

# **RI Txt Anthology 2015**

Session A – Tempe: 29 submissions

Session B- Tempe: 26 Submissions

West Campus: 20 submissions

Poly Campus: 24 submissions

*Thank you to all the students.*

*Enjoy reading these.*

*Keep on writing!*

## **Session A – Tempe Campus**

1. Chen, Carol
2. Christensen, Janie
3. Edgington, Natalie
4. Flynn, Kira
5. Gade, Hansika
6. Gao, Mya
7. Gogoi, Axel
8. Hossain, Anisha
9. Huang, Alexander
10. Hurlbut, Tamsin
11. Kuang, Christina
12. Kuang, Ziqing
13. Kummaragunta, Abhinav
14. Liu, Caleb
15. Mendez, Javier
16. Mohan, Robert
17. Murillo, Sofia
18. Oh, Aiden
19. Quddus, Rameena
20. Sarwar, Samza
21. Savage, Maya
22. Shah, Afreen
23. Shah, Rahil
24. Shah, Rayna
25. Sherman, Emerson
26. Vonteddu, Ananya
27. Watanabe, Isaiah
28. Whitesel, Caroline
29. Worth, Cat

## **Kalee and the Magic Watch**

### Chapter 1

#### *Kalee's Birthday*

Kalee Evergreen, 9-year-old, was walking to home with her older sister, Samantha. Both of them had shoulder-long, dark brown hair and electric blue eyes. But other than that, they looked nothing alike. Sam's hair was smooth and soft but Kalee's was rough and dry. Kalee also loved the color green. Green was the color of growing things and emeralds. She loved the bright glow of emeralds. She also hated being the youngest child since she had worn passed down clothes. Kalee never got anything new! But today was a very special day-- March 22, her birthday. Today was Friday so she would get a party to celebrate. Especially it was her 10th birthday!!! This morning Mrs. Evergreen told Kalee that she would bake her birthday cake to the best of her ability. Mrs. Evergreen was a baker that specializes in cakes. Kalee was thinking about what presents she was going to get and the ones she hoped to get when Samantha rudely interrupted Kalee's deep-thinking like always.

Sam's annoying voice said, "What is the big deal anyways??? It is just your birthday." "Just because you are older than me by four years doesn't mean you are better than me. Besides, it isn't everyday that you turn 10. I am going to be double digit today so Ha Ha to you." Kalee replied. Samantha replied, "Whatever" and held her head high. Kalee knew she won that battle because Sam always said that when she can't come up with a smart thing to say.

Kalee could see her house. Neighbors called the Evergreen's house *The Plant house* because throughout the year, her parents grew seasonal plants and flowers. The selection is different each year. In other words, it was breath-taking. For now, it was pink roses. Kalee thought it looked better than the poison ivy her mother planted last year. That was horrible;

## Carol Chen

Kalee didn't even want to think about that. They were growing using a wooden arch in front of a small but neat house. Kalee's house was painted with a mixture of dark and light grey. It looked good somehow; it was like a storm against the bright green and pink. She stopped to open the gate in front of her house. That had neatly trimmed shrubs growing around perimeter of her house, stopping right at either side of the gate. Her house was perfect and neat but also welcoming in a way too. She walked to her front door, which was made of a bright red cherry wood and got out her house key. She inserted the small silver key into the keyhole and turned clockwise. Kalee then took out the key and pulled down the silver handle and pushed.

## Change

By Janie Christensen

The chipped cracked sidewalks pave the way for tattered sneakers.  
How much can an old canvas backpack hold?

A life.

A life run by running.

Running from shouts and hopelessness

And sadness and all things dark,

Left behind the only home she had:

House full of empty stomachs and lost parents

House with gunshot holes through the walls

House of hopeless, that was sure,

So the street was taken in.

Now she runs on uncertainty.

Running while attempting to carry a heavy load  
of hopes and dreams of all things precious.

It isn't easy when the backpack has a hole in it.

A hole the size of a home.

Things fall out and land among the plastic bags and cigarette butts.

With her eyes on her next meal or place to sleep,

She has to search for them.

The carrier of the backpack doesn't know where those old sneakers will take her.

More running? Forward or backward?

Or possibly, just maybe, that faraway place called home

Where feet can rest

Where backpacks carry pencils and books instead of sleeping bags

Where those tattered old sneakers can be thrown out and replaced

Instead of clutched like gold?

Just maybe, with some hard work and a little change?

# There's a Monster Under my Bed!

By Natalie Edgington

There's a monster under my bed!

Oh dear, what should I do?

You don't believe me?

Well, only I've seen him.

But, maybe he's seen you.

What does he look like?

Um, he's very, very skinny...

And long! And green!

Why am I scared?

He ate my stuffed doggie!

I think that's pretty mean!

You still don't believe me?

Well, come look and you'll see!

He's vicious, he's...

Wait, what's that you saw?

That my mean old monster

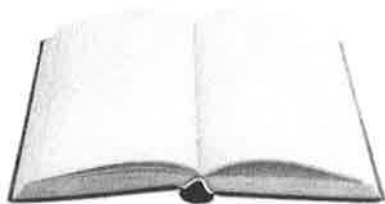
Just wanted to play?

Oh, well then... that's okay.

By Kira Flynn

Every time I write in real text I am transfer to a place with imagination, it gives me an idea of what to write. Every time I place my pencil on a piece of paper I get transferred to that place. Real text gives me happiness in my writing I feel like I can see the world. When I get transferred images pop up I see what I can write about. That the first part of my writing

The second part is keeping that image in my head. One little image can make a big story!



## Uninvited Guest

By Hansika Gade

It was a usual day when I was walking down stairs to get my skates for some outdoor fun. Just then I heard that small, dirty door in the basement click! I knew that the door was to a portal to all our family treasures in different rooms but nobody has gone there in years. Worried and scared I quickly grabbed my skates and headed out the door. I didn't know what to do? Should I tell my parents, inform the police or tell my friends? I kept it to myself because they would all laugh at me. While staking, I kept thinking about the sounds in the basement.

The sun was out, and wind blew through my hair which made me stop frequently because it was chilly. I headed back home and decided to go investigate downstairs. But the smell of chocolate cake entered through my nose as I opened the door. Saw my mom who was busy making our dinner and told her that I was going to go clean the basement feeling bad lying but I had to! Unfortunately my mom didn't believe me so she said, "You are a cleaner" and made her tell me what happened face. I couldn't stand it so I had told her. My mom decided to come and help protect our family treasures, so we went downstairs where the light was flickering in the middle of the room.

I slowly opened the small door while my mom had lit a torch. The path was a long, narrow area where there were ancient writing on both sides of the wall. I spotted a figure in the dark, as it approached towards us, we ran to the door but it was locked. The figure was slowly turning into a person. First the eyes, second the mouth and third the nose. I couldn't see the person clearly because he was in dark clothes. He was an inch away from us and had a rope in his hand, I was wondering what that was for? But now I knew he was tying us. He put us in a room that was very smelly which has snakes in it. I tried to budge myself an inch but I couldn't move.



My mom saw a knife close by and cut our rope loose. We hurried and untangled ourselves before the snakes could bite us. Then we headed to find our treasures but it was too late, they were gone not a trace insight. Luckily I spotted light foot prints in the dirt and they headed to another room where none of our family went because of its myths. My mom and I had the courage to go inside and save our treasures. The door creaked. We looked along spotting newspapers on the floor and other junk that didn't help us find these magnificent treasures. As we came to the corner of the room there was a man sitting with his face down. We had asked what was wrong but there was no answer from him. We decided to give him time and let him think about. We had looked around at the articles on the tan painted wall. I was really surprised on what these said he was a thief caught in many acts and had robbed many banks. I got really suspicious about him so I decided to send him to the police for what he has done. When my mom turned around he was gone! I had looked out the window and saw he hadn't gone far because he banged into an old grandma and she got really mad so she grabbed him by the ear and took him to the police station . After a while he was under arrest but we still didn't find our treasures. The police helped us and we found them hidden under the wood .I thanked the police and we headed back home and locked the basement door permanently so nobody could enter .While we were having dinner my mom gave me a big lecture of going with an adult to places . After that I never did again!

## A Hungry Leopard Gecko

By Mya Gao

June 11, 2015

A hungry leopard gecko scurried across a dry grassland field and dropped into a damp, dripping cave and bumped into a corner. It was evening and breakfast begins. He had been basking in the sun all day to create his energy for the night to find food.

Then he started rushing around looking for food. He found a nest. He wondered what was inside. But he was cautious just in case it was a snake nest. It was pretty deep for a snake nest, though.

The nest was like a food bowl. Inside he found a few flies buzzing around eating garbage. They were so busy focusing on the food they did not seem to see the gecko climb in. He feverishly chomped and ate the bugs. They tasted like dirt but filled him up.

Now on to finding dessert in the desert – crickets! He listened closely and heard chirping nearby. He crawled out of the cave and skittered to the nearest boulder. He squeezed through a small opening and nibbled on his dessert. Yum, they tasted like vanilla.

The hungry leopard gecko was no longer hungry. The sun was rising and he needed to find a place to sleep in the sun. He licked his eyes to get a better view of the sunrise. He couldn't do it for long because his body was cooling fast.

Fortunately, some nature explorers were setting up a tent for their day. He scurried inside before they closed the tent door. They realized they had a visitor. They made a habitat for the gecko safe from predators as he relaxed and warmed up in the hot desert sun.

## City in the Dunes

After trudging along the sand dunes for nearly two weeks, Alan began to lose hope.

In search of the past, he had departed the small survival shelter where his family had continued expanding. Two hundred years ago, a horrifically massive nuclear war had broken out among the world's superpowers, resulting in nearly all modern human settlements becoming inhabitable due to radiation. Those foolish enough to venture into the cities were never heard of again, and the survivors were thus forced to the outskirts of a civilization turned against itself, where they pursued a measly existence in small shelters isolated from each other by vast distances and unconquerable natural boundaries.

However, things had changed recently. Rumor had spread that one of the survivors had been to one of the abandoned cities and had returned safely with his body and mind intact. Inspired, the fragmented remains of humanity started an effort to survey and retake the old abandoned, forlorn cities using a system of messengers and scouts. That's where Alan came in, his mission being to locate the abandoned city nearest his shelter.

Dying of hunger, gasping for breath, blinking the sand out of his eyes, he stumbled up the next dune, craning his sore neck to see what lay ahead.

Nothing. Just more dunes as far as his eyes could see, under a cloudy, grey sky.

Thousands of footsteps later, there was still nothing to see. But, as he began to climb another dune, he felt a small tremor travel through the ground, shifting millions of grains of sand. He hesitated, but then continued to climb the dune he was currently on. When he reached the top, he nearly rolled down the other side of the dune in surprise. Alan raised his head to glance at the view he had only glimpsed at before sliding down the dune.

Standing tall several miles ahead of him, across a vast, shimmering lake, skimming the clouds, dimly reflecting the afternoon sun, were several tall structures that he had heard about only in the legends: skyscrapers, Alan remembered. They looked abandoned, yet their sheer enormity was breathtaking, their facades composed of hundreds of smooth, obsidian black panels that appeared grey through the clouds that could barely top the building. But that was the least surprising thing.

At first he thought they were also skyscrapers, but as one of them untwisted its neck from around an actual skyscraper and emitted a loud noise between a bray and a roar, Alan realized that they were not skyscrapers, but gigantic creatures, their hide the same ash grey as the buildings they encircled, but without any of the luster. As he concluded that they were animals of some sort, he discerned a massive body, four legs each thicker than tree trunks, and a tail as long as the neck upon which its enormous head lay.

Heart pounding, Alan continued to stare at the alien scene, even as in his head, the ridiculous thought of "Mission Accomplished" emerged. He had located an abandoned city. That was his mission. Time to tell the others.

Still caught up in his thoughts, Alan fell down the slope of the dune another five feet as a loud, strident "CAW!" came from above the skyscrapers. Among the clouds, he spied another, smaller, creature with bat-like wings that when extended fully, could block out the sun. As he bent his neck backwards to get a better look at the flying beast, Alan could barely, briefly make out a humanoid figure with a spear on the back of the creature before it swooped away.

Burning with curiosity, Alan could barely turn his back on the view and head back to the shelter, his mission far from accomplished.

## The Perfect Grape

By: Anisha Hossain

You are eating a bag of grapes, wincing because every one is either much too hard, or much too mushy. Or much too sour or much too sweet. Working your way through the bag, you spot the one. The perfect shade of magenta glowing out to you in the mass of too dark or too light. Entering a state of complete triumph, you reach in the bag. You take it out and feel the perfect texture, with no bumps, dents, or bruises. Caressing the beautiful roundness and smoothness, you slowly lift it to your lips, marking this in your memory forever, and put it inside. You close your teeth with the grape in between and feel it burst, the skin having the perfect thickness. An explosion of the perfect amount of sweetness occurs in your mouth. You savor every bite with complete relish and the time to swallow comes too soon. Regretfully, you swallow it. You grab another grape and put it in your mouth. Too sour. You don't always get such a perfect grape!

AWESOME!

# The Adventures of Wither Willy – All the Time in the World

## (Episode 3)

By Alexander Y. Huang

Meanwhile, Endy, Skelly, Wither Willy, Blaze, Ghasty, and Baby Willy were playing tag in the Ather.

"Run for your lives!" shouted Endy.

Baby Willy shot an apple seed and it hit Blaze.

"Your it!" shouted Wither Willy.

"Run!" shouted Ghasty.

The friends played that game until 9:00 p.m.

"It is time to sleep," said Skelly.

"No way!" shouted Baby Willy, "Its 7:00 a.m!"

"Time is speeding up," said Ghasty.

"Who did it?" asked Wither Willy.

"I've heard time keeper," said Endy, "he is bad."

"We can do it easily," said Blaze, "we have done so many adventures together."

Meanwhile, when they were talking, a black and white bird flew to them. It had a scroll in its claw. It dropped it and the scroll landed on Baby Willy's head.

"That hurts!" shouted Baby Willy.

The friend stood still as statues. Baby Willy tried to shoot a seed at the bird but it missed. To the friends' surprise, it bounced off a tree, then a rock, and went into a broken pipe. They heard clattering sounds like clink clank. The seed came out the pipe and hit Baby Willy. Wither Willy picked up the scroll.

It said this

Time goes by and by

Oh my!

People sigh  
but don't deny.

You've went to  
Nether and Ather  
but not the Ender.

I've got a sender  
who gave you the  
letter. I like to make leather and  
that's all I can  
say.

"How do we get there?" asked Wither Willy, "we don't have fuel."

"I only have string," said Ghasty.

"I have a pump," said Blaze.

"I have balloons from my party," said Skelly.

"I have a needle," said Wither Willy.

"I know what we can make," said Baby Willy.

They made a flying carpet. Balloons were attached to the carpet. There was a blanket attached to the carpet so it will fly.

"Six hours!" shouted Baby Willy.

"Just nine more hours," said Wither Willy.

Nine hours later...

Baby Willy was smeared with bird poop and birds because the birds woven on the blanket became real birds. They finally came to the Ender.

It wasn't foggy.

It wasn't bright.

It didn't have a blue sky.

It was pitch black. Not even stars!

"You were born here?" asked Wither Willy.

"Yup," said Endy in a dark voice.

"Once a comet hit the Ender, it broke everything. It killed my mmmother and fffather," murmured Endy.

Endy was crying.

"It used to be bright here," sobbed Endy.

Suddenly, a huge leather spaceship flew above them.

"Run for your lives!" shouted Wither Willy.

They went back to the flying carpet but Baby Willy fell. He caught a string hanging on the carpet just in time. The flying carpet was now going straight to the flying carpet. In the spaceship, the time keeper laughed. Just then he saw Baby Willy smear against the screen. Now bird poop was on the screen of the spaceship.

"Attack!" squealed Baby Willy.

He shot apple seeds at the screen until it broke. The timekeeper tried to escape but he had to go through Baby Willy.

"You're going to go through me," squeaked Baby Willy.

He suddenly saw 1,000 people watching him.

Once again, Baby Willy blushed. Then there was music. Baby Willy made a face to the time keeper. Two other people came with the time keeper. Birds came with Baby Willy.

Baby Willy said "Charge!"

The birds started pooping on the guys then on the time keeper. Now, they were in a poop pile.

"And Baby Willy Wins!" shouted Wither Willy.

Baby Willy said that the birds did the job.

"You saved our lives!" shouted Wither Willy.

"That was a close one," said Blaze.

"You should get the Nobel Prize!" exclaimed Ghasty.

"Hooray for the birds!" shouted Skelly.

"We should name them Leather," said Wither Willy.

"Hip Hip Hooray! Hip Hip Hooray! Hip Hip Hooray!" Cheered the friends.

The friends had a feast, and of course, lived happily ever after.

**Until The Time Keeper Comes Back Again.**



By Tamsin Hurlbut

I am from a place that was frosty and cold. There were mittens and scarves everywhere in the winter. Everyone is a community. I could play in my neighbors yard with them not noticing. Loose cats in every yard, furry, fluffy, funny! My house was big with two stories. I once fell down the stairs! I could knock on my neighbor's door with my little hand and yes, it would open with smiling and happy hellos. My family was all having a pancake breakfast by the wood stove. When there were blizzards all the neighbors would come to my house for the fire.

# Mr.Linden's Library

By: Christina Kuang

Once upon a time there lived a seven year old boy named Ben. Well Ben loves to write and read, but there is only one thing Ben loves more than reading and writing and that is going to Mr.Linden's Library. If his parents were too busy to drive to the library he would walk to the library himself. One day when Ben was at the library with Mrs.Johnson[Ben's mom] he found a magic book sticking out of a shelf. He asked Mrs.Johnson if he could check out the book. As Mrs.Johnson started to answer vines to grow out of the book,

but Ben didn't notice, so Mrs. Johnson said yes. As they walked to the librarian[Mr.Linden] Ben wondered what the magic book could do. As Mr.Linden checked the book out for Ben his computer said the book was magic and it was also very dangerous. When Mr.Linden started to tell Ben he couldn't check the book out then Ben yelled, "No! I don't want to put this book back! I want to check it out!" "Okay, but if anything happens, don't blame me", warned Mr. Linden.

As they walked out of the library, Mrs. Johnson told Ben to respect the librarian. As they walked home, vines were all around Ben's arms. As it grew, it tickled Ben's arm. As Ben started to scratch his arm, he felt vines! Then he looked down and saw them! He didn't want to get in trouble, so he ran ahead and headed home. When he came to his house, he ran upstairs into his room and locked the door.

He looked at his arm. His arms were covered with vines! He dropped the book and vines stopped growing! Ben was so surprised he fainted. When he woke up, the book was on the ground and all the vines on Ben's arms were all gone. The only thing that was bad was that Mrs. Johnson burst into the room and grounded Ben for a week because she found vines everywhere! Mrs. Johnson grabbed the book and drove to the library and told the librarian to keep the book away from children. So Mr Linden did what he was told and the book was never seen again. The end.

# Love

By: Ziqing Kuang

Lexi headed for the porch steps of an old and rusty farm. She witnessed a pasture with cows scattered all over it. Lost in thought, she fiddled her thumbs. "I can't wait for the school newspaper to be published," she thought, clutching her note pad and pen. Mrs. Marshall had asked her to find what love is, and she didn't know what to do, so she asked Mom for advice. "What about Mr. Law? He lives right in Maple Street," Mom suggested. "Is he related to you?" Lexi wondered. "Nah, just an old friend," Mom replied.

Lexi finally knocked on the door and a short, old, wrinkled man answered. "No, I don't want to buy cookies for Girl Scouts!" he growled, raising his cane. Lexi backed up and shivered with fear. "I-I'm L-Lexi H-Homer. I've come to interview you for my school newspaper," she stammered. "Interview, eh? Well come on in," he greeted, finally smiling. Mr. Law scurried into the house with Lexi following him with fright. He slammed the door before any members of the Girl Scouts could enter. In the middle of the house was a cozy, but messy living room. It smelled dirty with a hint of cinnamon. Cigarettes and cans of soda were scattered on the floor. Carpets were ripped and furnitures were dirty. "May I get you something to drink or eat? I just went to the market to buy apples or do you want my freshly baked cinnamon?" Mr Law asked.

"I'm good," Lexi said, still in love with the smell of the cinnamon. "So, let's get to the point. How many years have you lived in Ohio?" Mr Law scratched his beard and sighed. "Ohhhh, I'd say about 89 years." Lexi scribbled "89 years old" on her notepad where his brother, Tad, "accidentally" drew a circle with a crayon. "Have you always lived by yourself?" Lexi asked. This time, Mr Law answered in a rough, muffled voice. Apparently, his eyes turned to a picture of a woman on the wall. She was wrinkled like him, but what caught Lexi's attention was her eyes. It was beautiful. Her ocean blue eyes reminded her of Grandma Helen. "No," he answered, firmly. "But she died." "Oh, I'm sorry," Lexi apologized as Mr. Law began sobbing.

"No, no, no. I'm ok. I'm the one who is supposed to be sorry. Keep going," he said, beckoning for her to continue. Lexi nodded, remembering what Mom told her. "He's an old man. Remember to respect the elderly." Then, Mr. Law handed Lexi a cinnamon. This time, she accepted it. "Thank you," Lexi said as her mouth started to water.

"This question wraps up our interview," Lexi explained, swallowing her second bite. "What do you think love means?" she finally asked, grabbing for another cinnamon. While she was biting and chewing, Mr. Law thought about the question. Memories flooded into his mind. He stared back at the picture of his wife and his four kids who were all grown ups. Walking on the beach with his wife, attending his son's baseball game, and his baby son Bobby who died. Finally, he said, "I think love means..."

# Monster Fighters pg. 6

By Abhinav Kummaragunta

The monster was sprinting at 49MPH to John's bedroom. The bulky monster's dark green vines whipped as the monster sped toward John's bedroom. Then it tripped over the wire and was flying at 50 MPH. John smiled at his clever plan and knew in a moment that the monster will be trapped. The monster had a frightened look and was thinking about his family and friends. Then he tumbled onto the ground and craaash! He smashed into the bed. John pulled out his remote and pressed the cage button. Then a wooden cage dropped over the green monster and trapped it. Suddenly the front door banged loudly. He crept to the front door silently and opened it. When he looked at who was there, he was stunned and dazzled. Then John fainted and landed with a thump.

## Where I Live

By Caleb Liu

I live in a place where it never snows. I live in a place where the sun always shines. I live in a place where the sand is bright yellow and the mountains are covered with saguaros. I live in a place where parents are always out running and kids are playing ball outside. I live in a place where lakes are everywhere with ducks searching for food.

I live with a woman and a man. They are my mom and dad. I live with a girl with long hair. She is my little sister. I live in a place where my dad makes roasted chicken and my mom bakes kale chips. I live in a place where my grandma makes delicious Chinese food.

I live in a place where I go swimming at a lap pool in my backyard. I live in a place where I can bike anytime. I live in a place where I play piano and sing all the time. I live in a place where chess is an everyday thing.

That is where I live.

### The Winning Team by Javier Mendez

Alexandra is mad! Alexandra is ten years old and about four feet tall. She has pink shoes on and has long dark hair that is put up in a ponytail. There is an L shaped scar on her leg that she got from playing flag football. Alexandra is strong because she practices every day to be a good football player. The thing that makes her different from other people is that she is funny because she likes to tell jokes. She was mad because the coach did not let her play in the football team because she is a girl. When she got home, Alexandra slammed the front door shut and threw her shoes. They went flying across the room and she opened the fridge and dropped the milk so her mom got mad at her and Alexandra got more mad and went to her room and said "what are you doing here in my room?" to her little brother and pushed him out of her room. Her little brother told their mom and she said she would tell their dad and Alexandra got angrier. Right when her dad got home from work, the coach called her to tell her that she was invited to play in a football tournament for girls that was taking place the next day. She was sad when she woke up the next morning. Alexandra could not play in the tournament because she had misbehaved. The tournament was going to start at 1230 pm. It was already eleven. She asked her dad again if she could "pleeease" play in the tournament but her dad said "noooooo" . Alexandra ran to her room and went to the tournament by escaping through her bedroom window. The team won the tournament because of Alexandra playing so well. She made three touch downs and the third one was the winning touchdown. Her parents were proud of her winning the tournament, but she still got grounded for two months!

Bobby Mohan  
The Taj Mahal Journey  
6-11-15

#### The Taj Mahal Journey

As we drove into the small city of Agra, India, I couldn't wait to visit the Taj Mahal. While rumbling along in the late afternoon traffic, my family discussed our schedule. Though my eagerness to visit the Taj Mahal was unbearable, we had to stop by our hotel first, and I'm glad we did. Our hotel, the ITC Mughal resembled a palace. It was large with white pillars to represent the Taj Mahal. Though my family quickly fell in love with the grand entrance, my favorite part was the room. It seemed like any other hotel room but hidden behind its dark green curtains was a perfect view of the Taj Mahal. We took hundreds of pictures at sunrise and sunset, gazing upon its elegant beauty.

The next day we saw the Taj. Cars aren't allowed anywhere near the building, so we rented a golf cart to get to the entrance. After going through security, we finally saw it. The massive structure gleamed as the first beams of morning light struck its giant white dome. The Taj Mahal is truly a place of craftsmanship, beauty, and inspiration.

## Weathered and Worn to Perfection

By Sofia Murillo, age 16

Over the summer between my 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> grade years, my mother finally succumbed to my incessant pleading and bought me a pair of VANS, the hottest shoe brand on the market that year. Let's just put it this way: if I could put money in the VANS INC. stock, I would invest \$100,000. So on a 110 degree Arizona summer morning, my mother and I walked into the VANS outlet, instantly cooled by the A/C circulating through the store. As I pushed open the clear glass doors, I scanned the walls lined with row after row of shoes. Mesmerized, I walked to the back of the store and gazed at the hundreds of pairs. After about five minutes, a store attendant walked over and asked,

"Do you need any help finding anything?" her smile wide and inviting.

I stepped back, nervous, and my mother asked if she had any suggestions because this was to be my first pair. (I wasn't much of a talker). She immediately presented her favorite pair: a black and beige checkered loafer.

"What do you think of those? They're kind of cute..." my mother noted to me.

"Yeah, I guess I can try them," I responded.

Soon after, she asked me my shoe size and brought me out a pair. I eyed them and reluctantly slipped them on, widening the back to fit my foot. Honestly, they were a bit bland for my taste; I liked color. I stretched out my stick-thin legs and flexed my feet, now adorned with the checkered loafers. I tilted my head side to side, and after a couple of seconds, looked up. I motioned for my mother to lean in and whispered in her ear a sign of approval and reluctance, still wanting to try other pairs. After all, these were \$45 shoes and since I was only getting one pair, I had to be certain they were perfect. The experimental process continued for another half



an hour and the store attendant brought out shoe after shoe after shoe after shoe. But each one didn't attract me quite like that first pair. After about the 30<sup>th</sup> pair, I reached down for the checkered loafers and tried them on again, unaware that this would be the second of many times I would slide them on. I got up, walked around the store a bit, sat down, and stared at them again. Both my mother and the store attendant, who had grown tired of the perpetual trying on of shoes, waited in anticipation, hoping I had found the pair. I looked up and said,

“I'll take 'em.”

They both let out a sigh of relief and smiled.

Now in the summer between my 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> grade years, I stare at the checkered loafers I had stared at five years before. I notice all the scuff marks, holes, and cracks in the fabric and rubber sole, which has been worn down to the black exterior. If I take them off, I can see distinct holes, and through them, the blue shag carpet beneath me. I stare at all the perfect imperfections and know that I made the right choice in picking the perfect pair.

Around the third year of my wearing them, my mother forced me to upgrade my shoe selection. Although I loved the checkered loafer very much, I couldn't buy an identical pair because I knew that it would not be the same one all my wonderful memories had been made in. No shoe has ever met the standard my first pair of VANS set because they are the perfect pair.

# **The Secret of Mr. Linden's Scary Cellar Library**

By: Aiden Oh

*Hello! I'm going to tell you about Monday it was totally HORRIFYING!!!!!!! Oh by the way my name is Stephane. It all started when Mr. Linden said "I'm going shopping. Can you watch the library for me?"*

*I said sure! "Ok then." Mr. Linden said "But whatever you do, don't go down to the cellar and read the books down there." I mumbled whatever. "Ok, bye!" I flopped down into the sofa rolled over on my back and started reading.*

*I tried the Red Pyramid but I could not read. I just was wondering so much why he said not to go down to the cellar. I guessed it won't hurt to read one book down there. I went to the cellar. It was filled with weird plants. Then I found a row of books. I picked one and started to read then suddenly I saw leaves growing out of the book. I was so surprised I fainted. When I woke up the leaves were all over me and I started to shimmer then Ka Boom!*

*Now you know that she couldn't stand it now she will face the consequences. I looked at myself O.M.G. I looked like a plant with green skin. Then Mr. Linden came in (sigh). "You did not listen to me did you?" "No. Sorry." I said "No, don't be sorry to me. Be sorry to yourself."*

*How do I turn back? Drink this potion. Gulp. My body started to shimmer than... Ka Boom!*

*Yeah, I am back! Wait before the end, I have a question. Why did Leaves grow out of that book? Mr. Linden said that it was the magical book that attaches itself to whatever comes close enough. The book is alive. It used to be a great book that everyone loved but somehow monster blood got on it. When it dried, the book itself became a monster. Same with all of the other books down in the cellar they all got infected too. So now all of my mistakes made me realize to never read the books down in the cellar.*

*The End*

## ***My Very First Bike***

***-Rameena Quddus***

At the age of 5 I remember receiving my very first bike. This gift was one of the main items on my wish list. I remember going to Target to buy my very first bike. When we were driving to Target I asked my parents, "Where are we going?" They said, "Target". Normally when we go to Target my parents just go grocery shopping, but that day was a very special day of no grocery shopping, but shopping for one very special thing I wanted. We walked into the store and I just was about to walk left to the grocery section, but I see my parents walking a different direction, so I just followed them, but I was curious and wondered why are they walking towards a different direction? They never walk that direction, they always go grocery shopping and go in the grocery section, but if I asked them they would probably get bothered because I ask way too many questions, so I didn't even bother to ask. While I was following them I saw them whispering at each other. My mom had a mischievous smile, but my dad had a poker face. What is going on?, I asked myself in my mind. My parents finally stopped and we were at the bike section. I focused on all the colorful bright bikes that were all in different sizes. I asked, "Why are we at the bike section?" My mom answered "Well since you've been a good girl and behaved very well we decided to buy you a bike?" she replied. My face lightened up with excitement and I shouted, "Thank You". I wondered though how did my parents know I wanted a bike. I never told them what was on my wish list, besides I never told anyone what was on my wish list. I guess parents just read our minds and know what we want. That day was one of my most memorable days in my life which I will never forget, but will always cherish for the rest of my life.

# A Day in the Life of a Sun Devil

By Sazma Sarwar

A while before dawn, I got out of bed and wrestled on my red converse because I didn't want to detangle the shoelaces. Grabbing my red Hollister jacket from the coat hanger, I walked outside my dorm room and down the stairs. I hadn't changed my clothes the whole day and still wore the skinny jeans and button-up shirt I had on during my classes. All I could think about was that my finals were coming up. I wanted to do well, but I just wanted to get the school year over with. Different emotions danced around inside of me and I was unable to get even a wink of sleep. Maybe if I took a walk I'd feel better? Then I walked from outside my dorm building, up the bridge that connected the dorms and the campus.

Walking up the bridge sent chills through my spine. Good chills. Relaxing, though steep at some times, I felt uneasy that I would fall even near the end of my first year after crossing this bridge so many times. If even a single person walked up the bridge as I stood motionless I could hear and feel the "thump!thump!" of their feet stomp by. Standing up, I lazily turned my head and then my body to find myself gaping at the cars passing each other, the bright lights, and the tall trees colored with different shades of green beneath me. For a while, I stood there and watched as the trees danced with the early morning wind. The large, complex buildings that seemed so daunting when walking looked so much smaller from the bridge. Once again, I took small steps down the ramp, feeling barely any pressure in my back and legs. Drip! The sound of the drizzling rain began to surround me. Spots of rain started to decorate the sidewalk as I strolled along the sidewalk. Splash! Rain fell on my cupid's bow. I was under the palm trees at Palm Walk as the rain fell harder and faster. My hair and jacket were drenched, and only getting wetter but I kept walking.

The trees, taller than I could ever imagine, were difficult just to look at. They had me tilting my head up to the point where my neck began to hurt just to see their extent. The rain stopped. It was like a light switch that turned on and off, weak and mighty many times throughout the day. The sky cleared up a bit, leaving the thick color of a rainy day and the scent of rain on throughout the wet streets. The birds chirped louder now, calling each other from far away. The sun, creeping up in the distance, gave a sly warning about the time. I checked my phone and I had a few hours before my first class so I made up my mind to head back to my dorm and get some sleep.

By: Maya Savage

Aaron floated slowly up from sleep and settled in the place between consciousness and unconsciousness where everything is a tad bit more fuzzy and anything seems a tad bit more possible. He peered out from between his sheets and opened his eyes gradually so as not to ruin his half awake bliss. His eyes wandered around the room, looking at the unpacked boxes and the blue wallpaper covered in delicate white birds, before stopping to stare at the open window. He vaguely remembered leaving it that way so he could air out the smell of dust and moth balls from his room. There was a faint crinkling as one of the white birds on the wall paper twitched ever so slightly.

It struggled a bit, barely even moving before it unstuck itself from the wall with four quick jerks.

Wing, head, body, wing

It fluttered in a quick circle before flying out the open window, not even giving a glance at the empty space it left behind.

Aaron assumed it was a dream when a second bird did the same, then a third, a fourth, a fifth.

He dozed off to the sounds of crinkling wings, and when he awoke again the birds had stopped. Aaron stood up, pondering the meaning of his strange dream. The blue space on the wall, devoid of birds escaped his notice.

Aaron was fully awake and standing in the middle of the room when he heard a rustle. He spun quickly on his heel to see another bird jerking its way off of the wall, another followed as soon as the first was free.

When each was off the wall it drifted into a speedy circle around Aaron. More were unsticking themselves from the wall, one right after the other, orbiting closer and closer around Aaron and then sharply turning away right before making contact. They circled faster and faster around him, until all Aaron could see was a wavering sheet of white on all sides.

A vortex of paper wings.

His hair whipped about his head and his feet slowly floated off the ground. Aaron started to panic, he swung his feet and fists around in vain trying to break through the wall. The birds swooped and rustled as they carried Aaron out the window suspended in the wind made by their paper wings, never to be seen again.

# Lights of London

By: Afreen Shah

It was a cool London night. Regina opened the window beside her desk. The energetic city beamed lights into her tired eyes. The cars rushed past the dancing trees. Above her, the stars illuminated the sky along with the moon's assistance. The gleeful city was a beautiful sight, but this is not why she opened her window so late at night. Regina anxiously waited for two tiny yet noticeable lights as radiant as the sun to whisk her away to a different land. "Which land?" you may ask. I'm forbidden to say. But you can use your imagination to follow Regina along the foreign land's secret pathway.

6-10-15

Rahil Shah

### The Robber

Once there was a fearless king that was really rich. He was the king of the UK. His name was Andrew. One day a fierce robber hacked Andrew's bank account. A few days later he received a phone call that his money was stolen. He was flabbergasted. He reported this to the police immediately. The police had to look through everyone files and found the person. He was wanted for hacking into other accounts. The scientists at ASU used the satellites to find him. Once they found him he dashed. It has been a week and they still haven't caught him. Then the king had a plan. HE asked the best karate player to defeat the robber. They told where the robber was and he ran. So the karate master followed him and tackled him down. The police decided that he should be in jail for 30 years. The king thanked the karate master. He said one day you will become famous. So the king declared that nobody bothered him and he lived happily ever after.

THE END



Rayna Shah

### The Athenian Curse

He had warned me about the book, now it was too late. It all began on a rainy day at the library. I was trying to find a book for my history project. I hate history; it ruins the fact that I love reading.

I went into a section about World War II, sorting through the smallest books available. "Finally," I thought as I found the right textbook, "I can pick out a book I actually want,"

I browsed through the fiction aisle, only to be disappointed. All the books that were there, were either boring or I already read them. "Great, I guess I will be going home with one annoying book!"

As I walked to the empty checkout counter, I saw something peculiar. My eyes focused on an old, dusty, brown, leathered book called The Mysteries of Sunnyside Inn. I felt a force pulling me towards the tattered novel as I reached out to feel the cover. The leather felt rough, but I noticed the title was engraved into the booklet with gold rings around it.

I was intrigued by the old style of the book. I must read it; no I have to read it. "I wouldn't read that if I were you." I jumped, startled, I was broken from the

trance. I whipped my dark hair around staring face to face with the libraries owner, Mr. Linden.

I have never seen Mr. Linden up close before, except for paintings hung from the walls. He had wrinkly, old skin and a shaky voice. He wore black creepy clothes that freaked me out. "That book is very dangerous, stay away from it."" "How?" I asked, "How can it be so dangerous, it's just a little book?" "A little book? A little book? It has the Athenian curse on it, as legend says. It lures you and traps you into a trance. You can't undo the curse. At least be safe than sorry and put the book down." Mr. Linden replied. "NO! Well, I don't believe in magic or legends. I'm reading the book. Humph!" I took my two books and stormed out. What was wrong with that old man? A legend? He must have been delirious. What could go wrong with a small book?

I rushed out into the rain and stepped into my mom's car. "Did you find what you're looking for?" I nodded and pulled out my book "I also got this book." I opened it up and turned to the first chapter. I read, "Chapter 1, the mystery began at the mysterious inn." All of a sudden, the world stopped around me. The page Illuminated and my eyes widened. I was drawn to the book and was in a trance once again. This was just like Mr. Linden's story, I made a

terrible mistake. I finally understood what the curse was.  
I will never be able to look up again and will continue  
reading forever.

Emerson Sherman  
The Peculiar Package

The sun had risen and so had I. I woke up at 8:00 to a typical sunny, mildly humid summer day. My parents had bid me good day and were on their way out the door. My father was headed to his tedious accounting job, and my mother was leaving to see friends for the weekend. That left me home alone on a lazy summer day. I took my small cat-like dog on a walk. When I say cat-like I mean ever cranky and lazy. As we arrived back home I saw a strange package dropped off in front of my house. I dragged it inside unsure whether to open it or leave it be. I tried to distract myself with Felix, the feline dog, but Felix was bored and disinterested as usual. Then my infatuation with the package grew stronger, as did my boredom, and I found myself peeling apart its cardboard cellar. I took out the bubble wrap [making sure to save it for later] and pulled out something I'd never have expected.

On a cloudy day

"What pretty flowers I am surrounded by?" I thought to myself

Zooming sounds of the airplanes above me taking people to places

Ringling sounds of the alarm reminding people that it was 11 o' clock

Birds chirping around me hidden in the trees, never to be found

Tall palm trees surrounding the roads

Some grey and some white clouds covering up the crystal blue sky and not letting the sun take even I peek to the world under the clouds

Cold breeze of air blowing my hair away from my face

Baby parrots sitting on the palm trees and some even hiding in it

"What a pleasant time I am having here?" I thought to myself

I realized, I am sitting on a bridge up high from the roads and cars below me

- Ananya Vonteddu

## The Dare

By: Isaiah Watanabe

It was a warm and windy Halloween night when Danny got dared to go into the supposedly "haunted" woods. He was doing fine at first. The breeze carried the scent of pine trees and fresh grass. Suddenly, he stepped in something mucky. He didn't know if what was mud or quicksand. Or it could've been something grabbing him. He was sinking. Fast. He tried calling for help but all he got back was his friends laughing in the distance. Danny heard footsteps and rustling. He yelled and called for help louder and louder until he realized it was his mom bursting out of the bushes to go save him. With his moms help, Danny pried out of whatever was trying to sink him. Danny cried into his moms shoulder as he caught a quick glimpse of whatever was trying to sink him slowly faded into the brown, moist earth.

## The Beauty of Nature

**Caroline Whitesel**

plip, plop,

the pitter, patter of the rain

splashing in the cold, stone fountain.

plip, plop, splash,

the scurrying of the small fire ants

to take cover from the deathly drops of water.

plip, plop, splash, scurry,

the rustles of the

tall palm trees

blowing and waving in the wind.

plip, plop, splash, scurry, rustle,

the whoosh of the

delicate leaves

gliding to the ground.

plip, plop, splash, scurry, rustle, whoosh,

the angry birds screeching to the sky

to take back the pouring rain.

plip, plop, splash, scurry, rustle, whoosh, screech!

the beautiful sounds of a rainy day.

plip, plop.

By Cat Worth

As a little girl, I had always dreamed of going to magical city of love, Paris. From the pictures that I had seen, Paris looked like the perfect place for love to blossom and I had always wished to meet my future Prince Charming there.

As I grew older, I then realized that I just didn't want to see images of Paris but that I wanted to see it for real and see the magic that it brought with it for myself. Last summer in July, I got my wish. As a Christmas present, my Grandmama had given me a ticket for both her and I to go and with that I hoped on a U.S Airways airplane and flew across the vast Atlantic sea, landing in Paris the next day.

I spent the following couple of days sightseeing and taking pictures. Paris was everything that I had imagined it to be. It was beauty in itself. With glowing lights and the beautiful architecture there, I knew that there wasn't a single place in this world like it.

On my third day there, I decided to go shopping and buy gifts for my love-ones, who were back at home. Walking down the Champs Elysees, a famous shopping street that lead to the Arc of Triumph, I saw all the fancy bright stores and huge amounts of tourists in each. I took a moment to look for a familiar store that was also in the States.

A black sign caught my eye and I saw what seemed liked just a regular H&M store but little did I know that inside was something special. Entering the store, I noticed how many shoppers there were. Knowing that my Grandmama was waiting for me outside in a nearby cafe, I glided through the store, searching for something new to buy. As I was looking left and right, I didn't realize a rack in front of me and like the clumsy person that I was, I ran right into it. I felt a sharp pain in my lower right hip and instantly began to rub the sore spot.

Looking down to glare at the rack, I stopped short. In front of me was a leather jacket. I fell in love with it immediately and yanked it off its hanger. It was something that I had never dreamed of wearing, yet looking at the jacket, I knew that I must have it. The jacket gave off a badbutt vibe but it was adorable and girly at the same time. It reminder me of me. With frilly zippers, patterned shoulders and a worn-out black color, it looked like Michael Jackson's famous red leather jacket.

Resisting the urge to shout in glee, I quickly bought the jacket and rushed out of the store, wearing it.

It became my best friend and companion by keeping me feel warm, safe and loved. I had dreamed when I was younger to find love in Paris and in some ways I did. Even though I didn't fall in love with someone but rather something, it was the best feeling in the world. That jacket has a special place in my heart because it reminds me of the magical time that I had in Paris and holds memories that I had with it, making it even more special.

Maybe one day when I go back to Paris, wearing my jacket, I will meet the love of my life. At least that's what I hope happens.