



Paper Jam

Special Thanks to
Ms. Clarke
and
Ms. Calcattera

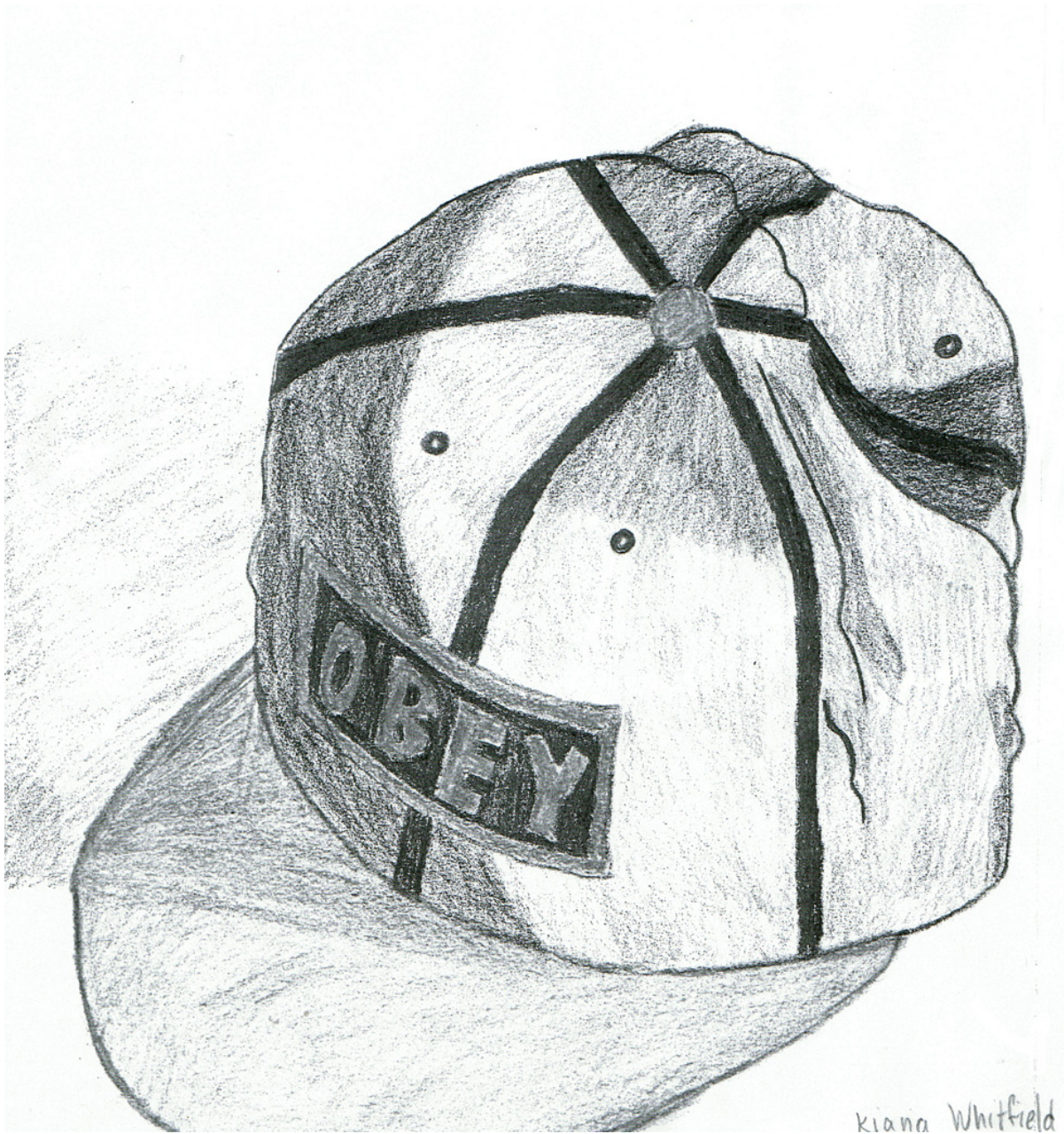
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Hat Still Life by
Kiana Whitfield

Beach

By Kadasia LaJole

swishing and swaying
fishing and playing
seeing the sights
knowing it's all right

to smell the salty air
have the wind blow through my hair
feel the sand between my toes
not caring about friends or foes

just about the sun on my skin
the shovel in the bin
as blissful as can be
my day at the beach



Jeb and I

by General Robert E. Lee

(Pen Name)

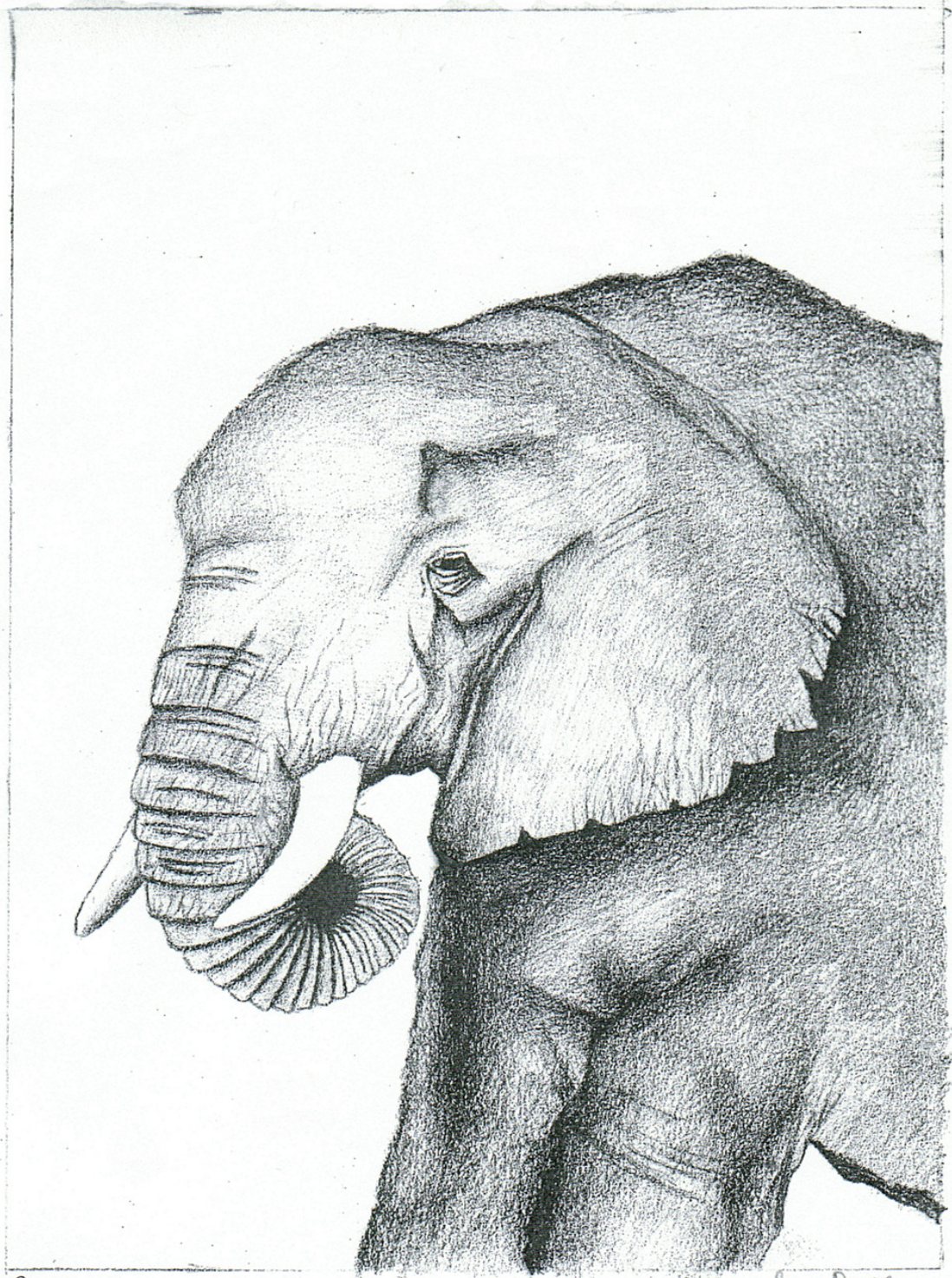
Now that we have gained higher ground, Jeb, we must maintain our position. Fitchburg lies at our feet, and no one will take a charge up that hill lightly. Our strategy is clear, yet I cannot help but be concerned by the behavior of you and your men.

I cannot abide your constant wanderings. I realize that our rations leave much to be desired, but you cannot desert your post to wander for miles. You must wean yourself of that strange substance you all imbibe,

those Slurpees. The blue color and the slurping sound are most ungentlemanly. And your men, they all follow you there, blue-lipped, blue-lipped like Yankees! It makes you all edgy as cats.

You are the eyes and the ears of the army, Jeb. Come to think of it, you are the hands and the feet as well. Be a good man, and hand me that parasol. The sun is powerfully strong today. The light is hard on my eyes. But now I can make out the lines of battle more clearly. Every one of us should have a parasol.

What are you talking about, Jeb, calling parasols targets? You heard me, give every man his own parasol. Breakfast was hours ago, and I am peckish. I do not have the energy to reprimand you for your continuing insolence.



9.

Murphy Page

Elephant by
Murphy Page

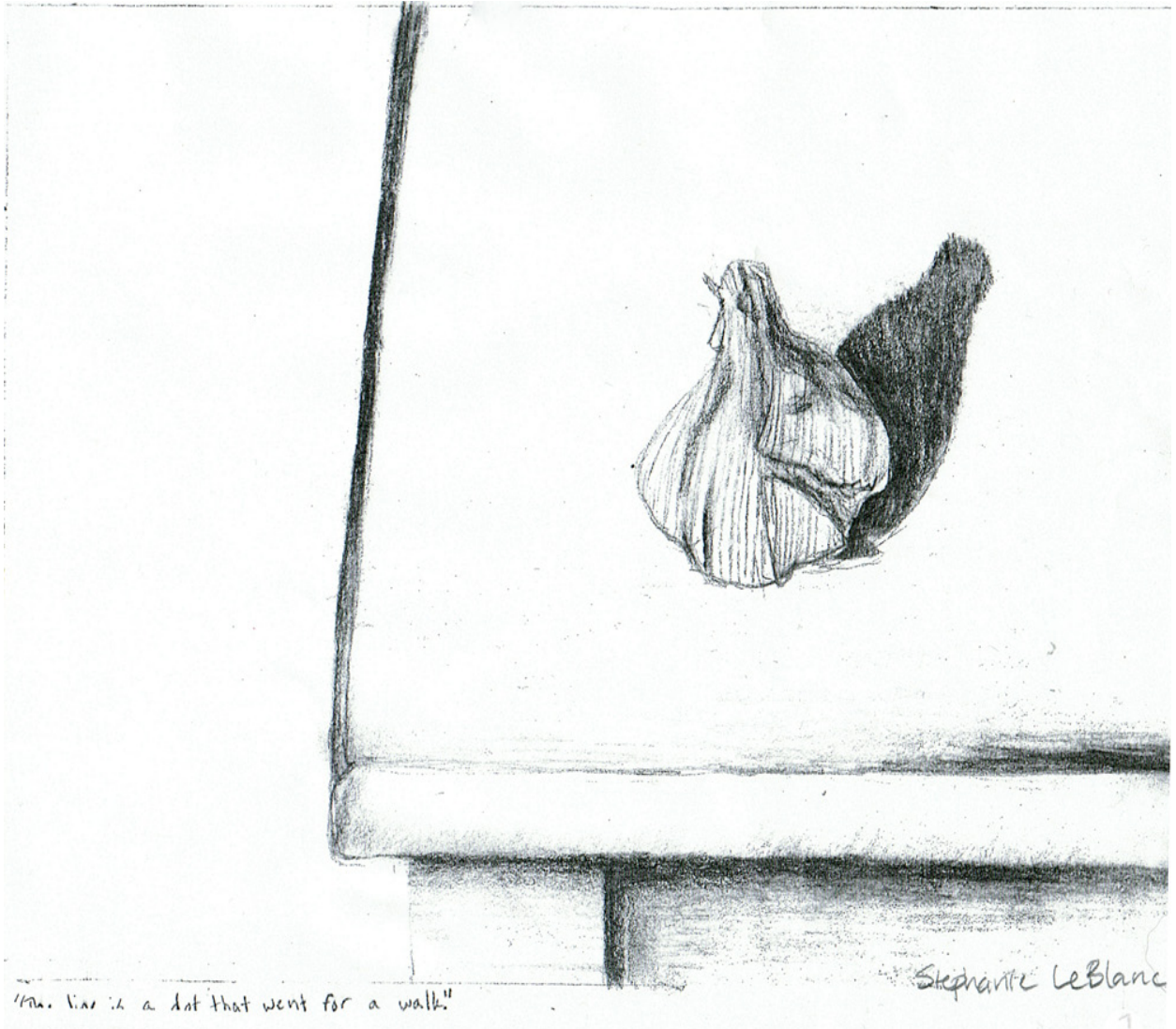
Talk

by Kadasia LaJole

*People work
in mysterious ways
Some are jerks
some like to play*

*But some games
they like to play
are that of blame
from night to day*

*Some like the taste
of names in their mouth
it's like a race
to see who's first to come out*



Phil, the Philanthropic Planarian

By Jacob W. Brown.

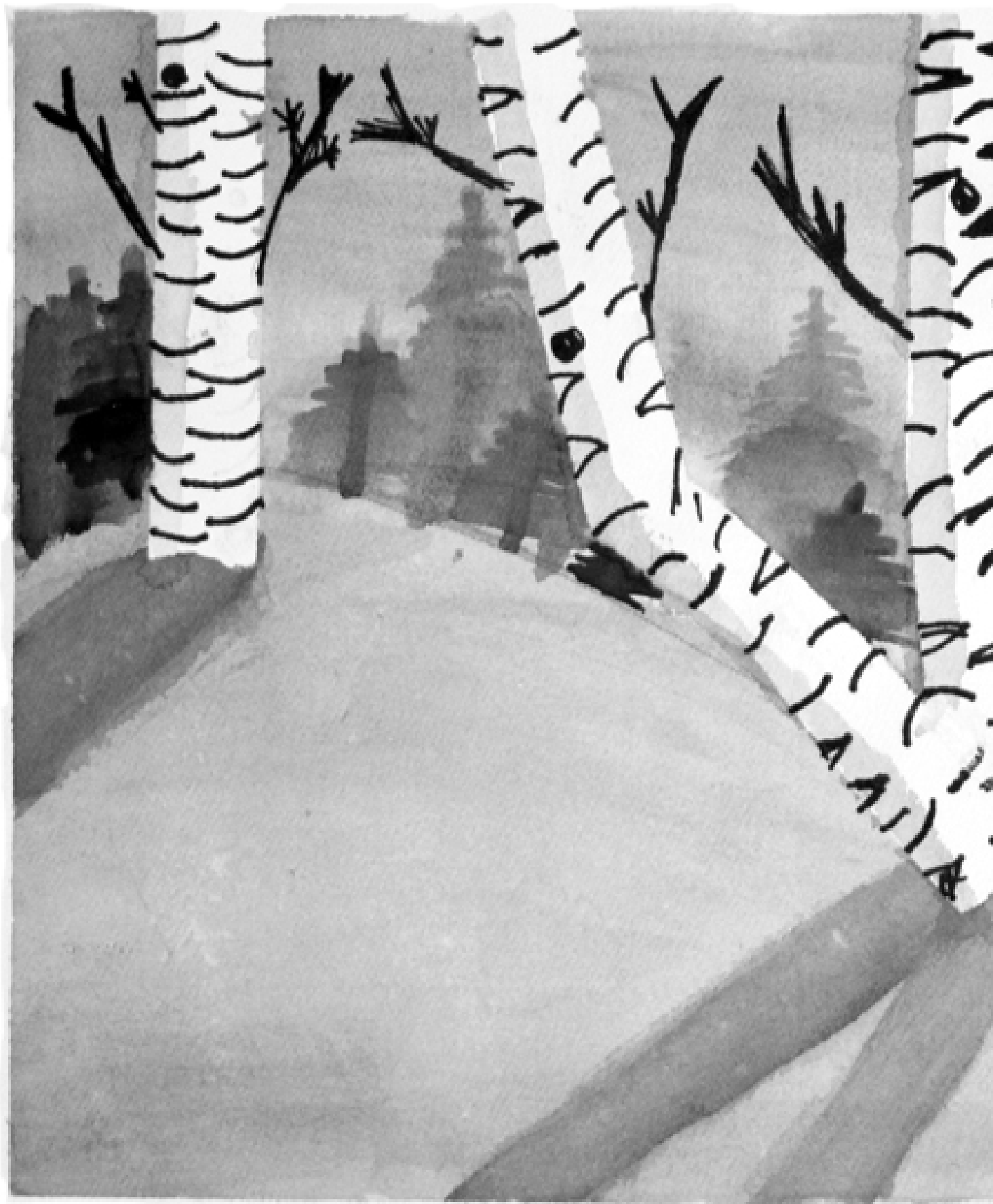


Frog Sketches by Jen Barrett

Phil the Philanthropic Planarian didn't like people. He particularly disliked his parents. They had chosen to name him Phil, the Philanthropic Planarian, without considering that he was a frog who did not particularly like mankind, in part due to the fact that he was a frog, and not a member of the club which is mankind.

Phil, the Philanthropic Planarian was sure he was a frog because he lived in the water, and everyone knew that frogs live in the water. One day Phil was enjoying the experience of sitting in his den, reading the complete works of Robert Frost, while listening to Bach's Toccata and Fugue. Suddenly Beth the Biologist reached down and captured Phil the Philanthropic Planarian. Then she headed back to "The Company You Should Really Invest In" (the founders of the T.C.Y.S.R.I.I couldn't think of a good name, so they chose a name that went straight to the point) .

Beth the Biologist had been sent out to find a planarian, for no other reason than an irrational decision made by one of the chairmen of the company. "Hey," the chairman had said, "you know we are a science company that makes important stuff, right? What's that, Computer Man? Be silent, Computer Man, I don't really care what we make, I am on a brainwave here! Where was I? Oh, right, we need a planarian! What? No, I don't care that we make cell phone chips! We need a planarian! Hey, Computer Man, you figure out what to do with it, that's not my job!"





Bryce Scott

White Birches by
Bryce Scott

So, Computer Man (who had frequently tried to explain to people that his real name was George, but who had been generally ignored by people who in the rare times they paid attention to the fact he must have a real name called him Gill) had been forced to hire a biologist.

Despite the fact that Beth had been applying for a different job on the N.O.K.W.T.N.D Project (which stood for the “No One Knows What The N.O.K.W.T.N.D Does”), she was hired based on the assumption that she understood a thing about biology other than the fact that it included cutting up perfectly good lunch meat. She accepted the job because it seemed to offer more than her current job of stapling a green piece of paper to a blue one in an unheated basement for thirty years until retirement.

As Beth the Biologist was carrying Phil, the Philanthropic Planarian to her company’s building, Phil, the Philanthropic Planarian complained vocally. “Madam, I must insist that you let me go immediately, or I shall be forced to call out and cause the servants of the law that compile the police force of this fair city to intervene on my behalf.”

But Beth the Biologist could not hear Phil, the Philanthropic Planarian's croaking due to the fact that her ears were currently occupied by the hearing buds of her iPod.



When she walked into her office, Beth looked around and realized she had no idea what to do with her captive. She closed her office door and threw Phil the Philanthropic Planarian onto her desk. “Stay!” she commanded. Then Beth the Biologist logged onto the computer and typed into Wikipedia.

“Madam, I must really insist that I be freed immediately!”

Beth the Biologist stared at Wikipedia's picture of a planarian and then looked at Phil the Philanthropic Planarian. Phil was much larger than the planarian in the picture and of

Computer Man came into the room. “What is that?” he said, pointing at Phil, the Philanthropic Planarian.

Beth had a flashback to a frog she had seen in her childhood. “That is a frog, sir!”

“I thought we told you to get a planarian!”

“Yes. but I thought you would like a frog better!”

“Why?” asked Computer Man

“Uhm, because, because... they taste good!”

Phil had taken to humming Beethoven’s Second Symphony, as he did whenever he lost his temper. He wasn’t really paying attention to the conversation.

“Really?”

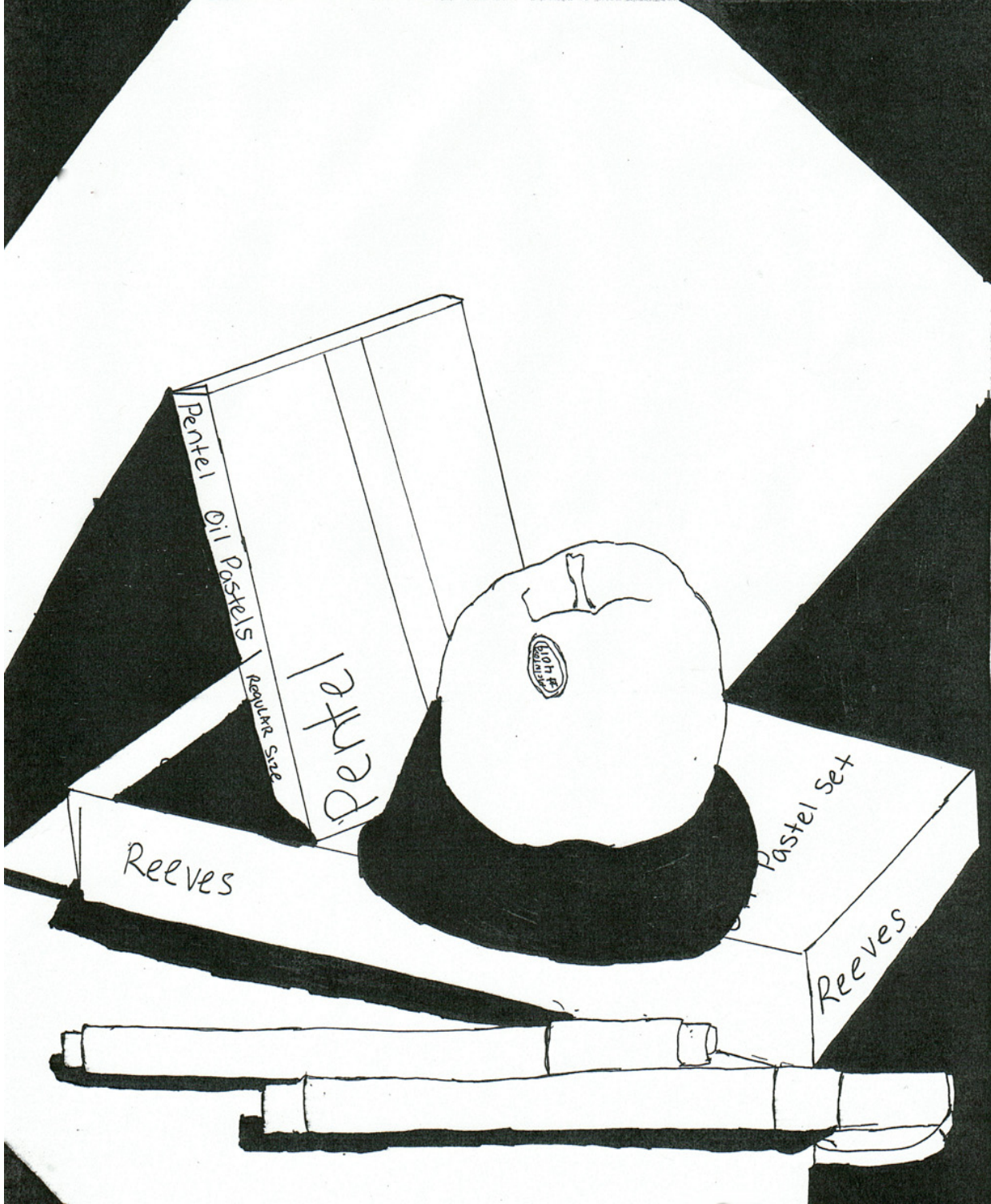
“Yes! Very good!” said Beth, hoping she would get to keep her job

“Hmm. I will share your idea! Good work!”

The board loved the idea, people remembered Gill’s name, Beth got to keep her job, and the company actually got some real investors. In the end, everyone lived happily ever after--well, except for Phil, the Philanthropic Planarian, who was promptly served at the company luncheon. But you know what they say, not everyone can win.



*Jen
Barrett*



Apple and Pens by
Kiana Whitfield

Fixin' a Heart That's Broken

By Kadasia LaJole

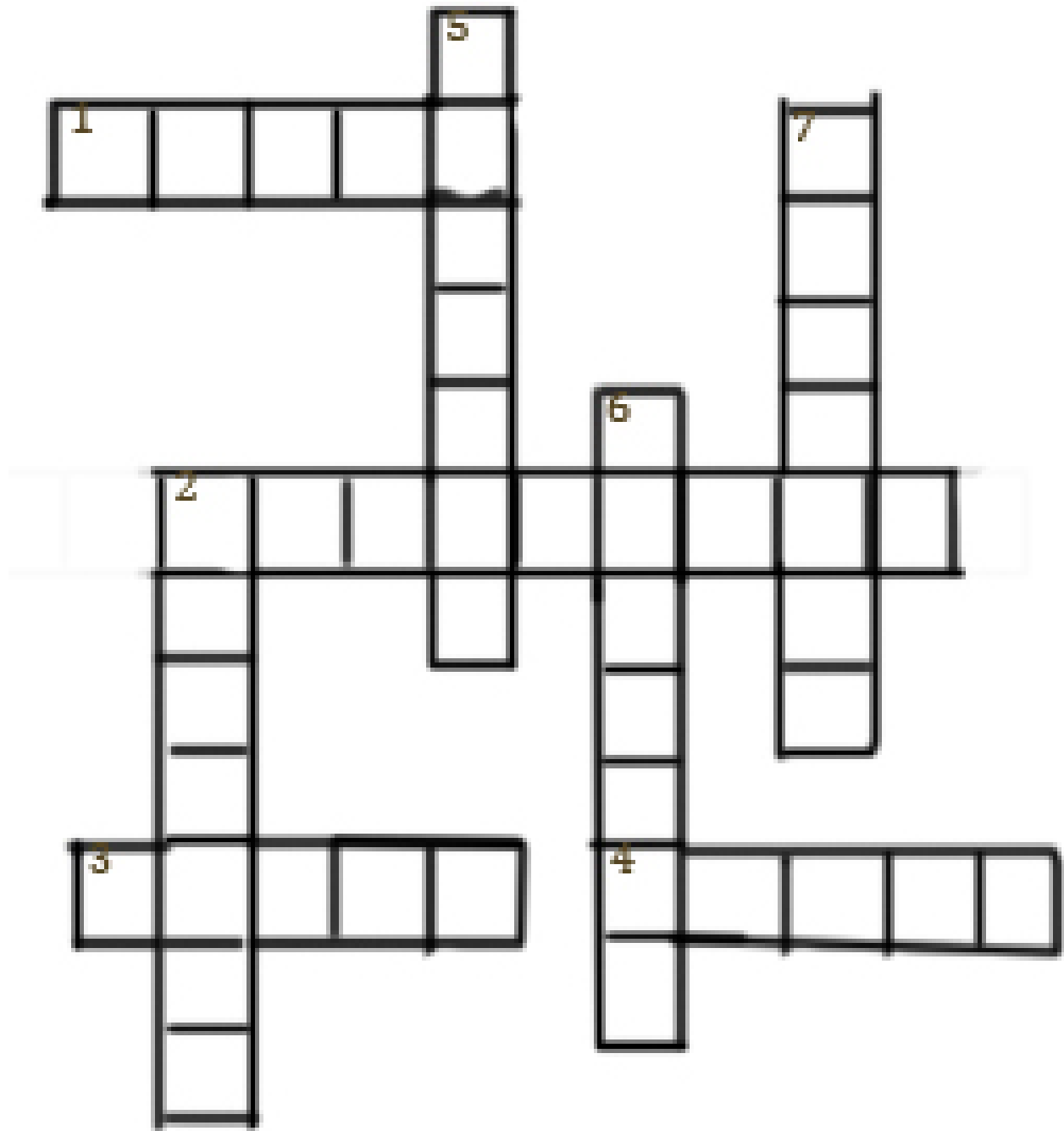
Fixin' a heart that's broken
is like trying to see the light
with eyes that don't open
no matter what you do
the light will not get through
you taking this one to the grave
it does not matter if you are brave

Mr. Snuffles presents

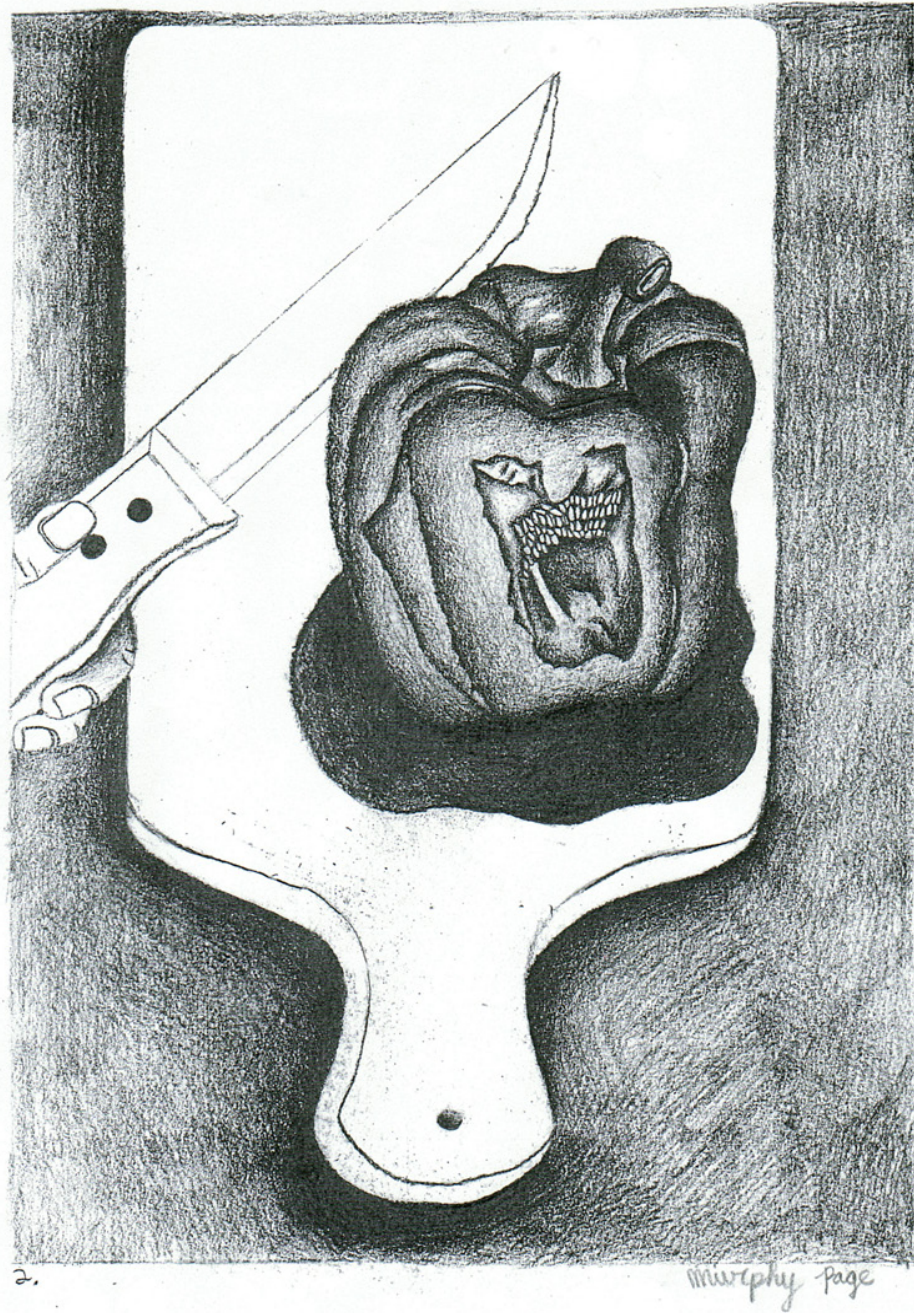
All About Me

Crossword Puzzle

1. Although the puppy was firm in her religious beliefs, Mr. Snuffles disagreed with her _____.
2. (across) Mr. Snuffle's favorite brand of soda.
2. (down) A large group of cats is called a _____.
(hint: Mr. Snuffles invites them over for clam chowder).
3. When Mr. Snuffles visited the pasture, the cow met him with _____ silence.
4. Mr. Snuffles would become very _____ if he were to sleep on an insects' hill
5. Mr. Snuffles' vet might give this kind of xray to an injured animal.
6. When the dog meowed, he was being a _____.
7. Mr. Snuffles doesn't believe that _____ cats is impossible: if everyone in the world would just obey Mr. Snuffles' every word, things would run smoothly.



Mr. Snuffles suggests that should you become stymied by this puzzle, it may behoove you to check the answers on the last page of Paper Jam,



Pepper on Cutting Board
by Murphy Page

The Cheese Enthusiast:

or

A Plea from the Editor

by Jacob W. Brown

Mr. Frogger liked cheese. Mr. Frogger didn't just like cheese: you could say that he loved cheese. He had a strange cheese obsession. But Mr. Frogger didn't like to eat cheese--no, he would not eat anything that came from one of those methane dispensers known as cows. Instead, Mr. Frogger used cheese for everything from stain remover to paint.

Mr. Frogger, suffice it to say, didn't have many friends. It is surprisingly hard to keep friends when you slap anyone who eats or looks at cheese the wrong way. Mr. Frogger's constant observations on how Watergate would never have happened if Nixon had used cheese more also seemed to alienate people. Yet, Mr. Frogger never got lonely, gosh no. The reason? Cheese is a good listener.

Mr. Frogger woke up one morning when Cat, Mr. Frogger's cat, spat a mouse into his face. Mr. Frogger didn't like

Cat (as shown by Cat's creative name).

“Cat. Please don't spit dead mammals into my face.” Mr. Frogger felt the fearful flurry of little paws as the mouse got up and ran away.

Mr. Frogger had gotten Cat for the express purpose of getting rid of the mouse problem that all the cheese generated. Cat was a great mouser. He caught at least eight mice a day. But he never killed them; he always just spat them at Mr. Frogger.

Mr. Frogger pushed Cat off of Mr. Frogger's cheese bed. He quickly ate his breakfast of eggs. Then he held his normal conversation with Mr. Gouda, the cheese sculpture. Cat came jogging in and spat a bird in Mr. Frogger's lap. The bird promptly flew off as Cat stared happily at Mr. Frogger. Mr. Frogger sighed, and then he wrote something for Paperjam, a great Zine that should be submitted to whenever you have some creative writing or art!



Bathing Cat by Jen Barrett



Garden Dog by
Stephanie LeBlanc



Thank you,
Ms. May,
Ms. Doucette,
and all of our contributors!

Paper Jam is
Published for
North Central Charter Essential School
171 South Street
Fitchburg, Massachusetts, 01420.

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