



The Eaglette



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EDOM LEULESEGED

VANITRICE MCCLAIN



SHARIA COLLINS

NATASHA WATKINS

STANDING ON BUSINESS!

When we embarked on this journey to obtain our Specialist degree, we had no idea the trials and tribulations we were going to endure.

What we did has never been done at South Cobb High School, the entire 9th grade Literature team walked into West Georgia with a Masters and walked out a year and a half later with our Specialist degree.

We learned so much and it has spearheaded our desire to share what we have learned with others.

Both McClain and Collins are seeking their Academic Coaching endorsement.

Collins, McClain and Watkins have taken their knowledge and presented at Cobb County seminars.

Leu is an ambassador on the Standards Task Force. One of three high school teachers selected for 9th grade.



Thanks to Sherrod Rainge for making this photo shoot possible!

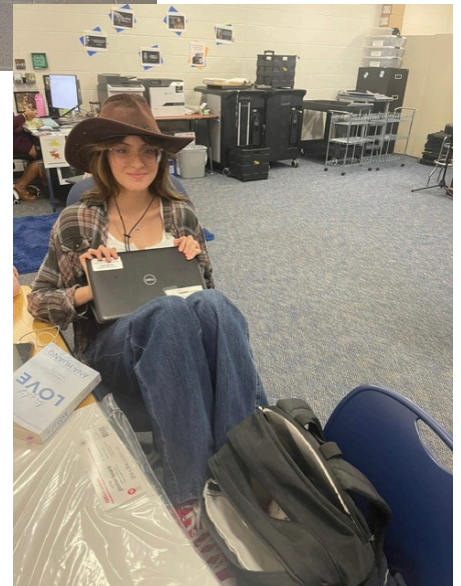
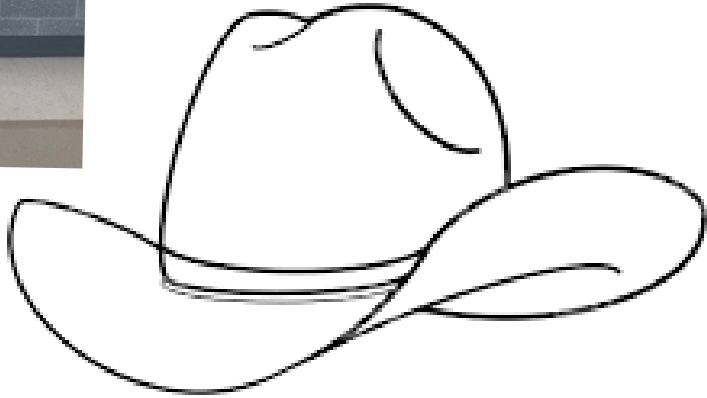


Peanut Butter / JELLY TIME!



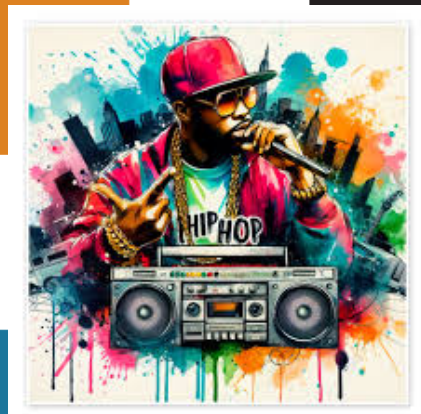


Howdy there, Cowgirl!





THROWBACK '80s, '90s, '00s



MAY I STAND SIR?

by Ijeoma Ijenwa

A circle is the loop we can't seem to avoid.
While the time spent here is not well enjoyed.
Red and blue represent the lights, but I hope I don't see them
at school time.
One-minute turns to two, two turns to ten, and ten turns to 11.
Should I stay oblivious?
Why can't I?
Why will I?
Why should I?
Be afraid of something that may or may not come?

I'm like a sitting duck.
I don't quack just for fun and I
I understand the plan.
I should just put it in God's hands, but
I'm not scared.
I'm not shook.
 maybe just a little, but
 here I stood.
In front of the lion
 that's growling at my face.
I'm not lying.
I know what it says it said.

“Get on your feet!
 keep walking till you can't even breathe.
Get active and stay motivated while you can, because you
never know that there might be a man.
A really bad man.
A really sad man because someone decided to put a gun in his
hands.”
And he said to go meet the giraffe he could see all the truth.

Truth be told.
I don't want my truth to be sold.
I get to Mr.G
he looked me up and down he said,
 “Si.”
I see everything from way up here.
Sometimes I wish I was short, I fear.
But don't you fear my dear?
I'll tell you the truth you don't want to hear.
That you push away things the moment it gets hard.
You're not scared of the future you're scared to be a star.
Now listen up little child you are the future.
Don't focus on the past now is the time to change your life
around.
You may be scared now but one day you'll bring a little baby
life around.
The endless circle you fear is no more my dear, so chin up my
dear no need to fear.
I got your back I'm watching the rear.

The new era is coming so wear your gear.
Now head to the zebra she sees the patterns in your mistakes.”

Miss zebra said call her big Z it doesn't matter to her because
she's mad friendly.
What mistake have I made that I don't even know?
But when the realization hits it's like my head hit the floor
And I am not no punk.
I own up to it.
I see the truth, so I prove it.
I see my path and I go through it.

Big Z says,
 “You lie like a punk.”
Miss Z says.
 “You need to wake up.”
Big Z says.
 “What's the word child I heard you want to see your
 mistakes?

The problem is the patterns are there?
The patterns are everywhere.
I thought you wanted to break the cycle, but its looking like
you don't care.

Number 1 stop acting like you don't care.
Number 2 you don't focus on your own progress.
Number 3 is you keep going back to what hurt you.
And listen to big Z because big Z can see through you.

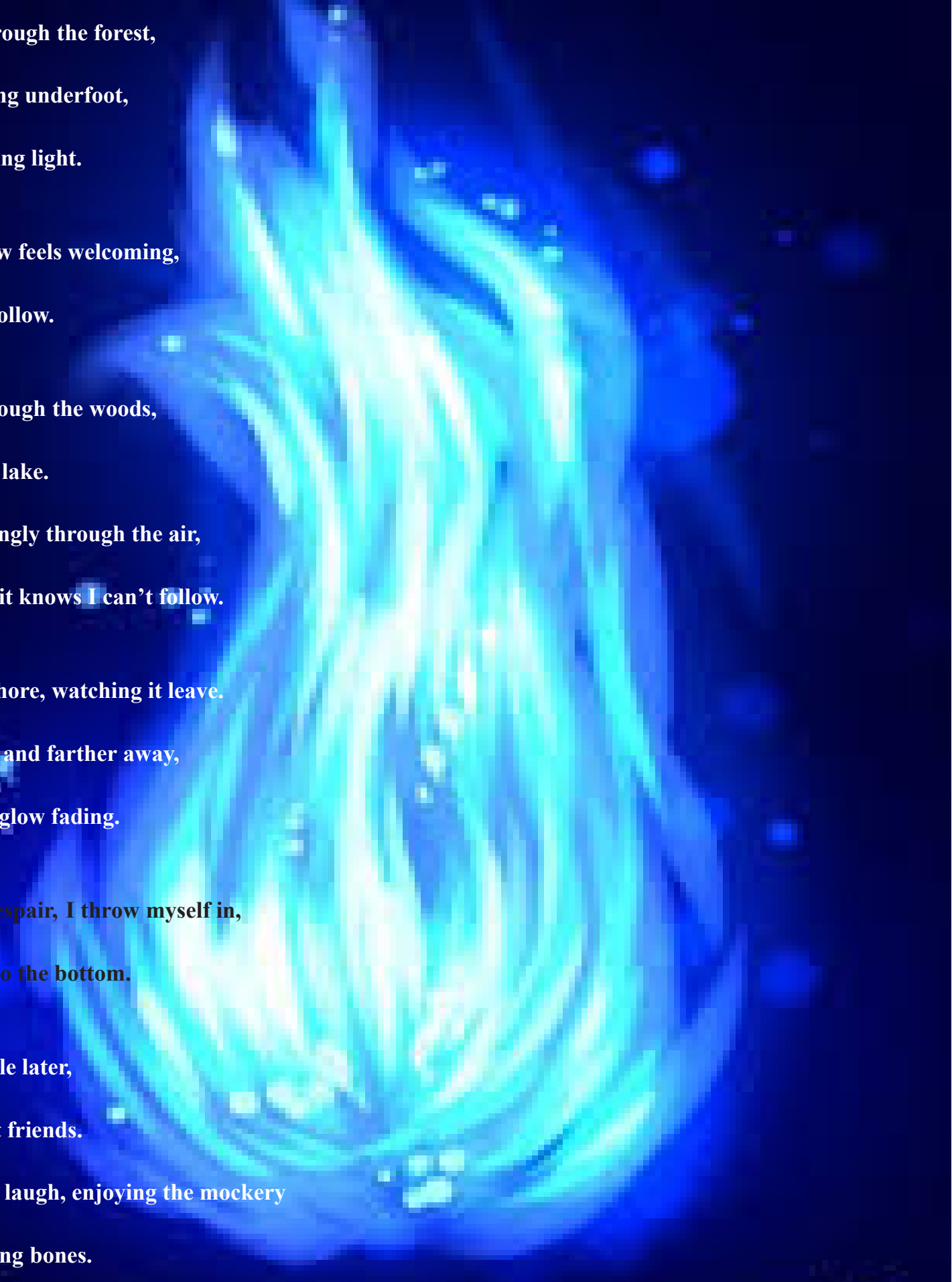
I asked big Z if it was true.
She said it was.
That not choosing is also a choice,
The truth is worse than a lie.
Two wrongs don't make a right.
That the one second you spent daydreaming died.
That if you close your eyes, you won't see light.

If you keep your eyes open your future will be bright.
When will I see the truth?
The truth is a disguise hiding in front of our eyes.
Don't be stuck in the past of your demise.
Soon the endless circle will end Infront of our eyes, and I will
be the last man standing.

Until the end of time.

WISP

by Kiera Lamm

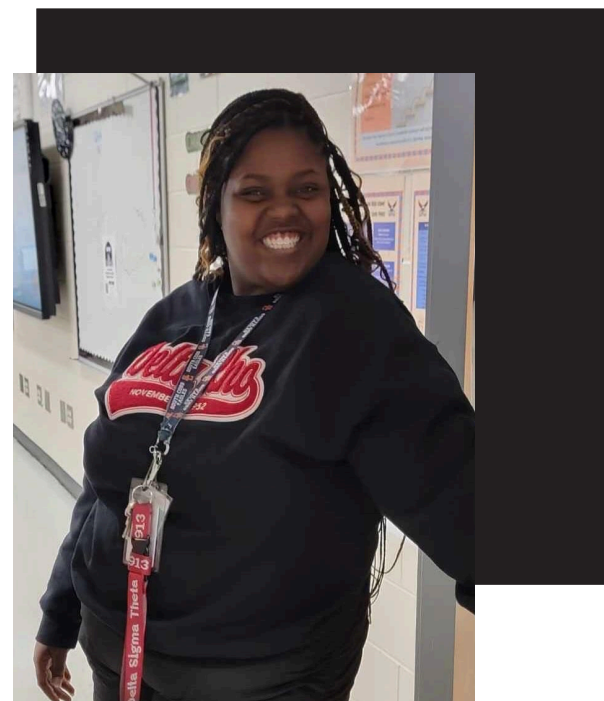


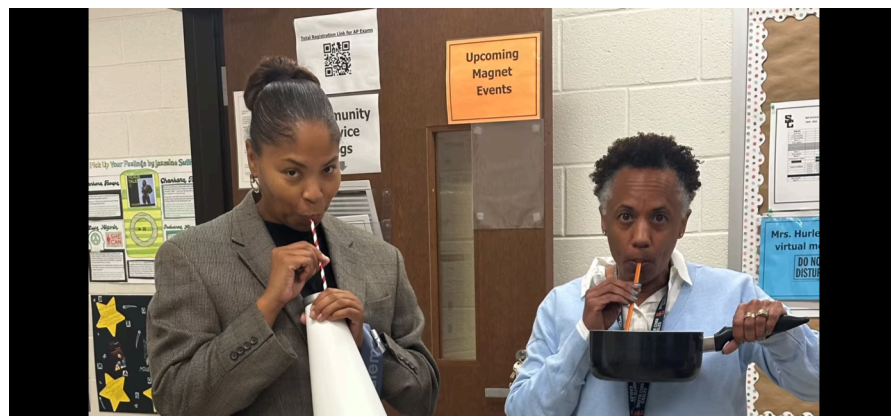
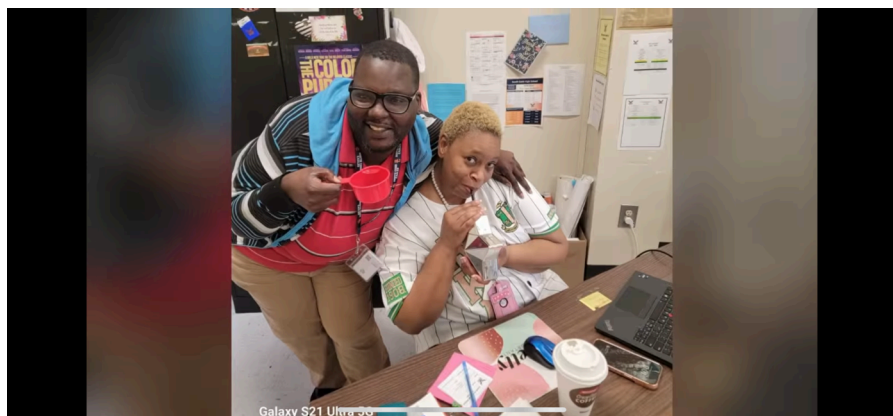
As I wander through the forest,
Leaves crunching underfoot,
I spot a beckoning light.
Its soft blue glow feels welcoming,
Inviting me to follow.
Leading me through the woods,
It takes me to a lake.
It bounces teasingly through the air,
Floating where it knows I can't follow.
I stand on the shore, watching it leave.
It drifts farther and farther away,
It's comforting glow fading.
With a cry of despair, I throw myself in,
And sink, sink to the bottom.
It returns a while later,
Bringing with it friends.
They laugh and laugh, enjoying the mockery
That is my rotting bones.

BLACKOUT!

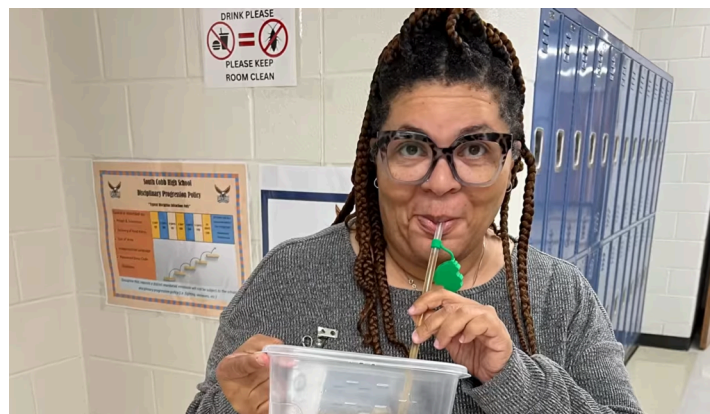
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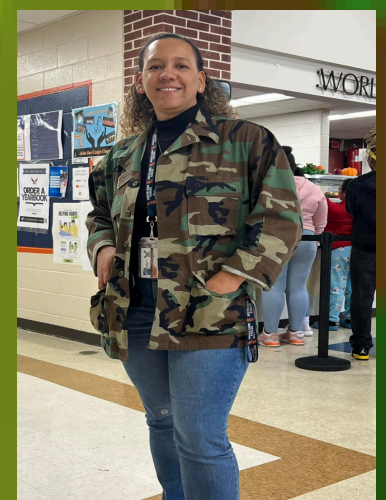
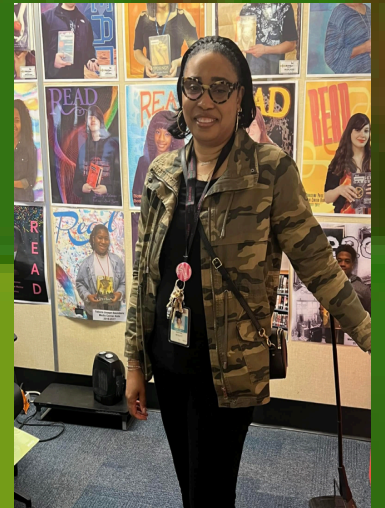
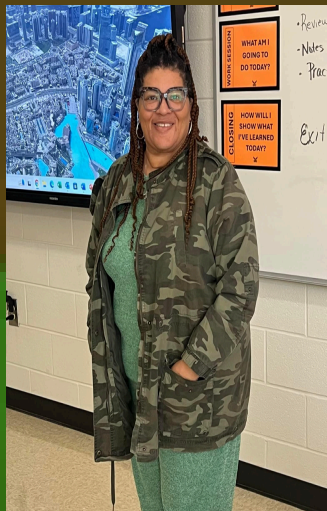
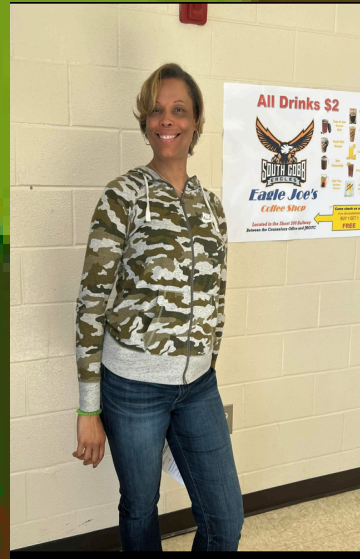
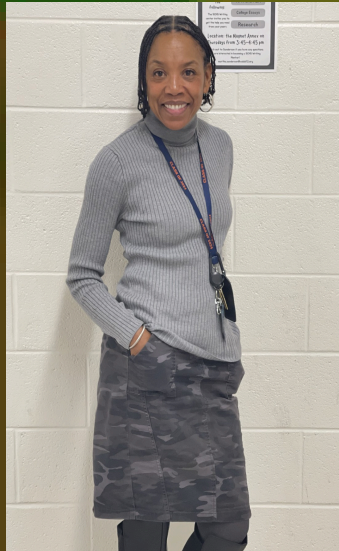
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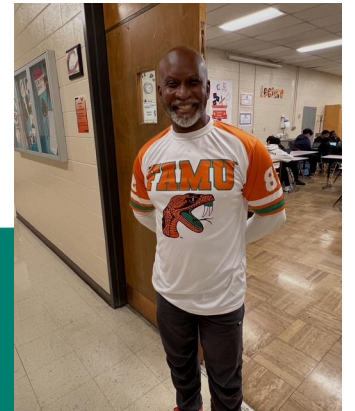
Anything
BUT
A
CUP



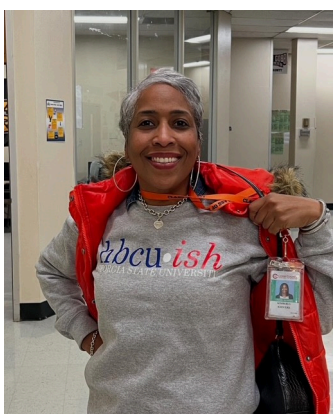
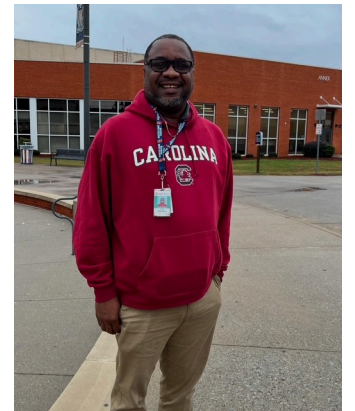
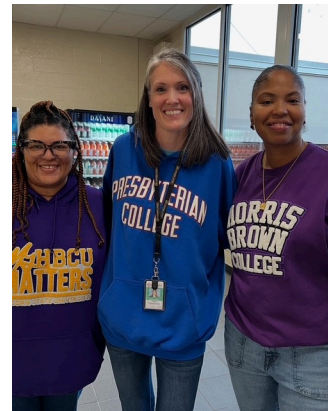




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ZΦB



Austell Tree Lighting

SCHS sponsored tree decorated by the Ladies of Unity with sponsor Mrs. Collins



