

The Bitney Express

April 2009

Newsletter of Bitney College Prep High School
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Bitney College Prep High School is now located next to Nevada Union High School campus!



From the Editor

After an intense winter, spring is emerging with a riot of daffodils and bright turquoise skies. Creativity flowers at Bitney, where students are supported yet challenged. This issue showcases students' talented and imaginative writing. Be sure to check out our calendar for upcoming events. Enjoy!
Shana Lee Parker, editor

Bitney Students Shine in Creative Writing

There Was a Young Man Who Lived in a Shoe

By Jordan Belt

There once was a man that lived in a shoe. He was a very gorgeous man and everybody loved him but it wasn't what he was looking for. He felt empty inside and all alone even though he had many good friends. His mother, the old lady in the shoe, died last year and he became very forlorn even though he had many brothers and sisters that cared for him very much.

One brisk morning when he woke up he heard a strange sound from below him, he looked all around for where the sound was coming from but he could not find the source; he became distraught. All day he heard the noise till he thought he was going to go insane and wondered if anybody else could hear the strange sounds that he was. He asked his favorite sister Morgan to see if she could hear it and with sad dismay she could not. He also asked Morgan's secret lover Jordan who had a tad bit better hearing if he could, but tortured by the answer neither could he. All day the noise followed him and all day it got harder and harder for him to concentrate on his everyday tasks. Then at his lunch break the noise became so unbearable that he told his secretary Ashley who was pregnant at the moment that he was going to take the rest of the day off and try to figure out what was going on.

When he got home he decided to take a nice long shower to try and clear his mind, but halfway through the sound got louder and louder till he realized that it was his stomach talking to him. He was sure that he was insane but then he heard his stomach say, "You know that pizza you ate last week with the amazing green peppers and anchovies? Well I am sorry to tell you those anchovies were a tad bit old and I have been trying to tell you all week long but you have been so caught up in trying to find a cure for your emptiness you just need to look at the beauty around you and you will find the answer."

Then all the noise stopped and it was very quiet. This got him thinking and he started to realize how amazing he had it in his great world, and how beautiful it was. All his sadness and emptiness drifted away and it was like he saw it for the first time in his life.



The Tree

By Nick Tippner, freshman

Leafy green,
Smells of air,
Rustles in the wind,
Soft fern-like leaves
Whisper to me.

Rough, coffee bark,
Woodpecker knocking
On its door
And the tree
Whispers "come in."

Desert Sand

By Daniel Freehling, freshman

Grain upon grain, these friends of mine.
They are the sands in the desert of time.
Forever in touching distance, each one
connected but can be moved by the wind.
Like the ever changing facts of sentience
on this ever gracing land.

They only demand that I am a trustworthy
and loyal friend. These friends and I
are built like rocks and chipped away at
from thought to thought. Until all that's left
is sand, but we are the land
and our accomplishments go far,
for the next generation of sand and rocks,
we are ever more.



The Three Flowers

By Cassie Pellerin, freshman

They are the ones who stand by me, each long and tall, three beautiful flowers each unique and delicate, each one with different traits. These are special flowers, they change color and look. From my house I can hear them, even though they are far, some farther than others. They call out for me especially in the worst of storms. And when I myself am caught in a storm I look to the flowers, which with the storm get heavy and droop. These flowers don't stay in the same place though, these small flowers sink into the ground and when needed they spring back to life in another spot, only I can hear them though, sweet and beautiful.

Community Service Report

by Daniel Freehling

These were Bitney's options for March Community Service:

A) SYRCL - Environmental efforts to support healthy Yuba River lands, by removing English ivy and scotch broom

B) Williams Ranch - Students assisted a teacher, working with children in kindergarten and early grades

C) Nevada County Land Trust - log and brush clearing

I cleared English Ivy (option A) and worked with the kids, (option B) who were really cool. Second graders rock!! We got to discover just how intelligent those kids really are. I enjoyed everything from being outside on a nice day to helping the teacher and getting to hear the teacher's side of the story. Community service rocks, so get out there and help your community!

SUPPORT THE SCHOOL

Calendar

Attend Parent Council meetings: usually held at 6 pm at the school on the first Thursday of every month. Contact Shari Phillips for more information: 265-6290 or email shari-phillips@sbcglobal.net

Participate in Painless Fundraising: Cost to you: **\$0**. Present your grocery store cards (Safeway, Raley's, SaveMart) or rebate vouchers (SPD, BriarPatch) to credit Bitney each time you shop. *We now have SaveMart shopping cards to benefit Bitney. Pick one up in the office.
Before you shop online: Use <http://www.onecause.com/shop> to credit Bitney with % of purchase at favorite places online.

Pledge payments- thank you for continued support!

Recruit new students

Insure attendance: Be sure your student comes to class on time, and maintains good health for good attendance

Chaperone/Drive students when needed

Volunteer with school activities and fundraisers -- Do what you can, when you can!

**Please listen to automated phone messages left on your answering machine. You may miss important information if they are deleted.*

Graduation Is Around the Corner

We are excited at the approach of senior class graduation; seniors and families are already preparing for a fine ceremony and culminating celebration.

Reminders: Please return permission slips and money for the Senior Trip, and make your payment for your cap and gown now.

RSVP Shari Phillips regarding Senior Potluck and Sleepover, re: how many family members are attending, bringing food and beverages for family dinner, and for seniors' snacks and breakfast on Sat. June 6th. Contact Shari Phillips @ 265-6290.

Please help out with senior fundraisers. Car wash, bake sales, movie nights...every bit helps.

April 2	Parent Council Meeting 6:00 p.m.
Apr. 3	Physics Field Trip
Apr. 4-14	Spain Trip (returning very late on the 13th or early on the 14th)
Apr. 6-10	Spring Break
Apr. 14	Charter Council Meeting
April 16	Ski Field Trip to Sugar Bowl
April 17-18	All- School Yardsale Fundraiser
Friday/Sat.	Corner of Brunswick & Hwy 174
Apr. 20-24	Spirit Week
Apr. 20	This is now a school day - was previously scheduled to be a day off, as a snow day if not needed
April 27 5-8pm	Northridge Pizza Fundraiser 10% of purchases will go to Bitney
May 5-8	STAR Testing Breakfast <i>Families donate food.</i> Senior Trip to Capitola
May 14	Parent Council Mtg. 6pm
May	Roadside Clean-up Date/time TBD
May 27	Senior "Big Night" @ Miners Foundry, Nevada City
June 3 7pm	Senior Recognition Night
June 5	Last day of school/ Graduation <i>Parents of Freshmen, Sophomores, & Juniors Host Reception</i>
June Move -	Help Bitney move to our new site; to be announced
July 4	Nevada City July 4 Parade
July	Roadside Clean-up
July 12 to Aug 8	Chinese Student Program Host families are needed for visiting Chinese students

Parent Council News (distilled -DP)

Stepping into Vice Chair: Ann Hobbs (Hooray!) Shari announced that Ann Hobbs has accepted the position of Vice Chair and will serve as PC Chair next year. Several new offices will be filled at the May PC meeting.
Next PC Meeting May 14th.

Spring Wine Tasting Benefit, Saturday, March 28--very successful! Raised \$2200

APRIL

Ski Field Trip, April 16--only \$16/person Equipment/ski lesson included. Please get money and permission forms/rental agreements in to Mrs. Noble asap. Need drivers!

All-School Yard Sale Fundraiser, Fri/Sat, April 17 & 18. Parents are needed to work the morning or afternoon shifts, or set up on Thursday evening. Call Linda Waring at 272-6538. **Drop your stuff off** either at school, Mon-Thurs of that week, or at the sale location after Monday the 13th (Brunswick where it meets Highway 174, call Lora Willis 477-7881

Northridge Pizza fundraiser (Nevada City location only): **Monday, April 27.** Lisa Hooper (272-1182) is coordinating this fundraiser and will supply flyers for students. A portion of pizza sales from 5-8 pm will be donated to Bitney.

MAY

May Roadside Cleanup: Ross Waring will involve students again when the weather gets better. Parent Council expressed its appreciation to the Warings for their support of this activity.

STAR Testing Breakfast (May 5-8): We need parents to bring food to continue the tradition of feeding students on the testing mornings. Bagels and cream cheese are VERY popular, also fruit, juice, milk. There is a microwave but no oven.

Parent Council Meeting Thurs. May 14 Plan to attend. Ensure Bitney's happy progress!

JUNE

Graduating Seniors: Senior trip to New Brighton State Beach, Capitola, May 5 - 8th; Permission slips must be turned in. Help needed at fundraisers to defray costs. **Graduation Ceremony Fri. June 5th, 5-6pm; Reception 6-7pm** @ Bitney quad; **Senior Potluck 7:30pm** followed by **Senior Sleepover 10pm.**

Who Understands?



The Night
By Athena Knowles, freshman

She is the only one who understands me. I am the only one who understands her. The night with hidden fears and dreams like one who is feared but who comes anyway. One gloomy lady walking alone in a dark dress. From the window you can see her looking at you, but others just sleep and don't appreciate these things.

Her strength is secret. She holds the earth in her loving arms. She makes dreams and gives lovers a place to hide. She sends sad cries through the wind, and never gives up on some day being loved. This is how she lives.

Let her forget her reason for being, she'd bring rain clouds to hold her, like a child in it's mother's arms.

Dream, dream, dream, night tells me when I sleep. She teaches when I am too sad and too fearful to keep dreaming, when I am a small unseen thing against so much hate, then it is I that looks to the night. When there is nothing left to look at in this world. One who loved despite being feared. One who dreamed and does not forget to dream. One whose only reason is to be and be.

Four Thick Books
By Korban Earles, freshman

They understand me. I understand them. Four thick books, full of stories, some long, some short, mostly fiction. But one in particular is not fiction and it helps me with my schoolwork. One is a horse book that I don't read much, but at least it has a lot of action and interesting tales. One is a comforting book with a lot of pictures. The last book is complete fiction. Non-stop action and adventure with lots of violence.



I like them a lot. I wish I had more time to read them. They lie upon the shelf and do not prefer to move much, except the horse one. I spend as much time as I can with them, unless I am absorbed in another book.

They will tell you their stories, just open them. Some may withhold certain ones or keep a secret, but so would you. Sometimes the latches on the sides are locked and you cannot open them, look for a key, they will offer, just be stubborn. Try to read the stories, it is sure to be interesting.



Three Gusts of Wind
By Katelyn Williams, freshman

They are the only ones who understand me, even though I don't quite understand them sometimes. Three gusts of wind, entirely unpredictable. Sometimes they blow you down, sometimes they blow you up, and sometimes they simply blow you away.

Every gust of wind is different. One is a small and gentle wind, but gets warm when the climate is right. Another is a strong, yet refreshing wind. You know the kind that comes as soon as you lift your arms and say you want wind, and you think it's a miracle until it pushes you down and fades suddenly. The last one is gentle, but is only mistaken as gentle! It is actually the start of a hurricane, but only I know that you can smile during the hurricane, because it will all be over soon.

Some winds need to be fanned to get going. But not these. They can fly as they please, they don't need my help. I seem to be the only one who can handle these winds, so I will always stay with them, no matter how

Questions? Want to Enroll?

Check us out!
Call 477-1235 for info or to set up an appointment.
Bitney College Prep High School is a tuition-free public charter school and is accepting new students for enrollment.

Don't Stereotype Me:

By MacDierney

Just because I'm a dragon
 I'm not vicious
 I'm not greedy
 I'm not maiden devouring
 Just because I'm a dragon
 I'm not evil
 I don't destroy villages
 And I don't plan to
 Just because I'm a dragon
 I'm not satanic
 I don't worship Satan
 I don't even know him
 Just because I'm a dragon
 It doesn't mean you're better
 than me
 Smarter than me
 Or even as good as me
 Just because I'm a dragon
 Why should it matter,
 anyway?
 What is race?
 What is life without races?
 Just because I'm a dragon

Don't stereotype me!



Our Good Day

By Athena Knowles, freshman

If you give me five dollars I will take you anywhere you want. That's what Ian tells me.

Five dollars is cheap since I have no way of getting to the beach except the bus, but it does not run today.

Five dollars, five dollars.

He is trying to get somebody to chip in so they will have enough gas money to get home. They already have fifteen dollars and all they need is five more.

Only five dollars, he says.

Give the five dollars to them, says Sequoia. I would but I have no money and I want to go somewhere.

I like them. Their clothes are new and clean. They are wearing warm smiles. It makes them look kind and welcoming, I like them. Especially Nathan who wears the colorful coat. I like him even though he lets Ian do all the talking.

Five dollars, Ian says, only five.



Sequoia is tugging my arm and I know whatever I do next will make her happy.

I go to the back of the car and find my money. I have three dollars left and I take two of Jeffrey's. He's not here, but I'm sure he'll be glad when he finds out we can come and see him. When I get back, Sequoia is still waiting, I am happy. I have a ride to the sea.

Because Ian is the oldest he drives. I sit in the back seat and Sequoia sits next to me.

We ride faster and faster. Past the store, small and sad and dirty in some parts, past the boardwalk, and away to the sea at last.

The Other "L"

Part II, excerpt by Cassie Pellerin, freshman

In the previous installment Lone learns she has a brother she never knew of. She has been brought to meet him by the mysterious Watari, who has warned her to 'stay calm,' when she meets her brother.

When the door opened the room was much like the outside just a little darker, a lap top sat on the coffee table, and the same "L" glowed on the screen as it had done on Watari's cell phone.

"Please sit. Would you like anything to drink or eat?" he asked.

"Do you have chocolate?" she asked.

Watari smiled, like he had just heard a good joke. Lone cocked her head to the side, what was so funny?

"Of course. Would you like anything to drink?" he asked.

"I'm fine with w-water," she said, her voice breaking and skipping a beat as the realization hit her. She felt her head spin and her hands become sweaty, she felt her body begin to shake.

Watari ran off and came back with a tray that had water and chocolate on it. Lone took a piece in her hand and slipped it between her lips.

"I will go get your brother now," he said.

That almost made Lone choke on her chocolate; she bit her lip to stop from coughing. She heard the door close as Watari left. Lone choked out the last bit of chocolate and wiped the tears from her eyes and composed herself. She couldn't stop the shaking, or the sick feelings, or even the sweating. She could hear her heart beat ten times faster than it should.

She heard a door squeak open and she jumped. Not knowing what to do she panicked and stuffed a piece of chocolate in her mouth and turned, it was only Watari.

"You can come in now," he said. His voice had changed; now it was softer. Like he was talking to a child rather than an adult, was this really her older brother?

Lone stood and walked to the door, she couldn't see past Watari, and frankly, she kinda didn't want to, she was afraid that she would vomit if she moved any closer. But her curiosity overwhelmed her sickness, making her want to push past Watari. But instead she stood glued to the spot, taking deep breaths; she wanted that water now, the chocolate stuck to the top of her mouth making it hard to take calming breaths.

Watari stepped aside and Lone was slightly relieved and slightly disappointed not to see anyone standing there.

"Step inside," said Watari, a little amusement in

his voice.

Lone stepped inside, one step after another. She thought, she took a deep breath and walked inside. She had her eyes squeezed closed when she heard someone moving, a sound like they were getting comfortable in a chair. Lone opened her eyes. She swallowed the gasp that crept up her throat.

"Hello Leona," said the man who sat in the chair, well it was more like squatted.

He was nothing like she had expected. Although he did look like her, it was like looking in a mirror, only a couple features were different, his voice was a little monotone but yet still had some emotion to it, like a robot that had accidentally been set with emotion.

"H-Ho-" but she stopped knowing that he was her brother, but still. Watari had said he didn't know who she was.

What had happened in the last couple minutes that she had choked on chocolate? Had he told him? He seemed so cool headed. Surely he wasn't feeling the joy/nervousness/excitement she was, or if he was he was hiding it quite well.

"Lone. I think you go by that now, is that right? Sister?" he asked. Lone heard a slight sigh of what sounded like relief from behind her, like this man had just figured out something incredible or life saving.

"Yes, I know who you are." He continued, "I know where you came from, and what your name is, how you came up with your code name. I am L," he said.

L? Just L? Like I saw on the computer screen and on Watari's cell phone, that's what it meant!

"I see the wheels turning," said L.

Lone was getting a little mad, why was he so cool headed? Had Watari lied and did L know everything? Down to the last detail? Like which pack of peanuts she ate on the plane? How How HOW!?



This Is Just to Say

By Gator

This is just to say
 I have sold the cat
 That has been the
 family pet for 10 years

And which we spent
 hundreds on
 You worked hard for
 Twenty years.

Forgive me
 They convinced me
 So I sold the cat
 And got five dollars.

