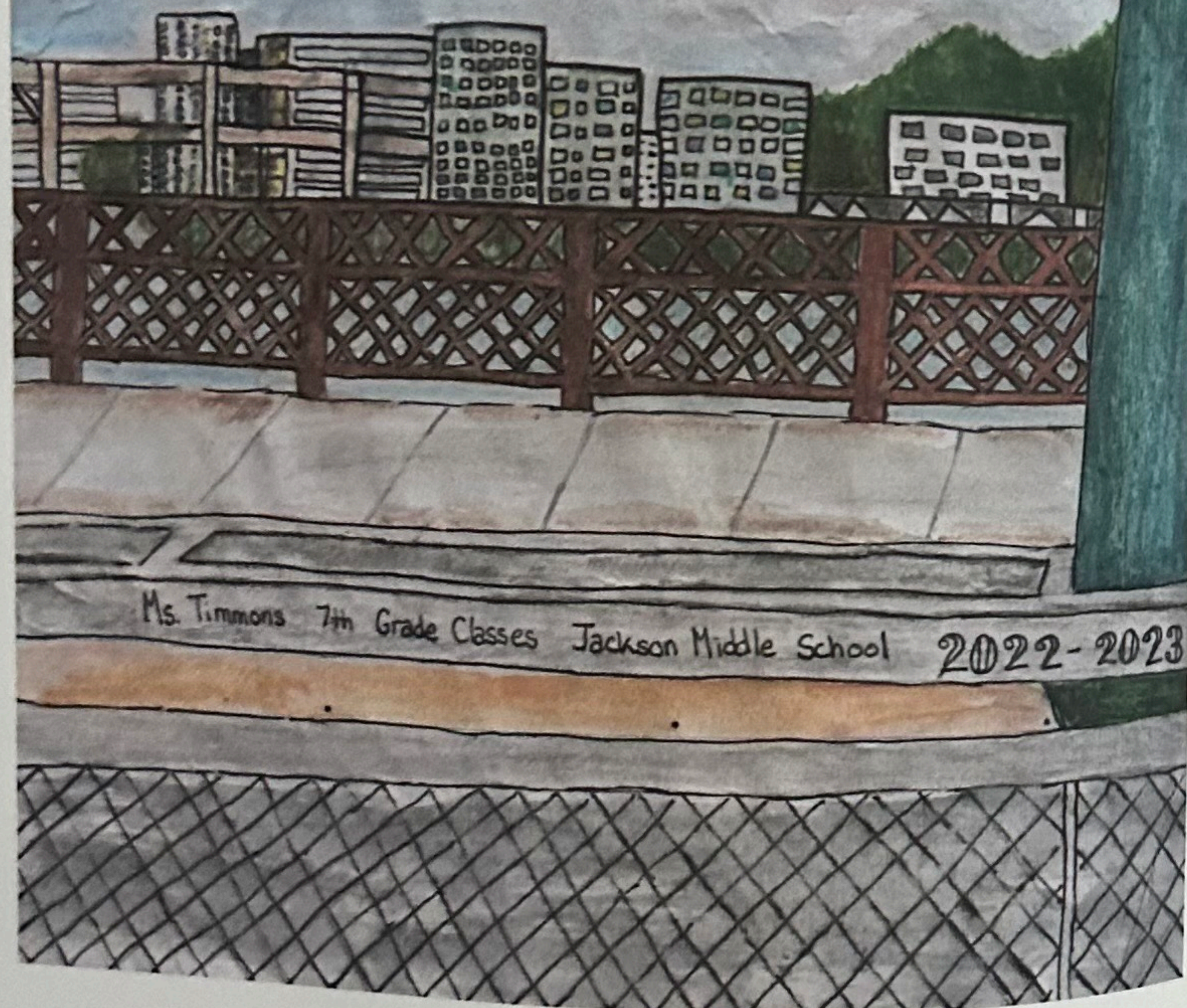
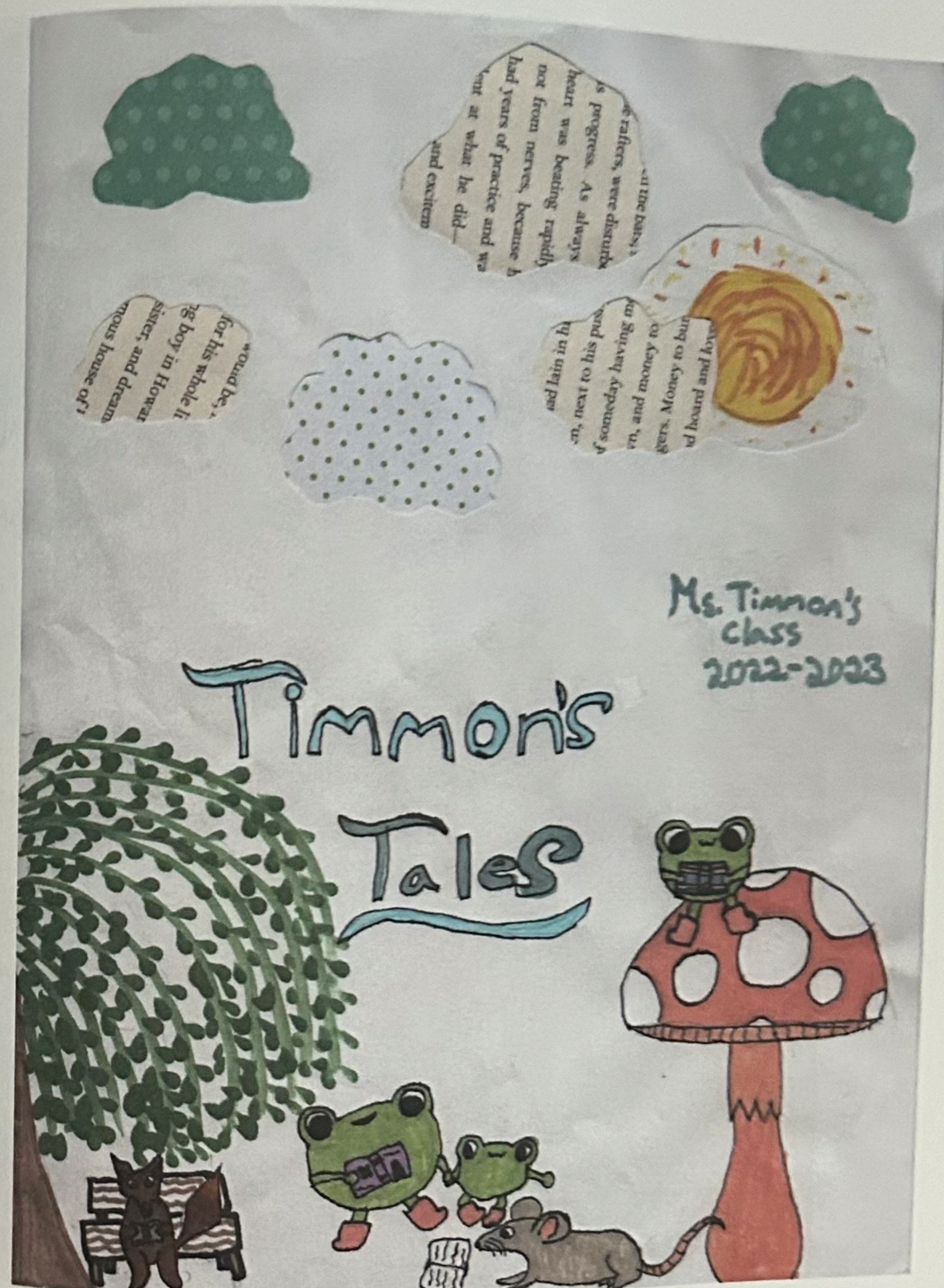


From The Creative Minds of Ms. Timmon's Classes



Ms. Timmons 7th Grade Classes Jackson Middle School 2022-2023



Ms. Timmon's
Class
2022-2023

Timmon's Tales

2024-25 Ms. Timmons' 7th Grade Class Anthology

2023-24 Ms. Timmons' 7th Grade Class Anthology

2022-23 Ms. Timmons' 7th Grade Class Anthology

Fall 2021

Ms. Timmons' 7th Grade Stories | Jackson Middle School | Fall 2021

Ms. Parrott's 7th Grade Class

Ms. Timmons' 7th Grade Stories | Jackson Middle School | Fall 2019

A Treasury of Tales: Fall 2019

Fall 2018

Class Narratives | Ms. Parrott's 7th Grade | Jackson Middle School | Fall 2018

The 2018 Portland Region Race by Sam Waxman

Sunday, September 2, 2018: *Just another region race.* These are the thoughts that go through the head of most of the crowd as they are sitting in the bleachers of a racetrack, a small asphalt one that almost seems like it is meant for big RC cars than race cars with kids inside them. There are six cars on the track, and after a little bit of watching, you can clearly see that the car leading is a gloss black car with a blue roll cage that shines in the light. The driver has a black helmet with a clear visor and a red fire suit and has all the other cars chasing after him in hot pursuit. The racetrack is at Alpenrose Dairy. The driver in the lead car is me.

6:45 a.m., the previous morning: "You awake?" My dad's voice roused me from my state of half-sleep. "Mmmrrghh, Yeah, kind of." I yanked myself, pulled my gear together, put my clothes on and shoved down some breakfast. My dad and I loaded the car and our other things such as spare parts into our minivan, and headed to the track. When we got there, there were so many cars there that we had to park by the baseball fields. We unloaded the car, got it safety checked, and got registered. Then, the waiting game.

Eventually, they let the Novice class drivers practice. Even though I was a Sr. Novice driver, I planned on just watching, we knew that wrecks in practice were surprisingly common and we (mostly my dad) had seen too many cars getting destroyed in practice. However, we saw that it was an individual practice, so I pulled my gear on, came into the staging lanes and did some excellent laps. Then after the pit meeting and some lingering, I got my shot in qualifying.

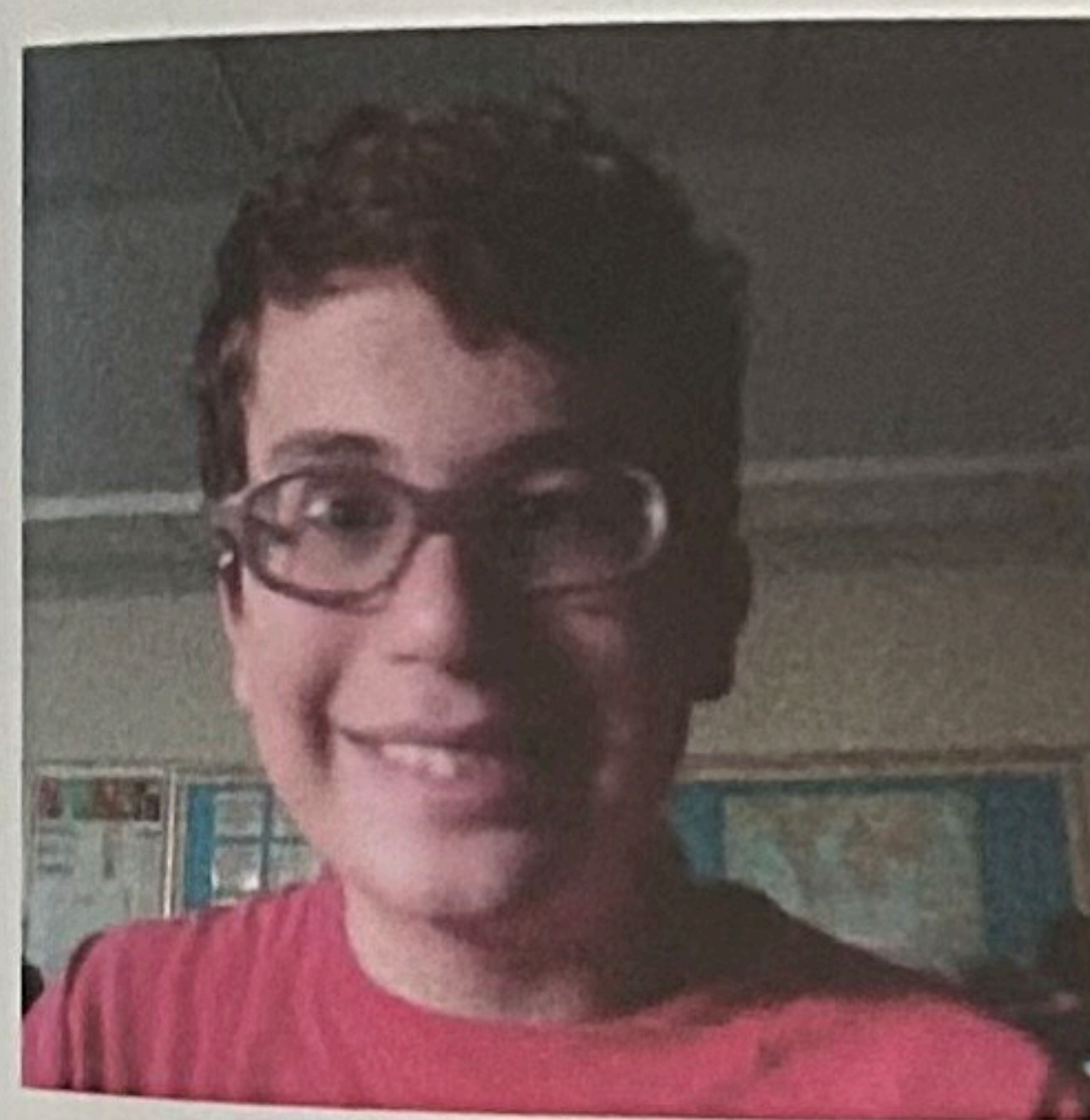
My fast lap was a 7.031 second lap. It was fast, but not the fastest. The rest of most of the day was ... really mundane. It was only qualifying. If you don't know what qualifying is, each car gets eight laps on their own. Their fastest lap is the one that is used to determine positions. I spent that day watching qualifying and hanging out with friends. When we finally went home, I discussed the situation with my dad. We were trying to figure out what position I would start in. After all, I would be at a disadvantage if I started in 6th out of 6th instead of 1st out of 6th. We ate dinner and went to bed.

6:45 a.m., September 2, 2018: "Mrrrgh, A mains today," I told my dad that as he sat on my bed. It's not like he didn't know this, he knew it as well as I do. I got dressed, scarfed down some cereal and helped my dad pack up the food. I was definitely nervous, but that always comes before a race. When we got to the track, we waited at least two hours. Then, we heard some drivers sing. "Oh Canada" and

"The Star Spangled Banner." I didn't know who came from Canada, but I knew they had a long way to get to Portland.

I watched some racing and it horrified my grandma who came to watch me, not to see someone flip over. Eventually, I headed to use the bathroom and saw the trophies. They were humongous! I wanted to win one to bring home that night. Eventually, my race was called, so I got ready to go.

Sitting in my car, all buckled up, I hear the driver who won the previous class before me. I don't know why, but that gives me hope that I can win. After all, I started in 2nd. My dad pushes me out to start the race. I drove into position, and when the green flag was thrown, I took off. The feeling I had during about 15 of those 25 laps was amazing. I was in the zone. I tried not to spin out but everything seems to be like something else is moving my hands on the wheel. Then, just as quickly as the zone starts, it ends. I caught up to a driver who I was trying to lap, but he made it really hard. All of a sudden, the people, chasing me caught up, and I drop to 4th. *Sorry dad*, I think to myself as a caution comes out because another driver got into a wreck. On the restart, I jump into 3rd, but the race runs out of time before I can advance anymore. *I GOT 3RD!!! But you could have won it.* Those thoughts ricochet through my head through the rest of the day and still to this day.



About the Author: Sam Waxman is a 7th grader at Jackson Middle School in Portland, Oregon. When he's not racing, he enjoys playing racing games, Magic: The Gathering, and soccer. This year was his 2nd year of racing.

This was my car when I decorated it for a 4th of July parade.



Did I Just See My Great Great Grandma? By Paloma Bell

My great-great-grandma (Gaga) had always scared me, and here's why; Before she died in 2017, I remember staying at her house with my brother, grandma, and Gaga. On Christmas Eve, when we finally arrived at Gaga's house, I remember she only let us eat two mini cinnamon rolls each. I trembled as her scaly brittle hands were slowly lowering the box of tiny cinnamon rolls onto the glass table. She firmly informed me and my brother to only eat two each. My starving stomach did not like this rule. Gaga always made me feel uneasy, maybe even terrified, and this just added to it.

It was mid December, COVID started, and everyone worked online, so I could work from anywhere. My 9th birthday was approaching. My family and I were spending a month in Phoenix, Arizona. We stayed in Gaga's old house. The tiny house barely fit two people. It had two bedrooms, one bathroom, a kitchen and a family room. It functioned enough for a family of four.

The morning air chilled my cheeks. The sunrise turned from orange to pink to blue. Arizona's sunrises and sunsets are extraordinary, something you will never forget, how the brown dusty mountains look against the sorbet looking sky. It's magical.

Slowly standing up from my bed, I saw my brother playing Among Us on his iPad. He always wakes up at the earliest times. For me, on the other hand, I am not a morning person. I sluggishly walked through the door wiping my eyes. I walked to my parents room to say good morning my mom had not been in there. I pictured her preparing her morning coffee.

My dad had a work call, so I whispered, "Good morning Dada." I don't think he heard, but that didn't matter. I walked through the family room, and then into the kitchen, as I guessed my mom had a hot cup of coffee.

"Hi Mama," I shyly whispered.

"Hi honey, how did you sleep?"

"Good," I replied drily.

I'm always starving in the morning, so I toasted a bagel, and I slathered it with Nutella. I scarfed it down with some orange juice. Then I went back to my room to put on actual clothes instead of my cat pajamas. The time could have been far from 8:30, and online school started at 8:45. I gingerly walked to the dining table in the family room, and crawled up on the chair, and turned on my computer. The computer had been acting up, and it took a little longer to set everything up.

It had been about an hour, and I started to get hungry, so I went to the kitchen, and swiftly snatched a cup of Top Ramen. I proceeded on doing my work. While writing a book response, I saw my mom walk from my room to hers. Except my mom didn't look like that, this woman barely balanced with her brittle skinny bones. My mom is not as pale as this woman. She had a light lime green shirt and some skinny light washed skinny jeans. She had a dark brown bob. A 80s look.

I called out "Mom?" and got no response. The long silence had been dreadful. I scrambled to my parents' room where my dad sat at his desk doing his work. The woman that I saw had not even been in there. I had goosebumps, had I just seen a ghost? No, I must be crazy. People don't see ghosts. I must be imaging. When I recalled the moment, I remember clearly looking at the lady going into my parents room. Had I just seen my great-great-grandmother Gaga?

My little body sped into the backyard looking for my mom. If you were looking at me you would probably think my legs were a cartoon. She sat on a pool chair outside with my dog.

"Hey mom, how long have you been out here for?"

"About 30 minutes. Why?"

"I just saw you go into your room."

"Oh, well I wasn't in there."

Mom, I think I saw a ghost," I nervously chuckled. I just saw a ghost. I just saw a GHOST!

"Maybe you did." I knew she didn't believe me. Now that I knew my mom hadn't been in her room I asked my dad.

"Dad, did you see someone walk in here?" I innocently asked.

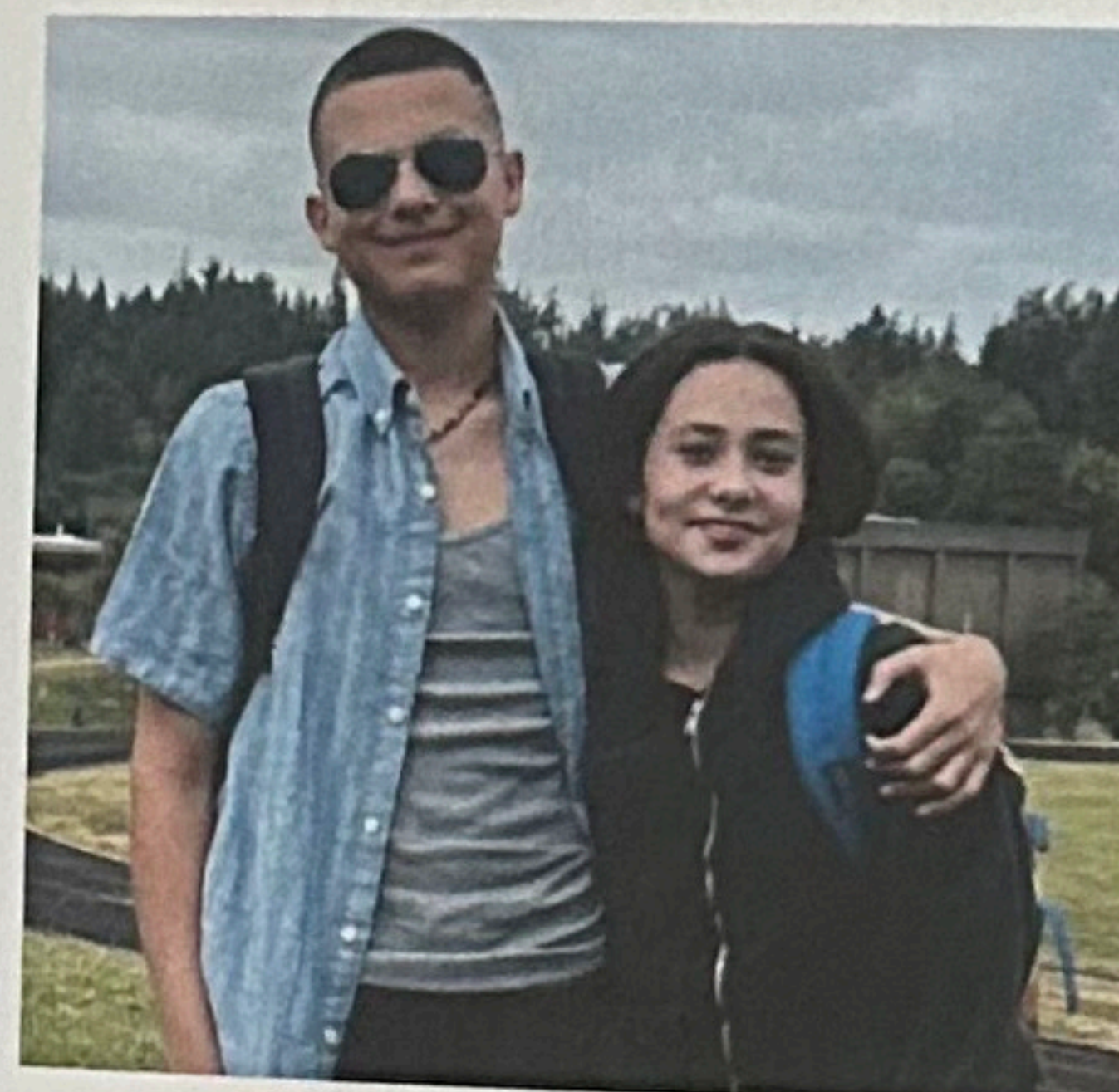
"Nope, no one is in here."

"Ok," I answered.

"What did Gaga look like when she was younger?" I asked, trying not to sound too eager.

"Well, she had brown hair and she looked practically the same."

Now I have confirmation. I saw a ghost! I had seen Gaga.



About the Author:

Paloma Bell is a 13 year-old 7th grader at Jackson Middle School. Her favorite classes are choir and language arts. She enjoys art, volleyball, singing, and paranormal activity.

