly Burke
Browns River Middle School, Grade 6

Crowded with shoppers,
at the last minute looking for something
to please, or to look like they care.
We go off,
not knowing where to return to.
I gaze at the flowers.
Their beauty putting me
In a state of awe.
Then, when I am done,
I want to go back,
Back to where my parents are.
But, where are my parents?
I feel lost and alone.
And when all hope is lost I ask for help.
I ask for help from the lady
At the jewelry desk.
She says she can't do much,
but she still announces my parents
Over the intercom.
I cross my fingers, hoping they will come.
But they don't come
So she does it again.
They don't come.
She tells me she will do it one more time,
and they come.
I rush into their arms,
Glad to be found,
To be wanted.
The store is overcrowded,
full,
and, most of all,
scary.

Shopping at the mall

By Miranda Baker
Albert D. Lawton Intermediate School, Grade 7

Toy stores, candy shops and...
Clothes!
I can smell the perfume,
I can hear the music playing,
But there are too many choices,
Just not enough cash!
Arguing with myself,
"What should I choose?"
I find what I am looking for
and it's the right color too!
If only they had my size...

Shopping spree

By Amber Groves
Edmunds Elementary School, Grade 4

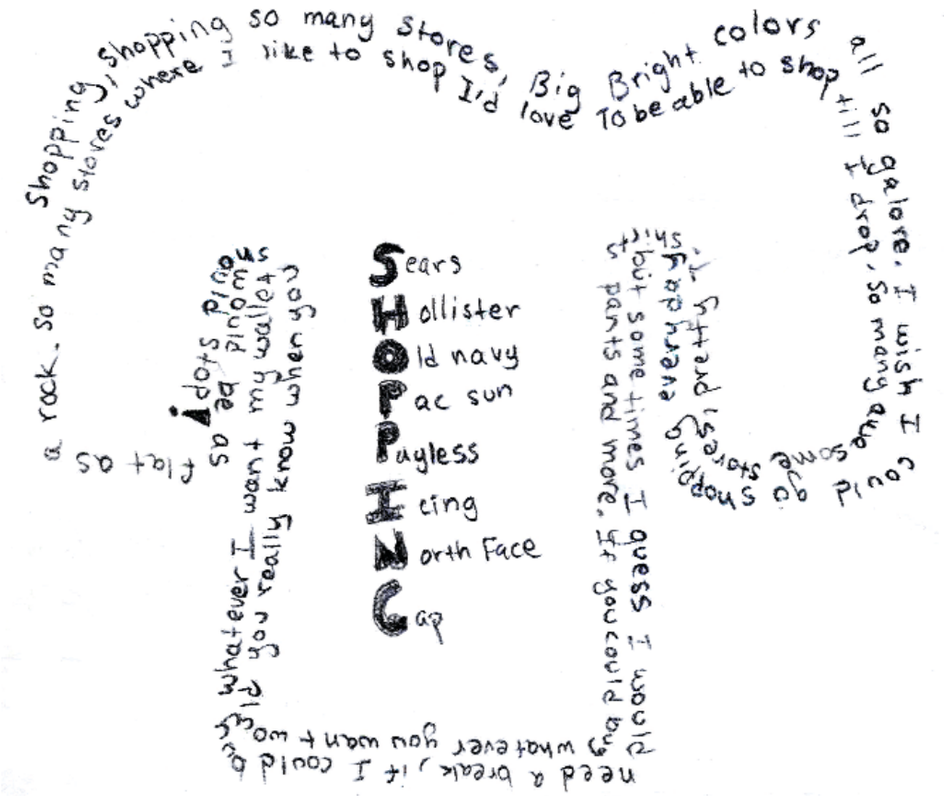
One Saturday I went shopping with my grandmother. We bought clothes and I even got my hair cut. It was so much fun.

One outfit that I got had a black shirt with rainbow skulls and little rainbow hearts. The outfit also had black leggings with a rainbow skull on the bottom left side with little rainbow hearts around the rainbow skull. But the thing I liked most of all was the haircut. It's long in the front, short in the back.

Now that's what I call a shopping spree.

Shopping

By Priyanka Santhanakrishnan | *Albert D. Lawton Intermediate School, Grade 7*



Declined

By Mary Nguyen | *Albert D. Lawton Intermediate School, Grade 7*

What is it this time?
An Armani vintage sweater!
I feel like my head is about to explode...
"Should I get it, should I not?"
My heart is about to melt.
I feel the soft, cozy fabric against my bare hands.
If only it was on sale,
Just twenty percent, no, just fifteen percent, no ...just ten.
It will go great with my new earrings from Tiffany's.
The sweater on the pale mannequin is almost talking to me, whispering in my little ears.
I walk two steps forward but take five steps back.
The farther away I get, the emptier I feel.
With only one option, I run to the beautiful piece of work.
"I'll take it," I yell. "I'll take it."
With nothing but credit cards in my red Versace wallet, I vow that this is the last time
I will take them out today.
The sales clerk goes through what seems to be 20 of my cards,
Every single time saying, "DECLINED."
With not a second thought my arms reach for the sweater
And my legs drift away, heading for the door,
Not knowing I could set off the alarm! Security comes running towards me.
Looking at the nice sweater in my innocent hands
I know I have an addiction, worse than a gambler.

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Pulling me in

By Taylor Tighe
Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 7

Gripping, grabbing and pulling,
Slowly pulling me into their dreaded world.
I try to run
I try to get away
But I never can.

It's like a drug
And I've become addicted.
I need it; I love it
But somewhere deep down
I don't need it; I hate it.

Gripping, grabbing and pulling,
Slowly pulling me into a world I hate.
I try to run
I try to get away
But I never can.

I hate those dreaded video games
With their flashing lights,
Their story lines.
They pull me in and waste my time.

I don't need them
But I can't get away.
I'm lost in them
I'm bound to stay.

My shopping trip

By Dylan Haskins
Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8

I like shopping, but only if I have money to spend. I like shopping for dirt bike clothes and dirt bikes. I remember when I went to Land Air to get my first dirt bike. I was five years old. It was an XR 70. I was so happy. It was very special to me. I had never had a dirt bike before. I had had a four wheeler but nothing like a dirt bike. So shopping can be fun!

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TELL THE STUDENTS.
YOU WILL MAKE THEIR DAY.

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