



Once again, the Department of Defense Dependent Schools-Europe proudly presents SHOWCASE. For each of the last fourteen years, DoDDS-Europe has brought together incredible teachers to review and select student work, photograph the art, and literally create each page from scratch. By Friday of production week, we have a professional quality, 212-page book in electronic format, ready to hand to the publisher, literally a showcase of student art and literature.

The work presented in these pages exemplifies the highest achievement from 35,000 students in our 81 schools in Europe and reflects our efforts to promote creativity and creative thinking through arts education. There is room in our great country for people with talent of every kind. While we need mathematicians and scientists to design systems for the future, so do we need artists, musicians, actors, and writers to express the soulful side of living. This publication represents quality instruction on the part of our teachers and outstanding work done by students throughout the school year.

The work contained in SHOWCASE 2010 has undergone a rigorous selection process. Student

work is first evaluated locally and at the district level to identify outstanding pieces. Those selected are further screened by the SHOWCASE production board before being chosen for the anthology.

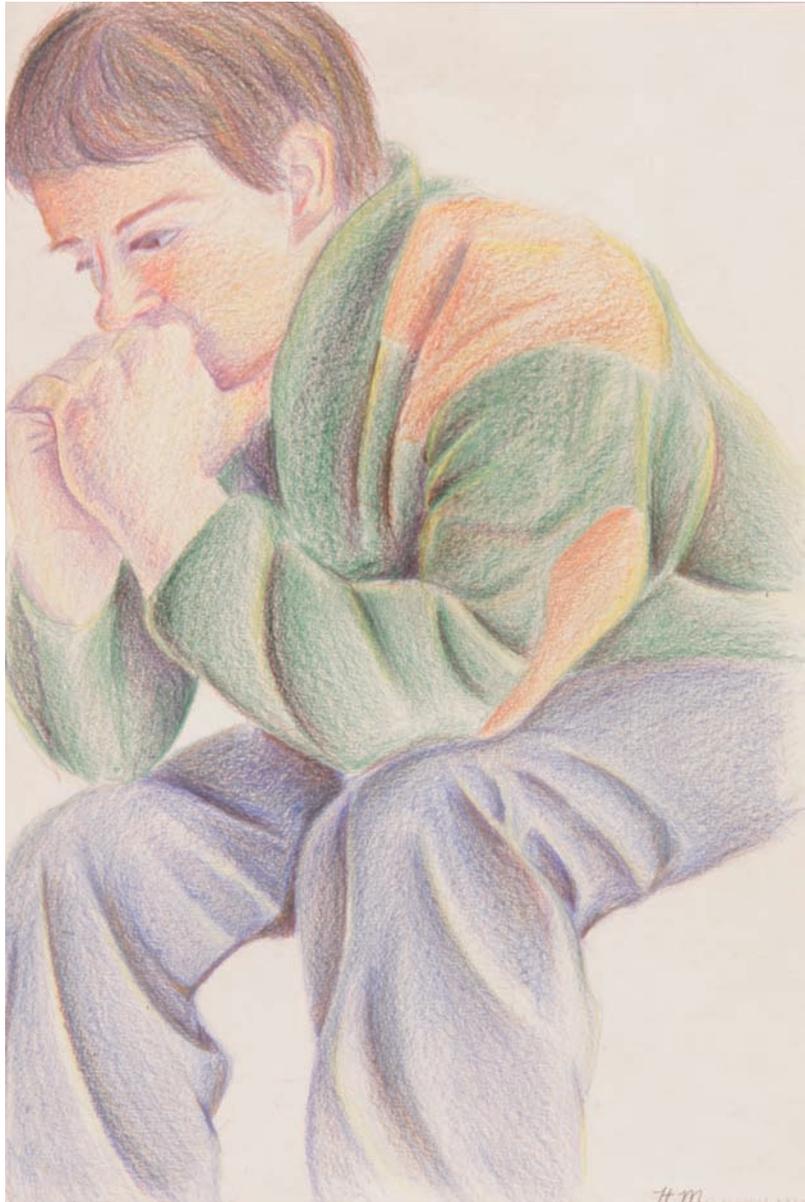
I want to thank all the DoDDS-Europe students who submitted work and the teachers who have assisted in the process. Congratulations to the talented young people whose work was selected for publication. We are very proud of the efforts of all our students and wish we could showcase everyone's work, but the size of our anthology is limited.

Recognition is extended to SHOWCASE 2010 editors and the production board for their significant efforts and leadership. Their dedication and expertise made possible the creation of this outstanding publication.

A special thank you is extended to the district superintendents, their staffs, and the staff of the DoDDS-Europe Area Office, whose cooperation, support, and hard work are evidence of their belief that responsibility for increasing student achievement belongs to all of us.

Dr. Nancy Bresell, Director, DoDDS-Europe

Contemplating/Colored Pencil
Hannah Mattil GR 10
Heidelberg HS, Germany



Snow

Snow smothers
All the vegetation
Sits quietly and is motionless
Freezing in the air as it descends
to the ground
And melts into delicate icicles

Meaghan Shoup GR 8
Baumholder HS, Germany

Hummingbird/Colored Pencil
Kevin McCall GR 11
Menwith Hill EHS, England



Aboriginal Design Carnivale Mask
Mixed Media
Marc Bowman GR 12
Vicenza HS, Italy



The Music Box

It happened when I was walking down the lane from school once again.
The sound came to me like a soft, warm blanket, just inviting me in.
I followed the sound, sweeter than anything I'd ever heard—
Softer than the spring birdcalls, firmer than the music I had heard at the opera, yet less force was used in the devising.
I wandered for minutes, pursuing the beautiful sound until I came upon the source of the delicious music.
At seeing it, I realized why the music had struck me so.
It was a music box, exactly like the one my mama used to have before both Daddy and she had to sell things to make ends meet.
The music brought tears to my eyes when I remembered that Mama had made a song to sing along to the music to get me to sleep when I was too troubled to rest.
The song would instantly put me to sleep, sometimes before she had even finished.
But now I wish that even though I was tired, I had stayed awake.
That would have meant that I would have more time to look upon her face when it wasn't sad and worried; I would have had more time to see her happy.
I remember thinking those thoughts that day.
I recall crying over all that we had lost.
And then a thought came to my mind, so quickly that I obeyed it instantly.
I reached out and grabbed the box.
Then turning on my heel. I ran all the way home.
I submitted the wonderful gift to Mama, who cried the moment her eyes lay upon the box.
"You are such a sweet girl; I have wanted this back the moment we sold it. But now I'm going to do what my mama did to me. I now entrust this music box into your care," Mama softly said.
Now it was my turn to cry over the fabulous gift.
"This box will never leave our family again as long as I'm alive," I promised her.
And the box has been with me ever since.

Kelsey K. Pead GR 6
Geilenkirchen ES, Germany



Nature's Line
Scratchboard
Taylor Saturday
GR 6
Landstuhl EMS,
Germany



My Wonderful Box

I made a box for a child
Who does not get presents
For Christmas.
I felt tingly.
I felt happy and good.
My heart was pounding
With love and warmth.
My face turned red.
I hope when the child opens the box,
He or she will be filled with joy.
If you ever feel this way,
You're going to be happy.

Piper Bent GR 4
Bitburg ES, Germany

Candy Land/Mixed Media
Kathryn Tehranfar GR 8
Mannheim MS, Germany



M. J.

Miss you so much!
I can thriller all night long!
Can't believe you died so soon!
Happy songs you made. I love so much!
A King I will never forget!
Energy from you will always keep me going!
Last song you made was "This Is It" but it
wasn't it for you!

Justice was not in your favor!
Always the number one song is "Beat It"!
Cannot believe all the fans that miss you!
Kind hearts will always love you!
Sometimes your songs are not appealing to
others, but not me!

On and off the stage you still rock!
Never forgotten, you are the "King of Pop"!

Terrell Mitchell GR 7
Spangdahlem MS, Germany



When I Was Young in Sicily

When I was young in Sicily, I loved to play outside. I loved to see the green around me and all the orange trees. I never knew how many shades of green there were—lime green, deep green, and green that popped when you looked at it. The grass was the healthiest I've ever seen.

When I was young in Sicily, I loved to read. I read the books of all genres. I could see the words coming to life before my eyes. Reading became my movies and books of a series became my TV shows. Today I am happy to say those books are my friends. They comfort me, make me laugh, and sometimes make me cry. I never expected that friends could be so different. Although books don't breathe, they speak to me with their words.

When I was young in Sicily, we saw incredible things. The volcano shoots lava at the sky. In the dark, the glow of red and bright orange looked like a candle in the night. The striking sound of cannons popping—only it was not a gun, but nature's voice exploding in the far away distance. Boom! The sound erupted, and "spat" went the lava. Oh, the incredible things I have seen so young in Sicily.

When I was young in Sicily, I ate and ate and ate. My father took us to a place called Family, and the food was really great. We ate and laughed, but the best part of our visit was when dad let us play at the park in the restaurant. It was a wonderful sight for my young eyes to see many different rides. My mind became a pool of imagination. I loved to go down the slide. I always felt inside that I was going down a roller coaster ride.

When I was young in Sicily, I went to many places. I can say "been there" when I see movies of the many places I have seen. I will never forget my travels all over the island. The ruins, the cities, the wine factories, the many market places—there is so much to see in Sicily, and I thought we wouldn't ever leave. My parents wanted to see more and took us to see Paris and Mickey Mouse. I did not know he spoke French too. We went to Rome to see the Pope and to Naples, where I visited Pompeii too. When I was young in Sicily, I had so many adventures. I wish I had more paper to share with you more of my adventures. Maybe next time I will be young in Germany.

Jeanne Schultz GR 5
Sigonella ES, Italy



Ode to the U.S.A.

I'm in Annapolis, Maryland, riding on my aunt and uncle's boat. I smell the salty water of the Chesapeake Bay. I stick my hand out from the side of the boat and feel the water splashing against my hand. The coolness of it feels good. What's that? Oh, it's Bosco, my aunt and uncle's dog. His tail hits my leg as he wags it. I stick out my hand with the Bay water on it. He licks it, makes a face, and walks away.

Now I'm in New York City at nighttime. Everything is lit up. It's so pretty. We're walking along the busy sidewalk while everyone is rushing to get to places. I hear taxi cars beeping their horns, waiting for the big crowd to cross the street. We pass by Radio City Music Hall. It's time to catch a bus to go home.

I'm at Knoebels in Pennsylvania. My grandma, two aunts, three cousins, my sister, and I walk through the gates and see all the fun rides. We walk further, and I see a ride that appeals to me. I walk over to it and give the man my ticket, and he walks me over to a seat in a cart and puts my seatbelt on for me. Some more people get on and he starts the ride. I go up and down while spinning around at the same time. I get dizzy, but it's a good kind of dizzy.

I'm in Charlottesville, Virginia. We're walking through the outdoor mall at downtown Charlottesville. We walk past all the shops. There is a man

playing a harmonica. He had long, grey, frizzy hair. His eyes sparkled as he played. I gave him some change, and we kept walking. We hear music and see a big white tent. It's "Friday Nights at 5." I look at my watch. 5:08. We walk to the tent and buy some hotdogs and drinks. We listen to the music. When they start to play some soft music, I fall asleep, dreaming.

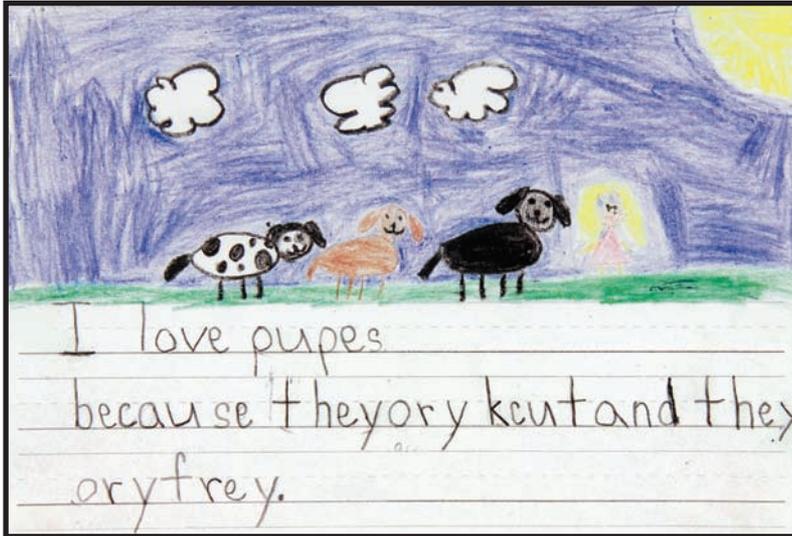
Now I'm at Disney World, Florida. I'm with my parents, sister, and Grandpa Mike and Grandma Jean. We're at Magic Kingdom and are getting ready for the big parade. I see The Tree of Life and look at how tall it is. I know it's not a real tree, but it's still amazing.

I hear music in the distance. The parade has started. When the parade comes where we are, I see Mickey and Minnie Mouse. They're on a big float. Next comes Pluto and Goofy. Then Donald and Daisy Duck. Now I see Nemo and Dory and Marlin. Now I see Bambi. It seems as if it goes on and on and on. Now all the characters are throwing confetti and balloons. Some confetti gets in my hair and I catch a balloon. After the parade I go on Crush's Coaster—just laughing and having so much fun.

Olivia Langan GR 6
Alconbury HS, England

Puppies/Mixed Media
Bailey Blackham GR K

Grafenwoehr ES, Germany



We Dream of a World

We dream of a world where there is love and peace. Did you know that people are fighting in wars and many people die? People divorce from families and don't like each other and don't love them anymore. What you can do is stop wars and keep everyone loving.

Anatolia Russo GR 2
Ramstein ES, Germany



Water Lilies/Oil Pastel
Anna Meyers GR 9

Vicenza HS, Italy

I Am

I am a girl with an imagination
I wonder about my family's relation
I hear a tattletale temptation
I see bully domination
I am the one who figures out more than one equation
I pretend to be nothing; I respect my parents' dishes
I feel and I know that I am not granted wishes
I touch my food on my plate, including fishes
I worry about my family because I don't want them to die
I cry out to my sister, "Don't give me that evil eye!"
I am me, myself, and I
I understand AVID is to help me and you
I say I work hard not to make work overdue
I dream that all my dreams will come true
I try to lay off unhealthy things, just a few
I hope and know God will answer all my prayers, not just two
I am a girl that believes: Christina Hill

Christina Hill GR 8
Mannheim MS, Germany

Spotless Leopard/Scratchboard
Jacob Rodriguez GR 7
Wiesbaden MS, Germany



My Vacation in London

The day after Christmas we went to London. We saw Big Ben and Westminster Abbey and the changing of the guards. We saw the armor that Henry the VIII dressed to kill, and we saw all the jewels that the queens wear on their crowns. There was no snow. Sometimes it should snow. I really like London a lot. Sometimes on the train it doesn't feel like the train is moving at all. It goes so fast. I went to a British museum. I saw a warrior suit from Japan. Have you ever seen a coin about the size of a wheel from a tricycle? And I saw lots of pharaohs' tombs. And I saw lots of dangerous weapons.

Ryland McCann GR 2
Spangdahlem ES, Germany

Bridges

We sit here
You and I so near
Yet so far apart

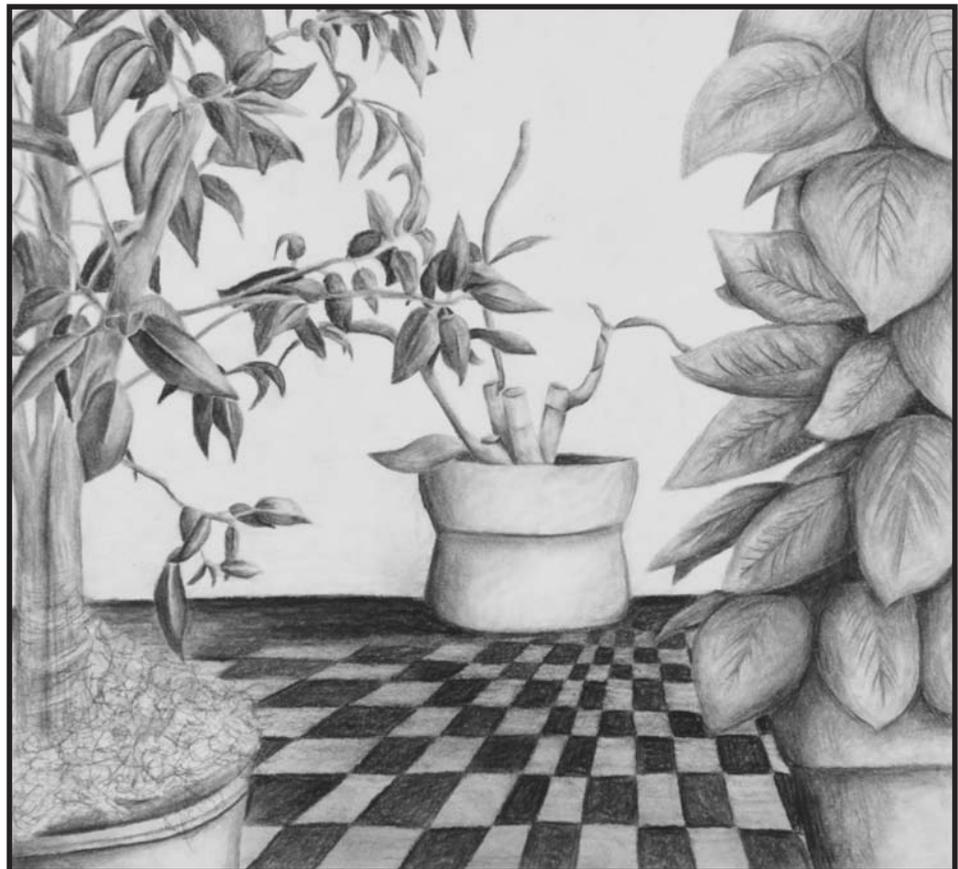
Separated by more
Than a few inches
The bridge between us
I can't seem to get across it

When did this happen
I just can't imagine

Why did I let this go on
Now I have to be strong

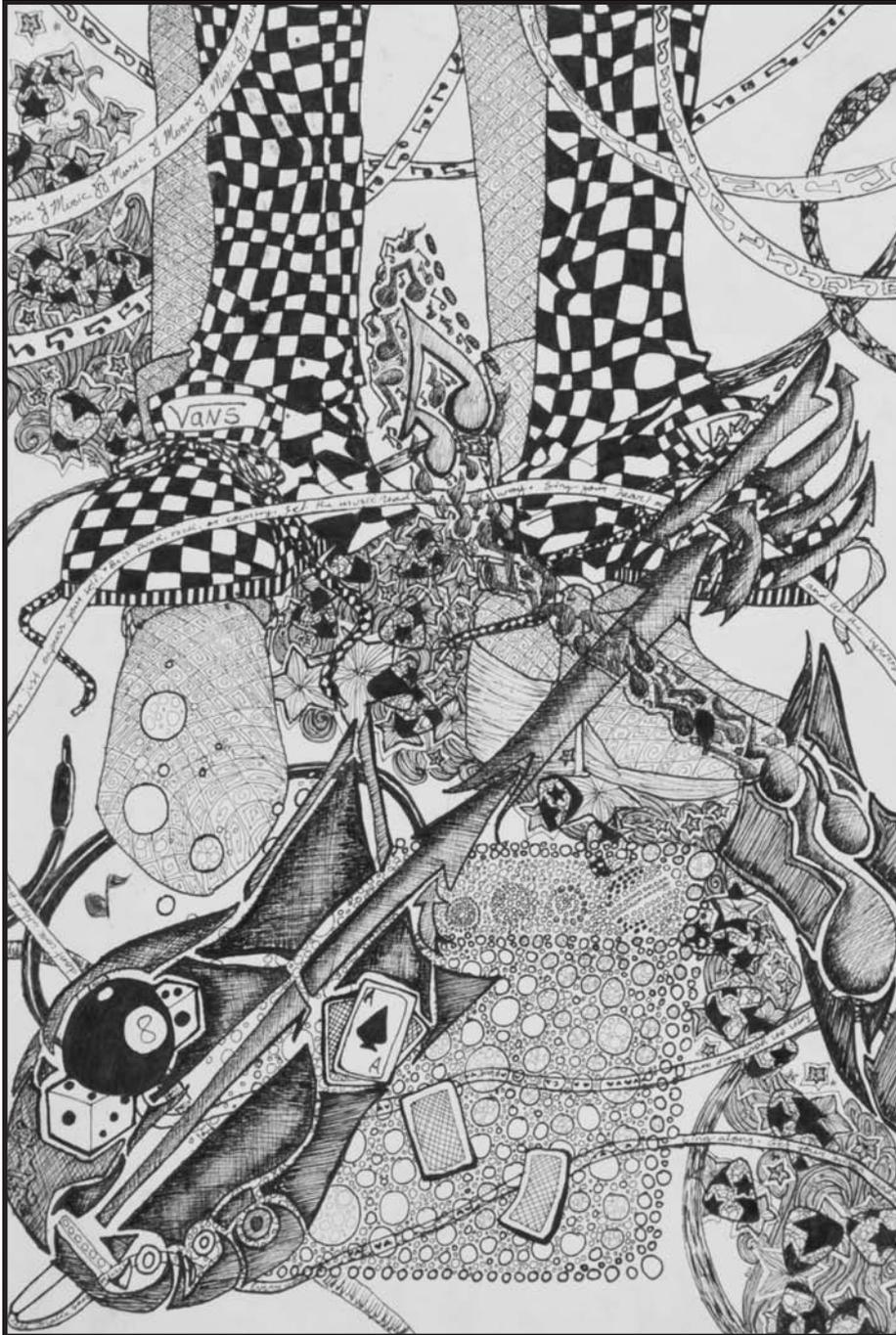
I hate moving on

Avalon Roche GR 8
Landstuhl EMS, Germany



House Plants/Mixed Media

Megan Simpson GR 12
Kaiserslautern HS, Germany



Wonderland/Ink
Katherine Mercado-Ramos
GR 12
Sigonella HS, Italy

The Cold Winter

Winter is cold.
Winter is fun.
Winter has almost begun.
I like the cold.
I like the snow.
I like the rain.
I like the ice on a slippery
day.
So let's get together and
skate all the way.

Latrisha Ford GR 3
Patrick Henry ES,
Germany

I Am

I am but the guard
I am but the pawn
But I feel no less desire
To seek thy fair maiden's
heart

Ryan Aamodt GR 6
Lajes EHS, Portugal

Baked Apples

I was taking a walk in the woods and I smelled some freshly baked apples. I walked towards the smell and then saw a little hut and realized that's where the smell was coming from. I knocked on the door, but nobody answered. Then I heard a lady singing in the kitchen of the hut. Finally, the lady answered the door and invited me in. She was very young and very pretty. She offered me a baked apple and I said, "Yes." When I touched the apple it felt very warm. When I tasted the apple I knew it was the best apple I had ever had.

Amelie Carlisle GR 3
Bitburg ES, Germany

The Red Eyed Tree Frog
Pencil

Tatum Bent GR 6
Bitburg MS, Germany



Sing

We lay together, holding beating hearts.
Slowly a piece falls into place.
We're wrapped in a blanket, encased by our dreams.
Parts of us are glowing, but others are trapped in
A love that is delicate,
In a love so vulnerable.
Sing a song, sad, gentle, and still fragile.
Or sing a song loud and out of key.
Sing well, sing badly.
Sing it as if no one is listening.
Love, in us, it sings.
So sing anything.

Megan Repetski GR 12
Alconbury HS, England

As I Remember

Your skin—
As soft and smooth as talc
As warm and gentle as the sunlight
On the ever changing sands

Your eyes—
As rich in color as a coconut shell
As deep and mystifying as the ocean
Alive and unexplored

Your hair—
Mistaken as black, but in reality brown
As thick and lush as a rainforest
Growing wild when left uncut

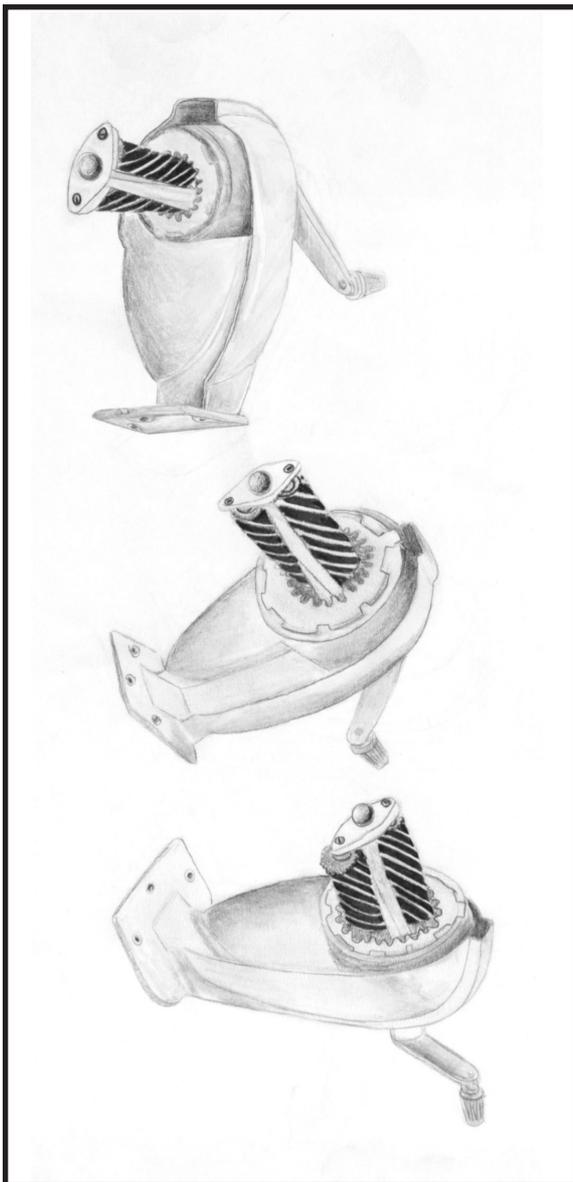
Your voice—
As calming as distant thunder
As pleasant and welcoming as a full embrace
Upon returning home

Your smile—
As shy as a fox, as outgoing as a kitten
As friendly as a hug, as tender as a kiss
Given to unsuspecting lips

Your touch—
As gentle as an ocean wind
As eager as the waves crashing on the shore
Where sand and water agree on boundaries

Rachel Greenough GR 10
Patch HS, Germany

Pencil Sharpener/Pencil
Amanda Ravensbergen GR 8
Wiesbaden MS, Germany





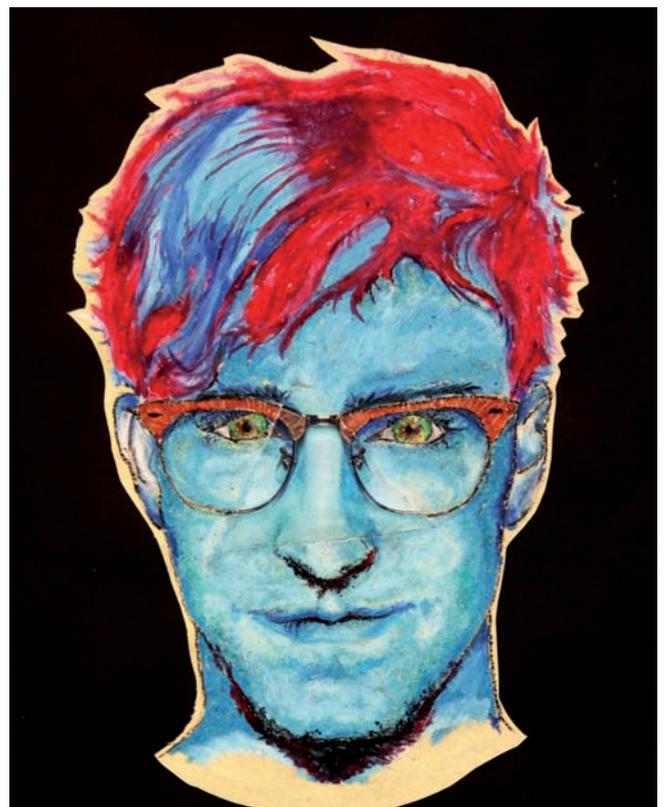
Pumpkin

One day I found two pumpkin seeds.
I planted one and pulled the weeds.
It sprouted roots and a big long vine.
A pumpkin grew; I called it mine.

The pumpkin was quite round and fat.
I really am quite proud of that.
But there is something I'll admit
That has me worried just a bit.
I ate the other seeds you see.
Now, will it grow inside me?

Tegan Campbell GR 4
Robinson Barracks EMS, Germany

I've Got the Blues/Oil Pastel
Oliwia Fryc GR 11
SHAPE HS, Belgium



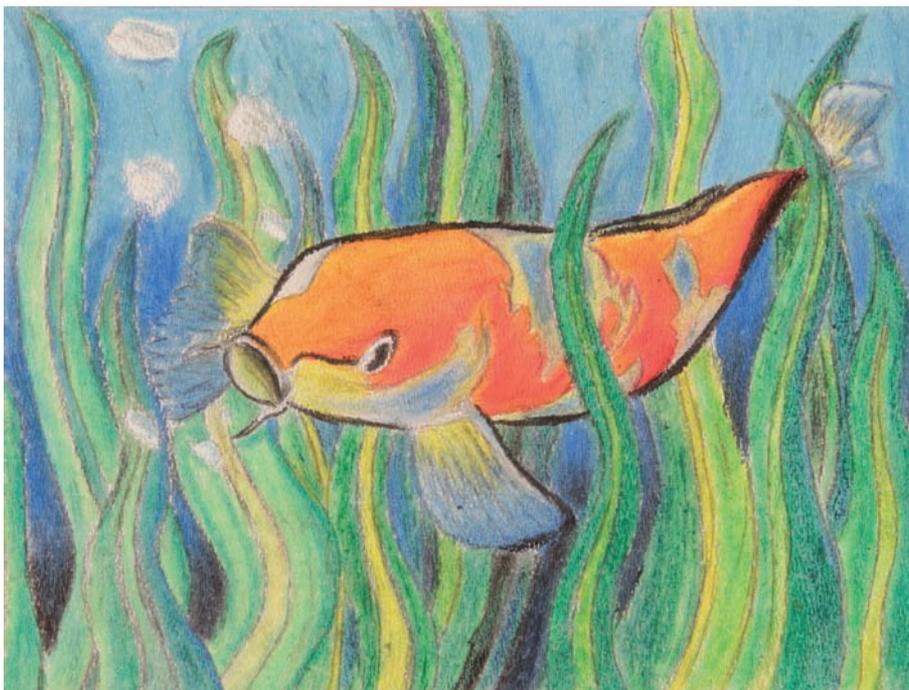


The Glamorous Girl/Watercolor
Maura Kriebel GR 2
Vilseck ES, Germany

The Beginning of My End

Patching up the hurt and
Repairing a broken heart
I know what I want
Just don't know when to start
I learned from my mistakes
And will no longer be fed your lies
I'm finally happy—I have said my goodbyes
I'm through with looking at the horrid past
For I knew this just wouldn't last
Why I fell for you, I don't know why
Perhaps I felt you were the right guy
I guess my feelings were wrong
The signs were there all along
Guess I was too blind to see
All the wrong you were doing to me
Moving on with all this hurt
I no longer want to be a piece of dirt
I'm not someone you can push around or
that person
You pick from the lost and found
For so long I listened to the secrets and lies
When it was you who I really despised
So listen to the words that linger within
For this is the beginning of my end

Keiona Sundrea Powell GR 8
Ramstein MS, Germany



Death

Death is black.
It tastes like blood.
It sounds like a stormy
day.
It smells like decay.
It looks like someone
sleeping.
It makes me feel sad.

Ethan Dawber GR 4
Vogelweh ES, Germany

Koi/Oil Pastel
Marcella Jugueta GR 8
Heidelberg MS, Germany



Southwestern Wolf/Tempera
Amber Flores GR 10
Bitburg HS, Germany

Taking Care of Your Dog

- Feed healthy food.
- Brush soft.
- Play with her.
- Feed dog food.
- Make sure that it gets sleep.
- Get a toy for your dog.
- Hold it gently.
- Make sure it gets strong.

Kaeleigh Prochaska GR 1
Kaiserslautern ES, Germany



Fearsome Croc/Scratchboard
Brandon Agcaoili GR 3

Lakenheath ES, England

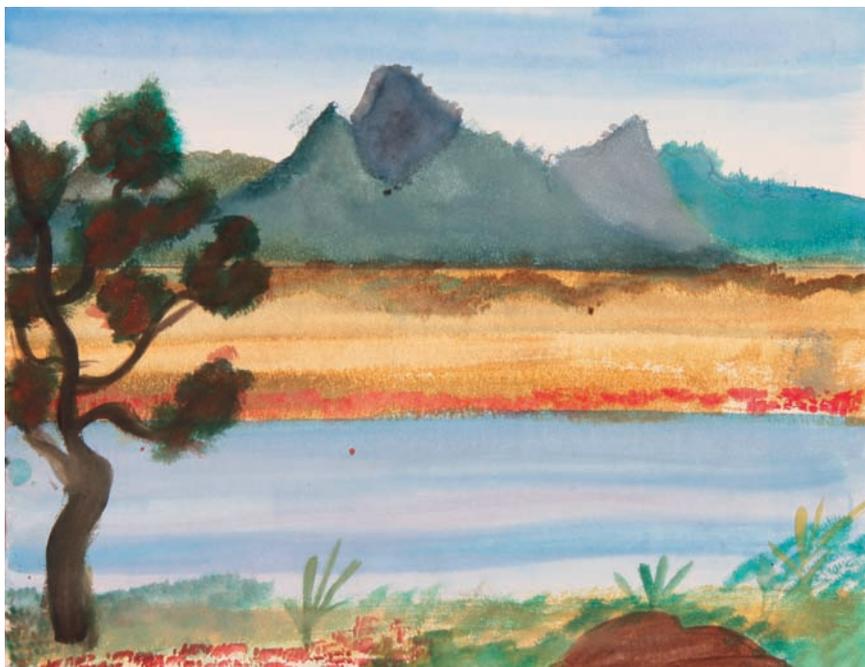


Bollywood/Colored Pencil
Cassidy Hall GR 10
Alconbury HS, England

Ode to My Flute

Stress full days
I want to scream
Strip everything
Apart by the seams
My head pounds
With the incompetence
Of the day
Only one way to
Wash it all away
It sits in its
Snake skinned case
Latches unlocked
Case opened wide
There lies my drug
My oxygen, water, and love
My silver flute
Shinning with the light
From above
A long drive
In a snow-white car
Down to the music store
Where it lays
In a box my treasure
Sat waiting
For someone
To come
And take to where
It will spend
The rest of its days
With me it has been
Through all these years
Over the seas
Back again
A beautiful
Shining metallic
Drug
Shall always
Be wanted
In my hand

Reva Laurella GR 10
Ramstein HS, Germany



Mountain View/Watercolor
Danayla West GR 5
Ramstein IS, Germany

Different Colors

Red is the stop and go light
that

I pass every day.

Gray is a wolf slipping gently
through the foggy mist,

Blue is the clear sky getting
torn away by the dark
clouds.

Brown is the soil sitting
gently under my feet.

Pink is ever-going love,
marriage, and happiness,

Black is a dark shadow
slipping into the woods.

Gold is the sleek body of
my saxophone.

So many possibilities run
through my head all at the
same time,

But I have to stop now so I can
play the Blues.

Spencer Fackler GR 6
Kaiserslautern MS, Germany

My Cats

Otis is gray.
He likes to play.

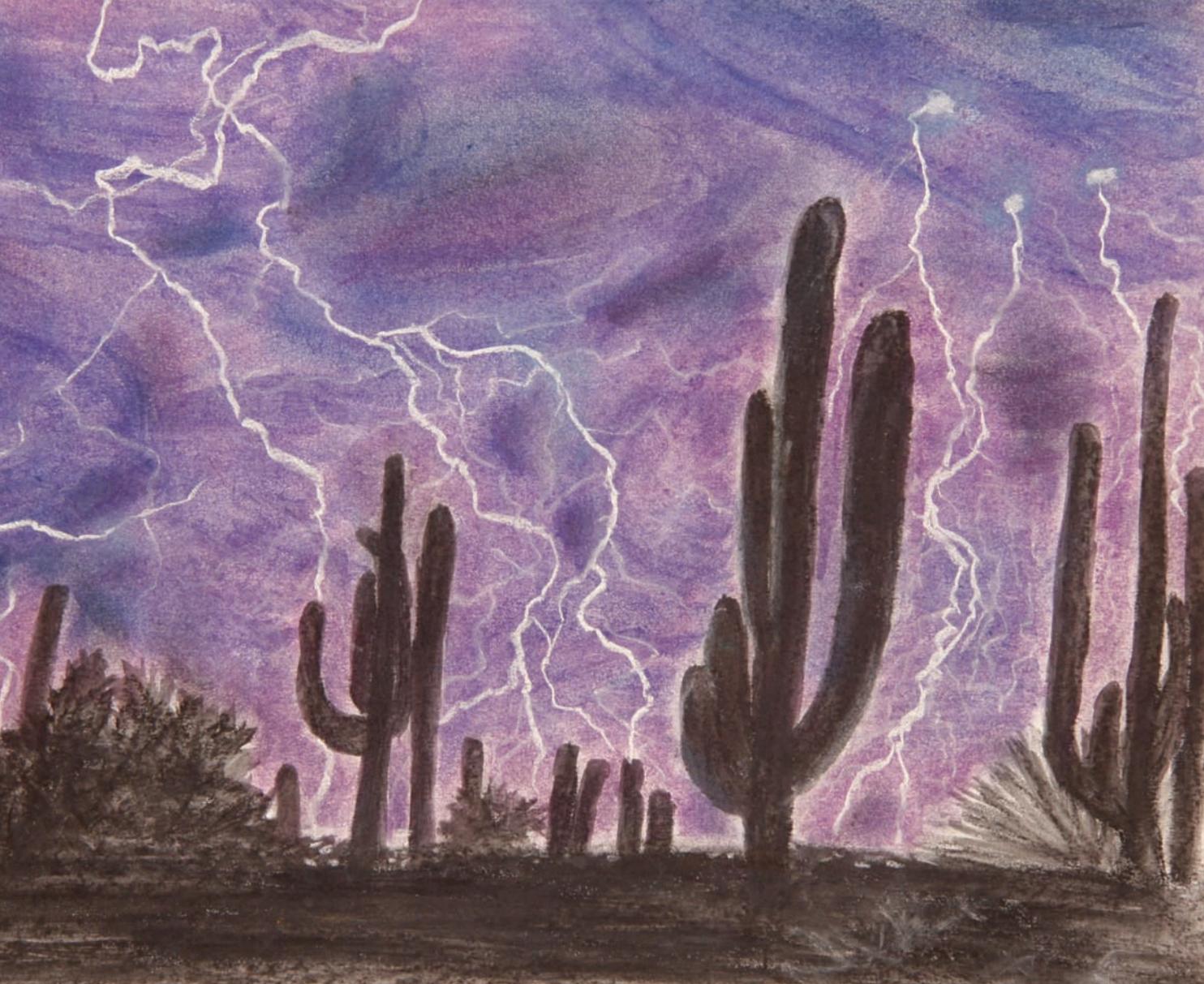
Gus is black.
He sleeps on his back.

They both like to run.
We call it "Olympic fun."

Sydney Lueth GR 5
Spangdahlem MS, Germany



Justin/Pencil
Madeleine
Pastore
GR 12
Patch HS,
Germany



Autumn Forest/Mixed Media
Paige Diehl GR K

Sembach ES, Germany

Winter

I like to make angels. I make snow books. I do snow fights. Winter comes only in December. I can make balls. Old man winter likes snow. Snow is white. When December comes, snow comes. I love snow. Snowflakes are fun. I like angels. I like snow, too. Happy snowmen! Balls of snow are cold.

Abiola Oladipo GR 1
Smith ES, Germany

Dancing in the Stars/Mixed Media
Chrislynn Cluver GR 4
Bitburg ES, Germany

Snow Everywhere

Snow on trucks, snow on ducks,
Snow, snow, snow

Snow on cars, snow on bars,
Snow, snow, snow

Snow on hats, snow on cats,
Snow, snow, snow

Snow on frogs, snow on dogs,
Snow, snow, snow

Snow on mommy, snow on daddy,
Snow, snow, snow

Snow everywhere!
Snow, snow, snow

Raphael Garcia GR 1
Croughton ES, England



That Boy, My Brother

That boy, my brother he is
He's spooky and scary
Gross and weird
What can I do?
He's all over the place
He's in the TV room, the living
room, and my Mom's room
But what gets me the most is
He's also in my room!
I always shoo him out like a fly
But that's what makes him a
Spooky, scary, gross, weird
And loving brother
I really love him
He is such a dear

Hailey Gruetter GR 4
Rota ES, Spain

Home At Last

Home at last in my own paradise
Grandma was in the kitchen with smells of beans and rice
At the window I can see where I would play with my cousin
We used to play with BB guns to make accidents all of a sudden
Grandpa built this house full of memories all around
And not having them here is such a different sound
It's all desert and sand everywhere you look
This is home for me like a reader's favorite book
There's not much here to see, aside from my memories
Here is where I want to be—at least that's what my soul believes
Clear skies and air for little birds to perch
On top of where my parents were married in that old church
No study can express what filled my spiritual cup
It's the place where I'm happy
The place where I grew up
He can't keep up the ranch because he's not around anymore
But the family keeps it up just like Grandpa did before
So much to life and so much to learn
Generation to generation—now it's my turn

Marco Lozano GR 12
Ramstein HS, Germany

If I Were in Charge of the World

If I were in charge of the world
I would make Ferris wheels illegal.
I would make littering fines \$10,000
And forbid chopping down trees.
If I were in charge of the world
Video games would be free
And everyone would own a dog.
I would build a ski resort out of ice cream,
All markers would be non-toxic and reusable,
Soccer would be played on the moon,
And every day would be Sunday.
Shipping would always be free.
If I were in charge of the world,
There would be super-fast shoes.

Elliott Clark GR 6
Bitburg MS, Germany

My Golden Sneakers
Mixed Media

Gabriella Gehler GR 5
Patch ES, Germany



What I Like...

I like hip-hop, I like pop
I like mixes and I like rock
I like to shop till I drop!
I like dancing and I like fun
I like to talk with my friends and run!
Peace is cool and so are shoes
Jewelry is awesome and Dereon is,
too!
I like parties and my family as well
But I've only told you some
of what I have to tell.

Lauren Davis GR 5
Liberty IS, England

Pandas

Pandas are mammals
All live in China
Nap with their mother
Defends itself and cubs
Animal with black and white fur
Scared of people

Taveion Patterson GR 2
Ramstein ES, Germany

Twisted Tree of Life/Tempera
Tomias Farwell GR 6
Alconbury HS, England

