

BELLE MEADE



Montessori School | Day Camp | Farm | B & B



Masquerade Ball (Reporter: Alex Forte)

On October 27, the student council hosted its annual Halloween party. The students planned a haunted lab downstairs in the tile room, complete with black lights, fake blood, costumes, and spooky decorations. Parents and friends brought delicious snacks and treats for the partygoers. We had games, dancing, lip syncing, and a haunted lab.

“It was really fun,” said Charlotte. “I came here with my best friends, Mary and Lauren. I was in the haunted lab and when Mary walked by, she wiped grape juice on my forehead because you had to put your hand in a bowl of grapes! Between breaks from the haunted lab, we would dance together. I sang A Thousand Years by Christina Perry for the lip sync contest. At the very end, we danced to Party in the USA. As always, we made idiots out of ourselves.” Lucas also had good things to say about the event: “My sister, brother, mother, and father came with me. I scared people in the haunted lab. My sister screamed so loud! My favorite part of the night was doing the lip sync contest. I wanted to do Mr. Blue Sky but Lilie wouldn’t let me so I did Eat It by Weird Al Yankovic instead.”

A couple of the student council members commented on the planning and organization: “It was fun,” said Alyssa. “The haunted lab went really well especially since it had a lot more planning than last year. We also had the Faxlanders and their arsenal of Halloween gear (we must credit them). Planning it was slightly hectic and no one really agreed on anything...I don’t think we actually settled on anything in the end, it just kind of happened. We talked about stuff and then someone decide they were going to do it.” Sofie concurred: “The party in general and the haunted lab were hectic to plan. Next year, we should start planning earlier.” However, both council members agreed that the haunted lab was fun and the lip sync battle was hilarious to watch!

Other attendees had good things to say about the party: “I was impressed by the lip sync performances and everyone’s charismatic behavior on stage,” mentioned Ezra. “It was welcoming and wasn’t awkward,” agreed Flora. “My favorite part was the lip sync battle. It was enjoyable to watch.” Likewise, Will added: “The food was good and it was fun. They did well with the haunted lab.” As for our trusty DJ: “I liked being the DJ!” pronounced Lilie.

Thanks to everyone who contributed and attended. We hope to see you all again at the SnowBall in February!



Farm/CSA Updates



(A message from our gardener, Wendy)

Greetings from the farm! It has been a nice fall week here on the farm. The students have spent their garden chore time working in the raised beds clearing out the old and planting garlic for next year's harvest. Our hoop house is now full with lettuce, spinach, kale, Austrian peas, radishes and mustard greens, and our field of summer okra and corn has been turned over to the pigs. Soon we will be spreading straw in the newly planted garlic bed and around our hardy green vegetables. Winter row covers will be put in place and the last of our cover crops will be sown before the end of the month.

Calendar Update:

Trimester Dinner: Nov 16th, 5:30 p.m.

Conferences: (parent/student/teachers)
Nov. 17th (no school)

Thanksgiving Break: Nov. 20-24

Holiday Parade in Little Washington:
Sunday, Dec. 10th-line up at Noon

Winter Break: Dec. 21st – Jan. 2nd
Return to school Wed., January 3, 2018

Class Update:

The 1st Trimester is coming to an end. Classes are finishing chapters/units and preparing to start anew in the next trimester. In English, middle and high school students are finishing their study of “Ancient Literature of Greece and Rome: The Odyssey & The Iliad” and preparing to begin something new. In Humanities, students are working on drafts of their Writer’s Eye stories and poems.

For World History and Geography, students are studying Prehistoric America and researching Europe/Eurasia.

In Integrated Science, the class is working on a project studying the layers of the earth. Biology students are studying genetics, cells, DNA, ATP and will begin to study Krebs’s Cycle. Physics students are learning about centripetal acceleration, gravity, and gravitational pull.

In Pre-Algebra, students are studying the area and perimeter of triangles, squares, and circles, as well as mean, median, mode, and range with variables. Algebra 1 is learning about slope & rate while Geometry is working on theorems, postulates, and definitions of congruency. Advanced Math is looking at factorials & logarithmic functions.

In Spanish, students are studying food and art, as well as discussing Latin America’s “Day of the Dead” customs.

In Latin, students are working on translations, declensions, and vocabulary.

For Art class, students are creating their own projects that involve painting, drawing, and design.

In Music, students are practicing the recorders, working with their bands, and preparing for the trimester dinner.



UVA Writer's Eye (Reporter: Avigayil Aaronson)



On Thursday, November 2, we took a field trip to UVA to tour the campus and visit the Fralin Museum of Art for the annual Writer's Eye exhibit. In the morning, we viewed various pieces of artwork with docents and campus students while discussing different aspects of each piece of art. Students will choose a piece from the exhibit about which to write a story or poem for English class and will then have the opportunity to submit their work for the annual UVA "Writer's Eye" contest if they wish. After touring the museum, we walked around campus with Alex, stopping at different locations to observe and write about various sights, sounds, and activities. In the afternoon, we had lunch in the cafeteria before meeting our favorite tour guide, Malcolm, for a quick historical tour of the Lawn and Rotunda.

"I thoroughly enjoyed the in-depth, generous, and well-presented tour of the Rotunda given by our tour guide, Malcolm," stated Ezra. "The UVA field trip was really cool," commented Alyssa. "The art was cool and our guide had some interesting theories about the artwork there. We were really lucky to find Malcolm just hanging out, and he gave us a really interesting tour of the Rotunda," she added. "I liked seeing the dorm rooms, learning about the fire, and the museum tour," said Sabrina. "I chose The Drummer for my Writer's Eye project. I also liked getting lost looking for the other garden." Flora also spoke about the museum and campus tours: "I chose to write about the Shiva statue. My favorite part about the art tour was hearing everybody's different impressions. Malcolm's tour was fun. He gave it in a way that made you want to hear about it. I thought Alex's tour was peaceful and how she asked us to think about the things around us." Lucas agreed: "It was actually a lot more exciting than I thought it would be which is good. I really liked Malcolm's tour. My favorite part was looking at the bust of Thomas Jefferson. Charlotte commented: "I really liked how we saw the paintings and had time to take it all in. I'm very proud of my story. Malcolm's tour was really good. Alex's tour was really awesome especially when we had to describe what we touched."

Many students mentioned the cafeteria and food in general. "It was pretty cool," said Lilie. "I liked Malcolm's tour over anything else. There was a lot of walking. Lunch was the best part of the day!" Stephen added: "They had awesome challah bread, and I liked the cafeteria. I also liked the tour of the school. There was a lot of information." Will concurred: "The food was really good. The paintings were very interesting and I liked hearing about the painters and their backgrounds."

WRITER'S EYE EXCERPTS:

My Town

(based on *The Barber Shop* by Stuart Davis)

My town, a concrete jungle,
towns within a city,

With a barber on every corner with their swirling red light,
and drug shop on every right with a kid smiling ear to ear with a bag
of candy,

A bridge connecting the two cities, two brothers,
Two entities rivaled by sports
Twinned by people.

-Will



WRITER'S EYE EXCERPTS:



Gotebo

(based on *Gotebo, Oklahoma* by David Plowden)

The black-and-white photograph floated through the air, landing face up as it slid across the wooden floor. It must have been wedged into the novel I had pulled from a shelf when cleaning our old bookcase in the den. Stepping down from the ladder, I knelt to pick up the image and froze. Memories came flooding back, washing over me with a wave of emotion: Gotebo, Oklahoma, 1969, my hometown...

My father drove a desert beige 1957 Plymouth Belvedere that he loved more than life itself. On weekends, it was always parked out front of Old Mr. Wedel's store. There was a laundromat next door where my mother went on Saturdays while my father sat around a small card table playing Gin and "shooting-the-shit" (which was really just code for man gossip) with some of the other salesmen in town. If the weather was nice, my brother, Sam, and I would roam down Main Street with a bottle of pop and meet up with friends before heading to an abandoned lot for a game of pick-up baseball. -Alex

Tornado

(based on *Gotebo, Oklahoma* by David Plowden)

I was half awake when I heard my neighbor come home from her night shift. The engine roared outside until she turned the ignition off and that only brought it down to a loud rumble. Finally, everything was silent. I turned up the volume on the television to listen to a newscaster give out yet another tornado warning. Luckily, this one was a few towns away. During the commercial break my neighbor Morgan, came in. She has been asked to watch over me for a few weeks while my parents were out of town to see a doctor because my sister's sickness had gotten worse. No doctors nearby were willing to help us due to our financial situation except for a friend of my father a few towns over.

I heard Morgan open the fridge, but I didn't look at her. She asked me if we had any bread, and I told her to check the cupboard, my eyes still on the T.V. While she made a breakfast of eggs and toast, I looked out the window. It was still dark out, but I could see the lights of houses off in the distance. I wondered if they could see the light of my house through the dirty windows. Not that we had much light anyway. The only light in my house, if you could even call it a house, came from the small lantern on the table and the television. I looked to my left and on the couch was Morgan holding out a plate for me. I thanked her and took it, but I didn't eat. She ate in silence next to me. I could tell she wasn't sure what to say to me. Finally she asked how I was doing. Obviously I said I was okay. She looked at me with a sad face before returning to her breakfast. I sat for a while longer before thanking her again for the food, getting up, putting the plate in our small fridge, and going to the only other room in the house. -Avigayil

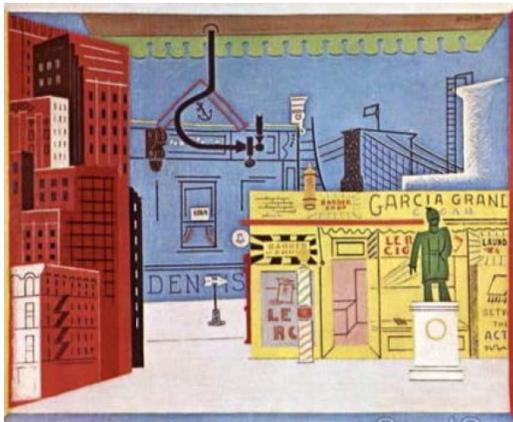


WRITER'S EYE EXCERPTS:**The City and Its Strangeness**

(based on *The Barber Shop* by Stuart Davis)

The old barber shop was the last whole building in the city before the city was finished. The barber shop became the city's townhall. To get to the city you had to cross over The Bronze Gate bridge. Walking over the bridge you might notice the giant flag that still stood from the previous city. It was almost as if it was waving to you and welcoming you to the city. It also represented the past city.

Besides the barber shop and the bridge, standing right in the center of the city was a statue of the first Mayor: Garcia Grand. The statue was grand and was recognizable to everyone who passed it. Around the statue there are unique buildings with beautiful architecture with anchors and old fireplace sconces. -Stephen

**Zombie Apocalypse**

(inspired by: Stuart Davis's *Barber Shop*)

The city of Cadmus was nuked but the residents hid in the shelters and survived. When they came out they were distressed to find their city in ruin. They did rebuild it, but when they finished they were confused to find their city all jumbled. They decided to name the city "The City of Bewilderment."

Several months later, a group of bandits came and started to terrorize the city. They robbed the banks, they stole jewelry, they stole all the candy. They stole most of the cigars, but before they could steal the final four they each dropped dead from exposure to radiation. The citizens who were used to the radiation lived.

From the chemicals in the ground, the crooks were reborn as mindless zombies with a hunger for human flesh and a thirst for blood. But the worst part was that if they bit you or scratched you or even came in contact with a cut on your body, you would die and become one of them in just a couple of hours. -Lucas



Red, White, and Black

(based on *Frozen Sounds II* by Adolph Gottlieb)

I awoke, inhaling the same environment I did every morning: the smell of pollution and smoke, of the fire in the living room furnace, and the windows fogged with the deteriorated town’s frigid air. Rising from my bed, I realized my body imprinted into the mattress and blood stains were near where my legs lay.

It was after school that we decided we were aggravated with the soulless figures, with the dark, black coats that guarded the Wall: the barricade between the innocent town that we called home and the unknown. Later that day and into the evening we moved in a group of

four others I could barely call my friends, but more so the only ones that somewhat acknowledged my presence. -Ezra

The Girl in The Woods

(based on *Young Joyous Pine* by Morris Graves)



A few weeks ago a little girl named Aria went out with her parents to go on a hike and she wandered off and got lost. Aria was 8 years old. Her parents thought she was just up the path ahead of them so they did not worry about it. They were at the car and she was not there so they got worried. They searched for her for a while. They called the police to put out a search warrant, and the police searched every where.

One year later...they stopped looking. Somehow she got to another part of the woods that no one knew about. There was a big black horse that lived there; his name was Dakota. He had had no human contact in his life so when he saw her, he was really scared. She went after him and he finally stopped. When she caught up with him, she walked over to him and tried not to scare him. They got closer day by day. -Sofie



WRITER'S EYE EXCERPTS:**An artist in his studio**

(artwork by Peter Van Den Bosch)

Arnold stood riveted to the spot as he watched himself enter the room, and approach the still life in the center of the canvas. He watched himself survey the scene, and then approach the painting. It panned like a camera, following him around and showed him talking to Steve, like a moving picture. He still couldn't move as it showed his experiments with the glow and continued all the way to the present at which time it started to zoom in on his face. Arnold felt as though it was getting closer to him or him to it. Arnold reached out a hand to stop its progress, but his hand faded through the canvas and into the painted world. He had just enough time to think: *I should have eaten way more of Steve's food, before the painting engulfed his head, and the world went black.*

A few minutes later, Steve came back with the canvas material to find his painting lying face down on the floor and no trace of Arnold. He dropped what he was carrying and rushed to pick up his artwork. Assessing the damage, he decided all that was needed were some smudges to be fixed and the floor to be scrubbed. Steve placed the painting back on the easel, plotting what he would do to Arnold when he found him...

Meanwhile, Arnold emerged into the same room he had just left, but he knew somehow that it was different. He looked around and saw himself sitting by the easel. "Where am I?" he asked. "Welcome, Arnold," said the man. "I am Arnold."

Arnold was flabbergasted. "Wait, what?! But I am Arnold."

"Yes," said the man. "And I, too, am Arnold. You see, I am in fact, quite coincidentally, without question, and in total truth, you, and you are me, and we are each other."

"I don't understand," said the first Arnold.

"You will soon enough," responded the man.

- Alyssa

**Night of the Living Painting**(based on *An Artist in His Studio* by Pieter van den Bosch)

Once upon a time, there was a Dutch artist named Gutenberg who is now an exhibit at the Family Land art museum: the familiest place on earth. By exhibit, I mean he is a painting in an art museum. But he is no ordinary painting because at night he comes to life and walks around the museum looking for his human body.

The reason he looks for his body is because he was murdered as a child. He has been searching for his body for 20 years. Unfortunately, all he has been able to find is his name and cause of death from the ghost stories that are told to the visitors of the museum. His name was James and he was murdered during a school field trip when he was 17. The man who murdered him was wearing a black mask.

No one knows who this masked man is. It remains a mystery. James believes if he is able to find his body, he will find out who murdered him. He wants to make things right, and by right, he means "make him pay". An eye for an eye. A death for a death. -Wesley

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