

YAWP

Anthology

2016

Session A – Tempe: 31 Submissions

Session B – Tempe: 39 Submissions

West and Poly: 3 Submissions

We enjoyed having you at YAWP this summer.

Enjoy reading these.

Keep on Writing!!!

Session B – Tempe Campus

1. Aswad, Nour
2. Aswad, Sami
3. Cai, Katelyn
4. Cai, Nathan
5. Chandra, Keanu
6. Cho, Anna
7. Claggett, Madeline
8. Dattaguru, Akshay
9. Dattaguru, Mahima
10. Feller, Elka
11. Garuda, Srikanya
12. Gondolfo, Daniela
13. Hansen, C.J.
14. Isbell, Gerald
15. Kim, Sarah
16. Li, Caden
17. Lin, Aiden
18. Lin, Sophia
19. Matchinsky, Holly
20. Midhe, Rhea
21. Milinovich, Mia
22. Mui, Kyan
23. Mui, Samantha
24. Nanda, Ellora
25. Nanda, Hersh
26. Nguyen, Ashley
27. Oh, Aiden
28. Raclaw, Abby
29. Ramprakash, Shriya
30. Ricci, Hanako
31. Ringwald, Charlie
32. Ruhnau, Karli
33. Stockwell, Emily
34. Stuart, Holland
35. Tarbell, Laely
36. Tom, Joshua
37. Vangala, Navya
38. Zhou, Lucas
39. Zou, Kyle

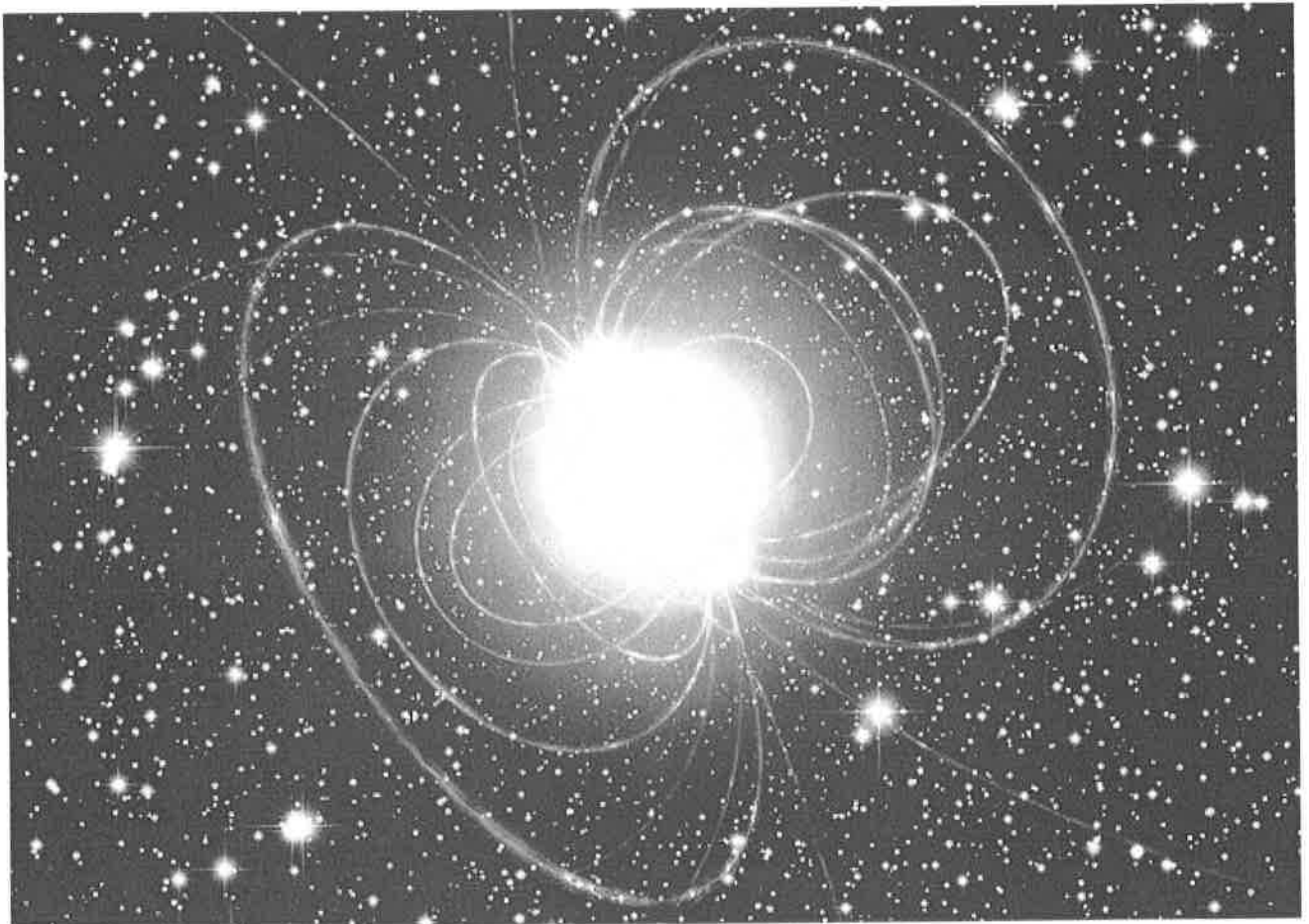
Nour Aswad
Mr. Jason
Anthology Piece

I was soaring through the sky like a bird quickly descending and ready for the consequence. Hold on, let me back up a bit. It was a Friday evening, I arrived to my friends house right after school ended. We ate a snack and proceeded to go outside. We played volleyball, basketball and soccer. After a while, we decided to ride bikes. There were exactly two bikes. One of them had a flat tire so we looked through the crowded smelly garage to find the pump. We weren't able to find it so I offered to ride the bike with a flat tire. We rode off the driveway onto an old bumpy road and sped up rapidly. Since my friend the good bike she rode faster than me. We arrived to the steep turn. My friend slowed down for some reason and I was terrified that I would run into her so I quickly pulled on the brakes. The bike jolted and I flew off and across the street. I could see the beautiful bluebirds sitting in the trees watching me glide in the air. And as soon as I know it SPLAT! I landed on the road. Thankfully there were no cars on the road. I started balling my eyes out. I was bleeding like crazy. Two scabs were on my knees staring right up at me. I went inside and quietly washed off. And no one but me and my friend knew about it.

The Crisis

by Sami Aswad

My friend and his dad are on Mars and I sent them breaking news that his house was burned down. His mom , sister, and brother made it out alive , but his cat was too late. The response they sent said that they don't care because Earth is going to EXPLODE! Everyone flew to N.A.S.A and flew to space. My friend and his dad found a planet that has water , food , oxygen , and everything we need to live on the planet called BLURP 169. So everyone lived their normal lives on BLURP 169 until the news said a meteor is going to hit BLURP 169 and everyone has to move to Super Earth , it is just like Earth but all green. They finally got to Super Earth and lived happily ever after.



The "SERIAL KILLER"

By: Katelyn Cai

Sometimes I really hate my little brother. Other times, he's a gift to have around. I know, I can't believe I said that either, Nathan. But at night, no matter what, he is a giant pain in the B-U-T-T (butt!) You may wonder why, so I shall grant you top secret, rare, Classified knowledge that only I know... BUT, you may *never* speak a word about it.

I was snuggled tightly into my blankets, half-asleep and dreaming of sleeping, when I heard a series of squeaks, soft blowhorn noises, and chirps. I sat up, still as a mouse, afraid of where the noises were coming from so I buried myself deep into the warmth of the soft sheets. Wait... I recognized that tune! It was the song Rue and Katniss used to communicate in the Hunger Games. A sign of death to come... Nearly paralyzed by the fear that gripped my heart, I shakily stood up, ready to make a run for my mother's room to tell her that a serial killer had broke into our house when I realized that the noise was coming from my little brother's room!

I tiptoed quietly over, scared that the "serial killer" was in my brother's room or worse, the serial killer was my brother. *CONSPIRACY THEORY!* I was relieved to find it was just my brother sleep-whistling. In those days, my brother was absolutely obsessed with learning how to whistle and so that night, I found out that he was practicing in his sleep as well as his waking hours. He eventually learned how to whistle, of course, but that night, I didn't really care-- I was just grumpy and tired. When I sullenly turned grumpily to go back to sleep, my brother started screaming "MOM! MOMMY! MOM!"

I nearly jumped out of my skin as I crept back to my brother's bedside. And, there he was, all swaddled up in his blankets and completely sound asleep. You see my brother has a habit of sleep-talking, but he usually starts by whispering, then talking, then yelling, then screaming so you can see that I was quite surprised by the sudden screaming-his-head-off. I fumed to myself as I stalked back into my room and climbed back into bed. At least I have a funny story to write about! Oh, and I can tease my little brother forever and forever about this.

The Forest
A Free Verse Poem
By Nathan Cai

The trees are swaying in the wind and the animals are hidden.

The bluejays and the robins chirp a merry tune and the fish frolic in the big, blue, lake.

The deer and the doe quietly eat berries of the bush near the lake.

They rush to their secret den, hidden in the middle of the forest.

The quiet squirrels hide and eat their delicious nuts in silence.

The great horned owl screeches and catches mice.

Then it is night, and only the owl is hooting.

There is not one sound in the forest at night.

Master

By Keanu Chandra

I wagged my tail and let my tongue roll out of my mouth to lick master. He wasn't at home for a pretty long time. When he left two days ago, I expected him to come back by noon, but instead he didn't and Ham's master fed me. Ham is another dog, one of my friends. Ham's master kept feeding me till master came back. Master had muttered something about "at work" and "busy", but I didn't know what those were. I was just glad he was home.

After master poured my dinner in my bowl, he went and turned on the TV. When it stopped working he got very angry.

"Darn TV! Something is wrong with the power again!" shouted master. He kicked the TV and I whimpered. He stormed into the room where he slept, and laid down. I walked over to my sleeping area. Suddenly, I saw the TV flicker on again. I saw the words "breaking news" on the TV before it flickered off again. It didn't seem important.

The next morning, I decided I would go over and talk to Ham.

Ham was happily chasing butterflies when he saw me. He suddenly realized something when he saw my face.

"Where is breakfast, Oh no!" yelped Ham.

"Calm Down!" I growled.

"NOOOO! I need breakfast!" hollered Ham. He ran inside of his house. I rolled my eyes. A few minutes later, I saw him trot contently out of his house. "What's up?" he coolly said.

"Ham I have a question. My master said something about work. What's that?" I asked

"Oh, work! Humans do work to get something called cash. Then they use cash to get stuff like your food," Ham replied.

"Very interesting," I said. I realized that's why master was gone for two days.

Ham inquired, "Where has your master been by the way? Was it work?"

"Yep!" I replied.

WHERE I'M FROM

By: Anna Cho

I am from the piano, from homemade ice cream.

I am from the comfy, cozy, house of mine.

I am from pink flowers that look like cotton balls,

I am from Christmas, from my mom, my dad, and brother.

I am from fairy tales and fantasies,
From church and from God,

I'm from Arizona and my birthstone, a topaz,

I am from Korea and Arizona.

The adventures of Sophie
and The Mysterious painting

By Madeline E. Clagett

Sophie stared at the rain falling from the stormy sky. She longed to leap outside and be one with the lightning. Sophie could not stand it. She was aching. Her curiosity was about to jump out of her brain.

She forced herself to stay, no matter how much she wanted to go. But suddenly, she realized something. It was midnight. She had stayed awake tossing and turning in her bed. Her parents were already asleep. Knowing this, she scrambled out of bed and outside in her pajamas.

Not even bothering to grab an umbrella for the stroll, Sophie found herself heading to the Old Museum Of Wonders.

BY: Akshay Dattaguru

Traveling Everywhere

I wish I traveled everywhere in the world. I will be able to explore the whole Earth. For example I have never been below the equator, so I want to visit South America, Australia, and Antarctica. Some places will be hot and some places will be cold. I will experience every weather and what weather is like in different places. I will see canyons, waterfalls, trees, and other types of nature. I will have lots of fun traveling everywhere. I will also see snow, glaciers, the Northern Lights, strawberry moons and more. I will see many lakes and rivers too. If I traveled everywhere it would be a life time experience and very fun.

THE END

BY: Mahima Dattaguru

Rival Planets

There once lived two rival planets Bortron 7 and Coninda. They lived four lightyears away but somehow found a way to communicate. Bortron had very advanced technology. They had flying saucers, talking toilets, bionic humans, 4D glasses and much more. Coninda was just the opposite. The most advanced technology they had were toilets. They had no AC or computers.

This is how they became rival planets. One day Bortron 7 wanted to help Coninda but Coninda thought they were trying to trick them but Bortron wasn't. One man from Coninda was brave enough to steal one Bortronian flying saucer. He was about to enter Bortron's atmosphere. He didn't realize Bortron was very high tech and had a layer no one could enter without a password. The guards caught him. His name was George Pickelston II. Bortron 7 kept him in the Bortronian prison. Soon after they roasted him with their bionics. Coninda never saw George again. Since then Bortron and Coninda are trying to get back at each other.

Few years later Bortron 7 killed two Conindas. Their names were Serena and Jake Piggypong. They were kept in the Coninda Victory Grave. The two siblings turned into ghosts and haunted Bortron and took all their high tech electronics. They gave it to Coninda. Soon after Coninda was very high tech and Bortron wasn't. Bortron 7 gave in. Coninda was sorry. Together the two planets properly killed the two ghosts and were really nice to each other. They shared their technology. They worked together hoping not to get into a quarrel again.

THE END

Elka F.
July 1,
2016
YAWP anthology piece

Who's for Dinner?

The candle cast a pleasant glow across Nancy Peterson's bloodstained hands as she prepared supper that night. The house was silent, and warm. You could have easily believed that no one was missing, nothing was wrong.

6:05 pm.

"I'm home, honey!"

Nancy's husband, Kevin strode through the front door, hung up his coat, and settled easily into the large living room rocking chair.

"Sabrina's cut about 5 seconds off her backstroke just this week in swim team!" He gushed. "She's such a hard little worker. Can't imagine where she got it." He patted his comfortable tummy and guffawed. "Certainly not from this lazy old geezer!"

Clang. The knife slipped in Nancy's hands. She pounced after the tubular chunks of flesh that scattered across the kitchen floor.

"Hey, what's the matter, pet?" Her husband cooed, rising from his place by the fire.

"Nothing," Nancy replied quickly, already on her knees scooping up the escaped meat.

"Don't come in. I'm sure you've had a long day at work. Just try to relax."

"Watchya makin' anyway? Microwaving some us hot dogs?" Kevin snorted at his own joke. Nancy sighed.

"Look, I'm sorry if my cooking isn't up to your standards." She said wistfully, "You probably got a lot better before."

Silence. After a few minutes, Nancy grew worried and padded into the living room.

"Kevin? Are you alright?"

"Honey, I don't have feelings for Fiona anymore. You know that" Nancy drew a sharp breath at the mention of Kevin's previous wife. "I'm over her, sweetums," he continued. "Left that bat far in my past..." Nancy struggled to keep a grip on herself. *Just a little longer.* She thought, sprinkling a mass of shining golden-brown strands freely over the soup pot. *This Sabrina mess'll all be over in just a little while longer...* She took a shaky breath.

"Oh, don't you worry, Kevin. I trust you." "Sabrina's spending the night with a friend, and it'll just be the two of us tonight. So, I'm actually fixing something special." The lies spun like hot wool in her mouth. She scattered a handful of small, pearly-white chunks over their salads.

"I'm sure it'll be wonderful, sweetheart." Kevin reassured her. And that was that, for an easy half hour.

"Dinner's ready!" Nancy trilled a little too cheerfully. She swanned grandly into the living room with the entire feast on a tray. The grand salad, a deep red tonic, the stew still simmering in its bowl. Kevin's eyes bulged in delight. "Honey-- did you really--and all on your own?" Nancy hushed him with a finger.

"I know I haven't been the most committed chef in the past. I just got really inspired tonight, all right? Just eat up and tell me what you think." Kevin sat there, dumbstruck.

"Yeah, left that woman way behind. She's not a part of the equation at all anymore." He mumbled, then gave in and delved into the feast.

You have no idea. Nancy thought, watching with glee as he ate heartily, shoveling heaping spoonfuls of soup and salad into his mouth. A malicious grin spread across her face as the bowls emptied. Kevin noticed, glanced up at her. She hastily wiped it away, but not in time.

"You know, I was thinking. That stew tasted kind of familiar."

"It's a new recipe." Nancy said primly.

"And those white things in the salad..."

"Oh, those." Nancy giggled nervously. "Yes, I, uh, picked those up at the supermarket earlier today. They're the latest health fad. You didn't enjoy them?"

"Huh. Then what were those hairs?"

"Hairs? I didn't put any hairs in our food?"

"Funny. I could have sworn some little blonde kid had gotten a haircut in that soup pot you were using." Nancy's heart thundered in her chest. "Where did you say Sabrina was, again?" Oh, god. He was on to her! The strange meat, the white chunks --her teeth, even her hair! Kevin had seen right through the whole thing. He'd turn her in to the police! She swayed, felt bile rise in her throat. This was supposed to have been so easy... Fiona's little brat would never be an issue again. But then, just as Nancy's vision began to dim... Her husband spoke again. "Well, in any case, it was a fine supper." He yawned contentedly. "I've got to congratulate you, Nancy dear. You did well with Sabrina. She tasted almost as good as her mother."

The Memorial Union

By: Srikanya
Balaji Garuda

The memorial union is a place where college students go to hang out and have fun. Inside it has restaurants for college students to eat at and it has a place outside where students eat and do work. One of the secret places in the building is called Sparky's Den. Over there it has game areas, these games are pool, shuffleboard, bowling and ping pong. Also The Memorial Union is the biggest place in ASU.

By Daniela Gondolfo

The rain. It torrented down out of the massive, blue-black clouds clumping together to form the vast, stormy sky. Thunder rumbled angrily, and lightning flashed wildly; like my parents in a vicious argument. I sat on our apartment stoop, watching the storm's rage. It was like the lord was angry, and this was how he took it out.

I could hear my parents screaming inside through my ACDC music. I sat there wondering, how it got to be this way. What happened? What did I do? What crimes had I commit to grow up with such behavior? Why? Why did it have to be this way? Why me?

"You'd better get inside Mishka...mom'll yell at you if you don't." I looked over my shoulder to see my little brother Todd. His brown floppy hair messy, and his face innocent.

I pulled my purple earbuds out of my ears and paused Dave Evan's voice. "Alright." I replied, wrapping the earbud cord around my iPod touch.

Todd was more afraid of mom than I was. Every time she yelled or shouted, he would cry in fear, even if she wasn't in the room. Dad didn't scare me much either. He was basically a drug addict idiot. You couldn't go a day without seeing a cigarette in his mouth or a beer can in his hand.

Todd and I then crept back inside the apartment. My father was banging his fists on the counter like a wild ape.

Todd gave a tiny whimper and buried his face in my damp denim jeans. I took his hand and walked him to his room. As I helped my brother untie his sneakers, I'd had enough. Once Todd was taken care of, I shut the door and stormed into the kitchen. My mom was screaming at dad like a Black Mamba just bit her, only in fiery anger.

"What the h*** is wrong with you?!" I shouted, bringing the attention to my parents. They looked at me as if I'd never swore before.

"You filthy rats, don't you understand? You have a seven year old son, who has to listen to you two animals yell at each other every night! He cries, EVERY DAY, because you two savages can't stop arguing and screaming and fighting!"

My parents stared at me like I'd just tried to bite them. They'd obviously never knew that I had a voice and that I could use it, and they also had no idea that I was tired of their crap. My hands clenched in and out of fists, my eyes began to tear up, and my heart was going it seemed about five hundred miles an hour. Mom then grabbed my wrists, raised a hand and slapped me against the wall, knocking me out.

Curiosity by C.J. Hansen

Curiosity was traveling. Like what it does every day, it inspects materials. It found a UFO in its travels. It took a picture and sent it to Earth. A humanoid with three eyes and green skin went out of it. Otherwise, he was very similar to a human.

The alien's curiosity drove him to say, "Tell me if you can speak. If you cannot, I'll have to find a way to communicate."

Curiosity responded by taking a picture of the alien.

"Who are you? I am Zoig. Let's see," he said as he examined the robot for a name. "Curiosity, eh? Nice to meet you." He shook one of the robot's arms.

Curiosity, having no emotions, had no curiosity or confusion. It went away on its wheels.

Zoig followed it on the UFO.

On Earth, people began to wake up at a NASA building. Someone went to a computer and looked at the images.

"What? There are aliens on Mars! With UFOs!"

"You know there aren't any aliens on Mars," said a newly awakened person, obviously awakened by the person at the computer, who was too busy running around the building talking about the alien.

"Come to the computer! Look! There are aliens on Mars!"

Back on Mars, Zoig and Curiosity travelled across the surface of Mars. Zoig tried to pick up Curiosity. He was successful, and Curiosity took a picture of the ground as it rose. It was taken far away.

"They're picking up Curiosity!" said George, one of the people at the NASA building.

"I wonder where they will take Curiosity," said another named Ron.

"To where they live, of course! We could locate their home planet."

"That's assuming that their home is just one planet, not more."

"They probably live in one entire solar system then. Or maybe they live in a few of those systems with only one or two planets.

Curiosity was not taken to their home planet. It was taken to the planet the aliens called "The Charging Station." It was completely covered in solar panels made from the planet's materials. You could go under the solar panels through a hole. All UFOs, robots, and other electrical objects would be charged here. The core was used for energy via nuclear fusion and fission. So this planet generates so much energy, that they made a huge battery. But slowly, the energy usage would increase. The battery is barely full at all, due to the fact that it is huge. So Curiosity was charged.

Curiosity struggled to move around and inspect materials, but it was trapped. Then suddenly, it couldn't think at all.

"It stopped giving us information. What shall we do?" said Ron.

"We weren't able to do anything in the first place except to sit and watch. I guess they are taking it into that planet with the words, 'The Charging Station'."

"They are charging it, sure, but I think something else is going on. They might be changing it."

"We could send something to their planet, but that would be costly."

"Curiosity is costly! You're saying sending a 'Hello, come to Earth. We have life there' sign attached to a rocket is costly? Why would we even tell them that?"

"More like, 'We want our robot back. Please bring it in peace.'"

"We still don't want them to find out! If they find out, then they will come over here, buy Microsoft and Google, and then take over slowly. Not even slowly! Quickly! If they are powerful enough to convert an entire planet into a charging station, probably like that fusion and fission plant they are making at France, then they can take over in a snap of the finger!"

"True. I guess we just sit here and wait for information."

"Where are you trying to send information?" Zoig asked Curiosity as he examined the parts. "Oh, it's the planet which has an orbit closest to where I found you, huh? I'll go there later. I've flown this thing enough."

Then Zoig began to work on Curiosity. He gave it a personality, and it was much more curious because of the personality that he is giving Curiosity. Then he tried to make it speak, which involved taking apart the robot and adding a new module which gives it language.

"We got a signal! It's a message saying, 'We'll arrive in 5 days. Good Luck.' It makes me worried that they're coming," said George.

"Greetings, how are you today?" said an alien in fancy clothing of the rich, walking towards them.

"Uh... We're not do-" George said.

"We're doing quite nicely. Glad to meet you. What is your name?" Ron interrupted.

"Glad to hear. I am Lord Xorforg of the Eight Galaxies."

"Hello, Lord Xorforg of the Eight Galaxies. I am Ron. He is George."

"Your robot, Curiosity is being... Worked on. We are giving him curiosity."

"Wait, Curiosity is being given himself?" George asked with confusion.

"No, the emotion. Why would you have a robot called Curiosity if Curiosity has no Curiosity?"

"Because we don't have good enough technology," said George, still fearful of what will happen.

"I'll just leave you here. Look at this map. Here's your planet, here's our... group of planets. When the time comes, come to us. It's a long way there. See you in a couple centuries." He went into a UFO and drove off.

Islands in the Sky

By: Gerald Isbell

She gasped with excitement and shouted over the noise of the helicopter; "The islands in the sky are real!" Ecstasy and excitement rushed through every inch of her body. There aren't words to define what she was feeling. She bounced like a basketball all over the helicopter. The island was only feet away from her. She performed the most valiant act she could muster and jumped to the island. A loud thud fluctuated through her ear drums, a sharp pain in her head, and an overall state of confusion and disarray swept through her. She looked to her left and right and saw a door with thick bars, keeping her imprisoned in the room. She looked to her rear and saw a bed with a single pillow and no blanket. She turned to face the door again and saw a large, burly man standing outside. She yelled at the man saying "You saw it too didn't you? It was right within our grasp!"

The man began walking away as he muttered to himself; "Of all places, why did I choose to work at the asylum?"

Letter to the Next President

June 24, 2016

BY: Sarah Kim

Dear Future President,

Congrats! You won the election, but now you have to focus on some problems the United States is facing. First of all, I believe that the US should have more gun control. Many people die every day from this problem, and this can be solved. Just this year, (2016) 6,424 people died, and 1,092 of these people accidentally died, which is not on any level, okay. All these people are dying, accidental or not, there is something we have to do about this.

Now, I have not had any major trauma event happen to me or my family or anyone I am close to, but many innocent people die by gun attacks in our country here, and there is a chance (a very low chance) but still a chance that anyone of us could be injured or even killed by a gun. Now, that chance will always be there, but making the chance smaller makes everyone happier. If you want to keep the United States safe, then you will have to do everything/everything that you can do. So I am here suggesting that you should make more gun laws and more gun safety for the lives of many people including us.

So now, I hope you enjoyed my letter. I hope you all will think about more gun safety and more gun laws for all of the people who are in any danger. Lastly, I hope that you will enforce more laws and keep an eye on any people who have any suspicious activity with a gun. More safety can never hurt. It's better to be safe than sorry.

Sincerely,

Sarah Kim

Caden Li The endangered pigs

There once were three little pigs.
They had all left home to seek their will.

They first built a house
to live in. The

one big house. ^{pigs} all lived in
the house out of brick steel and
sheet metal. The wolf was too
weak to blow the house down so
he tried to lure the pigs
out of the house.

The pigs were low on food
so the third pig went
to get some. The pig saw the
wolf who chased him down
the mountain. The pig
ran faster and faster
until he arrived home.

That incident prevented
the pigs from ever
leaving the house again.

Resurrection: The Near Extinction of China

Written by: Aidan Lin

Chapter 1

Reunion with Razorripper

It's a dark and stormy night. Thunder and lightning illuminate the sky. Wispy clouds and mist sinisterly slide over to reveal the full moon. Bloodcurdling groans and howls echo through the quiet night. The ground shifts as gross, discolored, and bloody arms with flesh hanging off the bone rise from the ground. Soon, ghastly towering bodies rise out of the depths of the ground. Their faces were sunken in, eyes unfocused. Their mouths twitched and drooled as if craving for something. The bony and horrendous zombies wearing rags stalked up the hill, heading towards the sinister looking black mansion in the distance. The zombies were going there to await their mighty leader's orders. The second attack was about to begin.

Many years ago, the ruthless zombies had stalked to Russia and wiped out everyone and everything. Screams and loud hollers were cried from everywhere as the zombies slowly but effectively took over. Biting and infecting many innocent people. That was many years ago. The first part of the apocalypse.

Now, with more than five times the amount of lethal zombies, they were headed towards their master, King Razorripper the Third, for plans and instructions on taking over China. As the zombies neared the mansion, they could feel the dark power of Razorripper radiating off the mansion walls. The mansion was very old and weeds and dandelions poked out from cracks. Roses grew in wild and thick batches by the old rusted gate. As the zombies neared the gate, it swung open by itself.

They stalked down a winding brick walkway towards the mansion. The roof of the old mansion flickered white occasionally from the light of thunder. Vines formed on the side of the house, reaching their tentacles towards the roof. The door creaked open as the zombies neared revealing cobwebs near the hinges. As the zombies stepped into the mansion, a musty, dank odor filled their nostrils. Black and brown mold dotted the ceiling in clusters. The windows were covered in grime and dirt that blocked out the light of the thunder. Sofas and chairs were overturned revealing deep grooves on the ground. As the zombies stalked down the wooden floor, purple torches ignited all around them. They finally found the magical bookcase. The lead zombie took out a specific book. All of a sudden, the bookcase swung inward revealing a hidden staircase. The zombies slowly stalked up the staircase. After ten minutes, they reached the top landing.

In front of them was an ancient and worn double door made of spruce wood. The lead zombie pushed open the doors with all his force. The doors finally creaked open. And there, sitting right in front of them, in an ancient but regal throne was King Razorripper the Third. Razorripper is deadly. He wears a mythical helmet in the shape of a god that covers his face. His chest plate is of enchanted leather armor lined with small oblong gold plates riveted to the fabric. His gauntlets, which can shoot lasers, are made of layers of pure gold plates. His leg armor is made of cobra hide that is enchanted to max. Lastly, his feet are covered with high tech dash boots made of titanium and diamond capable of letting him run faster than anything and fly. As the zombies walked towards him, Razorripper smiled beneath his helmet. His soldiers were here and ready to conquer!

Where I am From (Poem)

Written by: Sophia Lin

I am from a beautiful neighborhood called D.C. Ranch.

I am from my heartwarming and comfortable house.

I am from my soft, pink bed that I sleep in every day.

I am from eating soup noodles with my brother and having ice-cream for
dessert.

I am from the tiny flowers that are pink and orange and grow in my
backyard.

I am from jumping on the grass next to the flower bushes.

I am from my brown, squishy, leather couch that my family watches
movies and relaxes on.

I am from Doritos in big boxes that my mom gives to me for snack.

I am from milk in a tall glass that my dad pours for me every morning.

I am from a loving family that always encourages me to learn and try
something new.

I am from a dance studio that helped me improve my dance and
gymnastics skills.

I am from reaching high for dance competitions and swimming fast to
win medals.

I am from working hard on tennis, piano, math and many other subjects.

I am from never giving up even when I fail.

I am from playing hard when it is time for a break or a sleepover.

I am from living, loving and laughing with my family and friends every
day.

My Scar Story

By Holly Matchinsky

Up in the woods my dad's friends own a cabin together. One day when we went there my brother was playing tag out front with his friend, Chance. When he was playing tag he fell on a very very sharp rock and hit the very corner of his eye and split it open! He called for are dad sobbing! My dad ran down hoping he's okay. When he got down there he saw his corner of his eye bleeding then quickly carried him up to the cabin. Uncle Mac is a doctor so he put Adam on the counter and glued his big cut closed. From then on he has a scar on right next to his eye.

P.S. I have no
scars! :)

WHERE I AM FROM. POEM

I am from friends who care about me. By: Rhea
Midhe

I am from home sweet home.

I am from my mom and dad.

I am from parks and mountains

I am from watching the sunset

I am from making chocolate strawberries

I am from my family

The end



“Drift” By Mia Milinovich

Willow's water never spilled onto the ground. It was my fault she lost control in the first place, as I clumsily crashed my shoulder into the bridge of her frail nose. When her nimble hands scrambled to cover her sudden injury, I was left gawking up at an orange tinted glass with water seeping out of the edge. Clear mountains in clusters of the liquid began to wander throughout the air, some crashing against Willow's red Stanford Jersey and her mandatory white slacks.

I noticed Willow's scowl only when I helplessly tracked a bubble of water as it splashed against her forehead. Little droplets group together, creating more spheres of H₂O to bomb us as I grabbed the small orange cut from its place in the air. Moving rapidly, I began collecting Willow's water, covering the cup with the palm of my hand to avoid any other accidents. Small groups of the liquid collected on strands of my floppy chestnut hair, drawing an irritated huff from my lips.

“It's fine, August,” Willow exhaled, releasing the tight pinch she had on the bridge of her nose. As she reached out to yank the cup from my grasp, blood leaked from her nostrils. “Give me my water.”

“Willow!” I screamed, turning my back to her in hopes that the blood hadn't gotten on me. “Y-you're bleeding!”

Panic and fear consumed Willow's face. Looking around, she wrestled the door of the nearby cabinet open, pulling out a random cup. Slamming it against her face, Willow bounded off the ceiling where she stood and jumped off a small cramped kitchen counter. I assumed she was heading to her room, trying to avoid the contamination of our station. Standing there like a buffoon, I clenched the thin cup in my hand, miniature cracks forming on the surface of the orange glass. As I took note of the lines of water leaking through the fractures, I heard a cacophony of crashes from around the corner. Quickly, I slurped down the remainder of Willow's water and shoved it into the nearest cabinet.

Taking off, I floated around the left corner, only to find Willow levitating in the center of the hall, medical equipment surrounding her. Two cotton balls were visible from her nostrils, faint blood stains soaking through the cotton. This seemed to wreak more havoc in my mind, which was already filled with to the brim with chaotic questions. *Was she trying to cause a health hazard? Since there were 10 people on the SISS (or Second International Space Station), one single germ could lead to widespread illness.*

“Willow!” At the mention of her name, Willow's head shot up, her eyes like saucers as she looked up at me. Suddenly, a feeling of deep understanding washed over me, causing me to act more sympathetically. “Willow, it's alright. Everyone has accidents in space.” Her mouth opened, words tumbling off her tongue. The preciseness of her words wouldn't have mattered, as she was drowned out by the persistent, rhythmic hiss that echoed around us.

“What's happening?!” I attempted to shout, but quickly discovered that my own voice was inaudible. The station lights flash all around us, making my head spin and ache. One glimmering red light caught my attention. Cocking my head to the side, I felt my heart drop to my feet as I watched the bold white letters flash the word “Emergency” down at me. My vision fogged, leaving me to stare at a crimson blur as my breathing becomes labored.

Huh, I thought to myself weakly, continuing to survey the maroon blob. Accidents really do happen in space.

Memorial Union Building

At the Union building, I saw a
bowling alley, a table tennis area,
a sun devil poster, bowling
balls, people working,
people whispering, and
people writing in
peace.

-Kyan M.

The Sound of Nature

The air around me is humid, making my hair frizzy and sweaty. I am surrounded by bird calls and chatter of other people as they take walks around the ASU campus. It's calm and peaceful, with the teeniest amount of noise; just the perfect setting for writing, if not for the humid air. I can write better in this environment. Not too boring where you're at home and there is nothing that inspires you to write about. There is not much to look at either, except for the wooden desk you are sitting at, or the pencil in your hand. This place though; it is not like that. No, it is not. It is not like the classroom full of other people, where you can barely concentrate on that fabulous story you set your mind on writing, because you're too busy trying to block out the whispers and chatting of other classmates. There is something about the natural music of nature that makes it easy to write about. It is how the trees and grass are so green they can't possibly be greener? You can almost imagine branches of bright, juicy fruit hanging from these trees. Up in the sky, airplanes fly by with their slightly noisy buzzing. But as it vanishes into the clouds, all is silent again.

by Samantha Mui

Chapter 1 Bad Weather

A Memoir by Ellora Nanda

One day I was having a peaceful morning and all was well until Dun, Dun, Dun! Guess what, when it was night time something happened. The clouds weren't white anymore! They were as grey as smoke before, it started to rain! You won't think it's that bad until you keep reading because it soon came pouring down hard, so much it made loud noises. It was a storm! Not so bad right now but it doesn't stay the same!

Impact

by Hersh Nanda

In 2018, it was declared that an asteroid will hit earth. Scientists are building spacecrafts to find out what material it is made of; stone: okay, but iron: terrible. According to the gravitational pull of the sun, the asteroid can hit earth in a time period within one month to two years. Scientists have said though, in best case scenario, the asteroid will hit another asteroid, which will change its trajectory, causing it to head in a different direction. Astrologers are trying to find out more information, while NASA is creating rockets to destroy the speeding asteroid. If the asteroid encounters earth, it could destroy land the size of New York, and send a 500 mph wind over 100 miles. If the asteroid hits water, it will send a shocking 500ft wave in all directions.

It has been over 1 month now, the asteroid getting closer and closer over 13,600 mph. The asteroid is traveling so fast, the miniscule particles are actually burning off of the tail of the asteroid. A few long hectic hours of researching and evaluating soon brought us the results from the spacecraft...

I Am From Poem

By, Ashlee Nguyen

I am from the humid Florida, to the hot Arizona.
I am from my friend Hadley across the street.
I am from the wheels under my shoes on my Heelys.
I am from a safe home with a leather black couch.
I am from eating ramen noodles next to my pet's at
night.
I am from my neighborhood, Lagos Vistosa.

Memories of Childhood

By: Aiden Oh

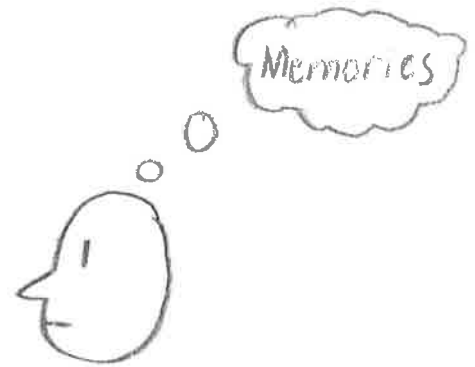
The bright yellow ball
The ball of fire
Shines so bright on the grass fields
where I once stood

Sometimes that ball of yellow disappears.
Then a silver ball comes out
It shines its light on the lake
Where I once swam in

Sometimes when the silver ball disappears,
You can see the bright diamonds.
They shine down everywhere.
Even on the hill that I once played in,
So long ago

The memories
All that I can see
So clearly is so sad
In my mind

Because those memories
Are those that I can never do again.
They are memories of childhood.



The Gwen Project

By Abby Raclaw

"Ugh!" Ashley woke up to a "ding!" from her XZJ15 phone, the latest model on Mars. "Rocket!" she hollered across the sand dunes. Rocket's ears perked up with a yawn. She started to wag her tail and floated to Ashley's bed. "Why did you wake me up?" she asked sharply. Rocket gave her a look as to say "It wasn't me!" and kept on panting with her tongue hanging out and her tail wagging. Ashley started to drift off to sleep when a realization struck her, "Maybe I recieved a text message from Gwen!" she cried.

Ashley had been waiting for this moment for 8 years. Ashley's best friend, Gwen, moved from the Milky Way to the Andromeda Galaxy 8 years ago. Since Andromeda was 4 light years away, it took 8 years to get a message. She had been waiting and waiting to hear the "ding!" from her XZJ15 phone. Asheley checked her calendar in her sand dune and practically shrieked in excitement, "Rocket, today was the day!" Rocket barked happily in response as Ashley jumped for joy. She started to read and catch-up everything she had missed over those 8 years.

It took Ashley almost a half hour to read Gwen's message for it was very long. She reread it and reread it, trying to almost picture Gwen standing there, reading the message to her. When Ashley read the part about how much she missed Ashley for the 5th time, her heart ached. Red cheeked, she quickly wiped away a salty tear from her face. Rocket licked her salty hand in comfort and howled a sorrowful, "I miss her, too" howl.

As the days wore on, Ashley got more and more frustrated. She knew she had to work quickly to get the message sooner, but she couldn't think of what to write to Gwen. "Rocket and I went to a Aliens vs Robots game the other day... No! That won't work!" she sighed in a baffled tone. Rocket nodded in agreement. "Erase what I said XZJ15" she ordered to the phone. The words suddenly disappeared off the screen. Dismayed Ashley ordered the phone to "shut down." In a speed of light, it dashed over to Ashley's sand dune, neatly placing itself on her desk.

Rocket knew it was time for Ashley to relax, so with a bark toward the IVM TV, she suggested to watch something. Ashley understood, like dogs and people do. Ashley sat on her invisible couch potato and flipped through the channels. "No, no, no" she sighed. She finally decided on Channel A. Ashley scratched Rocket behind her ears as she listened intently to what the alien was saying on the screen. He babbled on and on about this new invention coming out. That's when a light bulb flashed through her head. She was so excited from the idea she fell out of the couch potato and landed hard on the sand. Ashley started to race across the dunes, Rocket following her footprints in the red sand to the Red Planet Hardware Store.

The next day, Ashley finally decided to type up her message to Gwen. She set up her XZJ15 phone and began to type. Thanks to the alien and the help of Rocket, she knew exactly what to write.

"Ding!" Gwen woke up alarmed to the sound coming from her WABM phone. She let out a groan and glanced at the glowing screen. The thin line of annoyance on her lips turned to a gigantic smile. It was the text from Ashley that Gwen had been anticipating for 8 years. She read down the message until she got to a picture. Titled the "Gwen Project", the picture showed Ashley adding a piece to her machine with a wrench in a red rusty hand. Gwen missed that wonderful red dust on her fingertips on Mars; they only had rocky terrarian in Andromeda. Meanwhile, Rocket held the machine up with her tail so Ashley could add the piece without it tipping over. It appeared to be a teleporter. " 'The Gwen Project' will be be able to teleport in January 2021!" read a caption. Gwen checked the calendar. It was November 2021. Suddenly, the warmth of Ashley's hug and Rocket's tail thump on her leg didn't seem so far away anymore.

Dear Future President,

This is a letter to inform you to take more control of things that will keep happening till you, the government, can do something about it. First, you need to take control of pollution. This is a huge problem that needs to come back to normal. Global warming is soon going to destroy everything we know. There will be some pollution no matter what, but we can lower it to make America safe and secure to breathe and play.

Next think at hand, there needs to be more control of any type of attacks such as murder, gun shooting, kidnapping or theft. No matter how much people go to prison for what they have done, these type of things will keep happening.

And lastly, education at schools should be free. All students must have education to earn money to succeed in life and enjoy life. These are important and I hope you join my fight for a better place.

Sincerely,

A 6th grade student

Shriya Ramprakash

How to Always Be Angry

By: Hanako Ricci

Learn to love the taste of alcohol.

Feel it glide down your throat.

Ignore the people you love.

If they really cared, they would try.

Destroy unmeaningful objects.

Acknowledge the pain the flows through your fist when you punch.

Constantly think of what makes you angry.

Keep your thoughts to yourself.

Always have a straight face.

Never smile, never laugh.

Run, run, run.

Never stop running.

Slam the door when you leave a room.

Pretend like you don't care.

But in the end, tell yourself it's okay.

Someday it will be okay.

CHARLIE
Ringwald

PLAYING GAMES

When you play games
you usually get to the last level.
When you get to ~~the~~ the last level
it's the hardest and you want
to know how to beat it?

You WIN!



by CHARLIE RINGWALD

Space Refugees

By Karli Ruhnau

90 hours. That's all we have left on Earth.

"Pack," my mom says in a monotone voice. My mom's deathly afraid of leaving our quiet, safe and comfortable home. I can see it in her eyes. Anyone would be scared.

24 hours after I heard the news I start to repeat myself as I hurriedly packed, "90 hours, 90 hours, 90 hours."

"Stop repeating yourself!" mom exaggerates.

I stare at her. My hands tremble with fear. Fear, that's all we feel. That's all we've felt for the past six months when leaders told their citizens that another galaxy is going to collide with our incredible Milky Way.

Breaking the horrific news, reporters said, "Our Galaxy is going to be destroyed and so will the human race." "The other galaxy is visible outside," one news reporter told us. Every one ran out onto 176° pavement and blazing sun of California to see it.

"I see it!" every one exclaimed, but not exactly in an excited voice.

I couldn't believe it. Another galaxy right before my eyes. It looks as if it's a star that's visible mid day.

I run to my mom. We embrace. A couple minutes fly by and we let go of each other but still hold hands. We stare into the sky. The galaxy is breath taking. But inside, so evil. Just like the popular teenagers in the movies. I always hated them. I'm pretty sure everyone did. But this feeling for the other galaxy is beyond hate.

The popular movie teenagers could only destroy you inside. This galaxy both destroys you inside and whips out all the evidence of the intelligent life here on earth.

My mom and I rush to our house just to get the galaxy out of our sight. My heart beats rapidly. Every beat filling my body with pain of sorrow. I can't bare the thought of losing my parents.

"Mom," I say choking back tears.

She turns with eyes full of tears to.

I blink. Tears come streaming down my cheek. We hug for the sake of only having six months together.

"Lily, I'm so sorry."

I feel her warm and steady breath against my neck. I loosen my hug and look at my mom's tear stained face.

"You don't have to apologize for anything, mom. But I know there is a way to survive." I say with a hint of hope.

"Talk to Dad when he gets home. I'm sure you two space geeks can figure something out," mom says with an edge in her voice but with a smile that cheers things up a little.

I feel a little happier and can't keep a smile from appearing on my face.

"Dad!" I exclaim, more than excited to see him.

He doesn't answer.

"Dad?"

"Sorry sweetie. What is it?" he answer back.

Finally! He speaks! It's truly amazing!!! I joke silently to myself. "Dad, I have to talk to you. It's important and classified," I tell him in a hushed voice.

"Hold on give me five minutes. It's been a hard day for all of us, especially for me because I work at N.A.S.A.," he answers, slowly walking over to his favorite brown leather chair. The five minutes dad asked for went by so slowly it felt like eternity!

We all gather around the livingroom after the five minutes is up, discussing ways to survive this dreadful threat of losing our lives. We talk for hours on end. Our grandfather clock next to the brick fire place, chimes. Midnight. Has it really been that long? It went by faster than I thought it would. I let out an enormously big and long yawn. My parents stare at me. I stare back at them.

"Go to bed. You need the rest. After all you are 16. Teens need the rest," mom says with a worried voice.

I decide not to protest and stumble to my bed. Once I reach my room I collapse on my bed and fall into a deep sleep.

I wake up to the house freezing cold. It feels like I'm in Antarctica. I pull the covers off my head and find the sun brilliantly shining through my window. I lay there for a minute or two soaking up the warmth from the sun. I get up and take a glimpse at the clock hanging on my baby blue wall, right above my pearl white desk. It's 9 o'clock. I throw on my robe and slippers and walk into the living room. I peer through the window. The street is so empty it reminds me of a ghost town. I wonder why.

I hear the "BANG!" and "CLASH!" of pans in the kitchen. *Mom's up.* I think to myself. I walk into the kitchen. Mom's preparing her one of a kind cranberry and blueberry pancakes. I take in a whiff of the delicious smell of cooking cranberries.

Mom says, "Your dad's getting the spacesuit prepared and installing the everlasting extra extra speed engine in the F150 Drift Spacecraft."

Last night dad told us he has a space ship at N.A.S.A. but we have to snag it before anybody else does. He also told us about the everlasting extra extra speed engine. With the everlasting extra extra speed engine, we'll be able to make it out of our galaxy before we collide with the other galaxy.

"Pack," my mom says in a monotone voice.

I strap in. My mom and I are holding hands because of the anxiety of leaving planet Earth. Mom squeezes my hand so hard I know her knuckles are white, even though I can't see her hand because of the space suit. I decide to let mom squeeze my hand because I feel close to her that way. My heart thumps as I hear my dad count down.

"20... 19... 18... 17... 16... 15...14...13...12..." Everything goes black.

I open my eyes. Sweats beading down my forehead. I unstrap. Once unstrapped I start to float. Both my mom and dad are unbuckled and drifting too.

"What happened?" I ask as I drift over to the window.

"You had a black out," they say in unison.

"Maybe it was because I was over whelmed," I say back.

"Maybe," mom says. I know she's not telling me something because of the guilty look on her face.

I tell mom and dad, "Our lives have dramatically changed and they will change more and more. We aren't going to call ourselves humans any more. Until we find a new home we will call ourselves SPACE REFUGEES. 'Where will we end up?' is a question I know a lot of refugees ask. That's a question we definitely have to consider asking."

Chapter 1:

The Tower

By: Emily S.

Eliza walks outside and sits next to the fountain. She tosses a coin in and watches it sink to the bottom. She closes her eyes and makes a wish, a wish she would never forget. She turns around and walks up the stairs she pauses because she hears a quick distant "HELP" from behind her. So she quickly turns around and faces to nothing just the fountain. Because she thought she would hear the distant help again, she sat down on the top of the stairs. She tosses in another coin and watches it sink to the bottom next to the other coin. She closes her eyes for she was not hopeful she would here the distant help again. She started to stand up to go back inside. Right as she starts to turn around, she sees a glimpse

of color trapped inside a circular shape. She then heard the distant "HELP" again but this time much louder. She sticks her hand in and is magically teleported to somewhere, which seemed to be all gloomy. She takes her hand out of the circular shape of color and walks towards something that looks like a tower. Once she arrives at the tower she walks in and finds a shadowy figure dressed in a long black silky robe. The shadowy figure kept mumbling about something, but Eliza couldn't make out what he was saying.

Emily Stockwell

Dear Future President,

My name is Holland Stuart. I am from Chandler Arizona and going into 7th grade. As most would guess, being president is a pretty big thing. The people trust you and it was the people of the United States that elected you. I know the U.S. will probably never be perfect, but if we solve the right problems I think it can come close. I believe something we need to solve in the United States is women not being treated the same as men. Though the problem of women being able to vote is long solved, I think it's not just what they are able to do, but how they are treated, what is expected of them, and how they are seen, that the U.S. needs to work on.

You see that women are treated differently than men every day. In most families, women are expected to cook, do laundry, and other household chores like caring for the children. I know this is wrong. I live in a family where my dad cooks and both parents care for me and do laundry. One of the reasons I think women are left with these responsibilities is the way families worked long ago. The men hunted and the women cleaned and didn't really leave the house. I know that history can't be changed, but what happens today can. A solution may be to keep paying women for a few weeks right after they have a child and need to stay home. This way women know they are supported while still helping the family.

Another thing that I believe is wrong is that studies have shown that some women do not get payed as much as men even though they are doing the same thing. This is clearly not fair. If the women is doing a good job, they should get payed every cent as much as men.

There are quite a few things that we need to help women out with, but I believe these two problems are a good start in making the U.S. a better place.

Sincerely,

Holland Stuart

When you get a Surpris Puppy 4 days Befor Cristmas!

By Laely.TARBELL

Have you ever got a puppy
4 Days Befor Cristmas!?
Frist Mom get Girandma
to baby-sit. She knows
Mom and Dad are geting
a puppy just for you!
Then "O-M-G"! you
would say
is this real!?
you pinch your-self
Yep your awake
AWESOME!

Cactus Trouble !

By Joshua Tom

This is a story of a not knowing woman and a saguaro cactus. So this woman had just moved to Arizona. However, she has never seen a saguaro cactus. But, she had a lot of gardening experience with flowers. When she moved to her new house, there was a big saguaro cactus in the front yard. Not knowing a cactus doesn't need that much water, she would keep watering it every day. However, maybe a month or 2 later, she thought the saguaro cactus was tilting. She thought to herself, "This cactus needs more water!". Then she thought, "I need to use the hose!". So the next day, she hosed it down, using a ton of water. And every day it tilted even more! Until one day, it fell over. Finally, a neighbor told her she had killed the cactus by over watering it, drowning it. It resulted in a truck hauling it away. And the woman never over watered a cactus again.

Life

By: Navya VANGALA

Days go by like fireflies
racing in the sky,

Don't be shy

Just don't lie

There is much more time

Draw the line

Be the sunshine

And always remember there is strategies.

To many traigities

Butt there is more to life

Than your imagination

Remeber

to make your dreams reality

1/ I am from (Poem)

By: Lucas ZHOU

I am from the stinkiness of New York City
I am from the lemon tree in my backyard
I am from the park in my neighborhood
I am from Kindness and love
I am from the tomatoes in our backyard
I am from the water in my house

~~Emmons: Kyle Z.~~
~~written~~
~~by~~

I Am Poem

written: Kyle Zou

by

I am from my neighborhood,
I am from my friends,
I am from junk food,
I am from watermelon,

I am from Arizona,

I am from parks in my neighborhood,

I am from video games,

I am from buffets and fast foods,

I am from my pool,

I am from pizza,

I am from ice cream,

I am from TV,

I am from eating,

I am from sports,

I am from getting hurt

~~was~~
~~I am from~~