



# Charter Vision

M A G A Z I N E

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[mnchartervision.org](http://mnchartervision.org)



## Why Nothing Else Matters

*Sean, 10<sup>th</sup> Grade, Northfield School of Arts and Technology*

Our society is in a sorry state. But it always has been. There's something different about right now, something more pressing than anything of the past.

Avian Flu doesn't matter. AIDS doesn't matter. The invasion of Iraq doesn't matter. Our world has seen problems as large as these and greater, but right now we have the most powerful concern we possibly could: the environment. It would be false to say that the environment is on the backburner, but it's still treated as just "one of the issues." It shouldn't be, though. The simple and true fact is that

if we don't have a clean planet on which to have these issues, much less peace, we have nothing.

It's tempting to say that a lot of this is just "temporary" — that we can blame our current oil dependence on our complacency about the potential for new energy sources. The technologies are here. Hydrogen and nuclear fusion may not be, but we have wind energy, we have hydro-energy, we have electric cars, *we're just not using them*. And I'm going to push a classic argument, too: we don't all need S.U.V.s and pickup trucks that get less than 20 miles to the gallon. The Ford F-150 gets roughly 17 mpg; the Toyota Prius averages 55.

We don't always say it, but we do all think it — change costs money. I'd like to think, though, that cost could be a good thing. Imagine the U.S. instituted a 25% gas tax. Let's say gas is \$2.50 a gallon; after the tax it would be about \$3.12. Let's also say that 75 million people drive twenty miles per day and use vehicles that get 25 mpg. That would raise 1.13 billion dollars every day — all of which could go to building wind energy and researching new energy sources. Hopefully, this gas tax would not only raise money, but discourage driving and encourage the use of more efficient vehicles.

The sun exploding is a respectable way for a species to go. A super volcano is a respectable way for a species to go. Suffocating ourselves in the waste of our laziness and foolishness is not. We can do things now, and we must be innovative for a future.

*Sean has been a writer and editor for Charter Vision for three years. He can be reached*

## Smokin' The Tabacky

*Rose, 11<sup>th</sup> Grade, Northfield School of Arts and Technology*

It affects over 22 percent of current high school students and 46 million adults in the United States. It leaves more than 8.5 million people with at least one serious illness. What is it? You guessed it — smoking.

According to Dr. Thomas Peterson of Outlook-Life.org, there are over three million teenage smokers in the United States. Of this group, one million will eventually die from tobacco use, making room for the next wave of kids drawn in by the clever and relentless advertising spewed out by the tobacco companies every day.

The inspiration to start smoking can come from anywhere: friends, media, even from being told not to smoke; none of these sources will tell you exactly what you're getting yourself into. If cigarette ads came with a warning saying, "The previous commercial was designed to make smoking appear glamorous, results not typical," the chance of any part of the population jumping on that band wagon would be

closer to the "slim, to none" mark.

For all of those who smoke, especially teens, health isn't the only price, so is a significantly thinner wallet. Say cigarettes are \$4.00 a pack: at half a pack a day, the cost of this habit becomes incredibly costly. With this current agenda, today's smoker commits him or herself to potentially die at a cost of \$730 dollars a year, not factoring in increasing tobacco prices or taxes.

The next time you light up, take a second to think how many CDs, video games, or anything you could buy — none of which, mind you, have the wonderful effect of blackening your lungs and potentially shortening your life. What a deal.

*This story was originally published Northfield School of Arts and Technology's Inkslinger — <http://artech.k12.mn.us/theinkslinger>.*

## Retraction

The June 2005 issue of *Charter Vision* included a poem entitled "My Heart," which was submitted by a student. The student who claimed it as his or her own original work did not write this poem. *Charter Vision* wishes to credit the musical group, *Papa Roach/Geffen Records* with these lyrics from their song, "Scars." *Charter Vision* hereby retracts the lyrics that were used.

We apologize for the error.

- *Charter Vision Magazine*

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## A Thousand Problems

*Tesi, 12th Grade, Liberty High*

Dear Lord,  
I have lasted thousands of years.

Thousands of years have passed. I had many reasons for leaving after I saw a thousand crimes that were committed over a thousand times.

There were many that came and left me. But see, thousands of graves filled with wooden caves were all they left me.

Forgive me Lord, I'm just a child looking for directions; I know I need corrections.

There are some things

in my past I do regret, but I try to forget and put the past behind me, while some people live life always trying to remind me.

Dear Lord, why is this world so unfair? Why are some people so focused on black and white? And why are thousands rich, while thousands are poor, and thousands like me have to pray to reach our many goals?

Why are there thousands of teams with their many fames, many celebrate living their thousand dreams, but people like me work, and still have nothing but broken dreams. I'm asking you all of these questions because I just don't know.

## The Gumball Surprise

*Chelsea, 11th Grade, Liberty High*

There is a small store in Lake City that I went to all of the time. It is a little hole in the wall, but it is a store that everyone knows about. The store, which sells candy, is called "Treats and Treasures." I went there every day when I was younger, but now it is more like once a week in the summertime.

When I first went there it was my birthday, and it had just opened for the first time. I had three pennies in my pocket and a mind full of candy. When I walked in, it smelled like fresh popped caramel popcorn and chocolate. I went up to the lady at the tall counter, stood on my toes so I could see her, and said, "What can I get for this?"

I quickly reached into my little OshKosh B'Gosh pullover pants, pulled out three pennies, a sticker, and wrappers from the other candies from the day. I had earlier earned the three pennies for being a "good little girl" during church.

Then she said, "I think I have something special that

you would like." She walked into the back of the candy store, climbed onto a huge ladder, grabbed a huge jar of bubblegum, and came back over to me. It felt like a million years waiting for her to get that candy and my stomach was just

I feel a pain within my soul, because it's for sure that everyone is going die someday, and I am afraid I'm going to go and leave behind no story to be told.

There are so many things that I want to fulfill, that's why I'm having the same dreams I had a thousand times before, dreams of finding riches behind a secret door.

Dear Lord, how many more years do I have to go before all of my dreams are fulfilled? Or, do I have to reach the rainbows' end just to find my pot of gold? I'm asking you all of these questions because I just don't know.

growing to have it. Then she gave me three candy gumballs. Of course, I grabbed them out of her hand and shoveled them in like there was no tomorrow. I would come back to the store for the next seven years of my life.

As I grew up, I started to come to the store less and less. But when I went back for my fourteenth birthday, something extraordinarily special happened. I walked in and saw same store clerk who'd I'd seen for all those years. She handed me three small gumballs and said, "Happy Birthday, Chelsea."

It was the best birthday present I had ever received from anyone in a very long time. I heard a little bell from the door and then a slam. It was a young girl that would do anything for some candy. The little girl reached into her jumper dress and gave the clerk two rocks. The clerk walked to the back of the store and grabbed three little gumballs from the same jar that I used to get gumballs from. She gave them to the girl, and she popped them in her mouth and ran out. I knew at that moment, that little girl was me.

## The Monster

*Gabriella, 12th Grade, Liberty High*

that you can never get back.

Meth really is a life or death decision because once you do it; its claws are in you forever. Just doing it once leads to fighting for your sobriety every day. Not only does it take away who you are but it also takes away your chances of living a physically healthy life. Your beauty will melt away; it rots your teeth and ages your skin. It turns you into a person you never thought you would become. All "the monster" wants is to consume you and take your life from underneath you. The concept no one understands is that you may love "the monster", but "the monster" will never love you back.

It simply makes more sense to be sober than to choose a simple high and a resulting lifetime full of pain.

"You can always try to turn your back on the monster but you can never really walk away from him. You will forever hear the monster speaking to you, influencing you to walk with him once again," said Kristina from the book Crank.

The "monster" about which she is speaking is the drug methamphetamine. She is saying that once you do meth you will become so addicted that even if you try to quit, there will always be a part of you that wants to do it again. Even if you do quit you will still find yourself wanting it and needing it. The fact is, doing meth is not worth risking your life. Meth changes people and how they think, feel, and love. Every time you do meth you lose a part of who you are: your heart and soul

## A Time of Change

*Sean, Charter Vision Editor*

selves — charter students.

As you may have noticed, we've changed things a bit.

Back in May, we began thinking of ways to reinvent our format to better serve our readers. In August, we published a special Minnesota State Fair edition of *Charter Vision* to preview our new format. Now, in December, we're launching the first official *Charter Vision Magazine*.

Providing news of Minnesota's charter schools and charter law is still central to our mission, but there is more to charter schools than simply charter schools them-

The new *Charter Vision* is designed especially to feature the written works of students — their creative works as well as news about their schools and the charter school movement.

We're also trying *Signature*, a new feature of archived stories.

To complement our new magazine, we'll also be redeveloping our website over the next month to provide you with the latest *Charter Vision* articles as well as our complete archive.

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Patty Aarons: Public Speaker

Rojo, 6<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy

There once was a public speaker, named Patty, who loved to talk. She would yap about everything, then yap about nothing. Patty wouldn’t stop talking – but one day that changed. She got a sore throat! Everyone was mostly happy

that she stopped talking. Mrs. Lee and the rest of her book club needed the gossip that Patty told to them weekly. Mr. Davidson needed someone to tell him if the weather is okay for him to go hunting. Winston and Marie needed her to tutor them in Shakespeare for their acting class. And on top of all that, Patty was in a mayoral race

Reality

Rojo, 6<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy

Don’t you hate it when you dream? Nothing is real. That’s why we have something called “*reality*.” Everything is real in reality. The sky, the trees, the road, the air. All real. But in a dream land, you can create whatever you desire.

For instance, say you

want to be an artist but you have no artistic abilities at all. So you day-dream about being an artist. And when you dream you become an artist. But when you wake up, you can’t even do a simple paint-by-number page.

Reality is one of the most sad, yet happy things in life. People who want to stay in reality never dream. They want to stay in-tune with the

against the incumbent Mayor Teevie, so she really needed her voice. Unfortunately, the sore throat was more serious than she thought. Patty ended up dying the next week. So, everyone who thought that they hated her really didn’t. They all missed her.

real world. But they have to give up some time. Don’t they?

That’s the cool thing about reality: you never know what will happen next.

So when you have a bad day, look at the reality of things. People all over the world are having terrible days. You’re just having a bad one. Now that is reality.

Alone

Judy Jo, 12<sup>th</sup> Grade, Liberty High

Alone I sit,  
In a world in which I long to fit.  
No one around me,  
A friend they shall never be.

Above this world I fly,  
All I see, I see from the sky.  
Alone I am, from day to day,  
How I wish it would go away.

A friend I long for,  
Never have I had one before.  
As I feed alone,  
I am cold to the bone.

Judy Jo, 12<sup>th</sup> Grade, Liberty High

Follow me, beyond the mist;  
my staff will light the way,  
We’ll go to a place, where it’s beautiful every day.

Let us travel through the dark,  
Despair and cold,  
Be careful not to go astray, you will be lost, so don’t be bold.

Fear not the cold, my fire will keep you warm.  
Fear not the dark, my love will keep you from harm.

Fear not even the despair, As

Fairy Dreams

long as there’s will.  
And as long as there’s hope,  
your destiny you can fulfill.  
You are doing well, so far, we are almost there.  
This is the hardest part, let’s see how you fair.

I am very proud of you, we have reached the gate.  
You did not stray once, though we’ve arrived late.

Welcome to the land of Fairy,  
Where love and hope are plenty.  
Welcome to my home, where you’ll be treated gently.

Mrs. Co

Rojo, 6<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy

Are you Mrs. Co?  
Yes I am. Who are you?  
Do you have a red kazoo?  
No I don’t. Who are you?

Are you Mrs. Co?  
Yes I am. Who are you?

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## A Simple Truth

*Judy Jo, 12<sup>th</sup> Grade, Liberty High*

I am not normal, or different. I am not happy, or sad, mad, or glad. I am neither young, nor old. I am just me; past, present, and future.

My past was sad, my future happy, my present neither.

I am lost like my brothers, only I am still alive... I think. I am full of tears that never fall. I want to cry, but not for myself, but for those who don't cry, or can't cry, for those who have lost someone and cry all the time, for those whose tears fall but silently and hidden. I guess in a way I do cry for myself, as well as everyone else. I lost my brothers; they died. Don't worry, I'm better now. I was broken but now I am being mended, put back together again. I used to want to die. After all I felt my spirit die, and my heart break. All that was left was the rest of me to die, as well. I lived in my room, never wanted to leave.

When I was in school, I wanted to be invisible. I missed

a lot of school because of that. My friends quit on me; I lost them all. I was so sad; I tried to commit suicide about four times. In those days the only thing that made me happy was the thunderstorms. The lightning was my pain, the thunder my hurt and anger, and the rain my tears that I refused to cry.

I still find happiness in the rain, but not for those reasons. I am still sad, but it doesn't hurt anymore. I still have not cried, but not because I can't bring myself to, but because I need all my energy to be happy and to make others laugh. I smile more now, and I have discovered the sun again. I love school, when I was hiding and punishing myself for being alive when my brothers weren't, I didn't seem to realize how beautiful and precious everything was. I don't think anyone really realizes until you just stop and look at the things around you. Things, isn't really the right word, the life all around you.

I believe my future will be bright, and filled with happiness. I admit, I am terrified that

I might be wrong. I worry about my family, when I am there and when I am not there. I worry about the people I meet, I may not know them very well or even at all, but I still don't want anything bad to happen to them. Chances are they don't deserve it, everyone is entitled to a few mistakes; after all, no one is perfect.

I believe everything happens for a reason. Now that doesn't mean that I don't get angry at the bad stuff that happens or at the people who hurt others for their own pleasure. But there are things that we do, things that happen, and choices we make that we cannot change, no matter how much we want to.

If I have learned anything in all my 18 years, it is that; we cannot change the past, but if we live in the present, we can change the future.

I am not young, but I am not old. I am not alive, but I am not dead, either. I am neither normal, nor different. I am not finished, I am just beginning. I am who I am. I just am.

## The Haunted Cemetary

*Amarcis, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy*

There was once a big cemetery near a park and a big lake. There were two little boys and they were playing in the park. They say that the place was haunted and in the afternoon a pirate ship would appear

on the lake and all the people would get out of the water. The little boys were in the cemetery at noon and they got lost.

People say they died because they starved to death but no one knows what really happened. The end.

## One Creepy Day

*Deshawn, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy*

One day two boys named Arthur and Torrie were playing catch. Torrie threw the ball over the fence and both of them went to go get it. When they got over the fence they saw a big hole in the ground. They told Torrie's mom about the big hole, and she went to go see what was in it. Inside of the hole was a casket.

Torrie's mom told Torrie to go over to Arthur's house. They got to Arthur's house and it was dark so they went in and played Arthur's games. When they were playing the game they heard somebody knocking on the door. Torrie went to go answer the door. It was his neighbors, Ataya and Yakisha.

"What do you want?" Torrie asked.

Ataya replied, "Can we borrow some sugar?"

Torrie went to get some sugar out of the cabinet. After that, Torrie gave them sugar and Arthur came downstairs and asked, "Who was at the door?"

"It was Yakisha and Ataya."

After that they watched "Scary Movie." They again heard somebody knocking at the door. This time they both went to answer. It was John at the door. John said "Can I come in?" Arthur responded, "Yeah, sure, you can come in."

When John came in he asked if we had a game. "Yes, I have an X-Box." John further asked, "Do you want to play the game?" "Yes."

They played "Grand Theft Auto-San Andreas"; John beat the first level. After they were done playing the game, John heard somebody banging on the window. It was a ghost. It said, "Give me your game or else I will kill you."

Arthur defied, "No. You will have to kill me to get my game." The ghost rushed in and threw Arthur out of the window. The ghost told John to go home or else he going to throw him down the stairs.

So John went home. Torrie was downstairs at the refrigerator eating chicken. When the ghost saw Torrie, it asked, "Do you live here?" Torrie said, "No; I live on Vincent." The ghost told Torrie to go home or else he would hang him on the power line.

Torrie said, "Where is Arthur?" "He's outside." So, Torrie tried to go outside but all the doors were locked. Torrie tried to climb out the basement window, but he was too fat, so he hid in the freezer in the basement.

The ghost later found him hiding, eating all the ice cream. He picked up Torrie and hung him on the power line. The end.

## The Dead Man Who Couldn't Find the Right Soup

*Dementry, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy*

There was once a dead man in a grave. He was looking for someone. That person was you! You were the person he needed to make his soup with; your bones, your body. There were good bones and strong bones. He really needed to make that special soup. So he had to find the bones and it was you again! He found you as he was walking down the street. He found your bones lying in your body. So he chopped up your body and drank your blood and flew away to his home. He was eating your bones with his soup. He traveled miles and miles to find your bones. It was something he was missing about the

bones. But there was something about those bones that he really needed and he traveled miles for the wrong bones. So he was traveling and traveling to find the bones that he needed. Finally he found the bones in a dead man with his head chopped off. But he needed something else and it was the tongue; the slimy

tongue and the slimy eyeballs. He put it in his soup, stirred it up, and something else was missing. A little girl, three little mice, and cow guts! But, it was something else that he really needs to find. So he was thinking about that thing he needed. And "ding ding" there it was... my fingers and bat feet. The end.

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# chartervisionsignature

our best content, hot from the archives

## signature playing as a team

*Nell, Northfield School of Arts and Technology*

*Editor's note: The Minnesota State High School League (MSHSL) recently approved a cooperative agreement between ARTech (Northfield) and Northfield High School, an arrangement that allows ARTech students to participate in the NHS athletic program. A great many charter schools in Minnesota are struggling to forge similar agreements with their local districts. All of these Signature stories are from the premier November 2003 issue.*

I have lived in Northfield all my life. I attended Northfield High School for two years, but the only thing I really loved there was sports. Soccer and softball gave me something to look forward to. Last summer, my teammates and I prepared for the approaching athletic season. Kids started training and attending captain practices in their free time. But I had even more on my mind: I was looking ARTech, a new charter school opening in my town. Could I attend ARTech and continue with my team at the high school?

At the time, I was told the two schools were working out a "cooperative agreement" through the Minnesota State High School League (MSHSL). While the logistics of this agreement had not yet been sorted out, I went ahead and signed up for high school soccer, attended tryouts, was named a tri-captain of the JV team, and played in a few games. Just before the start of the school year, I decided to attend ARTech while participating in high school soccer after school. I was much happier be-

ing at ARTech then I had been at the high school. I was learning at one and having a great time with my team at the other.

Then, after one week at ARTech, my advisor told me that the high school activities office had called to say that I would not be able to participate in soccer for a while. I would have to miss Friday's practice; after three weeks with the team, I suddenly couldn't play. I had a game that Saturday — my birthday — and my brother was coming home for the weekend to watch me play. What's more, there was a team rule that said if I missed Friday, I wouldn't be able to play in the Saturday game I had looked forward to.

It turned out that more ARTech students wanted to participate in Northfield Middle and High School activities than anyone had expected. There was concern that we would be taking playing time from high school students. The MSHSL cooperative agreement ARTech had hoped for was on hold, and the high school activities director told my coach that I couldn't practice or play in Saturday's game until the problem was resolved. My coach and the head coach couldn't do anything about it. In two short hours a giant pin had popped my balloon and the joy I had for my new school was gone.

After that, strategizing: we had school board meetings to attend, people to call, and MSHSL rules to figure out. In the meantime, the deadline passed for filing a cooperative agreement with the MSHSL. ARTech's operations director, the Northfield School District

Superintendent, and the high school activities director met, talked things out, and wrote a letter asking the MSHSL for an extension. Once that was approved, the school board added their support. Things were looking good, and I was able to reenroll at ARTech.

I finished the soccer season, getting moved up to varsity for sections. I looked forward to the spring softball season, and I was going to start lifting in the winter to stay in shape. All was well, until a few weeks later when the high school decided to reevaluate their policy of entering into cooperative agreements with charter schools altogether. Once again, my participation in high school sports was in jeopardy.

So, there were more strategy meetings. Along with other ARTech representatives, I attended a meeting of the Northfield High School Activities Advisory Council — made up of high school teachers, coaches, and parents — to plead our case. I was told by one of the Council members that I would be allowed to speak if I made my case in an "adult manner." It was hard to prepare and deliver a statement without becoming too emotional.

At the meeting, we stated our side, answered some questions, and left. Afterwards, I wasn't sure how well things had gone. It was obvious that there were some who did not favor ARTech students participating in high school sports. It didn't seem to matter that I had lived here all my life, or that I had played on Northfield teams since I was old enough to participate. It was as if, be-

cause I attended ARTech, I was no longer a "Northfield kid." Fortunately, the school board subsequently approved a policy that allows ARTech students to participate in Middle and high school sports for the next two years, when the policy will be reviewed again. This is a start, although there is more work to be done.

Both schools are wonderful and meet different needs for different students, but I worry that there will be constant struggle between them. If they could work together, great things could happen and the whole community would gain. But some people believe that ARTech is competing with the high school, and a major problem is a lack of communication.

People are starting to address this conflict and do something about it. I am just happy that I can play softball this spring, and that more people are working to establish good relations between these two schools.

## playing as a team at the legislature

*Editor's note: This sequel, also written by Nell follows the journey from "Playing as a Team."*

This winter many charter school supporters have been working to make it a law that all charter school students can participate in extra-curricular activities at the local schools. Bills like the one that are in the process now have been to the capitol three times

before and has passed in both the Senate and the House, just not within the same year. (A bill must pass in both the Senate and the House in the same session before being signed by the governor to become a law.)

This year at the House the bill was heard three times by the education finance committee. Two charter school students, a parent, and Steve Dess testified for this portion of the bill. There were also people who testified against the bill, including a man from the MSHL. One of the bigger issues had nothing to do with student right but more on politics. The house has a republican majority and some of the democrats were angry at the fact that the bill is headed up by republicans. This is one way the matter gets pulled away from the students, most students do not affiliate with a political party, and that is not the issue. The committee voted the bill into the K-12 Omnibus bill, and the support is there.

The bill was a little more controversial for the Senate education committee. They were not happy how long the bill took in the House, and how the House handled certain problems that arose. Most of the same people spoke and the Senate asked testifiers more questions that seemed to work for our benefit. We seemed to have the support but the bill got voted down 3-4 and the bill was not put into the K-12 Omnibus bill.

*Continues on Page 9...*

# chartervisionsignature

our best content, hot from the archives

## signature a day at rice lake organic farms

*"[...] Playing as a Team," continued from Page 7.*

This means that now the issue has to be negotiated in the conference committee. We have the house support and we have support from Governor Tim Pawlenty, all we need is for the Senate to change their mind in negotiation. What you can do is contact your Senators and let them know how important it is give all students that chance to participate and be included. The legislatures do listen to the voices of the people and the more contacts we have the more they can see that this does affect all of us.

*Randy, Minnesota New Country School*

Editors' note: At the time this was written, Randy worked full-time, part of the time at two dairy farms in Le Sueur and Norseland.

I come to school and the first words out of some kid's mouth are, "Aww, pew. What's that smell?" Well, the smell is me, and you have no clue what I did this morning.

I got up at 5:30 and went to the wagon. No feed. So, I had to warm up the tractor, back the feed mill out of the shed... shoot, the tractor quit... warm up tractor, again. No, it's not the tractor; it's the battery terminal. Looks like it's

corroded. Fix terminal. Start tractor again. Golly. Now the auger, which runs the feed into the mill, broke last week. Shoot, forgot about that. Where was I? Tractor — fixed. Auger — not fixed. Cows—bellowing ferociously outside the barn.

I find the nearest five-gallon bucket. Lucky for me, we have more than enough buckets. So, I bucket the corn into the feed mill. Thank you: this works. Got the corn grinding in the mill. Add the buffer — that's oats and barley for the rest of ya. Fill up twelve five-gallon buckets with feed. By the way, this is a labor-intensive job, not a very high-tech operation. I carry the buckets over to the barn, two in each

hand. I'm careful not to drop them, watching out for my clumsy duck feet so I don't trip over something stupid. Like our wonderful baling twine which, by the way, can fix anything — except for the auger. But it does hold the auger up.

Where was I? Oh yes, carrying seventy-five pounds of feed at 6:30 in the morning. I get the buckets to the barn and... where are the cows? I forgot the cows. Set the feed down. Go get cows and let them into the barn. They'll get fed once the cleaning's done, so they are calm. Now it's time to sanitize the milk machines and pipeline. This is more difficult than just wiping them down. I fill up jars with pipeline acid. If you aren't careful, you can lose a couple of fingers with that stuff. I screw the jars on

and hit the switch to wash and "RRNNNGRRRRNN" it's a cleanin'. Now I feed and tie in our lovely cows. Have I mentioned that they are all named? Almost every one: Ma, One-eyed Sally (who is a darling and she asked me to put that in), Crystal, Mary, Claire, Maddy, Mindowa, Inga, Dorothy, Fran, Swirly, Freckle — I could go on forever, but you get the idea.

As we tie them in, I pet and massage them. I rub their faces and their heads, let them know that I'm there. With some of the new ones, we have another guy rub the top of their tails. By the way, it's not just me up with the cows; there are two more of us. These cows get special treatment at this farm. They are not only organic dairy cows, but they get treated better than the owner's wife. Almost every one gets some sort of conversation while they are being milked or fed; because the cows don't talk back or argue it is usually a one-ended conversation. Sometimes, though, I'll get a lap with a cow tongue. Loosely translated it usually means, "I agree with you, Randy, and I'm glad you are here. And I want more feed." Every morning, the three of us milk eighty cows. We have a thirty-two-tie stall barn, so we do two shifts of milking' in the morning and at night. That means I get to see my sweet girls twice a day. What can I say? I get around. And while getting around, I step in cow manure, which is why I sometimes smell different than some city folk are used too. But, I've done more before 8:30 than most people.

One-Eyed Sally will vouch for me.

## signature outcast student's new home

*Anonymous, Avalon School*

Going to school used to feel comparable to walking into a hospital waiting room. The smell of death and fear and illness hovering in the air. A faint musky odor that will simply not leave your senses alone. To say the people made up for it would be a lie, frankly. The people who didn't despise me basically just tolerated my existence. Of course, it doesn't mean I didn't trek off to the library to get on a computer nearly every day at lunch. If the computers were taken, I'd camp out in the history section and read, or sleep, or write a letter to one of my three best friends, all of whom lived out of state. These letters usually turned out babbly and rarely did I ever send them out. A lot of times, the librarian would catch me back there, but after a while he stopped asking me to go to a table. I think he

understood the pain of being alone all too well. That library was my solitude.

On top of being a complete and utter outcast, my only strong subjects tended to be science and English. I'm not dumb by any means, but I had a very hard time concentrating. My math classes turned into "create calculator programs without anyone seeing" classes. Or naptime. Again, my teacher finally gave up on the idea of asking me to work, because even he knew that I had no interest in it whatsoever. That's not to say I didn't care. I did. Very much. I just couldn't get myself to concentrate on it long enough to figure it out.

The minute I heard about Avalon, I was intrigued. I decided to shadow my acquaintance's ex girlfriend. I had so much fun, and I could already sense that Avalon might be the perfect place for me. I wrote my essay, filled

out my papers and waited. And waited. And waited... Finally I got the beautiful piece of mail "We're happy to inform you..." I immediately talked to my best friend, who promptly screamed when I told her I'd gotten in. She, if no one else, understood what this new school meant to me.

So the first day of school came, along with the nervousness and solitude that comes with being the 'new kid,' which seems to have a higher meaning in such a small school. For the first couple of weeks, it seemed as if I were still at my old school. No one really talked to me, and I didn't blame them. It's hard to approach someone who's got their nose poked in a book, with a pissed-off look on their face. If it weren't for someone coming up to me on the bus, I may have spoken to no one. It's hard for me to take the first step, especially socially. Through the person I spoke

to on the bus, I've met others, who are turning out to be very good friends indeed. I'm lucky. I could have continued to be alone had it not been for their willingness to say hello.

As for the academic side... I'm doing well. I'm seeing myself branching out more, better completing the goals I set. I've started setting higher unconscious standards of myself. I'm expecting more of myself, and I have more confidence. The lonely, scared kid sitting behind the A220 row in the high school library seems like only a faint dream, even though it was only half a year ago. Avalon is working for me. I just hope I can conduct myself in a way that will allow it to continue working. I think I can.



## The Scarry Foggy Night

David, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy

There were three friends and a dad. They went through the graveyard. Then the zombies ate their flesh and skins so they can live again.

## Six Friends

Shaquiel, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy

Once upon a time, there were six friends that lived next door from each other. Their names were Johnna, Alexis, Ataya, Jennifer, Shaquiel, and Fatu. Every day they went to a park that was two blocks away. They walked through the cemetery as a shortcut.

So one evening, all the girls walked to the park. It was close to Halloween – two days away. They walked through the cemetery with the uncomfortable knowledge that they were walking on people’s bodies. They were talking as they walked. Shaquiel was talking something about sailboats. It was starting to get dark.

They finally made it to the park and got on the swings. They were having a contest to see who can get the highest. Ataya won. Jennifer got bored and said, “Let’s go home.” Fatu said, “I agree. Let’s go home.” Shaquiel said, “No, let’s play longer.” But after taking a vote, everyone agreed on going home.

So we started walking home. As we were walking we saw a homeless man. Jennifer said, “Look at that homeless man.” Then we ran. We made it to the cemetery. As we where

And they killed the dad and the three friends. The police found the three friends months later. After they went to the lab and found evidence; the man went to his car and went home. The end.

walking, we saw two graves dug up so we started running but then we had to stop because it was a busy street. Then as we stopped see saw four mummies walking toward us. There were no cars coming, so we ran all the way home. We made it home and ran into Shaquiel’s house and locked the doors and ran down the stairs. Then as we where running down the stairs somebody knocked at the door and they yelled “LET ME IN!” Jennifer said “Go get the door. It could be your mom.”

So all of us went to go get the door and we opened it and it was a person’s chopped-off head. We ran out the back door and people’s heads were surrounding us. We kicked the heads out of our way and ran to Alexis’ house.

Then she had to get her key out of her purse and all of us where screaming while she was getting it. She finally got the door open and we split up and went to different hiding spaces. Somebody walked in and screamed “*COME OUT, COME OUT WHERE EVER YOU ARE!*” Jennifer screamed and ran out the front door. Then all of us came out and it was all of our mom’s saying “Gotcha!” Then we all say “Good one” and went to go find Jennifer. The end.

Torrie, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy

Once upon a time, there were three friends named Torrie, Arthur, and Deshawn. One night they were at Torrie’s house playing “Madden06.” Arthur and Deshawn were “the Falcons.” Torrie was “the Colts.”

There was a thunderstorm that night and the power went off. Somebody knocked at the door. The boys got scared and ran to the basement. The basement was cold and dark and water was dripping because of the rain. Then Arthur said, “Ya’ll two go check it. I’ve got your back.” Torrie and Deshawn walked up the stairs but they didn’t know that Arthur had stayed back. Arthur, I suppose, was too frightened to go.

Torrie and Deshawn walked up the stairs, went up past the kitchen, and opened the

There were four friends named Arthur, Torrie, Deshawn and Dominique. They were coming over to Dominique’s house to play games on the Playstation 2 with him while his mom was going out with her friends. Arthur and Deshawn were sitting on the couch talking about football while Torrie and Dominique were playing “NBA Live 2005.” Torrie had “the Spurs” and Dominique had “the Rockets.”

We heard somebody knocking at the door. All of a sudden, the electricity went off and the room was very dark.

Torrie said, “What is going on?”

Dominique replied, “I don’t know.”

Arthur asked, “Why did the electricity go off?”

DeShawn said, “This is kind of scary, dude!”

The boys got scared and ran in the basement. The phone started ringing. We

## The Serial Killer

door. Nobody was there. They heard Arthur scream and they ran down the stairs but it was too late. There was no sign of Arthur. Torrie and DeShawn put on their coats and went to go look for Arthur. They checked the cemetery and houses in the area to see if they had seen a boy. Nobody saw him.

But then they saw Arthur walking with a man. They didn’t say anything and just followed them. They soon came up to a creepy house and followed the pair inside because the man left the door wide open. They followed them into the basement and saw Arthur being gagged and bound to a chair! They saw the man coming upstairs so they ran and hid. The man went into the kitchen and pulled a knife out of the drawer. The boys ran down the basement stairs as quietly as they could. Then they started to untie Arthur but the

## The Serial Killer

didn’t answer it. Water started dripping out of the sink. We all went back upstairs and opened the door. Nobody was there. We turned around and DeShawn was gone.

Dominique asked, “Where did DeShawn go?”

Arthur and Torrie said, “We don’t know!”

We walked back downstairs. We saw DeShawn’s body on the floor! There was blood all over.

Torrie said, “This is getting scarier and scarier.”

Arthur said, “Y’all some punks!”

Dominique and Torrie slapped him on the back of the head. He got mad. Then we turned around and Arthur was gone. We were looking for him, and we found him trying to hide from us in the closet.

He said, “See, that’s what I’m talking about. Y’all are too worried.” There was a knock at the door.

man came with the knife.

He demanded, “Who are you?”

They said, “Your worst nightmare, fool!”

As DeShawn was fighting the man, Torrie continued untie Arthur. He was successful and Arthur was free. The enhanced threesome fought the man. After that, he was on the ground and they ran upstairs and out of the house. The boys ran as fast as they could to Deshwan’s house and tried to call 911 but the power was still out. So they ran out of the house in the rain. Once they saw a cab they hailed it. “To the police station, fast!” cried Arthur.

The next day the paper read, “Local Boys Catch Killer!” The boys were honored by the police for catching the criminal.

The end.

“Well, if we some punks, you go open the door,” Dominique accused.

“Ok, I will, punks,” he replied.

He went toward the door. Somebody started laughing, “Ha, Ha, Ha!” We heard a scream. We ran to where Arthur was. He was dead.

Torrie and Dominique said, “That’s what you get.” “But it’s sad that you’re gone.” Torrie said.

We started arguing because everybody was dying. But we decided we needed to work together or we would be next.

The phone rang again. Dominique answered it.

Somebody said, “I’m your worst nightmare! You can run, but you can’t hide.”

Dominique replied, “Whatever, because you aren’t going to do anything.”

*Continues on Page 7...*

See yourself here.  
Literally.

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“[...] *A Scary Night*,” continued from Page 6.

## Hook

Then he said, “Ha, Ha, Ha!” and hung up. Torrie said, “I have a great idea. Let’s hide in the closet.” The saw police officers across the street. We ran outside and said, “We have serious problems! Could you help us?” The cops came in the house and checked the house.

The cops said, “We don’t see anything on the floor except for a few T-shirts with ketchup on them and a cell phone.”

Torrie said, “Wait a minute, those two are still alive!”

We looked where the best place they could have hidden – the attic! We found those two laughing and thinking they could trick us.

We told the cops, “We’re sorry. Our friends were playing around. This will never happen again.”

The lights finally came back on when my mom came home. We were playing the game again. We were talking about how that was the scariest trick they ever played. We all started laughing!

*Herbert, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy*

Once upon a time there was a man called Hal. He changed his name to Hook because his hand got run over by a car. His family couldn’t afford a fake hand.

When he went to school kids said, “You don’t have no hand.” They kept on making fun of him. They talked about

his hook. “Your mom can’t afford no hand,” or “Come over here and scratch my back with your hook.” Hook got so sick of it that he ran away.

One Halloween night, a lot of boys and girls went to the cemetery to practice singing for a marathon. Then the kids went trick-or-treating. One young girl named Kelly saw bloody footprints. Then she saw a body with a hook sticking out of it!

## The Haunted Night

One scary haunted night, my friends and I went to a haunted boat. We were dancing. Then I had to go to the bathroom. Then the door suddenly closed and I said, “AHHHH!”

Then Johnnalynn ran up the stairs and said, “What’s wrong?” I replied, “The door closed by itself. Let’s go to another haunted boat.”

Johnna said, “No, you act like this is really haunted.”

“You don’t know, I’m the one who got the door slammed on! And there was nobody inside! So let’s go!”

She said, “No”; that made me slap her. Then she got mad so I said, “You gonna go with me?” She said, “Yes.” Then I said, “That’s what I thought.”

We drove off in a Hummer that had hydraulics and it was blue with spinners. It was going round and round and round. We went to the cemetery and then she stepped on somebody’s headstone. Then the corpse came from under the

ground and we said, “AHH!” Johnnalynn said, “I’m getting kinda scared now.”

I sassed, “You didn’t say that when I was scared and you said that this is not really a haunted house!” She said, “Oh...”

Then we ran home and went through the door and then I slammed the door and then I heard somebody scream. I think it was coming from the kitchen. I saw it was my sister Daesha lying on the ground. I think she got burnt. Then my cat meowed and I called 911. The ambulance came and they took my sister on the stretcher. I went on the ambulance with her and I said, “It’s gonna be alright.” Then the back door opened and my sister and I flew out. We said, “Ahhh!” Then I had to push my sister all the way to the hospital.

Then I woke up and it was all a dream and I had to go to school at Sojourner Truth Academy.

## Mary

*Ataya, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade, Sojourner Truth Academy*

Once upon a time there was a girl named Mary Lynn Jeanne. She was beautiful, smart, and tall. She fell in love with a man named Henry. Two years later, Mary and her boyfriend got married. They were in love very much, that they had three daughters; their names were Damara, Shaqueil, and Johnna. They were beautiful young women.

Their family loved each other very much until one day. Both of the parents had a fight. They were yelling, screaming, and crying.

Mary yelled, “How can you do this to me, how can you, how can you?”

Henry responded, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

Mary yelled out to Henry “I’m leaving.”

So Mary grabbed the keys and left. She drove off so fast that you couldn’t even see her. An hour later the phone rang. Henry picked it up.

The person calling asked, “Hello, is Mr. Dean there?”

Then Henry said “This is he, how may I help you?” “Well there has been a tragic death of Ms. Mary Dean,” said the officer.

Henry started crying. “Why did this happen? Why, why, why?”

Later, they had a funeral service for Mary. Henry and his children were crying. Once

the funeral was over, they went to the reception. After they returned home, Henry heard some strange noises. Suddenly Henry heard a voice.

She screamed, “Why, why, why?”

Henry jumped up. “Who is that?”

The voice said, “It’s me – your wife!”

Henry cried, “No, my wife is dead, she died a week ago!”

“I am your wife, Henry,” said the ghost.

“NO, NO!” said Henry.

Suddenly the ghost showed herself. Henry screamed! The ghost came closer and closer. Henry started running. He ran so fast that you could barely see him. He ran to the cemetery, jumping and screaming. When he got there he was out of breath.

Suddenly the ghost appeared out of nowhere. Henry screamed. Suddenly, she said she would not hurt him. But she must have changed her mind, because pulled out a knife and stabbed him five times.

When the morning came he was laid dead in a coffin. No one knew how he died; it was a mystery. But suddenly, the ghosts of Mary and Henry were both standing by Henry’s coffin. They saw how there kids were feeling. They both felt terrible. The daughters moved out to their grandmother’s house, but Mary and Henry stayed and haunted their house for many years.

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*In Short: Northfield School of Arts and Technology students attend Manito-wish. More on the web at <http://artech.k12.mn.us/gallery/2005/manito-wish-autumn/>.*

## Public Schools

*Anonymous, Lakes Area Charter School*

Previous to attending Lakes Area Charter School, I attended public school for twelve years. I had excellent grades throughout my years until eleventh grade, when my poor attendance dropped my grades. I felt robbed because I did the work to earn the grades. I've never cheated on anything in my life. I wasn't just skipping class either. I had to get a job to finance my needs, because our family fell on to a string of bad luck. I also

had college in mind, so I had to make money. I worked a lot and saved money, which really drained me physically. I had 18 hours days almost every day for two months (except Sundays). I had to miss a lot of school because of the fact I was too tired. Now, I'm in my senior year in high school attending L.A. C. S. I never pictured my senior year being like this. If I'd gone back to public, I probably wouldn't graduate this year. I'm so far behind in credits, that I had to find an alternative.

Traditional public schools, in my opinion, are a joke. So many kids are left behind in public schools for many different reasons. Mostly, I believe because they're more like prisons than schools. If you don't serve your time, you lose, regardless if you've done the required work. L.A.C.S. time schedule allows me time to go to school, work, and get adequate sleep. I've had it tough all my life and public school almost doomed me to the same fate as my parents. My list of grievances is long on public schools, so I close my thoughts here. Thank God for alternative schooling.

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## MNCS Visits Boundary Waters

*Nolan, 11th Grade, Minnesota New Country School*

On Wednesday September 14<sup>th</sup>, a group of eight students, including myself, left Henderson on a journey to the Boundary Waters Canoe Area in northern Minnesota. Accompanying us were four chaperones, MNCS advisors Peter Liljengren and Jim Wartman, Steven Rippe from EdVisions, and Reta Lind, who is an MNCS graduate. After driving for six and a half hours we arrived in Ely around 4:00 in the afternoon. By 6:00 we were outfitted with our gear and were practicing our canoeing skills on Farm Lake, where our outfitter has their base camp. That night we ate pancakes and talked about our expectations for the next four days in the woods.

At 7:00 AM Thursday morning we awoke and began our paddle across Farm Lake and into the Kawishiwi River. Upon entering the Boundary Waters our group was required to split into two separate groups in order to follow BWCA regulations. These regulations allow for only 9 people to travel together in no more than four canoes. Since there were twelve in our party we had to remain separate anytime we were within the BWCA.

After a few miles of paddling, three portages and a lunch we arrived at our camp site on Greenstone Lake. Greenstone is located just outside of the boundaries of the BWCA, and we chose to stay here so we could all camp together. Our camp was located on a rock point stretching into the lake, and allowed us a per-

fect view of the full moon rising above the trees each night.

We ate well while we were on our trip. Our three meals each day included a wide variety of foods, anything from oatmeal to spaghetti. Each night after dinner we would pack our food into bags, and then hoist them twenty feet above our heads from a tree limb. By doing this we guaranteed our breakfast, lunch, and dinner the next day, rather than having a bear enjoy those meals.

During the day we paddled around and through the beautiful scenery revealed only

tiful and calming experience, but after we stopped to have lunch the wind changed all of that. We were "windblown" at a campsite, and had to spend four hours waiting for the wind to calm and allow us to return. We arrived at our base camp minutes a few minutes after a gorgeous sunset and brought back with us the memories and smells of a wilderness trip.

We had to use team work and patience to conquer the wind's challenge, and this allowed us to realize what we had experienced together. We were like a family out there and we



*MNCS students at the Boundary Waters*

in this section of Minnesota. Some of our group chose to stay closer to camp to fish, while others traveled further away to explore areas they picked out on a map. Both were said to be a more successful alternative than sitting in your desk at school.

On Saturday it was time to pack up and paddle back to the base camp. The first two miles of our trip were a beau-

ty had to work as a team to accomplish anything. Nobody cooked alone, nobody canoed alone, and nobody portaged alone. We didn't just haul our own loads, but shared ours with others, and at times took theirs in our hands just to say "thanks" for the favors they would sometime return. Teamwork was practiced every moment, and friendships were made everyday.



## Paris: Why Aren't You Going?

Kyle, 12<sup>th</sup> Grade, Liberty High

*Editor's Note: This article was submitted in early November and is therefore written in future-tense.*

The annual trip to the wonderful city of Paris is upon us once again. We leave November 9<sup>th</sup>, and we return on the 17<sup>th</sup>. We are taking a total of four girls, (Nicole, Tiffany, Jen and Jessica), three guys, (Joe, Chris, and Kyle), and our school Director Gary Knox, one advisor Peter Victorine, our secretary Lea Schalow, and one parent, Russell Sprague. The trip's cost for airfare and hotel \$750, which is really cheap for round trip tickets. We will need to bring \$250 for food and \$50 or more for spending money. This will need to be in Euros, because the exchange rate once we get to France is the same at

most respectable places. But once you leave the safety of Mr. Knox, who knows what you will get.

On this trip we will mainly be enjoying the sites and sounds of Paris' wonderful parks, their exquisite museums, lavish palaces, famous monuments, and sanctified churches. We will dine at expensive cafes, as well as picnics in the park. We will shop at some of the most well known stores in the entire world, and if we want to save our money we will sit next to Mr. Knox and listen to him talk about Napoleons cat. If we decide to wake up early enough we can see the street cleaners. With high-powered hoses, they wash all of Paris. So when we get on the plane for that 11-hour flight clutching our passports for safe-keeping, I will remember all of you in Minnesota, shoveling the first snowfall.

## Family Night

Gabriella, 4<sup>th</sup> Grade, Concordia Creative Learning Academy

At our school we have a night for family and friends. It is called "Family night." At Family night we do things like scavenger hunts, listen to

music and play games. When we have these nights, it is a great time to talk to staff members and see how your child is doing in school. In my opinion, Family night is a spectacular night. We always have a great time.

## MAAP STARS

Judy Jo, 12<sup>th</sup> Grade, Liberty High

MAAP STARS is a youth program where students from alternative and charter schools get together and compete for plaques and other awards. There is a conference in the spring, which expands over two days. Students show their talents to gain self esteem, confidence, friends, and awards.

At the conference, students compete in teams and individually. They also have the chance to compete in artistic performances, displays, and

demonstrations.

MAAP was organized by a small group of educators in alternative education in the 1980s.

MAAP stands for Minnesota Association of Alternative Programs.

STARS is Success, Teamwork, Achievement, Recognition, and Self-esteem.

The STARS program was created to give students the chance to gain self-esteem, confidence, and responsibility.

There are events that prepare students for jobs and careers, such as Career Portfo-

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*Charter Vision Minnesota, publisher of Charter Vision Magazine, is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization founded in 2003 designed to feature the written works of charter school students.*

lio, Public Speaking Employment Interview, Job Manual, and Entrepreneurship. Other team events include Parenting, Decision Making, Team Advertising, and Team Audio, Video, or Live Promotion.

Schools come from all over Minnesota and surround-

ing states as well. Liberty High Charter School will be sending 15 students to compete in this year's spring conference April 14<sup>th</sup>-15<sup>th</sup>, which is being held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Minneapolis.

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Find out more about charter schools. Please visit <http://mnchartervision.org>, <http://www.hhh.umn.edu/centers/school-change>, or <http://educationevolving.org>.

# Minnesota’s Charter Schools

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Bemidji	Schoolcraft Learning Community	K - 8	218-586-3284 <a href="http://schoolcraft.org">http://schoolcraft.org</a>
Bemidji	TrekNorth High School	9 - 12	218-444-1888 <a href="http://treknorth.org">http://treknorth.org</a>
Bemidji	Voyageurs Expeditionary High School	9 - 12	218-586-8347 <a href="http://vehs.org">http://vehs.org</a>
Bigelow	Worthington Area Language Academy	K-8	507-683-2004 <a href="http://walacharter.com">http://walacharter.com</a>
Blaine	Liberty High Charter School	Ages 16-21	763-786-4799 <a href="http://libertyhigh.us">http://libertyhigh.us</a>
Brooklyn Center	Odyssey Charter School	K-8	763-971-8200 <a href="http://odysseycharter.org">http://odysseycharter.org</a>
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Chaska	World Learner School of Chaska	1 - 8	952-368-7398 <a href="http://worldlearnerschool.com">http://worldlearnerschool.com</a>
Columbia Heights	Academy of BioScience	5 - 7*	763-571-5039 <a href="http://academyofbioscience.org">http://academyofbioscience.org</a>
Coon Rapids	Coon Rapids Learning Center	Ages 16-21	763-862-9223 <a href="http://crlc.charter.k12.mn.us">http://crlc.charter.k12.mn.us</a>
Cross Lake	Crosslake Community School	K-8	218-692-5437 <a href="http://crosslakekids.org">http://crosslakekids.org</a>
Dakota	Dakota Area Community School	K-5	507-643-6869 <a href="http://dacsweb.org">http://dacsweb.org</a>
Duluth	Duluth Public Schools Academy (DPSA)	K-8	218-728-9556 <a href="http://edisonschools.com/sites/duluth">http://edisonschools.com/sites/duluth</a>
Duluth	Harbor City International School	9 - 12	218-722-7574 <a href="http://harborcityschool.org">http://harborcityschool.org</a>
Duluth	Lake Superior High School	9 - 12	218-529-2468 <a href="http://lshs.net">http://lshs.net</a>
Duluth	North Shore Community School	PreK-6	218-525-0663 <a href="http://northshorecommunityschool.org">http://northshorecommunityschool.org</a>
Eagan	Paideia Academy	K-4*	952-807-3760 <a href="http://paideiaacademy.org">http://paideiaacademy.org</a>
Echo	E.C.H.O. Charter School	K-12	507-925-4143 <a href="http://echocharter.com">http://echocharter.com</a>
Eden Prairie	Eagle Ridge Academy	6, 7, & 9*	952-746-7760 <a href="http://eagleridgeacademy.org">http://eagleridgeacademy.org</a>
Edina	Sobriety High (West Campus)	9 - 12	952-831-7212 <a href="http://sobrietyhigh.org">http://sobrietyhigh.org</a>
Emily	Emily Charter School	PreK-6	218-763-3401
Faribault	Discovery Public School of Faribault	7 - 12	507-333-1320 <a href="http://isd4081.org">http://isd4081.org</a>
Forest Lake	Lakes International Language Academy	K-4 in 2004*	651-464-0771 <a href="http://lakesinternational.org">http://lakesinternational.org</a>
Forest Lake	North Lakes Academy	1 - 9	651-982-2773 <a href="http://northlakesacademy.org">http://northlakesacademy.org</a>
Golden Valley	LoveWorks Academy for Visual & Performing Arts		612-529-2912 <a href="http://loveworksacademy.org">http://loveworksacademy.org</a>
Grand Marais	Great Expectations School	K-8	218-387-9322 <a href="http://greatexpectationsschool.com">http://greatexpectationsschool.com</a>
Grand Rapids	Northern Lights Community School	6 - 12	218-326-2701 <a href="http://nlcschool.org">http://nlcschool.org</a>
Green Isle	Green Isle Community School	K-6	507-326-7144 <a href="http://greenisleccommunityschool.org">http://greenisleccommunityschool.org</a>
Henderson	EdVisions Off Campus	7 - 12	507-248-3101 <a href="http://eochs.k12.mn.us">http://eochs.k12.mn.us</a>
Henderson	Minnesota New Country School	7 - 12	507-248-3353 <a href="http://mnncs.k12.mn.us">http://mnncs.k12.mn.us</a>
Hopkins	Main Street School of Performing Arts	9-10 in 2004*	952-224-1340 <a href="http://performing-arts-school.org">http://performing-arts-school.org</a>
Houston	Ridgeway Community School	PreK-5	507-454-9566 <a href="http://ridgewayschool.org">http://ridgewayschool.org</a>
Hutchinson	New Century Charter School	7 - 12	320-234-3660 <a href="http://newcenturycharter.com">http://newcenturycharter.com</a>
Inver Grove Heights	Tarek ibn Ziyad Academy	K-5	651-457-7072 <a href="http://tizacademy.com">http://tizacademy.com</a>
LaCrescent	LaCrescent Montessori Academy	PreK-8	507-895-4054 <a href="http://amshq.org">http://amshq.org</a>
Lafayette	Lafayette Charter School	K-8	507-228-8943 <a href="http://lafayettecharter.k12.mn.us">http://lafayettecharter.k12.mn.us</a>
Lindstrom	TRIO Wolf Creek Distance Learning	9 - 12	651-213-2017 <a href="http://wolfcreek.chisagolakes.k12.mn.us">http://wolfcreek.chisagolakes.k12.mn.us</a>
Little Canada	Agricultural & Food Sciences Academy	9 - 12	651-415-5370 <a href="http://agacademy.com">http://agacademy.com</a>
Mankato	RiverBend Academy Charter School	7 - 12	507-387-5524 <a href="http://riverbendacademy.com">http://riverbendacademy.com</a>
Milroy	MILROY Area Charter School	K-4	507-336-2563
Minneapolis	Ascension Academy	9-10 in 2004*	612-465-8121 <a href="http://ascensionacademy.org">http://ascensionacademy.org</a>
Minneapolis	Aurora Charter School	PreK-4	612-870 -3891 <a href="http://auroraschool.com">http://auroraschool.com</a>
Minneapolis	Cedar Riverside Community School	K-8	612-339-5767 <a href="http://crcs-school.org">http://crcs-school.org</a>
Minneapolis	Dugsi Academy	K-5	612-668-9785 <a href="http://dugsiacademy.org">http://dugsiacademy.org</a>
Minneapolis	El Colegio Charter School	9 - 12	612-728-5728 <a href="http://el-colegio.org">http://el-colegio.org</a>
Minneapolis	Four Directions	9 - 12	612-588-0183 <a href="http://4directionsmn.com">http://4directionsmn.com</a>
Minneapolis	Fraser Academy	K-2 in 2004*	612-465-8600 <a href="http://fraseracademy.org">http://fraseracademy.org</a>
Minneapolis	Friendship Academy of Fine Arts	K-4	612-879-6703 <a href="http://friendshipacademy.org">http://friendshipacademy.org</a>
Minneapolis	Harvest Preparatory School	K-6	612-381-9743 <a href="http://harvestprep.org">http://harvestprep.org</a>
Minneapolis	Hmong Academy	9-10 in 2004	612-377-0221 <a href="http://hmongacademy.org">http://hmongacademy.org</a>
Minneapolis	Lighthouse Academy of Nations	9 - 10*	612-722-2555
Minneapolis	Mary McEvoy Early Literacy Academy	PreK-1*	612-807-6255 <a href="http://marymcevoyacademy.org">http://marymcevoyacademy.org</a>
Minneapolis	Minneapolis Academy	5-6 in 2004*	612-455-1340 <a href="http://minneapolisacademy.org">http://minneapolisacademy.org</a>
Minneapolis	Minnesota International Middle School	5 - 8	612-821-6470 <a href="http://tiesmn.org">http://tiesmn.org</a>
Minneapolis	Minnesota Internship Center	9 - 12	612-722-5470 <a href="http://mmic.org">http://mmic.org</a>
Minneapolis	Minnesota Online High School	11-12*	612-227-8499 <a href="http://mnohs.org">http://mnohs.org</a>
Minneapolis	Minnesota Transitions Charter School	K-12	612-722-9013 <a href="http://mtcs.org">http://mtcs.org</a>
Minneapolis	New City School	K-6	612-623-3309 <a href="http://newcitycharterschool.org">http://newcitycharterschool.org</a>
Minneapolis	New Millennium Academy	K-8	612-374-2694
Minneapolis	New Visions School	K-6	612-706-5566 <a href="http://actg.org">http://actg.org</a>
Minneapolis	Oh Day Aki (Heart of the Earth)	K-12	612-331-8862 <a href="http://americanindianeducation.org">http://americanindianeducation.org</a>
Minneapolis	Prairie Seeds Academy	K-5*	612-302-8555 <a href="http://prairieseedsacademy.org">http://prairieseedsacademy.org</a>
Minneapolis	Sojourner Truth Academy	K-6	612-588-3599 <a href="http://sojournertruthacademy.org">http://sojournertruthacademy.org</a>

Minneapolis	Soul Academy	K-5	763-586-6058
Minneapolis	Twin Cities International Elem School	PreK-4	612-821-6470 <a href="http://tiesmn.org">http://tiesmn.org</a>
Minneapolis	Ubah Medical Academy	9-10 in 2004*	612-821-6470 <a href="http://ubahmedicalacademy.org">http://ubahmedicalacademy.org</a>
Minneapolis	Watershed High School	9 - 12	612-871-4363 <a href="http://watershedhs.org">http://watershedhs.org</a>
Minneapolis	WISE (Woodson Inst for Student Exc.)	K-5	612-522-4022
Minnesota City	Riverway Learning Community	PreK-12	507-689-2844 <a href="http://rwlc.org">http://rwlc.org</a>
Monticello	Swan River Montessori School	K-6	763-271-7926 <a href="http://swanrivermontessori.org">http://swanrivermontessori.org</a>
Morton	Eci'Nompa Woonspe' Charter School	7 - 12	507-697-9055
Naytahwaush	Naytahwaush Community School	K-6	218-983-3285 x 1251
Nerstrand	Nerstrand Elementary School	K-5	507-333-6850 <a href="http://nerstrand.charter.k12.mn.us">http://nerstrand.charter.k12.mn.us</a>
New Brighton	Family Academy	PreK-9	651-697-1740 <a href="http://familyacademymn.org">http://familyacademymn.org</a>
New Heights School	St. Croix Preparatory Academy	K-7 in 2004*	651-379-6160 <a href="http://stcroixprep.org">http://stcroixprep.org</a>
Northfield	ARTech	6 - 12	507-663-8806 <a href="http://artech.k12.mn.us">http://artech.k12.mn.us</a>
Northfield	Prairie Creek Community School	K-5	507-645-9640 <a href="http://prairiecreek.org">http://prairiecreek.org</a>
Northfield	Village School of Northfield	K-12	507-663-8990 <a href="http://villageschool.charter.k12.mn.us">http://villageschool.charter.k12.mn.us</a>
Osakis	Lakes Area Charter School	9 - 12	320-859-5302 <a href="http://lakesareacharterschool.org">http://lakesareacharterschool.org</a>
Owatonna	Recovery School of Southern Minnesota	7 - 12	507-835-0554
Pillager	Pillager Area Charter School	9 - 12	218-746-3875 <a href="http://pacschool.com">http://pacschool.com</a>
Plymouth	Beacon Academy	K-3 in 2004*	763-546-9999 <a href="http://beaconacademy.com">http://beaconacademy.com</a>
Ramsey	PACT Charter School	K-12	763-712-4200 <a href="http://pact.charter.k12.mn.us">http://pact.charter.k12.mn.us</a>
Richfield	Partnership Academy	K-6	612-866-3630 <a href="http://paschool.org">http://paschool.org</a>
Rochester	Adam Abdulle Academy	K-8	507-202-7488 <a href="http://aaa.k12.mn.us">http://aaa.k12.mn.us</a>
Rochester	Rochester Off-Campus High School	9 - 12	507-282-3325 <a href="http://rocchs.org">http://rocchs.org</a>
Rochester	Studio Academy	9 - 12	507-529-1662 <a href="http://studioacademyhs.org">http://studioacademyhs.org</a>
Rogers	Kaleidoscope Charter School	K-8	763-428-1890 <a href="http://kaleidoscopecharter.org">http://kaleidoscopecharter.org</a>
Saint Cloud	STRIDE Academy	K-5	320-203-0690 <a href="http://strideacademy.org">http://strideacademy.org</a>
Saint Paul	Academia Cesar Chavez	K-8	651-778-2940 <a href="http://cesarchavezschool.com">http://cesarchavezschool.com</a>
Saint Paul	Achieve Language Academy	PreK-8	651-738-4875
Saint Paul	Augsburg Academy of Health Careers	9 - 10*	651-645-5698 <a href="http://augzburgacademy.org">http://augzburgacademy.org</a>
Saint Paul	Avalon Charter School	7 - 12	651-649-5495 <a href="http://avalonschool.org">http://avalonschool.org</a>
Saint Paul	BlueSky Charter School	7 - 12	651-642-0888 <a href="http://blueskyschool.org">http://blueskyschool.org</a>
Saint Paul	City Academy	9 - 12	651-298-4624 <a href="http://cityacademy.org">http://cityacademy.org</a>
Saint Paul	Community of Peace Academy	K-12	651-776-5151 <a href="http://cpa.charter.k12.mn.us">http://cpa.charter.k12.mn.us</a>
Saint Paul	Concordia Creative Learning Academy	PreK-6	651-649-5795 <a href="http://cclaonline.org">http://cclaonline.org</a>
Saint Paul	Cyber Village Academy	4 - 8	651-523-7170 <a href="http://cva.k12.mn.us">http://cva.k12.mn.us</a>
Saint Paul	Face to Face Academy	9 - 12	651-772-5555
Saint Paul	Family Academy	PreK-9	651-697-1740 <a href="http://familyacademymn.org">http://familyacademymn.org</a>
Saint Paul	General John Vessey Leadership Acad	9 - 12	651-206-2980 <a href="http://vesseyacademy.org">http://vesseyacademy.org</a>
Saint Paul	Great River School	7-10 in 2004*	651-305-2780 <a href="http://greatriverschool.org">http://greatriverschool.org</a>
Saint Paul	High School for Recording Arts	9 - 12	651-287-0890 <a href="http://hsra.org">http://hsra.org</a>
Saint Paul	Higher Ground Academy	K-12	651-645-1000 <a href="http://hgacademy.org">http://hgacademy.org</a>
Saint Paul	HOPE Academy	K-6	651-796-4500 <a href="http://hope-school.org">http://hope-school.org</a>
Saint Paul	Jennings Experiential High School	9 - 12	651-649-5403 <a href="http://jehs.org">http://jehs.org</a>
Saint Paul	Metro Deaf School	PreK-8	651-224-3995 <a href="http://metrodeafschool.org">http://metrodeafschool.org</a>
Saint Paul	Minnesota Business Academy	9 - 12	651-726-2100 <a href="http://mnbusinessacademy.org">http://mnbusinessacademy.org</a>
Saint Paul	Minnesota North Star Academy	9-11 in 2004*	651-771-2000 <a href="http://mnnorthstaracademy.org">http://mnnorthstaracademy.org</a>
Saint Paul	New Spirit School	K-8	651-225-9177 <a href="http://newspritschool.com">http://newspritschool.com</a>
Saint Paul	New Voyage Academy	K-8	651-649-5402 <a href="http://flconline.org">http://flconline.org</a>
Saint Paul	Nova Classical Academy	K-6	651-227-8622 <a href="http://novaclassical.org">http://novaclassical.org</a>
Saint Paul	St Paul Conservatory/Performing Artists	9 - 12	651-290-2225 <a href="http://stpaulconservatory.org">http://stpaulconservatory.org</a>
Saint Paul	Skills for Tomorrow High School	9 - 12	651-647-6000 <a href="http://skillsfortomorrow.org">http://skillsfortomorrow.org</a>
Saint Paul	Sobriety High District Office	9 - 12	651-773-8378 <a href="http://sobrietyhigh.org">http://sobrietyhigh.org</a>
Saint Paul	Twin Cities Academy	6 - 8	651-205-4797 <a href="http://tca.k12.mn.us">http://tca.k12.mn.us</a>
Saint Paul	Twin Cities German Immersion School	K-1*	651-492-7106 <a href="http://germanschool-mn.org">http://germanschool-mn.org</a>
Saint Paul	Urban Academy	K-3	651-215-9419 <a href="http://urbanacademymn.org">http://urbanacademymn.org</a>
Stillwater	New Heights School	K-12	651-439-1962
Tofte	Birch Grove Community School	K-5	218-663-7977 <a href="http://birchgroveschool.com">http://birchgroveschool.com</a>
Waite Park	Great River Education Center	7 - 12	320-258-3117
Waseca	TEAM Academy	K-6	507-835-3000 <a href="http://waseca.k12.mn.us/TEAM">http://waseca.k12.mn.us/TEAM</a>
West Saint Paul	River Heights Charter School	9-12 in 2004*	651-457-7427 <a href="http://riverheightscharter.org">http://riverheightscharter.org</a>
Winona	Bluffview Montessori School	PreK-8*	507-452-2807 <a href="http://bluffviewmontessori.org">http://bluffviewmontessori.org</a>
Woodbury	Math & Science Academy	7 - 12	651-578-7507 <a href="http://mmmsa.org">http://mmmsa.org</a>

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