

2024-2025 WMS Reflections Program




NATIONAL PTA®
REFLECTIONS®
2024-2025
CALL FOR ENTRIES!

Accepting Imperfection

**Explore the arts
and express yourself!**

-  **DANCE**
CHOREOGRAPHY
-  **FILM**
PRODUCTION
-  **LITERATURE**
-  **MUSIC**
COMPOSITION
-  **PHOTOGRAPHY**
-  **VISUAL ARTS**

Get involved! [PTA.org/Reflections](https://pta.org/reflections)

Jude Marx

Grade 6

Photography

Ode to Asheville

During my stay in Asheville over the summer of 2024 my family and I spent time on the rooftop of the hotel taking in the views of the city and the Blue Ridge Mountains. I began taking photos with my iPhone to capture the expansive views from the rooftop. However I kept finding that something in the distance was obstructing what I believe could be a great and perfect photo of the colorful Blue Ridge Mountains. After several attempts from different angles, I saw that this picture captured the good details and colors of the mountains and while the old brick building that you see covering a portion of the view initially took away from what I thought could be a perfect photo, I found that this imperfect obstruction did not hinder the enjoyment of the view and the details, depth, and color of the mountains that I captured in this photo. The view that I captured is perfectly imperfect. Six weeks after we visited Asheville when I took this photo, hurricane Helene destroyed much of this city. I am glad I had the opportunity to visit.



DANCE
CHOREOGRAPHY



FILM
PRODUCTION



LITERATURE



MUSIC
COMPOSITION



PHOTOGRAPHY



VISUAL ARTS



Luke Wilkerson

Grade 7

Photography

Beauty in Imperfection

There is beauty in imperfection. A flower is still a flower even with an imperfect petal. People are still people even if they are different because all people are imperfect.



Kelsey Doonan

Grade 7

Visual Arts

Blooming Youth

This drawing of a three year old girl, wishing on a dandelion, resembles hope for generations, and for the younger people in our world, do you have more accomplishments, success, and goals achieved than the previous generations.



DANCE
CHOREOGRAPHY



FILM
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PHOTOGRAPHY



VISUAL ARTS



Jackson Wamsley

Grade 6

Photography

The Imperfect Night

No matter how perfect something may be, there is always something, maybe tiny, that makes it imperfect. In this example, it is night. And a beautiful night at that, maybe perfect. But then the storm came. Something HAD to ruin the night. But you have to learn to accept this. In that annoying thing, there is beauty. In this storm, that beauty was the lightening. And at the end of this storm, I was thinking: Did this storm HAVE to go away? But then I realized there was beauty in this night, and I took it and went to sleep.



DANCE
CHOREOGRAPHY



FILM
PRODUCTION



LITERATURE



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COMPOSITION



PHOTOGRAPHY



VISUAL ARTS



No one is perfect, not you or I or anyone. It's like nature,

it's beautiful and in our mind it's more perfect than anyone,

but it's not. Even those people who say they are perfect, in reality, they have faults in them too.

You think you're the closest a person can get to perfection but even the little things can hurt that.

It's okay if you're not perfect.



DANCE
CHOREOGRAPHY



FILM
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LITERATURE



MUSIC
COMPOSITION



PHOTOGRAPHY



VISUAL ARTS

Alexandra Birdsall

Grade 8

Literature

Imperfection

I thought and thought about how to write about the theme, "Accepting Imperfection" and I finally decided that poetry was the best approach to express my feelings about imperfection. I've written a short poem about imperfection and the importance of accepting and embracing imperfection.

That Was before; This Is After:

-A SHORT TALE ABOUT A LONG STORY-

When I was younger, I had already envisioned the ideal life that I wanted. I would do well in grade school academically and socially, I'd go to college, I'd become a teacher, and then I'd get married and have kids. Looking back, this was less of *my* ideal life and more of what was expected of me. The irony is, I am perhaps the farthest away **any** person has ever been from that future.

I am seventeen years old, I have dirty blonde hair, dark brown eyes, and tan skin. These are the things I notice as I take in my reflection in the mirror. I also notice the mistakes in my appearance. The beauty spot near my eye, the scar on my eyebrow, the pimple on my nose, my messy bed head, and the prominent shadows under my eyes. I sigh and push away from the mirror. No use thinking about things you can't fix. I brush my hair and dress into a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. Going down the stairs, I think about all the things I won't say to the adults at the table. I tell myself that I am strong enough to resist their insults and the pain each one brings since foster-parents don't have a very good reputation, anyway. All of those things aren't true, but then again, I'm getting pretty good at lying to myself. To be honest, I still remember every detail about the day I came to live with them. Five-year-old tentatively walking across the sparse garden, clutching the hand of the woman from the foster-care center. I remembered her flinching when Frank opened the door. And I vividly remember Carey whispering something she thought I couldn't hear: "Isn't that Ben and Catya's daughter? Why do we have to take care of her? It's not our fault her parents threw her in front of a bus." She remarked. Frank shushed her, saying: "The government pays us, ok? It's basically free money. And besides, it can't cost that much to take care of such a little thing." That shut Carey up fast. Stuck in the past, I walk across the carpet and reach into the cabinets for some cereal. Nothing. At the table, Carey shrugs at me, as if that is a good enough excuse. She probably spent the money on beer anyway. That's all she seems to care



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VISUAL ARTS

Tala Sacouman-Minsky Grade 7 Literature That Was Before; This is After.

In my story, I attempted to convey the struggles faced by people who just want to find their ideal life. They compare themselves to what people expect them to be, but that is simply not achievable. Throughout this work of literature, our characters share their terrible experiences. But in the end, will she find the life that she most

The Imperfect Alien

By: Jackson Wamsley

I will remember that day for the rest of my life, however long it might be. A human wouldn't, but I have unbelievable photographic memory, remembering 100 percent of everything I've seen. Well, since the crash that is. It wasn't really a crash, I just glided down on small wings attached to my head. At least that's what the scientists said. Apparently, I glided right through a window and into the test chamber! (I still don't know how much of that is true) and I broke all their machines when they tested me. When a scientist tried to touch my wings, the wings fought back and in seconds the scientist was on the floor, clutching his face. So, I woke up to yelling. Not knowing who I was or where I was, I casually sat up, breaking through 500 pounds of restraint equipment without knowing.

Then I saw the head scientist and said, "destroy." I remember thinking that meant, "dada," in my old language before the scientists tried to figure it out and wiped the language from my brain. Well, I don't know how it happened, but the guy I said "destroy" to ended up raising me. I guess it was because they tried to keep me in a room made out of titanium, but I eventually tried to kick the wall down and ended up with a knocked out scientist. But the problem was, they wanted a scientist near me at all times, so they assigned me to my "dad".

Don't get me wrong, he tries to do the best he can, but he just can't meet my alien needs. The only things I can consume without getting poisoned are tofu, water, honey, and salt. And you haven't eaten salty tofu dipped in honey with only water to wash it down for four years straight. (Yes, my tastebuds aren't much different from a human's.)

But let's go back to my favorite year, the 4th of my life. It started on Christmas, when the court decided I could go to school (let's not get into details). I didn't want to go, I didn't care that the scientists wanted to know about my brain. But I ended up in front of the small private school of **Mr. Grenada's school for children with disabilities**. *It's not my fault orange and blue look like green.* I thought. *My species probably just isn't used to those colors.* And that probably was the case. With green skin, brown wings currently in the position of hair (I liked people not knowing I had wings, and they blend in perfectly), and totally zebra-color eyes (there was no known color for them, so I made the color up before anyone else could). Anyways, the orange and blue thing was the only reason I was in this school!

I walked into the school, only to come face to face with a giant boy. "I'm Bob, nice to meet you! By the way, my punches are *extra* strong," he said before extending his hand to shake.

I saw immediately that he had six fingers. *Maybe things won't be so bad after all,* I said before extending my three-fingered green hand. By the time I saw the evil gleam in his eyes, it was too late. He grabbed my arm and made to punch my head. *Oh no, now everyone will think that I am a freak,* my brain rendered in a few milliseconds. Wham! Bob was crying out and grabbing his bleeding hand while looking in terror at my kung fu wings.

I ran. One right, two lefts, I didn't care. I eventually ran into a classroom.

"Al i en. Your late." A woman's voice said. *Uh-oh, she used my full name,* I realized.



DANCE
CHOREOGRAPHY



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LITERATURE



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COMPOSITION



PHOTOGRAPHY



VISUAL ARTS

Jackson Wamsley Grade 6 Literature The Imperfect Alien

Sometimes in our lives, we feel like Al the alien. We need to do something. Or we need to accept that we are imperfect at school. In those hard times, we have to learn to accept that we are imperfect as well as us.

Imperfect

Woke up in a world that's painted gray,
Chasing shadows of the things I can't say.
Mirror shows a face with a thousand cracks,
But I've learned to love the way the light bends back.

So here's to the scars and the scars that shine,
To the moments that break but teach us to climb.
We're beautifully flawed, like a work of art,
Finding strength in the places we fell apart.
We're perfectly imperfect, just who we are,
Dancing through the chaos, we'll reach for the stars.

Every stumble's just a step on this road,
Every tear's a thread in the stories we sew.
I've learned to embrace the mess that I find,
In the tangled threads, there's a pattern divine.

Let the winds blow, let the doubts fall,
We'll keep on standing, we'll answer the call.
In every heartbeat, in every sigh,
We'll celebrate the truth that we can't deny.



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PHOTOGRAPHY



VISUAL ARTS

Audrey Jones

Grade 6

Literature

Imperfections

My poem imperfections is about accepting the imperfections that make you. The poem relates to the theme "Accepting Imperfections" because it's raising your voice and loving you for your imperfections included.

Khloe Kim

Grade 7

Visual Arts

Single Perfect Blossom

My drawing portrays embracing imperfection through the symbolism of the chip in the teacup and the flower growing out of it. The chip in the teacup represents how it is unusable, the flower growing out of the cup shows how the teacup can still be used just in a different way. We can accept that the teacup is imperfect. Although it is imperfect it doesn't mean the cup should be thrown away, embracing its imperfection we can understand to use it in another way for a new purpose.



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VISUAL ARTS



Eliana Villwock

Grade 7

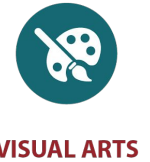
Visual Arts

Between the Lines of Perfect

The puzzle pieces on the girl represent all of her qualities. Some of them aren't perfect, but they make her who she is. Even through hardships, as shown by the dark background, her light shines through.



Congratulations WMS Artists!



Thank you for participating in the Reflections program and sharing your creative talents!

Join us next year for the 2025-2026 program theme:

I Belong!



Williamsburg Middle School

PTA

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