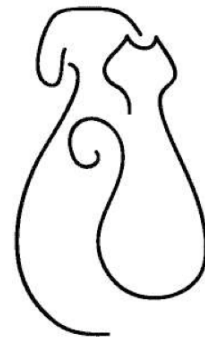




Palouse Prairie Charter School's
Fourth Grade Crew
warmly welcomes you to an evening of
Art, Poetry, and Inspiration
to benefit
the Humane Society of the Palouse!



PALOUSE PRAIRIE
CHARTER SCHOOL
nurturing minds | inspiring leaders

Posters and greeting cards created by fourth grade students for sale!
All proceeds benefit the Humane Society of the Palouse!



Everyone needs a forever home!
Visit. Snuggle. Fall in love. Adopt.
www.humanesocietyofthepalouse.org



Bella

one - new - start.

I arrive.

The one who loves

me

drops

me off.

Too much

work

I guess.

Betrayed.

Afraid.

Left

Here?

The gravel

stings my

paws.

Loud

neighbors.

Better get used to

it.

My longing eyes stare into
you.

Traumatized

beyond hope.

My hair goes in

one direction.

Life does

not.

Better get used to

it.

I try to slow

life down.

Fetch

tennis balls.

Eat

goodies.

Savor

belly rubs.

They help,

some.

one day

two people come

I ride away in

one car to

one new home

forever.

I hope.

one - new - start.

Bella. By Jack.



Turkey

A Long Time

Alone on the streets
people gone in for the night
my paws are cold on the hard black path
suddenly I am picked up
taken away
brought to a new place.
I see cats
Trapped
caged
I know
I will be like them
Alone
Alone as a Christmas tree with
no ornaments

Occasionally
people come in
cuddle with us
look at us
leave

come back
take a cat.
A cuter younger cat
than me

Day after day
cat after cat
I'm still here.

Finally I'm let out of
my cage]
alive
aloud to roam.

When visitors turn up
I knock things down
off the counter:
a Phone
a Crystal vase
Tap
Crash
Poke

Crunch
I get in the way
Chasing flies
with my Emerald eyes
Velvety fur.
All I want is attention
But they always leave
taking good cats.
Not me.

Eventually
I am going to make
this place
feel like home
For I may be here

A long time.

Turkey. By Kelton.



Wobbles

Out in the open

tired

I'm a hungry child.

I wobble along the sidewalk
like ice skating for the first time.

The moment I see good food

I'll go for it.

Then found.

I felt like a patient

in a hospital

people

running around

frantically

trying to save me.

From cage

to car

I listened

I cried

like waterfalls

taken from their land.

Sat alone

in a bed

on a desk

in a room

small, like a match box.

Jumping, pouncing, dashing

Wishing the little red dots

might just turn into mice.

But still lazy.

Eleven years

in the match box room

on the desk

in the bed.

I am Wobbles

waiting for my loving home

to discover me.

Wobbles. By Maggie.



Wesley Snipes

My burning paws

sting on the rocky road
like drums
beat beat beating
fast as they can.

I was thrown out
discarded
like a toy that a child is bored with.
I do not know why
I am free
to roam these lonely streets
but with nowhere to go.
I am imprisoned
like the monster
that grum grum grumbles in my mind
memories
of my once family
that pushed me away.

Trapped again
now in a
compact box.
Cold metal bars
press against my back
like a snowball shoved down my coat
that's waiting
in the
lost and found.

Wesley Snipes. By Jocelyn.



Jasper

When I feel off track

It doesn't feel right.

I'm confused

Insecure.

Why am I here?

I try to make friends
pawing at another cat
rolling around
trying to play.

It just
doesn't
work.

They misread my gesture.

They fight back.

I retreat.

Like a child that no one hears.

I'm in the wrong direction.

I'm stuck

like a stick

between rocks in a narrow stream.

Misunderstood like an argument.

Lonely

like a toy lost

in a box full of toys.

Confused

as a fly trying to get through a window.

I don't know what's right anymore.

If you rub my nose,
and take me home,
and let me roam,
I can finally be playful again.

Jasper. By Emerson.



Punkin

Out alone

Away from home
Frozen with fright.
In a blink, a flash
I was snatched, grasped by
a stranger's hands
My worst fear
Saved me.
A cheerful, charming face
Stroking my wooly spine.

All at once,
In a cramped cage
Lost in my head.
I listen.
My tear drops spouting
like a hot spring geyser
in Yellowstone.
In a cage,
On a row of cages,
At the dark end of
a long hall.

My cheerful, charming savior
Out the door, Gone.

Lost back in my mind.
Cat after Cat.
Row after row,
All whimpering,
All waiting
For the same thing.
Someone to love us.

In my dreams
I imagine I'm as silky
as a spider web
so when they touch me
they have to take me
Home!
I am as orange as
the ripest peach,
as white as fresh powder
snowflakes.
Desperate
for someone to love me.

I simply wait. And wait,
Day after day,
Week after week,
Turns into months.
Waiting for you
To Pick me
And love me.
Stomp. Stomp. Someone's
coming towards me.
Where are they?
No where in sight.
I'm anxious
Determined to
Know who she
Will pick.
I hear the word "Adoption."
"What does it mean?"
Skipping toward me.
In a rush to pick a cat
Suddenly,
Her sunny hands embrace me,
Like welcoming a newborn
baby!

At the light end
Of a short hall
A flutter catches my eye.
A mouse. I wind up,
My rump in the air
Ready to pounce
I leap. It's gone.
Where is it?
Over my head I bounce
try to catch that mouse.
After a while of jumping
Bouncing.
I feel special, important,
I head up the light, short hall
through a doorway
I leap onto my warm bed
Softly
The feeling of adoption
Has flowed into me
Like a river flowing into
Its new home.

Punkin. By Solvei.



Monte

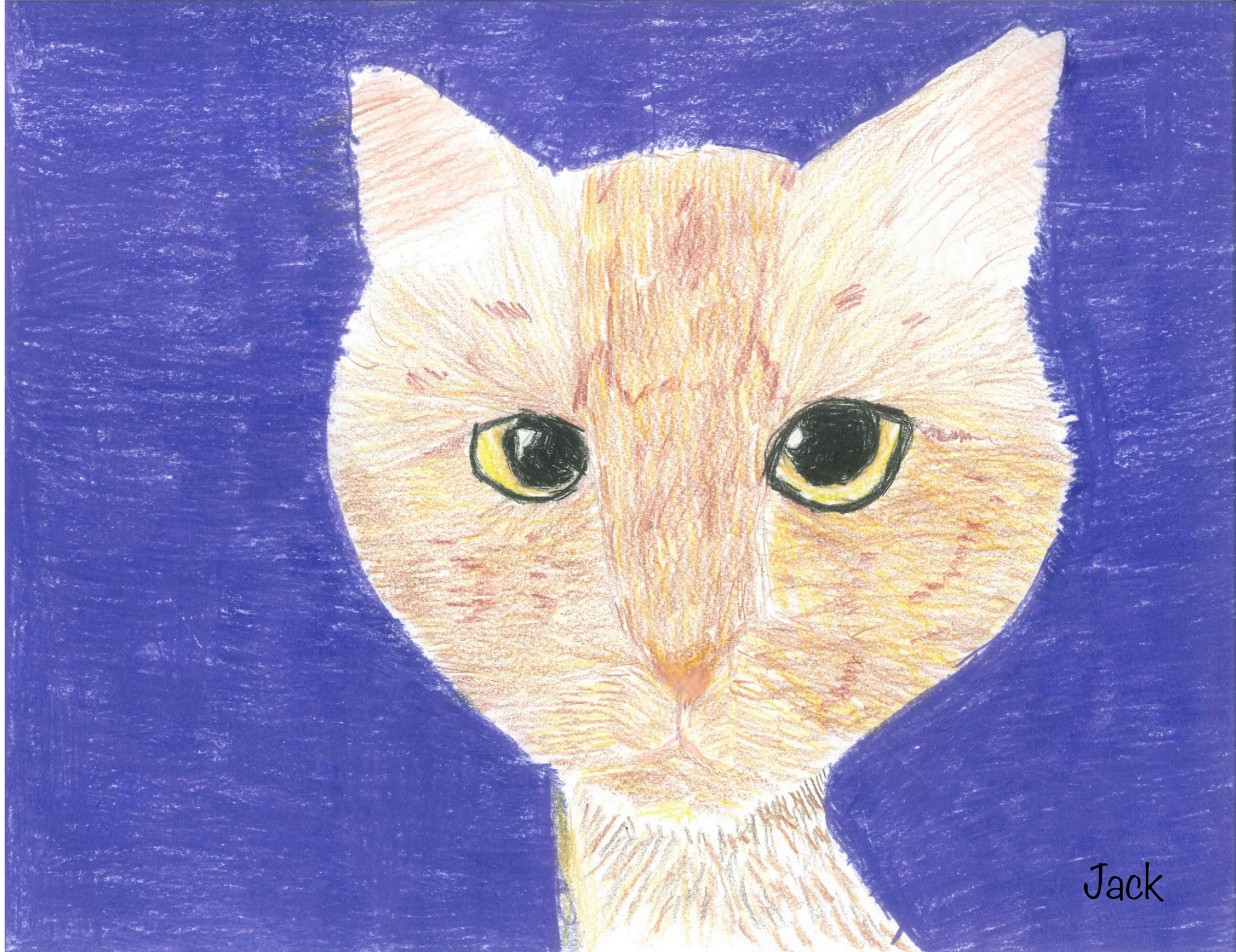
Now I am free

I once was
locked in
a cage.
Only a little
light peeking
through the
skinny metal
poles.

I was
flummoxed
when I
arrived.
Baffled,
befuddled,
bemused
like a child lost in the supermarket.
Bewildered by the awkwardness
like a boy the first time he took off his training wheels.
They treated me with care and
held me the whole way up the hill.

Before too long
it came
the day that
I was taken
out my cage
forever.
I was so happy
I was walking
on air.
I was as free
as a fly.
But when I
left I was blue
like the ocean that seems to go on forever.
It was fun there
but I was happy
to leave.
Some
Are still there.
But I am
free.

Monte. By Nathanael.



Jack

I am alone

afraid

of what I can't see in the dark.

Shivering, homeless.

I stop at a mysterious door.

My chance to be cozy, warm,

snuggled

instead I'm stuck

in a used

cold metal cage.

Where am I?

Please help me.

Now I put that in the

past.

At the moment

I am snuggled

happy in my owners' blankets

getting warm.

Jack. By Luzahan.



Lyla

I am not cared for

like a stuffed giraffe
ripped open in the wash
and thrown away.

My family does not
love me.

I am the sandwich crust
cut off and thrown away.
I am lower than
all the negative numbers
combined.

I have no friends to play with.
All alone
in this
cruel to cats
world.

Lyla. By Abigail



Opal

I have a kitten cold

I sneeze a lot!
I don't like it one bit,
Because it dries my throat.

I squinch up my face
And for a moment I freeze
And it sounds like a leaky balloon
When I let out my sneeze.

I have a kitten cold
I want it to stop
Runny nose, stuffed up head and
I am mad that I'm trapped in bed

I want to go outside
Jump, and hide
Play in the bushes
Low and high.

I want out of my cage
To roll and play
With a mouse
Toy on Christmas day

I'm a floppy cotton ball
Rolling in a tree
Jumping up and down
Yes, that would be me

Now my story
Is all told
I am opal.
I want a home.

Opal. By Teofilo.



Panther

I'm worn out

I'm worn out
from chasing lasers all day
like a panther
hunting its prey.
I fixed my bed
pawing carefully
at my fuzzy blanket
that granny made for me
when I was born.

I rise out of bed
like the sun over the Earth.
On my way to breakfast
I found the door open wide
like a portal to a mysterious world
inviting me to break the rule.
I dashed outside rapidly to spot a
leaf slowly dropping, the leaf
switched sides each time it dropped.
I was going to turn around but the

Barking
noises of
The dog
walking
on a leash that links his heart
to his loyal owner
Made me forget I had just made a
huge mistake.
I jealously followed
the dog that gets to play outside
while my curiosity
began to kill me.

I realized I had tracked the dog to
somewhere
unfamiliar.
Suddenly, I didn't know where I was.
I wandered the streets
Looking for my home
Until,
Hard working hands
grabbed me

put me on display
in a museum of cats.
I silently wondered
if I would see my family
ever again.

Nothing to do but sleep.
After yet another day of sleep
someone showed up,
carried me to a familiar place.
I realized my family
Had taken
me back home to the warm cozy
den
I now thank before all this
stress I went through.

Panther. By Hayden.



Kenny

I am wandering

with my sibling
wondering
where we
are.

I am as hungry
as pain
It feels like
my stomach
Is one inch
short.

I am as scared
as fear itself.
Someone grabs
us and takes
us to a
car.
We are scared
like ghost stories by the fire.

We arrive at an
unfamiliar place.
Where are we?

One day my sibling
passed away.
Sadness came my way
like a river flowing into
the ocean.

This room is
very
strange.
It feels weird.
I'm confused
panicked.
When the vet tells me
my heart works too hard,
it only works harder
pumping my blood
as if filling a bike tire
until it pops.

I'm in a cage.
I yell.
Nine years later
I am still
here.
I've been here
so long I feel
in charge of the
shelter.
It feels like
home but I need a
real home and a warm
lap to sit
on.
Adopt me.

Kenny. By Seamus.



Stud

When I'm jittery

my heart races.

My breathing
is as heavy as an anchor.

My name is
Stud.

I'm a stud
with my bowtie.

I've been here for
three and a half years.

I love peanut butter
and to fetch long, skinny stalks
and rubbery balls.

My mom moved away
not too long ago.

Now I don't have a
mother to play with
at the Humane Society.

My name is Stud
and I look studly
with my bowtie.

One day I hope,
a set of sunny
arms pick me
up and I get a
second chance
at life.

Stud. By Ian.



Muffin

When I see a squirrel

My heart revs up
like an engine
ready to zip!

Had a home
with
brothers and sisters
chasing those
bold, brown, bouncing,
cocky creatures.

Bang! Boom! Ching!

In a cage

With no bold, brown, bouncy,
cocky creatures
to chase
away my sadness.

In a cage lying down

No one to love me

I am in a deep, dark forest.

Alone.

Four years later

Somebody takes me home.

new start.

troubled

that other pets

have no home.

Muffin. By Connor.

Freddy Mercury



I sing

smooth
symphonies of paws.
Soft musical
Noises
it helps
with the cramped cage.

I am peace
in a joyful
loving home.
Ginger chin, belly up
In my cozy purple
blanket.
The warm fire
puffs up my fur like a fluffy pastry.
without warning
A street cat
Glum.

Cold
wind nipping at my chin
frosting my tail.
Mind iced like a
Cold winter eve
I see images
That aren't really
There.

Brought to a
Cage with
Delicious tuna treats

That fill me with
excitement. But still
longing.

Freddy Mercury. By Izzy.



Squish

In my new beginning

I emerged from heartbreak into hope
like a dancer popping through the curtain
ready to start the show.

I was a stray
thrown from my home.
Scared and distressed
I started cleaning, cleaning
bite bite biting
chewing my own flesh.
Bleeding, raw
like the fish I used to eat
when I was free from danger.
Nervous, terrified
I'll never find a new home.

It feels like the monster of homelessness
is pulling off my blankets of comfort
to eat me
so I started cleaning, cleaning
bite bite biting
chewing my own flesh.

When my new owners arrive
to save me from the monsters
I'm nauseous and queasy
I'm a dancer, nervous, but ready for my show.
I feel safe again

In my new beginning.

Squish. By Bryce.

Chucky



Please! I beg you

come get me

I will not flee.

Plus, I don't have fleas.

Please!

Do not pick any other

Kitty.

I'm as delicious as

Chocolate covered chocolate.

I'm as sweet as a strawberry popart.

Only sometimes

sour like a warhead.

Please, please,

take a good look at me.

I'm cuter

than all the other kitties.

But if you really listen you'll know

I'm as scared as an

orphaned newborn

curled up into a tiny ball of yarn

waiting to be woven into

something beautiful

and useful.

Every day my breaths get shorter,

Every night my dreams longer.

Please, please. I beg you.

Pick me.

Chucky. By Oliver.



Baby

I am lonely

Like a kid
home alone for the first time.
Gloomy in a cage
like a bat in a dark dark cave all alone.

I am far far away
from home.
I miss my family
and friends.

Adopted?
I was confused at first
when I heard that word,
but I found out
it brings food and water
with it.

Mom and dad are always
home to me.
Their love is like
a colored pencil
filling in the blank space.
They love me
Like a fish loves to swim.
A cave is a bear's home,
and this one is mine.

Baby. By Kalina.



Titan

Hi, My name is Titan.

I rest for a while
waking up inside a cage.
My life is not delicate.

I play with my ball, lay and linger
I don't even know why I have an extra finger.

I sleep like a sloth everyday.
Or should I be like all the other cats?
Or just act in my very own way?

One day A girl comes to my cage
looks at me in a very strange way.
she speaks in a language I don't understand.
I don't know who she is
but she might be a fan.

She takes me out of my cage.
She takes me somewhere better to know.
I think I will name this place my home.

Sincerely, Titan

P.S. I love my new home

Titan. By Micah.



Maui

I am entangled

by discouragement
like a fish in a net
struggling to be freed.
I wait
day after day
with row after row
of caged hopefulness
like a nation
at war
longing for liberty.

The walls are constricting me,
until I burst
like a balloon
squeezed by my own hands.
Then I wake up
Suddenly two warm hands
embrace me,
take me home.

A new life,
forever.

In my owner's bed
snug as a hand in a woolen mitten
I dream of my friends
back at the Humane Society.
I hope they
find a home too.

Maui. By Max.

Luau



On the street

I Jump, hide, sprint,
clash, dash,
crashing into the pavement.
Running again,
through meadows and ponds,
Following roads and paths that only
my mind makes.

Rain
drops
weighing me down like the despair
I carry around.
Bitter, thick.
I wish I had another coat
to put over mine.
Stray kitten friends
sprint off in search of shelter.
Happiness spills out of me
sadness and sorrow
fill the void
like an empty water bottle

submerged, drowning,
gasping for air.

A bright face
toasty arms embrace me,
put me in a car,
leave me on a big brown desk
far away from home.
Where am I?
I look around
from my perch above
other cats
roaming around playing.
Confusion
pours over me like
Syrup, slow as a snail with
nowhere to go.
Suddenly
I slip, CRASH!
I tumble, roll,
cartwheel,
fall through the air until
my paws clap the ground

like thunder.
KABOOM!

I peer around the room
A fluttering figure
floating near the ground
catches my eye.
A feather!
I run for it!
I catch it!
Suddenly, it's gone!
I look up
See the same face I saw
when I was still a stray,
that same joyful smile.

Back in a cage
hopelessness again
fills me, sticks to me like glue.
Adopted
I know not what it means
but it still sounds
soothing in my ears.

Finally
I feel special.
Needed.

A wave of happiness
and relief
flows through me like a
river
leaving behind
it's temporary home.

I'm driven,
Through the streets,
'Round the corners.
Till I reach a house,
With My family,
That loves me
like a tree loves it's
forest.
I finally have a home.
A real home.

Luau. By Suzka.



Templeton

I spend my days

Happily
chewing
Ever
waiting
For my
Banana.

A home forever
looming never
a burden ever.

Approaching
Admiring
Abandoning.

My sinking hope
like a stone in water
reminds me of the
brown box
Hands grabbing

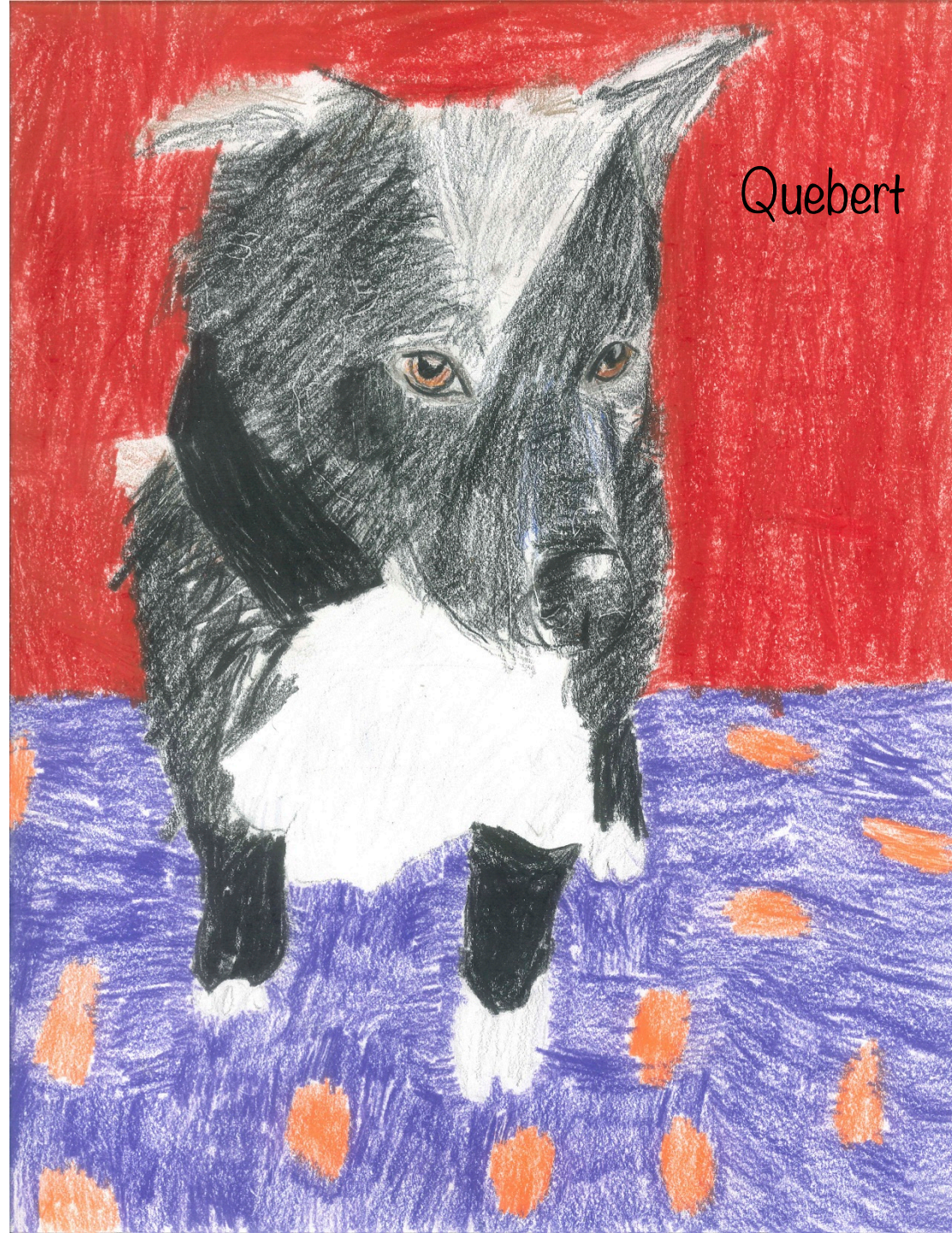
Cage coming
Nothing.

Here I am
as empty as a
book with
no words.

My soul is as dark as a
moonless midnight
Light coming.
Abandoning
darkness.

A home.
Peace.
My ever
burden lifted.
I can settle down
At last.

Templeton. By Owen.



Quebert

Waiting

They throw the ball
fast
but I'm faster
I leap like a lion
catch the ball.
They leave.
Day after day
It's the same thing.
My sadness is a
single morsel.
Lonely.

No one comes
Until,
One day
They arrive
Like every time
They say goodbye
But not to me.
I go with them.

Now my dream of rescue
is true.
My wish for freedom
took weeks.
Finally
I can depart.
I am free.

Quebert. By Acer



Aries

Here I am

trapped in a cage
too tiny to contain my courage.
Aries.
I slink around
In my manx tortie shell skin.
My fur
slick as an
icy winter road.
My sun yellow eyes,
match my
squid ink black,
fall leaf yellow fur
Purr-fectly.

Delicious delectable morsels,
twice a day.
I get snappy
like a turtle,
when they forget.
I wail for them
but all they hear

are my meows
flowing from my mouth
like a river,
Mew, Mror, Mraw.

I often chase
a speedy little red dot.
Like a child
Chasing candy from a piñata.
My body winds up like
a jack in the box
Ready to pounce
3. 2. 1. Blast off!
It feels like I'm flying,
I land splat!
But always on my feet.
I almost catch it
but not quite.
Worn out,
my muscles fall asleep
I drift to my dreams.
I jump up alert!
Large two-legged animal

reaches out a hand
with five fingers
(I only have four.)
I leap away
panic stricken
I crouch, ears perk,
Legs bend to pounce,
but I know it will do no good,
because there is a
barrier between us.
So I hiss, my upper lip rises,
air comes out of my mouth
like a deflating balloon.
The animal walks away scared,
Inside I erupt with enjoyment
Like a volcano!

I may be stubborn and shy,
but everyone
needs a home.

Aries. By Katie.

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