YAWP ANTHOLGY

Session B
6 – 8th Graders
June 21 – July 2, 2021
Ms. Samantha

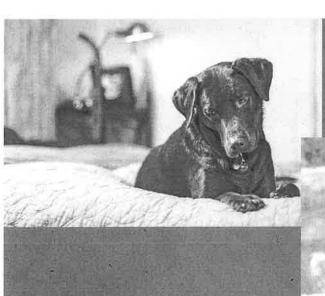


Larissa Boldor is currently a student at Glasgow Middle School in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. She is a younger sister to Emily Boldor. She gets her inspiration everywhere, at the beach, doing homework, taking a shower, staring at the lake, and she often at random times. She loves reading, and often gets so caught up in a book that she forgets to pay attention to her surroundings (and eat). She won first place in the 11-13 year old category in the Louisiana Department of Education and Louisiana **Environmental Education** Commision Art and Language arts contest for her story, the Evergreen Tree.

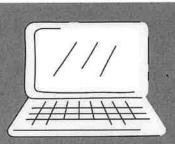
The Forgotten Princess

She had always loved playing hide and seek.
But now it was no longer a game.

With men hunting Tatiana of Adessa down as one of the last potential challenges to the new King's reign, it is a matter of life and death that she stay hidden. But with people hunting her down with the wish to help her use her powers for good, will she give up the eternal game of cat and mouse to take a stand? Will she refuse the offer and continue to hide away? Will she agree and succeed in destroying the false King's reign? Or will Tatiana fail, dooming the world to a life of slavery, chained to a tyrant king.



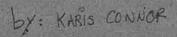


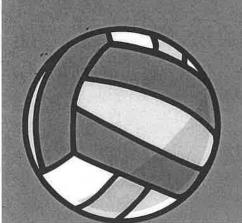


I am from Chocolate and Black labs
from Stuffed animals and computers
I am from A 1 story house
and Ugly plants in the front
I am from A plant with orange and red flowers
Which is outside my window
I am from The cats couch and dogs yard
from Soo and Chong
and from Korean spices and all the veggies
from boba drinks
I am from A Christian family
rom American fast food and sit down loud dinners
from my dad being adopted
and from My Grandparents motel
from Going on vacation with the family
from the moments of all the volleyball games

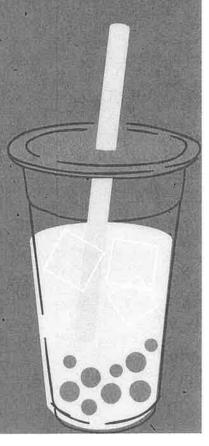


















I AM A VOLLEYBALL PLAYER
I LIKE TO HIT THE BALL OVER THE NET. AND I RNOW EXACTLY WHERE IT'S GOING
I GET EXCITED WHEN THE BALL COMES TO ME,
LIKE A CHILD OPENING A GIFT I HEAR OTHERS ALSO CALLING FOR THE BALL, BUT THEY KNOW IT'S MINE I SEE OTHERS HITTING IT AND GETTING IT OVER I AM A VOLLEYBALL PLAYER WHO LOVES

VOLLEYBALL
I WONDER IF I AM GOOD ENOUGH TO PLAY FOR SCHOOL BUT I KNOW I WILL TRY I KNOW I CARE WAY TOO MUCH WHEN I MISS
HIT, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT
AND I WISH I PRACTICED MORE
AM A VOLLEYBALL PLAYER, WHO WANTS TO GET

BETTER

-KIRA CUNNOR



Trillian Creath

She of night and silver blades
Lives deep within the darkest shade
Yet a heart of diamond with one bright spark
Can bring light to the queen of the dark
But beware, you who seek this light
Worse things than monsters you must fight
Find me deep within the snow
For only I can give this glow
I request one single thing:
Bring me my ancient golden ring
It cannot be given, it must be won
But the dragon again will see the sun
And nighttime's huntress will soon see
That more than darkness she can be

Chapter I by Olina Fong

I caught the ball. Today was a normal day. Nothing could go wrong, right? But that day, everything went wrong. Of course, none of us knew yet. I passed the ball to my friend, Fredrick, right as he shouted, "Let's go get some lemonade!" The ball hit him square in the face and we all laughed. We raced towards the door, shoving each other in a friendly manner. We had been friends with Fredrick for four years now, with us meeting him when I was four and Merida was five. We met at a park and he played with us on the swings. Since then, we had been friends forever. All of us were sweaty when we came inside. The cool air was a relief as it blasted at my face.

I ran over to the kitchen. "Merida, come help me with this lemonade!"

My sister had got on the couch and was now relaxing with her eyes closed. Without opening them, she said, "Just use a spell! You're better at magic than me."

"There isn't one." I replied. "Maybe we could make one when we're older, but for now, help me squeeze these!"

"Fine." Merida said grudgingly.

Fredrick laughed at the sight of us. "Wanna watch something?" Both of us replied with "Mhm!" as he turned on the TV. He switched through different shows and movies and picked a cartoon called *Froggie*.

"I'll get some popcorn!" I said.

"Is there a spell for that?" Merida asked hesitantly. She looked exhausted just from squeezing a few lemons.

I sighed and smiled at the same time. My ridiculous sister. "Yeah, there is."

Merida sauntered back to the couch happily as I opened one of the wooden cupboards and grabbed out a bag of microwavable popcorn. Placing it in front of me on the counter, I concentrated with my eyes closed. I put my hands out and my face scrunched up. I chanted, "transious semina" several times as blue wisps of magic began to circle around the popcorn. Each witch had their own color for magic and mine was blue. The small popping sounds filled the air, as the seeds began to turn into popcorn. It took half the amount of time than it usually would without magic. I slowly opened my eyes, as the popcorn finished.

Merida sighed. "I love seeing you do magic. It's so cool! I wish I could do it as well as you do..."

"Oh come on Merida, you just need some help! I'll help you out later."

My sister gave me a small smile. "Ok, then."

For the rest of the day, we watched the cartoon. It got dark quickly and night creeped in. Fredrick stood up from the couch. He said, "I should probably be heading back. My mom is going to freak out. You know how overprotective she is."

"Yeah, I still remember that time where she didn't let you go on that water slide with us, just because it looked 'scary'" Merida teased.

"Hey!" Fredrick replied, slightly embarrassed.

I smiled a little. "See you later then?"

He returned the smile. "See you later." he said, before walking out of the door and into the dark night.

But that was the day I never saw him again. He had just disappeared. I had no idea what happened to him to this day and it still scares me to think about it. According to his mom, he had gone to his friend, Ash, before heading home. It was at 10:30, when his mom called us.

Abby Goodman

Prologue

The sound of something hitting the table of her booth made her look up. Startled, her mouth started forming its usual apology "I'm Sor-" her mouth twisted into a scowl "Oh, it's you again" she said sourly. She looked him up and down, noting that his messy brown hair and his green eyes that were now shining with trouble did make him look attractive. No-no. She will Not think about that. She refused to. Her eyes settled on the wrapped item sitting on the table. "What did you bring me this time?" She asked, looking at the boy.

Chapter 1

The sound of wagons rolling over the cobblestone streets mixed with the scent of freshly baked pies surrounded Rosemary as she sat in her booth. The voices of customers bargaining for items rose above the din. Rosemary smiled. This was her place, her people. Rosemary sent Sage away to gather more inventory for their booth. That's why he is here, she told herself, he is the best at finding the herbs and plants we sell every Saturday at the town market. She already knew she couldn't have him, he was older and thought of her as nothing more than a younger sister. He had also been so excited to tell her all about the girl he asked to the town's festival, Clove. She didn't want him to get hurt, but still hoped that it wouldn't work out. Rosemary sighed, she had to pull herself together. She didn't have time for silly crushes, let alone romance. She'd have to drop it altogether if she wanted to achieve her dream to become an apothecary. She had it all planned out. She sold herbs every Saturday at the market. Soon she would secure a job at the local pharmacy and be able to practice medicine.

The bell rang out from the top of it's tower in the middle of the square. Rosemary watched as the crowds started to dissipate and the vendors started to pack up their booths. She knew he would be back soon, as if on cue she heard footsteps coming from behind the booth. She turned around "What did you find out there Sage?".

- "I found some goldenseal and feverfew." he said smiling
- "Great." Rosemary said, "Next time you head out we need more Ginseng."
- "Got it, Rose," Sage responded as he grabbed his stuff.
- "Don't mock me," she said glaring, "That's still boss to you." She knew he said this to tease her about her age.
- "Fine, Boss," he said. I'll see you next week."
- "You better bring that Ginseng." she shouted as he walked away. Rosemary packed up her booth and looked around. The square had cleared out during her conversation with Sage and the only other vendor still packing up was Farmer Elder. He was a sweet old man that was famous in town for his amazing butters. He churned all types, sweet butter, spicy butter, and lots and lots of herb butters. He would even bring his farm's baby cows to the market on occasion. He was still loading up his cart, so Rosemary walked over to talk to him.

A WALK THROUGH THE NIGHTMARES

The harsh winter had nearly ruined the crops, and her father's wobbly leg meant that Aspen had been farming by his side the entire day. With a little energy left, Aspen trudged through the snow to her friend Lauren's house, as she tried to do everyday.

She arrived at the structure, a small shack with two rooms and no running water. This was the standard for all the homes in Redwater. The village lacked any form of wealth, but it knew nothing else. The cattle, crops, and cobblestones were all the villagers had ever seen.

Neighbors often nicknamed Lauren 'the girl with nightmares'. Almost every night, a bloodcurdling scream would ring out from the bedroom, waking everyone with a cold shiver. Flashes of giant serpents, rifles, and fanged bats haunted her throughout the day. The villagers deemed her delirious. Monsters were characters of tales, not real life, they explained. All believed she was a hopeless cause.

All except Aspen. She greeted Lauren's parents and entered the shack's bedroom, where Lauren was waiting for her. She described her day's series of visions.

Lauren sat tied up in a small, brick chamber. No entrance, and no way out. The heat made her incredibly nauseous, and toxic green fumes blackened her vision. In front of her loomed a large bull creature standing on two legs. Hideous brown scales covered its skin, and a sneer covered its face. It suddenly lunged forcefully, and all Lauren could do was let out a muffled scream.

Although Aspen listened to Lauren's visions everyday, she couldn't imagine how such a youthful girl could withstand such terrifying visions. In contrast to the villagers, neither of the girls could believe that monsters were impossible.

And in reality, they were very possible.

ARCHANA

GURUDI)

The Dark Side of Light by Zoe Hyman

"Come in", Vicky called out. I walked in sheepishly. She looked up and set down her pencil expectantly. I realized that she must be designing the disguises that we would be wearing tonight. I glanced around the room, no bed, just books, and a large desk in the center with more papers with designs. I hesitated "Why don't you have a bed in here?"

"Oh", she grinned. "We each have two rooms, one for sleeping, and one for... whatever we want to do to fill the free time."

"I don't see how you could have too much of that around here," I pointed out.

She chuckled. "Most of our free time is spent planning for threats, although we rarely use those plans when the time comes."

"Ah." I still found it hard to believe that the girl I thought I had known for 5 years had been a complete mystery to me. I cleared my throat. "Um, James sent me. He said he needed all of us for the meeting."

"Right," she said. She picked up the papers with the designs and motioned for me to follow. We went through the maze of corridors, and eventually ended up in a room that almost looked like a normal sitting room, except for Diane sitting beside a small plant and making it grow rapidly. A few seconds later, she had produced a fully grown violet. Satisfied, she walked over to Alex's couch and sat beside him. Next to me, Vicky sat down on a second couch opposite Diane. At that moment, James came in and took his place beside Vicky. Awkwardly, I moved to sit in a chair between the couches. "So," James said, glancing over at me, "does anyone have any new information about tonight's guest list?"

"I do," Alex said. "I cross-referenced this list with the other two events Obsidian has made an appearance at".

"And?"

"Well, I got three matches, only two of which make sense to me. One is a business owner, goes by the name Arthur Fallen. He checks out, no record or anything like that."

"And the second?" Alex asked.

"A woman. Trophy wife, by the looks of it. Slightly odd that her husband missed two out of three events but doesn't seem to have evil intentions." James looked at her expectantly, "So, who's the third?"

Alex glanced cautiously at Victoria. "It's, um, Nate..." Victoria's eyes flashed dangerously, but she composed herself quickly.

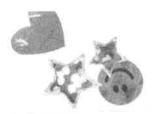
"Alex, Di, could you both do a more thorough vetting of the trophy wife. We can't take the chance that we're wrong." Her voice shook sightly as she spoke.

"And, after that...?" Alex asked timidly.

"This is the best party ever!" I try to yell over the extremely loud music. My sister stares at me with a blank face and mumbles something like "I don't feel so good." She looks like she is having a very early hangover. I rush to the bathroom with her and I hop on my phone. I call our bodyguard to come pick us up a little bit early. He was in on our "escape the castle mission" Thank goodness someone is on our side. My parents are so strict, they wouldn't let us do anything fun after 8 o'clock. 8 o'clock! I have heard of some kids with later times than that. We hop into a jeep, my sister slowly trailing behind us. "What is this funny looking thingggg" she mumbles. "How many drinks have you had?!" I wonder. The drive home was very bumpy. I could see our castle in front of us but there was something off.

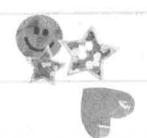
By: Kierally Malone

YAWP SESSION B



Story Idea: An 11 year old girl with the name Sage is faced with horrible visions. Every vision is like a warning of a disaster in the future. Sage does not think too much of it at first, until she is told the power was a gene she inherited from her father, who is no longer alive. Sage is put under much pressure. She is now the new leader of One Step Ahead, a league of warriors who protect the world from disaster. The league relies on the power of the visions. Sage needs to keep the league together, or it may be the end of the world.

I Am, I Am Not Poem:



I am strong and agile.
I am an athlete.
I am not bratty and unkind,
I am supportive and helpful.
I am not perfect in any way
I am always improving.
I am hardworking, dedicated, passionate,
I am a dancer.

Fred the Time Traveling Capybara

by Ira PARSONS

Far away in the Amazon jungle, there is a capybara named Fred. Fred is a very unusual capybara, or at least other capybaras think so. Why walking on his hind legs seemed strange to the other capybaras escaped him. Fred was fed up with the present, so he had built his own time machine, hoping that capybaras from the future would be more understanding. Today, he was going to try it out.

As he walked through the town square, he heard the usual whispers of:

"He's walking on his hind legs!"

"Disgraceful to capybara kind!"

"He walks like one of those hu-mons!"

He ignored these comments, and strolled into his house. He put black cloth over the windows, and barricaded the door with a chair. With one last furtive glance behind him, he headed down to his basement.

Fred pulled the cover off a strange object in the corner: his time machine. The chrome exterior glinted in the little light left in the basement. He grabbed a large handle, and opened the door, revealing the interior. The inside was completely upholstered in fine Corinthian leather, and there was a hot tub in the middle. (Capybaras like to travel in style.)

He sat down in one of the seats, and some controls dropped from the ceiling. He pressed a glowing red button, and a loud whirring sound began. The time machine began to spin and spin and spin, until it stopped. Whew, Fred thought, I nearly lost my lunch! Then, he realized that he was hovering in the air when the entire contraption dropped to the ground. He did loose his lunch that time.

He suddenly realized that he had forgotten to close the door on the time machine; the whole house had come with him! He woozily climbed out of the time machine and walked outside the house.

As soon as he came out the of front door, he heard happy cries of, "Let the joyous news be spread: the tyrant quadruped capybara, is dead!" He looked around him, and saw capybaras surrounding him on their hind legs!

An old lady at the front of the crowd spoke to him, "We are so grateful to you for killing the tyrant quadruped capybara, and freeing us from our quadruped bondage!"

"There must be some mistake," he replied, "I have not killed anything!"

She pointed behind him, and said, "Well, your house did anyway, and that's the same thing."

He turned around and saw a pair of furry legs sticking out from under his house.

"Who was that?" he asked, pointing.

"Oh! But she was the Wicked Quadruped of the East, she forced us to walk on *all four limbs!*" the old lady responded.

He was accepted into the bipedal capybara community, and lived a happy life to the ripe old age of ten, when he was eaten by a jaguar.

Abby Qui

It was an expensive bowl. As soon as Josh saw it, he knew. The bowl was a piece of china from the Qin Dynasty. It might be worth around 50000 dollars. He wanted it so very badly.

Josh was on a business trip in Taiwan. He was shopping for his 9-year-old daughter in a souvenir shop. Suddenly out of the corner of his eye, he saw a bowl. When carefully inspecting the bowl, he sees a cat slurp water from the bowl. Josh was thrilled. "The owner of the shop probably doesn't know that the bowl is worth a lot of money," he supposed since it was being used as a cat bowl. Josh thought of offering to buy the bowl, but that would raise suspicion. The owner may figure out the value of the bowl. So, Josh came up with the ultimate plan. He would offer to buy the cat, and hopefully, the owner gives him the bowl along with it.

At the cash register, Josh asks, "Good morning, I have a daughter that would love your cat. Would you mind selling it to me for 200 dollars?"

"Sorry, unfortunately, I have a daughter too and she loves this cat," replied the owner.

"Oh, but my daughter recently lost her cat and this one looks exactly like her old one. I'm sure she'd really want it. How about 500 dollars?" Josh tried not to sound desperate.

"I'm so sorry but I don't think I can sell this cat."

Josh refused to give up. "I'll pay you 1000 dollars for the cat." That was his final offer.

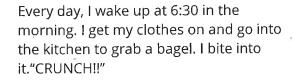
The owner was shocked at the amount of money. "Oh, um... fine, the cat is yours."

After paying, the owner gave the cat to him. Hiding his excitement, Josh continues with his plan and requests, "Could I have the bowl too, since the cat must be used to drinking from it?"

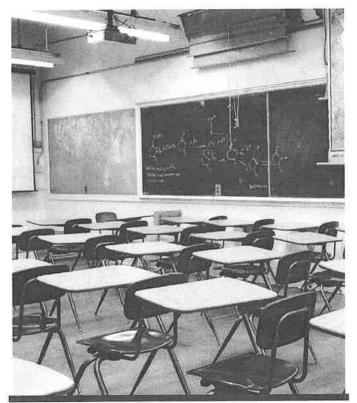
"HAHAHAHA!" the owner bellows. "Of course not. I know the value of that bowl. Do you know how many cats I've sold with it?"

Vathan Reynolds

The Day at School



"EWW!!" I say.



I look inside and there is fungus on it. I toss the whole package in the trash. Just then, I hear the school bus honk. I grab my backpack and run out the door. I find my friend Caleb and sit next to him. "Dude, what took you so long?" He said.

"Don't ask"

When we get to school, we go to our home room. All of our classmates and our teacher are doing super weird things. A couple kids were picking their noses and then eating their boogers. Some of them were eating stuff in their backpack which was brown and green, so it didn't look appetizing. 1 or 2 kids had a weird

disorder and they were hiding under a chair or desk. Most of the kids were doing a paper airplane race. Our home room teacher is Ms. Golenster. She is a medium sized Frenchwoman. She speaks okay English, but on some days ,when she is tired, she speaks French. She is busy looking through her desk to find anything edible or close to edible. We sat down and took out our books and got our binders out. Then Caleb wanted to join the paper airplane race. So he went off and left me alone. 2nd through 9th period was exactly like a home room, they got nothing done and I did some worksheets. When I came home, my mother asked what happened at school. I answered like this: "Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

We ate dinner, I watched a movie, and then went to bed.

Simon Reynolds

EARTH was invited if they were level 7 or higher. The levels system had been working for years on the Interplanetary Republic. At least not too many uprisings. Not many high rankers lived on EARTH any more, most of them are in the Inner belt closer to Nariva, but there are still several thousand here. I happened to be one of them. While the EARTH was big, most of it was made up of walls and storage, but in sector 82 is completely reserved for parties of the highest manor and important gatherings. This ball was to celebrate the Anniversary Of Launching the EARTH and the Starting Date of EARTH S1, the largest research mission ever launched by man. As I wander onto the dance floor I notice a girl in one of the corners arguing with a scientist, as I awkwardly wedge my way between a dancing couple, I hear the argument over the music. "They must be screaming." I think to myself.

When I finally get to the edge of the dance floor my foot catches on a small raised bit and I trip off the side of the 6 inch raised platform, sprawling on the ground and ripping my suit in the process. Some of the couples in the slow dance stop to stare and someone offers me a hand up but the girl is fast disappearing towards the exit. I pick myself up and start to push through the crowd on the ground and tip over a waiter in the process. I apologies without turning around and rush off. The girl whips around a corner and her dress flashes out of view. I finally get to the door and stare into the blackness of the hallway leading out of the party, it smells strangely like soap and perfume. It's the women's locker room. I quickly backed away and sat down at a table.

Forgotten

It leaves a cold feeling in your gut
A knowingness of lost memories
To be this means that you are alone
It is not loneliness but something
that causes it

I Am, I Am Not

I am strong and determined
I am independent
I am not waiting for prince charming
I am not hoping for a good ending
I am calm and collected
I am not scared and delicate
I am intellectual and ready
I am not weak and needy
I am unstoppable

- Lekha SHRiVASTAVA

The issues started when I noticed the person outside my house. They were just standing on the other side of the street, looking at the ground, not doing anything. I shrugged it off. They probably were just looking for something they dropped. An hour later though, I went out and they were still there.

"Sir," I called "Are you looking for something?"

His head spun towards me in an unnatural manner and he began walking rapidly to where I was. He was getting closer and closer, and he wasn't slowing down at all. I realized this and went inside and locked the door. He walked all the way up to it and slammed into it.

"Mom!" I screamed. "Come here!"

There was no response whatsoever. Then I ran into the living room and noticed a note. She had gone to get groceries and I was on my own. I didn't know what to do. The person kept slamming into the door. There was already a pile of bits of wood and drywall below the door.

I ran into the kitchen and grabbed a knife then went to my room and grabbed my wallet. I ran out the back door and as quietly as I could, I opened the back gate and slipped into the alley. What had happened? What was going on? Clearly something was wrong, but why was this person acting so odd? By now, I reasoned, the person would be gone. I had forgotten my phone, so I was going to go back. My mom might be home, too. I went back home and went inside. The door was knocked clean off its hinges. I went in, and almost immediately I noticed the person in my mom's office. I darted into my room, and hid under my bed. They hadn't seen me yet. However, they were close to the door. If I tried to leave, I would be spotted.

I heard them go into my room and toss something in. As they left, I pulled myself from out underneath my bed. Almost immediately, I noticed the thing in the middle of my floor: an explosive. I had never seen explosives in real life, of course, but there wasn't much else it could be. It looked as though someone had fused a lump of clay, an alarm clock, and a circuit board together. The timer said it had 3 minutes remaining

I ran out of the house as fast as my legs could carry me. I ran all the way to the next neighborhood over, and I heard the blast even from there. A cloud of smoke was rising from where my house would be and I heard sirens coming. I decided to walk over to the grocery store and see if my mom was there.

While I was walking, I noticed a side alley with a car in it. Wait a minute. That was my mom's car. I walked over to it and noticed that she was in it, with her hands on the wheel and her eyes staring straight ahead in shock. I waved my hand in front of her and she didn't even blink. Then I heard a crunch and looked up. The person who attacked me was there. Faster than I could have said "Oh no", they jumped down and hit my arm. My shoulder exploded into pain, and when I tried to move it I had trouble. I grabbed the kitchen knife with my other hand and swung it at them. It hit them in their leg as they were about to kick me, and I dodged. As I watched, though, the cut healed itself up. I backed up. "What even are you?"

The thing didn't even respond and just continued to go towards me. I ran up to it, but as I did I slowed down so much that I wasn't even moving. I turned around just in time to see a hand flying towards me, and everything went dark.

I woke up in a room with a pane of glass or plastic in the middle of it. The thing that attacked me was staring at me from the other side. Then I realized there were several. They all had dark grey skin, no hair, and beady black eyes. "Quiet," hissed the one in the middle. "You will tell us what we ask and do what we say."

I opened my mouth to say yes, then just nodded.

The one on the right walked up to the glass. "How can you see us?"

I reacted with surprise. "What do you mean?"

"You can see us. No one else can"

"I was just able to see you. I didn't do anything."

The one on the left then spoke up. "Do you understand what we are? No, don't answer. We are the spirits of time and we serve the lord of-"

Leftie was cut off by the one in the center. "It doesn't matter, anyway. You can stay here."

After that, they walked off and I sank to the floor. What was going on? Only a few hours ago, I had just been eating dinner. I glanced at my watch and did a double take. It said that it was the day before today. That didn't make any sense. I got up and pounded on the glass, then sprang back, clutching my hand. There were wires in the plastic and it was electrified. I took the time to look around. There were some small vents in the ceiling, and the only lighting came from a small strip that ran around the perimeter of the ceiling. There was a small camera in each corner of the room, but those were all 8 feet up. I looked around, wondering how I could escape, and eventually drifted off into sleep.

When I woke up the lights were still on but there were.....

By Axel Stewart

Rohith Warrier

As Link and Imzol sprinted to the shack on the horizon, trying to escape the giant lizard-monster that hounded them, they wondered how different their day would've been if they hadn't accidentally killed the Prince of the great kingdom of Hyrule.

"Hey, how did this happen, again?" Link asked, as their feet pounded on the lush grass of Hyrule Field, amidst roars from the monster.

"Come on, you know it was all your fault. Well, basically, you know how you got invited to Princess Zelda's sorcery party, because she had just begun to use her magic? Yeah, I had told you to go get some OJ for me, but you rudely refused..."

Link rolled his eyes. Through a series of unfortunate circumstances, he had been stuck with Imzol, who was the most powerful spirit in all of Hyrule, was the symbol for all the Sheikah, (a tribe known for aiding the Royal Family with their advanced technology) and was supposed to have been killed off millions of years ago. He was a scrawny two foot tall creature with one, wide eye that served somewhat like a head, a body structure right under the eye that resembled a teardrop, and three triangular spikes levitating above his eye, and two spindly, noodly arms and legs.

Link was just a boring old Hylian kid (a human with elf ears), but was dressed all green with a pointy, yet sagging green hat.

"...and then you dropped the rock on him and killed that poor sucker like the dummy you are. I mean, how dumb do you need to be to ACCIDENTALLY kill someone? And then Zelda got so mad at you that's she conjured up some giant lizard beast to follow us. So, I had to tell you to get out of the castle because you just stood there all deer-in-the-headlights-like, so I practically had to DRAG YOU OUT."

"You whining isn't going to kill the monster that's fifteen feet away from eating us, Imzol. You know you can't and couldn't've dragged me. I'm 75 pounds, you're about 15."

Link drew out his old sword and spun on his heel. Ignoring Imzol's cries of "What're you doing!" or "You're going to die, you know!", he jumped onto the monster's tail. He picked up his rickety bow that he made in his school's craft class and tried shooting an eye. He terribly missed and ended up hitting the ear instead, but pain is pain, so it was still outraged.

"Link what're you doing! You know you can't kill this thing!" Imzol yelled unhelpfully.

Imzol stared at the beast and using his own magic levitated it in the air as it began to contort violently. He was clearly doing big damage to the monster, but Link wasn't sure if it was enough.

He latched onto its tail, and as he began to slip off the monster, he dragged his sword across the tail, leaving bloody marks all on the lower end of the beast. Immediately after, Link jumped off, as Imzol forced the monster to crash into the ground.

With one final roar, the creature was dead, and they continued to run to the shack.

"That was great, but I was the one who REALLY killed him." Imzol said snottily.

And so, they continued walking towards the shack that they called home, arguing like buffoons.