

We Are In Charge of New York City Celebrations

This is the eighth grade's adaptation of the book, *I am In Charge of Celebrations* by Byrd Baylor.

Our theme this year is celebrating New York City.

Opening Chorus

Sometimes people ask us...
Don't you feel small in such a big city?
Are they joking?
How can we feel small when we're in charge of
celebrations?
We celebrate it now, since we're glad it's here
When we're on Bleecker Street we have nothing to fear
It's fun and it's familiar and it has all the goods
Full of joy and memories of our childhoods
So to help make your holiday complete
We give you our thoughts and more from
The Eighth Grade keepers of
BLEECKER STREET!

One of our important celebrations is
Tourist Appreciation Week.
Ask anybody, it happens every year.
I know it's weird but they are
My celebration
Tourists!
Yeah Tourists
Sometimes
They don't believe me,
But it's true.
"You're a New Yorker!!!!"
"Um yeahhh..."
They come on the holidays
Like their own celebration
They come, we leave,
We come back, and they're still here.
Click, Flash!
OMG! It's so pretty!
Last year, a week before Christmas
When all the holiday jingles are playing
I walked down Broadway
When all the tourists are saying
"Ég elska New York"
"J'adore New York"
"Te amo Nueva York"
"Wo hen hao New York"
Just get a t-shirt!
So we may laugh at the clumsy maps they carry
And the directions they ask for but never listen to
But they are
In charge of celebrations.
You may be asking
Why we're celebrating New York
By talking about the people who aren't even from New
York
But they are what makes New York a celebration
So every week before Christmas
I take pictures of the tourists taking pictures
For Tourist Appreciation week

My favorite time of the year in New York:
Halloween, Costumes,
And best of all -- candy!
And even better yet --
The Halloween Parade!
The Costume Crusade!
Down the Avenue of the Americas
All the formal business people
Use it as an excuse to have fun and let go!
Fairies
Supermen
Pumpkins
And skeletons --
All together!
To make Halloween great.
The Costume Crusade!
Passing by the Halloween parade is like a dream
Giant floats,
Political figures in drag, dancing skeletons, and streamers
The Costume Crusade!
Now the 31st of October,
Along with Halloween,
Is **Our** Very Own Celebration --
The Costume Crusade!

I was lucky on this one particular day
In New York City,
Out of all the memories of my life
This was a memory I would hold onto
Forever --
When I met Lady Liberty!
Standing there
Nice and tall,
Welcoming us to the city and this country.
One foot on the ground,
One arm stretched to the sky,
Torch lit,
A beacon to all.
Like immigrants,
Just entering this country for the first time,
We went to see her on a boat.
Just as they did.
The people huddled together yearning to breathe the cool
fresh air
And she says,
"I'm here to help you find your way, to guide you."
Our boat passed by.
It was too short of a time with her
But long enough that
I'll always remember her.
And from this day forward,
On November 25th, TODAY,
It will be:
The Statue of Liberty Celebration Day!

I wish you were there
For Houston Street Ball Field Awakening Day.
It happens all the time,
But I celebrate it all the same.
Everyday at 11:00 o'clock
The Houston Street Ball Field
Comes alive
We play, We laugh, We experience . . . LIFE
Under the watchful gaze of our teachers
And the ever watching, but ever quiet, MOMA sign
The basketballs bounce on the smooth court,
The jump ropes skip,
(But there is nothing smooth about what happens)
We socialize by the walls
These walls sense our every movement and sound.
Over by the fence
We play handball and hula hoops,
We let go of the expectations for each other and ourselves
And we embrace our world as human beings.
Everyday we learn
And grow as people
We make the best out of our lives
And expand every moment to the fullest
This is the only special day
That happens everyday
This is Houston Street Ball Field Awakening Day
And I am in charge of this celebration!

Another one
Of my greatest
Of all celebrations
Is called
Sublime Pizza Pie Day.
It goes like this:
New York City's pizza
Thin crust and cheesy
We ain't tryin to rap like lil' Weezy
Everyday afterschool
Joes, Pizza Box
It will be knockin off your sox
Pepperoni, olives, and extra cheese
Put on some pepper
Now I got to sneeze! (ah-chu)
We can go to Otto for a fancy slice
Man we hooked on this like white on rice
We can go to Ben's for a casual pie
Don't eat to fast or it will go straight to your thighs
Weekends, holidays, and all throughout May
We love to eat pizza ev-e-ry day
Whether it's snowing, raining, or sunny outside
When I grow up pizza gonna be my bride
Here on Thanksgiving spittin it for you
The pizza is so sticky could have sworn it was goo
I hit up my mom askin for three dollars
So where you goin down to the pizza parlor
This is our pizza ode
Man NYC has got the tomato-pie mother load

I also have a Maximum Music Celebration Day!
I remember that one day I heard Replay by Iyaz
On the busy streets of New York
It created a melody in my head
It was like my iPod was actually stuck on replay
At that moment I realized my love for
The way music can make me feel
I want to dance, sing, scream, kick,
Or let music bring me to tears
I remember that I used to pass
By musicians on the subway
Without giving a second thought
To the sound they were making
And how music can make someone feel
I was wandering around the Lower East Side
When I saw four guys
On a staircase, singing Lion King songs.
For some reason, it really cheered me up
And that's when I realized, again,
That music can move you.
Music defines New York
Some people just don't notice
Music is a mixture of different instrumental and vocal tones
Even just the sounds
Of the cabs, the cars, people's heels on the sidewalk
Make music
That brings people together even in the hardest times
In a place of
All of these different religions, cultures and ideas,
That is why I celebrate this day as
Maximum Music Celebration Day!

One of our favorite things
To celebrate in the city is its majestic
Bridges and Buildings!
There are many things to remember about the city.
The lights, the shows, and everything so pretty.
But, when the tourists look to the skies
And see the buildings with their giant eyes
They will remember the personalities and people inside.
The buildings are the heart and emotion of the city.
Standing tall above all of the witty,
The Buildings are always watching, watching.
The Bridges supporting the cars.
We travel upon them, never truly noticing their beauty.
Bigger than we, in size and in character.
They have their own minds,
And think their own lines.
We know this because they are the city,
They are the heart and soul,
The glue that keeps the city looking pretty.
Our Buildings and Bridges, they come alive.
In fact, they are speaking right now, if you only celebrate
them enough to hear:

*"What a great city. GOOD MORNING NEW YORK."
"Well, GOOD MORNING, EMPIRE."
"GOOD MORNING, CHRYSLER."
"I didn't see you there, but,
you know nothing gets by me."
"Ha ha, you're right about that"*

The buildings live in their own world.
Living out of our minds
Their mysterious aura
Will always give energy to the magic of the city.
We all wish to live in their world
Away from the conflicts of human life.
I want you all to believe in the magical world of the
Landmarks and structures of this great city.
Always remember
They are the ones in Charge of Celebrations!
Today and every day
Will always be the day
For the true monuments of the city.
The Buildings and the Bridges.
Together they stand, forever, for all.

On a warm sunny Sunday in NYC is
When I first celebrated the New York City hotdog cart
My stomach got rumbely
And I wanted to eat food that wasn't too ugly
I wanted something not to hot
And something not to cold
But I didn't want to go very far
I was in Central Park and what should I get
A hotdog of course!
Because I was as hungry as a horse!
And when something was caught in my sight
I realized it was a beautiful hotdog cart
The most beautiful I ever saw
Oh hotdog cart, oh hotdog cart
A hotdog is perfect, oh don't you see
It only cost one dollar, 100 pennies not three
Oh what could be better for NYC?
Oh hotdog, oh hotdog
Can't you all see?
"I'll get one hotdog, two hotdogs
Wait! I'll get three!"
As I ran to the ATM to get two bills
Oh I was filled with glee!
"I'll get one with Mustard, One with Ketchup
And one with none at all"
The convenience is great!
How I love NYC
And now
I forever claim July 21st to be Hotdog Celebration Day!

I am in charge of New York celebrations
Big or small
Looking back into time,
The memory of the 42nd St. Toys R Us Ferris Wheel
Is still clear in my mind.
I remember walking along the busy streets
And seeing Geoffrey the Giraffe's reflection in the
revolving glass door of
The busy toy store,
Full of tourists and locals.
And I thought to myself,
I HAVE to go on that Ferris wheel.
Once I got my tickets,
I made my way to get in line,
And waited,

And waited,
Watching all the carts go around,
I tried to decide which one I would like.
And decided on the RUGRATS cart.
As I listened to the children cry
Begging their parents for more and more toys
They said... "Mommy, get me that Unicorn NOW!"
The mom answered... "HHHEEECCCKKK no!"
I make it to the front anxiously hoping that I get in the
RUGRATS cart
I noticed the cars pulling in one by one --
I did Kindergarten math in my mind and realized,
"Oh no, I am not going to get the cart I wanted!"
The Jimmy Neutron pulls in instead,
I hop on,
And sigh in relief,
I guess that cart is just as good.
Spinning round and round
I felt the thrill of being high in the air
And looking down on all the adults that once looked down
on me
Then I realize,
I'm finally up there
The place where I'd looked up at so many times before
The colorful,
Gigantic,
Spinning, wheel,
Pure happiness for people of all ages!
After that weekend I thought every weekend should be:
Ferris Wheel Weekend! Forever more.

I remember all the good, good days on
Bleecker Street
With Red Mango, Pink Berry, and other things sweet,
It's hard to deny that it totally rocks
When you're sitting with your friends in Pizza Box
All the people I meet
All the people I see
All seem real happy and inviting to me
In the moments in spring
When the birds fly and sing
Bleecker Street
Is the place to swing.
When it's cold outside
And the snow hasn't dried
We can get out our sleds and play and glide
We celebrate it now, since we're glad it's here
When we're on Bleecker Street we have nothing to fear
It's fun and it's familiar and it has all the goods
Full of joy and memories of our childhoods

Closing Chorus

Sometimes people ask us...
Don't you feel small in such a big city?
Are they joking?
How can we feel small w
When we're in charge of celebrations?
"Ég elska New York"
"J'adore New York"
"Te amo Nueva York"
"Wo hen hao New York"
Down the Avenue of the Americas, you hear her say,

"I'm here to help you find your way, to guide you."
We play, we laugh, we experience . . . LIFE
And everyday afterschool
Whether it's snowing, raining, or sunny outside
The busy streets of New York
Create a melody in our heads
And standing tall above the city,
The Buildings are always watching
Reflecting what's in our hearts and souls,
And when something gets caught in our sight
It's the most beautiful thing we ever saw
Can't you see it all?
Spinning round and round
We feel the thrill
And looking down we realize,
We're finally where we want to be
Pure happiness
We celebrate it now, since we're glad it's here
When we look out onto Bleecker Street
We have nothing to fear
So we hope your holiday is complete

Happy Thanksgiving
From the
Eighth Grade
Here on BLEECKER STREET!